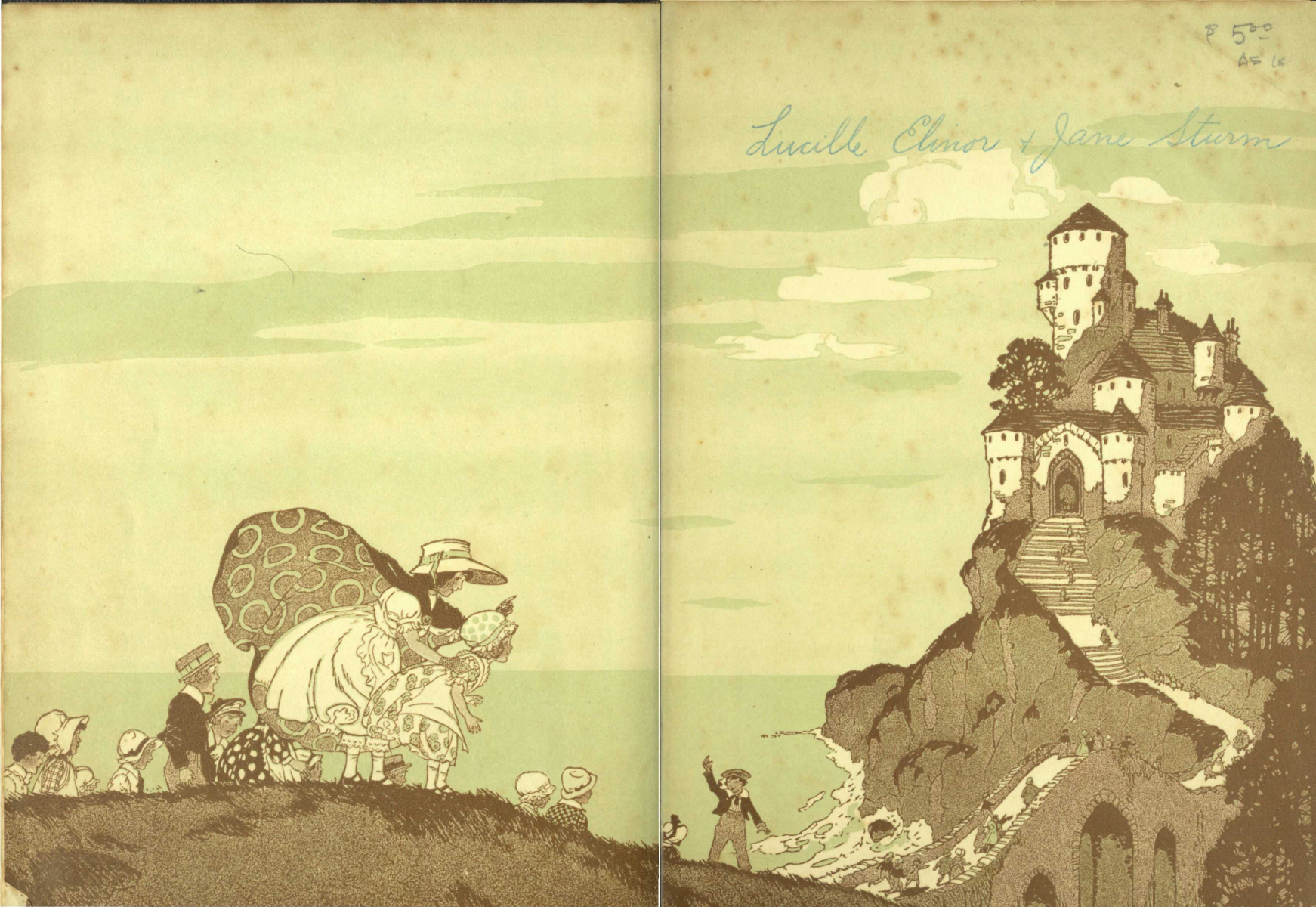


My BOOKHOUSE
THE LATCH KEY



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A5 16

Lucille Clinor + Jane Sturm



T H E L A T C H K E Y

I:	56	TARDINESS	A Diller a Dollar
I:	157	TEMPER, BAD	See also Rage; Passion; Quarrelsomeness
I:	159	DOG IN THE MANGER	I Wouldn't Be a Crowler
II:	135	THANKLESSNESS	See also Gratitude
II:	216	THANKLESSNESS	Snow White and Rose Red (The Dwarf)
II:	271	THOUGHTFULNESS	See also Inventiveness; Investigativeness; Wisdom
II:	237	THOUGHTFULNESS	Man Who Loved His Qual
II:	371	THOUGHTFULNESS	See above also
II:	314	THOUGHTFULNESS	Enchanted Island (Señor the Baker)
IV:	12	THOUGHTFULNESS	Blunder
II:	69	TREACHERY	See also Faithlessness
II:	257	TREACHERY	Foolish, Timid, Little Hare
II:	300	TREACHERY	See also Faith; Confidence; Anxiety
III:	242	TREACHERY	Roland (Canelon)
III:	257	TREACHERY	David and Goliath
IV:	408	TREACHERY	David in the Lions' Den
III:	242	TREACHERY	(In Fellow Creatures)
III:	242	TREACHERY	Melilot
IV:	26	TREACHERY	Little-Man-As-Big-As-Your-Thumb (Tzar Wishead)
IV:	12	TREACHERY	See also Honesty; Dishonesty
V:	281	TREACHERY	Una and the Red Cross Knight (Una)
V:	383	TREACHERY	Rama
V:	290	TREACHERY	Robert Bruce
I:	104	TYRANNY	William Tell
I:	255	TYRANNY	See Vindictiveness
I:	135	TYRANNY	The Fox and the Stork
II:	165	TYRANNY	The Twin Lambs
II:	323	TYRANNY	Snow White and Rose Red (Dwarf)
II:	333*	TYRANNY	Cinderella
III:	145	TYRANNY	Toads and Diamonds
III:	191	TYRANNY	Twelve Months
III:	303	TYRANNY	Pigging
III:	408	TYRANNY	The Boy and the Elf
III:	408	TYRANNY	The Snow Queen

THE LATCH KEY

HERE stands a house all built of thought,
And full to overflowing
Of treasures and of precious things,
Of secrets for my knowing.
Its windows look out far and wide
From each of all its stories,
I'll take the key and enter in;
For me are all its glories.

M Y B O O K H O U S E

UNSELFISHNESS		II:	22
How the Finch Got Her Colors		II:	165
Cinderella		II:	323*
Toads and Diamonds		III:	112
The Duty That Was Not Paid		III:	242
Melilot		IV:	194
Where Love Is, There God Is Also		V:	152
The Two Pilgrims			
UNTEACHABLENESS			
The Magpie's Nest		I:	171
Phaeton		III:	268
The Clocks of Rondaine		IV:	251
The Magic Horse		IV:	40
UNTRUTHFULNESS. See also Dishonesty			
Boy Who Cried Wolf		I:	372
UNWORLDLINESS. See Standards, True			
USELESS GRIEF. See Grieving Uselessly			
VANITY. See also Conceit, Pride			
The Milkmaid and Her Pail		I:	146
The Jay and the Peacocks		I:	166
VINDICTIVENESS			
The Right Time To Laugh		II:	112
Maggie Tulliver Goes (Tom Tulliver)		IV:	213
VISIONARY DREAMING			
The Milkmaid and Her Pail		I:	146
Wolfert Webber		V:	107
WANTONNESS			
Rustem (Kaikous)		V:	436
WARM HEARTEDNESS			
Maggie Tulliver Goes to Live With the Gypsies (Maggie)		IV:	213
WATCHFUL WAITING			
The Twelve Dancing Princesses		II:	176
WISDOM. See also Thoughtfulness			
The Little-Man-As-Big-As-Your-Thumb		IV:	26
Joseph and His Brethren		V:	294
Ulysses		V:	423
WORDS WITHOUT DEEDS. See also Practising What You Preach			
Belling the Cat		I:	84
WORSHIP, TRUE. See also Religious Feeling			
Where Love Is, There God Is Also		IV:	194
The Two Pilgrims		V:	152
YIELDING TO TEMPTATION			
Tudur ap Einion		III:	39
The Little Girl and the Hare		I:	24



M Y B O O K H O U S E
T H E L A T C H K E Y

Religious Feeling *continued*

306	V:	Joan of Arc
80	V:	The Story of Alfred
89	V:	A Hymn of Alfred's
263	V:	Trees
152	V:	The Two Pilgrims
363	IV:	REPENTANCE
255	I:	The Twin Lambs
371	II:	Jack and the Beanstalk
376	III:	How the Waterfall Came
328	IV:	Alexander Selkirk
338	V:	Prithof
228	V:	Richard Feverel
204	IV:	KNIGHTS OF THE SILVER SHIELD
328	IV:	Mr. Hampden's Shipwreck
281	V:	Robert Bruce
353	IV:	Alexander Selkirk
174	III:	REST
211	III:	How Night Came
155	II:	(In Action)
151	II:	The Bird of Paradise
228	V:	Richard Feverel
338	V:	Prithof
228	V:	Richard Feverel
383	V:	REVENGE
228	V:	RUDENESS. See Courtesy
383	V:	Rama
327	V:	Beaumains, the Kitchen Knight
60	I:	SELFISHNESS AND SELF WILL
157	I:	The Little Red Hen and the Grain of Wheat
304	I:	Little Half Chick
212	I:	The Dog in the Manger
255	I:	The Cock, Mouse and Little Red Hen
323	II:	The Twin Lambs
350	II:	Loas and Diamonds
246	II:	The Selsh Giant
34	III:	Prince Harweda
145	III:	The Twelve Months
191	III:	Pigling and Her Proud Sister
220	III:	Yehl and the Beaming Maiden
354	IV:	SELF RELIANCE
363	IV:	Young Midshipman David Farragut
363	IV:	Princess Nelly (The Younger Children)
113	I:	The Two Crabs
213	IV:	Maggie Tulliver Goes to Live With the Gypsies (Tom)
251	IV:	The Clocks of Rondaine



THE LATCH KEY

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MY BOOK HOUSE



251	IV:	SELF SATISFACTION
275	IV:	The Clocks of Rondaine
90	V:	SENTIMENTALITY
242	III:	Dear Sensibility
381	IV:	Don Quixote.
242	III:	SERVICE. See also Co-operation
381	IV:	Melilot
394	II:	Hiawatha's Fasting
396	V:	SIMPLICITY. See also Modesty; Humility
49	V:	Bikku Matti.
290	V:	Cuchulain
176	II:	SKILL
74	III:	Robin Hood
436	V:	William Tell
216	III:	SLEEPINESS
274	III:	The Twelve Dancing Princesses
12	IV:	Daniel O'Rourke
12	IV:	Rustem (Deems)
337	III:	STANDARDS, FALSE
423	IV:	(Love of Material Wealth)
394	II:	The Man Who Loved Hai Quai
165	III:	The Golden Touch
412	IV:	(Living for Pleasure Only)
423	IV:	The Enchanted Island
306	V:	(Obedience to Fashion Instead of Intelligence)
300	V:	Prince Fairyfoot
327	V:	The Swineherd
165	III:	STANDARDS, TRUE. See also Ideals
412	IV:	(No Desire for Material Wealth)
423	IV:	Gigi
394	II:	(The Choice of a Life of Labor Rather Than Ease)
165	III:	Hercules
412	IV:	(No Desire for Worldly Position)
423	IV:	Bikku Matti
306	V:	STEADFASTNESS. See also Persistence; Perseverance; Courage
300	V:	The Strong Boy
327	V:	Perseus
159	III:	Hercules
165	III:	Joan of Arc
220	III:	Roland
423	IV:	Beaumains, the Kitchen Knight
396	V:	STINGINESS. See also Miserliness
436	V:	Why the Sea is Salt
165	III:	STRENGTH
220	III:	The Strong Boy
423	IV:	Yehl and the Beaming Maiden
396	V:	Hercules
436	V:	Cuchulain
255	I:	Rustem
228	V:	STRIFE OF GOOD AND EVIL IN THE SOUL
235	I:	The Twin Lambs
112	II:	Richard Feverel
235	I:	STUBBORNESS
112	II:	The Wee, Wee Mannie and the Big, Big Coo
112	II:	SULKINESS
112	II:	The Right Time to Laugh
112	II:	SWEETNESS. See Gentleness; Compassion; Courtesy
112	II:	TALKATIVENESS. See Garrulousness



THE LATCH KEY
of MY BOOKHOUSE

Edited by
Olive Beaupré Miller



CHICAGO
The BOOKHOUSE for CHILDREN
PUBLISHERS

PEACE AND QUIET continued

The Bird of Paradise II: 151* II: 1155

PERFECTION IN SMALL THINGS

Doll of the Grass II: 161

Tom Thumb II: 262

Thumbelina II: 414

PERSISTENCE, PERSISTENCE

Wee Robin's Christmas Song I: 166* I: 1163

The Crown and the Plover I: 130

Little Drops of Water I: 131

The Little Engine That Could I: 193

Try Again I: 200

The Hare and the Tortoise I: 299

Shingebiss I: 339

The Sandy Road, I: 200

Christopher Columbus II: 204

Boots and His Brothers II: 237

Dick Whittington II: 204

The Boy Hero of Harlem II: 329

The Strong Boy II: 184

The Princess on the Glass Hill II: 165

Through a Mouse-hole II: 52

Snow Queen (*Gerda*) II: 384

East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon (*The Lassie*) II: 399

The Nuremberg Stove II: 284

Heracles II: 423

The Boy of Cadore II: 276

Hiawatha's Fasting II: 381

Alfred, the Saxon II: 381

Robert Bruce II: 381

Reversion of Good V: 281

The Snow Queen III: 303

PITY. See Compassion

Pleasure-Seeking

Tudor ap Ithion III: 395

The Enchanted Island II: 12

Rustem (*Kashtan*) V: 426

Practising What You Preach. See also Words Without Deeds

The Two Crabs I: 113

Where Love Is I: 194

The Two Pilgrims V: 152

Prayer. See Religious Feeling

PARACHING WITHOUT PRACTICE

PARRENCE

The Ass in the Lion's Skin I: 245

The Jay and the Peacocks I: 160

Pride. See also Vanity, Conceit

Roads and Diamonds II: 353* II: 1323

The Fisherman and His Wife II: 191

Cherella (*Step-Sisters*) II: 165

Pilgrims III: 191

Beauvais, the Kitchen Knight (*Lynette*) V: 327

(*In Being Crowned Up*)

The Little Big Man I: 89* I: 88

Preocious Piggy I: 132* I: 76

Noah I: 295

THE LATCH KEY

MY BOOK HOUSE

PROTECTIVE POWER OF GOD continued

Night and Day I: 424* I: 1418

The Babe Moses I: 420* I: 1419

A Psalm of David II: 1256

David and Goliath III: 257

Gideon IV: 402

Daniel IV: 408

Joseph and His Brethren V: 294

PROTECTIVE POWER OF GOODNESS. See also Love is Power

Shingebiss I: 339

Snow White and Rose Red II: 35

A Story About Little Rabbits II: 145

Mehilot II: 242

The Snow Queen III: 303

PROTECTIVE POWER OF WISDOM

Perseus (*Pallas Athene*) IV: 412

Ulysses (*Pallas Athene*) V: 423

PURPOSE

The Strong Boy III: 165

The Snow Queen (*Gerda*) III: 303

The Six Swans III: 363

East o' the Sun III: 399

Hiawatha's Fasting IV: 381

Joan of Arc IV: 306

Robert Bruce V: 281

(*Lack of*)

The Clocks of Rondaine IV: 251

(*Never Turning Aside From*)

Wee Robin's Christmas Song I: 166* II: 1163

The Talking Bird IV: 57

PURPOSE IN ALL CREATION

The Acorn and the Pumpkin III: 290

The Month of March III: 348

March III: 353

PUSHING

How the Finch Got Her Colors II: 22

QUARRELSOMENESS

The Bird of Paradise II: 151* II: 1155

How the Finch Got Her Colors II: 22

The Wise Men of Gotham III: 82

Hansel and Grethel III: 45

RAGE. See also Passion; Temper; Quarrelsomeness

Prince Cherry III: 326

Frithjof V: 338

RASHNESS

Phaeton III: 268

RELIGIOUS FEELING see also Protective Power of God.

A Psalm of Praise I: 419* I: 1423

Spring I: 302

The Babe of Bethlehem II: 300

Piccola II: 303

A Child's Thought of God II: 302

He Prayeth Best II: 76

The Feast of Tabernacles II: 257

We Thank Thee II: 259

Where Love Is, There God is Also IV: 194

Alexander Selkirk IV: 328



CONTENTS OF THE LATCH KEY

	PAGE
IDEALS—(<i>John Dryden</i>)	7
SKETCHES FROM THE LIVES OF THE AUTHORS	8
(Arranged alphabetically)	
THE INTERESTING HISTORY OF OLD MOTHER GOOSE	170
THE ORIGIN OF THE FOLK TALES	178
WHAT IS A MYTH?	185
EPIC POETRY AND THE WORLD'S GREAT EPICS	189
HOW TO JUDGE STORIES FOR CHILDREN	200
INDEX TO AUTHORS, TITLES AND PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS	218
GEOGRAPHICAL INDEX	258
HISTORICAL INDEX	268
SPECIAL SUBJECTS INDEX	272
INTRODUCTION TO INDEX ACCORDING TO ETHICAL THEME	300
INDEX ACCORDING TO ETHICAL THEME	302

THE LATCH KEY

313

II: 35	Snow White and Rose Red
III: 36	The Six Swans
IV: 37	The Talking Bird
III: 38	Princess Nelly
IV: 38	Rama
III: 38	Joseph and His Brethren
V: 39	Love is Power
III: 40	The Wind and the Sun
III: 41	Melior
III: 42	How the Waterfall Came to the Thirsting Mountain
III: 43	Love or Partner
III: 44	The Pony Engine and the Pacific Express
III: 45	The Little Big Man
I: 46	Late
I: 47	Rama
I: 48	White Aster
V: 49	Ulysses
V: 50	Love or Con. See Religious Feeling
II: 51	Love or Grandparents
II: 52	Bikku Marti
II: 53	Christening the Baby in Russia
II: 54	Love or Mother. See also Mother-love
II: 55	The Cap that Mother Made
II: 56	The Strong Boy
II: 57	Princess Nelly
II: 58	Ulysses (Ictinachus)
II: 59	Perseus
II: 60	Ye Merry Dunces of Robin Hood
V: 61	Love or Wife
V: 62	Rama
V: 63	Ulysses
V: 64	The Old
V: 65	The Old
V: 66	Love or Old
V: 67	Roland
V: 68	Joan of Arc
V: 69	Luck (Fortune not a matter of chance but of character)
III: 70	The Enchanted Island
IV: 71	The Luck Boy of Toy Valley
V: 72	Opportunity
V: 73	Wolpert Webber
V: 74	Meddlesomeness
I: 75	Goldlocks and the Three Bears
I: 76	Minding One's Own Affairs
II: 77	The Battle of the Freedy and the Apes
II: 78	Misadventure. See also Stinginess and Greed
III: 79	The Golden Touch
III: 80	Mobstery. See also Humility
IV: 81	Young Midshipman David Farragut
IV: 82	Cuchulain
V: 83	Mother-love. See also Lullabies under Special Subjects Index
I: 84	Strange Lands
I: 85	Mrs. Tabby Gray
I: 86	Mother Spider

MY BOOK HOUSE

THE LATCH KEY

NEATNESS AND CARE OF APPEARANCE, See also Orderliness

There's a Neat Little Clock	I: 56
What the Moon Saw	I: 69
The Tea Party	I: 59
The Coming of the King	II: 74

NOISINESS

How the Finch Got Her Colors	II: 22
The Mountains That Labored	II: 342
The Bird of Paradise	II: 151

OBEEDIENCE, See also Disobedience

A Story About Little Rabbits	II: 145
The Cid	V: 316
Beaumains, the Kitchen Knight	V: 327
Rama	V: 383

OBSERVATION, See also Eyes not used

Boots and His Brothers	II: 237
Jamie Watt and His Grandmother's Tea Kettle	II: 147
Winter Neighbors	V: 255

ORDERLINESS

Snow White and Rose Red	II: 35
Alexander Selkirk	IV: 328

OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES

George Rogers Clark	IV: 390
Alexander Selkirk	IV: 328
Mr. Hampden's Shipwreck	V: 264
Robert Bruce	V: 281

PARROTRY

The Emperor's New Clothes	V: 75
---------------------------	-------

PASSION, See also Rage, Temper

(Giving way to)

Alexander Selkirk	IV: 328
Richard Feverel	V: 228

(Controlling)

Rama	V: 383
------	--------

PATIENCE

The Crow and the Pitcher	I: 130
Little Drops of Water	I: 131
The Hare and the Tortoise	I: 299
The Little Engine That Could	I: 193
Try Again	I: 200
Through a Mouse-Hole	III: 354
Hercules	IV: 423
Robert Bruce	V: 281

PATRIOTISM

(American)

The Flag Goes By	I: 293
Betsy Ross and the First American Flag	II: 230
George Rogers Clark	IV: 390
Young Midshipman David Farragut	IV: 354
The New Colossus	V: 172
The Melting Pot	V: 173
Stanzas on Freedom	V: 216
Address to New-Made Citizens	V: 217

(General)

Robert Bruce	V: 281
Bannockburn	V: 289
William Tell	V: 290
Joan of Arc	V: 306

PEACE AND QUIET

How Night Came	III: 211
----------------	----------



8

At last the young slave's cleverness caught the attention of his master, Iadmon, the Samian, and as a fitting reward, Iadmon set him free. Therupon, Aesop journeyed to the magnificent court of Croesus, King of Lydia, with whom he came into high favor.

Aesop's quick wit and foresight had played upon their stupidity. ones and in spite of their burdens, they smiled at the joke which Aesop could not but admit that they had been the foolish and weary, could not but admit that they had been the foolish empty basket. His companions, as they trudged on, perspiring remainder of the journey he had nothing left to carry but the Aesop was ordered to distribute the rest of his bread and for the heavier from their having borne them so long. By supper time very time when the burdens of the others began to seem heavier and his leaves among the party. Thus his load was lightened at the when the noon meal came Aesop was ordered to distribute half and most unwieldy package of all, a bulky basket of bread. His comrades laughed at what they considered his foolishness, but immediately Aesop stepped forward and chose the heaviest

"Sobeit! Select the lightest," his master answered.

"Master, grant me to carry the lightest bundle," cried Aesop. for each of the slaves to carry.

Heavy bundles of necessary clothing and provisions were prepared on a long journey with a certain merchant who was their master. Once, it is said, he and his fellow slaves were about to set out which often threw his comrades into gales of laughter.

enlivening his tasks by the brightest and cleverest sallies of wit, and thankless duties of a slave. Nevertheless, he was always one master to another and performed in each household the hard Athens. There he was sold, like an ox or a sheep, from child, Aesop was brought to the far-famed city of pillared cities and stately marble temples, was born the little slave boy, Aesop. While he was still a

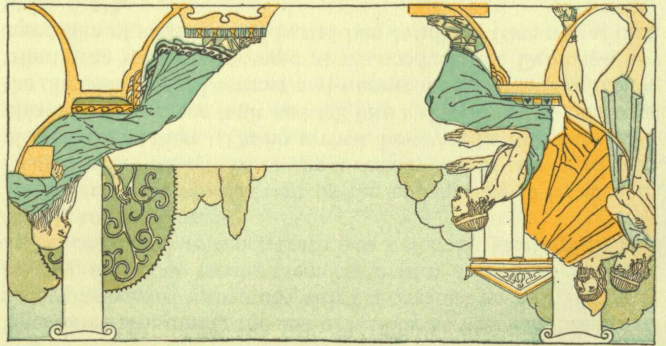
SOMEWHERE in ancient Greece, the land of white-AESOP (Greek, About 619-564 B. C.)

II: 329	Dick Whittington and His Cat
II: 323	Toads and Diamonds
II: 314	Blunder
II: 237	Boots and His Brothers
II: 145	A Story About Little Rabbits
II: 128	How the Brazilian Bees Got Their Gorgeous Coats
II: 82	Battle of the Pheasant and the Ape
II: 78	The Hornet and the Woodman
II: 35	Snow White and Rose Red
II: 22	Show the Finch Got Her Colors
II: 63	The Tongue-cut Sparrow
II: 165	Cinderella
II: 372	The Boy Who Chased Wolf
II: 104	The Fox and the Stork
I: 245	The Ass in the Lion's Skin
III: 242	Justice
III: 384	Melilot
II: 74	Through a Mouse Hole
II: 155	The Coming of the King
II: 115	(Contrary to Appearances)
II: 151	The Bird of Paradise
II: 175	Prince Parlyfoot
II: 128	Judging By Appearances
II: 358	How the Brazilian Bees Got Their Gorgeous Coats
II: 77	The Fairy That Judged Her Neighbors
II: 11	(By Appearances)
II: 11	Judgment
I: 419	Nurse's Song
I: 302	The Wonderful World
I: 284	A Psalm of Praise
I: 166	Spring
I: 170	A Laughing Song
I: 51	Woe Robin's Christmas Song
I: 34	Sing, Little Bird
I: 16	Merry Are the Bells
I: 1	I'm Glad the Sky
I: 98	Jog On
III: 86	The World
I: 104	Joy
III: 294	A Credit to the School
I: 372	Where Sarah Jane's Doll Went
I: 104	The Boy Who Chased Wolf
III: 145	The Fox and the Stork
III: 363	Joking That Is Unkind
III: 197	Joseph and His Brethren
III: 191	The Twelve Months
II: 353	The Six Swans
II: 165	Arman
II: 255	Pigging
II: 151	Toads and Diamonds
II: 147	Cinderella
II: 131	The Twain Lambs
II: 237	Jealousy. See also Envy
II: 151	James Watt and His Grandmother's Tea Kettle
II: 80	Boots and His Brothers
II: 237	INVESTIGATIVENESS
II: 80	The Story of King Alfred
II: 80	INVENTIVENESS continued

THE LATCH KEY

little girls loved to romp and play. bordered river that went slowly meandering through the town, the swept away to meet the golden sunset, and down by the rush- Over the hills behind old Concord, whence the green meadows a wise, devoted father and three lively sisters, Anna, Beth and May. ter. For Louisa had the tenderest, most loving mother imaginable, ness and its four bare walls rang often with shouts of merry laugh- home was a shabby, dingy old house, but it was full of simple happi- In the historic old town of Concord, Massachusetts, there lived once a strong, sturdy, jolly girl named Louisa Alcott. Louisa's ALCOTT, * LOUISA MAY (American, 1832-1888)

Aesop for Children, illustrated by Mitlo Winter. Aesop. name shines more brightly for sage and clever wit than that of as we know them, have been derived. Through all the ages no oriental sources. It is from this collection that the modern fables, truth is that he added to Aesop's fables a number taken from Planudes made a collection which he gave out as Aesop's, but the ever, remain. In the fourteenth century, the monk Maximus the first century A. D. Mere scraps of these early versions, how-



MY BOOK HOUSE

MY BOOK HOUSE

JUSTICE continued	
Jack and the Beanstalk	II: 371
Prince Harweda	III: 34
The Marvelous Pot	III: 69
The Twelve Months	III: 145
Phaeton	III: 268
Prince Cherry	III: 326
Gigi	III: 337
The Enchanted Island	IV: 12
The Talking Bird	IV: 57
Knights of the Silver Shield	IV: 204
Ye Merry Doings of Robin Hood	V: 49
KINDNESS	
Old Johnny Applesed	II: 323 * II: 352
Coming of the King	II: 74
Cinderella	II: 165
The Two Bad Bargains	III: 369
Little Gulliver	IV: 85
KINDNESS TO ANIMALS	
Little Gustava	I: 162 * I: 168
Mary Had a Little Lamb	I: 254
The Squirrels That Live in a House	I: 268 * I: 269
A Letter From a Cat	I: 315 * I: 313
Mrs. Tabby Gray	I: 180
The Tongue-Cut Sparrow	II: 63
Dame Wiggins of Lee	II: 19
Hiawatha's Childhood	II: 431
Snow White and Rose Red	II: 35
Barry, a Dog of the Alps	II: 87 * II: 88
Two Little Birds and a Great Man	II: 1235 * II: 1298
Hassan, the Arab, and His Horse	* II: 1308
The Arab to His Horse	II: 313
Thumbelisa	II: 414
The Lost Spear	III: 228
Gigi and the Magic Ring	III: 337
Little Gulliver	IV: 85
LABOR. See Industry	
LACK OF DESIRE TO BE RIGHT	
Clocks of Rondaine	IV: 251
LAWLESSNESS	
The Steamboat and the Locomotive	IV: 117
LAZINESS. See also Indolence; Inactivity; Industry	
The Little Red Hen and the Grain of Wheat	I: 60
The Cock, the Mouse and the Little Red Hen	I: 212
Nutcracker and Sugardolly	II: 91
Elsa and the Ten Elves	II: 251
Li'l Hannibal	II: 138
How Brer Rabbit Met Brer Tar Baby	III: 237
LONELINESS	
Alexander Selkirk	IV: 328
Solitude	IV: 353
LOVE. See also Family Affection; Friendship; Mother-Love	
LOVE FOR MANKIND	
He Prayeth Best	II: 76
Johnny Applesed	II: 325 * II: 352
Melilot	III: 242
Where Love Is, There God Is Also	IV: 194
Hiawatha's Pasting	IV: 381
The Two Pilgrims	V: 152



THE LATCH KEY

Thenceforward, during the rest of his life, he who had been born a slave associated intimately with the greatest men of letters of his day, and none among them could turn a fable so perfectly as he, could pack so much truth into a story so short, pithy and exactly to the point.

At length Aesop was sent as the ambassador of Croesus to Delphi, with instructions to pay a certain sum of money to each of the citizens there. On his arrival, however, he found the Delphians to be in some fault and fell into a dispute with them. As the discussion waxed warmer and warmer, he flatly refused to distribute the money. Incensed at his conduct, the Delphians accused him of sacrilege and hurled him headlong from a precipice to his death.

People have always insisted on believing that, in appearance, Aesop was a monster of ugliness and deformity, and so he is most often represented. This story, however, appears to be utterly without foundation and was probably invented long after his death, merely to make his wit seem more remarkable by contrast with such deformity. In truth, Aesop must have been unusually handsome, since we are told that the Athenians erected in his honor a noble statue, by the famous sculptor, Lysippus.

None of Aesop's works remain today. How many of the fables attributed to him were actually his is extremely uncertain. His tales were probably never written down but were passed about from mouth to mouth, just as men tell a good story today. Walking two and two in the market place, or beneath the splendid porticoes of the public baths, the ancient Athenians repeated these fables to each other and chuckled over their cleverness, exactly as men enjoy telling each other witty stories to this very day. They were popular in Athens during the most brilliant period of its literary history. Originally they were in prose, but in time were put into verse by various Greek and Latin poets. The most famous of these Latin poets was Phaedrus who lived at Rome in

GRIEVING USELESSLY continued

The Snow-Maiden II: 393* II: 1230
 The Girl Who Used Her Wits II: 271
 Grumbling I: 212
 The Cook, the Mouse and the Little Red Hen I: 159
 I Couldn't Be a Growler III: 252
 The Ragged Pedlar III: 98
 David Copperfield and Little Bmly (Mrs. Gummidge) IV: 98
 The Steamboat and the Locomotive IV: 117
HARDHOOD
 George Rogers Clark IV: 390
 Alexander Selkirk IV: 328
 Young Midshipman David Farragut IV: 354
 Mr. Hamperden's Shipwreck V: 264
HARSHNESS
 The Wind and the Sun I: 119
 Heliumness. See Co-operation
HONOR
 A Credit to the School V: 316
 Beaumains, the Kitchen Knight V: 327
 A Perfect Knight V: 326
HONESTY. See also Truthfulness and Dishonesty
 The Honest Woodman II: 78
 A Credit to the School III: 98
 Thor's Journey to Jotun-heim III: 436
 Richard Feverel and the Hay-rick V: 228
HOPF
 The Little Engine That Could I: 193
 Una and the Red Cross Knight (Archimago) V: 12
HOSPITALITY
 The Coming of the King II: 74
 Little Nell and Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works (Mrs. Jarley) III: 130
 The Magic Horse IV: 40
HUMILITY. See also Modesty
 Loads and Diamonds II: 353* II: 1323
 Cinderella III: 165
 The Snow Queen (Gerda) III: 303
 David and Goliath (David) III: 257
 Melilot III: 242
 Gideon IV: 402
 Daniel IV: 408
 Hercules IV: 423
 Beaumains, the Kitchen Knight V: 327
 The Kettle of Ranua (Ranua) V: 383
HUMOR. See Humorous stories under Special Subjects Index
HYPOCRISY
 Una and the Red Cross Knight (Archimago) V: 12
IDEALS. See also Standards, True
 A Perfect Knight V: 326
 Beaumains, the Kitchen Knight V: 327
IRRESISS
 Elias and the Ten Lives I: 251
 Jack and the Beanstalk II: 371
 The Owl's Answer to Tommy II: 25
 The Brooklet's Story II: 47* II: 52
 Lili Hamibal II: 138
 Nutcracker and Sugar-dolly II: 91

T H E L A T C H K E Y

her only son. Jo loved to climb trees and leap fences, run races and roll hoops, and when she was not playing with her sisters she liked best to play with boys. But beside all these lively sports, Louisa liked, too, to curl herself up in a chair and read or study. Sometimes she would go off alone up into the garret, taking a pile of apples with her and her favorite book. There she would read and munch away in happy solitude. All day long she had interesting thoughts and often she wrote these down in her diary. She used to make up stories, too, and tell them to her sisters.

On occasion, little Louisa could be a turbulent miss and her high spirits often led her into paths of strange adventure. Once, when she was very small and lived in Boston, she ran away from home and spent the day with some Irish children. They shared a very poor and very salty dinner with her, after which they all went to play in the nice, dirty, ash heaps. Late in the afternoon they took a daring trip as far away as Boston Common. When it began to grow dark, however, Louisa's little Irish friends deserted her, and there she was left all alone in a strange place with the dusky shadows deepening and the night lights twinkling out. Then, indeed, she began to long for home, but she hadn't the smallest idea which way to go and so wandered helplessly on and on. At last, quite wearied out, she sat down on a welcome doorstep beside a friendly big dog. The dog kindly allowed her to use his back for a pillow and she fell fast asleep. From her dreams she was roused by the voice of the town crier who had been sent in search of her by her distracted parents. He was ringing his bell and calling out loudly, "Lost! Lost! A little girl six years old in a pink frock, white hat and new green shoes!"

Out of the darkness a small voice answered him, "Why dat's me!" Next day the little runaway was tied to the arm of a sofa to cure her of her wandering habit.

When naughty traits of character got the better of Louisa, however, she always suffered intensely in her own little heart for the

M Y B O O K H O U S E

M Y B O O K H O U S E

IGNORANCE
 The Sleeping Beauty III: 26

ILLUSIONS
 (Of Fear)
 Thor's Journey to Jotun-heim IV: 436
 The Talking Bird IV: 57
 (Of Pleasure)
 Tudur ap Einion III: 395
 Rustem (Land of the Deers) V: 436

IMAGINATIVENESS
 Clouds I: 106
 Clouds and Waves I: 107
 Child's Play II: 145* II: 149
 The Merchant II: 39* II: 1324

IMPATIENCE. See also Patience
 Prince Cherry III: 326

IMPULSIVENESS
 Maggie Tulliver Goes to Live with the Gypsies IV: 213

INACCURACY
 The Clocks of Rondaine IV: 251

INACTIVITY. See also Activity; Industry; Laziness
 The Brooklet's Story II: 47* II: 52
 The Strong Boy III: 165

INDECISION. See also Decision
 A Robin and a Robin's Son I: 24

INDOLENCE. See also Laziness; Inactivity, etc.
 Joan of Arc (The Dauphin) V: 306

INDUSTRY
 The Cock's On the Housetop I: 32
 My Maid Mary I: 35
 Is Master Smith Within? I: 42
 Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush I: 43
 The Little Red Hen and the Grain of Wheat I: 60
 The Farmer's Boy I: 87* I: 90
 The Cock, the Mouse and the Little Red Hen I: 212
 The Sheep and the Pig That Built a Home I: 279
 Snow White and Rose Red II: 35
 How Doth the Little Busy Bee II: 137
 Dick Whittington II: 329
 The Luck Boy of Toy Valley III: 106
 The Story of a Beaver III: 117
 The Story of Alfred V: 80
 Cuchulain (The Smiths) V: 396

INGRATITUDE
 Joan of Arc (The Dauphin) V: 306

INTELLECTUALITY
 The Snow Queen (Cold) III: 303

INTELLIGENCE. (Superior to Physical Strength.) See also Thoughtfulness; Inventiveness; Investigation; Wisdom.
 Battle of the Firefly and the Apes II: 82
 Jack and the Beanstalk II: 371
 The Golden Bird III: 292
 Little-Man-As-Big-As-Your-Thumb IV: 26
 Adventures of Perseus IV: 412
 Robert Bruce V: 281

INVENTIVENESS
 Jamie Watt and His Grandmother's Tea Kettle II: 147* II: 1151
 The Boyhood of Robert Fulton IV: 396



T H E L A T C H K E Y

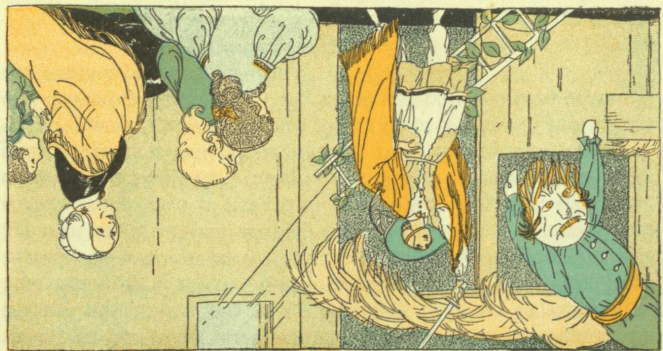
They weren't very well off, so far as money goes, those Alcotts. Mr. Alcott was a school teacher with an immense love for children and a beautiful way of teaching them, but he believed very earnestly that people should lead simpler, truer, more useful lives than they do, and his opinions as to how they should set about doing this were so different from those held by others that men laughed at him and said he was odd and would not send their children to his school. Moreover, he said plainly that the owning of slaves was wrong, and this made him still more unpopular in an age when, even in the North, men were not ready at all to agree with him. So he found it very difficult indeed to get along. But Mr. Alcott was the sort of man who was always loyal to the best ideas he knew and would cling to them with his whole strength, no matter what it cost him. Shoulder to shoulder with him stood his brave wife, always upholding him, working day and night with her capable hands to make his burdens lighter, cooking, sewing, cleaning. And in spite of all the hard work she did, she was never too tired to be gay and jolly and interested in all that interested her daughters. So the four little girls were brought up from their infancy in a world of simple living and high thinking. They had plenty of joyous, care-free fun in which both mother and father joined, but they began to understand very early the necessity for being useful and bearing their share in the household tasks. Thus, though the house where they lived was poor and shabby, it was very rich in love and loyalty and simple homey joys.

Louisa was a strong, active, handsome girl with blue eyes and a perfect mane of heavy chestnut hair. She could run for miles and miles and never get tired and she was as sturdy as a boy. Indeed, her mother used sometimes to call her Jo in fun and say that Jo was



gers, and hence they had everything necessary right at hand. or to sink out of sight, at short notice, into one of the various man- hero or a villain to make desperate but safe leaps from the beams, or ladies' bowers. Barns offered splendid opportunities, too, for a wit was quite capable of providing castles, enchanted forests, caves The children were never at a lack, either, for scenery, for their ready afford a regal costume in which to come sweeping on to the stage. bright colored scarf, a table cover, a bit of old lace, a long cloak, a big hat with a plume stolen from some departed bonnet, would rigging up something out of nothing. A scrap found its use. A father, for Louisa, Anna and Mrs. Alcott had a wonderful knack for The costumes used in these performances were marvelous af- lowered by invisible hands until it rested upon the poor lady's nose. holders scream with laughter, by means of a pudding which was wasted her three wishes was illustrated in a way to make the be- the fairy godmother's wand. The tale of the foolish woman who which Cinderella magnificently rolled away at a single stroke of in paper. Thus the pumpkin become a golden coach in made a big pumpkin out of the wheelbarrow trimmed with yellow Another play which the children acted was Cinderella. The

Another play which the children acted was Cinderella. The paper. Thus the pumpkin become a golden coach in made a big pumpkin out of the wheelbarrow trimmed with yellow holders scream with laughter, by means of a pudding which was lowered by invisible hands until it rested upon the poor lady's nose. The costumes used in these performances were marvelous af- afford a regal costume in which to come sweeping on to the stage. The children were never at a lack, either, for scenery, for their ready wit was quite capable of providing castles, enchanted forests, caves or ladies' bowers. Barns offered splendid opportunities, too, for a hero or a villain to make desperate but safe leaps from the beams, or to sink out of sight, at short notice, into one of the various man- gers, and hence they had everything necessary right at hand.



MY BOOK HOUSE

THE LATCH KEY
IV: 396
Boyhood of Robert Fulton
(In God) See Religious Feeling
PATRIOTISM: See also Devotion and Loyalty
Una and the Red Cross Knight (Una)
(To Duty)
Knights of the Silver Shield
PATRISSANS: See also Treachery
Ori and the Magic Ring (Makarda)
Una and the Red Cross Knight (Red Cross Knight)
(To Duty)
Tudor ap Eblion
Milkmaid and Her Pail
See also Treachery
Falshood: See Dishonesty: Deceit: Treachery
Una and the Red Cross Knight (Joseph's Brethren)
Falsh Show
Ass in the Lion's Skin
Jay and the Peacocks
Falsh Standards: See Standards, Falsh
Family Affection: See also Love for Father, Sister, Brother, etc.
II: 342
The Pony Engine and the Pacific Express
East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon
The Talking Bird
The Nuremberg Stove
Princess Nelly
The Old and His Daughters
The Bride of Rama
Fashion: Polish Aying of
Pine Parrot
The Swindler
Reartness: See also Courage
Shingebis
What Bise the Moon Saw
Snow White and Rose Red
Fear o' Public Opinion
The Emperor's New Clothes
Foolishness
The Foolish, Timid, Little Hare
The Wise Men of Gotham
The Three Silles
Force, Less Desirable Than Wisdom.
Little-Man-As-Big-Your-Thumb
(Less Desirable Than Love) See also Love is Power
The Wind and the Sun
Coaly-Bay
FORGERY: See also Forgiveness
The Milkmaid and Her Pail
Tudor ap Eblion
FORGIVENESS
Arman
Joseph and His Brethren
The Melting Pot
FORTUNE
See Luck
FORTURN: See Luck



MY BOOK HOUSE

FORTUNE HUNTING
(Visionary Schemes vs. Common Sense)
Wolfert Webber V: 107
FREEDOM, LOVE OF
Coaly-Bay V: 218
Stanzas on Freedom V: 216
Bannockburn V: 289
FRIENDSHIP
(Boy and Girl)
Oeyvind and Marit I: 358
David Copperfield and Little Em'ly IV: 98
Frithjof (Frithjof and Ingeborg) V: 338
(Men)
Good Comrades of the Flying Ship III: 184
Frithjof (Bele and Thorsten) V: 338
(Boys)
Cuchulain V: 396
Richard Feverel V: 228
(Child and Elders)
Beyond the Toll-gate II: 434
GARRULOUSNESS
The Turtle Who Could Not Stop Talking I: 222
(Ability to Hold One's Tongue)
The Six Swans III: 363
Prince Fairyfoot III: 12
GENEROSITY. See also Stinginess and Miserliness
The Duty That Was Not Paid III: 112
Maggie Tulliver Goes to Live With the Gypsies (Maggie) IV: 213
The Cid V: 316
GENTLENESS
The Wind and the Sun I: 119
Cinderella II: 165
Toads and Diamonds II: 353*
The Twelve Months III: 145
Pigling and Her Proud Sister III: 191
Yehi and the Beaming Maiden, Adventures of III: 220
GLUTTONY
Charley Nag I: 47
Little Jack Horner I: 27
Nutsacker and Sugar-dolly II: 91
Hansel and Grethel III: 45
Prince Harweda III: 34
GRATITUDE
The Shoemaker and the Elves I: 346
The Lion and the Mouse I: 148
Psalm of Praise I: 416*
Feast of Tabernacles II: 257
We Thank Thee II: 259
Two Bad Bargains III: 369
The Lost Spear III: 228
GREED
Deg in the Manger I: 157
The Marvelous Pot III: 69
Why The Sea Is Salt III: 159
The Golden Touch III: 274
The Man Who Loved Hai Quai III: 216
GRIEVING USELESSLY
Johnny and the Three Goats I: 80

THE LATCH KEY

wrong she had done. In the intervals of working off steam in the liveliest adventures, she was often sadly troubled by her faults. Sometimes, then, she had a little game she would play. She liked to make believe that she was a princess and that her kingdom was her own mind. When she had hateful, self-willed or dissatisfied thoughts, she tried to get rid of these by playing that they were enemies of her kingdom. She would marshal her legions of soldiers and march them bravely against the foe. Her soldiers, she said, were Patience, Duty and Love. With these she fought her battles and drove out the enemy. When she was only fourteen years old she wrote a poem about this.

A little kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell,
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well.

Nevertheless, after many a hotly contested battle, she did succeed in taking command and governing her kingdom like a queen.

The house where the four girls lived in Concord had a yard full of fine old trees and a big barn which was their most particular delight. Here they produced many marvelous plays, for Anna and Louisa both had a wonderful talent for acting. They made the barn into a theatre and climbed up on the haymow for a stage. The grown people who came to see their plays would sit on chairs on the floor. One of the children's favorite plays was Jack and the Beanstalk. They had a ladder from the floor to the loft, and all the way up the ladder they tied a squash vine to look like the wonderful beanstalk. When it came to the place in the story where Jack was fleeing from the giant and the giant was hot on his heels, about to plunge down the beanstalk, the girl who took the part of Jack would cut down the vine with a mighty flourish while the audience held their breath. Then, crashing out of the loft to his well-deserved end below, would come the monstrous old giant. This giant was made of pillows dressed in a suit of funny old clothes, with a fierce, hideous head made of paper.

T H E L A T C H K E Y

IV: 534	Young Midshipman David Farragut
V: 12	Una and the Red Cross Knight (Archmago and Duesse)
IV: 444	The Stealing of Iarna
IV: 436	Thor's Journey to Jotunheim (The Giants)
I: 372	The Boy Who Chased Wolf
I: 160	The Jay and the Peacocks
I: 245	The Ass in the Lion's Skin
III: 26	The Sleeping Beauty
III: 399	East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon
V: 359	Kalevala, Land of Heroes (Wisdom Turned to Cunning)
III: 326	Prince Chertv
II: 63	The Tongue-cut Sparrow
II: 22	How the Finch Got Her Colors
IV: 251	Clocks of Roudhine (Everybody Wrong But Me)
IV: 213	Margie Tulliver Goes to Live with the Gypsies (Tom)
II: 358	The Party Who Judged Her Neighbors
II: 82	Battle of the Pterly and the Apes
II: 46	The Story of a Caterpillar
I: 113	The Two Crabs
IV: 423	Hercules (Larythicus)
V: 306	Joan of Arc (The Dauphin)
V: 316	The Cid (The Infantes)
V: 316	Joan of Arc (The Dauphin)
III: 159	Why the Sea Is Salt
III: 274	The Golden Touch
III: 216	The Man Who Loved Hat Quail
III: 154	The Three Wishes
III: 191	The Fisherman and His Wife
I: 157	The Dog in the Manger
V: 327	Beaumonts, the Kitchen Knight
V: 326	A Perfect Knight
IV: 57	The Talking Bird
IV: 40	The Magic Horse
III: 348	The Month of March
III: 145	The Twelve Months
II: 133	Toads and Diamonds
I: 42	As I Was Going Up Pippin Hill
IV: 204	Knights of the Silver Shield
IV: 57	The Talking Bird
IV: 85	Little Gulliver
V: 306	Joan of Arc
V: 327	Beaumonts, the Kitchen Knight
V: 373	White Aster
I: 375	Peter Rabbit Decides to Change His Name
I: 388	The Boy Who Wanted the Impossible
I: 151	The Little Rabbit Who Wanted Red Wings
II: 191	The Fisherman and His Wife
III: 154	The Three Wishes
III: 252	The Ragged Pedlar
IV: 436	Thor's Journey to Jotunheim
I: 336	Teeny Tiny
III: 69	The Marvelous Pot
I: 186	The Tale of Peter Rabbit
II: 91	Nutcracker and Sugardolly
II: 342	The Pony Engine and the Pacific Express
III: 86	Where Sarah Jane's Doll Went
III: 292	The Golden Bird
V: 359	Kalevala (In Friendship)
IV: 436	Thor's Journey to Jotunheim (Of One's Ability)
III: 197	Aruman (The Captain)
I: 179	"It"
IV: 423	Hercules
III: 154	The Three Wishes
V: 316	The Cid (Enemies of the Cid)
V: 383	The Exile of Rama (Kaikeyi)
III: 174	The Ogre That Played Jackstraws
III: 165	The Strong Boy
II: 314	Blunder
I: 193	The Little Engine That Could



for four hearty, simple girls like these to live. It was a typical New England village, quiet and homelike, with its plain, white houses and its shady elm trees, nesting in its circle of peaceful hills. There were no very rich people there and none very poor. The inhabitants were honest and friendly, with simple occupations and amusements and very few worldly ambitions. In the winter the place used to ring with the happy voices of young people skating on the hardened snow in the pine woods. In the summer the river would be alive with gay bathing or boating parties. Concord was an historic old place, too, with its memories of the first gun-shots of the Revolution, and many a time in the days of the Alcott girls, there used to be masquerades on the fine old river to celebrate the anniversary of that great event. Gay barges full of historic characters in costume would glide down the stream, and sometimes savages in their war-paint would dart from the lily-fringed river banks to attack the gay masqueraders. Hearty and healthy was the life in Concord and it produced a fine race of people, among them three, at least, of most remarkable character. These three were Emerson, Hawthorne and Thoreau, and though these men were much older than Louisa, they were all of them her friends.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was one of the greatest men in the history of American literature. He was a thinker, a philosopher and a poet, strong, gentle and serene. He had stood by Mr. Alcott and her earliest recollections Louisa had adored him. Once she went to school with the little Emersons in their father's barn, for in those days of no public schools, teachers used frequently to gather their pupils together in barns. The illustrious Mr. Emerson was often the children's playfellow. He would pile all the youngsters on a great hay-cart and take them off to picnic or go berrying in the woods. Emerson's friend, Henry Thoreau, who loved the tangled depths of the forests, had once gone off and lived by himself in a hut that he built on the edge of Walden Pond, to prove to himself

M Y B O O K H O U S E

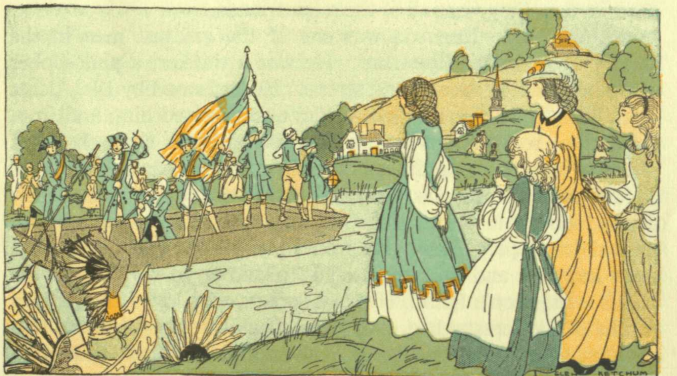
M Y B O O K H O U S E

DESERTION OF A TRUST	III: 395
Tudur ap Einion	
DESPAIR	V: 12
Una and the Red Cross Knight	
DEVOTION	
East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon	III: 399
Mellilot	III: 242
The Snow Queen	III: 303
The Six Swans	III: 363
The Talking Bird	IV: 57
The Magic Horse	IV: 40
Perseus	IV: 412
Hiawatha's Pasting	IV: 381
The Story of Alfred	V: 80
Joan of Arc	V: 306
Beaumonts, the Kitchen Knight	V: 327
White Aster	V: 373
DISCONTENT. See also Grumbling	
Peter Rabbit Decides to Change His Name	I: 375
The Boy Who Wanted the Impossible	I: 388
The Little Rabbit Who Wanted Red Wings	I: 151
The Fisherman and His Wife	II: 191
The Three Wishes	III: 154
The Ragged Pedlar	III: 252
DISCOURAGEMENT. See also Despair	
Thor's Journey to Jotunheim	IV: 436
DISCOURTESY. See also Courtesy	
DISHONESTY. See also Falsehood; Honesty; Truthfulness	
Teeny Tiny	I: 336
The Marvelous Pot	III: 69
DISOBEDIENCE. See also Obedience	
The Tale of Peter Rabbit	I: 186
Nutcracker and Sugardolly	II: 91
The Pony Engine and the Pacific Express	II: 342
Where Sarah Jane's Doll Went	III: 86
The Golden Bird	III: 292
DISTRUST	
Kalevala (In Friendship)	V: 359
Thor's Journey to Jotunheim (Of One's Ability)	IV: 436
Aruman (The Captain)	III: 197
EGOTISM. See also Selfishness	
"It"	I: 179
ENDURANCE. See also Hardihood	
Hercules	IV: 423
ENVY	
The Three Wishes	III: 154
The Cid (Enemies of the Cid)	V: 316
The Exile of Rama (Kaikeyi)	V: 383
EVIL TO HIM WHO EVIL THINKS	
The Ogre That Played Jackstraws	III: 174
EXERCISING STRENGTH	
The Strong Boy	III: 165
EYES NOT USED	
Blunder	II: 314
FAITH. See also Confidence	
(The Little Engine That Could)	I: 193

T H E L A T C H K E Y

There was one other beautiful and much more serious story which the Alcott children loved to play, though they did not give this to an audience in the barn, but played it alone for their own amusement. This story was Pilgrim's Progress, in which the pilgrim, Christian, loaded down with his burden of sins, finds his way through toil and danger from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. Their mother used to tie her piece-bags on their backs to represent Christian's burden. Then they would put on broad-brimmed, pilgrim hats, take a stick for a staff and start out on their journey. From the cellar, which was the City of Destruction, they would mount to the housetop where was the Celestial City, and they would act out on the way, in most dramatic form, every step of Christian's upward progress. Sometimes, instead of playing Pilgrim's Progress indoors they would play it out of doors, wandering over the hills behind the house, through the woods and down the lanes. Louisa loved all these plays and, besides the old ones which they performed, she made up some new ones of her own, very thrilling and tragic and therefore, very funny.

There could not have been a more beautiful place than Concord



fortunes. She would give this dear devoted mother the comforts would set out into the world, earn a living, and mend the family more money. A noble purpose took root in Louisa's heart. She thousework, but the greatest need of the household now was for too hard. She had always helped her mother all she could with the saw her mother carrying burdens too heavy for her and working far hands when his talents as a teacher were running to waste. She gling day by day, earning a little here and there by the work of his to feel the weight of the family troubles. She saw her father strugg- ing in and out through the greenery of those cool forest glades. woods alive—wood-sprites and water-sprites and fairy queens danc- little faces about her, she would tell stories that made the very sunshiny filtering down on her head and lighting up all the eager Then, under the spreading branches of some great tree, with the Emerson children, Ellen, Edith and Edward, and the three Haw- and out in the Concord woods she would gather about her the little prominence as a story teller. Her nature studies gave her material, As Louisa grew up into a tall young girl she began to come into loved the simple friend who taught them the poetry of the woods. And so for him all Nature had a voice, and the Concord children even to coax the fishes up to the surface to feed out of his hand. about him as he sat at rest on the river bank; he seemed able wild squirrels would nestle in his coat; birds and chipmunks gathered his comrades. Hunted foxes would come to him for protection; the gentle woodsman did not know; birds, squirrels and insects were from Concord to Boston. There was not a single flower or tree that would take long, long walks, too, even tramping the twenty miles from among the grasses on the shore. In his company the girls the many windings, stopping now and then to gather some rare plant he would row his boat or paddle his canoe with Indian skill through down by the river that Thoreau was most often to be found. There

MY BOOK HOUSE

THE LATCH KEY

and others the joy of utterly simple living, close to the heart of Nature. The hut was in a beautiful spot among fragrant pines and overlooked the clear, green depths of the pond which Thoreau, from its gleaming expressiveness, called the eye of the earth. About Walden Pond, encircling it everywhere, rose the hills, the tall, green hills. To this beautiful spot Emerson used to take the children. He would show them all the places he loved, all the wood people Thoreau had introduced to him, or the wildflowers whose hidden homes he had discovered. So, years later, when the children read Emerson's beautiful poem about the sweet rhodora in the woods, his "burly, dozing bumblebee," or laughed over the fable of the Mountain and the Squirrel, they recognized old friends of these beautiful woodland jaunts and thanked Emerson for the delicate truth and beauty he had seen there and helped them to understand.

To the turbulent, restless, half-grown Louisa the calm philosopher, with his gentle ways and practical common-sense, was an anchor indeed. In her warm little heart he was held so sacredly that he himself would have smiled at such worship. She went to him often for advice about her reading and was at liberty to roam all around the book-lined walls of his library, there to select whatever pleased her most, for Emerson was never too busy to help her.

Hawthorne, too, handsome shy man that he was, always steering away from the society of grown-ups, had much to do with Louisa and the Concord children. He was always at his best with children and his stories never failed to hold Louisa spellbound. Doubtless she was one of the children to whom he first told the *Tanglewood Tales* and the stories in the *Wonder Book*. She pored over his books, and love and admiration for him grew with her growth.

Henry Thoreau was the last of those great Concord friends who had such an influence on Louisa's life. From him the Alcott girls learned to know intimately the nature they already loved, and many a happy day was spent with him in the woods, studying the secrets of the wildflowers and the language of the birds. It was

I:	279	The Sheep and the Pig That Made a Home
I:	279	Comradeship. See also Friendship
V:	152	Complaint. See Grumbling
IV:	363	The Two Pillarims
IV:	194	Princess Nelly (Chief Corn-Kanter)
IV:	85	Where Love Is, There God Is Also
IV:	242	Little Gulliver
III:	130	Mellicot
III:	130	The Two Bad Bargains
III:	12	Prince Rairyfoot
III:	14	Little Nell and Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works
II:	235*	Thunberisa
II:	246	Two Little Birds and a Great Man
II:	88	The Welsh Giant
II:	87*	Barry, a Dog of the Alps
II:	74	Dame Wiggins of Lee
II:	74	The Coming of the King
II:	35	Snow White and Rose Red
III:	213	Compassion. See also Kindness to Animals
III:	303	Maggie Tulliver Goes to Live With the Gypsies (Tom)
III:	303	The Snow Queen (Cold Intellectuality)
V:	12	Cleanliness. See Neatness
I:	15	Una and the Red Cross Knight (Charissa)
I:	15	Charity. See also Compassion; Kindness; Love
V:	327	The Three Little Kittens
V:	327	Carelessness
V:	327	Bravery. See Courage
III:	268	Beaumonts, the Kitchen Knight (enemies of Beaumonts)
III:	257	Phaeton
III:	257	David and Goliath (Goliath)
II:	128	How the Brazilian Beeties Got Their Gorgeous Coats
II:	82	The Firefly and the Apes
II:	290	The Hare and the Tortoise
I:	119	The Wind and the Sun
I:	84	Belling the Cat
I:	119	Boastfulness
V:	12	Una and the Red Cross Knight (Orgoglio)
I:	119	The Wind and the Sun
I:	119	Blustering. See also Boastfulness

TO ETHICAL THEME



THE LATCH KEY

MY BOOK HOUSE

COMRADESHIP continued	
Good Comrades of the Flying Ship	III: 184
Little Gulliver	IV: 85
Cuchulain, the Irish Hound	V: 396
CONCEPT. See also Pride and Vanity	
The Frog and the Ox	I: 178
Cinderella (Step Sisters)	II: 165
The Acorn and the Pumpkin	III: 290
Phaeton	III: 268
Rustem, a Hero of Persia (Kaikous)	V: 436
CONFIDENCE. See also Faith	
The Little Engine That Could	I: 193
Piccola	II: 303
Aruman	III: 197
David and Goliath	III: 257
Daniel In the Lions' Den	IV: 408
Rustem	V: 436
CONSECRATION. See Devotion and Purpose	
CONSCIENCE AWAKENED	
Richard Feverel	V: 228
CONTEMPLATION. See also Thoughtfulness	
Una and the Red Cross Knight (Mount of Contemplation)	V: 12
CONTRARINESS	
The Wee, Wee Mannie and the Big, Big Coo	I: 235
CO-OPERATION	
The Wake-up Story	I: 71
The Sheep and the Pig That Made a Home	I: 279
How the Home Was Built	I: 285
Good Comrades of the Flying Ship	III: 184
COURAGE. See also Fearlessness	
Shingebiss	I: 340* I: 1339
The Firefly and the Apes	II: 82
Jack and the Beanstalk	II: 371
The Story of Christopher Columbus	II: 204
The Story of Tom Thumb	II: 262
The Boy Hero of Harlem	II: 184
Ikwa and Annowee	II: 388
The Princess on the Glass Hill	III: 52
Aruman	III: 197
East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon	III: 399
Sleeping Beauty	III: 26
The Strong Boy	III: 165
The Snow Queen	III: 303
The Six Swans	III: 363
David and Goliath	III: 257
The Fisherman Who Caught the Sun	III: 206
The Secret Door	IV: 315
Young Midshipman David Farragut	IV: 354
George Rogers Clark	IV: 390
Perseus	IV: 412
Hercules	IV: 423
Little Man as Big as Your Thumb	IV: 26
Robert Bruce	V: 281
William Tell	V: 290
Roland	V: 300
Joan of Arc	V: 306
The Cid	V: 316
Beaumonts, the Kitchen Knight	V: 327

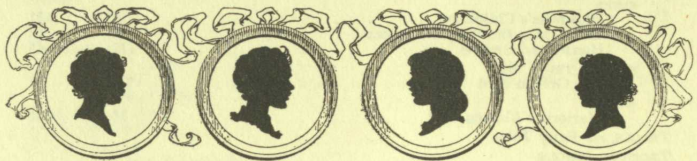


431 II: Hawthorne's Childhood
 218 II: Christening the Baby in Russia
 45 II: Hansel and Gretel
 57 IV: The Golden Bird
 260 II: Marjorie's Almanac
 152 IV: Memoirs of a White Elephant
 328 IV: Alexander Selirk
 383 V: Exile of Rama
 419 I: The Babe Moses
 88 II: Barty, a Dog of the Alps
 151 II: Jamie Watt and His Grandmother's Tea Kettle
 151 II: Old Johnny Applesced
 257 II: The Feast of Labernacles
 230 II: Betsy Ross and the First American Flag
 293 II: *235 The Babe of Bethlehem
 300 II: Hassam, the Arab, and His Horse
 308 II: The Duty That Was Not Paid (Mozart)
 163 IV: General Tom Thumb
 189 IV: Story of a Spider
 276 IV: The Boy of Cadore (Tithan)
 396 IV: The Boyhood of Robert Fulton
 255 V: Winter Neighbors
 215 III: *220 Adventures of Jehl
 220 III: *230 Betsy Ross and the First American Flag
 130 III: *160 Little Nell and Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works
 39 I: Blow, Wind, Blow
 46 I: My Lady Wind
 59 I: Little Wind
 51 I: March Winds
 119 I: The Wind and the Sun
 120 I: Who Has Seen the Wind
 304 I: Little Half-Chick
 339 I: Come Little Leaves
 164 II: *160 Shingebiss
 422 III: Little Diamond and the North Wind



T H E L A T C H K E Y

M Y B O O K H O U S E



INTRODUCTION TO INDEX ACCORDING TO ETHICAL THEME

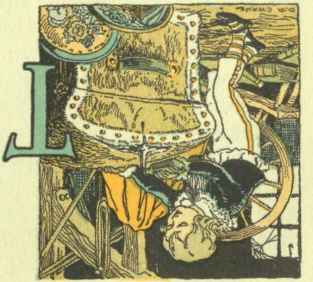
I am weary of seeing this subject of education always treated as if "education" only meant teaching children to write or to cipher or to repeat the catechism. Real education, the education which alone should be compulsory means nothing of the kind. It means teaching children to be clean, active, honest and useful.—John Ruskin.

Real education certainly is a spiritual as well as an intellectual process. It certainly does mean guiding children to see clearly the distinction between good and evil, right and wrong, moving them deeply with sympathy for the good and repugnance for the evil, and inspiring them to act in accordance with these perceptions. This is rarely accomplished by preaching at children or moralizing to them. But all good stories and books have recorded naturally and most often unconsciously the reaction of the author or story-teller to various human qualities and types of human disposition, and through his art, indeed by his very unconsciousness of what he is accomplishing, the story-teller makes the child feel deeply just what he has felt. If the author has felt affectation, artificiality, boastfulness, conceit, as ridiculous qualities, he makes them ridiculous; if he has felt cold self-righteousness, cowardice, dishonesty, hypocrisy, treachery as ugly qualities, he has made them ugly, and the child vigorously separates himself from them and refuses them as he reads; if he has felt courage, compassion, loyalty, truth, devotion, perseverance, purpose as splendid qualities, he has made

But strange to say, the old trunk remained as bald as before! patiently climbed the stairs to observe the expected sprouting. new hair appear in the bald places. Every day, thereafter, he liquid copiously to the hide of the trunk, in eager hopes of seeing. He then returned at once to his attic and began applying the amount of his pocket money, to buy a bottle of the hair restorer. immediately and parted with what must have seemed an enormous his beloved but moth-eaten trunk, Tom went into the shop im- matter of restoring hair where none seemed to be. Thinking of with marvelous promises as to what the same could do in the he saw some hair restorer displayed in the window, in connection esting to Tom. One day, as the boy was passing a barber's shop, still had enough of the air of romance about it to be very inter- days long past. The trunk had worn exceedingly shabby, but fashioned, hide-covered trunk, reminiscent of those fascinating Among the antiquated furniture in the attic, too, was an old-

of DeJore. As a boy Tom was very fond of reading. He spent whole hours in the attic of the old house where he lived, and there from the midst of castaway rubbish, he dug out such books of adven- ture as Don Quixote, Arabian Nights, and various works boy's blood a-tingle with the spirit of adventure.

the sea are enough to set any tall-masted ships and the smell of ocean that the constant sight of shire, which lies so near to the town of Portsmouth, New Hamp- born in the quaint, old, elm-shaded



ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY (American, 1836-1907)

M Y B O O K H O U S E

T H E L A T C H K E Y

alike, that crowds began haunting her path, hanging about the house to get just a glimpse of her—popping up in her way to bow reverently as she went for a walk or a drive, deluging her with flowers, and writing her sentimental verses. All this attention drove Louisa nearly distracted, so she had to run away from it for a year's rest in Europe. But ever after that the children considered Louisa their especial property and she devoted herself henceforth to writing for them entirely. She loved them very dearly, too, boys and girls alike, and no American author has ever held a warmer place than she in the hearts of American young people.

And so, after so many years of the hardest, most devoted and unselfish labor, Louisa's dream came true. She was able to give her dear family all that they needed and wanted. She bought a comfortable home for them in Concord, she sent May to study art in Europe, she gave her father books, but best of all, she was able at last to give her beloved mother the happiness and rest which she had so nobly earned. Never again did "Marmee" have to do any hard work. She could sit from that time forth in a comfortable chair beside the sunny window with beautiful work and beautiful things about her. A successful life was Louisa Alcott's, one of toil and effort, indeed, of joy and sorrow, and ceaseless self-sacrifice, but through it all, as through *Little Women* ran the golden thread of that splendid family love.

Important Works: *Little Women* *Little Men* *Jo's Boys* *An Old-fashioned Girl*
Jack and Jill *Eight Cousins* *Rose In Bloom* *Silver Pitchers*

ALDEN, RAYMOND MacDONALD (American, 1873-)

Raymond MacDonald Alden was born at Hartford, New York, and educated at Rollins College, Florida, the University of Pennsylvania, and Harvard. He has edited several plays by Shakespeare and the Elizabethan dramatists, and has taught as instructor and professor at Harvard, Leland Stanford, Jr. and the Universities of Pennsylvania and Illinois. He was director of the Drama League of America from its founding until 1914.

Important Works: *Why The Chimes Rang*

THE LATCH KEY

PUNCH AND JUDY SHOWS
 Bikkur Matti II: 394
 Little Nell and Mrs. Jarley III: 438
 Renowned Adventures of Punch and Judy III: 438

QUACK, see Animals
 RABBIT, see Animals
 RACCOON, see Animals
 RAIN
 Rain, rain go away I: 40
 Who Likes the Rain? I: 109
 Rain in Summer II: 203

RAINBOW
 The Gift and the Hare I: 241
 Bow That Bridges Heaven I: 241
 Noah's Ark I: 295
 Hiawatha's Childhood II: 431
 Hercules IV: 433
 Kalevala V: 359

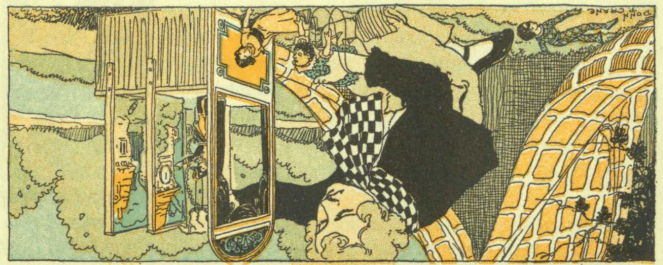
REALISTIC STORIES, (stories that might have been true) See also True Stories
 What the Moon Saw I: 69
 Mrs. Tabby Gray I: 180
 Noah's Ark I: 180
 How the Home Was Built I: 285
 Oeyvind and Marti I: 338
 Happy Day in the City I: 306
 Doll Under the Briar Rosebush I: 424
 Beyond the Toll-Gate I: 435
 Heidi in the Alpine Pasture II: 277
 Piccola II: 303
 Ikwe and Annowie II: 388
 Bikkur Matti II: 394
 Christening the Baby in Russia III: 218
 The Story of a Beaver III: 117
 Where Sarah Jane's Doll Went III: 86
 A Cripple to the School III: 98
 Little Boy of Toy Valley III: 106
 Little Nell and Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works III: 130
 David Copperfield and Little Em'ly IV: 98
 The Secret Door IV: 315
 Robin Hood V: 49
 Melting Pot V: 173
 Coaly Bay V: 218
 Richard Roverel and the Haytick V: 228
 Mr. Hampden's Shipwreck V: 264
 Wolffert Webber V: 316
 Beaumains V: 327
 Rithjof V: 338
 White Aster V: 373



self, and his favorite one was how he was of noble birth only the many remarkable stories. These stories were chiefly about him- Once he made friends at school with a little girl, to whom he told Occasionally, though very seldom, the boy went to school, a thrilling drama.

pets and very seriously make them go through the actions of many unusually fond of plays. He would dress up these little rag pup- Hans liked best of all to play with this little toy theatre, for he was dance when it turned around, and a peepshow of funny rag dolls. father had made him some wonderful toys, pictures that changed in all kinds of weather, fancying things and inventing stories. His he had made a little tent. Under this shelter he would sit cozily bush where, with the help of a broomstick and his mother's apron, hind the house. For hours he would sit near their one gooseberry As a child he would play all alone out in the tiny garden be- other lessons at all, for he did not like other studies.

vid fancy. Nevertheless, though Hans liked to read, he did no wild strawberries or made pretty garlands of flowers. It was from the father sat and thought or read, Hans ran about and gathered great friends and they often went on long walks together. While from his wife who had no education at all. He and Hans were



MY BOOK HOUSE

MY BOOK HOUSE

REINDEER, see Animals
 REPETITIVE STORIES, see also Cumulative Stories
 Little Red Hen and the Grain of Wheat I: 60
 The "Wake Up" Story I: 71
 The Cat and the Mouse I: 78
 The Little Gray Pony I: 92
 The Gingerbread Boy I: 121
 Wee, Wee Mannie and the Big, Big Coo I: 235
 Little Half Chick I: 304

REPTILES
 ALLIGATOR
 Aruman III: 197
 EEL
 Right Time to Laugh II: 112
 FROG
 The Frog and the Ox I: 178
 Over in the Meadow I: 64
 Right Time to Laugh II: 112
 Mr. Moon III: 32
 Melilot III: 242
 LIZARD
 Over in the Meadow I: 64
 The Lost Spear III: 228
 NEWT
 Lullaby for Titania III: 25
 SNAKE
 Lullaby for Titania III: 25
 TOAD
 Thumbelisa II: 414
 Toads and Diamonds II: * 353 † 323
 TURTLE
 Clytie II: 123
 The Turtle Who Could Not Stop Talking I: 222
 Hare and Tortoise I: 299
 Mock Turtle's Song IV: 150
 WORM
 Old Shellover I: 150
 Lullaby for Titania III: 25

SANDPIPER, see Birds
 SEA, see also Boats
 The Two Crabs I: 113
 Little Blue Apron I: * 418 † 424
 The Merchant I: * 39 † 324
 A Sea Song from the Shore I: * 40 † 325
 The Fisherman and His Wife II: 191
 Down on the Shore II: 122
 Clytie II: 123
 White Horses III: 158
 The Sea Shell III: 164
 Why the Sea is Salt III: 159
 A Tropical Morning at Sea III: 209
 The Fisherman Who Caught the Sun III: 206
 The Sandpiper IV: 115
 David Copperfield and Little Em'ly IV: 98
 The Merman IV: 96

THE LATCH KEY

ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN (Danish, 1805-1875)

It matters not to have been born in a duck-yard if one has been hatched from a swan's egg.



HUNDRED years or more ago there lived in the ancient city of Odense in Denmark, an awkward, overgrown, lean little boy. Hans Andersen's father was a cobbler, his mother a washerwoman, and they were so poor that they lived in one room under a steep gabled roof. That room had to be kitchen and parlor, workshop and bedroom all in one, but, poor as it was, it was to Hans most wonderfully exciting. In every corner it was full of interesting things. The walls were covered with pictures; the tables and chests had shiny cups, glasses and jugs upon them; in the lattice window grew pots of mint; from the rafters hung bunches of sweet herbs, and there were always fresh green boughs hanging here and there about. Over by the window, where the sun streamed in, was the cobbler's work-bench and a shelf of books. But most interesting of all to Hans was the door of the room which was brightly painted with pictures—fields and hedges, trees and houses, perhaps even castles—and when the little boy had gone to bed and his mother and father thought him fast asleep, he would lie awake to look at those pictures and make up stories about them. Often, too, in the day time he would crawl up the ladder and out on the roof of the house where in the gutter between the Andersen's cottage and the one next door, there stood a box of earth in which Hans's mother had planted chives and parsley. This was their garden, for all the world like Kay and Gerda's garden in the *Snow Queen*.

Hans's father, though he passed his days pounding pegs into shoes, was a very well educated man, who had seen far better days. He loved to read and spent all his spare time with his books. This made him seem very different from his poor neighbors, and even

MUSKRAT, *see* Animals
 126
 123
 112
 Music
 Music-Loving Bears
 Dance of the Forest People
 Duty That Was Not Paid (Mozart)
 Mouses, *see* Animals
 383
 373
 290
 300
 106
 376
 216
 277
 193
 Mountains
 Little Engine That Could
 Barry, a Dog of the Alps
 Heidi in the Alpine Pasture
 Moon-Maiden (Fujiyama)
 The Man Who Loved Hai Qual (Mt. Tacoma)
 How the Waterfall Came to the Thrusting Mountains
 (Carpathians)
 Luck Boy of Toy Valley (Tyrolean Alps)
 Roland (Pyrenees)
 William Tell (Swiss Alps)
 White Aster
 Exit of Rama
 Mosquito, *see* Insects
 The Three Sillies
 Mr. Moon
 Assembling of the Rays
 Adventures of Yehi
 The Moon-Maiden
 Daniel O'Rourke
 Moon, So Round and Yellow
 A Darting Prince
 What the Moon Saw
 What Else the Moon Saw
 Old Shellover
 Boy Who Wanted The Impossible
 Hiawatha's Childhood
 Judging by Appearances
 Moon's the North Wind's Cooky
 Months, *see also* Autumn, Spring, Summer, Winter
 The Twelve Months
 The Month of March
 March
 Song On a May Morning
 April
 MONSTERS, *see also* Dragons and Fairy Tales
 326
 423
 412
 413
 12
 436
 145
 348
 353
 31
 394
 Meadows
 Over in the Meadow
 Across the Fields
 How the Waterfall Came
 MONKEY, *see* Animals
 376
 327
 64

THE LATCH KEY

regarded almost as a lunatic by the people of Odense. Tall, gawky boy that he was, with a huge nose, tiny eyes and a great long neck like a bird's, with feet and hands as big as boats, and clothes always too small for him—he was the laughing stock of the neighborhood. Boys teased him and screamed after him, "There goes the play scribbler." Wounded to the quick, Hans shrank away from them all and hid himself at home, safe from their mockery. He had not a single friend of his own age in Odense.

The gentry who lived round about, though they were amused by the cobbler's peculiar son, were also sorry for him. They laughed at his absurd ambitions to be a great writer, a singer or actor, when he had never taken the trouble to get the smallest education, but they tried, too, to induce him to go to school. For a time he did as they wished, but in school he was always dreamy and absent-minded, studying little, and he tried to please his master by bringing him wild flowers instead of learning his lessons.

At length, at the age of fourteen, he came to the conclusion like the heroes he had read about in his books, that he would set out and seek his fortune. This meant that he would go to Copenhagen and there find work at the theatre. He had heard of a wonderful thing called a ballet which seemed to him grander and finer than anything else in the world, and of a marvelous lady who danced in the ballet. Hans pictured this chief dancer as a sort of fairy queen, who should graciously condescend to help him and, by a wave of her hand, make him famous.

His mother was rather alarmed at these plans of the lad, so she sought advice from a fortune-teller. But that wise woman, after consulting the coffee grounds, solemnly announced that Hans Christian Andersen would be a great man and that all Odense would one day be illumined to do him honor! This statement seemed ridiculous and was received with many a wink and shrug of the shoulders by others, but it satisfied Hans's mother and she consented to let him go. So the boy confidently did up his little bundle,

MY BOOK HOUSE

MY BOOK HOUSE

MYTHS
 GREEK
 Clytie II: 123
 The Golden Touch III: 274
 Phaeton III: 268
 The Adventures of Perseus IV: 412
 The Labors of Hercules IV: 423
 NORSE
 Thor's Journey to Jotun-heim IV: 436
 The Stealing of Iduna IV: 444
 NATURE, BEAUTIES OF, *see* Forests, Meadows, Plains, Prairies, Desert, Sea, Mountains, Lakes, Brooks, Rivers, Cataracts, Sun, Sunrise, Sunset, Moon, Stars, Twilight, Night, Sky, Clouds, Rain, Rainbow, Wind, Thunder, Frost, Snow, Fog, Autumn, Winter, Spring, Summer, Months, Flowers, Trees, Fruit, Fishes, Fowls, Birds, Reptiles, Insects, Cobwebs, Animals, Solitude
 NIGHT
 Winter Neighbors V: 255
 How Night Came III: 211
 Twilight III: 215
 OPOSSUM, *see* Animals
 ORIBI, *see* Animals
 OSTRICH, *see* Birds
 OWL, *see* Birds
 OX, *see* Animals
 OYSTER, *see* Fish
 PANTHER, *see* Animals
 PANTOMIME
 Columbine and Her Playfellows of the Italian Pantomime III: 354
 PARROT, *see* Birds
 PARTRIDGE, *see* Birds
 PATRIOTIC STORIES, *see* Patriotism under Index According to Ethical Theme
 PEACOCK, *see* Birds
 PEDDLERS
 If I'd As Much Money I: 42
 Buttons a Farthing a Pair I: 51
 The Peddler's Caravan II: 448
 The Ragged Pedlar III: 252
 The Peddler's Song III: 256
 PERCH, *see* Fish
 PHEASANT, *see* Birds
 PIG, *see* Animals
 PIKE, *see* Fish
 PLAINS, *see also* Prairies
 The Plains' Call IV: 182
 PONY, *see* Animals
 PORCUPINE, *see* Animals
 PORPOISE, *see* Fish
 PRAIRIE, *see also* Plains and Meadows
 Night Ride in a Prairie Schooner IV: 183
 PROVERBS
 Birds of a Feather I: 47
 If Wishes Were Horses I: 50

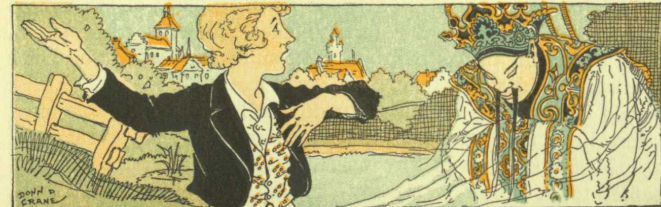


THE LATCH KEY

fairies had changed him in his cradle and nobody knew the truth about him! One day he heard the little girl say, "Hans is a fool." Poor little Hans! He trembled and told her no more stories.

When Hans was only eleven years old his father died and he was left alone with his mother. He still continued to play with his toy theatre, but he also now read everything on which he could lay his hands. Best of all he loved to read Shakespeare, and Shakespeare left a deep impression upon him. He liked particularly those plays of Shakespeare's where there were ghosts or witches, and indeed he became so devotedly fond of the drama that he felt he must be an actor. Sometimes he decided that he could sing unusually well and should make his fortune by acting and singing. One day an old woman who was washing clothes in the river told Hans that the Empire of China lay down there under the water. Having taken no pains to learn anything about the world, Hans quite believed her and thought to himself that perhaps, some moonlight night when he should be singing down by the water's edge, a Chinese prince, charmed by his marvelous music, would push his way up through the earth and take him down to China to make him rich and noble as a reward for such unsurpassed singing. Then the prince might let him return some day to Odense, where he would be very rich and build himself a castle, to be envied and admired by all who had once despised him!

Naturally enough, young Hans singing in the lanes, reading and playing theatre alone by himself at home, was despised and



THE LATCH KEY

HUMOROUS STORIES OR POEMS—Continued

IV: 270 The Swineherd
V: Emperor's New Clothes
V: Don Quixote.
INDEPENDENCE DAY, see Fourth of July

INDIANS
I: 1339 Ten Little Indians
I: *340 Shingebiss
I: *118 Legend of the Water Lily
II: *117 Indian Children
II: Hiawatha's Childhood
III: Man Who Loved Hat
III: The Strong Boy
III: Adventures of Yehi
III: Hiawatha's Fasting
IV: Princess Nelly and the Seneca Chief
IV: George Rogers Clark
INSECTS
ANT
I: *268 Squirtrels That Live In a House
II: *41 Story of a Caterpillar
BEE
I: 432 Burnie Bee
I: Over in the Meadow
I: *268 Squirtrels That Live In a House
II: *41 Story of a Caterpillar
II: How Doin the Little Busy Bee
II: In the Lane
BEETLE
I: Mother Spider
II: How the Brazilian Beetles Got Their Gorgeous Coats
III: Lullaby for Titania
BUTTERFLY
I: *268 Squirtrels That Live In a House
I: White Butterflies
II: To a Butterfly
III: The Lost Spear
CATERPILLAR
II: *41 Story of a Caterpillar
CRICKET
I: Over in the Meadow
I: *268 Squirtrels That Live In a House
I: Come Little Leaves
I: Mr. Moon
DARNING-NEEDLE
KIDS
FIREFLY
II: Battle of Firefly and Apes
II: Winking Bugs
III: The Moon-Maiden
GRASSHOPPER
I: Grasshopper Green
I: Mother Spider
I: An Explanation of the Grasshopper
II: Fairy Who Judged Her Neighbors
HORNET
III: In the Lane
95

MY BOOK HOUSE

of education as to be absolutely absurd. Nothing daunted, however, he wrote another play and tried again. This time those who read his manuscript at the theatre said that it showed unmistakable signs of talent, and they advised Andersen's friends to ask the King for money to educate the boy.

Fredrick VI of Denmark was like the kind kings in Andersen's stories. He arranged at once that Hans should be sent to school, and from then on he helped the boy until he was able to take care of himself. Hans was not happy in school, however. Here he was, a great hulking lad of seventeen, having to go into classes with the very smallest boys. He had plenty of opportunity then to wish that he had applied himself earlier to his lessons. But though he worked hard, both here and later at the University in Copenhagen, he found it difficult to learn, and was generally thought a dunce. He continued to write poems, plays and sketches, which were all pronounced wishy-washy and silly. He failed again and again. Yet in the very bottom of his heart, in spite of all his failures, something always said, "I can," and his faith in himself never faltered. At length, Fredrick VI allowed him money for foreign travel, and he set forth to visit Italy, France and Germany. In Italy he found his inspiration for his first really successful novel, *The Improvisatore*, which was published on his return to Copenhagen. During all this time Andersen had been looking solely to his novels and plays to win him success and recognition. But while he was doing work of the most ordinary merit in this line he had one admirable talent which he never dreamed of taking seriously. Odense, his birthplace, was a rich treasure house of legends and folk lore, and sometimes, just to amuse the children of his friends, he would gather the little ones about him and weave these old legends into the most wonderful stories. He would tell these tales in the liveliest manner, never bothering about grammar but using childish words and baby language, and as he talked he would act and jump about and make the most remarkable faces. The children were

MY BOOK HOUSE

LADY-BIRD
Fairy Forests III: 236

MAY-BUG
Thumbelisa II: 414

MOSQUITO
Battle of Firefly and Apes II: 82

MOTH
Story of a Caterpillar II: * 41 II: † 46

SPIDER
Over in the Meadow I: 64
Mother Spider I: 228
Lullaby for Titania III: 25
Story of a Spider IV: 189
Gossamer Spider IV: 193
Robert Bruce V: 281

INVENTIONS, see Inventiveness under Index According to Ethical Theme

JAY, see Birds

JUNGLE, see Tropical Jungle

KANGAROO, see Animals

KUDU, see Animals

LADY-BIRD, see Insects

LAKES
The Honest Woodman II: 78
Legend of the Water Lily II: *118 II: 117
Hiawatha's Childhood II: 431
Hiawatha's Fasting IV: 381

LAMB, see Animals

LARK, see Birds

LIGHTHOUSE
Little Gulliver IV: 85

LINCOLN
Two Little Birds and a Great Man II: *235 II: †298

LION, see Animals

LIZARD, see Reptiles

LOBSTER, see Fish

LOGGING
The Booms IV: 124

LULLABIES
Rock a Bye Baby I: 2
Sleep, Baby, Sleep I: 4
Sleepy Song I: 6
Rockaby Lullaby I: 8
Sweet and Low I: 17
German Cradle Song I: 18
Wynken, Blynken and Nod I: *324 I: 141
Sugar Plum Tree I: 144
Fairy and Child I: *313 I: †322
Roumanian Folk Song II: *370 II: †245
Lullaby for Titania III: 25

LYRE-BIRD, see Birds

MANUAL TRAINING
The Luck Boy of Toy Valley III: 106

MAY-BUG, see Insects

MAY DAY, see also Spring
Song On a May Morning III: 31
Robin Hood and Maid Marian V: 49



THE LATCH KEY

and with nine dollars in his pocket, took ship for Copenhagen. Once arrived in the city, he hurried off to find his fairy queen, the chief dancer, and poured out in her wondering ears his longing to go on the stage. To show her what he could do, he took off his shoes and began dancing about in his stocking feet, using his hat for a drum and beating a lively tattoo! Needless to say, the graceful gambols of this overgrown giraffe terrified the poor lady. She took him for a lunatic and hastily showed him the door.

In spite of this disappointment, however, Hans persisted. He went to seek help from the Director of the Theatre, only to meet here with another rebuff. He was told that none but educated people were engaged for the stage. So began the long series of Hans's adventures and disappointments. Ridiculous as he appeared to others, he sincerely respected himself and had a firm belief in his own ability to do something. But he was keenly sensitive, too, and the constant rebuffs he met with always hurt him sorely. All the unhappiness of those days, as well as of his childhood, he expressed years later in the story of the Ugly Duckling, whose buffetings and miseries represent his own early trials.

He lived now in a garret in the poorest quarter of Copenhagen and had nothing to eat but a cup of coffee in the morning and a roll later in the day. Though he found friends who even then recognized his talent and wished to help him, he would not take from them more than was absolutely necessary. He would pretend that he had had plenty to eat and that he had been dining out with friends, rather than accept more of their charity. He would say, too, that he was quite warm when his clothes were threadbare and his boots so worn and leaky that his feet were sopping with water. The courage and determination he showed at this time were really remarkable in a lad of fifteen. He once sent a play he had written to the Royal Theatre, never doubting in his childish ignorance that it would be accepted. It came back to him very soon with the curt comment that it showed such a lack

SEA HORSE
Sea Song from the Shore. II: * 40 1325

SMALL
Four and Twenty Tailors I: 29
Lullaby for Titania I: 150
The Mock Turtle's Song IV: 150

STAR-FISH
Two Crabs I: 113
David Copperfield IV: 98
Hawthorne's Fasting IV: 381

TROUT
Boy's Song III: 105

WHALE
Daniel O'Rourke III: 74

WHITING
Mock Turtle's Song IV: 150

FLOWERS
Daisy down dilly I: 13
When Daffodils Begin to Peer I: 38
Little Girl, Little Girl I: 26
How Does My Lady's Garden Grow? I: 13
March Winds and April Showers I: 51
Baby Seed Song I: 221
Who Likes the Rain? I: 109
Spring I: 302
Across the Fields I: 327
Come Little Leaves I: * 268
Child in a Mexican Garden I: 192
Heidi in the Alpine Pasture II: * 245
My Nicaragua III: 210
Clyte (sunflower) II: 118
Legend of the Water Lily II: 117
Her Darty III: 81
Kids III: 96
In the Lane III: 95
Post Spear III: 228
Flying Fox, see Animals

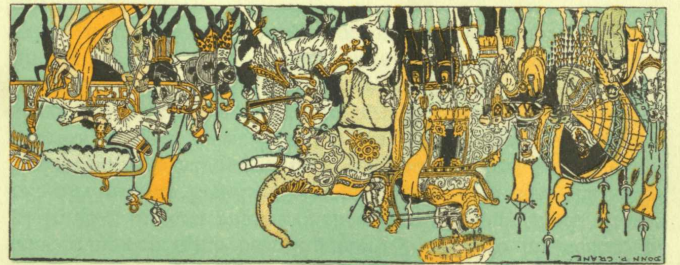
POO
The Pog III: 251

FOLK TALES, see General Index, see also Geographical Index under Various countries
Forests, see also Tropical Jungle
Goldlocks and the Three Bears I: 248
Squirrels That Live in a House I: * 268
Snow White and Rose Red II: 135
Christening the Baby in Russia II: 431
Hiawatha's Childhood II: 431
Prince Parfoot III: 12
Sleeping Beauty III: 26
Hansel and Gretel III: 45
Dance of the Forest People III: 126
The Twelve Knights III: 145
Una and The Red Cross Knight V: 12

THE LATCH KEY

On the fifth of July, 1810, heralded by a mighty thundering of cannon, a rattling of drums, and all the other noises of Independence Day, there appeared for the first time on this world's stage, a small boy, named Phineas T. Barnum, who was destined to become the greatest showman in all the world, and to make a bigger stir, both in America and Europe, than all the Independence Days put together. Phineas was born in the town of Bethel, Connecticut. His father was a tailor, a farmer and sometimes a tavern keeper, and Phineas led the life of an ordinary country boy, driving the cows to pasture, shelling corn, weeding the garden and riding the horse which led the ox team in ploughing. But the boy liked better to work with his head than with his hands, and he was always figuring out ways and means of earning money. On holidays, especially those days when the soldiers marched out and trained on the green with scores of country folk looking on, days when other boys were riotously spending all their hoarded pennies, Phineas was busy earning money! With bustling industry he peddled molasses candy, home-made gingerbread, cookies and sugar candies among the crowd, thus generally finding himself richer at the end of the holiday by many a merry penny. As Phineas grew up he tried keeping a country store. A jolly place it was, where in the evenings and on rainy days, all

BARNUM, PHINEAS T. (American, 1810-1891)



MY BOOK HOUSE

MY BOOK HOUSE

FOURTH OF JULY, see also Patriotism under Index According to Ethical Theme.
The Boyhood of Robert Fulton IV: 396

POWLS
CHICKENS, COCKS AND HENS
Hickety, Pickety I: 12
The Cock's On the Housetop I: 60
Little Red Hen and the Grain of Wheat. I: * 83 † 83
Clucking Hen. I: * 87 † 90
Farmer's Boy. I: 168
Little Gustava I: * 340
There Was an Old Man With a Beard I: 105
Cock, Mouse and Little Red Hen I: 212
Sheep and Pig That Made a Home I: 279
Little Half-Chick. I: 304
Maggie Tulliver IV: 213

DUCK
Bow Wow, Says the Dog I: 7
Who Likes the Rain? I: 109
Little Red Hen and Grain of Wheat I: 60
Farmer's Boy. I: * 87 † 90
Little Rabbit Who Wanted Red Wings I: 151
Cock's On the Housetop I: 32
Shingebiss I: * 340 † 339
Duck and the Kangaroo I: 373
I Saw a Ship A-Sailing I: 23
The Duck's Ditty II: 111

GOOSE
Goosey, Goosey, Gander I: 10
Intery, Mintery, Cutery Corn I: 50
I Wouldn't Be a Growler I: 159
Sheep and Pig That Made a Home I: 279
Turtle Who Could Not Stop Talking I: 222
Boy Hero of Harlem II: 184
Daniel O'Rourke III: 74

GUINEA HEN
Li'l Hannibal II: 138
Maggie Tulliver Goes to Live With the Gypsies IV: 213

TURKEY
Farmer's Boy. I: * 87 † 90
Owl and the Pussy Cat II: 412

FOX, see Animals
FROG, see Reptiles

FROST
Jack Frost I: 210
Little Snow Maiden II: * 293 † 230

FRUIT
Up in a Green Orchard I: 19
Johnny Applesed. II: * 323 † 352
Planting of the Apple Tree. II: * 328 † 357
Shaking of the Pear-Tree III: 142
The Stealing of Iduna IV: 444

FUNNY STORIES, see Humorous Stories

GAMES TO BE PLAYED
Dance, Little Baby I: 2
See Saw Sacaradown I: 2

THE LATCH KEY

minded maiden, some beautiful story to add to his collection. In 1842 the first volume of their joint work appeared. It was called *Norwegian Popular Tales*, and was so well done that Asbjörnsen and Moe have remained ever since the best known of all collectors of Norse Tales. Later, Asbjörnsen and Moe each did work alone, and Moe not only wrote fairy tales, but also some of the finest original and realistic stories ever written for children. Among the latter is the *Tale of Viggo and Beate*, which has been so beautifully translated by Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen in *The Birch and the Star*.

Important Works: *Norwegian Popular Stories* (translated by Sir George Dasent as *Popular Tales from the Norse*)

BACON, JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM (American, 1876-)
VEN while at Smith College, Josephine Dodge Daskam was noted for her cleverness and originality. Before she graduated, in 1898, she had had work published in the magazines. Mrs. Bacon has three children whose bringing up she considers the most important thing in her life. She loves children, gardening, making preserves, and raising pigs.

Important Works: *Biography of a Baby* *On Our Hill*
The Imp and the Angel *Smith College Stories*

BAILEY, CAROLINE SHERWIN (American, 1877-)
Caroline Sherwin Bailey is a beloved kindergarten teacher of New York. She taught in the kindergartens of the public schools and at one time while engaged in this work, lived at the Warren Goddard Settlement in New York. Here she led story groups and studied the story needs of the children. For a long time she was editor of the Juvenile Department of the *Delineator*. Now she devotes her entire time to writing, lecturing and giving courses in story telling.

Important Works: *Firelight Stories; For the Children's Hour; For the Story Teller; Stories Children Need; Tell Me Another Story*

285

THE LATCH KEY

222	I	The Turtle Who Could Not Stop Talking
69	II	The Polish, Timid, Little Hare
200	II	The Sandy Road
78	II	The Honest Woodman
290	III	The Acorn and the Pumpkin
79	III	The Owl's Answer to Tommy
58	II	Brownies in the Toy Shop
135	II	Snow White and Rose Red
182	II	Penny Pen Pone
91	II	Nutcracker and Sugarplum
159	III	Why the Sea Is Salt
26	IV	The Little Man As Big As Your Thumb
432	I	The Elf and the Dormouse
346	I	Shoemaker and the Elves
251	II	The Elf and the Elf
408	III	The Boy and the Elf
1322	I	Fairy and Child
165	II	Cinderella
363	III	Twelve Dancing Princesses
371	III	The Story of Tom Thumb
337	III	Blinder
326	III	Treads and Diamonds
358	II	Fairy Who Judged Her Neighbors
371	II	Jack and the Beanstalk
414	II	Thumbelisa
26	III	Prince Ratfoot
32	III	Sleeping Beauty
34	III	Mr. Moon
45	III	Prince Harbald
154	III	Hansel and Gretel
228	III	The Three Wishes
154	III	The Lost Spear
242	III	Melior
326	III	Prince Cherry
337	III	Cat
363	III	Six Swans
376	III	How the Waterfall Came
384	III	Through a Mouse-hole
395	III	Tudrup Binion
246	II	The Selkirk Giant
371	II	Jack and the Beanstalk
165	III	The Strong Boy
166	III	Thor's Journey To Jotunheim
161	II	Doll of the Grass
52	III	Princess on the Glass Hill
69	III	The Marvellous Plot
145	III	The Twelve Months



36

MY BOOK HOUSE

He saw in the very beginning of his career that everything depended on getting the public excited and interested, to think and talk of what he had to exhibit. Accordingly, he made great use of advertisements in newspapers and every other means to arouse public interest. As a result, his showrooms in New York, Boston, Albany and elsewhere, were thronged, and he earned a vast return on his money. Joice would prattle away garrulously about her "dear little George," meaning George Washington, and she would tell how she had been present at the birth of the Father of His Country, and had been the one to put the very first clothes on the dear little infant. Often people would ask her questions about the Washington family and she would answer all, and was never caught in a single contradiction. When interest in the old woman appeared to flag, Barnum secretly caused the newspapers to agitate the question whether she was not, after all, a mere automaton and no living woman, a made image that talked and moved by means of machinery and springs. Then more crowds of people flocked to his hall to find out the truth about her.

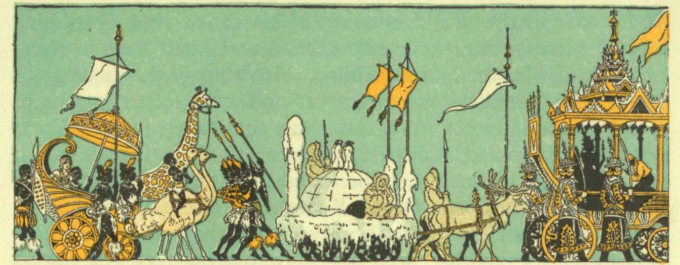
Barnum's next venture after Joice Heth, was an Italian juggler who performed certain remarkable feats of balancing, plate spinning and still walking. This man called himself Signor Antonio and had once travelled with a monkey and a hand organ in Italy, but Barnum induced him first to take a bath and then to take upon himself the much more imposing name of Signor Vivalla. By dint of much advertising, he then made Vivalla very popular, and so remarkable was Barnum's ability to turn everything, even criticism, to good account, that he won his greatest success with Vivalla, by making good use of a hiss of derision that greeted one of the Signor's appearances from the audience. Far from being downcast by this hiss, Barnum sought out the one who had made the contemptuous noise and found him to be one, Roberts, a circus performer, who insisted that he could do all Vivalla had done and more. Immediately Barnum challenged Roberts to hold

MY BOOK HOUSE

MIRACULOUS STORIES WITH NO FAIRIES—Continued

Good Comrades of the Flying Ship	III:	184
Pigling	III:	191
Aruman	III:	197
Adventures of Yehl	III:	220
The Golden Bird	III:	292
Snow Queen	III:	303
Month of March	III:	348
The Enchanted Island	IV:	12
The Magic Horse	IV:	40
The Talking Bird	IV:	57
OGRES		
The Ogre That Played Jackstraws	III:	174
TROLLS		
East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon	III:	399
WITCH		
Hansel and Gretel	III:	45
WIZARD		
How the Waterfall Came	III:	376
The Magic Horse	IV:	40
FARM		
My Maid Mary	I:	35
Willie Boy	I:	28
The Farmer's Boy	I: * 87	147
Little Maid, Pretty Maid	I:	255
The Twin Lambs	I:	217
Farewell to the Farm	II:	142
Shaking of the Pear-Tree	III:	213
Maggie Tulliver (Garum Firs)	IV:	142
Evening at the Farm	IV:	142
The Sugar Camp	IV:	143
PAWN, see Animals		
FIELD-MOUSE, see Animals		
FINCH, see Birds		
FIREFLY, see Insects		
FISH		
Over in the Meadow	I:	64
Boy Who Wanted the Impossible	I:	388
CRABS		
The Two Crabs	I:	113
CRAWFISH		
Hiawatha's Fasting	IV:	381
DOLPHINS		
Adventures of Perseus	IV:	412
EEL		
Right Time to Laugh	II:	112
LOBSTERS		
Mock Turtle's Song	IV:	150
OYSTERS		
Mock Turtle's Song	IV:	150
PERCH		
Hiawatha's Fasting	IV:	381
PIKE		
Hiawatha's Fasting	IV:	381
PORPOISE		
Hiawatha's Fasting	IV:	381
Mock Turtle's Song	IV:	150

THE LATCH KEY



the wits and wags of the village gathered, to sit around the stove and talk or play jokes on one another, for all his life long Phineas dearly loved a joke. But keeping store was by no means in Phineas's line; he was only moderately successful and it was not until he was twenty-five years old, married and with a little daughter of his own, that he found the work for which he was really fitted. This work was nothing more or less than providing people with clean and wholesome amusement.

In 1835, Barnum heard of a remarkable negro woman named Joice Heth who was said to be one hundred and sixty-one years old and to have been the nurse of George Washington. She was a dried up, little, old creature, looking almost like a mummy, with a head of bushy, thick, grey hair. She lay stiff on a couch and could not move her limbs, nevertheless, she was pert and sociable, and would talk as long as anyone would converse with her. It was said that she had lain for years in an out-house on the estate of a certain John S. Bowling in Virginia, having been there so long that nobody knew or cared how old she was until one day Mr. Bowling accidentally discovered an old bill of sale describing this woman as having been sold by Augustine Washington, father of George, to his half sister, Elizabeth Atwood. Being greatly interested in Joice, Barnum sold out his store for \$500 and with this little capital, he started out to exhibit her.

T H E L A T C H K E Y

425	I:	Doll Under the Briar Rose-bush
91	II:	Nitcracker and Sugar-doll
86	III:	Where Sarah Jane's Doll Went
DOLL, see Animals		
DORMOUSE, see Animals		
DONKEY, see Animals		
DOGS, see Animals		
226	III:	After In The Desert
308	II:	Hassan the Arab
200	II:	The Sandy Road
DESERT		
DEER, see Animals		
121	I:	The Gingerbread Man
99	I:	The Key of the Kingdom
180	I:	Johnny and the Three Coats
178	I:	The Cat and the Mouse
71	I:	The "Wake-Up" Story
CUMULATIVE STORIES, see also Repetitive Stories		
CUCKOO, see Birds		
CRICKET, see Insects		
CRAWFISH, see Fish		
CRAB, see Fish		
COW, see Animals		
COUNTRY, see Farm		
50	I:	Intery Mintery
COUNTING OUT RHYMES		
37	I:	As I Was Going To St. Ives
34	I:	Hickamory, Hackamory
31	I:	Little Nanny Bittcoat
CONUNDRUMS		
204	II:	Story of Christopher Columbus
COLUMBUS		
COCKATOO, see Birds		
193	IV:	The Gossamer Spider
231	I:	Cobwebs
31	I:	There Was An Old Woman
CORNBERS		
438	III:	The Renowned Adventures of Punch and Judy
354	III:	Columbe and Her Playfellows of the Italian Pantomime
386	II:	The Circus Parade
CLOWNS		
209	III:	A Tropical Morning At Sea
273	III:	The Cloud
107	I:	Clouds and Waves
106	I:	Clouds
CLOUDS		
116	IV:	The Switch Yard
251	III:	The Fog
434	II:	Beyond the Toll-Gate
417	II:	Indian Children
121	II:	City Smoke
396	I:	A Happy Day in the City
CITY		
163	IV:	General Tom Thumb
386	II:	The Circus Parade
CIRCUS		



bravery. Pentland had secretly purchased an old Indian dress Pentland, the clown, determined to test Vivalla's much boasted of Montgomery, and were beyond the reach of danger, Joe had safely passed over the entire route to within fourteen miles and drive them all into the swamp. Accordingly, when the party and loudly boasted that he was ready to encounter fifty Indians to run the risk. Vivalla, alone, declared himself to be fearless said quite openly that they earnestly wished there were no need numbers would seem too formidable to be attacked, but they circus men were all well armed, however, and trusted that their before the stage coach had been held up in that region. The dangerous to travel the road without an escort. Only the day had been murdered there by hostile Indians, it was deemed late tract known as the "Indian Nation," and as several persons Barnum's Company was obliged to cross a thinly settled, deso-

In going from Columbus, Georgia, to Montgomery, Alabama, white skin, saved him from a bullet. Barnum to roll up his sleeve in a twinkling and reveal his own man!" Only the greatest presence of mind, which prompted "You black rascal, how dare you use such language to a white taking him in truth for a negro, drew his pistol and shouted, against a white man who was abusing them, the fiery Southerner, ed out after one of these performances, to uphold some of his men on the stage and sing the advertised songs himself. To his surprise performance, he was obliged to black his own face and hands, go company, and as Mr. Barnum had advertised negro songs at his

In Camden, South Carolina, Sandford suddenly deserted the he began a little traveling exhibition of his own. James Sandford, a negro singer and dancer, several musicians wagons, a small canvas tent and such performers as Vivalla, in the fall Barnum took friendly leave of Turner and with several

M Y B O O K H O U S E

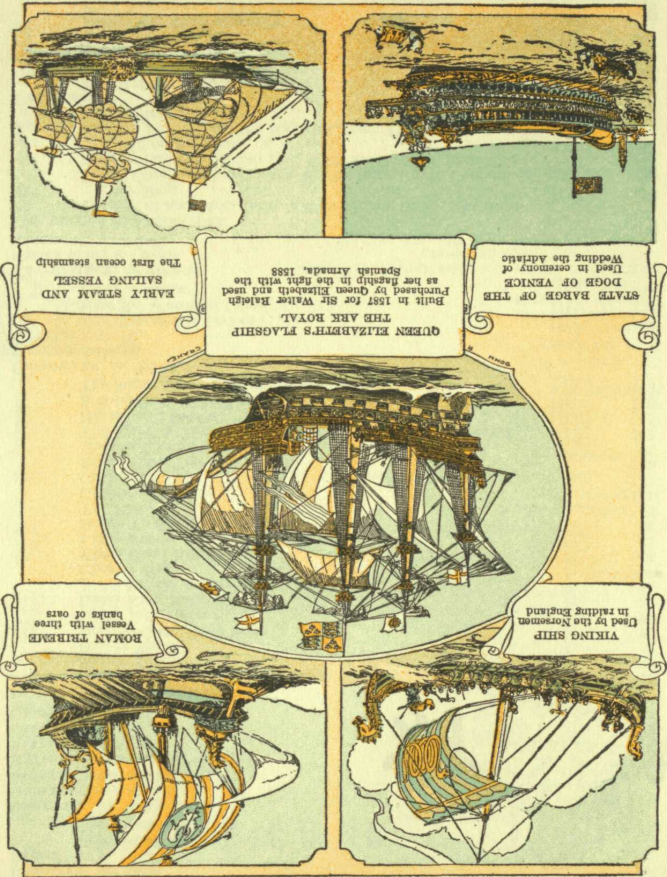
M Y B O O K H O U S E

DOVE, see Birds			
DRAGONS			
		The Adventures of Perseus	IV: 412
		Una and the Red Cross Knight	V: 12
DUCK, see Pows			
DUCK-BILLED MOLE, see Animals			
DWARFS, REAL. (For imaginative Dwarfs see Fairy Tales)			
		General Tom Thumb	IV: 163
EAGLE, see Birds			
EASTER			
		The Story of a Caterpillar .II: * 41 II: † 64	
EEL, see Fish			
ELAND, see Animals			
ELEMENTS, see Wind, Rain, Snow etc.			
ELEPHANT, see Animals			
ELK, see Animals			
ELVES, see Fairy Tales			
EMU, see Birds			
ENGINES			
		Little Engine That Could I: 193	
		Pony Engine and Pacific Express . II: 342	
		Jamie Watt and His Grandmother's Tea Kettle . . II: *147	II: †151
		The Pert Fire Engine	III: 64
		The Switch Yard	IV: 116
		Steamboat and Locomotive	IV: 117
		The Train	IV: 123
		General Tom Thumb (old fashioned engine)	IV: 176
EPICS			
		Beaumonts, the Kitchen Knight	V: 327
		Beowulf (How Beowulf Delivered Heorot)	V: 413
		The Cid (The Cid and His Daughters)	V: 316
		Cuchulain (Cuchulain the Irish Hound)	V: 396
		The Fairy Queen (Una and the Red Cross Knight)	V: 12
		Frithjof	V: 12
		Kalevala (Kalevala, Land of Heroes)	V: 359
		Odyssey (The Home Coming of Ulysses)	V: 423
		Ramayana (The Exile of Rama)	V: 383
		Roland	V: 300
		Rustem (Rustem, a Hero of Persia)	V: 436
		White Aster	V: 373
FABLES			
AESOP			
		Belling the Cat	I: 84
		The Fox and the Stork	I: 104
		The Donkey and the Lap-Dog	I: 111
		The Two Crabs	I: 113
		The Wind and the Sun	I: 119
		The Crow and the Pitcher	I: 130
		The Milkmaid and Her Pail	I: 146
		The Lion and the Mouse	I: 148
		The Dog in the Manger	I: 157
		The Jay and the Peacocks	I: 160
		The Frog and the Ox	I: 178
		The Ass in the Lion's Skin	I: 245
		The Hare and the Tortoise	I: 299
		The Boy Who Cried Wolf	I: 372

T H E L A T C H K E Y

a contest with Vivalla, offering a thousand dollars prize to the winner. He then advertised the trial of skill far and wide until he got the public interest at a white heat, thus drawing packed houses both for the first and following contests.

In April, 1836, Barnum contracted for himself and Vivalla to join Aaron Turner's Traveling Circus Co. Barnum, himself, was to act as ticket seller, secretary and treasurer. Mr. Turner was an old showman, but to Barnum this traveling and performing in canvas tents was altogether new. For centuries, in England, dwarfs, giants and wild men had been popular, and there had been shows of jugglers, performing horses, dancing bears, feats of horsemanship, acrobats, rope-dancers, etc. at fairs and elsewhere. Indeed, an ancient hand-illuminated Anglo-Saxon manuscript shows an audience in an arena or amphitheatre built during the Roman occupation of Britain diverted by a musician, a dancer and a trained bear, while Shakespeare, in *Love's Labours Lost*, refers to a famous performing horse of his day. Rope-dancers threw somersaults over naked swords and men's heads in the days of Charles II, and Joseph Clark, the original "boneless man," appeared in the age of James II, while George Washington and his staff attended a circus performance in Philadelphia in 1780. But the regular tenting circus that travelled about with wagons had not come into being either in England or America until sometime between the years 1805 and 1830. At first, these circuses were very small and modest exhibitions, met only at fairs, and they performed only in the daytime, because no means had been discovered for lighting the tent at night. But when in 1830, the method of lighting the ring with candles in a frame around the center pole was devised, the circus began to grow. Turner's Circus, with which Barnum first travelled, was a moderate sized show and they set forth with quite a train of wagons, carriages, horses and ponies, a band of music and about twenty-five men. Their tour was very successful for all concerned, but



T H E L A T C H K E Y

and so keen and merry a wit, that he was always able to startle the He had such a remarkable understanding of human nature, formance to be found for twenty-five cents anywhere in the city. heart and soul, to giving the public the best and cleanest per- figured other performances of this kind, and devoted himself, banished all the poor and vulgar things which so frequently dis- gypsies, Albinos and remarkable mechanical figures. Mr. Barnum with their tiny carriages and outfits, through a magnifying glass. forming dogs to performing fleas, these latter only to be seen sorts of rare beasts and remarkably trained animals, from per- should devote to it all his wonderful energies. There were all instructive, as well as amusing, collection, well worthy that he So he found himself, at last, in possession of a valuable and thus far paid.

forfeit not only the museum, but the whole amount that he had set space of time, agreeing that if he could not do so, he should and to make enough out of the museum to pay the rest within a ability. Accordingly, he offered to pay down all he possessed the courage to stake all that he had on his own enterprise, wit and manage the museum so as to make it pay large returns, and he had lay by. He had the most eager confidence, however, that he could with the small amount of capital which he had been able so far to though the price, low as it was, was enormous in comparison fine collection of curiosities and Barnum determined to buy it, been run for some time past so as to make any money. It was a was for sale at a moderate price, for the reason that it had not at just this time that the American Museum in New York City settled and worth while phase of the show business. It happened Now, at length, Barnum began to long earnestly for some more his purse had been taken, not by one Indian, but by seven!

story, and stubbornly said that he would not take back the eleven dollars, insisting that the money could not possibly be his, since story, and stubbornly said that he would not take back the eleven

M Y B O O K H O U S E

M Y B O O K H O U S E

BOBOLINK, see Birds

BROOK
Brooklet's Story . II: * 47 II: † 52
The Brook Song . II: * 52 II: † 57

BROWNIES, see Fairy Tales
BUFFALO, see Animals
BUTCHER-BIRD, see Birds
BUTTERFLY, see Insects
BUZZARD, see Birds
CALF, see Animals
CAMEL, see Animals

CANDY, CAKE, PASTRY, ETC.

Hippety Hop to the Barber Shop	I:	16
Simple Simon	I:	34
Handy Spandy	I:	21
Smiling Girls, Rosy Boys	I:	19
Little Jack Horner	I:	27
Little King Boggin	I:	22
A Pie Sat On a Pear Tree	I:	41
Charley Nag	I:	47
When Good King Arthur	I:	44
I Saw a Ship A-Sailing	I:	23
Going To See Grandmamma	I:	58
Tea Party	I:	59
Gingerbread Man	I:	121
Ole-luk-oie	I:	132
Sugar Plum Tree	I:	144
Nutcracker and Sugardolly	II:	91
The Story of Tom Thumb (batter pudding and frumenty)	II:	262
Hansel and Grethel	III:	45
A Song from "The Flower of Old Japan"	III:	178
The Sugar Camp (making Maple Sugar)	IV:	143

CASSOWARY, see Birds

CAT, see Animals

CATARACT

The Cataract of Lodore	III:	383
How the Waterfall Came	III:	376
Exile of Rama	V:	383

CATERPILLAR, see Insects

CEDAR BIRD, see Birds

CHICKENS, see Fowls

CHILDHOODS OF LITERATURE

Little Nell and Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works, from Old Curio- ity Shop	III:	130
David Copperfield and Little Em'ly, from David Copperfield	IV:	98
Maggie Tulliver Goes to Live With the Gypsies, from The Mill on the Floss	IV:	213
Richard Feverel and the Hay-rick, from The Ordeal of Richard Feverel	V:	229

CHRISTMAS

Wee Robin's Christmas Song	I: *166	II:	†163
Shoemaker and the Elves	I:	I:	346
Babe of Bethlehem	II:	II:	300
Piccola	II:	II:	303
Nutcracker and Sugardolly	II:	II:	91
Pony Engine and Pacific Express	II:	II:	342
Frithjof (Pagan Yule)	V:	V:	338

T H E L A T C H K E Y

with a fringed hunting shirt and moccasins, and these he put on, after coloring his face with Spanish brown. Then, shouldering his musket, he followed Vivalla and his party, and approaching stealthily, he leaped into their midst with a terrific war whoop. Barnum and Vivalla's other companions were all in the secret and they instantly fled, leaving the doughty hero alone with the foe. Without more ado, Vivalla took to his heels and ran like a deer. Pentland followed him, yelling horribly and brandishing his gun. After running a full mile, the hero, out of breath and frightened nearly out of his wits, dropped on his knees before his pursuer and begged for his life. The Indian levelled his gun at his victim but soon seemed to relent and signified that Vivalla should turn his pockets inside out. This he did, handing over to Pentland a purse containing eleven dollars. The savage then marched Vivalla to an oak, and with his handkerchief tied him in the most approved Indian manner to the tree. After this, Pentland joined Barnum and the others and as soon as he had washed his face and changed his dress they all went to the rescue of Vivalla. The little Italian was overjoyed to see them coming, but the very moment that he was released he began to swagger about again, swearing that, after his companions had fled, the one Indian who had first attacked them had been reinforced by six more. He had defended himself stoutly, he said, but the superior force of the seven huge braves had at last compelled him to surrender! For a week the party pretended to believe Vivalla's big story, but at the end of that time they told him the truth and Joe Pentland showed him his purse, desiring to return it. Inwardly, Vivalla must have been deeply chagrined, but outwardly he flatly refused to believe the



265	V	WINTER NEIGHBORS
85	IV	SNOW BUNTING
84	IV	Little Gulliver
115	IV	The Sea Gull
52	II	SEA CULL
138	II	The Sandpiper
114	I	SANDPIPER
163	I	Brooklet's Story
24	I	LVI Hannibal
11	I	Sir Robin
49	V	Wee Robin's Christmas Song
381	IV	A Robin and a Robin's Son
213	I	Little Robin Redbreast
160	I	ROBIN
138	II	Robin Hood
155	II	Hawthorn's Rastling
112	II	PHASANT
128	II	Magpie's Nest
255	V	Magpie's Nest
412	II	Magpie's Nest
25	II	Magpie's Nest
38	I	Magpie's Nest
226	III	Magpie's Nest
171	I	Magpie's Nest
112	II	Magpie's Nest
358	II	Magpie's Nest
255	V	Magpie's Nest
161	I	Magpie's Nest
160	I	Magpie's Nest
328	III	Magpie's Nest
289	III	Magpie's Nest
115	II	Magpie's Nest
115	II	Magpie's Nest
163	I	Magpie's Nest
383	V	Magpie's Nest

THE LATCH KEY

At another time, Barnum had at the Museum some powerful out of pocket \$120.00 for twelve wedding blankets that week!

Another blanket. As they gave two performances a day he was "Ugh!" that Barnum was glad to make his peace by ordering savage, however, shrugged his shoulders and gave such a terrific blanket was required since this was not a real wedding. The old present. Mr. Barnum undertook to explain to the chief that no approached with the wedding dance unless he had his blanket as a chief would on no account permit that his daughter should be have another new blanket for the evening's performance, as the old but was considerably taken aback when he was told that he must present to the father of the bride. He ordered the purchase made, Barnum was informed that he was expected to provide a large new, they had the war dance. At the first afternoon performance, Mr. change their bill by giving a wedding dance instead of a war public to be rather heavy, Mr. Barnum decided to ask them to war dances. Finding the responsibility of thus protecting the night, plunge down upon their audience after one of their rousing the front of the stage to make certain that they should not, some knives and tomahawks. Indeed, a rope fence had to be built at about behind the scenes as though in search of victims for their dangerous to get in their way, for they went leaping and peering sidered their dances as realities, and after their war dances it was delighted the audiences. Nevertheless, these wild Indians con-gave war dances on the stage with a vigor and enthusiasm that savages, beautiful squaws and interesting paposes. The men the Museum. The party consisted of a number of large, noble Once, Barnum engaged a band of wild Indians from Iowa for that this wonderful new curiosity was the back street!



MY BOOK HOUSE

MY BOOK HOUSE



SPARROW		
Little Cock Sparrow	I:	52
Magpie's Nest	I:	171
The Song Sparrow	II:	62
Tongue-Cut Sparrow	II:	63
Winter Neighbors	V:	255
STARLING		
Magpie's Nest	I:	171
STORK		
The Little Toy Land of the Dutch	I:	334
SWALLOW		
Thumbelisa	II:	414
SWAN		
Ole-luk-oie	I:	132
Six Swans	III:	363
THRUSH		
Magpie's Nest	I:	171
Old Shellover	I:	150
WHITE EAGLE		
Right Time To Laugh	II:	112
WOODPECKER		
Winter Neighbors	V:	255
WREN		
As Little Jenny Wren	I:	26
There Was An Old Man With a Beard	I:	105
Wee Robin's Christmas Song	I: * 166	166
Squirrels That Live In a House	I: * 268	269
BIRD OF PARADISE, see Birds		
BLACKBIRD, see Birds		
BLACK SWAN, see Birds		
BLUEBIRD, see Birds		
BOATS, see also Sea		
I Saw a Ship A-Sailing	I:	23
I Saw Three Ships	I:	40
Where Go the Boats?	I: * 234	232
Paper Boats	I:	233
A Credit to the School	III:	98
Two Bad Bargains	III:	369
Good Comrades of the Flying Ship	III:	184
Adventures of Yehl (Alaskan canoe)	III:	220
The Strong Boy (Indian canoe)	III:	165
Fisherman Who Caught the Sun (Hawaiian canoe)	III:	206
The Lost Spear (African canoe)	III:	228
Enchanted Island (Turkish)	IV:	12
A Song of Drake's Men (Elizabethan English)	IV:	11
Venice (gondola)	IV:	283
Robert Fulton (first steamboat)	IV:	396
Steamboat and the Locomotive	IV:	117
General Tom Thumb (early side-paddle steam and sailing vessel)	IV:	164
Story of Alfred (Viking ship)	V:	80
Firthjof (Viking)	V:	338
Beowulf (Viking)	V:	413
Melting Pot (modern ocean liner)	V:	173
Ulysses	V:	359
Kalevala	V:	423

THE LATCH KEY

public attention and keep people thinking and talking about his performances. Once he employed a man to go very solemnly and lay down three bricks at certain distances apart in front of the museum, then to pass as solemnly with a fourth brick in his hand from one of the three to another, picking up each and exchanging it for the one he held in his hand. In no time at all the mysterious doings of the brick-man had attracted a huge crowd of curious humanity trying to find out what he could possibly be about, and when at the end of every hour, according to Barnum's directions, the man walked as though still intent upon this strange business of his, into the museum, quite a little crowd of the curious would march up to the ticket office and buy tickets just to enter the building and learn, if they could, the secret of his strange doings.

Not only could Barnum use his wit to attract people into the museum, but he also used the same wit on occasion to get them out again. Sometimes people would come and bring their lunches and stay all day in the building, so crowding it that others who wished to come in, had to be turned away and their twenty-five cent pieces thus were lost to the coffers of the museum. Once, on St. Patrick's Day, a crowd of Irish people thronged the place, giving every evidence, one and all, of intending to remain until sundown. Beholding an eager crowd without, pressing to come in, and the ticket seller forced of necessity to refuse their quarters, Barnum attempted to induce one Irish lady with two children to leave the place by politely showing her an egress or way out of the building through a back door into a side street. But the lady haughtily remarked that she had her dinner and intended to stay all day. Desperate then, Barnum had a sign-painter paint on a large sign TO THE EGRESS. This he placed over the steps leading to the back door where the crowd must see it after they had once been around the whole building and seen all there was to see. Plunging down the stairs, they read TO THE EGRESS, and knowing not at all the meaning of the word, they shouted aloud,



275

313	II:	The Arab to His Horse
292	III:	The Golden Bird
174	III:	The Grey That Played Jackstraws (Hurticane)
183	IV:	A Night Ride in a Prairie Schooner (wild horse)
436	V:	Coaly Bay
218	V:	Rustem
962	V:	Cuchiam
117	I:	Duck and the Kangaroo
112	II:	The Right Time to Laugh
373	III:	Kudu (large, handsome African antelope, having spiral horns)
226	III:	Afar in the Desert
255	I:	Twin Lambs
254	I:	Mary Had a Little Lamb
244	I:	Farmer's Boy
190	I:	Snow White and Rose Red
135	II:	Dame Wiggins of Lee
19	II:	Dear Sensibility
275	IV:	Una and the Red Cross Knight
12	V:	Una and the Red Cross Knight
148	I:	Lion and the Mouse
69	II:	The Foolish, Thimble, Little Hare
386	II:	Circus Parade
396	I:	A Happy Day in the City
12	V:	Una and the Red Cross Knight
414	II:	Thimbelsa
52	I:	There Was a Monkey
55	I:	I Went Up One Pair of Stairs
38	II:	Circus Parade, Little Hare
69	II:	Foohsh, Thimble, Little Hare
205	III:	A Malaysian Monkey Song
60	I:	Dickory, Dickory, Dock
132	I:	Little Red Hen and the Grain of Wheat
84	I:	Belling the Cat
212	I:	Cock, Mouse and Little Red Hen
148	I:	Ole-luk-ole
23	I:	Lion and the Mouse
337	III:	Gigi
64	I:	Over in the Meadow
375	I:	Peter Rabbit Decides to Change His Name
138	II:	Li'l Hannibal
112	II:	Right Time to Laugh
126	III:	Dance of the Forest People
237	III:	How Ber Rabbit Met Ber Tar Baby
226	III:	Afar in the Desert
138	II:	Li'l Hannibal
112	II:	Right Time to Laugh
126	III:	Dance of the Forest People
237	III:	How Ber Rabbit Met Ber Tar Baby
226	III:	Afar in the Desert

T H E L A T C H K E Y

Horse—continued

M Y B O O K H O U S E

OX	Frog and the Ox	I:	178
	Cock's on the Housetop	I:	32
	Dog in the Manger	I:	157
	Sandy Road	II:	200
	Music-Loving Bears	III:	123
PANTHER	Dance of the Forest People	III:	126
PIG	Bow wow, Says the Dog	I:	7
	This Little Pig Went to Market	I:	3
	Precocious Piggy	I: * 132	176
	Dickory, Dickory, Dare	I:	12
	Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son	I:	22
	As I Went to Bonner	I:	45
	Little Red Hen and the Grain of Wheat	I:	60
	Farmer's Boy	I: * 87	90
	Sheep and Pig That Made a Home	I:	279
	Owl and the Pussy Cat	II:	412
	The Swineherd	IV:	270
PONY	Little Gray Pony	I:	92
	Yankee Doodle	I:	98
	Circus Parade	II:	386
PORCUPINE	The Little Rabbit Who Wanted Red Wings	I:	151
QUAGGA (a striped wild ass akin to the Zebra)	Afar in the Desert	III:	226
RABBIT, see also Hare	The Little Rabbit Who Wanted Red Wings	I:	151
	The Tale of Peter Rabbit	I:	186
	Peter Rabbit Decides to Change His Name	I:	375
	Li'l Hannibal	II:	138
	Story About Little Rabbits	II: * 161	145
	Hiawatha's Childhood	II:	431
RACCOON	Hare and the Tortoise	I:	299
	Peter Rabbit Decides to Change His Name	I:	375
	Dance of the Forest People	III:	126
RAT	Bow wow, Says the Dog	I:	7
	How the Brazilian Beetles Got Their Gorgeous Coats	II:	128
REINDEER	Hiawatha's Childhood	II:	431
	Snow Queen	III:	303
	Kalevala	V:	359
RHINOCEROS	Afar in the Desert	III:	226
SHEEP	Cradle Song	I:	18
	Little Bopeep	I:	20
	Baa, Baa, Black Sheep	I:	45
	Clouds	I:	106
	Sheep and the Pig That Made a Home	I:	279
	Twin Lambs	I:	255
	Heidi in the Alpine Pasture	II:	277
	Prince Fairyfoot	III:	12



Tom Thumb was one of his real friends who offered to help him in any way, and after moving his wife and daughters into who had only fawned upon him for what they could get out of him. cause this affair had separated for him his real friends from those to rebuild his fortunes, and rejoiced, instead of repining, be- fortunes now turned him a cold shoulder. He set to work at once and many whom he had thought his good friends in his high courage or self-pity, although petty enemies hounded him misfortune, Barnum spent not a moment in complaint, dis- American Museum likewise. But in the face of this, his first human nature. Iranistan had to be given up and even the to blame, unless by too great generosity and too honest a faith in debts on his back. For all this, moreover, he had been in no way to do, he had lost every penny and had, beside, a mountain of a stranger concern, with the running of which he had had nothing to many times more than the amount of all his fortune. Thus, for himself was a ruined man, responsible for their miserable debts, day, he awoke to find that the Clock Company had failed and he notes for many, many times more than that amount, until, one to risk to repay them for moving, he was tricked into signing ble for a certain moderate amount of money that he was willing to believe that he was signing notes which should make him responsi- flourishing one, but its officers deliberately deceived him. In the Clock Company to move there with all its employees and their still more prosperous, he once undertook to induce the Jerome to build homes over there. But in order to make East Bridgeport he lent money on very generous terms to workmen who wished region into a thriving city, with factories, shops, and houses, and from Bridgeport proper. From pure farm land he turned this in East Bridgeport, which lay on the opposite side of the river side park or a new bridge across the river. His chief interest was he intended could be carried through, whether it were a new sea-

M Y B O O K H O U S E

T H E L A T C H K E Y

This proposition, apparently made with such earnestness, caused the two huge creatures to burst into laughter, after which dose of healthy humor, they were unable longer to retain their anger, but shook hands and quarreled no more.

The American Museum was now tremendously successful, and in the year 1849, Mr. Barnum left it under the management of others, while he attended to the enterprise, which of all other exhibitions in his life, he was most proud. This was the bringing over to America of the famous Swedish singer, Jenny Lind, the "Swedish nightingale," as she was called, an enterprise quite different in character from any other that Mr. Barnum had ever undertaken. But he made it, by his genius for awakening public interest, a never-to-be-forgotten success, and Jenny Lind was received everywhere throughout the United States and Cuba with almost riotous attention, while President Fillmore, General Scott, Daniel Webster, and many famous men delighted to pay her homage.

Barnum's well earned success had made him very rich, and the year before Jenny Lind came to America, he had built himself a beautiful home at Bridgeport, Connecticut, where he lived. This place he called Iranistan. The house was built in an elegant, airy, oriental style, with domes and slender minarets that looked, when seen by moonlight, like a fairy palace, taken bodily from some Moslem garden across the Bosphorous, and set down there by wizardry, amid such different surroundings. At Iranistan he lived with his dearly loved wife and daughters.

He was now a very public-spirited man, engaged in all sorts of activities valuable to Bridgeport, always expanding the city, making it more beautiful, and using his means unsparingly for the benefit of the town. He often encountered old fogies who opposed all progress because they had not his far reaching vision and could not see with him what would be for the final good of the city. But he always managed either to win them over or to get the obstacles they raised out of the way, so that the improvements

273

THE LATCH KEY

386	II	CAMEL	Circus Parade	V	436
436	V	CAT	Rustem	V	436
10	I		Boy wow says the dog	II	10
12	I		Hey Diddle Diddle	I	12
15	I		Hey My Kitten, My Kitten	I	15
24	I		Ride Away	I	24
25	I		Three Little Kittens	I	25
113	I		Wassay Sits Behind the Log	I	113
133	I		Wee Robin's Christmas Song	I	133
180	I		Mrs. Tabby Gray	I	180
178	I		The Cat and the Mouse	I	178
84	I		Belling the Cat	I	84
185	I		The Kitten and Falling Leaves	I	185
352	I		A Halloween Story	I	352
168	I		Little Gustava	I	168
19	I		Dame Wiggins of Lee	II	19
412	II		Owl and the Pussycat	II	412
329	II		Dick Whittington and His Cat	II	329
262	II		The Story of Tom Thumb	II	262
328	IV		Alexander Selkirk	IV	328
45	I		Hey Diddle Diddle	I	45
234	I		There Was a Piper Had a Cow	I	234
45	I		Moo-cow-moo	I	45
235	I		Wee, Wee Mammie and the Big, Big Cow	I	235
90	I		The Farmer's Boy	I	90
240	I		The Purple Cow	I	240
371	I		Jack and the Beanstalk	I	371
69	III		The Marvellous Pot	III	69
226	III		Foolish, Timid, Little Hare	III	226
69	III		Afar in the Desert	III	69
381	IV		Hawaitha's Pasting	IV	381
49	V		Robin Hood	V	49
7	I		Boy wow, Says the Dog	I	7
11	I		Boy wow wow, Whose Dog Art Thou?	I	11
10	I		Hey Diddle Diddle	I	10
69	I		What the Moon Saw	I	69
162	I		Little Gustava	I	162
111	I		Donkey and the Lap-Dog	I	111
88	I		Berry, a Dog of the Alps	I	88
111	II		Leaves and Arrows (Bashno)	II	111
218	II		Christening the Baby in Russia	II	218
112	II		Right Time to Laugh (wild dog)	II	112
326	III		Prince Cherty	III	326
85	IV		The Booms	IV	85
124	IV		The Booms	IV	124
163	IV		General Tom Thumb	IV	163
231	IV		Maggie Tulliver Goes to Live With the Gypsies	IV	231
111	I		Donkey and the Lap-Dog	I	111
1110	I		I Am a Gold Lock	I	1110



47

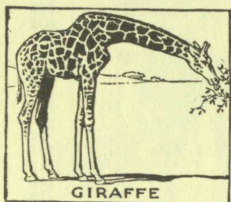
MY BOOK HOUSE

and Old Neptune, the greatest sea lion of the Pacific. They had come from California on a clipper ship, sailing around Cape Horn. Old Adams had patiently trained these animals, too, and at terrific cost, for although all of them were docile now with him, there was not one of them but at times would give him a sly hit, and some of the bears had struck him so many times with their fearful paws that they had broken his skull. Old Adams was dressed in a hunter's suit of buckskin trimmed with the skins and bordered with the hanging tails of small Rocky Mountain animals; his cap consisted of the skin of a wolf's head and shoulders, from which depended several tails, and under this his bushy hair and long, white beard appeared. In fact, the man was as much of a show as his beasts.

Barnum bought a half interest in Adams' menagerie and erected a canvas tent for him. On the morning of his opening, preceded by a band of music, the old man had a fine procession down Broadway and up the Bowery. At the head of a train of cages bearing his animals, he rode on a platform wagon, dressed in his hunting costume and holding two immense grizzly bears by chains, while Adams had used him as a pack bear to carry his cooking and hunting apparatus, and had even ridden on his back for hundreds of miles through the mountains. The old man pluckily insisted on living for months and exhibiting his bears, in spite of his broken skull.

In 1861, Barnum heard of some white whales that had been seen in the lower St. Lawrence, and he set out at once to capture one. On a little island in the great river, inhabited by French Canadians, he engaged twenty-four fishermen to capture for him two white whales alive and unharmed. Scores of these creatures could at all times be discovered by their spouting within sight of the island. The men made a V shaped pen in the water, leaving the broad end open. When a whale got into this pen at high

MY BOOK HOUSE



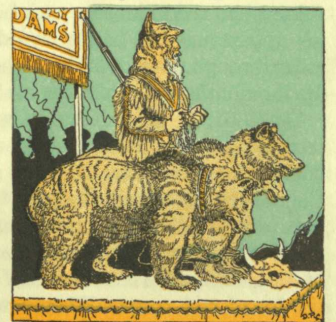
GIRAFFE

386	II	CAMEL	Circus Parade	V	436
436	V	CAT	Rustem	V	436
10	I		Boy wow says the dog	II	10
12	I		Hey Diddle Diddle	I	12
24	I		Hey My Kitten, My Kitten	I	24
25	I		Ride Away	I	25
113	I		Wassay Sits Behind the Log	I	113
133	I		Wee Robin's Christmas Song	I	133
180	I		Mrs. Tabby Gray	I	180
178	I		The Cat and the Mouse	I	178
84	I		Belling the Cat	I	84
185	I		The Kitten and Falling Leaves	I	185
352	I		A Halloween Story	I	352
168	I		Little Gustava	I	168
19	I		Dame Wiggins of Lee	II	19
412	II		Owl and the Pussycat	II	412
329	II		Dick Whittington and His Cat	II	329
262	II		The Story of Tom Thumb	II	262
328	IV		Alexander Selkirk	IV	328
45	I		Hey Diddle Diddle	I	45
234	I		There Was a Piper Had a Cow	I	234
45	I		Moo-cow-moo	I	45
235	I		Wee, Wee Mammie and the Big, Big Cow	I	235
90	I		The Farmer's Boy	I	90
240	I		The Purple Cow	I	240
371	I		Jack and the Beanstalk	I	371
69	III		The Marvellous Pot	III	69
226	III		Foolish, Timid, Little Hare	III	226
69	III		Afar in the Desert	III	69
381	IV		Hawaitha's Pasting	IV	381
49	V		Robin Hood	V	49
7	I		Boy wow, Says the dog	I	7
11	I		Boy wow wow, Whose Dog Art Thou?	I	11
10	I		Hey Diddle Diddle	I	10
69	I		What the Moon Saw	I	69
162	I		Little Gustava	I	162
111	I		Donkey and the Lap-Dog	I	111
88	I		Berry, a Dog of the Alps	I	88
111	II		Leaves and Arrows (Bashno)	II	111
218	II		Christening the Baby in Russia	II	218
112	II		Right Time to Laugh (wild dog)	II	112
326	III		Prince Cherty	III	326
85	IV		The Booms	IV	85
124	IV		The Booms	IV	124
163	IV		General Tom Thumb	IV	163
231	IV		Maggie Tulliver Goes to Live With the Gypsies	IV	231
111	I		Donkey and the Lap-Dog	I	111
1110	I		I Am a Gold Lock	I	1110

THE LATCH KEY

humble quarters, Barnum set out to exhibit Tom Thumb for a second time in Europe. For four years now, he worked incessantly, exhibiting various curiosities and lecturing, sending every penny he could earn back home to pay up his debts. During this time, too, occurred a second misfortune, the burning of beautiful Iranistan to the ground. But Barnum never let anything turn him from his purpose and so, in 1860, he found himself at last free from debt and able to buy back once again his beloved American Museum. When he appeared on the stage of the Museum, and it was publicly announced that he was free of his troubles and once again Manager there, the public received him with the most tremendous shouts of applause, which showed clearly how they respected him, and how through his years of honest attempts to bring them happiness, he had endeared himself to them. Such a huge demonstration of affection nearly broke Barnum down. His voice faltered and tears came to his eyes as he thought what a magnificent conclusion this was to all the trials and struggles of the past four years.

Soon after Barnum entered again upon his duties at the Museum there came to him a most interesting man, usually known as Grizzly Adams, from the fact that he had captured a great many grizzly bears at the cost of fearful encounters and perils. He was emphatically a man of pluck and had been for many years a hunter and trapper in the Rockies and Sierra Nevada Mountains. He came to New York with his famous collection of California animals captured by himself. These consisted of twenty or thirty immense grizzlies, several wolves, buffalo, elk,



THE LATCH KEY

402 IV: ZEBRAN

316 V: ZICER, KING OF MOROCCO

329 II: WILSON, WOODROW

169 IV: WILTINGTON, DUKE OF

151 II: WATT, JAMES

293 II: WASHINGTON, GENERAL

107 V: WILCOX, THE

289 V: WILCOX, WILLIAM

163 IV: WILKS, PRINCE OF (Edward)

284 IV: WAGNER, RICHARD

163 IV: VICTORIA, QUEEN

423 V: ULYSSES

173 V: TEAR OF RUSSIA

276 IV: TITAN

338 V: TING, THE (Ancient Norse legislative body)

290 V: TELL, WILLIAM

436 V: TARTARS, THE

328 IV: STRADDLING, CAPTAIN

173 IV: SUTURE OF LIBERTY, THE

262 II: SWIN, THE

306 V: SWEDE, THE

281 V: SIR JOHN, THE KING COMYR

194 V: SIR HENRY DE BOHUN

283 IV: SIMON THE PARISER

363 IV: SHAYOCK'S BRIDGE (Venice)

413 V: SHENCA INDIANS, THE

328 IV: SCYDINS, THE

49 V: SELIRIK, ALEXANDER

80 V: SAXONS, THE

257 II: SAXON CHRONICLE

300 V: SARCENIS, THE

204 IV: SANTA MARIA

328 IV: ST. PAUL

283 IV: SAINT MARK'S (Venice)

194 IV: ST. LUKE

188 II: ST. BERNARD (Belt)

436 V: RUSTEM

327 V: ROUND TABLE, THE

314 IV: ROUNDHEADS, THE

293 II: ROSS, BETSY

300 V: ROYLAND

49 IV: ROGERS, CAPTAIN WOODS

328 V: ROBIN HOOD

289 V: ROBERT BRUCE

112 V: RICHARD I (Coeur de Lion)

306 II: RICHMIS CATHRAL

264 V: REVOLUTION OF THE COMMUNE

294 V: RUBEN

80 V: RUMKAR LODBROG

QUEEN VICTORIA (See Victoria, Queen)

QUEEN NITOKRIS (See Nitokris, Queen)

QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN (See Isabella of Spain, Queen)

PRINCESS ADELAIDE (See Adelaide, Princess)

PRINCE OF WALES (See Wales, Prince of)

PRINCE OF NAVARRRE (See Navarre, Prince of)

PRINCE OF ARAGON (See Aragon, Prince of)



MY BOOK HOUSE

over, he was now fifty-five years old and might well have thought himself too old to start out life anew, but he did no such thing. He set about at once to establish a new American Museum, sending agents all over Europe and America to gather curiosities, and at the end of four months he had opened Barnum's New Museum. Three years later, Mr. Barnum was sitting with his wife and a guest at breakfast one cold winter morning, and carelessly glancing over the newspaper when he suddenly read aloud, "Hallo! Barnum's Museum is burned!"

"Yes," said his wife, with an incredulous smile, "I suspect it is." He had read the announcement so coolly and with so little excitement that his wife and friend did not believe it, and yet it was true. A third disastrous fire had wiped out his new museum. When he returned to New York he found its ruined walls all frozen over with water from the fire hose, the entire front with its ornamental lamp posts and sign one gorgeous framework of transparent ice, that glistened beautifully in the sun.

Now, at last, the celebrated showman decided to retire from active business and live on the remnant of his fortune. He tried hard to content himself with such a life of leisure, travelling about the United States, hunting buffalo with General Custer on the plains of Kansas, and for several years endeavoring in every way to amuse himself. But this experience only showed him that a life of inactivity was absolutely unendurable. He decided conclusively, once and for all, that the only true rest is to be found in useful activity, and by 1870 he had bigger plans than ever. He now determined to devote himself entirely to a great travelling circus, far larger and better than anything that had ever been done before. On this circus he labored unremittingly, confident that if he devoted his best energies to the public, the public would liberally repay him. Perceiving that his show was too gigantic to be moved in the old way by wagons he now for the first time arranged with railroads to transport it, using seventy

MY BOOK HOUSE



SPECIAL SUBJECTS INDEX

For the use of the mother, father or story-teller whose child asks for a story about a little dog, or a fox, or an engine, or for a funny story, or a fairy story, or a true story.

* First edition. † Second edition.

ADVENTURE, see also HERO STORIES

Mr. Hampden's Shipwreck V: 264

Wolfert Webber V: 107

ALLIGATOR, see Reptiles

ALPHABET

RHYMES

Great A, Little A I: 55

A B C D E F G I: 56

Little Goody Two-Shoes II: 133

ANIMALS, see also Birds, Fish, Fowls, Insects, Reptiles

ANT-EATER

Right Time to Laugh II: 112

APE, see also MONKEY

Battle of Firefly and Apes II: 82

ASS, see also DONKEY

Ass In the Lion's Skin I: 245

BAT

Bat, bat come under my hat I: 28

BEAR

I Wouldn't Be a Growler I: 159

What Else the Moon Saw I: 101

Goldilocks and the Three Bears I: 248

Snow White and Rose Red II: 135

Music-Loving Bears III: 123

Dance of the Forest People III: 126

BEAVER

Hiawatha's Childhood II: 431

Story of a Beaver III: 117

BUFFALO

Afar In the Desert III: 226

Legend of the Water Lily II: 117

The Girl Who Used Her Wits (water buffalo) II: 271

CALF

There Was An Old Man and He Had a Calf I: 19

THE LATCH KEY

water, the fishermen closed the entrance with their boats making a tremendous noise and splashing to keep the whale in until low tide. Then the huge creature was left high and dry with too little water to swim in and so was easily captured. A noose of stout rope was slipped over his tail and he was thus towed to a large box lined with seaweed and partially filled with salt water. When two of these creatures were captured, Barnum went back to New York, sending out word in all directions at what time the whales were to pass through various towns on the line. Thus he drew tremendous crowds to the train to see the creatures.

During the Civil War Barnum was too old to fight, but he sustained his part loyally at home, and in 1865 was elected to the Connecticut legislature. He soon discovered in Hartford that the rich railroad interests had long had undue influence with the legislature and were getting bills passed very advantageous to themselves, but wholly unfair and detrimental to the people. Being no politician, but an honest man, Barnum set himself at once to remedy this evil, defeat the railroad interests, and restore justice to the people. He was making a great speech to this effect in the legislature after weeks of determined work to line-up voters against the railroads, a speech intended as his crowning effort to induce the passage of bills that would defeat their unjust schemes when the following telegram was handed him.

"American Museum in flames. Its total destruction certain."

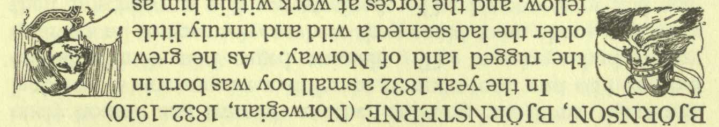
Barnum read the telegram containing this terrific news without a sign of discomposure. Then he laid it calmly and coolly on his desk and continued his speech, speaking so logically and eloquently that he carried his point and won the legislation against the railroads. It was not until this was accomplished that he made known the calamity which had befallen him and returned to New York. The destruction of the Museum was complete. In a breath had been wiped out the accumulated results of many years of incessant toil. Barnum had lost another fortune. More-

He wrote first a story called Synnøve Solbakken, which was should have a literature.

interest him, labored and worked without ceasing. His Norway boy whom tutors had been unable to drive to work that did not there to study patiently all there was to learn. Henceforth, the According, at the age of twenty four he set out for Copenhagen, wished to do something fine for Norwegian literature, he would Danish theatre was far superior to the Norwegian, and if he really wrath had cooled, he was forced to admit that at that time the write Norwegian plays. But when the first fire of his patriotic a real Norwegian drama!" And he set himself immediately to miserable state of things young Bjornson's patriotism took flame.

“Danish actors and plays must go!” he cried. “Let us have during the latest Danish novelties from Copenhagen. At this Norway. Actors on the stage were giving light French comedies, or parading through the heavy action of some German play, or pro- He discovered that at this time there was no national drama in tofore run away with him.

to which he could devote all that bounding energy that had here- sity of Christiana, and there he suddenly found the line of activity young Bjornson passed the entrance examinations for the Univer- the stern discipline of a sailor. But at last, with great difficulty, in any of the regular studies. His parents even thought seriously as they would, they could never arouse in him the smallest interest rock-bound coast. At school he was the despair of his tutors. Try strong and untamed as the powerful sea that beat up on Norway's fellow, and the forces at work within him as



MY BOOK HOUSE

THE LATCH KEY

ously housed and trained; another building held lions, tigers and leopards, which require a different temperature, and still another housed camels and caged animals. The monkeys had roomy quarters all to themselves where they could roam about and work their mischievous will unrestrained. The hippopotami and sea- lions had a huge pond heated by steam pipes and here the elephants also were permitted their supreme enjoyment, a bath. There was a nursery department for the receipt and care of new-born animals, and in the various buildings many of the beasts were permitted to leave their cages and frolic at large.

In 1887, when Barnum was fast asleep in the middle of the night, a telegram arrived, stating that a fifth great fire had totally destroyed these splendid winter quarters. His wife awoke him at two o'clock in the morning and told him of the telegram.

"I am very sorry, my dear," he said calmly, "but apparent evils are often blessings in disguise. It is all right." And with that he rolled back into his original comfortable position and in three minutes was once again fast asleep.

Barnum was now seventy-seven years old, but with the help of his partner, Mr. Bailey, he rose as triumphant from this last fire as from all the others and soon had a better circus than ever. To the end of his days his energy, pluck and healthy ambition gave the people a better, completer and cleaner performance than has ever been given by any other showman. With his kindly face beaming, he often said, "To me there is no picture so beautiful as ten thousand smiling, bright-eyed, happy children, no music so sweet as their clear, ringing laughter. That I have had power, year after year, by providing innocent amusement for the little ones, to create such pictures, to evoke such music, is my proudest and happiest reflection."

BATES, CLARA DOTY (American, 1838-1895)
Mrs. Bates was a writer of stories and poems for children.
BENNETT, HENRY HOLCOMB (American, 1863-)
Mr. Bennett is known chiefly for his stories of frontier Army life.

THE LATCH KEY

IV:	284	Nuremberg Snow, The
IV:	152	Ohio River Pilgrims, The
IV:	390	Olean Point
IV:	363	Princess Nelly and the Seneca Chief
IV:	412	Adventures of Perseus, The
V:	423	Home-Coming of Ulysses, The
IV:	423	Labors of Hercules, The
III:	123	Music-Loving Bears, The
V:	306	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
II:	82	Battle of the Pirely and the Apes, The
II:	206	Fisherman Who Caught the Sun, The
IV:	264	Mr. Hampden's Shipwreck
IV:	354	Young Midshipman David Paragut
II:	206	Story of Christopher Columbus, The
II:	206	Papua (New Guinea)
II:	151*	Bird of Paradise, The
II:	155	Paris
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
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IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
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IV:	163	Joan of Arc
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IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
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IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
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IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
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IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
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IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
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IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
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IV:	163	Joan of Arc
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IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
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IV:	163	Joan of Arc
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IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
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IV:	163	Joan of Arc
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IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
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IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
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IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
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IV:	163	Joan of Arc
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IV:	163	Oxford
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IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
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IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
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IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
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IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
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IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Joan of Arc
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV:	163	Oxford
IV:	163	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
IV		

IV:	328	Adventures of Alexander Selkirk, The
III:	262	Rhodopis and Her Little Gilded Sandals
V:	107	Wolfert Webber, or Golden Dreams
III:	205	MANHATTAN ISLAND
V:	264	Malay Peninsular
IV:	390	MAJOR STRAITS
V:	107	George Rogers Clark and the Conquest of the Northwest
V:	107	LONG ISLAND
V:	49	Wolfert Webber, or Golden Dreams
I:	75	Ye Merry Doings of Robin Hood
II:	329	Going to London
IV:	163	Dick Whittington and His Cat
III:	383	Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The
V:	281	LONDON
IV:	163	Caractac of Lodore, The
V:	264	LORDS
V:	264	Robert Bruce, Scotland's Hero
V:	264	LOCH LOMOND
V:	264	Mr. Hampden's Shipwreck
V:	50	LIVERPOOL
III:	268	Mr. Hampden's Shipwreck
IV:	328	LISBON
III:	268	Ye Merry Doings of Robin Hood
IV:	328	LINCOLNSHIRE (England)
V:	359	Phaeton
III:	303	LARGE (Fifeshire, Scotland)
V:	152	Adventures of Alexander Selkirk, The
V:	294	Know Queen, The
IV:	396	LAND OF TOP-KNOTS (Little Russia)
V:	290	Joseph and His Brethren
III:	191	LAND OF COSMOS
V:	173	Boyhood of Robert Fulton, The
IV:	315	LANCASTER, PA.
III:	191	William Tell, The Legend of
V:	300	LARK LUCERNE
IV:	328	Legend and Her Proud Sister (Folk Tale)
II:	300	Melting Pot, The
IV:	328	KISHINEFF
V:	168	Secret Door, The
IV:	328	KENT (England)
III:	303	Babe of Bethlehem, The
V:	168	JUDEA
IV:	328	Adventures of Alexander Selkirk, The
III:	303	JUAN FERNANDEZ, ISLAND OF
V:	168	Two Pilgrims, The
IV:	328	JORDAN RIVER

THE LATCH KEY



MY BOOK HOUSE

III:	117	Story of a Beaver, The
V:	264	Mr. Hampden's Shipwreck
V:	316	Tale of the Cid and His Daughters, The
IV:	284	Nuremberg Stove, The
IV:	423	Labors of Hercules, The
II:	300	Babe of Bethlehem, The
I:	121	Gingerbread Man, The (Folk Tale)
IV:	143	Sugar Camp, The
II:	434	Beyond the Toll-gate
II:	363	Betsy Ross and the First American Flag
V:	173	Melting Pot, The
V:	107	Wolfert Webber, or Golden Dreams
IV:	363	Princess Nelly and the Seneca Chief
III:	210	My Nicaragua (Salomon de la Selva)
I:	419	Babe Moses, The
III:	262	Rhodopis and Her Little Gilded Sandals
V:	359	Kalevala, Land of Heroes
IV:	436	Thor's Journey to Jotun-Heim
V:	338	Frithjof the Viking
II:	388	Ikwa and Annowee
V:	264	Mr. Hampden's Shipwreck
III:	303	Snow Queen, The
IV:	390	George Rogers Clark and the Conquest of the Northwest
II:	237	Boots and His Brothers (Folk Tale)
III:	98	Credit to the School, A (Dikken Zwilgmeyer)
II:	161	Doll i' the Grass (Folk Tale)
III:	399	East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon (Folk Tale)
I:	425	Doll Under the Briar-Rose-Bush, The (Jorgen Moe)
V:	338	Frithjof the Viking (Saga)
I:	180	Johnny and the Three Goats (Folk Tale)
I:	358	Oeyvind and Marit (Bjornstjerne Bjornson)
III:	52	Princess on the Glass Hill, The (Folk Tale)
I:	279	Sheep and the Pig That Made a Home (Folk Tale)
IV:	36	Squire's Bride, The (Folk Tale)
IV:	444	Stealing of Iduna, The (Myth)
IV:	436	Thor's Journey to Jotun-heim (Myth)
III:	159	Why the Sea is Salt (Folk Tale)
III:	82	Wise Men of Gotham, The
V:	49	Ye Merry Doings of Robin Hood



unmarried and has contributed many short stories to magazines. Radcliffe College. She has traveled a great deal in Europe, is Abbie Farwell Brown was born in Boston and educated at BROWN, ABBIE FARWELL (American, contemporary)

SONGS OF EXPERIENCE
 Their, fier, burning bright,
 In the greets of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry?



SONGS OF INNOCENCE
 Little lamb, who made thee,
 Dost thou know who made thee,
 Gave thee life and made thee feed,
 By the stream and o'er the mead?



was made, but his Songs of Innocence remain his loveliest work. the sad and bitter Songs of Experience. Then, alas! men said he joyousness with which he had written Songs of Innocence, and wrote afterwards colored by hand. As he grew older, Blake lost the and he decorated his poems with beautiful designs which were uttered what was there in poetry. Blake was an engraver, too, straight into the heart of the little child and for the first time written of grown people, but Blake in his Songs of Innocence saw verse the thoughts and feelings of little children. Other poets had William Blake was the first English poet to express in his BLAKE, WILLIAM (English, 1757-1827)

all Norwegian writers. known, and in addition to this, he was the most Norwegian of greatest poets, dramatists and novelists that Norway has ever day can bestow upon an author. He has proved to be one of the Noble prize for literature, the greatest honor which the world to- During the later years of his life Bjornson was awarded the lecturing with great success to his countrymen in the West. States, studying how a republic really works out in practice, and to establish it in Norway. In 1880 he traveled through the United fluence in obtaining more liberal government. He believed whole- MY BOOK HOUSE

THE LATCH KEY

different from anything else that had ever been done in Norway. Heretofore it had been the fashion for Norwegian authors to write romantic tales of Italy or some other far-off land, but Bjornson had the courage to seek his material right at home. He wrote about Norway and homely Norse peasant-life with an utter simplicity and freshness that were all his own. Never before had Norse peasant life been so sympathetically studied and so beautifully portrayed. Bjornson's work became instantly popular.

On his return from Copenhagen, Bjornson was made editor of The Norse People's Journal, but he also became director of the National Theatre in Bergen, and now at last, he began to publish in rapid succession a series of national dramas, the subjects of which were taken from the old Norse or Icelandic sagas. As in his novels he had aimed to bring into literature the type of the modern Norse peasant, so in his dramas he strove to present what was most thoroughly Norse out of Norway's historic past.

As time went on, a still more serious purpose took root in Bjornson's heart. He was no longer satisfied with mere literary beauty in his work. It was no longer his ambition only to please and amuse. He began to see clearly the faults that existed in Norwegian society, and to wish to bring home to the Norwegian people some recognition of these faults and a real desire for reform. So now he spoke out plainly and depicted these faults in his dramas. Most particularly it was the oppression, injustice and cold conventionality of the upper classes as opposed to the modern workman's world that he so strikingly portrayed. Naturally, these plays of his cost him much of his popularity with "people of quality." Many a nobleman now turned him a decided cold shoulder. Nevertheless, such work revealed in him a still higher sense of patriotism than that of his earlier days, and a truer and far more unselfish devotion to the best interests of his people.

From now on, Bjornson took a strong interest in the politics of his time. He proved an eloquent orator and wielded great in-

LABORS OF HERCULES (Myth) IV: 423
 HOME-COMING OF ULYSSES, THE (Epic) V: 423
 GOLDEN TOUCH, THE (Myth) III: 274
 CLYDE (Myth) II: 123
 ADVENTURES OF PERSEUS (Myth) IV: 412
 GREECE, See also Aesop under Authors, Titles and Important Characters Index
 V: 152
 TWO PILGRIMS, THE I: 176
 GOTOCTA
 TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES, THE (Folk Tale) II: 176
 SNOW WHITE AND ROSE RED (Folk Tale) III: 26
 SLEEPING BEAUTY, THE (Folk Tale) III: 363
 SIX SWANS, THE (Folk Tale) I: 346
 SHOEMAKER AND THE DIVES, THE (Folk Tale) I: 241
 LITTLE GIRL AND THE HARE, THE (Folk Tale) III: 45
 HANSEL AND GRETEL (Folk Tale) III: 292
 GOLDEN BIRD, THE (Folk Tale) I: 18
 GERMAN CRADLE SONG II: 191
 FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE, THE (Folk Tale) II: 204
 GENOVA
 STORY OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, THE V: 300
 GASCONY
 STORY OF ROLAND, THE V: 383
 GANGES RIVER
 EXILE OF RAMA, THE (Epic) II: 300
 GALILEE
 BABE OF BETHLEHEM, THE IV: 35
 GALAPAGO ISLANDS
 YOUNG MISHIPMAN DAVID FARREUT III: 179
 FUJIYAMA (mountain)
 TOADS AND DIAMONDS (Folk Tale) IV: 189
 STORY OF A SPIDER, THE (J. Henri Fabre) V: 300
 STORY OF ROLAND, THE (Heroic Tale) III: 326
 PRINCE CHERRY (Folk Tale) II: 303
 PICCOLA IV: 150
 MOCK TURTLE'S SONG, THE V: 306
 JOAN OF ARC II: 165
 CINDERELLA (Folk Tale) II: 78
 HONEST WOODMAN, THE (La Fontaine) III: 290
 ACORN AND THE PUMPKIN, THE (La Fontaine) I: 327
 ACROSS THE FIELDS (Anatole France) V: 80
 FRANCE
 STORY OF ALFRED, THE SAXON, THE II: 22
 HOW THE FINCH GOT HER COLORED III: 303
 FRENCHERS
 HOW THE QUEEN, THE V: 359
 KALEVALA, LAND OF HEROES (Epic) III: 394
 HIKKA MATI (Zacharias Topelius) II: 394
 FINLAND
 PHAETON IV: 412
 ADVENTURES OF PERSEUS, THE III: 268
 ETHIOPIA, See also Africa
 IWA AND ANNOOEE I: 388
 BRITAIN, See Ireland

THE LATCH KEY



From the age of seven, Frances began to write poems, but when she was fourteen she heard the *Iliad* read and was so impressed with its grandeur, that her own poems seemed paltzy things and in utter disgust she threw them into the fire. It was not until she was twenty-four years old that a volume of Irish songs was read to her and her own music thus reawakened. She now wrote several poems which were offered to various magazines, and to her great joy and astonishment, accepted and printed. After this, her work began to be successful and the first use to which she put her earnings was to educate a sister to read to her and be her secretary. In 1847 she set out for Edinburgh to begin her literary career, taking with her the sister-secretary and her mother, and assuming, blind though she was, the responsibility for supporting all three of them. In Edinburgh she wrote steadily anything she was asked to write, tales, sketches, reviews, poems, novels, and stories for children. Her industry was amazing, and though she never earned a great deal of money, she made friends with some of the greatest men and women of the day, and was always able to fulfill her affectionate purpose of caring for her mother.

Frances Browne's best loved works were her stories for children, and of these, the most popular was *Granny's Wonderful Chair*, which was written in 1856. For many years this interesting book was out of print, but in 1887 Frances Hodgson Burnett republished it with a preface, under the title *Stories From the Lost Fairy Book, retold by the child who read them*. Since then, *Granny's Wonderful Chair* has returned to its rightful place in children's literature.

How wonderful was the richness of that world which this blind girl found within her own darkness! Nowhere in all her works is there a word of complaint about her blindness; there is only the giving forth of a wealth of joy and beauty. How did a writer who never saw a coach or a palace, or a picture of a coach or a palace, tell so convincingly of coaches and palaces and multi-

MY BOOK HOUSE

MY BOOK HOUSE

GREECE (Continued)
 Phaeton (Myth) III: 268
 HARLEM (Holland)
 Boy Hero of Harlem, The II: 184
 HAWAII
 Fisherman Who Caught the Sun, The (Folk Tale) III: 206
 HAVTI
 Mr. Hampden's Shipwreck V: 294
 HOLLAND
 Boy Hero of Harlem II: 184
 Little Toy Land of the Dutch, The I: 334
 Wolfert Webber, or Golden Dreams V: 107
 HOLY LAND, See also Jerusalem
 Melting Pot, The V: 178
 Robert Bruce, Scotland's Hero V: 281
 HOOSAC TUNNEL
 Pony Engine and the Pacific Express, The II: 342
 HUDSON RIVER
 Wolfert Webber, or Golden Dreams V: 107
 IDAHO
 Coaly-Bay, the Outlaw Horse V: 218
 ILLINOIS
 George Rogers Clark and the Conquest of the Northwest IV: 390
 INDIA (See also Tagore, Authors, Titles and Important Characters Index)
 Exile of Rama, The (Epic) V: 383
 East Indian Cradle Song, An I: *77
 Foolish, Timid Little Hare, The (Fable) II: 69
 Sandy Road, The (Fable) II: 200
 Turtle Who Could Not Stop Talking, The (Fable) I: 222
 INDIANS, AMERICAN, See Indians under Special Subjects Index
 INDIANA
 George Rogers Clark and the Conquest of the Northwest IV: 390
 IOWA
 Night Ride in a Prairie Schooner, A IV: 183
 IRELAND (See also Allingham, Goldsmith, Authors, Titles Index)
 Daniel O'Rourke III: 74
 Cuchulain, the Irish Hound V: 396
 Prince Fairyfoot, (Irish author, Frances Browne) III: 12
 ITALY
 Boy of Cadore, The IV: 276
 Columbine and Her Playfellows of the Italian Pantomime III: 354
 Gigi and the Magic Ring (Folk Tale) III: 337
 Month of March, The (Folk Tale) III: 348
 Story of Alfred, the Saxon, The V: 82
 Story of Christopher Columbus, The II: 204
 Venice IV: 283
 JAPAN
 Little Maid of Far Japan II: 68
 Little Pictures from Old Japan I: 370
 Moon-Maiden, The (Folk Tale) III: 179
 Song from "The Flower of Old Japan" III: 178
 Tongue-Cut Sparrow, The (Folk Tale) II: 63
 JAVA
 Aruman, a Hero of Java III: 197
 JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND, see also Bible under Special Subjects Index
 The Ragged Peddler (Jewish Folk Tale) III: 252
 Melting Pot, The V: 178
 Two Pilgrims, The V: 152

THE LATCH KEY

BROWNE, FRANCES (Irish, 1816- ?)

HERE is the story of a little girl who was blind from the time she was eighteen months old, who never saw with her eyes the blue sky, the green trees, the fresh spring flowers, and yet found within herself a great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world which she saw far more vividly and could describe to others far more clearly than many who could see.

Frances Browne was born in the little mountain village of Donegal in Ireland, in the year 1816. She was the seventh of twelve children, and her father, the village postmaster, was in the poorest circumstances. Because she was blind, Frances was not given the education that was freely offered to her brothers and sisters, and by them so little valued; but with persistent determination she fought her way to that knowledge. Every evening she used to listen when her brothers and sisters recited their lessons aloud in preparation for the next day's classes, and would learn what they said by heart, untiringly reciting it to herself when everyone else was asleep, to impress it upon her memory. During the day, she would hire her brothers and sisters to read to her by promising to do their share of the household tasks in return. Thus, in exchange for numberless wipings and scrubbing in the kitchen, she received lessons in grammar, geography and various other subjects. Whenever her offer of doing their work failed to win her brothers and sisters, she would engage their services by repeating to them stories which they themselves had read and long ago forgotten, or by inventing for them the most interesting and fanciful tales of her own.

There were no book stores in Stranorlar or within three counties round about, nor were there any spare pennies at home with which to buy books. So Frances borrowed treasured volumes from all who came to the house and from everyone in the village. And thus as time passed, she acquired a better education than many a child who could see.



CHINA (Continued)
 Road to China, The I: 386
 Tragic Story, A III: 196
 White Aster V: 373

CZECHO-SLAVONIA
 Through the Mouse Hole (*Folk Tale*) III: 384

DAMASCUS
 Arab to His Horse, The II: 313

DANUBE
 Duty That Was Not Paid, The III: 112
 Two Bad Bargains, The III: 369

DENMARK
 Marvelous Pot, The (*Folk Tale*) III: 69
 See Andersen, Hans Christian, under Authors and Titles Index.

DETROIT
 George Rogers Clark and the Conquest of the Northwest IV: 390
 Princess Nelly and the Seneca Chief IV: 363

DEVONSHIRE
 Christmas Song at Sea, A V: 279
 Story of Alfred, the Saxon, The V: 80

DOLOMITES
 Boy of Cadore, The IV: 276

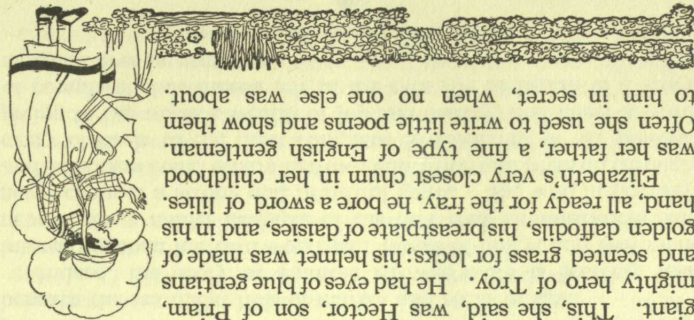
DOMREMY
 Joan of Arc V: 306

ECUADOR, Coast of
 Young Midshipman David Farragut IV: 354

EGYPT
 Babe Moses, The I: 419
 Feast of Tabernacles, The II: 257
 Gideon the Warrior IV: 402
 Joseph and His Brethren V: 294
 Rhodopis and Her Little Gilded Sandals (*Folk Tale*) III: 262

ENGLAND, See also London, Liverpool, Devonshire, Kent.
 Adventures of Alexander Selkirk, The IV: 328
 Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The IV: 163
 Beaumains (*Epic*) V: 327
 Beowulf (*Epic*) V: 413
 Cat and the Mouse, The (*Folk Tale*) I: 178
 David Copperfield and Little Em'ly (*Charles Dickens*) IV: 262
 Dick Whittington and His Cat (*Folk Tale*) II: 329
 Goldilocks and the Three Bears (*Folk Tale*) I: 248
 Jack and the Beanstalk (*Folk Tale*) II: 371
 Little Red Hen and the Grain of Wheat, The (*Folk Tale*) I: 60
 Magpie's Nest, The (*Folk Tale*) I: 171
 Melliot (*Folk Tale*) III: 242
 Mr. Hampden's Shipwreck (*John Massfield*) V: 264
 Renowned and World-Famous Adventures of Punch and Judy, The III: 438
 Secret Door, The, *Susan Coolidge* IV: 315
 Story of Alfred, the Saxon, The V: 80
 Story of Tom Thumb, The (*Folk Tale*) II: 262
 Teeny-Tiny (*Folk Tale*) I: 336
 Wise Men of Gotham, The (*Folk Tale*) III: 82
 Ye Merry Doings of Robin Hood V: 49
 Young Midshipman David Farragut IV: 356
 Three Sillies, The (*Folk Tale*) IV: 80
 Maggie Tulliver Goes To Live with the Gypsies (*George Eliot*) IV: 213
 Richard Feverel and the Hayrick (*George Meredith*) V: 228
 Little Nell and Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works (*Charles Dickens*) III: 130

THE LATCH KEY



to him in secret, when no one else was about. Often she used to write little poems and show them was her father, a fine type of English gentleman. Elizabeth's very closest chum in her childhood hand, all ready for the fray, he bore a sword of lilies, golden daffodils, his presaplate of daisies, and in his and scented grass for locks; his helmet was made of mighty hero of Troy. He had eyes of blue gentians giant. This, she said, was Hector, son of Priam, flower bed laid out in the garden. It was shaped like an enormous her beautiful black pony. One year the little girl had a great said that she dreamed more often of Agamemnon than of Moses, to love the old Greek stories and to study them. Sometimes she around the strange Greek words. Ever after, Elizabeth continued tenderly cherished in the other, persistently twisting her tongue used to sit in her little chair with her book in one hand and a doll Edward, began to study Greek with a tutor, she joined him and was very fond of books, too, and when her best beloved brother, and chased and romped about with her brothers and sisters. She And the little girl drank in the loveliness of it all as she raced



*Dimpled close with hill and valley,
 Dappled very close with shade;
 Summer snow of apple blossoms
 Running up from glade to glade.*



that fine old place was wonderfully green and beautiful; a little girl named Elizabeth Barrett. The country round about near Wales, there lived once with ten lively brothers and sisters, In a most picturesque and lovely home in the Malvern Hills, BROWNING, ROBERT (English, 1812-1889)

MY BOOK HOUSE

MY BOOK HOUSE

CHINA (Continued)
 Road to China, The I: 386
 Tragic Story, A III: 196
 White Aster V: 373

CZECHO-SLAVONIA
 Through the Mouse Hole (*Folk Tale*) III: 384

DAMASCUS
 Arab to His Horse, The II: 313

DANUBE
 Duty That Was Not Paid, The III: 112
 Two Bad Bargains, The III: 369

DENMARK
 Marvelous Pot, The (*Folk Tale*) III: 69
 See Andersen, Hans Christian, under Authors and Titles Index.

DETROIT
 George Rogers Clark and the Conquest of the Northwest IV: 390
 Princess Nelly and the Seneca Chief IV: 363

DEVONSHIRE
 Christmas Song at Sea, A V: 279
 Story of Alfred, the Saxon, The V: 80

DOLOMITES
 Boy of Cadore, The IV: 276

DOMREMY
 Joan of Arc V: 306

ECUADOR, Coast of
 Young Midshipman David Farragut IV: 354

EGYPT
 Babe Moses, The I: 419
 Feast of Tabernacles, The II: 257
 Gideon the Warrior IV: 402
 Joseph and His Brethren V: 294
 Rhodopis and Her Little Gilded Sandals (*Folk Tale*) III: 262

ENGLAND, See also London, Liverpool, Devonshire, Kent.
 Adventures of Alexander Selkirk, The IV: 328
 Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The IV: 163
 Beaumains (*Epic*) V: 327
 Beowulf (*Epic*) V: 413
 Cat and the Mouse, The (*Folk Tale*) I: 178
 David Copperfield and Little Em'ly (*Charles Dickens*) IV: 262
 Dick Whittington and His Cat (*Folk Tale*) II: 329
 Goldilocks and the Three Bears (*Folk Tale*) I: 248
 Jack and the Beanstalk (*Folk Tale*) II: 371
 Little Red Hen and the Grain of Wheat, The (*Folk Tale*) I: 60
 Magpie's Nest, The (*Folk Tale*) I: 171
 Melliot (*Folk Tale*) III: 242
 Mr. Hampden's Shipwreck (*John Massfield*) V: 264
 Renowned and World-Famous Adventures of Punch and Judy, The III: 438
 Secret Door, The, *Susan Coolidge* IV: 315
 Story of Alfred, the Saxon, The V: 80
 Story of Tom Thumb, The (*Folk Tale*) II: 262
 Teeny-Tiny (*Folk Tale*) I: 336
 Wise Men of Gotham, The (*Folk Tale*) III: 82
 Ye Merry Doings of Robin Hood V: 49
 Young Midshipman David Farragut IV: 356
 Three Sillies, The (*Folk Tale*) IV: 80
 Maggie Tulliver Goes To Live with the Gypsies (*George Eliot*) IV: 213
 Richard Feverel and the Hayrick (*George Meredith*) V: 228
 Little Nell and Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works (*Charles Dickens*) III: 130



THE LATCH KEY

tudes? Whence came her vivid word-pictures of the little cottage on the edge of a great forest with tall trees behind, the swallows building in the eaves, the daisies growing thick before the door? A love of nature was in her soul. In spite of her blindness she found within herself a wonderful perception of the beauty of the world. With her poet's spirit she saw all the green and leafy places of the earth, all its flowery ways—while these were trodden heedlessly, mayhap, by those about her with the gift of sight. It was amazing, too, the wonderful reach of her knowledge—her stories are of many lands and many periods, from the French Revolution and the scenery of Lower Normandy, to the time of the Young Pretender in England; from the fine frosts and clear sky, the long winter nights and long summer days of Archangel, to the banks of the Orange River in Africa. And she was perfectly at home, whether she told of shepherds on the moorland, the green pastures dotted with snow white sheep, or whether her fancy dived beneath the sea midst hills of marble and rocks of spa.



Indeed, the story of Frances Browne's life is scarcely less interesting than her own wonderful books of fancy, and there has never been a nobler example of the fact that circumstances can never conquer a strong and beautiful spirit. She who in poverty and blindness could secure her own education and press on through every obstacle to the most complete development of her powers, giving to the world a wealth of joy and beauty, and never a word of complaint, has indeed left in her own life as beautiful a story as could ever be written.

Important Works: *Granny's Wonderful Chair.*



98 III: Credit to the School, A
 308 II: ZWINGMEYER, DIRKEN
 315 IV: Ziska
 326 III: Zennubel
 173 V: Zeta
 228 III: Melting Pot, The
 436 V: ZANOWITZ, ISRAEL
 316 V: Zandilli, the Herdsman
 354 IV: Zaf
 359 V: Yusef, King of Morocco
 193 IV: YOUNG, CHARLOTTE M.
 49 V: YONGE, CHARLOTTE M.
 327 V: YE MERRY DOINGS OF ROBIN HOOD—From Old Ballads
 220 III: Yehl
 385 III: Yellow Knight, The
 98 I: Yarn
 370 I: Yankes Doodle
 121 II: (See Little Pictures from Far Japan)
 216 II: YAH, SOKAR, KANETSU AND KAKKO
 1141 II: Little Maid of Far Japan
 141 I: Indian Children
 32 III: In Columbus Time
 141 I: WYNNE, ANNETTE
 1 I: WYNKEN
 185 I: WYNKEN AND NOD—Eugene Field
 179 III: WYVACE
 78 II: WORD, THE—Robert Louis Stevenson
 299 I: To a Butterfly
 11 II: Kitten and Falling Leaves, The
 112 III: WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM
 107 V: Woodman, The (The Moon-Maiden)
 107 V: Woodman, The (The Honest Woodman)
 180 I: Woodchuck, The
 290 III: WONDERTU, WORD, THE—William Brightly Rand
 82 III: Wolfgang
 372 I: Wolffert Webber
 255 V: WOLFE, THE (Johnny and the Three Goats)
 315 IV: Wolf, The (Little Red Ridinghood)
 119 I: WISE MEN OF GOTHAM, THE—Old English Tale
 304 I: WISE MAN OF THE VILLAGE, THE
 120 I: WINTER NEIGHBOURS—John Burroughs
 63 II: WIND AND THE SUN, THE—Aesop
 I: Wind, The (Little Half-Chick)
 I: Wind, The (Who Has Seen The Wind?)
 I: Tongue-Cut Sparrow, The
 II: WILLISTON, TERESA PRINCE

THE LATCH KEY

MY BOOK HOUSE

his work as much as he did hers, so that they soon began writing regularly to one another. The outcome of their correspondence was that Mr. Browning came one day to see the delicate little lady and induced her to marry him, although she thought herself too weak and ill to marry anyone. Her new joy and happiness, however, lifted her out of her invalidism and almost transformed her. Mr. Browning carried her off with him to live beneath the warm and sunny skies of Italy and here the two spent all the rest of Mrs. Browning's life. It was chiefly in the interesting old town of Florence, with its hoary, gray stone buildings and its splendid treasures of art, that they lived. Mrs. Browning took the keenest interest in the Italian people who were just then struggling for their independence, and as she looked down on the ardent young patriots from the windows of her home, the famous Casa Guidi palace, she wrote poems full of love and sympathy for them. Indeed, her poetry is always full of the deepest and tenderest feeling and the truest love for all that is just and good. It was in Florence, too, that a little son, Robert, was born to Mrs. Browning, and the mother, who by now had become the greatest of living women-poets, had as much joy in all the wonderful things her little boy did as any less famous mother. The life of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning was remarkably happy together. They visited Venice and all the most beautiful spots in Italy and were absolutely one in the love, admiration and devotion which they bore to one another. Frequently they were visited by friends, many of whom were Americans, and whoever was fortunate enough to be the guest of the Brownings in their happy home, always came away deeply impressed with the beautiful family life he had seen there. When Mrs. Browning died, the citizens of Florence, grateful for her love and sympathetic understanding, placed on the wall of Casa Guidi a marble tablet sacred to her memory. Mr. Browning and his little son then went sorrowfully back to England.

MY BOOK HOUSE

MY BOOK HOUSE



GEOGRAPHICAL INDEX

For the use of those Mothers, Fathers or Teachers whose children ask for a story about Spain, Italy, Japan, etc.

AFRICA
 Afar in the Desert III: 226
 Dick Whittington and His Cat II: 329
 Labors of Hercules, The IV: 423
 Lost Spear, The (Folk Tale) III: 228
 ALASKA
 Adventures of Yehl and the Beaming Maiden (Folk Tale) III: 220
 Ikwa and Annowee II: 388
 ALEXANDRIA
 Two Pilgrims, The V: 152
 ALLEGHANY RIVER
 Princess Nelly and the Seneca Chief IV: 363
 ALPS, THE
 Barry, a Dog of the Alps II: 87 * II: 88
 Heidi in the Alpine Pasture II: 277
 Story of Alfred, the Saxon, The V: 80
 William Tell, The Legend of V: 290
 ALTDORF
 William Tell, The Legend of V: 290
 AMERICA
 Old Johnny Applesed II: 352
 Melting Pot, The V: 173
 Story of Christopher Columbus, The II: 204
 Tale of a Black Cat, The I: 115
 ARABIA
 Arab to His Horse, The II: 113
 Hassan, the Arab, and His Horse II: 308
 Magic Horse, The IV: 40
 Recollections of the Arabian Nights IV: 56
 Story of the Talking Bird, The IV: 57
 ARGENTINE
 Mr. Hampden's Shipwreck V: 264
 ARKANSAS
 Dance of the Forest People, The III: 126
 ATLANTIC OCEAN
 Melting Pot, The V: 173
 Story of Christopher Columbus, The II: 204
 AUSTRALIA
 Right Time to Laugh, The II: 113

THE LATCH KEY

But when she was fourteen years old she wrote a long poem of fifteen hundred lines, all about one of the Greek stories she loved. It was called "The Battle of Marathon," and her father thought it so remarkable that he had it published.

The girl was a wonderfully graceful, dainty little creature, of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face. Her eyes were large and tender, richly fringed by dark lashes, and her smile was like a sunbeam. One day, when she was fifteen, Elizabeth decided to go for a ride on her pony, Moses. But Moses was not brought up, ready and harnessed, exactly on the moment when she wanted him, so, in a fit of impatience she flounced out after him into the field. There she attempted to saddle him herself, but as she did so, she fell and the saddle came crashing down on top of her. The result of her impatience was that she was severely hurt, and there followed for her years of invalidism, during which she never went out again in the same old free way, to ramble over the hills and romp in the out-of-doors.

As time passed she went to live in various different places, for a while in Torquay in beautiful Devonshire, but wherever she went there hung over her almost continuously this cloud of illness. The long days when she was confined to her room she spent in study and in writing poetry for various magazines, but for many years her chief means of communication with the outside world was by means of letters only. Nevertheless, these letters of hers were always bright and vivacious with small mention of her troubles. Little by little, the young woman, thus so constantly confined to a sick room, grew to be a well known poet. It is noteworthy, too, that the poems she wrote under such conditions had no hint of weakness, but were rather remarkable for their strength.

One day a great man, one of the greatest of English poets, wrote Elizabeth Barrett a letter in admiration for her work. This great man was Robert Browning, and Elizabeth Barrett admired Robert Browning: *The Pied Piper of Hamelin. An Incident of the French Camp.*

THE LATCH KEY

1117	II:	Water-ly, The
1293	II:	Washington, General
163	IV:	Warren, Laetitia
143	IV:	Sugar Camp, The
443	IV:	Warner, Charles Dudley
71	I:	War God, The
359	V:	"WARR-UP" STORY, THE—Budora Burnshead
431	II:	Wash-bay-see
64	I:	Over In the Meadow
196	III:	WADSWORTH, OLIVE A.
		Tragic Story, A
		VON CHAMISSO, ALBERT
369	III:	Vladimir (The Two Bad Bargains)
218	II:	Vladimir (Christening the Baby in Russia)
191	III:	Violet
80	IV:	Villagers taking the moon, The
182	III:	VILLAGE FAIR, THE—Nicholas Nekrasov
163	IV:	Victoria, Queen
173	V:	Vera Recendal
283	IV:	VENICE—Robert Browning
276	IV:	Veech, Antonio
182	III:	Varkho, Patsiosha
218	II:	Vanya
62	II:	Song Sparrow, The
436	IV:	VAN DYKE, HENRY
116	IV:	Vigilant, king of the Giants
		Switch Yard, The
		UNDERWOOD, JOHN CURTIS
		NUMBER THE GREENWOOD TREE—William Shakespeare
74	V:	
12	V:	
423	V:	UNA AND THE RED CROSS KNIGHT—Retold from Book I of
		Ulysses
		Ukko
		Two swordsmen, The
		TWO PILGRIMS, THE—Lyof N. Tolstoi
292	IV:	TWO LITTLE BIRDS AND A GREAT MAN
118	I:	TWO CRABS, THE—Aesop
369	III:	TWO BAD BARGAINS, THE—A Serbian Tale
177	I:	Two Birds
86	II:	TWINKLING BUGS
255	I:	TWIN LAMBS, THE—Clara Dillingham Pierson
215	III:	TWILIGHT, THE—Madison Cawein
176	II:	Twelve Princesses, The
145	III:	TWELVE MONTHS, THE—A Bohemian Fairy Tale
176	II:	Twelve Months, The
		Jacob Grimm
		TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES, THE—Adapted from Wilhelm and
		TURTLE WHO COULD NOT STOP TALKING, THE—An East Indian Fable
222	I:	Twelve, The
171	I:	Turkey, The
412	II:	Turkey, The
277	II:	Turb
213	IV:	Turkey, Tom
213	IV:	Turkey, Mrs.
213	IV:	Turkey, Maggie
385	III:	TURK AR RINION—A Welsh Fairy Tale
388	I:	Tsing-Ching



presented his principles and his quick native sense of justice, a generous store. The sincerity and earnestness with which he envelopes and scraps of waste paper of which he always hoarded These important articles he had a habit of scribbling down on old current of national thought into the wisest and best channels. time, by means of his articles in the Post, he helped to direct the ing Post, a position which he held for fifty years. During all that became editor-in-chief and part proprietor of the New York Even- lawyer, he continued to devote himself to literature. In 1825, he From this time forth, though Cullen had been educated for a at once, for no American poet had yet written anything to equal it. Boston and had it published. It produced a decided impression six years later that his father accidentally discovered it, took it to appears to have forgotten it altogether. It was not until some Having written the poem down on paper he laid it aside and

*To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayest hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musing with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.*

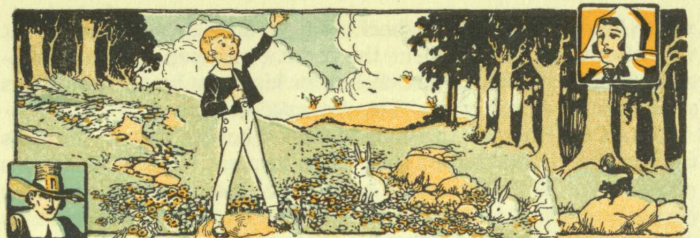
tions framed themselves into that beautiful poem, *Thanatopsis*. ing in the tangled depths of the rich primeval forest, his medita- was still little more than a youth, that, as he was one day wander- education at Yale University, as he had hoped, and so for a time College, but his father was too poor to permit him to finish his When Cullen grew to young manhood he was sent to Williams youngster of eleven was, "The Advance of Knowledge." The subject chosen for his poem by this ambitious verses he delivered in his school room, in his eleventh year, and it

MY BOOK HOUSE

MY BOOK HOUSE

Watt, Jamie	II:	147	1151
Wealthow, Queen	V:		413
WE THANK THEE—Ralph Waldo Emerson	II:		259
Wee little worm, A	I:		179
WEE ROBIN'S CHRISTMAS SONG—A Scotch Folk Tale	I:	196	1163
WEE, WEE MANNIE AND THE BIG, BIG COO, THE—A Scotch Folk Tale	III:		235
Weird	IV:		32
Wellington, The Duke of	II:		163
Weeny-Wen-Fairies, The	II:		182
West Wind, The	III:		399
Wether Sheep, The	I:		255
Weather-cock, The	I:		304
WHAT ELSE THE MOON SAW—Hans Christian Andersen	I:		101
WHAT THE MOON SAW—Hans Christian Andersen	I:		69
WHAT THEY SAY—Mary Mapes Dodge	I:	61	87
WHEN DAFFODILS BEGIN TO PEER—William Shakespeare	I:		38
WHERE GO THE BOATS?—Robert Louis Stevenson	I:	234	1232
WHERE LOVE IS, THERE GOD IS ALSO—Lyof N. Tolstoi	IV:		194
WHERE SARAH JANE'S DOLL WENT—Mary E. Wilkins Freeman	III:		86
Whip, The	I:	61	87
WHISKY FRISKY	I:	267	268
WHITE ASTER—Romantic Chinese Poem	V:		373
White Bear, The (East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon)	III:		399
WHITE BUTTERFLIES—Algernon Charles Swinburne	I:		225
White Elephant, The	IV:		152
WHITE HORSES—Hamish Hendry	III:		158
White-faced simminy	II:		410
White-imp	III:		32
White kiten, The	I:		180
White Rabbit	I:		151
White sheep	I:		106
WHITE, STEWART EDWARD			
Booms, The	IV:		124
Whiting, The	IV:		150
WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF			
Snow Bound (Extract)	V:		253
Whittington, Dick	II:		329
WHO CAN CRACK NUTS?—Mary Mapes Dodge	II:		90
WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?—Christina G. Rossetti	I:		120
WHO LIKES THE RAIN?—Clara Doty Bates	I:		109
WHY THE ROBIN'S BREAST IS RED—An Eskimo Myth	II:		35
WHY THE SEA IS SALT—Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen	III:		159
Water, The	I:		304
Widow Slocum, The	II:	145	1149
Wife Gertrude, My	IV:		314
WILD FLOWERS—Peter Newell	III:		85
WILDE, OSCAR			
Selfish Giant, The	II:		246
Will Scarlet	V:		49
William O'Leslie	V:		49
WILLIAM TELL—A Swiss Legend	V:		290
Wilson, Billy	II:		133
Wilson, Farmer	II:		133
WILSON, WOODROW			
Address to New-made Citizens, An	V:		217
WILTSE, SARAH E.			
Henny Penny	I:		79

THE LATCH KEY



BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN (American, 1794-1878)

One of the descendants of that arch little Puritan maiden, Priscilla Mullins, and her bashful lover, John Alden, was a small boy named William Cullen Bryant. William was born in the beautiful hilly country of Cummington, Massachusetts, fit cradle for a real poet of Nature. His father, Dr. Peter Bryant, was a country physician, and he used to love to wander with his sons out into the wild woodlands and up into the hills, keen-eyed and alert to each flash of little woodland creatures through the leaves, loving them all and lifting up his heart with joy for all Nature's ways of beauty. Dr. Bryant was a lover of the English poets, too, and even used sometimes to write verses of his own. In the long winter nights, when the snow lay white on the world without and a roaring fire blazed on the cosy hearth within, he would often read aloud to his children from the treasures of his library which was one of the largest in the neighborhood. During the day the boys went to the public school, but when the school hours were over they raced out into the woods and fields, exploring all the country round about.

It was their habit, too, on these delightful rambles, to recite aloud to an audience of tall trees, scurrying rabbits, or even stones, the verses which they had been reading at home. Cullen particularly delighted in this happy custom, and often on his walks he composed and recited little poems of his own. One of these early

253

326	IV:	Cavalier's Escape, The
425	I:	THOR—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
443	I:	Doll Under the Briar Rose—bush
394	II:	Bikun Marti
32	III:	THOMAS, GURDON THORNE, Translator
277	II:	Thisselbirt
444	IV:	Thiass
436	IV:	Thigh, the greedy one
211	III:	Theresa
177	I:	THERE WERE TWO BIRDS SAT ON A STONE—Nursery Rhyme
105	I:	THERE WAS AN OLD MAN WITH A BEARD—Edward Lear
302	I:	Spring
115	IV:	Sandpiper, The
168	I:	Little Gustava
17	I:	THAXTER, CELIA
56	IV:	Sweet and Low
24	II:	Recollections of the Arabian Nights
96	IV:	Owl, The
11	V:	Merman, The
11	V:	Single Song, The
145	I:	TENNISON, ALFRED
423	V:	TEN LITTLE INJUNS—Number Jingle
336	I:	Temochus
336	I:	Tenny-tiny scare-crow, The
336	I:	Tenny-tiny woman, The
109	I:	TENNY-TINY—An English Folk Tale
376	III:	Ted
388	I:	Tear-Maiden, The
254	I:	Teacher, The (The Boy Who Wanted the Impossible)
59	I:	TEA PARTY, THE—Kate Greenaway
374	I:	The Star
313	II:	TAYLOR, JANET
237	III:	Taylor, Jane
57	IV:	Taylor, HAVARD
186	I:	Talking Bird, The
233	I:	Tale of a Black Cat, THE—Chifton Johnson
124	II:	Tale of Peter Rabbit—Beatrix Potter
107	I:	Taper Boats
76	I:	Tar-Baby, The
12	V:	Taurus, KAMBRANATH
116	IV:	Tabby Gray, Mrs. (See Mrs. Tabby Gray)
290	V:	Tabby Gray, Mrs. (See Mrs. Tabby Gray)
270	IV:	SWISS LEGEND, A
225	I:	SWING, THE—Robert Louis Stevenson
184	III:	SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES
81	III:	SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES
17	I:	Sweet AND LOW—Alfred Tennyson

T H E L A T C H K E Y

M Y B O O K H O U S E

THOR'S JOURNEY TO JOTUN-HEIM—A Norse Myth	IV:	436
Thorsten the Viking	V:	338
Three Bears, The (Goldilocks and the Three Bears)	I:	248
Three Fairies, The	III:	242
Three Goats, The	I:	180
Three Gray Sisters, The	IV:	412
Three-legged pot, The	III:	69
THREE LITTLE PIGS, THE—An English Folk Tale	I:	134
THREE SILLIES, THE—Joseph Jacobs	IV:	80
Three Slaves, The	III:	211
THREE WISES, THE—A Spanish Fairy Tale	III:	154
Threshers, The	III:	121
THROUGH THE MOUSE HOLE—A Czech Fairy Tale	III:	384
Thrush, The	I:	171
THUMBELISA—Hans Christian Andersen	II:	414
Thunderer, The	IV:	443
Tiger	II:	69
Timid Creature, The	III:	85
Tinker, The	V:	228
Tikania	III:	25
Tik-bit	I: I:	269
Tisiano	IV:	276
TO A BUTTERFLY—William Wordsworth	II: *	46
Toad, The (Through the Mouse Hole)	III:	384
TOADS AND DIAMONDS—Adapted from Perrault	II: *	353
Toby	III:	438
Tokabi, the black imp	III:	191
Toll-keeper, The	II:	434
TOLSTOI, LYOF N.	V:	152
Two Pilgrims, The	IV:	194
Where Love Is, There God Is Also	V:	228
Tom Bakewell	II:	262
Tom the Tinker	II:	262
Tom Thumb	II:	262
Tom Thumb, General	IV:	163
Tommy (The Tale of a Black Cat)	I:	115
Tommy (The Owl's Answer to Tommy)	II:	25
TONGUE-CUT SPARROW, THE—Teresa Peirce Williston	II:	63
Tootah, the thunderer	III:	216
Tortoise, The	I:	299
TRAGIC STORY, A—Albert von Chamisso	III:	196
TRAIN, THE—C. H. Crandall	IV:	123
Train-of-cars, The	I:	193
Traveller at the Inn, The	IV:	80
Tray	II:	19
TREES—Joyce Kilmer	V:	263
Tree-toad, The	I:	109
Tresham, Ralph (Rafe)	IV:	315
TROPICAL MORNING AT SEA, A—Edward Rowland Sill	III:	209
TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND	IV:	142
Evening at the Farm	I:	200
TRY AGAIN—William E. Hickson	II:	87
Trumpet, The	I: *	91
Tsar, The	III:	184
Tsar Wise-Head	IV:	26
Tsarena, The	III:	184
Tsaremas, The	IV:	26

M Y B O O K H O U S E

T H E L A T C H K E Y

as well as his complete independence of all managing politicians, soon made of his paper a great power in the land.

When the question of the abolition of slavery began to be agitated, Bryant in the Post, took the side of the Abolitionists. This stand was decidedly unpopular in those days and brought down upon it a storm of abuse. The Post then began to lose favor with the public and it was only by the most persistent struggles that Bryant kept it alive against the tense and growing prejudices of the community. Mr. Bryant, however, refused to surrender a single one of his convictions, although he was denounced and deserted by many of his former friends, and was more than once threatened by the violence of the mob.

In 1860 he was one of the presidential electors who chose President Lincoln, and ever afterward he enjoyed the confidence and friendship of Lincoln. During the dark days of the Civil War, when all too many deserted and betrayed that gaunt, lone figure in the President's chair, Bryant stood firmly by him, ever aiding and supporting him, and no other journal was more instrumental than the Post in bringing about the great changes of public opinion which ended in the destruction of slavery.

Thus, the middle years of Bryant's life were too busy with hard work to leave much time for poetry. But when the years of national storm and stress were ended, he undertook his most ambitious literary work—translations of the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*.

Mr. Bryant lived to be a very old man. He was the first American poet to win permanent distinction and he exercised a mighty influence over the younger literary men of America.

Important Works: Thanatopsis The Fountain To a Waterfowl

BURGESS, GELETT (American, 1868—)

Gelett Burgess was born in Boston. He was a draughtsman and instructor in topographical drawing at the University of California, but he is known chiefly as the author and illustrator of several whimsical books for children.

Important Works: The Lively City o' Ligg Goops and How To Be Them

68

truant. He loved each "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," of the different families. Little Robert, it is true, liked to play kindly Scotsman lived in turn for a few weeks at a time with each hired John Murdoch to keep a school for their bairns and this have an education. Accordingly, he and four of his neighbors a sturdy farmer was Mr. Burns and he meant his children to mother and child were carried to a neighbor's dwelling for shelter, house was blown into ruins. In the dead of night, the fellow's birth, when there came up a violent gale, the but its walls were so frail that only a week after the little good father had built the hut with his very own hands, in Scotland was born little Robert Burns. The boy's N a tiny, one-room, mud cottage near the village of Ayr

BURNS, ROBERT (Scottish, 1759-1796)

Important Works: The Adventures of Peter Colintonall The Burgess Bird Book

animal as though his books were scientific nature studies. through his stories in little coats and vests, trousers and hats, for all that Peter Rabbitt, Reddy Fox, and all the rest frisk His fascinating tales were first told to his own children, and won his name as a story teller for children.

of *Good Housekeeping* and it was in that magazine that he first spare moments he was out of doors, walking or boating, and studying wild life. At length he was made one of the editors the name of W. B. Thornton, but in all his nature articles for various magazines under animals and birds. For some time he wrote ed, fished and made acquaintance with all the hood in the fields, the woods and marshes wich, Massachusetts, and spent all his boy-

HORNTON BURGESS was born in Sand-

BURGESS, THORNTON (American, 1874—)



A writer of exquisite nature poetry, born in Kentucky.
CARROLL, LEWIS (American, 1832-1898)
Important Works: Alice in Wonderland, The Cat in the Hat, The Wizard of Oz, The Tale of Peter Rabbit, The Princess and the Pea, The Frog Prince, The King of Hearts, The Queen of Hearts, The King of the Golden Land, The King of the Cats, The King of the Cats, The King of the Cats.



Once there was a man and he was born in Cheshire, the county made famous as being the home of the grinning Cheshire cat! He was a lecturer on mathematics at Oxford University and wrote very deep and learned books with such awful sounding names as *Mathematica Curiosa*. But sometimes, this same most learned professor used to go out on golden afternoons in a boat with three little girls. The little girls would make believe that they could row the boat and busily pretend to guide its wanderings down the placid stream. Then they would all talk at once and beg the professor to tell them a story, and order him to put in lots of nonsense and fun and plenty of wild and new adventures! So the professor forgot that he was a professor and began to tell them a tale. O, such a tale as he told! While *Mathematica Curiosa* is long ago forgot, the story that he spun out on those golden afternoons, drifting down the dreamy river, with three little girls telling him just what to do and interrupting him every minute, that is the story that made him famous—*Alice in Wonderland*.

CARMAN, BLISS (Canadian, 1861-)
 Bliss Carman was born at Fredericton, New Brunswick. At a meeting of Canadian authors in 1921, he was crowned with a wreath of maple leaves as the most distinguished poet of Canada.
Important Works: Songs from Vagabondia

MY BOOK HOUSE

THE LATCH KEY

BURROUGHS, JOHN (American, 1837-1921)
 John Burroughs, the beloved student of woodsman's lore, was born in Roxbury, New York, and from his childhood always loved the woods and fields. Hidden away in the hills, in the infinite quiet and seclusion of the woods, he built the home called Slabsides and there, for many years he lived, while his admirers and friends made loving pilgrimages there to see him.
Important Works: Wake Robin, Fresh Fields, Winter Sunshine, Signs and Seasons

BYNNER, WITTER (American, 1881-)
 Witter Bynner is one of the most modern of American poets, conspicuous as a writer of free verse. He was graduated from Harvard in 1902 and became assistant editor of *McClure's Magazine*. Later he was instructor in English in the University of California, and has spent a year in China collecting Chinese poetry.

BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, LORD (English, 1788-1824)

A STORMY life was that of the handsome little Lord Byron, who at ten years of age inherited the estate and title of his great-uncle. Shy and lonely he was, fond of solitude, yet capable, too, of the fiercest attachments. He loved animals, but of the fiercest kind. A bear, a wolf and a bull dog were his pets at different periods. Lord Byron was lame from his birth and yet he took many a prize as a sportsman. He excelled particularly in swimming, and once, like Leander, swam across the Hellespont.

So headstrong was young Lord Byron that his whole life was darkened by his own uncontrolled passions. His restlessness often drove him to travel and he described his travels in Europe in the poem *Childe Harold* which made him famous. Having wasted his youth, Byron determined to redeem himself in 1823 by going to help the Greek people, who were struggling to free themselves from the outrageous rule of the Turks, but while he still labored for the Greeks he was taken ill and died.

Important Works: Childe Harold

THE LATCH KEY

410	II	Pondatorum
412	IV	Polydectes
410	II	PONY ENGINE AND THE PACIFIC EXPRESS, THE
159	III	POOR BROTHER, THE
399	III	POOR HUSBANDMAN, THE
69	III	POOR MAN, THE
270	IV	POOR MAN'S WIFE, THE
354	IV	POOR PRINCE, THE
204	IV	PORTER, CAPTAIN DAVID
294	V	POPHAR, KING OF
186	I	POTTER, BEATRIX
175	II	POURSON, BILLY
124	IV	POURSON, THOMAS HOOD
176	I	PREVIOUS PIGEY
18	I	PREVIOUS PIGEY
399	III	PRINCE, THE (East O' the Sun and West O' the Moon)
292	III	PRINCE, THE (The Golden Bird)
165	III	PRINCE, THE (The Chindella)
414	II	PRINCE, THE (The Humblebee)
12	V	PRINCE ARTHUR
57	IV	PRINCE BAHMAN
326	III	PRINCE CHERK—Time, La Princesse de Beaumont
40	AT	PRINCE FRODO SCHAH
34	V	PRINCE HARVARD AND THE MAGIC PRISON—Elizabeth Harrison
316	V	PRINCE OF ARGON
316	V	PRINCE OF ARGON
57	IV	PRINCE OF ARGON
376	III	PRINCE, THE (How the Waterfall Came to the Thirsting Mountain)
270	IV	PRINCESS, THE (The Swineherd)
228	III	PRINCESS LALA
52	III	PRINCESS ON THE GLASS HILL, THE—Sir George Webb Dasent
12	III	PRINCESS MAYBLOOM
363	III	PRINCESS RELLY AND THE SENECA CHIEF
57	IV	PRINCESS PARADE
98	III	PRINCE, THOMAS
226	III	PRINCE, THOMAS
124	IV	PROCTOR, MR.
57	IV	PROFESSOR WIND
423	IV	PROPHET, THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA
1756	II	PSALM OF DAVID, A—The Bible
1423	I	PSALM OF PRAISER, A—The Bible
213	IV	PULLER, MRS.
213	IV	PUNCH
438	III	PURPLE COW, THE—Gelett Burgess
1313	I	PURPLE COW, THE
240	I	PURPLE COW, THE
412	II	PURPLE COW, THE
12	IV	PYLAE, KATHARINE
146	II	Story of a Caterpillar, The

MY BOOK HOUSE

363	III	Queen, The (The Six Swans)
		Queen Cassiopeia (See Cassiopeia, Queen.)
	IV	Queen Dowager, The (Adelaide)
	II	Queen of the Fairies
	III	Queen of the Moon-Fairies
	II	Queen Kakeyi (See Kakeyi, Queen.)
	II	Queen Kausalya (See Kausalya, Queen.)
	II	Queen Kosebush
	II	Queen Victoria (See Victoria, Queen.)
	II	Queen Wealthow (See Wealthow, Queen.)
	III	Queered
	III	QUICK-RUNNING SQUASH, THE—Alice Aspinwall
	I	Quincy Davenport
	V	Quidnunc
	III	Quixano, David
	V	Quixano, Mendel
	V	Rabbits, The Little
	II	Raccoon, The
	I	RAGGED FEDLAR, THE—Aunt Naomi
	III	Ragged Urchin, The
	IV	Rags
	I	RAIN IN SUMMER—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
	II	Rakush
	V	Rama
	V	RAMAYANA, THE SACRED POEM OF INDIA
	V	Exile of Rama, The
	V	RAMEE, LOUISE DE LA
	IV	Nuremberg, Stove, The
	V	Ramm, Repelye (Rem)
	II	RANDS, WILLIAM BRIGHT
	II	Peddler's Caravan, The
	II	Wonderful World, The
	I	RANEO, RANSETSU, SOKAN AND YAHIA
	I	(See Little Pictures from Far Japan)
	I	RANSETSU, RANKO, SOKAN AND YAHIA
	I	(See Little Pictures from Far Japan)
	I	RANSOME, ARTHUR
	II	Christening the Baby in Russia
	II	Raven, The
	III	RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS—Alfred Tennyson
	IV	Red Branch Knights of Ulster, The
	V	Red-caps, The
	V	Red Cross Knight, The
	II	Red Ridinghood, Little
	V	Red Knight, The
	I	Reddy Fox
	I	Remus, Uncle
	II	RENOWNED AND WORLD-FAMOUS ADVENTURES OF PUNCH AND JUDY, THE
	III	Reuben
	V	RHODOPIS AND HER LITTLE GILDED SANDALS
	III	RICE SELLER, THE—Chinese Nursery Rhymes, Tr. by Isaac Headland
	I	Rich Brother, The
	III	Rich Man, The
	III	RICHARD FEVEREL AND THE HAYRICK—George Meredith
	V	RICHARDS, LAURA E.
	II	Child's Play
	II	Coming of the King, The
	II	Cooky, The
	I	Rosy Posy

THE LATCH KEY

271	II	Moon-flower	
179	II	Moon-lady, The	
175	III	Moon-man, The	
179	III	MOON-MAN, THE—A Japanese Fairy Tale	
179	I	MOON, SO ROUND AND YELLOW—Matthews Bart	
68	I	MOON'S THE NORTH WIND'S COOKY, THE—Vachell Lindsay	
411	II	Moose-Moose, the Great Elk	
162	IV	Mopsy Rabbit	
85	IV	Moppet	
242	III	Morpheus	
12	V	Moth	
1419	I	Mother (How the Home Was Built)	
285	I	Mother (A Happy Day in the City)	
396	I	Mother (The Cap That Mother Made)	
1324	II	Mother (The Merchant)	
248	I	Mother Bear	
64	I	Mother-Cricket	
64	I	Mother-Crow	
64	I	Mother-Frog	
2	I	MOTHER GOOSE	
304	I	Mother Hen	
64	I	MOTHER-HONEY BEE	
64	I	Mother-Lizard	
64	I	Mother-Magpie	
172	I	MOTHER OF BRIDES	
228	I	MOTHER SPIDER—Frances Bliss Gillespy	
342	II	MOUNTAINS THAT LAOBER, THE—Aesop	
60	I	Mouse, The (The Little Red Hen and the Grain of Wheat)	
178	I	Mouse, The (The Cat and the Mouse)	
148	I	Mouse, The (The Lion and the Mouse)	
212	I	Mouse, The (The Cock, the Mouse and the Little Red Hen)	
337	III	Mousketeer	
112	III	Mosart, Leopold	
49	V	Much, the Miller's Son	
123	III	MUSIC-LOVING BEARS—Joachim Miller	
252	II	Musupha Ben, the Tailor	
210	III	MY NICHARAGUA—Salomon de la Selva	
12	V	Nabala, the Captain	
197	III	NAOMI, AUNT	
252	III	Nagged Pedlar, The	
103	I	Nausaa	
423	V	Ned	
396	I	Ned	
103	I	NERKASSOV, NICHOLAS	
183	III	NET	
103	I	NETL RANGE BIRD—Mary Mapes Dodge	
423	IV	Newman Lion, The	
85	IV	Nep, the Newfoundland	
268	III	Nerides	
268	III	Nervas, the Old Man of the Ocean	
201	I	Nero	
172	V	NESBITT, EDITH	
221	I	Baby Seed Song	
172	V	NEW COLOSSUS, THE—Emma Lazarus	

MY BOOK HOUSE

a Moor who had been engaged to act as their guide, treacherously deserted them. The fugitives were obliged to return to Algiers and Cervantes was severely punished. The next year a sum of money was sent over by the parents of Cervantes, but it was not sufficient to induce the corsairs to release him. Instead, they let his brother, Rodrigo, go. Rodrigo set out for home with secret instructions to request that a war vessel be sent from Spain to rescue the others. Cervantes himself set about at once making all necessary arrangements to escape on this vessel. He gathered together about fifty Spanish fugitives and concealed them in a cave outside the city, actually managing to have them supplied with food for six months while they waited. At last, after these long months of patient endurance, the day came when the ship was to be expected. Cervantes and his comrades were in readiness to board her at once. But, just when freedom seemed so certainly in sight, a traitor once again betrayed their secret to the pirates. A force of armed Turks discovered their hiding place and captured them. Cervantes immediately took on himself all the blame for their scheme of flight, declaring that he, alone, was responsible. Though he was threatened with torture and even death, he refused to implicate any one of his comrades. The terrible governor, Hassan Pasha, before whom Cervantes was brought, was a monster of cruelty and did not hesitate, as a rule, to hang, impale or mutilate his prisoners, but on this occasion he was overawed by Cervantes' astounding fearlessness, and did little more than threaten. Still a third and fourth plan of escape were devised. At last, two merchants agreed to provide an armed vessel in which sixty captives were to embark. This ship lay ready at hand when a Spanish monk, who hated Cervantes, revealed the plan to the Turks. Cervantes, himself, might have escaped even then, if he had gone off at once with the merchants and left his comrades behind. But nothing could induce him to desert his companions in distress. Instead, he came forward once more and gave himself

MY BOOK HOUSE


81	III	NEWELL, PETER	
85	III	Her Dairy	
143	IV	Wild Flowers	
281	V	New England Boy, The (The Sugar Camp)	
184	I	NIGHT AND DAY—Mary Mapes Dodge	
183	IV	NIGHT RIDE IN A PRAIRIE SCHOONER, A—Hamlin Garland	
98	III	Nils	
182	II	Nimmo, the Dwarf	
295	I	NOAH'S ARK—The Bible	
141	I	Nod	
153	III	NOEL, THOMAS	
381	IV	Old Winter	
422	III	Nokomis	
411	II	North Wind, The (The Moon's the North Wind's Cooky)	
411	II	North Wind, The (The Little Diamond and the North Wind)	
279	V	NOYES, ALFRED	
236	III	Christmas Song at Sea, A	
178	III	Fairy Forests	
11	IV	Song from "The Flower of Old Japan," A	
64	III	Song of Drake's Men, A	
345	I	NUMBER FOUR	
284	IV	Ten Little Injuns	
77	II	NUREMBERG STOVE, THE—Louise de la Ramee	
57	I	NURSE'S SONG—William Blake	
220	III	NURSERY RHYMES	
91	II	Nuschagak	
163	IV	NUTCRACKER AND SUGARDOLLY STORIES, THE—Carolyn Sherwin Bailey	
57	II	Nutt, Commodore	
57	II	Oaks, The	
444	IV	OCTOBER'S PARTY—George Cooper	
423	V	Odin, the All-father	
358	I	ODYSSEY OF HOMER	
174	III	Home-coming of Ulysses, The	
49	V	OEBVIND AND MARIT—Bjornsterne Bjornson	
204	IV	OGRE THAT PLAYED JACKSTRAW, THE—David Starr Jordan	
32	III	OLD BALLADS	
1313	I	Ye Merry Doings of Robin Hood	
413	V	Old Beggar-Woman, The	
85	IV	Old Black Cricket, The	
1163	I	Old Charley	
107	V	OLD ENGLISH EPIC, BEOWULF	
338	V	How Beowulf Delivered Heorot	
195	IV	Old Dan	
142	III	Old Gray Pussy	
12	V	Old Father Red-cap	
251	II	Old Hilding	
124	IV	Old Hucksterwoman, The	
376	III	OLD JOHNNY APPLESEED—An American Legend	
105	I	Old Llewellyn	
212	IV	Old Man, The	
212	IV	Old Man Hoberg	
212	IV	Old Man North	
212	IV	Old Man of the Mountain, The	
212	IV	Old Man with a Beard, An	
212	IV	Old Meg	

THE LATCH KEY



tured and carried off to Africa. There they found themselves placed at the mercy of a savage Greek who was noted for wild ferocity. As letters were found on Cervantes from Don John of Austria, he was believed to be a prize of great value, for whom a large ransom might be demanded. Heavily loaded with chains, he was sent off to Algiers, which, for centuries, was the stronghold of the fierce Algerian pirates. The city climbed, tier above tier, in gleaming white stone up the hillside from the coast, to be crowned by an ancient fortress, and there amid the narrow, dirty streets, the rich, heavily scented Oriental bazaars, Cervantes was held for five years a prisoner, subject to every caprice of his conqueror, and treated with sternest severity. During his captivity, however, the sturdy Spaniard never once lost his courage nor his gay and cheerful humor. Adversity brought out the finest qualities of his character. Persistently and with great ingenuity he organized plans of escape, the failure of one plan never deterring him from setting to work at once to prepare another. On one occasion he even succeeded in getting himself and a party of comrades out of the city, but at the critical moment,

237



316	V:	King Yusuf of Morocco
306	V:	King Sultam
338	V:	King Rinz
419	I:	King Over Egypt
155	I: *420	King of the Heavens
274	III:	King of the Heavens
133	V:	King Louis Philippe
327	V:	King Lot
69	II:	King Lion
155	II: *151	Kingfishers
204	II:	King Ferdinand
383	V:	King Dasaratha
408	IV:	King Darius
396	V:	King Concober Mac Nessa
412	IV:	King Cepheus
338	V:	King Bala
423	V:	King Angus
327	II: 262	King Arthur
80	V:	King Alfred, the Saxon
89	V:	Hymn of Alfred, A
423	V:	King Alfredd
176	II:	King Alonzo
363	III:	King, The (The Twelve Dancing Princesses)
74	II:	King, The (The Six Swans)
123	II:	King, The (The Coming of the King)
103	I: *166	King, The (Clyde)
292	III:	King, The (The Golden Bird)
85	III:	Kindly Teacher, The
263	V:	Tees
96	III:	Kilmer, Joyce
57	IV:	Kids—Witter Pyner
99	I:	Khosroo Shah, Sultan
57	IV:	Key or the Kingdom, The—Nursery Rhyme
212	IV:	Keeper of the Sultan's Garden, The
303	III:	Meg Merrilies
383	V:	Kays, John
145	III:	Kay
173	V:	Kausalya, Queen
112	II:	Kathka
350	I:	Kathleen
191	V:	Kempoo, The (The Duck and the Kangaroo)
436	III:	Kempoo, The (The Duck and the Kangaroo)
383	V:	Kempoo, The (The Duck and the Kangaroo)
268	III:	Kempoo, The (The Duck and the Kangaroo)
438	III:	Kempoo, The (The Duck and the Kangaroo)
175	II:	Kempoo, The (The Duck and the Kangaroo)
294	V:	Kempoo, The (The Duck and the Kangaroo)
423	V:	Kempoo, The (The Duck and the Kangaroo)
294	V:	Kempoo, The (The Duck and the Kangaroo)
300	II:	Kempoo, The (The Duck and the Kangaroo)
174	III:	Kempoo, The (The Duck and the Kangaroo)

THE LATCH KEY

238

MY BOOK HOUSE

KINGSLEY, CHARLES		
How the Goddess of Spring Came to Scoring	IV:	448
King's Cook, The	I:	304
King's Son, The	II:	176
King's Son, The (Opportunity)	V:	337
KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES, THE—William Wordsworth	I:	185
KNIGHTS OF THE SILVER SHIELD, THE—Raymond MacDonald Alden	IV:	204
Knights of the Sword, The	III:	376
Kookoo	II:	388
Kra	III:	205
KROUT, MARY H.		
Little Brown Hands	II:	*255
LABORS OF HERCULES, THE—A Greek Myth	IV:	423
Ladies-in-Waiting, The	IV:	270
LADY-BUG—Chinese Nursery Rhymes, Tr. Isaac T. Headland	I:	394
Lady by the Roadside, A	I:	235
Lady in White, The	II:	78
Lady Lyonnors	V:	327
Laeg	V:	396
LA FONTAINE		
Acorn and the Pumpkin, The	III:	290
Honest Woodman, The	II:	78
LAGERLOF, SELMA		
Boy and the Elf, The	III:	408
Lakshman	V:	383
Lala, Princess (See Princess Lala)		
Lamb, The	I:	254
Lap-dog, The	I: *110	111
Lapp Woman, The	III:	303
LARCOM, LUCY		
Sir Robin	I:	114
Lark	II:	358
Lars	II:	12
LATE—Josephine Preston Peabody	I:	1294
LAUGHING SONG A—William Blake	I:	284
Lau-Mai	I:	388
LAZARUS, EMMA		
New Colossus, The	V:	172
LEAR, EDWARD		
Duck and the Kangaroo, The	I:	373
Owl and the Pussycat, The	II:	412
There Was an Old Man With a Beard	I:	105
LEFEVRE, FELICITE		
Cock, the Mouse and the Little Red Hen, The	I:	212
LEGENDS		
Boy Hero of Harlem, The (Holland)	II:	184
Old Johnny Applesed (American)	II: *323	352
Sir Beaumains, the Kitchen Knight (Old English)	I:	327
William Tell (Swiss)	V:	390
LETTER FROM A CAT, A—Helen Hunt Jackson	I: *315	313
Lernean Hydra, The	IV:	423
Liath Macha	V:	396
Lincoln, Abraham	II: *235	1298
LINDSAY, MAUD		
How the Home Was Built	I:	285
Little Gray Pony, The	I:	92
Mrs. Tabby Gray	I:	180

84

Important Works: Afternoons of April
Fairy Tales by a Little Girl, by Hilda Conkling
Wilderness Songs

England in those sitting Middle Ages. There they wend their way along the white and dusty Kentish road, that company of pilgrims on their horses, journeying to the shrine at Canterbury. From every walk of life they come,—knight, squire, monk and miller, doctor, merchant, meanest churl; and as they journey they tell their precious tales, now one all courtliness of phrase, now the broad and carter humor of the churl, and, throughout, such vivacity of movement, such tender play of feeling, such rich and merry humor and such delight in nature, in all the "smale fowles" that "maken melodye," the wood-dove and the thrush, in sunshine and soft breezes, in April's fresh, sweet showers. The greatest poet of his period was Geoffrey Chaucer, and when he died he was the first of England's poets to be buried in Westminster Abbey, now sacred to the memory of the greatest of her great.

There was once a youth who was so starved and hungry after knowledge, that having gained access to a library through the good offices of a friend, he devoured every book in the place, going straight through the racks from one end to the other! He had many odd and original ideas, too, had Samuel Coleridge, and dreamed many a poet's dream. Being dissatisfied with the world as it was, he once planned a Utopia or ideal state, a brotherly community where selfishness should be no more and only goodness reign. This Utopia he hoped to found on the banks of the Susquehanna River in America and his plan only failed for lack of funds. Later, Coleridge went to live in the lovely Lake County of England, and became a friend of the poet, Wordsworth. His poems are weird and romantic, like *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. CONKLING, GRACE HAZARD (American, contemporary)

Mrs. Conkling is professor of English at Smith College. For some time she lived in Mexico and many of her poems reflect her enjoyment of things Mexican. Her wonderful little daughter, Hilda, has written a volume of most beautiful child verse.

MY BOOK HOUSE

THE LATCH KEY

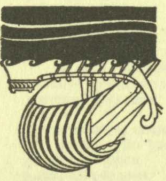
Comptroller of Customs at the Port of London and had to be continually at the wharves. His business was to watch the trade in wools, in hides and skins, and with his very own hands to make a record of the same. On the wharves he made acquaintance with stevedores and sea-going men and saw human nature of quite a different sort from that he had known at court. Indeed, whatever task throughout his life Geoffrey's royal masters set him, and he lived in the reigns of three different kings, Edward III, Richard II and Henry IV, he always performed the same with credit, whether it were the carpenter's task of erecting a scaffold at Smithfield whence the King and Queen might view the jousts, or the diplomat's task of arranging a marriage for his King. The height of his success came in 1386 when he sat in Parliament in all his glory as a Knight of the Shire from Kent. Thereafter Chaucer's opponents at court gained the upper hand. He was deprived of most of his offices and obliged, henceforth, to live in comparative poverty.

But now what new life for his poetry! At last he wrote no more after the French or Italian fashion but developed a full, rich English style of his own. Heretofore, French had been the language of the court and English regarded as rude and vulgar, but Chaucer was the first great poet to make the homely English tongue the language of a new and splendid literature. His greatest work was *Canterbury Tales*, a rich and colorful picture of Old

*Chaucer Story Book by Eva March Tappan; Story of the Canterbury Pilgrims by F. J. H. Darton

T H E L A T C H K E Y

165	III:	Imp, The
358	V:	Immergen
388	IV:	IRWA AND ANOWER—Elizabeth B. Pouke
444	IV:	Legs, Spirit of Spring
381	I:	I WOULD'N'T BE A GROWLER—Mary Mapes Dodge
159	I:	I AM A GOLD LOCK—Nursery Rhyme
110	I:	I *112 I
174	III:	Hunters, The
216	III:	Hunchocked Maid, The
383	V:	Hunchocked Maid, The
318	IV:	Hunchocked Maid, The
289	III:	HUNMING BIRD, THE—Edward Markham
117	III:	Story of a Beaver, The
436	IV:	HURBERT, WILLIAM DAVENPORT
80	V:	Hut
413	V:	Hubba
342	II:	HROTHGAR, KING OF THE SCYDINGS
84	IV:	HOW THE RICKS OF THE PACIFIC EXPRESS, THE
376	III:	HOW THE WATERFALL CAME TO THE THIRSTING MOUNTAIN—A Romaine
285	I:	HOW THE HOME WAS BUILT—Maud Lindsay
448	IV:	HOW THE GODDES OF SPRING CAME TO SCORING—Charles Kingsley
22	II:	HOW THE RICKS OF THE PACIFIC EXPRESS, THE
128	II:	HOW THE BRAZILIAN BETLES GOT THEIR GORGEOUS COATS—Disse
211	III:	HOW RABBIT MET BEER FAR-BAR
237	III:	HOW RABBIT MET BEER FAR-BAR
413	V:	HOW BROWNE DELIVERED HORROT—Retold from the Old English Epic
155	II:	HOW BROWNE DELIVERED HORROT—Retold from the Old English Epic
126	III:	HOW BROWNE DELIVERED HORROT—Retold from the Old English Epic
76	I:	HOW BROWNE DELIVERED HORROT—Retold from the Old English Epic
155	II:	HOW BROWNE DELIVERED HORROT—Retold from the Old English Epic
32	III:	HOW BROWNE DELIVERED HORROT—Retold from the Old English Epic
78	II:	HOW BROWNE DELIVERED HORROT—Retold from the Old English Epic
423	V:	HOW BROWNE DELIVERED HORROT—Retold from the Old English Epic
105	III:	HOW BROWNE DELIVERED HORROT—Retold from the Old English Epic
444	IV:	HOW BROWNE DELIVERED HORROT—Retold from the Old English Epic
82	III:	HOW BROWNE DELIVERED HORROT—Retold from the Old English Epic
303	III:	HOW BROWNE DELIVERED HORROT—Retold from the Old English Epic
132	I:	HOW BROWNE DELIVERED HORROT—Retold from the Old English Epic
184	III:	HOW BROWNE DELIVERED HORROT—Retold from the Old English Epic
284	IV:	HOW BROWNE DELIVERED HORROT—Retold from the Old English Epic
423	IV:	HOW BROWNE DELIVERED HORROT—Retold from the Old English Epic
40	IV:	HOW BROWNE DELIVERED HORROT—Retold from the Old English Epic
200	I:	HOW BROWNE DELIVERED HORROT—Retold from the Old English Epic
410	II:	HOW BROWNE DELIVERED HORROT—Retold from the Old English Epic
44	III:	HOW BROWNE DELIVERED HORROT—Retold from the Old English Epic



MY BOOK HOUSE

DICKENS, CHARLES (English, 1812-1870)

N a dirty, grimy blacking factory in London, amongst the roughest companions, once worked a delicate little fellow named Charles Dickens. He was only nine years old, shabbily dressed and underfed, and day after day he drudged, week in and week out, pasting blue labels on pots of blacking. His mother was a sweet and energetic lady, but his father was of that kindly, easy-going sort who can never support their families, and now he was shut up in the wretched Marshalsea, the squalid prison where men were confined who could not pay their debts. The boy's work was bitterly uncongenial to him. He longed so to go to school and in his secret heart had always dwelt the ambition to be a "learned and distinguished man."

When he was still a small child, Charles had lived in the country. In those days his father owned a few good books which the boy devoured with eagerness. For weeks at a time he was not Charles Dickens at all, but was living in fancy the life of some one of his heroes. Armed with a broken rod from an old pair of boot-trees, he would be Captain Somebody or other of the Royal British Navy. Then he would be beset by savages and purchase his life at the cost of a fearful scrimmage. Every barn in the neighborhood, every stone in the church, every foot of the churchyard had some association in his mind connected with his books. Now he sees one of his heroes climbing the village church steeple; now there stands another with knapsack at his back, stopping to rest by the wicket gate, and over at his village ale-house in the genial firelight, there he sees quite clearly a certain club of worthies from his little fellow, with his fancies and his secret ambitions, would tramp for miles just to look at an elegant red brick house that stood on Gad's Hill and imagine to himself that it was his and he lived in it.



M Y B O O K H O U S E

IN THE LANE—Madison Cawein	III:	95
INDIAN CHILDREN—Annette Wynne	II:	121
Indians (Legend of the Water Lily)	II:	118
Indians (George Rogers Clark and the Conquest of the Northwest)	IV:	390
Ingeborg the Fair	V:	338
INGELOW, JEAN		
Fairy Who Judged Her Neighbors, The	II:	358
IN COLUMBUS' TIME—Annette Wynne	II:	216
Iolau	IV:	423
Irascible Sacristan, The	IV:	251
IRVING, WASHINGTON		
Wolfert Webber, or Golden Dreams	V:	107
Isaac, Uncle	III:	98
Isabella, Queen	II:	204
Ishmaelites, The	V:	942
Israel (Jacob)	V:	294
Israelites, The	II:	257
IT—James Whitcomb Riley	I:	179
Ivan	IV:	26
Jacob, (Israel)	V:	294
JACOBS, JOSEPH		
Master of All Masters	II:	410
Three Sillies, The	IV:	80
Jack (Across the Fields)	I:	327
Jack (Jack and the Beanstalk)	II:	371
JACK FROST—Gabriel Setoun	II:	210
Jack-in-box, The	II:	58
Jack-o'-lantern, The (Halloween Story)	I:	352
Jack-o'-lantern (Blunder)	II:	314
Jack-o'-lantern (Judging by Appearances)	II:	175
JACKSON, HELEN HUNT		
Letter from a Cat, A	I: *15	313
James	I:	201
JAMIE WATT AND HIS GRANDMOTHER'S TEA KETTLE	II: *147	151
Jarley, Mrs.	III:	130
Java, The King of	III:	197
JAY AND THE PEACOCKS, THE—Aesop	I:	160
Jenny Wren	I: *166	163
Jerry Muskrat	I:	375
Jesse	III:	257
Jesus	II:	300
Jewel-Without-A-Price	IV:	26
JEWETT, SARAH ORNE		
Beyond the Toll-Gate	II:	434
Joanna	III:	154
JOAN OF ARC, THE STORY OF—French History	IV:	306
Joe West	III:	86
JOG ON—William Shakespeare	I:	16
Johan	III:	106
John (A Hallowe'en Story)	I:	352
JOHNNY AND THE THREE GOATS—A Norse Tale	I:	180
Jimmy Skunk	I:	375
Johnny Blossom	III:	98
Johnson, Caleb (Boyhood of Robert Fulton)	IV:	396
JOHNSON, CLIFTON		
Tale of a Black Cat, The	I:	115
Johnson, Colonel	IV:	363

T H E L A T C H K E Y

COOKE, EDMUND VANCE (Canadian, 1866-)

Mr. Cooke is a Canadian poet, born in Port Dover, Canada.

COOKE, FLORA J. (American, contemporary)

Miss Cooke is principal of the Francis Parker School, Chicago.

Important Works: *Nature Myths for Children.*

COOLIDGE, SUSAN (Sarah Chauncey Woolsey) 1848-1894.

Susan Coolidge was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and came of a family distinguished for its scholars, its cultured men and women. Her most popular children's stories are *The Katy Did Series*.

COOPER, GEORGE (American, 1840- ?)

A writer of songs and poems for children's magazines.

COX, PALMER (Canadian, 1840-)

Palmer Cox was born in Granby, Quebec, a Scotch settlement. Here he grew up, his mind filled with such tales as Scottish people tell of their favorite little elves, the Brownies, who do many a kindly deed for good folk in the dead of night. This is how he came as a man, to write his fascinating stories of *The Brownies*.

CRAIK, DINAH MARIA MULOCH (English, 1826-1887)

Miss Muloch thought her father, a clergyman, did not live up to his principles in his treatment of her mother. So in an indignant moment, she took her mother and brothers away from home and supported them by her writing. After she became Mrs. Craik she wrote her children's stories for her own little ones.

Important Works: *Adventures of a Brownie. The Little Lame Prince.*

CRANDALL, C. H. (American, 1858-)

A reporter, correspondent and editor of *The New York Tribune*.

Important Works: *Chords of Life. Wayside Music*

CROKER, THOMAS CROFTON (Irish, 1798-1854)

An Irish antiquary and humorist, born in Cork.

Important Works: *Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland. Legends of the Lakes*

DASENT, SIR GEORGE WEBB (English, 1817-1896)

An English scholar and author who wrote chiefly of the Norse.

Important Works: *The Norsemen in Ireland. Story of Burnt Njal. Heroes of Iceland. Vikings of the Baltic.*

233

THE LATCH KEY

184	III:	GOOD COMRADES OF THE FLYING SHIP, THE—A Russian Tale
71	I:	Good Cow
32	III:	Good Folk, The
326	III:	Good King, The (Prince Cherry)
71	I:	Good Pump
71	I:	Good Tree
1323	II:	Goody
133	II:	Goody Two-Shoes
279	I:	Goose, The (The Sheep and the Pig That Made a Home)
193	IV:	Gossamer Spider, THE—Charlotte M. Yonge
373	V:	Governor, The (White Aster)
111	II:	GRAHAM, KENNETH
394	II:	Ducks' Ditty, The
182	III:	Grandfather, The (Little Nell and Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works)
151	II:	Grandfather Vard
285	I:	Grandmother (How the Home was Built)
394	II:	Grandmother (Bikku Matti)
53	II:	Grandmother (Little Red Ridinghood)
226	I:	Grandmother Spider
25	I:	Granny
34	II:	Grasshopper (An Explanation of the Grasshopper)
358	II:	Grasshopper, The (The Fairy Who Judged Her Neighbors)
226	I:	GRASSHOPPER GREEN
22	I:	Grasshopper Green (Mother Spider)
112	II:	Great Bird, The
211	III:	Great Green Frog
216	III:	Great Sea Serpent, The
436	V:	Great White Deer, The
315	IV:	Green Knigh, The
327	V:	GREENWAY, KATE
58	I:	Going to See Grandamma
58	I:	Little Wind
59	I:	Tea Party, The
59	I:	Grandel's Mother
413	V:	Grandel
45	III:	Griffis, William Brior
191	III:	Pigging and Her Proud Sister
191	III:	GRIMM, WILLIAM AND JACOB
135	II:	Snow-White and Rose-Red
191	II:	Fisherman and His Wife, The
241	I:	Stories also found in Grimm: Little Girl and the Hare, The
346	I:	Shoemaker and the Elves, The
176	II:	Twelve Dancing Princesses, The
45	III:	Hansel and Gretel
26	III:	Sleeping Beauty
292	III:	Golden Bird, The
363	III:	Six Swans, The
98	IV:	Grizzly Bear, The
98	IV:	Gunnhild, Mrs.
596	IV:	Gunnhild, Christopher
251	II:	Gunner

MY BOOK HOUSE

88

Important Works: Tales of Enchantment from Spain Fairy Tales from Brazil

schools established by the Presbyterian Board of Missions. Mrs. Eels is a specialist in Hispanic folk lore. She spent three years in Brazil where her husband was superintendent of the EELS, ELSIE SPICER (American, contemporary)

Important Works: Boy Scouts in Glacier Park On the Edge of the Wilderness

City only long enough to pack up his possessions. once lived in New York, but on a vacation trip he was entranced by a beautiful garden in Stockbridge, Mass. and went back to the A dramatic critic and writer of delightful nature essays. He EATON, WALTER PRICHARD (American, 1878-)

An American poet, of the same family as Admiral Drake. DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN (American, 1795-1820)

St. Nicholas and it was she who made it a leading magazine. In 1873 Mrs. Dodge became the first editor of him *Hans Brinker*. The shop-keeper handed dam and asked for a good book to read. The shop-keeper handed every chapter of which was submitted for criticism to two Dutch-*Molley's Dutch Republic* she was inspired to write *Hans Brinker*, boys and she took up writing as a means of support. From reading a few years after her marriage she was left a widow with two small as a child and studied under tutors but never went to school. Only scientist whom she often helped in his work. She lived in New York Mary Mapes Dodge was the daughter of an eminent writer and DODGE, MARY MAPES (American, 1838-1905)

God was an ever-present friend and death a treer living. "The mere sense of living is joy enough!" she once said. To her, no laws of rhyme or rhythm, but full of vigor and deep convictions. She wrote poetry, too, startling and original verse, bound by the country round about. To every bud, bird and butterfly she was but to Emily herself it was rich and full. She knew intimately all chusets, a life most people would have thought intolerably dull. All her life long Emily Dickinson lived in Amherst, Massa- DICKINSON, EMILY (American, 1830-1886)

THE LATCH KEY

86	III:	Gurney, Ruth
80	V:	Guthrum
213	IV:	Gypsies, The
338	V:	Halfdan
		HALL, SARAH JOSEPHA
		Mary Had a Little Lamb
254	I:	HALLOWE'EN STORY, A—Elizabeth Thompson Dillingham
352	I:	Haroun-Alraschid
56	IV:	Hamilton, Governor
390	IV:	Hammerheel
12	III:	Hannibal, Lill
138	II:	Hans
184	II:	HANSEL AND GRETEL
45	III:	HAPPY DAY IN THE CITY, A—Olive Beaupre Miller
396	I:	Hare, The (Johnny and the Three Goats)
80	I:	Hare, The (The Little Girl and the Hare)
241	I:	Hare, The (The Hare and the Tortoise)
299	I:	Harlequin
354	III:	HARE AND THE TORTOISE, THE—Aesop
299	I:	Harweda, Prince (See Prince Harweda)
		Harp, The (Jack and the Beanstalk)
371	II:	HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER
		A Story About Little Rabbits.
1145	II:	HARRISON, ELIZABETH
		The Story of Christopher Columbus
204	II:	Prince Harweda and the Magic Prison
34	III:	HASSAN, THE ARAB, AND HIS HORSE
308	II:	Hastings
80	V:	Hawk, The
1163	I:	HAWKSHAW, ANN (Aunt Effie)
		Clucking Hen, The
78	I:	HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL
		Golden Touch, The
274	III:	HEIDI IN THE ALPINE PASTURE—Johanna Spyri
277	II:	Helen
313	I:	Helena
369	III:	Helge
338	V:	HENDRY, HAMISH
		White Horses
158	III:	HENNY PENNY—Sarah E. Wiltse
79	I:	Henrietta (Hexie)
315	IV:	Henry, Governor Patrick
390	IV:	RE PRAYETH BEST—Samuel T. Coleridge
76	II:	HER DAIRY—Peter Newell
81	III:	Hercules
423	IV:	HERFORD, OLIVER
		Elf and the Dormouse, The
432	I:	Hermes
423	V:	Herod
300	II:	Hermis, The (White Aster)
373	V:	Herr Pappelmeister
173	V:	Hiawatha (Hiawatha's Childhood)
431	II:	Hiawatha (Hiawatha's Fasting)
381	IV:	Hiawatha's Brothers
431	II:	Hiawatha's Chickens
431	II:	HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
431	II:	HIAWATHA'S FASTING—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
381	IV:	

THE LATCH KEY

But now here he was in London, living in wretched squalor, carrying things to sell to the pawn-broker, tying up pots of blacking and visiting his father in the miserable Marshalsea. The contrast of such an existence with the ideals of his fancy served to impress all the more strongly on his mind the odd scenes and queer characters of that poor and dirty London. In spite of his unhappiness he began, too, to see the humorous side of men and things, to draw funny pictures of the barber who came to shave his uncle, and the charwoman who helped his mother.

At length his father got out of prison and Charles was allowed two years of schooling at Mornington. But he was soon forced to go to work again and now had time only for spare moments of study in the British Museum. By the time he was nineteen, however, he had fitted himself to be a reporter and heard and reported the lively discussions in Parliament, sitting up in the gallery.

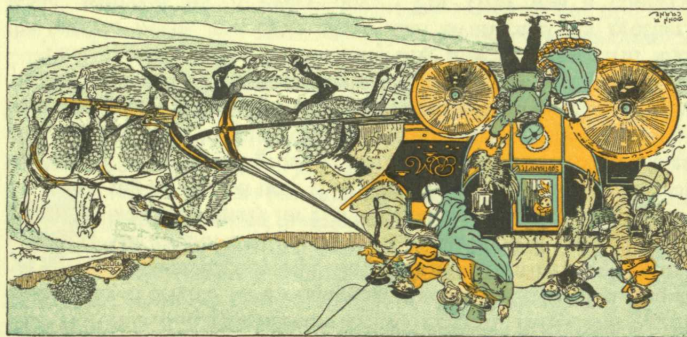
When he was only twenty-two, Dickens wrote some sketches which were published as *Sketches by Boz*. These became popular at once, and three years later *Pickwick Papers* made him famous. A novelist of the poor, before all else, was Charles Dickens, and how wonderfully rich and varied was his knowledge of all types of men and women from the London streets, knowledge gained in that hard school of the blacking factory. True, he saw men and women in a delicious vein of humor, but he often wrote most seriously, too. He can make you cry as well as laugh and his books always win your sympathy for the poor and the oppressed. Altogether, he made the world more charitable in its judgments and left it a far more tender and gracious place than he found it.

So, at last, Charles Dickens became indeed a "distinguished man," and bought for his own that elegant, red brick house on Gad's Hill, where he lived for the rest of his days.

Important Works: David Copperfield Great Expectations Oliver Twist
Dombey and Son Old Curiosity Shop Christmas Carol

are strong like her father's, and her rebellious hair is all in her eyes, and he is explaining to her a pretty book of pictures. Her features strongly-marked features. Between his knees crouches Mary Ann, ruddy fire-place sits the father, powerful and middle-aged, with There in the deep, leather-covered armchair at the right of the a Saturday night after tea, he would have seen a pretty sight. In those days, if one had looked into the Griff dining room on nearly broken-hearted.

tached that he cared less and less to play with her, Mary Ann was years old and Isaac was given a pony, to which he grew so at- doing and learning since they parted. And when she was seven anxious she was when he came home to know all that he had been she looked forward then to the coming of the holidays and how were separated, he to go to boys' school, and she to a girls'. How Mary Ann's jealous affection for Isaac suffered tortures when they younger boy and girl were left much alone together. But, alas! she used to spend a great deal of time with them, so that the like Maggie Tulliver's aunts, the highly superior Dodsons, and three worthy aunts, Mrs. Evans' sisters, who were doubtless very Chrissy, because of her neatness, was a great favorite with her



MY BOOK HOUSE

388	II	Ilwa and Annowee
387	I	Four Bad Little Foxes, The
377	I	Across the Fields
376	I	Frances, Aunt
375	I	From Quixano
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THE LATCH KEY

MY BOOK HOUSE

FRITH OF THE VIKING—Retold from the Norse Saga of Frithjof	V	338
FROG AND THE OX, THE—Aesop	I	178
Frogbit	III	242
Fullon, Robert	IV	396
Funny Old Gentleman, The	II	410
GALSWORTHY, JOHN		
April	III	394
Ganelon	V	300
Gareth	V	327
GARLAND, HAMLIN		
Night Ride in a Prairie Schooner, A	IV	183
GAUTIER, JUDITH		
Memoirs of a White Elephant, The	IV	152
Geat-men, The	V	413
Geese, The (The Turtle Who Could not Stop Talking)	I	222
General, The (Bikku Matti)	II	394
Gentleman, The (The Three Sillyies)	IV	80
George-a-Green	V	49
Gerda	III	303
GEORGE ROGERS CLARK AND THE CONQUEST OF THE NORTHWEST—Theodore Roosevelt	IV	390
Gertrude (Hansel and Grethel)	III	45
Gessler	V	290
Gew	V	436
Ghost, The (Adventures of Punch and Judy)	III	433
Giant, The Selfish	II	246
Giants, The (The Knights of the Silver Shield)	IV	204
GIDEON, THE WARRIOR	IV	402
Gideon	IV	402
GIGI AND THE MAGIC RING—Anne Macdonell	III	337
Giles Jinkson (The Bantam)	V	228
GILLESPIE, FRANCES BLISS		
Mother Spider	I	228
Gil o' the White Hand	V	49
Gingerbread Dog, A	I	144
GINGERBREAD MAN, THE—A New England Folk Tale	I	121
GIRL WHO USED HER WITS, THE—A Chinese Folk Tale	II	271
Glegg, Aunt	IV	213
Glegg, Uncle	IV	213
Gloriana, Queen of Faeryland	V	12
Goat, The (Oeyvind and Marit)	I	358
God Thor, The	IV	443
Goddess of Spring, The	IV	448
GOING A-NUTTING—Edmund Clarence Stedman	IV	149
GOING TO LONDON—Mary Mapes Dodge	I	75
GOING TO SEE GRANDMAMA—Kate Greenaway	I	58
Gold Key, A	I	112
Gold Lily	III	408
Golden Bird, The	III	292
Golden Horse, The	III	292
GOLDEN TOUCH, THE—Nathaniel Hawthorne	III	274
GOLDFINCH, THE—Odell Shepard	II	23
GOLDLOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS—An English Folk Tale	I	248



FABLES continued

160	I	Jay and the Peacocks, The (Aesop)
148	I	Lion and the Mouse, The (Aesop)
146	I	Millkmaid and Her Pail, The (Aesop)
200	I	Sandy Road, The (A Japanese Tale)
222	I	Turtle Who Could Not Stop Talking, The (East Indian)
189	IV	Story of a Spider, The (Narbonne Lyceus)
358	IV	Fairy, The (The Fairy Who Judged Her Neighbors)
322	I	Fairy and Child—Bugeane Field
326	III	Fairy Candidate
236	III	Fairy Forests—Alfred Noyes
154	III	Fairy Fortitude
91	II	Fairy Godmother
165	II	Fairy Honeycomb
376	II	Fairy of the Meadows, The
358	II	Fairy Tales (see Fairy Tales under Special Subjects Index)
12	III	Fairy who Judged Her Neighbors, The—Jean Ingelow
423	V	Fairyfoot (Augustus)
323	II	Fairy Tales and Diamonds
217	II	Fairy to the Farm—Robert Louis Stevenson
80	IV	Fairy, The (The Three Sillies)
178	I	Fairy, The (The Cat and the Mouse)
111	I	Fairy, The (The Little Gray Pony)
228	V	Fairy Blaze
146	I	Fairy Brown
190	I	Fairy's Boy, The—Old Rhyme
36	IV	Fairy's Daughter, The (The Squire's Bride)
80	IV	Fairy's Daughter, The (The Three Sillies)
80	IV	Fairy's Wife, The (The Three Sillies)
354	I	Fairy, David
285	I	Fairy (How the Home was Built)
396	I	Fairy (A Happy Day in the City)
248	I	Fairy Bear
308	II	Fairy, George
348	III	Month of March, The
12	V	Feast of Tabernacles, The—Adapted from the Bible
316	V	Ferdinand (See King Ferdinand)
316	V	Fergus Mackay
316	V	Ferrando Gonzales (Infante of Carrion)
12	V	Fiddlers
12	V	Field-Mouse, The
414	II	Field, Bugeane
322	I	Fairy and Child
144	I	Sugar Plum Tree
141	I	Wyken, Blyken and Nod
22	II	Finch, The
359	V	Finland, Land of Heroes
304	I	Finch, The
40	IV	Finch, The
191	II	Fish, The

T H E L A T C H K E Y

coal dust and walking queerly with knees bent outward from long squatting in the mines. These men were going home to throw themselves down in their blackened flannels and sleep through the daylight. In the evening they would rise and spend a good share of their wages at the ale-houses with their fellows. Everywhere were poor cottages and small, dirty children, and over all the busy noise of the loom. From windows and doorways peered the pale, eager faces of the handloom weavers, both men and women, haggard with sitting up late at night to finish their toilsome labors. These people made a deep impression on Mary Ann. They had no right whatever to vote, and had long been ground down by the tyranny of their masters. Such towns were often the scene of trades-union meetings and riots, and once, when Mary Ann was thirteen years old, she saw one of these riots in the town of Nun-eaton. It was in the year 1832, when the King had been forced, after determined opposition, to let the Reform Bill pass, and for the very first time, the poorer people had been given the right to vote for members of Parliament. So eager were they to elect their own candidate and keep out the representative of the wealthier classes, that they formed in a mob threatening and attacking those who wished to vote for their opponents. The magistrate had to call out the Scots Greys to quell the riot, but on the arrival of the soldiers the tumult increased until it assumed alarming proportions. The magistrates themselves were attacked and injured in the very discharge of their duties. Several officers of the Scots Greys were wounded and two or three men, who were attempting to reach the polls, were dragged from the protecting files of soldiers, cruelly beaten and stripped naked. This unhappy outbreak of hatred, caused by so many years of oppression, was never forgotten by Mary Ann.

An old fashioned child she was, living in a world of her own imaginations, impressionable to her finger tips, thinking deeply already, and often at odds with the hard and fast accepted beliefs

M Y B O O K H O U S E

M Y B O O K H O U S E

191	II	FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE, THE—Adapted from Wilhelm & Jacob Grimm
206	III	FISHERMAN WHO CAUGHT THE SUN, THE—A Hawaiian Legend
141	I	Fishermen Three, The I: *324
329	II	Fitzwarren, Alice
329	II	Fitzwarren, Mr.
293	I	FLAG GOES BY, THE—Henry Holcomb Bennett
12	III	Fleecefold
186	I	Flopsy Rabbit
112	II	Flying-fox
251	III	FOG, THE—Carl Sandburg
FOLK TALES		
220	III	Adventures of Yehl (Alaskan)
115	I	Tale of a Black Cat, The (American)
339	I	Shingebiss (American Indian)
117	II	Legend of the Water Lily, The (American Indian)
216	II	Man Who Loved Hai Quai, The (American Indian)
138	II	Li'l Hannibal (American Negro)
145	II	Story About the Little Rabbits, A (American Negro)
237	III	How Brer Rabbit Met Brer Tar Baby (American Negro)
121	I	Gingerbread Man, The (American, New England)
40	IV	Magic Horse, The (Arabian)
57	IV	Story of the Talking Bird (Arabian)
112	II	Right Time to Laugh, The (Austrian)
145	III	Twelve Months, The (Bohemian)
128	II	How the Brazilian Beetles Got Their Gorgeous Coats (Brazilian)
211	III	How Night Came (Brazilian)
165	III	Strong Boy, The (Canadian)
388	I	Boy Who Wanted the Impossible, The (Chinese)
271	II	Girl Who Used Her Wits, The (Chinese)
384	III	Through a Mouse-hole (Czech)
69	III	Marvelous Pot, The (Danish)
262	III	Rhodosip and Her Little Gilded Sandals (Egyptian)
178	I	Cat and the Mouse, The (English)
248	I	Goldilocks and the Three Bears (English)
60	I	Little Red Hen and the Grain of Wheat, The (English)
171	I	Maggie's Nest, The (English)
336	I	Teeny Tiny (English)
329	II	Dick Whittington and His Cat (English)
371	II	Jack and the Beanstalk (English)
410	II	Master of All Masters (English)
262	II	Story of Tom Thumb, The (English)
242	III	Meilrot (English)
82	III	Wise Men of Gotham, The (English)
80	IV	Three Sillies, The (English)
22	II	Battle of the Firefly and the Apes, The (Filipino)
22	II	How the Finch Got Her Colors (Flemish)
165	II	Cinderella (French)
323	II	Toads and Diamonds (French) II: *353
326	II	Prince Cherry (French)
241	I	Little Girl and the Hare, The (German)
346	I	Shoemaker and the Elves, The (German)
191	II	Fisherman and His Wife, The (German)
135	II	Snow-white and Rose-red (German)
176	II	Twelve Dancing Princesses (German)
45	III	Hansel and Gretel (German)
292	III	Golden Bird, The (German)
363	III	Six Swans, The (German)

T H E L A T C H K E Y

much to the sorrow of her mother who sits busily knitting on the opposite side of the fire. Near the mother, all prim and tidy, is the older sister with her work, and between the two groups is the boy, who keeps assuring himself by perpetual search that none of his favorite means of amusement is escaping from his pockets!

Mr. Evans was already very proud of the astonishing and growing intellect of his little girl. Now, when she came home for the holidays, she and Isaac would devise and act out charades before their aunts and the Griff household, and these were so cleverly done that even the aunts had to admit that their niece of the rebellious hair was a person of real ability.

From a very early age Mary Ann was accustomed to accompany her father on his drives through the neighborhood. Standing between his knees as he drove leisurely along, she drank in eager impressions of the country and its people. In the Warwickshire of those days they passed rapidly from one phase of English life to another. Now they drove through the countryside with green fields and hedge-rows stretching away as far as the eye could see, and all the people they met were farmers and countryfolk; now they passed a fine old park which shut in some noble mansion house and allowed just a glimpse of its treasure to shine here and there through the trees. Grey steeples there were, too, pricking the sky, and green and shady churchyards. Then, in another moment they would come upon barren land all blackened with coal-pits, and look down suddenly over a village dingy and dirty with coal dust. Soon they would clatter along on the pavement of a manufacturing town. Powerful men they saw here, grimy with



but so many houses for pigeons. Such time as he has left from these duties he gives to his teaching! And the room where little Henri goes to school! It is at once a school, a kitchen, a bedroom, a dining room, a chicken house and a pigery! There is a ladder leading up out of it to the loft above, whence the schoolmaster sometimes brings down hay for his ass, or a basket of potatoes for the house-wife. That loft is the only other room in the house. The school room has a monumental fire-place, adorned with enormous bellows and a shovel so huge that it takes two hands to lift it. On either side of the hearth are recesses in the wall. These recesses are beds, and each has two sliding planks that serve as doors and shut in the sleeper at night, so he may lie cozy and snug while the North-wind howls without. Over in the sunny nook by the window stands the master's desk, and opposite, in a wall-niche, gleam a copper water-pail and rows of shining pewter dishes. Well might every spot on the wall that is touched by the light be adorned with a gay-colored half-penny picture. There is the lovely Genevieve of Brabant with her roe, and the fierce villain, Golo, hiding, sword in hand, darkly in the bushes. There is the Wandering Jew with hobnailed boots and a stout stick, his long, white beard falling, like an avalanche of snow, over his apron to his knees. What a source of constant delight to Henri are these pictures! How they hold his eye with their color—great patches of red, blue and green! On three-legged stools before the hearth sit the little scholars, and there before them, in an enormous cauldron over the flames, hangs the pigs' food, simmering and giving off jets of steam with a puff-puff-puffing sound. Sometimes the boys take care to leave the school room door open. Then the little porkers, attracted by the smell of the food, come running in. They go trotting up to Henri, grunting and curling their little tails, questioning with their sharp little eyes, and poking their cold, pink snouts into his hand in search of a chestnut or scrap of bread. The master flicks his handkerchief—snick! Off go the little pigs! All to no use! A

MY BOOK HOUSE

18	I:	GRADLE SONG—Elizabeth Prentiss
58	II:	Cox, Palmer
80	V:	Brownies in the Toy Shop, The
142	IV:	Cowboy, The
121	I:	Cow, The
342	II:	Countryman, The
186	I:	Cotton-Tail Rabbit
124	IV:	Corrigan
98	IV:	Copperfield, David
57	II:	October's Party
326	I:	Come Little Leaves
315	IV:	Cooper, Gorge
411	II:	Secret Door, The
332	I:	Coilidge, Susan
123	II:	Cooby, The North Wind's
74	I:	COOKY, THE—Laura B. Richards
1234	I:	Cooper, Flora J.
87	II:	COOKY, EDWARD VANCE
74	II:	Child in a Mexican Garden, A
326	I:	CONKING, GRACE HAZARD
133	II:	CONCOBAR MACNESS, KING (See King Concoobar MacNessa)
204	II:	COMING OF THE KING, THE—Laura E. Richards
354	III:	COME LITTLE LEAVES—George Cooper
76	II:	Comb, Polly
155	II:	COMBING AND HER FLAVELLOWS OF THE ITALIAN PANTOMIME
83	I:	Coleridge, Samuel
212	I:	COCK, THE ROSE AND THE LITTLE RED HEN, THE—Felicite Le Fevre
279	I:	COCK, THE SHEEP AND THE FLY THAT MADE A HOME
212	I:	Cock, The (The Sheep and the Little Hen)
231	I:	COBBER, THE
251	IV:	COBBER, THE
218	V:	COBY-BAY, THE OUTLAW HORSE—Ernest Thompson Seton
268	III:	Cyrene
123	I:	CLUCKING BEN, THE—Ann Hawkshawe (Aunt Ethie)
354	III:	CLYTTIE—Flora J. Cooke
107	I:	Clouds and Waves—Rabindranath Tagore
106	I:	Clouds (Mother Goose)
273	III:	CLOUD, THE—Percy Bysshe Shelley
251	IV:	CLOCKS OF ROMANIAN, THE—Frank R. Stockton
390	IV:	Clark, George Rogers
427	I:	CITY SMOKE—Oliver Beaupre Miller
386	II:	CIRCUS PARADE, THE—Oliver Beaupre Miller
165	II:	CINDERELLA—Adapted from Perrault
165	II:	Circles of the Cid
316	V:	Cid and His Daughters, A
316	V:	Cid and His Daughters, A Tale of the Cid and His Daughters, A
348	III:	Cid and His Daughters, A Tale of the Cid and His Daughters, A
396	V:	Chain, the Smith

THE LATCH KEY

MY BOOK HOUSE



142	III:	CRAIK, DINAH MARIA MULOCH
123	IV:	Shaking of the Pear-Tree, The
337	V:	CRANDALL, C. H.
98	III:	Train, The
150	I:	Craven, A
390	IV:	CREDIT TO THE SCHOOL, A—Dickens Zwilgmeyer
74	I:	Creep
63	II:	Creoles, The
130	I:	Cricket
396	V:	CROKER, T. CROFTON
386	I:	Daniel O'Rourke
412	IV:	Cross Old Woman, The
12	V:	Crow, The (The Crow and the Pitcher)
107	V:	CROW AND THE PITCHER, THE—Aesop
19	II:	CUCHULAIN THE IRISH HOUND—Ancient Gaelic Songs
126	III:	Daddy
101	I:	Danae
109	I:	Dame Celia
408	IV:	Dame Webber
74	III:	DAME WIGGINS OF LEE—Mary E. Sharpe & John Ruskin
100	I:	DANCE OF THE FOREST PEOPLE, THE—Albert Bigelow Paine
237	II:	Dancing Bear, The
52	III:	Dandelion, The
211	III:	DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN—The Bible
306	V:	DANIEL O'ROURKE—Adapted from T. Crofton Croker
257	III:	DARING PRINCE, A—James Whitcomb Riley
98	IV:	Darius, King. (See King Darius.)
237	II:	Dasaratha. (See King Dasaratha.)
52	III:	DASENT, SIR GEORGE WEBB
211	III:	Boots and His Brothers
306	V:	Princess on the Glass Hill, The
257	III:	Daughter of the Great Sea Serpent, The
98	IV:	Dauphin Charles VII
388	I:	DAVID AND GOLIATH—The Bible
85	IV:	DAVID COPPERFIELD AND LITTLE EM'LY—Charles Dickens
267	III:	DAVIS, MARY HAYES and CHOW-LEUNG
213	IV:	Boy Who Wanted the Impossible, The
213	IV:	Davy
213	IV:	DAY, A—Emily Dickinson
213	IV:	Deane, Lucy
213	IV:	Deane, Mr.
213	IV:	Deane, Mrs.
322	I:	DEAR-MY-SOUL
275	IV:	DEAR SENSIBILITY—Old Rhyme
326	III:	DE BEAUMONT, MADAME LA PRINCESS
315	IV:	Prince Cherry
396	V:	Deborah
69	II:	Declera, Queen
436	V:	Deer
57	IV:	Deers of Mazinderan
57	IV:	Dervish, The
422	III:	Devout Old Woman, The
423	IV:	Diamond
329	II:	Diana
98	IV:	DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT
130	III:	DICKENS, CHARLES
	IV:	David Copperfield and Little Em'ly
	III:	Little Nell and Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works

THE LATCH KEY

bird? He must discover. True, he dares not venture too far away. There are wolves about, you know. Just there it is, the sound, behind that clump of broom. The boy puts out his hand. In vain! At the faintest little noise the brushwood jingle ceases. At last! Whoosh! A grab of the hand and he holds the singer fast. It is not a bird; it is a kind of grasshopper, and the boy knows now from his own observation that the grasshopper sings.

Ah, well-a-day! Now he is going back to the town of St. Léons in southern France where he was born. His father has sent for him to go to school. The schoolmaster of St. Léons is Henri's godfather, and what a man he is! He is not only schoolmaster; he is village barber as well and shaves all the notables, the mayor and parish priest. He is the bell-ringer who must interrupt his lessons to ring a merry peal for a wedding or a christening. He is choir-master and fills the church with his mighty voice at vespers. He is care-taker of the village clock and climbs every day to the top of the steeple where he opens a huge cage of rafters and performs some miraculous windings amidst a maze of wheels and springs. He is manager of the property of an absentee landlord, directs the getting in of the hay, the walnuts, the apples and oats; he takes care of an old vacant castle with four great towers which are now



gladdened by their calmness and distressed by their terrified guesses. They are his friends. In the morning the sun rises behind their transparent screen and ascends in its glory. Where does it come from? To the boy, those trees seem the boundary of the world. In this cozy little sanctuary, with such an outlook, Henri keeps all his treasures. It is not too many treasures that he is allowed to keep.

Once he was sent up the hillside by the path that climbed behind the chateau to the pond. He was to lead their twenty-four downy ducklings to the water. What a delight that pond was to him. On the warm mud of its edge the Frog's baby, the little Tadpole, basks and frisks in its black legions. At the bottom are beautiful shells and little worms carrying tufts and feathers. Above, the reeds and water are swarming with busy life. It is a whole immense world for Henri to observe. What are all those little creatures about? What are they doing? What are their names? While the ducklings rummage delightedly, head-downward and stern-upward in the water, Henri looks carefully about. There are some soot-colored knots like strands of old yarn in the mud. He lifts one up. It slips sticky and slack through his fingers, but look! a few of the knots have burst, and out comes a black globule the size of a pinhead, followed by a flat tail. He recognizes, on a small scale, the Frog's baby, and has found out that these are her eggs. Enough! he disturbs the knots of yarn no more.

When he goes home that night his pockets are bulging with treasures. He has found stones that glitter like diamonds, and something like gold dust amidst the sand. On the alder trees he has found that beautiful beetle, the sacred scarab. It is of an unutterable blue, a living jewel that pales the azure of the sky. He puts the glorious one in an empty snail shell which he plugs up with a leaf. He will take it home to observe it at leisure. But when he reaches the cottage and mother and father see his pockets like to be torn to pieces by their burden his father cries:

MY BOOK HOUSE

THE LATCH KEY

moment later, behold, in the doorway, old Madame Hen with her velvet-coated brood! The boys crumble pieces of bread and vie with each other to call the little chicks to them. Ah! their backs are so downy and soft to tickle with your fingers!

It was not much little Henri could learn in such a school. No! he held a book up in front of his face but he never even learned his letters! One day his father brings him home a gaily-colored print, divided into squares, in each of which an animal teaches the alphabet by means of his name. A is for Ass, and so on! Little Henri is overjoyed. Those speaking pictures bring him among his friends. Animals forever! The beasts have taught him his letters!

But now where shall he keep his precious print? He has a little sanctuary that he has appropriated to himself in their humble home. It is a window in a cozy recess like the schoolmaster's. From there he can overlook the whole village as it straggles along the hillside. Way down in the hollow is the church with its three steeples and its clock. A little higher up lies the village square where a fountain falls from basin to basin beneath a high-arched roof. Sprinkled over the slopes above, lie little houses with garden patches rising in terraces banked up by tottering walls. Between, are steep lanes cut out of the solid rock, lanes so steep that even the sure-footed mules, with their loads of branches, hesitate to enter them. High above all, standing out against the sky, a few wind-battered oaks bristle on the ridges. Those trees are Henri's friends and he loves them dearly. In stormy weather they bow their heads and turn their backs to the wind. They bend and toss about as though to uproot themselves and take to flight. How often has Henri watched them writhing like madmen when the North-wind's besom raises the snow-dust; and then tomorrow they stand motionless, still and upright, against a fair blue sky. What are they doing up there, those desolate trees? He is



40	IV:	Cashmere, Sultan of
150	IV:	Mock Turtle's Song, The
352	I:	CARROLL, LEWIS
32	III:	Mr. Moon
40	IV:	CARMAN, BLISS
354	IV:	Captain of the Guard, The
12	II:	CAT THAT MOTHER MADE, THE—A Swedish Tale
163	V:	Compadore (The Cat)
182	II:	CAMPBELL, LUCIE
423	V:	Peeny Pen Pone
300	II:	CAMPBELL, LAURA
353	IV:	Carpso
96	III:	Caesar Augustus
32	III:	Solitude
46	III:	BYRON, LORD
78	V:	Kids
289	V:	BYRNER, WITTER
375	I:	Buzur
117	IV:	Bullseye
240	I:	Butcher, The
64	III:	Winter Neighbors
71	I:	BURKOVICH, JOHN
32	III:	Burnside
122	III:	BURNS, ROBERT
137	III:	Burnside
353	III:	Burnside
112	II:	BURNS, ROBERT
314	IV:	Planting of the Apple Tree, The
283	IV:	March
302	II:	BRYANT, WILLIAM CILLEN
58	II:	Bush-hill
434	II:	Caesar
434	II:	Cavalier Tune, A
12	III:	BROWNING, ROBERT
164	II:	Child's Thought of God, A
285	I:	BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT
47	II:	BROWNING IN THE TOY SHOP, THE—Palmer Cox
160	II:	Brownie
112	III:	Brown, Miss Rhody
112	III:	Brown, Miss Rhody
112	III:	Story of Parlyloot, The
112	III:	BROWN, FRANCIS
112	III:	Brownberry
112	III:	Friends
112	III:	Brown, Abby Farwell
112	III:	Brother Tom
112	III:	BROOKLET'S STORY, THE—Margaret Sidney Lohrop

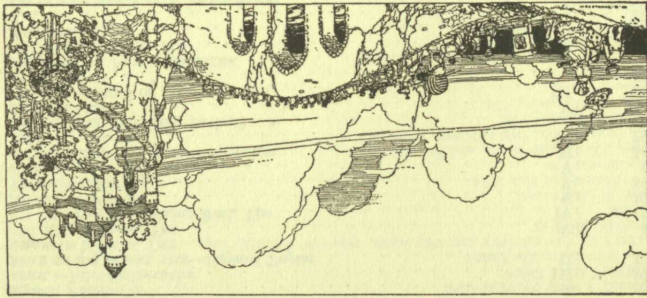
THE LATCH KEY

MY BOOK HOUSE

412	IV:	Cassiopeia, Queen
155	II:	Cassowary
337	III:	Cat, The (Gigi)
84	I:	Cat, The (Belling the Cat)
178	I:	Cat, The (The Cat and the Mouse)
178	I:	CAT AND THE MOUSE, THE—An English Folk Tale
383	III:	CATARACT OF LODORE, THE—Robert Southey
276	IV:	Catarina
46	II:	Caterpillar, The
276	IV:	CATHER, KATHERINE DUNLAP
112	III:	Boy of Cadore, The
106	III:	Duty That Was Not Paid, The
327	I:	Luck Boy of Toy Valley, The
314	IV:	Catherine (Across the Fields)
326	IV:	CAVALIER TUNE, A—Robert Browning
95	III:	CAVALIER'S ESCAPE, THE—Walter Thornbury
215	III:	CAWEIN, MADISON
423	IV:	In the Lane
90	V:	Twilight, The
76	I:	Cepheus, King (See King Cepheus.)
245	II:	Cerberus
90	V:	CERVANTES, MIGUEL DE
245	II:	Surprising Adventures of Don Quixote, The (Arranged by Frances Jenkins Olcott)
300	V:	CHAMPA FLOWER, THE—Rabindranath Tagore
182	IV:	CHANSON DE ROLAND
201	I:	Story of Roland, The
12	V:	CHAPMAN, ARTHUR
300	V:	Plains' Call, The
182	IV:	Charles (Quick-running Squash)
201	I:	Charissa
12	V:	Charlemagne, Emperor
326	V:	CHAUCER, GEOFFREY
326	V:	Perfect Knight, A
326	V:	Cherry, Prince. (See Prince Cherry)
326	IV:	Chestnut Kate
57	II:	Chestnuts
220	III:	Chet!
294	V:	Chief Baker, The
294	V:	Chief Butler, The
363	IV:	Chief Corn-Planter
369	III:	Chief Minister, The
155	II:	Chief of the Parrots
74	II:	CHILD IN A MEXICAN GARDEN, A—Grace A. Conkling
87	II:	Children, The (Coming of the King)
419	I:	Children of Israel, The (The Babe Moses)
402	IV:	Children of Israel, The (Gideon, the Warrior)
402	IV:	Children of the East, The
149	II:	CHILD'S PLAY—Laura E. Richards
302	II:	CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD, A—Elizabeth Barrett Browning
144	I:	Chocolate Cat, A
314	II:	CHOLLET, LOUISE E.
388	I:	Blunder
218	II:	CHOW-LEUNG & MARY HAYES DAVIS
204	II:	Boy Who Wanted the Impossible, The
218	II:	CHRISTENING THE BABY IN RUSSIA—Arthur Ransome
204	II:	CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, THE STORY OF—Elizabeth Harrison

251	IV:	Anton, Uncle
423	V:	Antinous
402	IV:	Angel of the Lord, The
412	IV:	Andromeda
101	I:	What Else the Moon Saw
69	I:	Thimble
414	II:	Swineherd, The
270	IV:	Snow Queen, The
303	III:	Olé-Luk-Olé
172	I:	Emperor's New Clothes, The
75	V:	Andersen, Hans Christian
396	V:	Cuchulainn, the Irish Hound
107	V:	ANCIENT GAELIC SONGS
402	IV:	Amy Webber
316	V:	Amulettes, The
161	I:	Alvar Fanez
1370	II:	Alm-Tadmra, Lawrence
122	II:	Song of the Leprechaun or Fairy Shoemaker
49	V:	Allyn-a-dale
260	II:	Alfred, the Saxon
204	IV:	Alfred, Thomas Baller
85	IV:	Allden, Raymond MacDonald
423	IV:	Alcott, Louisa M.
		Alcmena (See King Alchonus)

AND IMPORTANT CHARACTERS



THE LATCH KEY

MY BOOK HOUSE

Apollo, Phoebus	III:	268
APRIL—John Galsworthy	III:	394
ARAB TO HIS HORSE, THE—Bayard Taylor	II:	313
ARABIAN NIGHTS, THE		
Magic Horse, The	IV:	40
Story of the Talking Bird, The	IV:	57
Archangel Michael	V:	306
Archbishop Turpin	V:	300
Archimago	V:	12
ARIEL'S SONG—William Shakespeare	II:	369
Arla	IV:	251
Arthur, King (See King Arthur)		
Arthur-a-bland	V:	49
ARUMAN, A HERO OF JAVA	III:	197
Arsang	V:	436
ASBJORNSEN, PETER CHRISTEN		
Squire's Bride, The	IV:	36
Ashiebattle	II: *157	1161
Ass, The	I:	245
ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN, THE—Aesop	I:	245
ASSEMBLING OF THE FAYS, THE—Joseph Rodman Drake	III:	11
Asta	III:	98
Augeus, King (See King Augeus)	IV:	432
Aulad, the Guide	V:	436
Austin Wentworth	V:	228
Avdyeich, Martin	IV:	194
Baba Yaga	IV:	26
BABBITT, ELLEN C.		
Sandy Road, The	II:	200
BABE MOSES, THE—The Bible	I: *420	1419
BABE OF BETHLEHEM, THE—The Bible	II:	300
Babieca	V:	316
Babka Tanya	II:	218
Baby Gustavus Adolphus	I:	285
Baby Ray	I:	71
BABY SEED SONG—Edith Nesbit	I:	221
Bac, The Reindeer	III:	303
BACON, JOSEPHINE DASKAM		
Sleepy Song, The	I:	6
Late	I:	1294
Bahman, Prince (See Prince Bahman)		
BAILEY, CAROLYN SHERWIN		
Little Rabbit Who Wanted Red Wings, The	I:	151
Nutcracker and Sugar-dolly Stories, The	II:	91
Story of Li'l Hannibal	II:	138
Baker, The	I:	78
Balloon, The	IV:	117
Balder (Norse god)	V:	338
BANNOCKBURN—Robert Burns	V:	289
Barbara	II:	434
Barbary, King of	II:	329
Barber, The (Adventures of Don Quixote)	V:	90
BARBER'S, THE—Walter de la Mare	II: *89	1323
BARNUM, PHINEAS T.		
Adventures of General Tom Thumb, The	IV:	163
Baron Revendal	V:	173
BARR, MATTHIAS		
Moon, So Round and Yellow	I:	68

that guided them, how surely each fulfilled his given task. True, those little creatures built their nests, how certain was the power. In instinct he saw the lofty evidence of God. How wonderfully home, back over vast and unknown spaces, surely to their nests, bee and the wasp, though they may be carried miles away from and awe he stood before the unerring Power that guides the wild marvelous instinct that directed all their ways. With reverence observed his alive and sought the secret of their life from the insected insects and sought the secret of their life from death; Fabre them, how accurately he observed them. Other scientists dis- its history. How he loved them all, how tenderly he wrote of Here those little creatures each told the student its secret and the sweet air full of insects humming and heavy with perfume. was the hermitage at Serignan, and its garden a riot of verdure, A pink house with green shutters, half hidden among trees, for his studies!

served its time as a flowerpot he can kick it into bits! He is free again! He can plant a flower in his old silk hat, and when it has be! he can doff his professor's coat and don the peasant's blouse can leave off teaching and buy a little house at Serignan. Glory at last, he has acquired a modest income from his writings. He goes. For thirty years of patient struggle, so it goes. But now, manded! He must wear a "topper" like his fellows! And so it Fabre in a little slouch hat! It is unseemly! He must be retri- and high silk hat betting a Professor. Fie! There goes Professor and to learn. He does not like to wear the long, slick, black coat for the forms and ceremonies of the world. He cares only to study, In the simplicity of his heart he cares nothing for worldly honors, is Professor Fabre, and finds little favor with his fellow teachers, him so little time to study his precious insects. He is peculiar, too, ends meet? Only by teaching, teaching, teaching, and that leaves mated, too, and has a family to keep. How can he make both The salary paid Professor Fabre is but a patty pittance. He is

MY BOOK HOUSE

THE LATCH KEY

Henri may go to school where he can really learn. His father, however, is never truly successful. He is always poor. Bad days come again when Henri must leave his lessons and earn his bread as best he may, now selling lemons under the arcades of the market at the fair of Beaucaire, or before the barracks of the Pré, another day enlisting in a gang of day-laborers to work on the road. Gloomy days those were, lonely and despairing, but in spite of all, the boy's love of nature and his passion for learning upheld him. Often, too, some creature kept him company, some insect never seen before. Today he is hungry, but he finds for the first time the pine-chafer, that superb beetle whose black or chestnut coat is sprinkled with specks of white velvet, and which squeaks when you capture him, with a slight complaining sound. Enough! Henri's hunger is forgotten.

When he is nineteen, Henri takes a competitive examination and enters the normal school of Carpentras. He finishes the very simple schooling there, and then, little as he knows, he begins to teach others. What a teacher he is, studying right along with his pupils and learning through teaching them, puzzling out for himself, with passionate devotion, every branch of science, and teaching as he goes. Now he holds his chemistry class with rudest, home-made instruments, in the dusky, vaulted nave of an old, abandoned, Gothic church, which has once seemed to him like some wizard's den, with its rusty, old weather-cock creaking atop its steeple, the great bats flitting among the gargoyles and the owls hooting on the roof. Now he takes his pupils out among the fields to study nature "at the ineffable festival of the awakening of life in the Spring."

His pupils love him dearly, but alas! education is still held in little esteem in France.



THE LATCH KEY

contains all the explanatory material which has been reserved for this book in order that no smallest note of adult or professional thought might mar the childlikeness of the other volumes.

ART AND ARTISTS IN MY BOOK HOUSE.

HATEVER material we have used throughout the collection we have invariably aimed to present from the child's standpoint, so he would love the books. Accordingly, we have made much of the matter of illustrations and cover, by which the books first catch his attention and charm him through the eye. The influence of art for good has long been recognized, and the soul of the child filled full of the love for beauty has far less room to admit any ugliness than the soul of the child to whom hideousness seems natural.

The same careful consideration given to the editorial preparation of **MY BOOK HOUSE** has been adhered to in its art. In the illustrations throughout there breathes a joyous childlikeness. The colors, while invariably interesting, are never flashy, gaudy or disgusting, but always harmonious and restful. The artists contributing number many of our best known illustrators. They were, nevertheless, not selected for their prominence, but because of the strength of their individual appeal to the child, and their particular suitability to the subject in hand. Thus, instead of letting any one artist do all the work, we have always selected the one particularly suited to the special subject of each story and, as a result, **MY BOOK HOUSE** is a remarkable collection of the work of America's foremost illustrators for children, at their very best.

To sum up everything, we have tried, as intelligently and lovingly as possible, in **MY BOOK HOUSE**, to give the child the best literature obtainable, to gather it from a very wide variety of sources, covering many ages and many peoples, that his thought might sweep out broadly, to grade all this material as intelligently as we could, and to put it forth in such form that it would be irresistible.



THE LATCH KEY

MY BOOK HOUSE

FIELD, EUGENE (American, 1850-1895)

HE "feller" who knew so much about "Seein' Things at Night" and all his life long had the heart of a boy, was born in St. Louis, but his mother died when he was seven years old and he was brought up by a cousin in Amherst, Massachusetts. His grandmother had high hopes of turning him out a minister and used to offer him ninepence to write her a sermon. O, what a merry twinkle in his eye, did not grow up to be a preacher. He became a newspaper man and the beloved poet of childhood. For twelve years he worked on the Chicago *Daily News* but his heart was most at one with the children who played on the vacant lots near his home. And what a man he was for a joke! If he felt that an increase of salary was his due, could he go and ask for it in the ordinary way? No, not he! He must appear in the office of his Chief dressed in rags, with four of his children like-wise in rags. They all make pleading gestures, fall on their knees and pretend to weep, while he cries beseechingly, "Please, Mr. Stone, can't you see your way to raise my salary?"

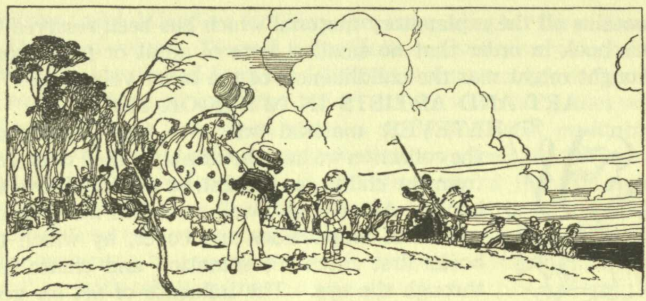
Tenderness, beauty, fun, love of fables, witches and childhood,—all these he preserved in the midst of Chicago's work-a-day world. **FRANCE, ANATOLE** (Anatole Thibaut) French, 1844—

The light and air of Paris were the native atmosphere of little Anatole Thibaut. As a child he watched the dairy girls carrying milk and the coal-heavers, coal, into all the houses of the Latin Quarter. He lived among the riverside streets and quays of the Seine, where his father was a poor book-seller, and his dearest friends were the wise old books. How he loved the river, too, "which by day mirrored the sky and bore boats on its breast, by night decked itself with jewels and sparkling flowers." He grew up the most French of Frenchmen and, when he began to write, he boldly took the name France in place of Thibaut.

Important Works: Our Children (Illustrated by Boulet de Monvel)
Girls and Boys.



MY BOOK HOUSE



INDEX OF AUTHORS, TITLES

	*First edition	†Second edition		
ACORN AND THE PUMPKIN, THE—La Fontaine			III:	290
<i>Acrisus</i>			IV:	412
ACROSS THE FIELDS—Anatole France			I:	327
ADDRESS TO NEW-MADE CITIZENS, AN—Woodrow Wilson			V:	217
<i>Adrian Harley</i>			V:	228
ADVENTURES OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK, THE			IV:	328
ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE, THE—Miguel de Cervantes, Arranged by Frances Jenkins Olcott			V:	90
ADVENTURES OF GENERAL TOM THUMB, THE—Phineas T. Barnum			IV:	163
ADVENTURES OF PERSEUS, THE—A Greek Myth			IV:	412
ADVENTURES OF YEHL AND THE BEAMING MAIDEN, THE—An Alaskan Legend			III:	220
<i>Aeolus, God of the Wind</i>			V:	228
AESOP				
Ass in the Lion's Skin, The			I:	245
Belling the Cat			I:	84
Boy Who Cried Wolf, The			I:	372
Crow and the Pitcher, The			I:	130
Dog in the Manger, The			I:	157
Donkey and the Lap-Dog, The		I: *110	I:	111
Fox and the Stork, The			I:	104
Frog and the Ox, The			I:	178
Hare and the Tortoise, The			I:	299
Jay and the Peacocks, The			I:	160
Lion and the Mouse, The			I:	148
Milkmaid and Her Pail, The			I:	146
Mountains That Labored, The			II:	*342
Two Crabs, The			I:	113
Wind and the Sun, The			I:	119
AFAR IN THE DESERT —Thomas Pringle			III:	226
<i>Ahmed</i>			III:	252
<i>Aktosh</i>			V:	373

THE LATCH KEY

the ugliness he saw in that little world troubled his tender spirit,—the cannibalism, the brutality of manners, the murders and assassinations. Here was something to wish done away. But far above all else, he marveled at the wonderful intelligence that directed there, and throughout nature he adored the great Eternal Power whose imprint is everywhere.

Studying in his sunny garden, Fabre not only loved insects himself, but he also taught others to love them. He was the first to cast away in his writings the long words and dry scientific phrases which other scientists used and which seemed to him like some barbarous Iroquois tongue. He wrote as the poet writes. For him the cricket was not some creature with a long Latin name, but "the brown violinist of the clods," and that voracious diving beetle that feeds on all the other insects of the water, was not the Dytiscus only, but the "pirate of the ponds." He tells us how at break of day "the bee pops her head out of her attic window to see what the weather is" and how "the timid spider of the thickets suspends by ethereal cables the branching whorls of his snare which the tears of the night have turned into chaplets of jewels." What fairy tale could equal to him the wonder of the butterfly bursting from the cocoon, or the marvelous unfolding of the locust's iridescent wings? He had his flesh-eating ogres too, his pirates and assassins, his modest and industrious little workers with their thousand curious callings, and his pigmy princes clad in gold and purple, dazzling with embroidery, adorned with lofty plumes, displaying their diamonds, their topazes and sapphires, gleaming with fire or shining like mirrors, magnificent of mien. To him, the best fairy book ever written could be read by simply upturning a stone. And so little Henri discovered the Fairyland of Science and revealed it to the world.

Important Works: The Story Book of Science Life of the Spider Life of the Fly
FAULKNER, GEORGENE (American contemporary, 1873—)
"The Story Lady" is one of Chicago's favorite story tellers. Dressed in costume, she often tells stories of foreign lands.

THE LATCH KEY

at first he does not understand the words? The very rhythm, music and melody of the good rhymes and lullabies soothe, quiet and train him. Why not let a child's ear for poetry be thus trained from the very beginning and so give him something good instead of something bad from the cradle?

IN THE NURSERY

HE first volume of MY BOOK HOUSE, *In the Nursery*, has been very carefully worked out to meet just this need of the young child, and is perhaps as remarkable for what it excludes as for what it includes. It is made up of a most careful selection of nursery rhymes, leading on gradually to the very simplest rhythmic stories, demanding at each step a little more attention and concentration, a little more and a little more, till the child is led on naturally to listen to the more complicated stories. The child's next need after Mother Goose is always for these short rhythmic stories in prose, stories of the simplest possible plot, construction and wording. It is not yet possible to hold his attention on one subject for any great length of time, and the charm of rhythm is still a great factor in the appeal for his interest.



In *The Nursery* has almost no fairy tales. The child is as yet so young that the supernatural element confuses him. He is just learning the real world about him, and does not know where to place fairies and elves. I once met a little boy of three to whom a volume of Grimm was being read. He was a delicate, peevish, over-wrought little creature and had fairies and angels and Santa Claus and God all in a hopeless muddle. So the stories and poems in *In the Nursery* deal with the actual world to which the child is just awakening, and are crammed full of the beauty and joy of earth and sky, of wind and sun, of bird and bee and flower.

ON THROUGH MY BOOK HOUSE

The second volume, *Up One Pair of Stairs*, is designed to expand the child's thought, give him stories of child life in other

MY BOOK HOUSE

countries, and introduce to him the more simple fairy tales.

The third volume, *Through Fairy Halls*, is distinctively the book of fairy tales, gathered from the folk lore of almost every nation in the world. The child has now reached the age when fairy tales will no longer confuse him, when you can safely and most profitably give them to him. Quite unconsciously he now feels the fairy as a great spiritual force for good, always appearing at just the right time, to restore justice, to aid and protect virtue, to offer golden opportunities; and as unconsciously he feels the trolls and giants and monsters to be examples of evil, of cruelty, overbearance and bestiality, with whose wiping off the slate he heartily and rightly sympathizes. As these evil creatures are most useful in symbolizing to the child all those qualities which he does not want, we need only, in dealing with them, avoid the pitfall which makes many writers, in their anxiety to make ugliness appear ugly, make it so hideously ugly as to be terrifying. This is unfortunately true of many giant stories. The important questions always are, What is the impression this story is going to leave with the child? What qualities is it going to call out in him? If the story has left him with a sense of terror, and appealed only to his love of the sensational, it has accomplished nothing, and while we can by no means afford to compromise with bestiality and make it appear less than ugly, we still must be wise and sane in our dealing with this question.

Thus the third volume, *Through Fairy Halls*, is chiefly fairy tales, but it is well balanced, as are all these volumes, with good, realistic and humorous stories, since the child should at no time be allowed stories all of one type, lest his thought grow one-sided.

The Treasure Chest, is the book of adventure, progressing from the more adventurous fairy tales to realistic adventure.

From *The Tower Window*, is the book of romantic adventure. and its basic material consists of stories from the great national epics.

In this manner each one of the five volumes represents a distinct phase of the child's development. The last volume, *The Latch Key*,

MY BOOK HOUSE

*GOLDSMITH OLIVER (Irish, 1728-1774)

DOOR little Doctor Goldsmith, with his kindly eyes, his squat little figure, his awkward, ungainly legs, his pale, pock-marked face and that absurd love of fine clothes! How everybody laughed at him, though sometimes with tears, and how they all loved him. Now, if his fortunes were poor, his coat was bought second hand, a tarnished green and gold with an ugly patch on the breast, but he strutted along just as proudly and carefully hid the patch by holding his hat well over it; now, when his fortunes were fine, he blossomed out in peach-color, claret, sky-blue! And yet, in spite of his vanity and a thousand other weaknesses, what a great, generous, loving heart! Who could do other than love him? He had always a crowd of children at his heels, had little Doctor Goldsmith. His favorite enjoyment was to romp with them, the merriest and noisiest of all. Sometimes he played them a tune on his flute, sang them an Irish song, or told them stories of Irish fairies. Again, he led them at blindman's-buff, or a game of hunt-the-slipper. And if the children were very small, he would turn the hind part of his wig before and play scores of tricks to amuse them. Once he was drinking coffee with a friend and took the friend's little five-year old son up tenderly on his knee. Moved by some perverse instinct, what did the tiny George Coleman do, but rap him a spiteful slap on the face that left a tingling red mark. The father indignantly took his small son and locked him up in another room to suffer for his crime by solitary imprisonment in the dark. But soon, very soon, there was some one come to the little fellow's rescue, some one holding a candle and smiling so tenderly. It was Dr. Goldsmith himself. George sulked and sobbed at first, but Goldsmith fondled and soothed him until he began to brighten. Then the little Doctor placed three hats on the carpet with a shilling under each. "Hey, presto, cockorum!" he cried. And lo! when he lifted the hats, all three of the shillings were found in a heap.



*Read *The Jessamy Bride* by F. F. Moore, a story of Goldsmith and his time.

THE LATCH KEY

FREEMAN, MARY E. WILKINS (American, 1862-)

A Massachusetts woman, who portrays the quaint, homely life of New England. For years the secretary to Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Jerome, A Poor Man *In Colonial Times* *Young Lucretia*

GALSWORTHY, JOHN (English, 1867-)



Nearest, stick-to-it-ive boy was John Galsworthy, not surprisingly brilliant, but sure and steady. He comes of an old Saxon family from Devonshire and was born at Combe in Surrey. At Harrow and Oxford he received the typical education of an English gentleman, after which he was off for several years of travel in foreign lands—to Russia, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and the far-off Fiji Islands. On an old-fashioned sailing ship off Australia he met the novelist, Joseph Conrad, then still a sailor, and the two became fast friends.

When Galsworthy returned to England he began to write,—novels, poems, plays. *Strife*, a gripping play presenting the strife between Capital and Labor, first really showed that he could so influence men as to bring about reform. *Justice*, written to reveal the hideous suffering caused by the cold wheels of English law, as it ground over criminals like some mechanical thing with neither sympathy nor intelligence, so moved Secretary Churchill that he set about reforms which have changed the English prison system.

GARLAND, HAMLIN (American, 1860-)

Hamlin Garland was a farm boy of the Middle West, born in Wisconsin and educated in Iowa. Later he took up a claim in Dakota, but he soon made off to Boston and began writing stories.

Boy Life on the Prairie *The Long Trail (Klondike)*

GAUTIER, JUDITH (French, 1850-)

A French writer of plays, poems and historical novels, daughter of Theophile Gautier, the famous novelist, and wife of Pierre Loti, another noted writer. She is a student of Oriental life and language and knows both Chinese and Japanese well.

The Memoirs of a White Elephant

rather into intelligent consideration, and uncompromisingly de- it has been my steady aim never to forget it or belittle it, to take it ourselves forget what these children thought and felt at two. But grow older, acquire some sense of humor and some philosophy, we is the most evanescent thing in the world. As our own children one but a mother, and even with us mothers that understanding thetic grasp of a very little child's viewpoint, seldom comes to any-

Now the understanding of such a state of thought, the sympa- need to be so particularly careful. sensitive and nervously excited. That is why at this period we never overplay their emotions. To do this makes them morbid, fiments, to pity and compassion, as well as to joy and love, we will while we want quick response from children to all the nobler sen- humor of at six or seven is deadly earnest to him at three. And of endurance. What a child will laugh at most heartily and see the those three little kittens would be quite beyond his present powers quite clearly that much deeper tragedy than that which befell their mittens and got their pie were illuminating, all indicating that blossomed forth on his little face when those kittens found pack of bloodhounds at her heels, and the relief, the radiant smiles followed the fate of those kittens with a breathless intensity and He

To watch that child's face as his mother read was a study. He sat on his mother's lap she often read to him:

THE LATCH KEY



"Three little kittens
They lost their mittens
And they began to cry;
"O mamma dear,
We sadly fear
That we have lost our mittens!"
"What! lost your mittens,
You careless kittens,
Then you shall have no pie,
"Mee-aw, mee-aw, mee-aw!"
"No, you shall have no pie!"



by seeking riotous friends instead of trying to shine as a student. sensitive, too, because, of his ugliness and he added to his misery in league together to jeer at and torment him. He was extremely by holding the position of a servant, and tutors and boys seemed learning. In Trinity College, Dublin, he had to earn his way He was ugly, awkward and poor, and, moreover, little given to But Goldsmith's school life, henceforth, was far from happy.

or *The Mistakes of a Night*," which set all London laughing. turned this ludicrous blunder into the play "*The Stoops to Conquer* gered thus in the house of a private gentleman! Years later he fast. Imagine his dismay next day when he learned he had swag- gave special orders that a hot cake should be ready for his break- him, and when he went to bed, as a last flourish of manliness, he and daughter should sit at the table and partake of the meal with was served he condescendingly insisted that the landlord, his wife out that he was a most experienced traveller. When supper inferiors, he grew very free and easy, showing off and making was shy and diffident of manner, but thinking himself now among and permitted to have full sway all the evening. Usually Noll the joke. So young Goldsmith was fooled to the top of his bent that he was the son of an old friend, determined to carry out place, seeing the lad's whimsical mistake, and learning, by chance, can have for supper! The owner of the and curtsy demands to know what he into the parlor, seats himself by the fire led away to the stable! He then walks thinks is an inn and orders his horse to be rides young Noll to the house which he time. With all the airs in the world, up Featherstone, a gentleman of great for- directed him literally to "the best house in amused by the stripling's importance, he



MY BOOK HOUSE

MY BOOK HOUSE

mand that stories for the little one at this period be full of joy and sunshine and his own beautiful simplicity.

The child needs as yet to have very little to do with the problems of evil. That and its overcoming which lend strength to books for older children, can and must be presented to him gradually. Moreover, make it a general rule never at this age or any other to give a child a book which you think will leave him with a sense of fear, with a sense of evil as some great, mysterious awful power from which he cannot escape. Such a sense kills all endeavor. Stories should always lead him to feel that he can come out on top and have dominion over evil. It is this that spurs him on to resist evil.

WHEN THE CHILD IS YOUNG

CHILDREN ordinarily start school, that is kindergarten, when they are about five years old, and their thought begins then to be systematically guided and directed in right lines and channels, but what about those precious years before the child starts school? Should his thought at that time be left unguided and undirected? Should he be allowed "just to grow up"? Those first formative years are among the most important in the child's life and offer the most fertile field possible to the mother for moulding his thought by means of good stories and implanting in him, from the very beginning, sound and true views of life. During those years she is the sole guardian of his reading. Later, even as early as seven or eight, he will begin to select his own stories. What more important then, than that she should sow all the good seed possible while she is able to do so, thus forming the foundation of a sound character and of good judgment in his later selection of books?

Mothers begin to sing nursery rhymes and lullabies to their babies when they are a few days old. They should have at hand easily accessible for their use the very best. Why not let the child hear nothing else but the best? Does it make any difference that

THE LATCH KEY

under one! Such wizardry! George Coleman's heart was won!

It was way back in the lonely little hamlet of Pallas, in Ireland, that Oliver Goldsmith was born, in a little old house that the peasant folk said stood on haunted ground, where "the good folk," the fairies, held their nightly revels. But when little Noll was still very young, his father moved to a better home on the outskirts of Lissoy. This home was part parsonage and part farm for Father Goldsmith was a country curate, large of heart and small of means, and as guileless and ignorant of the world as the dear old Vicar of Wakefield. Lissoy was a charming village, too, very like "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," with its sheltered little white cottages and cultivated farms.

At the age of six little Noll was sent to the village school-master, Thomas Byrne, and what a man he was! He had served in the Spanish wars, and now, when he should have been teaching the village urchins their sums, he held them spellbound with tales of his vagabond wanderings abroad, adventures of which he, himself, was usually the hero. To this he added tales of fairies, ghosts and banshees, pirates, robbers, smugglers. So, little Noll imbibed in his youth far more of romance than of learning. When he grew older he was sent to a higher school at Edgeworthstown, some twenty miles from Lissoy, and on his last journey home from there, a mere stripling of sixteen, he met with a most absurd adventure.

Little used to money was Oliver Goldsmith, and now a friend had given him a whole round golden guinea to cover his traveling expenses. Noll's head was quite turned by his riches! Off he started on horseback over a road so rough as to be impassable to coaches, determined to play the man and spend his treasure in lavish fashion. For the night he halted at Ardagh, and, intending to ask the whereabouts of the inn, he accosted the very first person he met, demanding with swaggering importance to know where was "the best house in the village." Now it chanced that the man whom he thus encountered was a famous wag and,

son, however, that he had the manuscript of a novel ready for Goldsmith now lived had him arrested for not paying his rent and a sheriff's officer had him in custody. Goldsmith told John-Off went Dr. Johnson to find that the landlady at the place where great distress and besought him to come to his lodgings at once. One day word came to Dr. Johnson that Goldsmith was in loved "Goldy," though they often made merciless fun of him. Garrick, was likewise a friend of the group. All these great men famous portrait painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and there was the Parliament on *Conciliation With the Colonies*, and there was the days of the American Revolution for his eloquent speech in was Edmund Burke, the brilliant Irish orator, to be known in satelitte, James Boswell, whom he was continually snubbing and important Doctor Johnson, always followed by his humble little forth, at the Turk's Head Tavern. There was the big, burly, remarkable men who formed a club that met regularly, hence-Dr. Samuel Johnson himself, the most famous literary light of the day, became his friend. In 1764 he was one of a group of most Dr. Samuel Johnson himself, the most famous literary light of the day, became his friend. At length the great. Ah! Slowly, slowly, however, his writings began to be noticed. Ah!

for what he no longer possessed. suit, and nearly went to the debtor's prison himself trying to pay called a knave and a sharper by those who had sold him the he had not paid for in order to give her the money. He was then Moved to the heart, Goldsmith sold a new suit of clothes which husband cast into the debtor's prison for desperate need of money. possess. Once his landlady came to him with a sorry tale of her ever truly understanding money, he gave away things he did not Sometimes, too, with that curious unworidliness that kept him from tale of woe, either true or untrue, wrung from him his last penny. with childlike simplicity anything that was told him, and many a to play for them on his flute. Moreover, all his life long he believed

MY BOOK HOUSE

MY BOOK HOUSE

THE LATCH KEY

Time and again he failed, failed, failed. He was to enter the ministry, but he appeared before the Bishop to seek his appointment in such loud scarlet breeches that the Bishop was scandalized and refused him. He failed at the law; he failed as a student of medicine. So at last he took his flute and off he went alone for a walking tour through Flanders, France and Switzerland. As he journeyed he played on his flute and his tunes set the peasantry dancing and won for him everywhere his supper and a bed.

After wandering through Italy, likewise, he returned to England with no friends and no calling. At length he took a garret in a dark, miserable, little back court that could only be reached by a steep flight of narrow flagstone stairs called Breakneck Steps. Here washings hung out all day and frowsy women quarreled over the washtubs, but for the first time in his life Goldsmith set earnestly to work. He began to write, to drudge at writing, doing whatever the booksellers ordered. Now these were the days when hustling little John Newbery kept his far-famed shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, where the first real children's books were displayed, bound in gilt paper and adorned with queer, old, hideous wood-cuts. Goldsmith did a great deal of work for Newbery, probably editing the first real *Mother Goose* and writing the tale of *Goody Two Shoes*.

But even in such dark days Goldsmith was never bitter. He was always inviting his landlady or some poor child into his rooms to cheer them with a cake or sweetmeat and



to the child, the age at which he will get the most out of it?" And asked myself, "What is the best age at which to present this tale A story having then passed all three of these tests I have next and understanding goes, I have always applied it rigidly.

story has failed to pass this last test, but so far as my judgment dards, is its spirit fine, its atmosphere healthful?" Many a good my third question has been, "Will what it adds to his life be for merit may be? If it has literary merit and will interest him, what difference does it make how great its literary "Will it interest the child?" If it will not interest him, going further. If it has, I have then asked secondly, literary merit?" If it has not, there is no need of



IRST I have always asked myself, "Has this story THE THREE TESTS the principles of selections which I have just been describing to you. the literature of all ages and all peoples and to embody in them endeavored to collect the best stories and poems for children from universal was the need for such a work. In these books I have mixture of good and bad, of gems and trash, and how great and what a chaos the field of children's literature was, what a years, and which I undertook through discovering for my own stories and poems for children on which I have spent the past four about MY BOOK HOUSE, the carefully selected collection of judgment and selection, I have been asked to say a few words reading, in which I have aimed to give you some few principles for After closing this general discussion on the subject of children's

MY BOOK HOUSE

agency for good in their development as the world of books. and let us by no means neglect the proper use of so powerful an do all in our power to have them prepared to meet those demands future is going to make great demands on our children. Let us them. We want no more of that for the welfare of the world. The

THE LATCH KEY

MY BOOK HOUSE

so I have tried to grade the stories as intelligently as possible. PROPERLY GRADED STORIES

Remember we can never be too old to appreciate a piece of good literature. Many a dear old grandmother writes us apologetically that she enjoys the first book, *In the Nursery* as much as her smallest grandchildren, and I always feel like writing back, "Oh you dear grandmother, of course you enjoy Mother Goose and all those delicious, simple, joyous, nonsensical old tales, for the spirit of childhood is eternal in the human heart. 'Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.' One or one hundred, what is the difference—the Kingdom of Heaven certainly consists in having the heart of a child!" One can never be too old for good literature, but one may be too young.

The proper grading of stories from this standpoint is one of the most important questions to be considered in the discussion of children's reading. A story that will make a most sound and healthful impression on a child of eight may be absolutely unhealthful at three or five. Very seldom has a good collection of stories been produced for children from the age of two to five—and this because few people, except mothers, really understand the little tot at this period, and most mothers of children at that age have something else to do besides write or edit stories. The child then is as different as possible from what he is when he begins to go to school or kindergarten. He is a little bundle of laughter, giggles and sunshine, and yet he is the most solemn creature on earth. His sense of humor is almost nil, or, rather, what is funny to him is not what is funny to grown-ups. He takes life tremendously seriously. He has as yet no philosophy with which to overcome any little sorrow, and he knows almost nothing of the great problem of evil with which he will one day be called to cope.

We have recently had a little nephew visiting us, a thoroughly sturdy, boyish little fellow about two and a half years old, not the kind one would ever accuse of being abnormally sensitive. As he

the subtlest, most indirect influences are the greatest. The child's use of the English language, but it is. Often particularly important beyond its effect on your well written. You may think this matter is not just one word more. Be sure that a book is



INSIST UPON REAL LITERATURE

Don't encourage your child to get that habit. one a day. Don't encourage a regular serial drunkard and imbibes at least whatsoever upon your intelligence. Reading them gets to be a one of those books you've read them all. They make no demand the rich boy and restore him to his own again. When you've read an opportunity to be most superhumanly magnanimous, forgive rich boy became marvellously poor, which gave the saintly poor boy end the poor boy always grew marvellously rich and the villainous the most dreadful outrages at the hands of the rich boy, but in the of righteousness about his head, and the poor boy always suffered a rich boy who was hideously villainous and a poor boy with a halo Sink or Swim, Live or Die, Survive or Perish. There was always hood Horatio Alger was the chief representative of the series type— Books in series are almost always of this type. In my child- mental store-houses.

And here you have whole hosts of books to avoid. I am sure I do not need to caution you against the sensational, racy, hair-raising ones, but I do want to advise you against the sentimental, wishy-washy ones, which are so often called "safe" because the evil in them is less apparent. These books give children no adequate view of human experience and its problems as they are really going to find them, but substitute weakness for strength, and de- lude them into the belief that life's victories may be cheaply and easily won, thus giving them no preparation whatever for the real, steady, persistent effort that success in any line will demand of every man. Such books are trash—only littering up children's

THE LATCH KEY

MY BOOK HOUSE

very order of a well-written book influences a child, its unity and beauty, while a sloppily written story tends to induce disordered sloppy thinking. It is the literary perfection of a story which pricks a child's soul to new hunger and thirst after beauty and perfection.

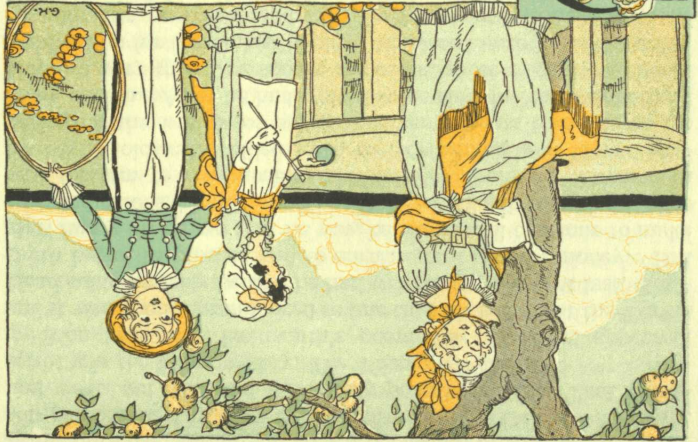
Occasionally, a book of fine contents, poorly written, is worthwhile, and I admit I would far rather my child would read a badly written book the substance of which was good, than a literary classic the substance of which was evil, yet our aim should always be well-written books. Help your child to select such books, do all you can to urge him to read them and to avoid the cheap and trashy stories. Talk to your boy or girl about the books he reads. Get interested in them yourself, keep his confidence on that point and you will find you are actually discussing with him the most vital problems of life.

FOR A HEALTHY MENTAL DIGESTION

Remember, whenever you see your boy or girl with a book, that the quality of that book is at least as important as the food you serve him. Would you give him impure food? No! Would you give him sloppily prepared food? No! Would you clutter up his digestion with all sorts of useless pastries and cakes and candies? No! Would you give him wholesome, nourishing, well-cooked, well-balanced food? Yes! Then do the same for his mind. The books he reads are his mental food. He swallows the ideas that form the substance of those books as surely as he swallows meat and potato. If his digestion is good he eliminates the evil and absorbs into his mental system the good. Those ideas which he absorbs circulate through his mind no less certainly than blood through his body, and he gives them out again as mental energy in the form of the motives that prompt his every act. How important it is then that the ideas fed him should be pure and his mental digestion be kept healthy. What is a sound body without a sound mind to govern it? The late war gave an example of the havoc that can be wrought by sound physical bodies without right ideals and standards to move

exciting still. There were queer old stiles to be climbed and de- But oh! When she could visit her far-off Flowerbank it was more pernels, blue and white veronica and gorgeous crimson popples. ever,—avenues of golden grain made brilliant with scarlet pin- chanted vistas opened before her, stretching away forever and fields where the wheat towered high above her head. What en- Sometimes she ventured out with her "Nanan" into the grain child sent into the country to be nursed by an old family servant.

A happy little mite was the tiny Kate Greenaway, a London breathe forth the very fragrance of prim little, trim little gardens. children, so daintily and full of grace, seem to old-fashioned gardens,—what magic in Kate Greenaway's name! Her lovely pictures of OSES and postes and quaint little children in GREENAWAY, KATE (English, 1846-1901)



MY BOOK HOUSE

THE LATCH KEY

print, but could not go out to sell it because of the officer. Johnson glanced hastily over the manuscript, saw that it had merit, and went out and sold it for sixty pounds (\$300). That manuscript was the famous story, *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

Soon after this, Goldsmith's poem, *The Traveller*, appeared, and it was at once pronounced so fine that his friends at the Turk's Head could scarcely believe he had written it. Now, at last, Goldsmith began to prosper and to earn a great deal of money. But alas! funny little man that he was, he would still continue to make such ridiculous blunders. The Duke of Northumberland once sent for him to congratulate him on *The Traveller*. Dressed in his best, Goldsmith sallied forth to Northumberland House, preparing on the way a lot of studied compliments to recite to his noble patron. After he had waited some time in Northumberland House a very grand personage appeared, most elegantly dressed. Taking him for the Duke, "Goldy" delivered unto him all the fine compliments he had prepared. To his great astonishment the man informed him that he was only a servant, and his master would presently appear! As the Duke came in just then, he found Goldsmith so confused that, far from repeating his compliments, he could scarcely stutter a word.

During his latter days Goldsmith became famous and had such delightful friends as the Hornecks, a widow and two lovely daughters, one of whom, Miss Mary, he called affectionately, the Jesamy bride. But in spite of his fame, he never learned how to manage money, and throughout his life he remained the same simple, kind-hearted gentleman whose friends, though they smiled at his blunders, always loved him so dearly.

Vicar of Wakefield She Stoops to Conquer The Deserted Village The Traveller

GRAHAME, KENNETH (Scottish, 1858—)

A Scottish author, educated in England. Best known for his *Golden Age* and *Dream Days*, stories reminiscent of childhood, and for *The Wind in the Willows*, a charming nature fantasy.

quently led astray by the literary beauty of certain undesirable tales. factory books on this subject, their judgment having been too re- The sad fact is, too, that few editors have given you wholly satis- child's reading needs more careful supervision than his fairy tales. There are many, many bad fairy tales and no one phase of your flourishing strength, the splendid, unself-conscious simplicity, morbid, and leave the pure and beautiful fancies, the vigorous, out the weird and sensational, the unwholesome, the savage and well as beautiful blossoms, and so for our children, we need to weed But let us remember that in wild gardens there are weeds as the classic fountains of Literature's stately palaces."

rose or gorgeous poppy that grows in the ordered gardens, beside the meadowweet, in contrast to the cultivated rows, the lily of the valley, the wind-flower, cribed. They are "the wild-rose in the hedge- and they could not be more beautifully des- have been called the wild-garden of literature ural, untrained hearts of the common people, nate- AIRY tales, welling up from the simple, nat-



THE CHOICE OF FAIRY TALES

age and compassion, and he will live those qualities with his heroes. qualities, for patience and perseverance, loyalty and truth, cour- your child solicit his deep sympathy and interest for the nobler So let the heroes and heroines of the tales which you choose for To attain such a culture should be the real object of all reading.

beauty of form must always be coupled with inward beauty of spirit, everlastingly linked to moral and spiritual culture, that outward anced on all its sides. This means that intellectual culture must be perfection, of a human nature complete, well rounded and bal- honest, genuine culture, the bringing to light of a higher ideal of ideal on all its sides." This, then, is the real aim of all true, ple on all its sides. of sweetness and light, and a human nature com- obvious faults of our animality" and bringing to light "the true

THE LATCH KEY

MY BOOK HOUSE

I should never give a young child a whole volume of Grimm, Dasent, Asbjörnsen, Jacobs or any other literary collection of folk tales. They contain many horrible stories. If the child is to have these books whole at any time, let it be when he is older, say in the fourth or fifth grades, can read them without fear and has some ability within himself to throw off the evil that is there. Remember, a very young child refuses nothing—he soaks up every idea and impression—it is only as we grow older and our standards of life begin to assume some definite shape within us, that we sort out impressions that come to us, take the good and reject the bad. Choose rather a book of fairy tales carefully edited by someone who has truly understood young children and their needs. Let your fairy tales be as fanciful as you like—the child needs his flights of fancy; nothing great in the world was ever accomplished without imagination, and let these be the old folk tales, but let them be also wholesome, sound and true. All too frequently modern fairy tales, while they may lack some of the more objectionable features of the old stories, are sentimental and wishy-washy, and lack also all the splendid and convincing sincerity, vitality and strength of the folk tales. These old tales, properly weeded, still remain the real solid foundation for a child's reading.

A PLEA FOR TRUTH IN REALISTIC FICTION

OW let us turn from fairy tales to realistic fiction, stories of events that might really have happened in actual life. We have seen that the most imaginative and fanciful fairy tale may be true, not true to material fact, but true to right ideas and ideals, and now when we come to realistic stories let us demand further that these stories be actually true to human experience. Let us ask that their characters be not abnormally good or bad, that the happenings be not exaggerated, but that they deal with real live boys and girls. I do not mean boys and girls glorying in mischief and many of the tricks thought necessary to make a child's book



MY BOOK HOUSE

THE LATCH KEY

lightfully terrifying foot-planks to be crossed over such a deep, dark, mysterious stream. Then, away through a shady wood to the mill. In the woods grew the large, blue cranesbill, the purple vetch and wild morning-glory, and up in the trees the wood-pigeons cooed. Around the mill wound a little river with forget-me-nots on its banks and apple-trees trailing their heavy branches almost into the stream.

After a year or two in the country Kate was sent back to London. Her father was a wood-engraver but he had not succeeded in business, so Mrs. Greenaway set up a shop to sell laces, children's dresses and fancy goods. Kate was sent now to an infants' school kept by a little old lady who wore a large, frilly cap, a frilly muslin dress, a scarf over her shoulders and a long apron. What a happy child she was, happier than either her brother or sisters, though they had the same surroundings. Her rich fancy found beauty everywhere.

The Greenaway children were allowed to roam about freely in the neighborhood of their home. They had given their promise to go no farther than a certain exciting corner and they always kept their word. But what streets those were through which they roamed! Where else were to be seen such grand, mysterious children guarded by their nurses, such rustling, perfumed ladies and such fascinating shop windows? And on that street corner, what adventures! Now a sailor man with a wooden leg appealed to the sympathy of passers by displaying a large, lurid picture of a ship overturned by a whale! Now, hark! a drum and the sound of a weird little shriek! A Punch and Judy show! Off the small Greenaways scamper to crowd around Mr. Punch. But alas! when their interest in the performance was at a white heat, just when the ghost was about to nab Mr. Punch, all too suddenly the manager would stop and declare he would not proceed a bit further unless he was paid with some pennies! Now the little Greenaways never had any pennies, and as the other small on-

First, she painted designs for valentines and Christmas cards, her very own book of rhymes, and drew its beautiful illustrations. Soon Kate Greenaway's fame spread around the world. The quaint little frocks and aprons, hats and breeches of her children, so funnily prim and neat, and yet so simple and graceful, set the style in dress for two continents. Dear, bright, quiet, little lady living in such seclusion! She showed people more of the charm of children's ways than they had ever dreamed of,—their graces, hood in many a heart that had never felt it before.

Under the Window
Mother Goose
114
Mairgold Garden

Does the world need any further encouragement to hang on to it and attain your object.

cunning and sly you may have been, so long as you get away with make any difference how you attain that purpose, how clever and impression that the great aim in life is to be rich, and it doesn't by clever dishonesty; and the child is left with the unconscious which he has done nothing to earn, and which have been acquired the Kingdom. The master is thus left reveling in material riches enormously splendid castle, a princess for his wife and succession to Addison Turner of Turnworld, a fine old plantation, with cotton-fields white as snow in the season, and a group of negro cabins hid in a grove of oak trees behind the house. Mr. Turner published a paper called *The Countryman* and the little printing office where the boy worked was a primitive place, on the roof of which the squirrels scampered and the bluejays cracked their acorns. Not twenty steps from the office door a partridge had built a nest and was raising a brood of young, while more than once a red fox went loping stealthily by to the woods.



HOUGH *Willie Trying To Be Good* errs on the moralizing side, there are other stories sanctioned by the literary world because they have great literary beauty, which err as much on the opposite side, books which, in spite of their literary quality, are morally unsound and should be tabooed. Such a story is "Puss in Boots." "The youth in 'Puss in Boots,'" as you know, is a lazy good-for-nothing who wants a fortune in the world without working for it; and his cat, who is the hero of the tale, by a succession of lies, clever, cunning lies, gains for his lazy, good-for-nothing master an enormous splendid castle, a princess for his wife and succession to Addison Turner of Turnworld, a fine old plantation, with cotton-

fields white as snow in the season, and a group of negro cabins hid in a grove of oak trees behind the house. Mr. Turner published a paper called *The Countryman* and the little printing office where the boy worked was a primitive place, on the roof of which the squirrels scampered and the bluejays cracked their acorns. Not twenty steps from the office door a partridge had built a nest and was raising a brood of young, while more than once a red fox went loping stealthily by to the woods.

So I am not referring at all to books with a moral. I merely mean that all truly great literature worthy the name has expressed quite unself-consciously men's natural love and admiration for what is truly great and good and their natural perception of the ugliness of what is evil and false, and that this point of view, so inestimably valuable, is all unconsciously absorbed by the child, the very spirit of the work communicates itself to his spirit, if the selections made for his reading are wise.

THE LATCH KEY

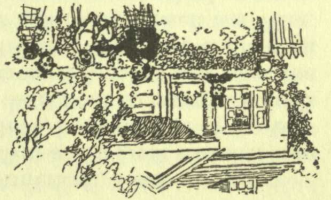
MY BOOK HOUSE

such a distorted view? It certainly does not. And such stories, though of very great age and literary standing, should be allowed by intelligent mothers to die a natural death out of childhood literature. It is not that the influence of such a book is direct; it is not that if your child reads it he may go out tomorrow and commit some dishonest act; the influence is far more subtle and indirect. It is this—as he reads a succession of such stories, gradually the sharp, clear-cut edge is rubbed off his ideals and he begins to think that honesty is not such an important matter as he had imagined after all. Certainly the great evil of the world today is not that men are going about murdering each other wholesale. They are doing nothing so delightfully open in their dabbings with evil. They are merely refusing to face squarely the absolutely necessary separation which must be made between those qualities which are actually, absolutely, finally good, and those qualities which are actually, absolutely, finally evil, and so they are continuing in their smug self-satisfaction, their mental and spiritual laziness, to express in their various relationships and lines of activity, all the subtle dishonesty, selfishness, littleness, bigotry, superstition, conventionality, narrowness, envy, hatred and greed of a flourishing and unchallenged but well veiled and covered evil, that all too frequently wears the cloak of righteousness and respectability. In other words, the great need of the world today is for higher, more accurate and clearly defined ideals, and a far more consecrated determination to make a beginning at least, of putting these ideals into operation in all the varied activities of human life, from the least to the greatest. And I cannot too forcefully insist on the fact that we are utterly blind and unthinking if we continue to grind into our children's thoughts the twisted ethics of all too many among the stories that are offered him.

Matthew Arnold once splendidly defined true culture as the study of perfection, and he further defined perfection as an "inward condition of the mind and spirit" that results from "subduing the

here and there through the screen of odoriferous cedars, brightly blossoming myrtles and oleanders around them. A fun-loving, rough-and-tumble lad on the surface was Joel, playing all sorts of pranks with his friends and rolling in the white mud gullies or munching ginger-cakes with the little negro children. But he was a tender-hearted boy at bottom and never forgot a kindness. See him now behind the old school house, showing a wren's nest to three little girls with such delight in the tiny, fragile thing. And how gentle and kind the little girls are to the lad. A simple thing, but he never forgot it, never! One day he found these words in a newspaper, "Boy Wanted to Learn the Printer's Trade." Here was his opportunity. He was only fourteen years old but he put away his tops and marbles, packed up his little belongings in an old-fashioned trunk, kissed his mother good-bye and was off. He went to work for Mr. Joseph Addison Turner of Turnworld, a fine old plantation, with cotton-fields white as snow in the season, and a group of negro cabins hid in a grove of oak trees behind the house. Mr. Turner published a paper called *The Countryman* and the little printing office where the boy worked was a primitive place, on the roof of which the squirrels scampered and the bluejays cracked their acorns. Not twenty steps from the office door a partridge had built a nest and was raising a brood of young, while more than once a red fox went loping stealthily by to the woods.

On either side of the road, behind the trim boxwood hedges, rose stately colonial houses, the white pillars of their piazzas glistening through the screen of odoriferous cedars, brightly blossoming myrtles and oleanders around them. A fun-loving, rough-and-tumble lad on the surface was Joel, playing all sorts of pranks with his friends and rolling in the white mud gullies or munching ginger-cakes with the little negro children. But he was a tender-hearted boy at bottom and never forgot a kindness. See him now behind the old school house, showing a wren's nest to three little girls with such delight in the tiny, fragile thing. And how gentle and kind the little girls are to the lad. A simple thing, but he never forgot it, never! One day he found these words in a newspaper, "Boy Wanted to Learn the Printer's Trade." Here was his opportunity. He was only fourteen years old but he put away his tops and marbles, packed up his little belongings in an old-fashioned trunk, kissed his mother good-bye and was off. He went to work for Mr. Joseph Addison Turner of Turnworld, a fine old plantation, with cotton-



MY BOOK HOUSE

THE LATCH KEY

GRIFFIS, WILLIAM ELLIOT (American, 1843—)

Dr. Griffis is a veteran of the Civil War and a great traveller who has made ten trips to Europe. In 1870, by invitation of the Baron or damio of a province in Japan, he set out to organize schools there on American principles. He crossed America just after the completion of the trans-continental railway, when wild Indians on ponies, and soldiers at frontier forts still characterized the West. After twenty nine days on the Pacific on a sidewheel steamer, he spent seven weeks in Yedo and then went into the interior, the first American ever to have lived in a damio's capitol. On his return to Yedo, he crossed the country in mid-winter, often on snow-shoes, over the mountains, where wolves and wild boar roamed. After four years in Japan he returned to this country and became a minister. He has written Japanese, Korean, Dutch Belgian, Swiss and Welsh fairy tales.

GRIMM, WILHELM (1786-1859) and JACOB (1785-1863)

The first and most important collectors of German folk tales.

HALL, SARAH JOSEPHA (American, 1788-1879)

HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER (American, 1848-1908)



LITTLE, red-haired, freckle-faced midget of a boy dashing down the main street of a sleepy Georgia town behind a team of powerful horses and handling the reins with all the confidence of a six-foot hostler! Joel Chandler Harris, you mischievous little monkey! Come down off that box at once! Your mother is horrified.

It was well for Joel that he did not distress that good mother of his too often, for all her hopes were centered on him. Long years ago the boy's father had deserted the two and his mother had shouldered with splendid courage the burden of their support. She took in sewing and the two lived in a tiny cottage behind the great house of a friend.

Eatonton was a typical little Southern town of the days before

Cinderella and hate the selfishness and vanity of the stepsisters, pathize deeply with the patience and gentleness and sweetness of and evil, and at their best this is certainly true. No child can sym- clear perception of the distinction between right and wrong, good It has been said that fairy tales give many children their first rest of the train of evil.

up for his approval, trickery, dishonesty, cunning, deceit, and the which are truly fine and never confusing his standards by holding of always soliciting his admiration and sympathy for those qualities telling marks upon his character. Hence the immense importance in his own home, which, it must never be forgotten, leave the most comes into his life, except the ideas and ideals that surround him itself an influence upon him greater than any other one thing which sermon that could be preached on the subject, and constitutes sion left by the story is far more lasting and permanent than any tensely and move him to the very depths of his being, the impres- reason that the tale does entertain him, does interest him so in- and noble, what qualities are base and ignoble, and for the very direction of his attention to the fact, what qualities are splendid see in his stories, quite without any drawing of morals or particular

so does fiction do the same thing for the smallest child.

more accurate and compassionate judgment of men and events, standing of human motives, a broader, juster, knowledge of human nature, a clearer under- its kind—just as that fiction gives us a truer books as *Town on a Tower* and many another of that calls itself fiction in these days, but of such not speaking of course, of the mountain of trash

JUST as the best fiction for us grows up—I am THE VALUE OF FICTION IN CHILDREN'S READING. And so we need both the encyclopedia and the story.

THE LATCH KEY



MY BOOK HOUSE

without all unconsciously registering a definite and lasting impression which forms a permanent part of his ideals.

Please understand, I am not arguing at all for the moral or moralizing tale—far, far from it, nor for definitely using stories to point morals, and so often destroying their art and the very qualities by which they charm the fancy and grip the heart. I am only saying that, by their very substance and content and spirit, the best stories do all unconsciously accomplish these results. The preachy, moralizing tale usually defeats its own purpose.

THE EVIL OF THE PREACHY STORY



NCE, as a child, I got from an old-fashioned Sunday School library a book called *Willie Trying to Be Good*—I don't know what there was in the title that allured me, but anyway I chose it. Willie was a most self-righteous, unnatural, goody-goody little prig, and I

had read no more than two chapters concerning Willie, when I wanted to creep up behind him and pinch him just to see if I could startle him out of his owlish primness by means of a perfectly natural "Ouch!" What was most remarkable about Willie was that he kept a great book and whenever anyone did anything kind for him he straightway ran and wrote down all about it in his book. Here he had neatly and accurately tabulated Mother, Father, Aunt Betsy and all the rest of the family, and then if Aunt Betsy did something which tempted him to be angry, instead of wickedly expressing his anger, he nobly restrained himself, went and looked in his great book under the index "B," found the name of Aunt Betsy and read all the good things Aunt Betsy had done for him, whereupon his anger departed and he betook himself to Aunt Betsy to deliver unto her a long and sanctimonious oration relating how he had been tempted and had overcome the temptation!

As I remember, on finishing the book I threw it across the room in such forceful disgust as to make a great deal of repairing necessary before it went back to the library, and the next time I was out

Hawthorne sniffing no whiffs of old Ocean from behind the mast, backs?" And after graduating from Bowdoin, behold young written by your son, with *Hawthorne's Works* printed on their "How would you like some day to see a whole shelf full of books, must have sprouted in his heart, for he wrote home to his mother, and Franklin Pierce. While he was here certain new desires were destined to great distinction, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow to Bowdoin College, instead, where he met two young men who But when Nathaniel grew up, he did not go to sea. He went cabin, where half a tree would be burning upon the hearth.

alone, always alone. When he found himself far from home and moonlight nights of winter, skated upon the lake till midnight, He roamed the woods by day with his gun and rod, and in the streets of Salem for the boundless, tangled wilderness of Maine. the lad began again his solitary walks, exchanging the narrow town in Maine on the fresh, bright waters of Sebago Lake. Here When Nathaniel was fourteen his mother moved to a little and tragic memories of early witchcraft days.

own thoughts, fond of long, lonely rambles by the sea or through shy, solitary lad was Nathaniel, fond of his own fancies, fond of his mother that he, too, would go to sea and never, never return. A Indies, to Africa and Brazil. Sometimes Nathaniel said to his died and sailed far away—far, far away—to the

myriad jewels. How Nathaniel Hawthorne loved angry, now flashing into light with the gleam of stretching away forever, now grim and gray and surge beating up on the shore and the vast ocean a rocky cliff overlooking the sea at Salem. The HE solitary figure of a boy, alone on the top of

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL (American, 1804-1864)

MY BOOK HOUSE



THE LATCH KEY

It was hard to say whether Joel enjoyed most the out-of-door life on the plantation, tramping about with a boy just his age who knew every path in the countryside, or browsing in Mr. Turner's fine library, for he dearly loved to read. But when the work and play of the day were ended, and the glow of the light-wood knot could be seen in the negro cabins, Joel and the Turner children would steal away from the house and visit their friends in the slave quarters. Tucked away in the nook of a chimney corner, Joel listened with eager interest while Old Harbert and Uncle George Terrell, their black faces a-gleam in the firelight, told their precious tales of Brer Rabbit and all the other lore of beasts and birds handed down from their African forefathers. And sometimes, while the yellow yam baked in the ashes, or a hoe-cake browned on the shovel, the negroes would croon a camp-meeting hymn, or sing a corn-shucking melody.

So passed months and years at Turnwold. And then the War! Joel Harris, a youth, with all the fire and passionate prejudices of boyhood, sitting up on a fence and watching the victorious Northern troops pass by, ploughing ankle-deep through the mud! The defeat of the South meant the end of *The Countryman* and the ruin of Mr. Turner. Joel had to start life anew. One paper after another gave him employment, and then, at last, he began to contribute to the *Atlantia Constitution* all those lively negro folk tales impressed so vividly on his mind in the old days at Turnwold—the stories of Uncle Remus. To Joel's immense surprise, Uncle Remus made him famous. And so it happened that the little red-haired boy, now grown a man with a wife and children of his own, could offer his mother a real home, and as his fame grew with the passing years, he brought her increasing happiness and fulfilled all her early dreams.

Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings *Daddy Jake, the Runaway* *The Tar Baby*

HARRISON, ELIZABETH (American, contemporary)

One of the founders of the National Kindergarten College.

Important Works: In Storyland

THE LATCH KEY

overhung and overshadowed by the dark and gloomy cloud of Ganelon's treachery, and no piece of literature in the world has more truly the feeling of the fearful ugliness of treachery than

*SPANISH EPICS

THE CID

In Spain the great epic poem as well as the oldest monument of Spanish literature is the *Poema del Cid*, written about 1200 A. D., a compilation from ballads already in existence, relating the story of Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, called Campeador or Champion and Cid or Chief. The Cid was born between 1030 and 1040 A. D. and his heroic deeds were performed at a time when Christian kings were making special efforts to eject the Moors who had invaded Spain three hundred years before. Although the character of the Cid is, to our minds, defaced on many occasions by ugly deeds far from ideal according to our standards today, still the Cid's faults are largely results of the mistaken standards of his time and race, and in his virtues of kindness, generosity, tenderness, courage, fidelity, he looms head and shoulders above the characters that surrounded him. Rarely has a man become the peculiar hero of a nation without some real virtues to commend him, and in the story of the Cid, nothing is more peculiarly his virtue than his devotion to his wife and daughters, which furnishes an incident well worth re-telling.



CHINESE AND JAPANESE EPICS

WHITE ASTER

The Chinese story of White Aster is scarcely an epic, but rather an idyll or romantic tale. Nevertheless, it passes both in Japan and China for an epic. It was written in Chinese verse by Professor Inouye and has been rendered also in classical Japanese.



MY BOOK HOUSE

HOW TO JUDGE STORIES FOR CHILDREN

An Address

Olive Beaupré Miller



WHenever I am asked to make an address on the subject of children's reading, I always feel I want to begin by explaining that I speak not from the standpoint of a professor, a librarian, or a literary critic, but simply as one mother to other mothers, with such knowledge of the subject as I have gained from a most loving and sympathetic study of the nature of childhood at all the various stages

of its development and a most earnest desire to bring to children all the good that is obtainable, holding every other consideration of small account beside the serving of the real interests of the child himself.

Although there has already been a great awakening to the importance of what the child reads outside the school-room, I feel that such reading is still regarded by too many parents as merely an amusement, of no great importance, with no object save to entertain the child. It is therefore held to be deserving of even less attention or supervision than his play. My earnest wish today is to get down beneath this superficial view of the subject, and place the whole matter of reading before you in its true light, as the very basis of your child's thought, of his views of life, of the moral and ethical standards he is forming, the spirit that is awakening and quickening in him, the character that is unfolding.

THE INFLUENCE OF IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE

What I have to say applies particularly to imaginative literature or fiction. I know the world has always taken more or less seriously the subject of scientific reading—reading of books on history, biography, science, etc. It has recognized the value of adding to the child's store of facts. I do not need to convince you on that point and so I am not referring to such books at all. Let

THE LATCH KEY

HOGG, JAMES, "The Ettrick Shepherd" (Scotch, 1770-1835)

James Hogg was a Scotch shepherd who began to herd cows for a living when he was seven years old, and received for a half year's wages one ewe lamb and a pair of shoes! From his mother and the other shepherds the boy heard the old border ballads and stories of fairies and giants, but at the age of twenty he still could not write all the alphabet. The remaining letters he studied out from a book in order that he might write down a few simple verses that he had been making. It chanced then that someone recited to him the poem of *Tam O'Shanter* and told him the story of Burns, the ploughman poet. That was sufficient to make the young shepherd resolve to be likewise a poet. One day while he was driving his sheep into Edinburgh he was seized with a sudden desire to see his verses in print. At once he sat down on a stone and scribbled them off on paper. Then he hurried on to a publisher and induced him to put them in print. These ballads attracted the attention of Sir Walter Scott, and through his kindness the Ettrick shepherd soon gained some renown. But though he now had a farm of his own, he still retained his simple, rough, peasant ways. Once he said to Scott, "Ye can never suppose that I belong to your school o' chivalry. Ye are the King o' that school, but I'm King o' the mountain and fairy school which is far higher than yours!" Indeed, his best poems are always of fairies. When he stepped outside that charmed fairy ring, his music and magic vanished.

HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT (American, 1819-1881)

The founder of *Scribner's Monthly*, now the *Century Magazine*.

HOOD, THOMAS (English poet, 1799-1845)

HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN (American, 1837-1920)

For years the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* and founder of that school of writers which portrays commonplace American life.

Important Works: *The Flight of Pony Baker*. *Christmas Every Day*.

INGELOW, JEAN (English, 1820-1897)

Important Works: *Mopsa, the Fairy*. *Stories Told to a Child*

MY BOOK HOUSE

ONG, long ago, just at the close of the American Revolution, when New York was a little old town with all the air of an overgrown village, a small boy was born there whose mother named him Washington Irving in honor of General Washington. When the little fellow was about six years old his nurse took him one day to see the procession escorting General Washington to Federal Hall to take his oath as first President of the United States. Pressing through the throng, the nurse dragged her small charge straight up to the great man and told him that the boy had been given his name. With a kindly smile Washington stopped to give his young namesake his blessing. Washington Irving grew to be an adventurous lad. He liked to visit new scenes and observe strange manners and customs. When he was still the merest slip of a child he made long tours of discovery into foreign parts, the foreign parts of his own little city, and more than once his parents had to employ the town-crier to hunt up their wandering son by crying his name through the town. He loved to roam around the Battery, and to wander out on the piers to watch the out-going ships departing to distant climes. With what longing eyes did he gaze after their lessening sails and wait himself in fancy to the very ends of the earth. As he grew into boyhood, Washington extended the range of his observations. He now spent his holiday afternoons in rambles far out into the country round about New York, visiting the little villages where the descendants of the old Dutch settlers continued to dwell, and pushing on, on to the very distant hills. He made voyages too, in a sail-boat up the lordly Hudson River whose cliffs and towering highlands breathed forth the very spirit of old Dutch and Indian legends. He penetrated into the heart of the



a place ready made for him. He could travel now as much as he pleased and he set down in his *Sketch Book* all the interesting things he saw—little home scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet, peasants in country lanes, as well as the solemn magnificence of grand old Westminster Abbey.

A journey to Spain gave him the rich store of Spanish and Moorish legend to put into two books, *The Alhambra* and *The Conquest of Granada*. Here, too, he came across certain intensely interesting documents concerning Columbus which had heretofore been unknown and what must be do but write a wonderful *Life of Columbus*. After seventeen long years abroad, he returned at length to New York and bought the beautiful place called Sunnyside at Tarrytown on the Hudson, not far from Sleepy Hollow. No woman ever replaced the sweetheart of his youth and Irving never married, but here at beautiful Sunnyside he passed all the rest of his days, quitting it only once for any length of time, and then to serve for four years as American Minister to Spain. But however great was the volume of work that Washington Irving put forth, his name always calls first to mind the magic of the Catskills and the Hudson, gleaming through mists of romantic old Dutch legends.

JACKSON, HELEN HUNT (American, 1831-1885)

Helen Hunt Jackson once heard two Indians in Boston tell the tale of their people's wrongs at the hands of the American government and she was so moved that she wrote first a pamphlet and then the story of *Ramona* to arouse the public to demand reforms.

JACOBS, JOSEPH (English editor, born in Australia, 1854-)

JEWETT, SARAH ORNE (American, 1849-1909)

A Maine woman who wrote very truthful New England stories.

JOHNSON, CLIFTON (American, editor of fairy tales 1865-)

Important Works: The Country of the Pointed Firs, Betty Leicester, Deephaven.

Important Works: The Oak Tree Fairy Book, The Birch Tree Fairy Book.

MY BOOK HOUSE

THE LATCH KEY

Catskill Mountains, that rise to the west of the river, changing their magical hues with every hour of the day.

At times he peered into some dark glen, lonely and wild and tangled, or stood at the foot of a waterfall, a sliding sheet of silver, slipping down over mossy rocks, again he came out on the edge of a precipice, whence he could look out for miles and miles over all the sun-flooded valley and see far down below the twisting ribbon of the Hudson. He knew those mountains in sunshine and in storm—now in the calm of evening when they threw their long blue shadows so peacefully over the valleys, or gathered a hood of gray vapors about their heads to glow in the setting sun like a crown of glory—now when the thunderclouds lowered, the lightning went leaping from crag to crag and peal after peal of thunder rolled crashing down their heights. And at the foot of these fairy mountains, its smoke curling up through the trees, would nestle a little Dutch village, where the houses had latticed windows and the gable fronts were surmounted by the quaintest of weathercocks. Here in the shade of some great tree before the old tavern, Irving could always find a club of worthies smoking their pipes and whiling away the long, lazy summer's day by telling endless stories.

But as the boy grew to young manhood, he began to long to go further still in his travels. He had seen and loved so much of the natural beauty of America, her mighty lakes and mountains, her valleys and trackless forests, her broad, deep rivers and boundless plains, but now old Europe beckoned him. He longed for her treasures of art, her quaint and different customs, her poetic associations. He longed to loiter about her ruinous old castles, and reconstruct in his fancy all the shadowy grandeur of her past. And so when the young maid who had been his sweetheart died and there was nothing more to hold him in America, off he went to England. Already he was known there as the author of *Salmagundi Papers* and that humorous mixture of fact and fancy, *Knickerbocker's History of New York*. And so in England he found

In Ireland there were three great cycles of poetry sung by the old Gaelic bards long years ago when Ireland was still pagan and had her own Irish gods. These cycles consisted of scattered poems never put into one great whole, and the finest and most Irish of them all is the one dealing with Cuchulain or Cuchulain and the Knights of the Red Branch. Cuchulain and his friends are historical characters, seen as it were, through mists of love and wonder, magnified into their gigantic stature just as all art



THE CUCHULAIN *IRISH EPICS

The beloved Robin Hood story was compiled from some two score old English ballads of various dates, some going as far back as the year 1400, and all full of the folk-spirit. In presenting this tale to children, it has always depended on how the story was told, whether it was sound or unsound, good or bad. If Robin Hood is presented as a thief and a robber, whom the child is invited to admire for his trickery and the ready use of his wit in questionable adventures, it is bad, but if he is presented as a true man of the sturdy and merry old English type, a lover of liberty and justice, who needs must be an outlaw in a period when the yeoman had no rights at all, and justice abode not in the courts and laws of the land, it may be full of fine inspiration and feeling, as well as the joy of the free and glorious life in the green-wood. Though the ballads themselves contain many questionable adventures which it is necessary to recognize and avoid, no one can sympathetically read those old poems without loving their spirit, and feeling that the innate love of the English people for honest honesty, not conventional honesty, for justice and freedom, as well as the Englishman's unquenchable love for merry humor, were the inspiration of the original ballads, and suggest the key in which to pitch any retelling of the same.

THE LATCH KEY

MY BOOK HOUSE

magnifies, just as sculpture can create the gigantic statue of a man. The large manner of this antique Gaelic literature simply wipes out all littleness in its presence. Nothing small in the heart of man can stand before real sympathy with the enormous simplicity of this heroic tale of primitive Irish life.

Standish O'Grady was the first Irishman to reveal in a noble manner the greatness in this long neglected bardic literature of Ireland. He himself had the soul of an ancient epic poet, and as he carves out for us in sentences now charged with heroic energy, now beautifully quiet and tender, and always magnificently simple, the enormous figures of the Red Branch, we feel through and through that Cuchulain is indeed the true incarnation of Gaelic chivalry, its fire and gentleness, its hardy purity of mind, its largeness, its modesty and simplicity. Through the pages of O'Grady the ruddy chivalry of Ireland passes huge and fleet and bright, enormous images that loom as great as any among the epic heroes of the world.

*FRENCH EPICS

CHANSON DE ROLAND

The national epic in France bears the characteristic name, *Chanson de Geste*, or *Song of Deeds*, because the *trouweres*, the wandering singers in the north, and the *troubadours* in the south, wandered from castle to castle singing the deeds of their lords. The greatest group or cycle of these chansons, of which there were three, dealt with Charlemagne, the great champion of

Christianity, and his twelve faithful paladins or peers. When it was composed is uncertain, but the oldest copy now extant dates back to the twelfth century. The song, nevertheless, is much older than this. Like so many of the epics it was based on historical fact, later magnified and altered. The entire poem is

*The Story of Roland by James Baldwin. Frithjof and Roland by Ragozin.



THE LATCH KEY

*FINNISH EPICS

URNING now from the Orient to Europe, the oldest epic to claim attention is probably the Finnish *Kalevala, Land of Heroes*, one of the four greatest national epics of the world. Although the *Kalevala* was not written down until the first half of the nineteenth century, when Topelius and Lönnrot painstakingly took it from the mouths of the people and rescued it from oblivion, it incorporates within it poems that doubtless date back some three thousand years into Finnish antiquity. The *Kalevala* relates the every varying contests between the Finns and Laplanders, Light and Darkness, Good and Evil. The story itself is both intricate and confused with a great multiplicity of events and characters. The chief and remarkable beauty of the poem is in its wonderful rhythm, its splendid flights of imagination and its occasional passages of high spiritual beauty, where, through the mist and confusion of primitive man's mythology, has penetrated a really inspired glimpse of the One Father, such, for example, as the prayers to Ukko.

The poet sang the song somewhere in the dim past says, "Nature was my only teacher, Woods and waters my instructors."

and certainly, the rhythm of the poem does ring and trip and ripple with the very spirit of winds and waves and woodlands, and any retelling of this fine old epic which fails to give some conception of the unique beauty of the rhythm, and its finest, most imaginative and beautiful passages, by no means does it justice, since the mere story of the *Kalevala* has nothing of remarkable beauty to commend it. It is the way it is told and the



MY BOOK HOUSE

LARCOM, LUCY (American, 1826-1893)

A girl who worked in the mills at Lowell, Mass. and wrote for the mill worker's magazine. Later the editor of *Our Young Folks*.

EMMA LAZARUS was a young Jewish girl, shy and sensitive, who lived in a world of poetry and books and published her first volume of verse when she was fifteen, sombre, tragic poems breathing the tragic spirit of her race. She worshipped Emerson and he was her literary adviser, writing her what books to study. After the anti-Jewish outrages in Russia and Germany in 1881, she threw herself heart and soul into the movement against such barbarism. Not only did she write poetry in a crusade of protest but she worked untiringly among the terror-stricken immigrants who flocked into her country. Such a woman could well understand what America meant as a land of promise to the poor and oppressed of Europe.

LEAR, EDWARD (English, 1812-1888)

Lear's *Nonsense Rhymes* with their comic pictures are child classics. LINDSAY, MAUD (American kindergarten worker, 1874-)

LINDSAY, NICHOLAS VACHELL (American, 1879-)

A young boy from Springfield, Illinois, once dreamed an exciting dream of an old fashioned battle between armored men. He jumped out of bed at once and wrote the dream down in a poem called *The Battle*. But the next morning his poem seemed so much less interesting than his dream that he had to help it out by drawing a picture! When the same poet-artist began, however, to write verse in earnest in New York he found no market for his poems. Accordingly, he decided that the common man must learn to reverence beauty before beauty could succeed in America. With only a bundle of songs for his fortune, he left New York and tramped through eight states, begging food and lodgings as he went and reciting his poems in return, preaching the gospel of beauty to the farmer, the most worth while element, he believed, in American life.

MY BOOK HOUSE

thoughts that have been engrafted into it which make it so wonderfully beautiful. Longfellow copied the strange rhythm of *Kalevala*, its alliterative use of words and its delightful repetitions, very exactly and perfectly in *Hiawatha*.

*NORSE AND GERMAN EPICS

VOLSUNGA SAGA, FRITHJOF SAGA, NIBELUNGENLIED



Norse literature has some very famous epics. The best known of these is the *Volsunga Saga*, the tale of Sigurd and Sigmund, descendants of Volsung. It tells the famous story how Sigurd slew the dragon, Fafnir, and how he broke through the ring of fire to rescue Brynhild, the Valkyr, from her long doom of sleep. The *Volsunga Saga* is also the source of the most famous German epic, the *Nibelungenlied*, the story of the accursed golden hoard of the Nibelungs or dwarfs, that brought such woe to Siegfried (the German Sigurd) and all who claimed it. But a more beautiful, though less known, Norse epic is the *Saga of Frithjof*, a story dearly beloved in Norway.

†ENGLISH EPICS

BEOWULF, THE ARTHURIAN CYCLE, ROBIN HOOD

IN English our attention is first claimed by the Old English *Beowulf*, which was doubtless composed before the Angles and Saxons left Europe and settled in Britain. Among the Angles and Saxons the art of poetry was very generally cultivated, and the harp was passed around to all at feasts that every guest might play and sing. Besides this, there were professional poets called in Old English, "scops or gleomen," who either travelled from place to place, or held permanent positions at the courts of chieftains or kings. These poets set out to sing of real events, but gradually they magnified the deeds of which they sang, and as the true event on which



*Siegfried, the Hero of the North by Ragozin. The Story of Siegfried by James Baldwin. Sigurd the Volsung by Morris. Frithjof, The Viking of Norway by Ragozin. †See foot note Page 195.

THE LATCH KEY

LAGERLÖF, SELMA (Swedish, 1858-)



IN the pretty rectory at Marbacka Manor in the beautiful province of Varmland in Sweden there once lived a little girl. The rectory was a lovely place, sweet with laughter and peaceful joys, with love of books and people. As a little girl, Selma Lagerlöf preferred reading or imagining stories to out-of-door sports. She often played theatre with her brothers and sisters and it was always Selma who hung up the quilts and blankets to make the stage, dressed up the little actors and told them how to say their parts. At Marbacka Manor Selma lived for twenty years, reading, writing, and dreaming that sometime a stranger would come to her gate and bring her fame by publishing her stories.

But by and by the pretty old rectory was sold and Selma had to go to Stockholm to teach school. One day it flashed upon her like a blinding light that she must write a story of the Varmland, of the people and country she knew so well. So she began the *Saga of Gösta Berling*. But she wrote so slowly, slowly. It was years before the first chapter was finished. Then one day a prize was offered by a magazine for the best novelette and Selma's sister urged her to complete the first five chapters of her story. Not only did she win the prize but the magazine offered to publish the book if she would complete it at once. Accordingly, a friend, gave her enough money to free her from the necessity to teach and in a year she completed the work. *Gösta Berling* brought her fame and fortune and enabled her to buy back her dear old home in Varmland.

In 1908 the school authorities invited Selma Lagerlöf to write a book for the schools which should keep in the hearts of the young people of today the old folk-lore and history of Sweden and teach them the geography and the natural history of their country. The results were *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils* and *Further Adventures of Nils*, books which are classics in every country, and won for Selma the Nobel prize, the world's greatest prize for literature.

191

*The Indian Story Book (Tales from the Ramayana and Maha-Bharata) by Richard Watson.

Following the Persian we have the two great East Indian MAHA-BHARATA AND RAMAYANA *EAST INDIAN EPICS

full of Persian flavor—of gardens and roses and nightingales. dealing with Rustem, son of the white-haired Zal, and these are have survived. The best stories in the *Shah-Nameh* are those for its wonderful beauty of style and diction, it would scarcely Kings with Deevs or devils (the Persian personification of evil) Although the poem of Firdusi claims to be a complete history and build the dike which Firdusi had so longed to see. and sent the 60,000 pieces of gold. As the poet's daughter refused dust's death that the Shah discovered the trickery of his minister Shah, and then fled from the land. It was not until after Firdusi plain and none too complimentary terms what he thought of the contemptuously among its bearers, wrote a poem stating in labor, Firdusi became justly indignant, distributed the money silver. On receiving so inadequate a reward for his long years of money to part with, so he sent instead 60,000 small pieces of decided that 60,000 pieces of gold was too enormous an amount three years, the Grand Vizier counted its 60,000 couplets and dike. But when the poem was completed at the end of thirty-that the reward would then be so great that he could build the hold payment for the poem until the work was done, believing flow devastated his native town, so he begged the King to wish to build a stone embankment for the river whose over-every thousand couplets he finished. Now, Firdusi had long for this piece of work, promising him a thousand gold pieces for the chronicles of his land put into rhyme, and engaged Firdusi by which name he is best known to the world. Mahmud,

T H E L A T C H K E Y

M Y B O O K H O U S E



sacred epics, the *Maha-bharata*, and the *Ramayana*. The *Ramayana* was composed in Sanscrit some five hundred years before Christ, and is a strange mixture of the wildest and most preposterous legends with the truest and deepest philosophy. It relates events which are said to have occurred between two thousand and nine hundred B. C. The poem is generally attributed to Valmiki, a hermit who dwelt on the bank of the Ganges. One day it chanced that Valmiki saw one bird of a happy pair slain, and he made use of so strange and expressive a meter in singing the pity stirred in his heart at the sight, that the god Brahma, the one supreme God of the Hindus, immediately bade him employ the same meter in narrating the adventures of Rama. Now Rama is supposed to be one of the seven appearances in the flesh of the god Vishnu, the personification of the preserving principle among the Hindus, who, to protect the right, and punish vice and wickedness, in various epochs of danger appeared on earth in bodily form. Vishnu it is who at length will destroy all evil and restore mankind to virtue and purity. The foes of Rama in the *Ramayana* are the evil spirits by which Hindu mythology symbolized evil.

Like the *Shah-Nameh*, this poem is very long and involved as a whole, but out of it come many passages of the loftiest beauty—descriptions of nature that breathe the very heart of the tropical jungle, passages of the finest feeling, as for example, the one where Sita refuses to leave her husband in his exile. Its conception of the character of young Rama, too,—his love for his brothers, his devotion to his father, his modesty and humility, his control of his passions, his unfailing courtesy to his brothers' mothers, his devotion to his people, his tenderness for his wife, his steadfastness to his word, is one of remarkable beauty. Reading of this poem and frequent re-reading of it is regarded as a sacred duty by the Hindu. The *Ramayana* is his Bible.

130

At the Back of the North Wind. The Princess and Curdie. The Princess and the Goblin.

to be his beautiful children's stories. adopting children in need, and his most enduring work has proved a family of eleven children of his own, he frequently added to it by with charity for all. Though he was never very well off and had though not in the conventional way, and had a heart overflowing, kept through life the heart of a child. He was deeply religious, George MacDonald was a minister, teacher and writer who MacDONALD, GEORGE (Scotch, 1824-1905)

The foremost American poet in expressing the ideals of the early American republic, and the first editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL (American, 1819-1891)

poets for her imagery, color, power and vivid characterization. Amy Lowell holds a high rank among the modern school of LOWELL, AMY (American, 1874-)

Important Works: The Little Peppers and How They Grew. Important Works: The Courtship of Miles Standish, Bangseline. LOTHRROP, (MARGARET SIDNEY) American 1844- have made him more beloved than any other American poet. moulder of the present, but the music and deep feeling in his work was a poet of the past, of legendary heroes, and not like Lowell, a quiet days and little varied save for frequent trips to Europe. He of his life, however, was spent at Cambridge, writing and teaching, wild scenery and rich in Indian lore and legend. The greater part Hawthorne, introduced him to the falls of the Androscoggin River, His college days at Bowdoin, where he was a classmate of

And the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free,
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea."

lived amid the quiet surroundings of Portland, Maine, where he was born, and he never forgot the pleasant streets of that dear old town, the shadowy lines of trees which permit, here and there through their branches, a sudden glimpse of the sea. He never forgot

M Y B O O K H O U S E

T H E L A T C H K E Y

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH (1807-1882.)



I N an historic old wooden house, overshadowed by splendid elms and standing on one of the spacious streets of Cambridge, that delightful old university town, there lived once a modest, deep-hearted gentleman whose highest ambition was to be a perfect man and through sympathy and love to help others to be the same. The old house had been built before the Revolution and occupied by Washington when he took command of the American army in 1776. Its study windows looked across the green Brighton meadows far away to the Brookline hills. It was in that study just at twilight that the poet used to hear the patter of little feet in the room above him and see, in the lamplight, his children on the stairs. A rush and a raid from the doorway, they were swarming over his chair—Alice, laughing Allegra and "Edith with golden hair."

A scholar and a poet was Longfellow, a Professor at Harvard University, and yet he always seemed to have time for everybody and everything. Never was he too busy to see a caller, or to help by word or deed whoever was in distress. Often strangers called to see him, or children, not venturing to call, hung about his garden gate, hoping just to catch a glimpse of him. To such his courtesy was complete. He never seemed to think they had come for a peep at him, but took it for granted that they wanted to see Washington's study, which he showed them with simple pleasure. Indeed, far from trying to hide himself from intruders, he rarely even drew the blinds of his study windows at night. What a sunny, genial nature was his, full of courage, tenderness and strength. In joy and sorrow, he lived life beautifully and happily, with neither envy nor malice and with unbounded charity.

Through his mother Longfellow was descended from John Alden and Priscilla, those precious Puritan lovers whose quaint courtship he described so beautifully in *Miles Standish*. In his boyhood he

*The Adventures of Odysseus by Padraic Colum. The Iliad for Boys and Girls by A. J. Church.

HE greatest of all the world's epics—The Iliad and Odysseus—are attributed to Homer, who is said to have lived between 1050 and 850 B. C. Ever since the second century B. C., however, the question whether Homer was the originator of these poems,

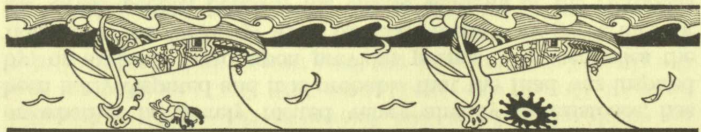


THE ILIAD AND ODYSSEUS

*GREEK EPICS

it its real life and beauty. robbed the tale of all that enormous and splendid spirit that gave frequently turning the mere story of the epics into prose has at least, of this heroic style should always be preserved. Too each country, and in retelling stories from the epics, somewhat, passages of great and lofty beauty, we find the finest literature of rousing stir of activity, and the frequent rise of their lines into seriousness and dignity, their enormous breadth of canvases, their his own country. In these massive old epics, with their splendid and give it permanent form in the peculiar style and rhythm of some poet appeared, of sufficient genius to write down the tale in hall and castle from generation to generation, until at last long epic poems. These were told and sung by wandering bards stirring and deeply moving thoughts have been expressed in their nations and peoples, so their highest, loftiest, noblest, most reflect the commonplace, homely, every-day life of the various incidents are grouped about one central hero. As the folk tales often in poetry, treating in heroic style a theme of heroic proportions. Its unity generally consists in the fact that all the An epic is an heroic narrative, sometimes in prose, but most

THE WORLD'S GREAT EPICS



T H E L A T C H K E Y

M Y B O O K H O U S E

or whether he merely recited verses already in existence, has been hotly disputed and it is probable that the Iliad was inspired by, or at least based upon previous poems. For centuries the Iliad and the Odyssey were publicly recited at gatherings of the Greek people, beneath the classic shadows of the Acropolis at Athens, in the stately marble porticoes of Greek dwellings, on the dappled lawns of temple groves overlooking the blue Aegean, and their splendid flowing lines, with their dignity and simplicity, have come down through the ages as the finest embodiment of Greek thought and spirit in existence, well worthy the race whose chief gift to humanity was the revelation of the gospel of beauty. The Iliad or Achilliad relates the happenings of some fifty days in the ninth year of the Trojan War, and the story all center about the hero, Achilles. The Odyssey is the story of Ulysses, or Odysseus as he is called in the Greek, after the fall of Troy and tells the story of his long ten years of wandering and his final arrival home.

*LATIN EPICS

THE AENEID

The greatest Latin epic is the Aeneid, written by Virgil in the first century A. D. It sings the wanderings of Aeneas, the Trojan, the heroic ancestor of the Romans, after he has escaped from the burning ruins of Troy. Since Roman literature was founded entirely on the Greek, the Aeneid is very closely akin in style and spirit to the Iliad and Odyssey.

†PERSIAN EPICS

THE SHAH-NAMEH



Next in antiquity to the Greek epics is the Persian, the Shah-Nameh, or Book of Kings, which was composed by the poet Abul Kasin Mansur about 920 B. C. Abul Kasin sang so sweetly that his master, the Shah, termed him Firdusi, or Singer of Paradise,

*The Aeneid for Boys and Girls by A. J. Church.

†The Story of Rustem by Renninger.

Important Works: True Bear Stories.

friends, the best loved writer of the West, the Poet of the Sierras. he lived in good old western simplicity with his mother and a few mountain in California he passed the later years of his life. Here In a beautiful retreat called "The Heights" on the crest of a where. At all festivities he appeared in a flannel shirt and sombrero!

the Sierras. England grew most enthusiastic and feted him every- the big breezy westerner made his first great success with Songs of et al but it was when he went to London a few years later that Soon he published a volume of western poems called Joaquin. cinnatus Heine forever and henceforth called himself Joaquin. named Joaquin (Walk-in) whose name struck him as so much more Colorado, where he practiced law, he met a certain Mexican bandit years he lived among the Pacific Coast Indians. In Canyon City, get. Later he joined the gold-miners in California and for five rate, nor would he return until he had earned what he set out to the small urchin was found by his elders chopping away at a great out sturdily from home and joined a wood-cutters' camp. There Young Cincinnatus was often in need of money so he once set



Offers rest; and unquestioned you come and you go. And the lodge of the hunter to friend and to foe Pouring on like the tide of a storm-driven main, And the buffalo come, like a cloud on the plain, Blue skies and brown grasses are welded as one, "And to east and to west, to the north and the sun."



there is "room, room to turn round in, to breathe and be free," the free breezy spirit of America's great western plains, where The very spirit of the West seemed to breathe itself into that boy, way from Indiana where he had been born, to settle in Oregon. named Cincinnatus Heine Miller. The boy's family were on their and in the lumbering old wagon among his elders, a small boy westward, across the desert, across the Rockies, across the Sierras; A prairie schooner in early pioneer days, toiling westward, MILLER, JOAQUIN (Cincinnatus Heine Miller) 1841-1913.

M Y B O O K H O U S E

T H E L A T C H K E Y

MARE; WALTER DE LA (English poet, 1873-)

MARKHAM, CHARLES EDWIN (American, 1852-)



A LITTLE five year old boy once went from Oregon City to live with his widowed mother and deaf and dumb brother on a lonely ranch in California. Here the boy worked at farming, blacksmithing, herding, and when he earned twenty dollars for ploughing a neighbor's field, he bought himself some books. But his mother was a stern, hard woman, who cared little about his education, so at length the boy ran away from home to work with a band of threshers, nor would he return until his mother promised to let him work his way through school. In college Markham supported himself by teaching freshman classes while doing sophomore and junior work, and he and four other students lived in a bare room under the college bell-tower, cooking their own meals, which consisted chiefly of beans! When he began writing verse for the California papers he found success and later did newspaper work in New York. His best known poem is The Man with the Hoe.

MASEFIELD, JOHN (English 1878-)



A S a small boy Masefield used to run away from home, sometimes for days at a time, so at last his father sent him to sea to work off his surplus energy aboard a merchant vessel. For ten years he lived on the ocean and gained there that love of ships and the sea which colors all his work. But when he was sixteen he left the ship at New York with five dollars and a chest of clothes, fired now with desire to study. He worked on a farm, in a bakery, in a hotel, and in a carpet factory, but every Friday on pay day he went to the book store and bought books. Then the day came when he began to write. He has written stirring narrative poems and splendid stories of adventure.

Important Works: Martin Hyde, the Duke's Messenger. Jim Davis. Voyages of Discovery.

MEREDITH, GEORGE (English novelist, 1822-1909)

THE LATCH KEY

However much men still confused good and evil, sensual and spiritual qualities, in defining the nature of their gods, early mythology represents at least a pressing forward of primitive human thought toward explanations of the universe, toward some comprehensive grasp of the unseen force behind creation, and some attempt to sort out good from evil; and however great the jumble of superstitions with which the truth was still overlaid, each nation pressed just so far along this line of discovery as its particular thought was capable of reaching, untouched by the supreme truth which came with Christianity.

Early myth-makers personified not only the qualities and elements which they perceived to be good in human existence, but also those elements which they perceived to be evil, sometimes as gods, as in the case of the Norse Loki, god of mischief and evil, father of sorrow and death, but more often as hideous monsters, giants or trolls. In the Norse, these personifications of evil were often creatures of mist and darkness, of lies and illusion, which must disappear before the light, certainly, not an unintelligent conception of evil, and the Norse not only set forth in their myths the material warfare of warmth and light against cold and darkness, but they set forth also the warfare of good against evil. In the Persian, the Children of Light war against the spells and illusions of the Children of Darkness, the Deevs, and again, the material sense of light wiping out darkness, has the deeper meaning of spiritual truth and enlightenment wiping out evil.

In many of their myths the Norsemen reached a very lofty and beautiful conception of things. In the god Baldur, they honored all that was beautiful, eloquent, wise and good. He was the spirit of activity, joy and light. Even Thor, though he was degraded into a war god, seems at his best, in his encounters with the giants from the land of mists and winter, the land of lies and illusions, rather to have stood for that strong spiritual force that gives battle to evil, than a creator of strife among men, and his

MY BOOK HOUSE

thunderbolt for no destructive force, but for that beneficent power that smites the chains of winter and sets free the life-giving showers of spring. The Norse attain a high spiritual level, too, in their conception of the final disappearance of this world, with the twilight of the gods, and the appearance of a new heaven and a new earth, an earth wherein goodness only dwells, an earth filled with abundance, regenerated and purified, where Baldur will come again with light and life, with wisdom, joy and goodness, and all evil ceases, for Loki is no more.

Though all nations have had their myths, and many, the East Indians for example, have an enormous jumble, the Greek and Norse mythologies are the most complete and orderly. The Greek myths show a love of beauty and brightness, of warmth and color, that makes the Norse look somewhat dark and somber by contrast, yet the Greeks retained far more of the sensuous element and attained far less of the spiritual than the Norse, and in selecting stories from the Greek to tell to children, this fact needs always to be borne in mind when selections are made. There are, nevertheless, many very beautiful Greek myths. There are the story of Hercules, his patience and his labors to free mankind from the various monsters, the myth of Echo and Narcissus, wherein the youth who loves only himself finds nothing but misery, unsatisfied longing and final death, the beautiful story of that dear old couple, Baucis and Philemon. All these and many others show true and right conceptions of things, and indicate that mythology, though it always remained a confused mixture of barbarism and beauty, with far more superstition than truth, and though it could never possibly have attained anything like the moral and spiritual height which a wholly consecrated, inspired, and persistent demand for truth did attain on the hills of Judea, holds nevertheless, when viewed in the right light, much beauty and much truth, which may be intelligently used for children.

MY BOOK HOUSE

NESBIT, EDITH (English writer of children's stories, 1858-)
 NEWELL, PETER (American, 1862-)
 One of the most original of humorists, whose drawings of funny little round-eyed children exactly fit his funny little verses.
 NOEL, THOMAS (English poet, 1799-1861)
 NOYES, ALFRED (English, 1880-)
 One of the foremost English poets of the present day. He was born in Staffordshire and educated at Oxford. In 1913 he gave a course of lectures in Boston on *The Sea in English Poetry* and was, for the next three years, visiting professor at Princeton University.
 PAINE, ALBERT BIGELOW (American, 1861-)
 Albert Bigelow Paine was born in New Bedford, Maine and educated at Xenia, Illinois. He began writing for the Kansas newspapers while living in Fort Scott, and from there went to New York. He has been a department editor of *St. Nicholas* and has written many delightful stories for children.
Important Works: The Arkansaw Bear, Hollow Tree and Deep Woods Book.
 PERRAULT, CHARLES (French, 1628-1703)
 A courtly French author who made the first collection of French Fairy Tales which he called *Tales of Mother Goose*. These were not the jingles, but the stories of Cinderella, The Sleeping Beauty, etc.
 POE, EDGAR ALLAN (American, 1809-1849)
 A great American poet and writer of short stories, but of an eccentric genius, dark and unhappy.
 POULSSON, ANNE EMILIE (1853-)
 Miss Poulsson is a prominent kindergarten worker.
Important Works: Father and Baby Flays, The Runaway Donkey, Through the Farnyard Gate.
 PRENTISS, ELIZABETH (American, 1818-1878)
 PRINGLE, THOMAS (Scott, 1789-1834)
 A Scotch writer who made an interesting trip to Africa.



THE LATCH KEY

MILTON, JOHN (English, 1608-1674)

John Milton was a stern old Puritan, a born rebel from his boyhood, an apostle of liberty, who hated tyranny and was yet neither gracious nor tender. He was Secretary for Foreign Tongues to Oliver Cromwell, the Puritan Protector of England, and during that work became totally blind. But with his tremendous power and force he never gave up his work. Out under the trees in his garden he forced his three daughters to read to him hour after hour, long, tiresome books of which they often understood nothing.

With Cromwell's death and the return of the Royalists to power, Milton lost his standing and was forced for a time to go into hiding. His books against the Royalist cause were publicly burnt and he himself was thrown into prison. When he was released, he was a friendless old man, blind as well, but with that tremendous spirit of his he set to work once again and finished the most powerful of all his works, one of the greatest epic poems in the English language—*Paradise Lost*, as well as two other long poems.

NEKRASSOV, NIKOLAI ALEXEIEVITCH (Russian, 1821-78)

Nekrassov was one of the early patriots of Russia who dared to speak out against the tyranny and oppression of the Czar. His mother was a gentle Polish woman who gave her whole life to teaching him, instilling into him, heart and soul, the love of simple, kindly things. This made him hate all the more the ugly punishments he saw when he went on trips with his father, a brutal Russian officer and Chief of District Police. When Nikolai refused to be a soldier his father disinherited him. For three years he worked his way through college, hungry day and night, but at last by his ceaseless efforts he made a place for himself in the literary world and rose to be Editor of Russia's foremost magazine. Through his vivid pen-pictures of all types of Russian life, he led young Russia to hate oppression, to understand the various classes of their own country, especially the working class, and to love freedom.

one God whose power embraces the universe, there was a god of goddess of truth, bounty, productivity, strength, etc. Instead of or goddess who gave life, a god or goddess of beauty, a god or love, they conceived of a god or goddess who gave wisdom, somewhat, instead of conceiving of one God who is all wisdom, vital and powerful elements of human life that must have a source. Thus, when they perceived wisdom, truth, beauty, etc., to be human experience, and personified each of these as a god or goddess, they perceived its various attributes and qualities as these appeared in the infinite variety of its manifestations and operations, as one universe; and, being unable to conceive of that power, so diversified emanates the thought and life that pervades and animates all the power that creates, sustains and regulates the world, from which the universe, they could not escape striving to understand the thinking, began to seek for causes beneath the outward appearance of things, to question and ponder instead of blindly accepting etc., mythology as a whole means far more than that in the evolution of human thought. As men in the very beginnings of ordered though beautiful, explanations of natural phenomena, as How the Sunflower Came, Why Winter and Spring Come Every Year, while many of the myths are merely poetical and impossible, gradually became the religions of the peoples.

In general, a myth deals with the actions of gods, or beings possessed of divine attributes. It seems most probable that the myths were the outgrowth of the household tales and that, while the tales were preserved by the rude and uncultured among the races, the more advanced and intellectual of each folk refined these tales into the myths which



MYTH is a popular story intended to explain some natural phenomenon or some phase or problem of life.

WHAT IS A MYTH?

THE LATCH KEY

MY BOOK HOUSE

the earth, a god of the sea, etc., and humanity's innate perception of its own necessity for seeking divine help, help outside its own inadequate capacities, in time of trouble, expressed itself in seeking protection from the various gods, each of which was endowed with that protective power which belongs truly to God.

Thus early man's system of gods was only human thought in a state of evolution crudely and imperfectly recognizing the various attributes of the one God, naming and classifying the various unseen elements that go to make up life, commencing definitely, if slowly, to distinguish between good and evil. And back of their manifold gods, the myth-makers nearly all dimly perceived the idea of one power in an Odin or Jove who was All-father and supreme. It is said that the early Egyptian priests, though their religion always possessed far more points of dissimilarity than of similarity to the Hebrew, still possessed very distinctly this secret of one God, one Cause and Creator of the universe, and Mr. Prescott tells us in his *Conquest of Mexico*, that even the Aztecs, evolving their religion so utterly apart from the rest of the world, recognized, in spite of their barbarous myths of many gods, the existence of a supreme creator and Lord of the Universe. "They addressed him in their prayers as 'the God by whom we live,' omnipresent, that knoweth all thoughts, and giveth all gifts,' 'without whom man is as nothing,' invisible, incorporeal, one God, of perfect perfection and purity,' 'under whose wings we find repose and sure defence.' These sublime attributes infer no inadequate conception of the true God." He tells us furthermore, in *The Conquest of Peru*, "It is a remarkable fact, that many, if not most, of the rude tribes inhabiting the vast American continent, however disfigured their creeds may have been in other respects by a childish superstition, had attained to the sublime conception of one Great Spirit, the Creator of the Universe, who, immaterial in his own nature, was not to be dishonored by an attempt at visible representation, and who, pervading all space, was not to be circumscribed within the walls of a temple."

James Whitcomb Riley is the beloved poet of Indiana, the Hoosier poet, who has written so many homely, heartfelt things of and for the people, in their own simple style and idiom. He worked first as a sign painter, then joined a company of strolling players for whom he wrote songs and plays. Later he was one of the editors of the *Indianapolis Journal*. A genuine poet of childhood was Riley, too, full of deep love and sympathy for children.

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB (American, 1833-1916)

Daughter of Julia Ward Howe and a noted writer for children. Important Works: *Captain January*. *The Joyous Story of Tolo*. *The Golden Windows*.

RICHARDS, LAURA E. (American, contemporary)

RANSOME, ARTHUR (English, contemporary)

RANDS, WILLIAM BRIGHTY (English, 1823-1880)

Her only work of real value is that written for children. Important Works: *The Dog of Flanders*. *The Nuremberg Slave*. *Bimbi*. *Moufflon*. fond. Her only work of real value is that written for children. unbusinesslike and her last years found her in poverty, deserted by great success and her many fine qualities she was helpless, vain, and and black lace mantilla. Poor, foolish, little lady. In spite of her coach lined with sky-blue leather, wearing an orange colored dress Tales are told of how she rode through the streets of Florence in a as she deemed fitting for a wealthy and famous young novelist. fortune. Then off went Miss Ouida to live in Italy in such fashion

to make that name of Ouida famous. When she was twenty she did she or her parents dream then that she was going she could call herself nothing but "Ouida." Little When she began trying to say her own name, Louisa, child of a French father and an English mother.



Once there was a little girl living in France, the

MY BOOK HOUSE

THE LATCH KEY

PYLE, HOWARD (American, 1853-1911)

SMALL boy once lay on the rug before the fire in a certain house in Wilmington, Delaware, while his mother read him *Robinson Crusoe*. Vividly he pictured to himself all the interesting history of that venturesome hero as he tramped about on his lonely island with the savage, Friday. Sometimes Howard Pyle's mother read him *Gulliver's Travels*, *Tanglewood Tales*, *Ivanhoe* or the *Arabian Nights*, but whatever she read, he always lay there and saw pictures, pictures, pictures. Often he tried to put these pictures down in drawing. Indeed, his mother inspired him early with a love of all beautiful things—particularly pictures and books. Once when he was a very tiny boy he felt himself so moved to write a poem that he called for paper and pencil and was sitting with paper on knee all ready to write before he ever stopped to think that he did not yet know how to read nor to make a single letter! Keen was young Howard's disappointment.

Rather than go to college when he grew up, Howard Pyle went to an art school where his ability to make pictures was trained. Since he so dearly loved pictures in books he began making illustrations and soon he was both writing and illustrating his own stories. How he loved a quaint old picturesque tale of adventure, whether of knights or of pirates, and he left boys and girls many tales of both, illustrated with vigor and a keen love of color and beauty, for Howard Pyle was one of America's foremost illustrators.

The Garden Behind the Moon. The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood. Men of Iron. The Wonder Clock. Otto of the Silver Hand. Stolen Treasure. Pepper and Salt.

KATHERINE PYLE (American contemporary)

Katherine Pyle is the sister of Howard Pyle and is herself an author and artist of unusual merit.

As the Goose Flies. The Christmas Angel. Careless Jane. Fairy Tales from Many Lands.

The folk tales were rather as a whole a natural expression of primitive man's imagination and intellect, his views of life, his aims and interests, without particular purpose or meaning. Gradually as his life became better ordered and richer in experience, his intellect keener and clearer, his spirit more refined, certain simple moral conceptions began to creep into his tales. Thus men the world over in lands far, far apart began to express a natural love of good temper and courtesy by tales of the good boy or girl who succeeded in enterprises where the bad boy or girl, as a punishment for churchiness or disobedience, had failed. Such stories are The Twelve Months, from the Bohemian, Toads and Diamonds, from the French. Admiration for steadfastness

Indians and New Zealanders as well. and is found not only in the Hawaiian, but among American course through the sky, instead of going higher and on at will, earth is a savage attempt to explain why the sun pursues a regular myth of the man who caught the sun and anchored it to the usually frankly declare themselves to be so. For instance the sun myth. Those that were an attempt at such explanation Red Riding Hood and nearly every other nursery tale as a this, as some students of folk-lore have insisted, explaining Little but they were not by any manner of means all designed to do set, how the thunder-storm came, what produced the lightning, natural phenomena, why the sun rose and

Some of these old folk-tales, as has been contended, doubtless were told to explain the religions of the peoples. grew gradually into the myths that became polish and perfect these old tales until they intellectually and acquired culture began to is probable that those who forged ahead in- in each race preserved the old tale, while it were still uncivilized, and the unprogressive



THE LATCH KEY

MY BOOK HOUSE

and devotion began to express itself in stories of the maiden who keeps on through great hardships to free her lover from evil enchantment, as in East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon and the Russian counterpart of the same.

More and more, simple moral and ethical ideals, shared by all mankind, with no necessity for intercommunion to impart the same, the natural expression of man's growth everywhere, his higher longings and inner urgings began to form their own stories with a certain similarity among all peoples, and no one thing gives a better conception of the universal oneness of human nature, the similarity of its line of unfoldment everywhere than a glance over its old folk tales.

From the foregoing explanation of the origin of folk tales it becomes apparent why, with so many gems of beauty as various collections possess, there still exist side by side with these, hideous barbarities, crudities and cruelties, survivals from the savage days of the story's origin, step-mothers designing to eat their children, tempting them into chests and letting the lid down to crush in their heads, women cooking their step-children's hearts to eat them, mothers and fathers deserting their own children to die in the woods; and it also makes clear why no scientific edition of folk tales, that is, a collection made for purely scientific study, is fit for children. For their use the most careful selection and editing of the old stories is necessary that the truly fine and beautiful may be preserved and the false and gross eliminated. As the folk tales were told by all manner of people throughout generations, the story had always to be put in the words of the one who told it. Thus while he stuck closely to the outline and spirit of the story as it existed everywhere, he might vary it slightly to suit his own conception of what was finest and most beautiful in it, or omit that which to him was valueless or disfiguring. It is thus that all good versions of the folk tales have been told and it is thus that they are given in *My BOOK HOUSE*.

woods and up the sides of rocky gorges they ascended—up and up into the mountains. Along an old Indian trail through dense pine canwas covered wagon with the rest of the party, they started up well over so he and Merrifield took a pack-train and leaving their tempted Roosevelt. The work of rounding up cattle was now General Custer had been killed by the Indians. Those mountains very base of the Big Horn Mountains, where eight years before across southeastern Montana and halfway across Wyoming to the Little Missouri. The search for stray cattle took him and his party felt set out for a round-up in the great cattle country west of the

In the fall, when everything was well settled at Elkhorn, Roosevelt's man was all his life long one of Roosevelt's closest friends. highest, exulting in his strength and bidding the elements defiance. the happiest in his canoe on Mattawamkeag when the waves were one day, who glories in the conflict with wind and storm and was could hew down with his axe forty or fifty giants of the forest in man with an indomitable spirit was Sewall, the sort of man who tawamkeag to hunt in the Maine wilderness. A stalwart, vigorous and love him in his Harvard days when he went up to Lake Mat-Dow. Bill Sewall was a character. Roosevelt had learned to know Roosevelt had gone east to fetch, Bill Sewall and his nephew, Will before. And there were the two backwoodsman from Maine, whom Ranch when he first came out and hunted buffalo with them a year rifle, seasoned plainsmen who were in charge of Chimney Butte in the West. There were Joe Ferris and Joe and Sylvaine Mer-reliant men with whom Roosevelt had surrounded himself out there already built there. It was a company of quiet, bronzed, self-driven the cattle over and taken possession of the rude little shack place for his ranch than Chimney Butte. So he and his men had locked antlers of two great elk and he decided that this was a better on a low bluff summited by cottonwood trees he found the inter-westward through a fertile bottom bordered by sheer cliffs. There forty miles north of Chimney Butte where it takes a long swing

MY BOOK HOUSE

THE LATCH KEY

*ROOSEVELT, THEODORE (American, 1858-1919)



A sturdy young fellow, alert and energetic of movement, his spectacles gleaming in the sun, was making his way on a tough little western pony toward Chimney Butte Ranch on the Little Missouri River in the Bad Lands of North Dakota. All around him the country was bare, wild and desolate, vast stretches of bleak prairie, parched by the scorching sun and varied only by abrupt and savage hills called by the cowboys buttes. It was a land of enormous distances, stretching away forever, with no farms and no fences, only at wide intervals little log ranch houses with mud roofs where lived the ranchmen whose herds ranged over the prairie. In the fertile river bottoms hundreds of long-horned cattle grazed while cowboys dashed recklessly among them on half-broken ponies. No soft loveliness in such a scene, only a wild, stark, bold and rugged beauty that made it a fit background for the bold and rugged men who lived and worked there. Such a scene had a strange appeal for Theodore Roosevelt. He loved it; vigorous outdoor life in that wild country thrilled him; he wanted to feel himself the comrade of the men who lived there. And so a year ago he had bought Chimney Butte Ranch. Queer! A New Yorker of a wealthy old Dutch family, who had lived all his life in an aristocratic section of New York and was a graduate of Harvard University into the bargain, choosing such a primitive life of toil and hardship, and queerer still that the rough plainsmen should overcome their prejudice against Eastern "dudes", and love and admire Theodore Roosevelt. Back in New York a great sorrow had just befallen the young man, the loss of his wife, and he had come out to Dakota to fling himself heart and soul into the work of the ranch and forget his grief in activity.

It was over at Elkhorn Ranch that Roosevelt now kept most of his stock. One day he had followed the Little Missouri River

*Read *The Boy's Life of Roosevelt* by Hermann Hagedorn

T H E L A T C H K E Y

Tales, Mr. Lang says, "In the shadowy distance of primitive

commerce, amber and jade and slaves were carried half across the world by the old trade routes. It is said that oriental jade is found in Swiss lake-dwellings, that an African trade cowry (shell-money) has been discovered deep in a Cornish barrow. Folk tales might well be scattered abroad in the same manner by merchantmen gossiping over their Khan-ares, by Sidonian mariners chatting in the sounding loggia of an Homeric house, by the slave dragged from his home and passed from owner to owner across Africa or Europe, by the wife who according to primitive law had to be chosen from an alien clan."

Much of the similarity in household tales may be due to both these explanations, the common origin of the Aryan race and the unrecorded driftings of commerce, yet neither one entirely explains the matter, since many non-Aryan races possess the same tales and there is much similarity to the European tales in tales of the rest of the world, the Peruvians and the Aztecs in Mexico for example. Even the Cinderella story is not peculiar to the Aryan race. The first known version of it is the Egyptian story of Rhodopis and the Little Gilded Sandals.

The tale of the weak creature who runs away from a powerful and malevolent being, casting impediments behind to delay the pursuit of the monster, so common in European tales, is also particularly wide-spread in many non-Aryan countries. Among the Eskimos a girl marries a whale. To visit her, her two brothers build a boat of magical speed. In their company the girl flees from the whale. The whale discovers her flight and gives chase but is detained by various objects which she throws at him, until at last she and her brothers escape and the whale is transformed into a piece of whale-bone. In a Samoyed tale, two girls are fleeing



M Y B O O K H O U S E

from a cannibal step-mother. They throw first a comb behind them, as the mother is almost upon them, and that becomes a forest; other small objects become rivers and mountains. The same kind of feats are performed during flight in a story from Madagascar, and one from the Zulus. A Hottentot story tells of a woman's flight from an elephant. In Japan, the hero, followed by the Loathly Lady of Hades, throws down his comb and it turns into bamboo sprouts which check her approach.

The most probable explanation of the similarity in various folk tales that could not possibly be explained by transmission or a common origin, seems to be that this is due to the similarity of primitive man's imagination and intellect everywhere, no matter how separated by material barriers. Savages the world over, past and present, although utterly cut off from all association with each other, have invariably shared certain views of life. For one thing they draw no hard and fast line between themselves and the animal or inanimate world about them. To the simple mind of the savage, all things appear to live, to be capable of conscious movement and even of speech. The sun, the moon, the stars, the very ground on which he walks, the clouds, storms and lightning are all to him living, conscious beings. Animals have miraculous power and are supposed to be able to protect him as illustrated by the totems of the Alaskan Indians. Moreover, the savage believes infallibly in magic. Everywhere we find Australians, Maoris, Eskimos, old Irish, Fuegians, Brazilians, Samoyeds, Iroquois and the rest showing faith in certain jugglers or wizards of their tribes. They believe that these men can turn themselves or their neighbors into animal shapes, that they can move inanimate objects by incantations and perform all the other rigamarole of magic.

It is most likely therefore that the remarkable similarities in the various folk tales are chiefly due to the identity of early fancy everywhere. They originated undoubtedly while the races

M Y B O O K H O U S E

into life. Outside the circle of the firelight the cliffs shone sil-

ver beneath a great full moon and threw grotesque black shadows across the dusky plain. But, the next morning, all was changed, a gale was blowing and the rain came beating down. A miserable day and night followed and then another. Not until the third day camped by a dry creek in a broad bottom covered with thick parched grass. To make sure that their camp fire should not set the surrounding grass alight, they burned a circle clear, standing about with branches to keep the flames in check. Suddenly a puff of wind! The fire leapt up and roared like a beast as it raced along the plain. In five minutes the whole bottom would be ablaze. The men fought furiously. Hair and eyebrows were singed black, but they kept on fighting until the flames were subdued.

At this time they were still three days from home as the crawling team would make the journey, so Roosevelt concluded after supper that night to press on ahead of the wagon with Merrifield and ride the full distance before dawn. At nine o'clock they saddled the tough little ponies they had ridden all day and rode off out of the circle of firelight, loping mile after mile beneath the moon and the stars. Now and again bands of antelope swept silently by them and once a drove of cattle charged past, dark figures that set the ground rumbling beneath their heavy tread. The first glow of the sun was touching the level bluffs of Chimney Butte into light as they galloped into the valley of the Little Missouri. Winter was hard at Chimney Butte that year as always. There was little snow but the cold was fierce in its intensity. The trees cracked and groaned from the strain of the frost and even the stars seemed to snap and glitter. The river lay frozen fast and wolves and lynxes travelled up and down it at night as though it had been a highway. Roosevelt lived chiefly now at Chimney Butte writing somewhat on books he had started and reading much but sharing, too, all the hardships of the winter work. It was not pleasant

T H E L A T C H K E Y

and up, driving their pack-train with endless difficulty over fallen timber and along the edge of dizzy precipices. At length they camped in a beautiful glade surrounded by pine trees, pitching their tents beside a clear running mountain brook. From here they hunted among the peaks round about. The weather was clear and cold with thin ice covering the mountain tarns and now and again light falls of snow made the forest gleam in the moonlight. Through the frosty air they could often hear the far-off musical note of the bull-elk calling. Roosevelt loved the adventure of the chase, but he loved even more the majesty of the trees and the companionship of all the shy wild creatures that sprang across his path. What alluring glimpses he caught of the inner life of the mountains. But when indeed he set out to hunt, he pursued his aim with dogged persistence. He might be sobbing for breath and with sweat streaming into his eyes but if he was after an elk, after an elk he continued to be in spite of all misadventures until he got one; if his aim was a grizzly he kept on the warpath and never rested until the grizzly was his. Certainly Theodore Roosevelt never avoided difficulties. He pressed on determinedly through them, and made difficulties contribute to his success.

After some days in the mountains the two men at length rejoined their wagon and started on the three hundred mile journey home. It was long and weary travelling, galloping beside the lumbering wagon over the desolate prairie. After many days they reached a strange and romantic region—isolated buttes of sandstone cut by the weather into curious caves and columns, battlements and spires. A beautiful and fantastic place it was, and here they made their camp. Soon the flame of their camp fire went leaping up the cliffs till those weird and solemn shapes seemed to writhe



his only through persistent facing of hardships. His first deep interest had been in natural history. O that Museum of Natural History he had founded at the age of nine! And the treatise he had written in a two-for-a-nickel note book, "*Natural History on Insects*" wherein with the most picturesque spelling he wrote of "beetles"; "misqueto hawks"; ants, etc. all whose "habbits" he declared he had gained from his own "observation". He had pursued the study of natural history with an almost ruthless singleness of purpose, just as he did all things all through life. If it seemed to him necessary for his studies that he keep a few dead field mice in the family refrigerator he did so, if he felt obliged to have a snake or two in the guest room water pitcher, that he did likewise. For a few years, whether in America, or in Europe, or journeying up the Nile with his parents, his brother and sister, he had the one single aim of chasing down specimens for his study. And he never lost that interest in natural history, but gradually there began to awake in him deeper interests and stirring dreams. He was thrilled by the heroes of the old epics. He wanted to be like them. He wanted to be of the company of the doers of deeds, men who faced life and death calmly with clear eyes and did not rate life too highly in the balance with what they deemed justice. And gradually he became more and more deeply aware of the struggle it is to translate dreams into reality. He saw ever more clearly that men attain only through endless struggle against the sloth, the love of ease, the impurities, the doubts and fears of their own hearts. But everywhere in him reached out to be one with those who throughout all ages have fought the battles of Right against Wrong and he determined to build up for himself a clean, valiant, fighting soul. When he was graduated from college he decided that the real fighters of his day were the men who went into politics and used their weapons there in behalf of Justice and Fair Play, so he deliberately joined the Twenty-fifth District Republican Association. "But politics are so low" said his aristocratic friends with their

M Y B O O K H O U S E

T H E L A T C H K E Y

to be out of doors in the biting wind but the herds had to be watched. The cattle suffered much and stood in shivering groups huddled together in the shelter of the canyons. Every day for Roosevelt began with breakfast at five o'clock, three hours before sunrise, and from then until dark he or his men were almost constantly in the saddle, riding about among the cattle and turning back any that seemed to be straggling away toward the open plain.

During the severest weather there were fifty new-bought and decidedly refractory ponies to be broken. Day after day in the icy cold Roosevelt labored patiently in the corral among them. More than once he was bucked by his steed in the presence of a gallery of grinning cowboys, but in the end it was noteworthy that it was always the pony and not Roosevelt who was broken!

In the late Spring the men built a new ranch house at Elkhorn, plain but comfortable and homelike. Then Will Dow went back east to Maine and returned with a newly married bride of his own and with Bill Sewall's wife and little three year old daughter. These women were backwoodswomen, self-reliant, fearless, high hearted as their mates. What with their cheery voices, their thinking of this and that to make life more pleasant, their baking and putting all things in order at the ranch, they soon turned the house into a real home. Now began happy days at Elkhorn, days of elemental toil and hardship, and of strong, elemental pleasures, rest after labor, food after hunger, warmth and shelter after bitter cold. No room here for social distinctions. Each respected and loved the other because each knew the other to be steadfast, loyal and true. Roosevelt saddled his own horse, fed the pigs and now and then washed his own clothes. Through the cold evenings he loved to stretch himself out at full length on the elk hides and wolf skins before the great fireplace while the blazing logs cracked and roared. Doubtless he often thought back then on his own life.

What an alert, energetic, enthusiastic, little fellow he had been, frail in body originally, for he had acquired that tough physique of

where the elders fail. Such stories are Boots and His Brothers, by his elder brothers, and yet succeeds at various difficult tasks. He is always despised as wide spread as the story of the victorious younger daughter, tales of any number of other folk beside.

French, coming to us from the collection of Perrault. The real English version is the story of Catskin. In German Cinderella is Aschenputtel; in Italian she is Cenerentola. Likewise she appears in Norwegian, Russian, Hungarian, Servian, Irish and among the we find legends of the ill-treated but ultimately successful younger daughter, of which Cinderella is a type. Almost every nation possess the same household tales? Everywhere among the Aryans far apart, so long separated by space, so widely different in language and customs, as the Germans and the Hindoos for example, combinations. How has it possibly come about that peoples so common to all being put together in an endless variety of different plots and characters of the tales are the very same, a few incidents separated by the widest stretches of land and sea, the incidents, that is every country inhabited by the white race, even those existing facts appear. In the first place, in every Aryan country, From a careful study of these collections certain very interesting facts appear.

nation under the sun and most of the savage tribes besides. In fact we have collections from nearly every Ilian Bushmen. In fact we have collections from nearly every Zulus and other African tribes, American Indians and Australgic, Welsh, Spanish, Scotch, Finnish, Italian, even from the man and Norse, the French and English, but likewise from the have collections of folk tales, however, not only from the German, and Moe from the Norse. We among these collections are those made by the Grimm Brothers thought, even the history of the various peoples. Most notable of natives, and from them studying the customs and habits of lecting these stories, taking them down carefully from the mouths

T H E L A T C H K E Y

M Y B O O K H O U S E

from the Norse, The Flying Ship, from the Russian, The Golden Bird, from the German, Through the Mouse Hole, from the Czech.

Again, everywhere are stories of the wife or daughter of some powerful and evil creature, a giant, a sea-serpent, a beast, a monster, who runs away with the hero to escape from the monster. The monster pursues and the fugitives delay him by throwing something behind them, a comb that turns into a forest, the branch of a tree that becomes a river and so on. Everywhere, too, are stories of men that have been turned into beasts by a charm and are rescued by the faithfulness and devotion of some maiden. Such are Beauty and the Beast from the French, East O' the Sun and West O' the Moon from the Norse, Snow-white and Rose-Red from the German, etc. Beasts, birds and fishes are capable of speech, as the Fox in the Golden Bird, the flounder in The Fisherman and His Wife. Even rocks and trees and other inanimate objects are capable of speech, as in Boots and His Brothers, and in all is the element of magic, resistance always giving way to the spell of certain rhymes or incantations.

It is scarcely possible to suppose that the similarity of these stories among so many different peoples can be explained by conscious borrowing, that the Scotch Highlanders for example read Russian tales or traveled into Russia and so copied Russian stories, since the common people, the peasants, who are the guardians of the ancient store of legends in every land, read little and travel less. More likely it is that long, long ago in the dim beginnings of history, when the Aryan race still lived as a single people, they already possessed many of these stories, and when they scattered from their original seat to people lands as far distant from each other as Ceylon and Iceland, they bore with them the germ at least of many of their household tales. Very possible it is too, according to Mr. Andrew Lang, that far back in the unrecorded wanderings of man, these stories may have drifted from race to race. In his introduction to *Grimm's Household*

are always young, and the sun is ever shining. out where the meadows are always green, where lambs and children about your age, to get your pipes and come skipping in her train, ing you all with a curtsy, whatever the birth records may say foot forward, inviting her very best Mother Goose put- ing her very best ing you all with a curtsy, whatever the birth records may say foot forward, invit-



My BOOK HOUSE for their music, rhythm, their joyous humor, their vivid ing pictures. The and twisted ethics uncompromisingly and left there. pages of My BOOK HOUSE Mother Goose put- ing her very best ing you all with a curtsy, whatever the birth records may say foot forward, invit-

From all this account which might be lengthened still further, it appears that Old Mother Goose is no mere modern upstart, but belongs to the pedigreed aristocracy of literature and must be treated with becoming consideration and respect. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that, beside all the precious pearls of pure and joyous nonsense which Mother Goose has given us, she has perpetrated certain unworthy pranks in the form of coarse and vulgar rhymes, for which she needs to be given some broth without any bread, whipped very soundly and sent off to bed. In other words, from the very nature of the old jest books from which objectionable rhymes, and the need for a far more careful selection than is ordinarily made for children's reading begins with these first rhymes, which are to be given to the very littlest tots and cannot for that very reason be too carefully culled.

THE LATCH KEY

MY BOOK HOUSE



THE ORIGIN OF THE FOLK TALES

From the very dawn of human history, men and women have loved to gather together in hut or castle, around the blazing camp-fire of the savage, or the homey hearth of civilization, and tell stories. Thus have arisen among all nations and peoples collections of tales peculiar to each particular folk, breathing the very spirit of their individuality and handed down orally from parents to children through generation after generation. These are the folk tales, which, at their best, in their vigor and simplicity, their vividness and beauty of imagery, the unaffected depth of their pathos and the irresistible drollery of their humor, form the largest and best part of children's reading, the characteristics that found their expression in the childhood of the human race, maintaining an eternal appeal to childhood all down through the ages. Our best known stories, Cinderella, Jack and the Beanstalk, Sleeping Beauty and many others are folk tales.

Although there had long ago been scattered collections of these tales, such as the wonderful Arabian Nights, from the Arabian and Persian and other oriental sources, first brought to the notice of Europe in the eighteenth century, and the collection of Charles Perrault made from the French in 1697, it was during the nineteenth century that men began to be especially interested in col-

as well as the absolute fearlessness with which he occasionally stood up to some "tough customer" who was attempting to make sport of him, usually kept him out of trouble. Work on the round-up began at three in the morning with a yell from the cook and lasted till sundown or sometimes all the night through. In the morning the cowboys "rode the long circle" in couples, driving into the wagon-camp whatever animals were found in the hills. The afternoon was spent in the difficult and dangerous work of "cutting out" of the herd thus gathered the cattle belonging to the various brands. Representatives of each brand rode in succession into the midst of the herd, working the animal they were after gently to the edge, and then, with a sudden dash taking it off at a run. At night there was often guard duty about the restless herd. One evening a heavy storm broke over the camp. There was a terrific peal of thunder, and the lightning struck almost into the herd. Heads and tails high, off plunged the panic-stricken cattle into the blackness, and for forty hours Roosevelt was in the saddle driving the scattered herd together again. After that the cow-punchers decided that the man with the four eyes "had the stuff in him" after all. And so, quietly "doing his job" day by day, accepting the discipline of the camp and the orders of the Captain of the Round-up, Roosevelt gradually won a place for himself in the rough world of the Bad Lands. He was not a crack rider or a fancy ropoer, just as it was true that he had never had a special gift in any line, but he was unflinchingly persistent in whatever he undertook and he put into all he did every ounce of energy and enthusiasm in him, so that he often outdid far more gifted men. Winter passed and Spring came early that year at Elkhorn. About the middle of March a great ice jam came slowly drifting past the ranch, roaring and crunching, and piling the ice high on both banks, even grinding against the porch and the cottonwood trees and threatening to wash the house away. But the force of the freshet gradually carried the jam on. Then Bill Sewall dis-

MY BOOK HOUSE

THE LATCH KEY

noses in the air. "And political organizations are not controlled by gentlemen, but by saloon keepers, street car conductors and the like!" "Very well," replied Theodore with emphasis, "If saloon keepers and street car conductors are the men who are governing the United States, and lawyers and merchants are merely the ones being governed, then decidedly saloon keepers and street car conductors are the ones I want to know." And off he went to attend meetings of the Association in a great barnlike hall over a saloon in 59th Street. Joe Murray, a stockily built Irishman with a strong chin and twinkling eyes who had come to America steerage at the age of three, might not be so romantic as an old Norse Viking but he was a good fighter when it came to doing battle with the Political Ring and its "Big Boss" who had governed the Twenty-fifth District in their own interests for years. Young Roosevelt joined forces with Joe Murray, standing vehemently for whatever he deemed was right, and the first thing he knew he had defeated the Big Boss and his Ring and was elected a member of the New York State Assembly. There he was distinguishing himself for attacks on many corrupt practices that needed reforming when the death of his wife in 1883 sent him West to Chimney Butte.

The summer days following the coming of the women at Elkhorn were full of vigorous toil. Much of the time Roosevelt was away from the ranch on round-ups. He enjoyed enormously the rough but hearty comradeship of these gatherings which brought him in touch with the ranchmen and cowboys from hundreds of miles around. Whenever he arrived at the round-up he always reported at once to the Captain, who assigned him to some wagon-boss. He then deposited his bedding outside the ring in no one's way and ate his supper in silence, turning a deaf ear to certain gibing remarks that were certain to be made about "four eyes" for the cowboys regarded spectacles as the surest sign of a "dude". There were rough enough characters among those men, too, but Roosevelt's doctrine of "do your job and keep your mouth shut"

T H E L A T C H K E Y

Little Jack Horner, too, is probably early Celtic and was originally a long poem, containing the *Pleasant History of all Jack Horner's Witty Pranks*, of which the sticking of his thumb in the Christmas pie formed only an insignificant part. *Mother, May I Go Out to Swim?* is fourteen hundred years old and comes from a jest book of the sixth century. Only to think that at the same time when minstrels were singing with wondrous dignity to courtly listeners in the great halls of the castles, the sonorous and heroic lines of the Beowulf, children in the nursery were snickering and giggling, just as we do today, over the ridiculous jingle,



Mother, may I go out to swim?
Yes, my darling daughter,
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water!

And for every one man of this present time who knows the classic Beowulf, there are at least five hundred who know the jingle! *I Had a Little Husband No Bigger Than My Thumb* is probably a part of Tom Thumb's History and is supposed to have originated in the tenth century from a little Danish work treating of "Swain Tomling, a man no bigger than a thumb, who would be married to a woman three ells and three quarters long." *Humpty Dumpty* dates back to the days of King John in the thirteenth century. When that tyrannical gentleman was quarreling with his barons and they were forcing him to grant them the Great Charter of England, Humpty Dumpty had already begun his immortal escapade of falling off the wall, and if one were to inquire which had won the more enduring fame by his exploits, the answer would necessarily be, that granting the foundation for all the liberties of England, could never place King John in the same rank with that prime entertainer of infancy, who will apparently be performing his antics unto all generations, was old in the days of Henry V, in the early fifteenth century.

M Y B O O K H O U S E

At the end of an hour, they saw them leisurely coming through the grass. Roosevelt cried at once, "Hands up!" The Swede obeyed but Finnegan glared and hesitated. Then Roosevelt advanced on him covering him with his gun and repeating, "You thief, put up your hands." With an oath Finnegan dropped his rifle and obeyed. That night the men from Elkhorn camped where they were, guarding their prisoners well, but the next day they found that their return passage had been barred by the ice jam which had floated down from Elkhorn. Day after day they waited hoping for a thaw. Their provisions ran short and there was no game to be found in that neighborhood. They were reduced for food to unleavened bread made with muddy water. So the days passed with utter tediousness and the thieves had to be watched every minute. At last Roosevelt, scouring the neighborhood, found an out-lying cow-camp where he got a wiry, fractious little horse. On this he rode fifteen miles to a ranch where he secured supplies and a prairie schooner, hiring the ranchman to drive the wagon himself to the camp by the ice-bound river. Thus thoroughly provisioned again, Sewall and Dow waited with the boats while Roosevelt started out with the thieves and the prairie schooner for the nearest jail, a desolate ten days' journey across the prairie. Not for a moment did Roosevelt dare abate his watch on the prisoners so he made them get up into the wagon while he walked behind with his gun. Hour after hour he waded through ankle-deep mud, hungry, cold, fatigued, but now, as ever, determined to carry the matter through at any cost. The very last night they put up at the squallid hut of a frontier granger, but Roosevelt, weary as he was, dared not sleep. He crowded the prisoners into an upper bunk and sat against the cabin door till dawn with his gun across his knee. On the following evening he deposited the thieves in jail. And so Theodore Roosevelt, living, talking, working, facing dangers and suffering hardships with Dow, Sewall, Merrifield,

M Y B O O K H O U S E

When that strong-handed monarch set out with a mere handful of men to conquer France, the faction opposed to him in his own country, used to sing the rhyme to ridicule him and show the folly and impossibility of his undertaking, representing the King as an old woman engaged in a pursuit the most absurd and extravagant possible. But when King Henry routed the whole French army at Agincourt, taking their king and the flower of their nobility prisoners, and made himself master of France in spite of his mere handful of men, the very people who had ridiculed him began to change their minds and think no task too difficult for him. They therefore cancelled the former sonnet and sang this one:



So vast is the prowess of Harry the Great,
He'll pluck a hair from the pale faced moon;
Or a lion familiarly take by the tooth,
And lead him about as you lead a baboon.
All princes and potentates under the sun,
Through fear into corners and holes away run;
While no danger nor dread his swift progress retards,
For he deals with kingdoms as we do our cards!

The Queen whom Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, made the famous expedition to London to see, appears to have been Queen Elizabeth, though why Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat reported nothing more interesting at court than frightening a little mouse under a chair, when she might have held forth on the subject of Queen Elizabeth in all the glory of her satins and jewels, and stomachers, and puffs, and ruffs, and coifs, remains a secret known only to Pussy.

Simple Simon comes also from a chap-book of the Elizabethan era. These chap-books were small volumes carried about from place to place for sale by itinerant merchants or chap-men. It was from such books that a great number of the old rhymes came.

Sing a Song of Sixpence was well known in Shakespeare's time.

The unfortunate Hector Protector who was dressed all in green and met with such disfavor at the hands of the King as well as the Queen, was that doughty old Puritan, Oliver Cromwell, Lord High Protector of England, familiarly called Old Noll, who

T H E L A T C H K E Y

covered that their one and only boat had been stolen from its moorings. Now there had recently been three suspicious characters seen in the neighborhood, thieves fleeing from justice, the leader of whom was a desperado named Finnegan, and the men did not doubt that they had stolen the boat. Roosevelt had been made a deputy sheriff and he conceived it to be his duty to start out after these thieves. The country was impassable on horses or foot, so Sewall and Dow built a flat-bottomed boat and in three days the men set out, with provisions for two weeks. The region through which they travelled was bleak and terrible. On either side beyond the piles of ice rose scarred buttes, weather-worn into the most fantastic shapes. It was zero weather, too, and there was an icy wind in their faces, but they found fire wood in plenty and prairie fowl and deer for every meal. Late on the third day, on rounding a bend, they suddenly saw their boat moored to the shore. Out of the bushes a little way back went curling the smoke of a camp-fire. The men leapt ashore and advanced cautiously through the underbush. Beside the fire, in the shelter of a cut-bank, they saw a solitary figure with a gun on the ground beside him. Hands up! Roosevelt and Dow rushed on the man, a half-witted German, who had been left to guard the camp while Finnegan and a half-breed Swede went hunting. The German made haste to obey. Sewall stood guard over him while Roosevelt and Dow crouched under the bank and waited for the



T H E L A T C H K E Y

These tales of Perrault's, however, were all in prose while it is through her rhymes and jingles that Mother Goose has won her best-deserved fame. The first known collection of rhymes under her name was published in London about 1765, having been gathered together by John Newbery, the famous publisher of St. Paul's Churchyard, and the first publisher in the world to give special attention to children's books. It was he who published *Little Goody Two-shoes*, the story generally attributed to the great and lovable Irish author, Oliver Goldsmith, the prime friend of children, and undoubtedly it was Goldsmith who edited the *Mother Goose Melodies* for Newbery. In Welsh's *Life of Goldsmith* we are told that Goldsmith taught a certain little maid "Jack and Jill by two bits of paper on his fingers," and that after the successful production of his play *The Good-natured Man*, Mr. Goldsmith was so overjoyed that he sang lustily for his friends his favorite song, "about an old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon."

In 1785 Newbery's edition of *Mother Goose* was reprinted in Worcester, Massachusetts, by Isaiah Thomas, who had married one of the grand-daughters of Thomas Fleet, and a great-grand daughter of old Dame Goose. A very beautiful copy of this book is to be found in the Boston Library and, since the story of Thomas Fleet's edition cannot be proved, John Newbery must be accepted as the first publisher, and Isaiah Thomas as the first American publisher, of our best beloved nursery classic.

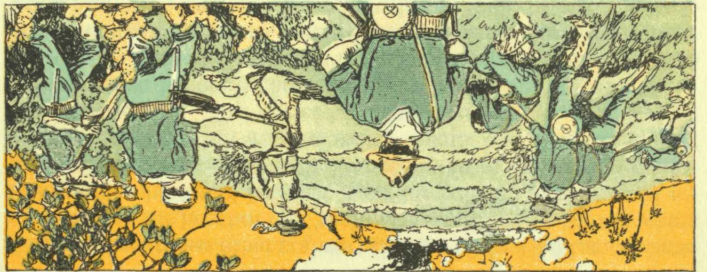
Some twenty years after the Thomas edition, another collection of nursery rhymes appeared, called *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, which contained all of the *Mother Goose Melodies* and a great many more besides, but much of this material was taken from old jest books, and was worthless and coarse, and *Gammer Gurton's Garland* never attained the popularity of *Mother Goose*.

In 1842, James Halliwell, a man of fine scholarship, made a careful study of the nursery rhymes of England, collected prin-

M Y B O O K H O U S E

nomination for Vice President of the United States with William McKinley as President. Then came the day when McKinley was shot at Buffalo. The summons for Roosevelt reached him in the heart of the Adirondacks where he had just been climbing Mt. Marcy. In a light buckboard wagon, dashing along almost on one wheel over a well-nigh impassable road that had been cut into gorges only a day or two before by a cloudburst, Roosevelt went down through the night to the nearest railroad, with a heart awed by his great responsibility, to be President of the United States. And now for a time he pursued no more buffalo and elk, but with the same dogged courage and persistence he had shown on the western plains, he pursued Big Business and Unjust Privilege, the Railroad Trust, the Beef Trust and all other big corporations who were defrauding the public. He settled a coal strike that threatened the welfare of all the country; he brought about peace between Russia and Japan in the days of the Russo-Japanese war; he put through the Panama Canal, and gradually he began to stand out everywhere in the world as the greatest and most typical American of all, one who knew no neutrality when Right or Wrong was the issue, but stood vigorously, aggressively if need be, for the Right, the very personification of that moral force in man which translates ideals into accomplished facts.

ROSETTI, CHRISTINA G. (English Poet, 1830-1894)
 Important Works: *The Goblin Market*, *Sing-Song (Beautiful Verses for Children)*



M Y B O O K H O U S E

cipally from oral tradition. He writes that these nonsense scraps "have come down in England to us in such numbers that in the short space of three years the author has collected considerably more than a thousand." Besides Halliwell, many other men of the highest literary ability have edited *Mother Goose*.

It is intensely interesting to know how very old some of our best known rhymes are. In the preface to the Newbery edition, the writer, probably Oliver Goldsmith, says, "The custom of singing these songs and lullabies to children is of very great antiquity. It is even as old as the time of the ancient Druids. Caractacus, King of the Britons, was rocked in his cradle in the Isle of Mona, now called Anglesea, and tuned to sleep by some of these soporiferous sonnets," Old King Cole was certainly an ancient Celtic king of about the third century A. D., an original Briton, who lived even before the Angles and Saxons had come to conquer England. Dim and far away seem those days in the dawn of English history, when the Druids still held sway with the dark mysteries of their religion in the dusky oak forests of England, but the whole flashes suddenly into light and life when we realize that those were the very days when

Old King Cole
 Was a merry old soul
 And a merry old soul was he;
 Old King Cole
 He sat in his hole,
 And called for his fiddlers three.
 And every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,
 And a very fine fiddle had he,
 "Tweedledee, tweedledee," said the fiddlers three.



T H E L A T C H K E Y

Ferris and countless other stalwart citizens of the Bad Lands, came very close to the heart of the "plain American." But the day came at last when he found he must leave his beloved Elkhorn and return to New York. His ranch did not pay from the money standpoint. Moreover he was to marry again and life was calling him back to be a "doer of deeds" in another way.

Soon it was dishonesty and corruption he was fighting as a member of the United States Civil Service Commission. In 1895 he was doing the same as Police Commissioner of the City of New York, and when the tyranny and cruelty of Spain toward the little island of Cuba forced the United States to declare war on Spain, Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy under President McKinley, resigned his post at once and offered to recruit a regiment of mounted riflemen from among the skilled horsemen of the plains. Of this organization, the Rough Riders, Leonard Wood was Colonel and Theodore Roosevelt was Lieutenant Colonel. These were days for Roosevelt to remember his old friends of the Bad Lands and they came flocking to his standard. But the Rough Riders were not all cowboys; they were bronco-busters and Fifth Avenue aristocrats, western badmen and eastern college boys, a valiant, if motley crew. After the first battle of Las Guasimos in the Cuban jungle, Wood was advanced in command and Roosevelt was made Colonel of the Rough Riders. So it happened that at the decisive battle of San Juan Hill on the road to Santiago, it was Roosevelt, his face streaked with dirt and sweat, his trousers and boots caked with Cuban mud, a blue bandana handkerchief with white polka dots floating like a banner from his soiled campaign hat, whom the Rough Riders followed over crest after crest of the San Juan Hills, on, on to victory.

Overnight Roosevelt became a popular hero. He returned to the United States to be elected Governor of New York and two years later at the National Republican Convention a perfect stampede of western delegates forced him against his will to accept the

The industrious father Fleet, having these ditties constantly songs and ditties which she had learned in her childhood. part of her time in the nursery, pouring out to the little ones the devoted grandmother, was so over-joyed that she spent the greater were born to the Fleets, and Old Mother Goose, being a most Mother Goose, went to live with them. Here various children office was situated in Pudding Lane, and Elizabeth's mother, Old little house with the small paned windows where the printing The happy couple took up their residence in the same quaint Pudding Lane of this city, to Elizabeth Goose."

Reverend Cotton Mather, of Thomas Fleet, "now residing in hall of Boston, an entry recording the wedding by the famous Elizabeth Goose. Under the date June 8, 1715, there appears in the record of marriages still preserved in the historic old town and he grew exceedingly fond of the pretty young daughter, became acquainted with a well-to-do family of the name of Goose, and such matter as came to his hands. It was not long before he name, Pudding Lane, where he published small books, pamphlets Fleet established a printing office in that street of the delectable bespeaking the cow-paths from which they sprang. Here Thomas than an over-grown village, with its narrow, crooked streets still came to Boston in the year 1712, when that city was little more land, and brought up in a printing office in the city of Bristol, According to this story a certain Thomas Fleet, born in Eng-

published." other excuse for existence, save its beautiful arrangement of s's, is needed by that immortal line—"Sing a Song of Sixpence!"—There have been many interesting theories as to the origin of the name Mother Goose. But the one most stoutly maintained was advanced in the quaint little volume published at Boston in the year 1833 by the firm of Munroe and Frances, under the title, "The Only True Mother Goose, without addition or abridgment, embracing also a reliable Life of the Goose Family never before

T H E L A T C H K E Y

M Y B O O K H O U S E

dinned into his ears, shrewdly conceived the idea of turning the discomfort thus caused him to some good account by collecting the songs and publishing them. This he did under the title, *Songs for the Nursery or Mother Goose's Melodies*, and he sold the same from the Pudding Lane shop for the price of two coppers apiece. The story further goes on to relate how a goose with a very long neck and a wide open mouth flew across the title page of the book; and Munroe and Frances solemnly announced that they had merely reprinted these wonderful original verses.

This interesting, picturesque, and delightful tale may or may not be true. Certainly the grave of Old Mother Goose remains to this very day carefully marked in one of Boston's old churchyards, where it is visited by many devoted pilgrims each year, but unfortunately, no scrap of the original book has ever been found to corroborate the claim of Messrs. Munroe and Frances. Moreover, whether the tale be true or not, it still in no way explains the origin of the name Mother Goose. For in the very childhood of Thomas Fleet, more than twenty years before his supposed publication of *Mother Goose's Melodies*, there appeared in France a little prose collection of the best known fairy tales, *Cinderella*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, *Toads and Diamonds*, *Bluebeard*, *Sleeping Beauty*, etc. These were written by a most distinguished French writer, Charles Perrault, were published in Paris in the year 1697, and were called *Contes de ma Mere, l'Oye*, or, *Tales of My Mother, the Goose*. On the frontispiece of his book is an old woman spinning and telling tales to a man, a girl, a boy and a cat. It is not even known whether Perrault originated the name Mother Goose, for it is said, that long before his time even, the goose had been given the reputation of story telling. Instead of saying of stories the origin of which they did not care to disclose, "A little bird told me!" people used to say, "Oh, a goose told me!" And so, after all, perhaps even the name Mother Goose belongs to the people and not to any one individual.

Presently he found himself famous as a poet. Then he bought *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake*. When his education was finished Scott set up as a lawyer, but soon began making splendid use of his ballad lore by writing from those that had shaded an abbey.

As soon as he was strong enough to go to school, he pursued his love of history and romance still further, ready to submit to any amount of dry work if he could only read more widely. Patiently he mastered both French and Italian in order to read in his own tongues the French and Italian romances. All his reading, however, never interfered with the boy's sports. In spite of his lameness he was always a leader in frolics and "high jinks." He wandered about the country, too, in search of ballads, and since he could not sketch the places he visited, he brought away branches of trees as souvenirs, eagerly planning to carve a set of chessmen—kings and queens from branches growing near palaces, bishops from those that had shaded an abbey.

Once his aunt took him to the theatre in London. The play was *As You Like It*, and it all seemed so real to Walter that when Orlando and Oliver fell to quarrelling he cried out aloud in his shrill little voice, "But aren't they brothers?"

Under the ruins of an old castle in Scotland, a tiny boy once played on the soft green turf among the lambs and dogs. This was little Walter Scott who had been sent down from his home in Edinburgh to his grandfather's farm at Sandvickknowe that he might live out of doors and grow strong, for the child had been lame from his babyhood. From his grandmother and aunt young Walter heard endless ballads of Scottish history and tales of the Border heroes. Before he could read he learned these ballads by heart and would shout them out justly, much to the discomfort of the minister when he came to call for he could neither speak nor hear above such a clamor. But the boy was a most engaging little fellow and all his elders delighted to tell him stories.



SCOTT, SIR WALTER (Scott, 1771-1832)

M Y B O O K H O U S E

T H E L A T C H K E Y

RUSKIN, JOHN (English, 1819-1900)

HERE was once a small boy who deeply loved beauty. Even as a little fellow he was frequently taken to Europe in search of all that was lovely. By the time he was three years old he was already so fond of nature, that, when an artist who was painting his portrait asked him what he would like to have for a background behind him in the picture, he piped up at once and answered, "Blue hills."

When he grew to be a man, Ruskin began writing books about all the beautiful pictures he loved, eagerly aiming to show others how to see as much beauty in them as he did. Later, his interest in beauty advanced beyond pictures and he began writing books about how people could bring out more beauty in their lives by casting out ugly faults and more truly awaking to what is good. He had deeply at heart the welfare of boys and girls and while he was still a student at Oxford he set himself to please a little girl by writing the beautiful story of *The King of the Golden River*. SANDBURG, CARL (American, 1878-)



BOY driving a milk wagon in Illinois prairie blizzards, working in brickyards and potteries, swinging a pitchfork beside the threshing machine in Kansas wheatfields—that was Carl Sandburg. A youth working his way through college at Galesburg, Illinois, the town where he was born, washing dishes in Denver hotels, shoveling coal in Omaha, serving as a soldier in Porto Rico. A man working as newspaper correspondent in Sweden during the World War. Carl Sandburg is still a newspaper writer but he is also among the most important of modern American poets. His work is typically modern, written in free verse, and his subjects are those avoided by the older poets—the city, its beauty and ugliness. In short, forceful poems he flashes vivid impressions.

Important Works: *Chicago Poems*. *Smoke and Steel*.

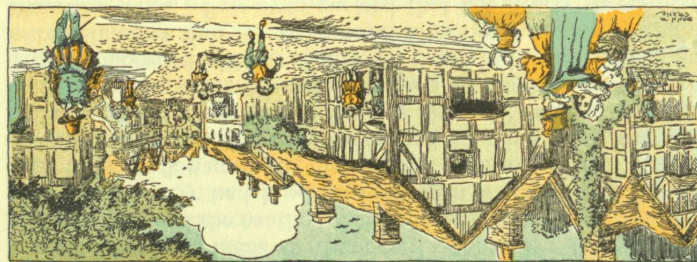
THE LATCH KEY

WILSON, WOODROW (American, 1856-)
 Woodrow Wilson was born in Virginia, brought up and educated in Georgia and South Carolina. As President of Princeton University, as Governor of New Jersey and as President of the United States, (1912-1920) he instituted great reforms along the lines of more truly democratic ideals. During the World War it was he who first made plain to the world that what the allies were really fighting to protect and uphold was the principle of democratic government. It was also he who sought to work toward a lasting foundation for peace by urging persistent-

ly on the world the League of Nations.
 WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM (English poet, 1770-1850)
 Young William Wordsworth loved to ramble high up into the hills near his home, beside the lakes and sounding cataracts, until all Nature came to life, and flowers and mists and winds found voice and spoke to him. They told him he was one with all that overflew Soul that lives throughout the universe, and in his joy it seemed to him that he "saw blessings spread around him like a sea." So the boy grew up pure in heart and content with modest pleasures. All his life long he loved to tramp and often his sister Dorothy was his comrade. With all his worldly goods done up in a handkerchief, he tramped through France in the early days of the French Revolution; he walked through England, Scotland, Wales and many parts of Europe. At last he settled down with Dorothy at Grasmere in the beautiful Lake Country,

to seek in solitude a deeper understanding of the universe and to express in poetry all the songs that Nature sang to his inmost heart. Here, likewise, he married and found a warm friend in the poet, Coleridge, who lived near by. But while Coleridge aimed Wordsworth aimed with deep simplicity to write of the common-place, and to find in the humblest lives nobility and strength. YONGE, CHARLOTTE (English novelist, 1823-1901)
 ZANGWILL, ISRAEL (A great Jewish writer of England, 1864-)

MY BOOK HOUSE



*SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM (English, 1564-1616)
 Beyond Sir Hugh Clopton's noble old stone bridge that spans the Avon with fourteen splendid arches rise the quaint gables and cathedral spire of good old Stratford town. In the days of Queen Elizabeth the houses were ancient plaster buildings crossed with timber and each had at the side or rear a gay little garden vivid with color. In one of the best of those houses on Henley Street, lived Master Will Shakespeare, a high spirited lad, with a fine, courtly bearing and pleasant hazel eyes. His father, John Shakespeare, was a well-to-do merchant, a trader in hides, leather-goods, wool, meats and goodness knows what else. He had once been High Bailiff or Mayor of the town. His mother, Mary Arden Shakespeare, was sweet and womanly, and the boy loved her dearly. Happy, indeed, was his merry little home circle.
 Over in the old, old grammar school, whose jutting second story abutted on the street, Master Will and the other Stratfordurchins learned their lessons, but it was a gay and joyous life, in spite of lessons, that they led in Stratford town. For Warwickshire in those days was divided into two well marked divisions by the river Avon. To the south lay the rich green pasture land of Felton, stretching away to the blue line of the distant Cotswold hills, and dotted here and there by herds of cattle and flocks of snow-white sheep. Amid little clumps of protecting elms nestled
 *Read Master Skylark, a story of Shakespeare's time, by John Bennett

MY BOOK HOUSE



THE INTERESTING HISTORY OF OLD MOTHER GOOSE

The most remarkable dame in all history who was born gray-headed and yet never grows old, who perennially keeps her charm, who is ever, forever, calling out the spirit of childhood in the human heart to go gamboling with her over the green, turning somersaults, kicking up its heels, and yet learning, too, at her knee from her quaint store of sage and precious nonsense, is that beloved old creature, Old Mother Goose. Who she was, and how she was, and why she was, who knows? Her personality remains enshrouded in the most delightful mystery. But for myself I believe she has dwelt forever in the human heart. Her rhymes and jingles are nothing more nor less than the spontaneous bubblings of the eternal spirit of childhood, that delicious, joyous, nonsensical wisdom which is foolishness only to men.

The rhymes and jingles of Old Mother Goose are a gradual growth like the old folk tales, composed at no one time by no one individual, but springing up all down through the ages, who knows how?—naturally, spontaneously, joyously, like the droll little Jack-in-the-Pulpits and Dutchmen's-Breeches of the woodland. They need no other claim to a reason for being than the pure joy of expressing that bubbling spirit (albeit sometimes by means of well nigh meaningless words) and the everlasting delight of man in rhyme and rhythm and musical arrangement of sounds. What

THE LATCH KEY

himself a beautiful home at Abbotsford on the river Tweed, amid the gray hills and the heather of the border country that he loved so well. Scarcely had he done this when a certain swaggering little tailor, nick-named Rig-dum-funni-dos, whom he had placed at the head of a publishing house he had organized, involved him in immense business debts. To pay these off honorably Scott plunged at once into work and completed his first novel, *Waverley*. This he published without signing his name to it, and now in an incredibly short time he wrote novel after novel of that splendid *Waverley* series. Few even guessed that the hearty, hospitable country laird, keeping open house for all visitors at Abbotsford, living in fine old feudal fashion with baronial splendor and hospitality, was the author of these novels. Where did he ever find time to write them? Even the few who knew how early he rose to do his work, fancied he must have kept a goblin hidden away somewhere in attic or cellar to help him.

In 1825, after eleven years of brilliant and prosperous labor, just when he believed himself free from debts, he found he had been involved again through his publishing business to the amount of 130,000 pounds. To pay off this enormous debt, he toiled incessantly for seven years more. It was a heroic struggle but in the end his health broke down and he died at his beloved Abbotsford.
 Important Works: *Ivanhoe*. *Waverley*. *The Talisman*. *Count Robert of Paris*. *Guy Mannering*.

SELVA, SALOMON DE LA (Nicaraguan, 1893-)



ALOMON DE LA SELVA was born in Leon, Nicaragua. His family is an old one, distinguished in politics and literature. Among them were Indian chiefs and Spanish conquistadores. He studied at home, in Europe and the United States and has also lectured on poetry at Columbia University. During the World War he fought with the British forces. He is considered the foremost poet of the day in Latin America, and upon his father's death was adopted as the nation's ward by decree of the Nicaraguan Congress.

At Bright Glade Tolstoy lived with a wife and thirteen jolly children, writing books and joining in all the family sports. But more and more he came to hate the idle, frivolous, useless life of the rich, the injustice of governments and society which gave so much to the rich and so little to the poor, the jealousies and selfishness that made war among men, and finally he gave up everything else that he might devote himself to making happier lives for the poor sets who labored on his estates. He tried to get back to the pure Christianity that Jesus taught, to lead a life of simplicity and work, of love and brotherhood. And so he lived among his peasants, sharing the hardest manual labor and dressing just as they did, a smock in summer, a sheepskin coat

under two armchairs, hide themselves from view with handkerchiefs and boxes, and cling lovingly together in the dark. Then he told them that he possessed a secret, which, when it was known, would make all men happy. There would be no more disease, no trouble, and no one would be angry with anyone else. All would love one another and become "ant brothers." This secret he said he had written on a green stick and buried by the road at the edge of a certain ravine. The boys played the game often, but the great secret was never revealed to them. Nevertheless, that secret, the way for men to cease from suffering, to leave off quarrels, and be always happy, was what Lyof sought all his life.



loved very dearly. She used to welcome all sorts of queer pilgrims to Bright Glade, beggars and monks and poor despised wanderers, so the boy's life was always simple and unworldly. One day Lyof's brother, Nicholas, invented a game called "ant brothers." He bade Lyof and the other two brothers crawl

THE LATCH KEY

MY BOOK HOUSE

and cap in winter. The tyrannical Russian government of those days frowned darkly on his views, but more and more men looked to him as a great leader, thinker and teacher. When he was over seventy Tolstoy wrote, "The ideal of 'ant brothers', lovingly clinging to one another, though not under two arm chairs curtained by handkerchiefs, but of all mankind under the wide dome of heaven, has remained the same for me. As I then believed that there existed a little green stick whereon was written the message that could destroy all evil in men and give them universal welfare, so I now believe that such truth exists and will be revealed to men and will give them all it promises."

Important works: *Gospel Stories. Twenty Three Tales. In Pursuit of Happiness.*

TOPELIUS, ZACHARIAS (Finnish poet and novelist, 1818-'98)

TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND (Am. novelist, 1827-1916)

VAN DYKE, HENRY (American clergyman and writer, 1852-)

Important Works: *The First Christmas Tree. The Blue Flower. The Story of the Other Wise Man.*

WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY (American editor, 1829-1900)

WATTS, ISAAC (English hymn writer and preacher, 1674-1748)

WHITE, STEWARD EDWARD (American novelist, 1873-)

Adventures of Bobby Orde. The Magic Forest. Gold (California in 1849).

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF (American poet, 1807-1892)

Whittier was born in Haverhill, Mass., of a hard-working Quaker family. As a small boy he wrote poetry which he hid from everyone but his older sister. One day the postman tossed him a newspaper and what should he see but one of his own verses in print. His sister had sent it in, and from now on he contributed regularly to the paper. Soon the editor, William Lloyd Garrison, grew interested in him, sought him out, and urged him to educate himself. So the boy earned his tuition at Haverhill Academy by making slippers at eight cents apiece. He grew up to be the great poet of the anti-Slavery movement. His office was burned and he was mobbed for his views, but he continued to write poems full of rugged strength and deep religious feeling.

WILDE, OSCAR (English dramatist and novelist, 1856-1900)

Important Works: *The Happy Prince and Other Stories.*

excitement in the town itself for Master Will Shakespeare, for Stratford was the center of a great grazing and agricultural district. On a bright summer's day Will would rise with the sun and make off from Henley Street to watch the droves of slow oxen come crowding in over Clopton Bridge, and the herds of Herefordshire cows, lowing anxiously after their skittish young calves. Then he would follow the cattle to Rother Market, where the cattle dealers gathered about Market Cross, and observe the humors of the ploughman and drovers, scarcely less stolid and deliberate of movement and speech than their oxen. Over by the High Cross, a solid stone building with steps below and open arches above, the traders in corn and country produce held market. A gay and lively scene was Stratford on market day.

Not far from Stratford lay the little forest village of Snitterfield, where Will's grandfather and Uncle Henry Shakespeare had farms. Every boundary tree and stone, every pond and sheep-pool, Will knew by heart, for he dearly loved the place and spent many a happy day there. At Snitterfield Will trotted around after his uncle, poking into all the byres and barns and poultry yards, again from a safe nook on the bushy margin of a pool, he enjoyed the fun and excitement of the sheep washing, or watched the mysteries of the sheep shearing. Then he would remain to the shearing feast and see the young maid who was chosen Queen of the Festival receive her rustic guests and distribute among them her gifts of flowers. Indeed, young Will Shakespeare's youth was passed amid the labors and pastimes, the recurring festivals and varying round of a rural community. Each incident of the year, seedtime and harvest, summer and winter, brought its own group of picturesque merry-makings in those forest farms and villages. The chief holiday of all was May-day with its masques and morris-dances, its hobby horses making continuous merryment, and

MY BOOK HOUSE

THE LATCH KEY

cozy homesteads, and past the well tilled fields flowed placid rivers, their limpid waters overhung by alders and silver willows. To the north of the Avon, however—Ah! there was no cultivated land, but the wild, free forest of Arden, sweeping out over hill and dale for twenty miles, the delight of all boyish hearts. When school time was over, then for Will Shakespeare and the other Stratford boys it was Heigh and a Ho! for the Forest of Arden. O, the sweetness of those woodland haunts, the exhilaration and breadth and joy! The boys raced through leafy covert and sunny glade, past giant oaks and tangled thickets, now skipping from stone to stone across the brawling brooks, now cleaving the woodland stillness with their shrill young voices. Sometimes a dappled herd of deer would sweep away before them across an open lawn or twinkle through the leaves amid the shadowy bracken, while groups of timid rabbits fed here and there on the tender leaves. Will Shakespeare talked with every keeper and woodman in the forest and knew intimately all the ins and outs of that glorious sylvan life.

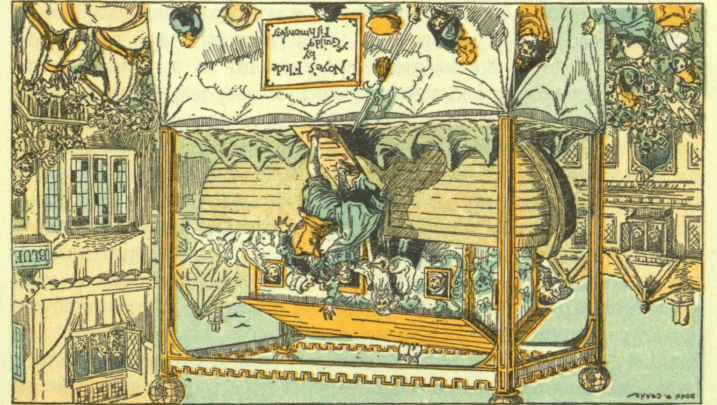
At times, too, young Will wandered through all the picturesque towns and little forest villages round about, past the old gray castles and abbeys that loomed within their parks shut off by palings from the wilderness of Arden. Some of these castles had been abandoned and dismantled during the Wars of the Roses. Silent now as the surrounding forest they stood, half ruined, and haunted with shadowy memories of lords and ladies and all the stately revelry that had once held sway within their walls. It was a country full of interest, full of history, full of story, full of stirring border legends of the days when the English stood sturdily against the insurgents of Wales. Every hill and stream, every grim old abbey and castle had its heroic tale of long ago.

On market days and fair days there was great



trade guilds, plasterers, tanners, armouers, hostlers, etc. who pre- gone over there sometimes to see them. Moreover, the various for the production of miracle plays and Shakespeare must have Coventry, a town near Stratford, was one of the chief centers balconies or windows of the inn that overlooked the courtyard.

standing, while the richer ones paid a large fee to have seats in the of some inn. The common people would then crowd around it, was rather customary to draw the pageant cart up in the courtyard that Will Shakespeare used to see as a boy, though in his day it possession of man's soul. It was some such performances as these trayed as persons who did battle with each other in order to gain moralities, all manner of Vices and all manner of Virtues were por- ity plays became even more popular than the mysteries. In the gradually changed into a mere buffoon or clown. In time moral- much painted. Vice was a constant attendant on the Devil, but he head, and most of the actors either wore masks or had their faces wore black leather covered with hair and had a grotesque painted the Devil were favorite characters of these mysteries. The Devil



M Y B O O K H O U S E

Idylls of the King. The Princess. Tennyson for the Young by Anger.

loved poet in England. struggling often against poverty, to be Poet Laureate and the best called, *Poems by Two Brothers*. From then on, Alfred slowly rose, eighteen he and his brother Charles published a volume of verse be read when the business of eating was over. When he was only endless romances which he slipped under the dishes at table to for his brothers and sisters, and his favorite game was to write time for reading and reflection. He was always the story-teller boy lived in a quiet, pleasant home where there was plenty of

Alfred Tennyson's father was the rector of Somersby and the TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD (English, 1809-1892) TAYLOR, JANE (English children's poet, 1783-1824) TAYLOR, BAYARD (American writer and traveler, 1825-'78) est East Indian thinkers.

freedom and self government possible. Tagore is one of the great- to make a model place where boys could be educated with all the sorrow and restlessness he started a boy's school which he aimed was forty he lost his wife, his daughter and his young son. In his with his people. Here he wrote many of his best plays. When he realized with deep satisfaction the joy of coming so closely in touch estates on the Ganges. He went unwillingly at first, but soon he

At twenty-three he married and was sent to manage his father's he studied and began to write songs and stories. vate tutors and took him to the Himalayas where so he ran away. Then his father gave him pri- harsh master made his school days very unhappy. A the leaves, were his beloved companions. A home. Nature, the clouds in the sky, the flowers, little fellow for his father was often away from poems of mother and child love. He was a lonely lost his mother, and his regret colors all his Very early he



TAGORE, RABINDRANATH (East Indian, 1861-)

T H E L A T C H K E Y

M Y B O O K H O U S E

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE (English, 1811-1863)

Thackeray was born in Calcutta. His father died when he was a tiny boy and his mother married again. His step-father was a kindly gentleman very like the dear old Colonel Newcome in one of Thackeray's stories. While his mother and stepfather stayed in India, William was sent to England to be educated. He was not happy at school, for the boys were rough while he was gentle, and he was not overly clever at lessons or games. As a young man, Thackeray studied drawing in Paris, but he could not support himself by drawing, so he began to write. *The Book of Snobs*, published in *Punch*, brought him great success. Unfortunately Thackeray's young wife had become insane and his two little daughters were henceforth his constant companions. In his novels, which are accurate pictures of the life of his time, he holds up to sharp ridicule the snobbery he detested. He has written one book for children, the deliciously funny *Rose and the Ring*.

THAXTER, CELIA (American, 1836-1894)

Born in Portsmouth, N. H. Lived at the Isles of Shoals.

THOMPSON SETON, ERNEST (English, 1860-)

A well known writer of true animal stories. He was born in England but lived in Canada and on the western plains in boyhood.

Wild Animals I Have Known. Biography of a Grizzly. Lives of the Hunted.

THORNE-THOMSEN, GUDRUN (Contemporary)

One of the most satisfactory editors of Norse Tales for children.

Important Works: East 'O the Sun and West 'O the Moon. The Birch and the Star.

TOLSTOY, LYOF N. (Russian, 1828-1910)

At Yasnaya Polyana, which means "bright glade", lived young Lyof Tolstoy, a sensitive, plain-appearing little fellow of strong affections who loved games, and horses, and dogs, and country life. Bright Glade was a pretty place, a large wooden house surrounded by woods and avenues of lime trees, with a river and four lakes on the estate. Lyof's father and mother died when he was small and he was brought up by his aunt, Tatiana, whom he

T H E L A T C H K E Y

its maypoles decked with gay-colored streamers and fragrant garlands. What a day it was! In the streets of Stratford leafy screens and arches were erected, and everywhere were garlands of flowers, brought in from the forest at dawn by rejoicing youths and maidens. A spontaneous outburst of joy, a glad some welcome to the re-awakening life and vernal freshness of the Spring! Sometimes, too, there were acted out on May-day the exploits of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, but it was usually at Whitsuntide, the next important holiday after May-day, that those exhibitions nearest to play-acting were given. What queer old pageants they were, following the procession of trade-guilds and the usual holiday sports.

The very oldest form of play that the people loved in England was the miracle or mystery play, presenting usually some tale from the Bible. At first, long years before Shakespeare's time, these plays had been given in the churches by the clergy, then, gradually they had moved out to the church yard and the actors had changed from the clergy to citizens, members of the various trade guilds. Later still they were given on a cart, called the pageant cart, which was moved about from place to place, giving a performance wherever it stopped. They would play the story of Noah's flood, or Adam and Eve, or the Destruction of Jerusalem, or some such subject. The lower part of the cart was draped with cloth which hid the wheels, and behind this screen the actors dressed and kept their machinery. In the Destruction of Jerusalem, for example, it was necessary to keep there a quantity of starch to make a storm, some barrels which were rolled around to produce thunder, and a windlass to make an earthquake. The action of the play took place on the flat part of the cart, but sometimes the actors stepped down into the street, and the lower part of the cart had to be used whenever they wanted to present such a scene as the grim and gaping jaws of Hell, whence issued devils, dressed in black and yellow to represent flames. Herod and Pilate, Cain and Judas, and certain turbaned Turks and infidels as well as

nized as respectable folk. Certain writers of education, such as

London. In those days players were just beginning to be recog-
It was about 1585 or 1587 when Will Shakespeare arrived in
Will, bidding his wife and babes farewell and off for London town.
would better leave town for a time. Accordingly, behold young
rich and powerful a man, doubtless let it be known to Will that he
plained to the Stratford authorities. They, fearing to offend so
the charge and so aroused the wrath of Sir Thomas that he com-
stealing. Master Will defended himself right spiritedly against
had no right to hunt where they were and accused them of deer-
with one of Sir Thomas's keepers, who insisted violently that they
meritment. Just as they had killed the buck the youths fell in
craic pride and narrowness who hated all youthful frolics and
sour and gloomy old Puritan, Sir Thomas Lucy, a man of aristo-
the shallow ford of the river to Charlecote Park, the property of a
they pursued a fine deer into Fullbrook Park, or perhaps across
do. He was off hunting one day with some young comrades when
there his fortunes as a player, as doubtless he had long desired to
that the only thing for him to do was to be off to London and seek
and then an event occurred which made the young man decide
later twins were born to him, a boy and a girl, Hamnet and Judith,
father's business grew every day worse and worse. Two years
there to do? He had a family on his hands to support and his
teen when his first daughter, Suzanne, was born. Now what was
was news of their wedding. Boy that he was, Will was only nine-
the primrose lanes the two lingered often together and soon there
whom he had known all his life. In the garden and through
Hathaway, the daughter of a friend of Will's father, a maid
in a lovely old cottage, with a quaint thatched roof, lived Anne
nestling amid blossoming fruit-trees and brilliant gardens. Here
tery, which lay half concealed by aged elms, its cozy homesteads
off across the fields, pied with daisies, to the little hamlet of Shot-
When Will was only eighteen, he was often to be seen making

MY BOOK HOUSE

THE LATCH KEY

sented the plays were in the habit of visiting neighboring cities
and doubtless performed in Stratford. When Will was only five
years old, his father, then Mayor of Stratford, had especially in-
vited the stage players to Stratford and started a series of per-
formances in the Guild Hall. Later, the best companies in the
kingdom used to come to Stratford, including the Earl of Leices-
ter's Company from London. So young Master Will had plenty
of opportunity to study the making and presenting of plays, to
acquire a deep love for the theatre and perhaps sometimes even to
act himself and make friends with the players.

But now when Will was still little more than a boy, his father
began to have business failures and his affairs to go down, down,
down in the world, so the lad was taken from school and put to
work, to help out in his father's business. John Shakespeare had
been imprudently extravagant in his prosperity and now he simply
lost his grip and let himself sink down under misfortune, shunning
society and refusing to go to church or any public meeting. Sweet
Mary Shakespeare, however, bore up nobly against their troubles,
her spirit as calm and serene in the dark days as it had been in the
bright. How the boy loved and admired his mother. She was to
remain in his heart all his days as the very embodiment of every
womanly virtue. Will sympathized
with his parents in their troubles and
was willing to do any kind of work to
help them. Moreover, those very
troubles awakened his independence
and taught him to be scrupulously
honorable in his own business deal-
ings with others, a trait which he
never forgot. An open, frank, gen-
erous young fellow was Will Shake-
speare in those days, innately cour-
teous and wholly lovable.



seeking a spot where he could live more comfortably. At last he
he wandered about with his family into all sorts of curious places,
health keep him from work. In the years following his marriage
though he was the cheetiest man imaginable and never let ill
stepson to Scotland. Stevenson had never been strong or well,
in a desolate mining camp, he returned with her and his little
In San Francisco he married Mrs. Osbourne and after some months
Then he crossed the American continent on an immigrant train.
jabbering the strange tongues of half the countries of Europe,
boat among all the hodge-podge of immigrants—queer characters,
money, so what did he do but go as a steerage passenger on the
set out to join her. Travel was expensive and he had little
he was to marry, a Mrs. Osbourne, was ill in California, so he
A year or so later, Stevenson heard that the young lady whom
him to give up other work and do nothing but write.

Voyage, and Travels With A Donkey, that his friends began to urge
England and he wrote so delightfully of these journeys, *An Inland*
companion a particularly stubborn donkey. When he returned to
through the rich beauties of Southern France, having as his only
fields of Belgium and France. He followed this with a walking trip
through the canals and rivers, the quaint, trim villages and pleasant
he was a young man he once went off with his canoe to paddle
a life, so he studied to be a lawyer. When
Robert was scarcely strong enough for such
tended him likewise for an engineer, but
the Scottish coast. The boy's father in-
that flashed out their signal lights all along
planning and building great light-houses
engineer who had the interesting task of
in Edinburgh. He was the son of a noted



OBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was born
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS (Scott, 1850-1894)
STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE (American critic, 1833-1908)

THE LATCH KEY

MY BOOK HOUSE



settled down on one of the Samoan Islands, a tropical paradise
amid the soft blue waters of the South Seas. Here he had a beau-
tiful place called Vailima at the foot of a lofty mountain. How
truly he enjoyed making acquaintance with the simple, hospitable,
brown-skinned natives. He acquired great influence in their
affairs and used to sit in state at their councils.

In spite of his physical weakness, Stevenson was ever at work,
writing, writing, and his heart was so full of keen boyish love of
adventure that he left boys and girls such stories as no man has
ever surpassed. In 1894 he died at Vailima as courageously and
cheerily as he had lived, and his body was borne by sixty natives
up Mt. Vaea to rest in a beautiful spot above his home.

Treasure Island. Kidnapped. The Master of Ballantrae. Child's Garden of Verse.
STOCKTON, FRANCIS R. (American novelist, 1834-1902)

Important Works: The Bee Man of Orn. Fanciful Tales. The Adventures of Captain Horn.
STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER (American, 1811-1896)

Mrs. Stowe is best known as the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.
SWINBURNE, ALGERNON C. (English poet, 1837-1909)

