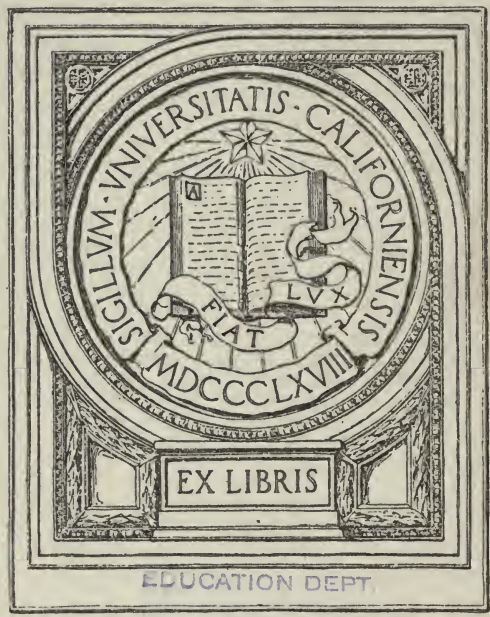
THIRD READER

HOLTON-CURRY

CALIFORNIA STATE SERIES



CALIFORNIA STATE SERIES

THIRD READER

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It is a lady, sweet and fair

THIRD READER

DAISIES

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisiés white
That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

ăd	ăn	ăck	ătch
sad	man	Jack	catch
bad	fan	crack	patch
glad	fanning	black	scratch

ă *means the short sound of* a.

THE FOX FAMILY

Once upon a time Father Fox, Mother Fox, and three little baby foxes lived in a hole in a tree. They were pretty red foxes and as sly as sly could be.

Old Father Fox knew just where to find the fattest chickens and just how to catch them. His baby foxes always had chicken for dinner.

One day Father Fox walked slowly over to the barn near by, looking first this way and then that.

"I guess I'll take the old white rooster to-day," he thought; "he has crowed long enough. He struts around so proud and so smart, and calls all the hens whenever he sees me coming. Yes, I'll catch the old rooster to-day. He will make us a fine meal."

Next time Father Fox went over to the farmer's barn he did not come back to the baby foxes, but they did not go hungry, because Mother Fox went after their dinner. But Mother Fox did not always bring

"He will make us a fine meal"

chicken. Sometimes she brought a rabbit, and one day she brought a big fat turkey. It was to have been the farmer's Thanksgiving turkey. But the baby foxes did not know that and they would not have cared if they had.

Oh, it was so fat and so tender! It made a delicious dinner for Mother Fox and the three little foxes. And they ate and ate until there was nothing left but the bones to tell the story of the Thanksgiving turkey.

Now the very next time that Mother Fox went over to the barn she did not come back to her little foxes either. They waited a long, long time and kept very still. But she did not come back. By and by they were so hungry they began to cry.

In the morning the farmer's children found them. "Poor little foxes," they said, "you do not know we caught your father and mother in our trap. They stole our chickens, our old white rooster, our pet rabbit, and our Thanksgiving turkey. You

will never do that, will you, little foxes?"

Do you think they would?

ĕt	ĕn	ĕnt	ĕnd
pet	hen	cent	bend
get	then	sent	mend
better	when	went	tender

ĕ *means the short sound of* e

Seat Work:

Fill in the blanks:

The foxes lived in a _____ in the tree.

They were _____ little _____ foxes.

Father Fox _____ brought _____ for dinner.

Father Fox stole the _____ rooster.

Mother _____ went after the _____.

The little foxes were so _____ _____ they began to _____.

The _____ children found the _____ foxes.

THE FOX AND THE ROOSTER

Such a noise as there was in the barnyard one fine morning! Chanticleer, the old yellow rooster, crowed cock-a-doodle-

doo-oo-oo, the hens cackled, and the ducks went quack, quack, quack!

A sly fox living in the woods not far away heard Chanticleer crowing cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo so loud and so proud. He said to himself, "What a fine breakfast Chanticleer would make! I'll run over there and see if I can't play a smart trick on him this morning." So he crawled into the barnyard and hid in the grass.

By and by Chanticleer happened to look that way and saw the sly old fox hiding in the grass. He was so afraid that he stopped crowing and started to run away.

"Don't run away, Chanticleer. Don't be afraid of me. I came into the barnyard just to hear you crow. I knew your father, and he could crow cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo better than any rooster I ever heard, except you. You look like your father, Chanticleer. You are as handsome as he was, and your voice is just as loud and clear.

"When your father crowed cock-a-doodle-doo, in his loudest, sweetest voice, he always

stood on his tiptoes, stretched his neck, and shut his eyes. Do you stand on your tiptoes and shut your eyes when you crow your loudest and sweetest? No rooster in this barnyard, or any other, can crow as beautifully as you, Chanticleer. Let me hear you crow now, just as your father did."

"Well, well," thought Chanticleer, "he's a nice old fox. I like him. I am not afraid of him at all. I'm going to crow my very loudest and clearest, and see what he will say."

So Chanticleer stood on his tiptoes, stretched his neck just as long as he could, shut his eyes, and said "Cock-a-doodle—" But he never finished *that* crow—for just as soon as his eyes were shut the fox caught him by the neck and ran off as fast as he could run.

"Fox! Fox! Fox!" cried the black hens, the white hens, and the ducks. "Fox! Fox!" cried the farmer. "Fox! Fox!"

The hens cackled and cackled, the ducks quacked and quacked, and the farmer's dog barked and barked as they all ran after the fox. My, such a noise as they made! But the fox kept on running.

Chanticleer was so afraid! He knew the sly old fox would eat him for his breakfast in about a minute if he did n't think of some way to save himself. So he said, "What a

noise those hens and ducks are making! But they can never catch you. They need n't try, for you run much too fast for them.

"Why don't you say, 'Go back, cackling hens! Go back, quacking ducks! You can't catch me! I 'm going to eat this rooster for my breakfast, and you can't stop me'?"

The fox was pleased to hear Chanticleer say this, and thought it would be fun to laugh at the hens and ducks. So he called back to them, "Go back, cackling hens, quacking ducks, and barking dog! You can't catch me!"

And the very minute he opened his mouth away flew the old yellow rooster into a tall tree.

Then Mr. Sly Fox saw that Chanticleer had been too clever for him and he had to go hungry all day long.

Phonic Drill:

ŏck	ŏb	ŏt
rock	Bobby	dot
cock-a-doodle-doo	Bobtail	forgot

ŏ *means the short sound of* o.

Seat Work:

1. Add "ed," "ing," or "est" to each word

bark	clear	great	sweet	proud
smart	loud	stretch	quack	crow

2. Write six questions about the lesson.

3. Draw a picture of Chanticleer and Sly Fox

THE CHILD AND THE BIRD

"Oh, where are you going, my dear little bird?
And why do you hurry away?
Not a leaf on the pretty red maple has stirred,
In the sweet golden sunshine to-day."

"I know, little maiden, the sunshine is bright,
And the leaves are asleep on the tree,
But three times the dream of a cold winter's night
Has come to my children and me.

"So, good-by to you, darling, for off we must go,
To the land where the oranges bloom,
For we birdies would freeze in the storms and the snow,
And forget how to sing in the gloom."

"Will you ever come back to your own little nest?"

"Ah, yes, when the blossoms are here,
We'll return to the orchard we all love the best,
And then we will sing to you, dear."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Phonic Drill:

	ight	aught	
	light	caught	
ought	night	taught	ight
thought	right	daughter	might
brought	bright	naughty	sight

Seat Work:

1. Draw a picture of the child, the maple tree, and the bird.
2. What month do you think it was? Why?
3. Where do oranges grow?
4. Why do birds go to a warm land in winter?
5. When will they return to the orchard?

THE WISE OLD ELEPHANT

This way, little girls! This way, little boys! Right this way to see the wise old elephant!

Is n't he a fine fellow? He 's a trick elephant. Hear him ring that bell! See how he rolls over and over! Don't be afraid of him, little boys. Give him peanuts and popcorn if you wish. He likes them.

There! There! Don't cry any more, little girl. He was only in fun. He often lifts little children that way, but he does n't hurt them any. He sets them down again just as carefully as can be.

Stop! Stop! Don't feed him that apple with pins in it, boys. That 's a cruel thing to do, and the elephant would never forget it. He would surely find some way to pay you back if he ever saw you again.

Why, once I heard of a tailor who used to give an elephant nice sweet cakes to eat. Every day as the elephant passed by his shop the tailor had a cake ready for him. He always knew where *that* tailor shop was, and he would walk right up and put his trunk in through the open window.

One day the tailor was away and there was another man working in his place. When the elephant put his trunk in, the man pricked it with a sharp needle. Then how he laughed! He thought that was a good joke.

But the elephant did n't like it very much. He went down to the river and filled his

trunk with muddy water. When he came back he put his trunk in the window and threw the water all over the man. I imagine the man did n't think it was such a good joke then. Oh, he is a very wise old elephant!

Pass right along, little girls and boys. Pass right along and let the other little children see the wise old elephant.

Right this way! Right this way, girls and boys! Right this way to see the elephant!

Exercise for Expression:

They laughed and laughed when the elephant rolled over and over.

Oh, yes, please do ring the bell again.

"Come along!" cried the boys. "The elephant won't hurt you."

Do pass the peanuts and popcorn to the poor old elephant.

ĭck	ĭnk	ĭll	ĭt
trick	blink	still	flit
pricked	thinking	hillside	rabbit

ĭ *means the short sound of* i.

POOR OLD ELEPHANT

An elephant to a circus went,
Poor old elephant!
And lived his life beneath a tent,
Poor old elephant!
Dreaming of the jungle cool,
Juicy leaves and rippling pool.
Poor old elephant!

L. Frank Baum.

	augh	
phant	laugh	ough
elephant	laughter	enough

In these words ph *and* gh *have the same sound as* f.

THE LAMPLIGHTER

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at tea time and before you take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go
to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he
can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose
what I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light
the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before
the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so
many more;
And oh! before you hurry by with ladder
and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him
to-night! ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

ŭng	ŭck	ŭp	ŭn
hung	duck	upon	under
jungle	lucky	upset	until

ŭ *means the short sound of* u.

Seat Work:

1. Memorize the first stanza of the poem.
2. Draw a picture of a ladder.
3. Cut a picture of a street lamp.

THE GIANT AND THE PIGS

Now it happened that three little pigs lived in a pen. The first little pig was as black as jet and fat as butter. The second little pig was blacker and fatter, and the third was blackest and fattest of all.

One day these black little, fat little pigs started out for a walk. The old yellow rooster saw them and called out, "You better look out, black little, fat little pigs! A big, hungry giant lives in those woods. He will eat you, body and bones."

"If pigs only knew what was best for them they would n't go near those woods," cackled the gray hen.

But no, the fat little, black little pigs shook their heads and would not listen to the old rooster or the gray hen.

"What do they know about the woods? They have never been there," said all three of the pigs together. So through the gate and into the dark woods they went. Ripe, juicy nuts were lying all over the ground, and they ran from tree to tree to find the largest and sweetest.

By and by whom should the smallest of the black little, fat little pigs meet but the big, hungry giant.

"Ha! Ha!" said the giant, as he caught the little pig. "Now I shall have roast pig for my supper."

"Oh, Mr. Giant, please let me go! Please let me go!" squealed the frightened, black little, fat little pig. "There is a fatter pig than I coming this way. He will make you a fine supper. Do not eat me!"

So the giant let the first little pig go.

Soon the second black little, fat little pig came trotting along, and the big, hungry giant caught him. "Ho! Ho! Now I shall have roast pig for my supper."

"Please do not eat me!" squealed the second little pig. "My brother is coming this way, and he is bigger and fatter than I am."

So the old giant waited for the blackest little, fattest little pig, and soon he came along. "Aha! Aha! Now sure enough I shall have roast pig for my supper."

"Yes," said the blackest little, fattest

little pig, "but who ever heard of a roast pig without an ear of corn in his mouth? If you will let me, I will run home and get one."

"To be sure," said the big, hungry giant, and he put the third little, fattest little, blackest little pig down, and he ran off as fast as his short little legs could carry him.

"Be quick," called the giant.

"Yes, I'll be quick to get to my pen, and wise enough to stay there," squealed the third little, blackest little, fattest little pig. "It will take a smarter giant than you to have roast pig for his supper."

A Fable.

Seat Work:

1. Illustrate the story by cutting pictures of pigs, woods, and nuts.

2. Copy, and mark short vowel sounds:

fattest	digs	lot	sung
blackest	pigs	trotting	hung

3. Copy, and draw a line through the silent letters:

roast	enough	ear	juicy
surely	squealed	home	cackled

TWO FACES

If I make a face at Billy,
He will make a face at me.
That makes two ugly faces,
And a quarrel, don't you see?

But if I smile at Billy,
'T is sure to make him laugh;
You 'd say if you could see him
'T was jollier by half

Than kicks and ugly faces.
I tell you all the while,
It 's pleasanter for any boy
(Or girl) to laugh and smile.

"It takes two to make a quarrel."

āke	āce	āte	āme
take	face	gate	came
cake	pläce	skate	same

ā *means the long sound of* a.

THE GIANT AND THE PIGS

(Dramatization)

PLACE: The woods

GIANT — GRAY HEN
THREE LITTLE PIGS — YELLOW ROOSTER

YELLOW ROOSTER: You had better look out, black little, fat little pigs.

LITTLE PIGS: *Why* had we better look out?

YELLOW ROOSTER: A big, hungry giant lives

in those woods. He will eat you, body and bones.

Gray Hen: If pigs only knew what was best for them, they would n't go near those woods.

Little Pigs: What do they know about the woods? They have never been there. We are not afraid. (*Shake heads and walk toward the woods.*)

First Little Pig: My! What is that? I believe it is the giant.

Giant: Ha! Ha! Now I shall have roast pig for my supper. (*Catches little pig.*)

First Little Pig: Oh, Mr. Giant, please let me go! Please let me go! There 's a fatter, blacker pig than I coming this way. He will make you a fine supper. Do not eat me!

Giant: All right. I will wait for the fatter, blacker little pig. (*Lets first little pig go.*)

Second Little Pig: Oh, dear! There is that big, hungry giant! What shall I do?

Giant: Ho! Ho! Now I shall have roast pig for my supper. (*Catches second little pig.*)

Second Little Pig: Please do not eat me!

My brother is coming this way, and he is the biggest and fattest of us all.

GIANT: Very well, run along, and I will have your brother for my supper.

THIRD LITTLE PIG: Dear! Dear! What will happen to me! There is that hungry giant.

GIANT: Aha! Aha! Now I shall surely have roast pig for my supper. (*Catches third little pig.*)

THIRD LITTLE PIG: Yes, Mr. Giant, but who ever heard of a roast pig without an ear of corn in his mouth? If you will let me, I will run home and get one.

GIANT: To be sure! To be sure! (*To little pig running away*) Be quick! Be quick!

THIRD LITTLE PIG: I 'll be quick enough to get to my pen, and wise enough to stay there.

THREE LITTLE PIGS: It will take a smarter giant than that to have roast pig for his supper. Ha! Ha! Ha!

ōld	gō	ōle	ōke
cold	going	hole	joke
told	golden	stole	smoke

ō *means the long sound of* o

THEY DIDN'T THINK

Once a little turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
Where to go or stay;
She said, "I'm not a baby,
Here I am half grown;
Surely I am big enough
To run about alone!"
Off she went, but somebody
Hiding, saw her pass;
Soon like snow her feathers
Covered all the grass.
So she made a supper
For a sly young mink,
'Cause she was so headstrong
That she wouldn't think.

PHŒBE CARY.

	ūse	
ū	used	ūne
music	accuse	tune
Lucy	excuse	fortune

ū *means the long sound of* u.

BELLING THE CAT

A sly cat had her home in a gentleman's house. She was a great pet, and went from room to room whenever she wished. All the mice in the house were afraid of her. She had such sharp claws and teeth, and walked so softly, they couldn't even tell when she was coming.

One night they met in a dark pantry to talk about the cat. Old Father Sharp Eyes said, "We must think of a plan to get away from the cat. She has eaten two of my children, and she almost caught Mother Sharp Eyes. She will certainly eat us all. Not one will be left to tell the story if we

don't think of a plan to get away from her."

Then they all thought very hard. One mouse said one thing; and another mouse said another. At last smart Little Short Tail stood up and said, "Listen! All listen to my plan! You know we never hear the cat when she comes. That is why she catches us. We do not have time to run. Let's hang a bell around the cat's neck. Then we can hear her and scamper for our lives."

"Good! Good!" squeaked all the mice, little and big. "Nothing like hanging a bell around the cat's neck. Short Tail has thought of an excellent plan. We will certainly do it."

Just then old Jimmy Gray Back put his head on one side and looking out of the corner of his eye said, "Now, who will bell the cat?"

And the mice, one and all, little and big, said, "Yes, who will bell the cat? Who? Who?" But not one mouse squeaked nor winked an eye. Not one mouse was ready to bell the cat. No, not one.

"It is easy to propose impossible remedies."

ÆSOP.

Jimmy Grāy Băck Little Short Tāil

Phonic Drill:

īce	īde	īle	īne
nice	ride	smile	fine
mice	hiding	while	shine

ī *means the long sound of* i.

Seat Work:

1. Select five words from the lesson and give other words that will rime with them.

2. Give words that mean almost the same as *catches, listen, scamper, moment, squeak.*

BELLING THE CAT

(Dramatization)

PLACE: Dark pantry
TIME: Night

SLY CAT OLD JIMMY GRAY BACK
OLD FATHER SHARP EYES LITTLE SHORT TAIL
TEN MICE

(*Mice sitting on the floor in a circle*)

OLD FATHER SHARP EYES: Have you all seen that sly cat?

Ten Mice: Yes, yes, we have seen her!

Old Father Sharp Eyes: Well, she has eaten two of my children and she almost caught Mother Sharp Eyes.

Ten Mice: Think of that! Think of that! Eaten two of your children!

Old Father Sharp Eyes: Yes, and she will certainly eat us all if we don't think of a plan to get away from her.

Ten Mice: She will eat us all! She will eat us all! What shall we do? (*All think.*)

Little Short Tail: Listen! Listen! You know we never hear the cat when she comes. That's why she catches us. We don't have time to run.

Ten Mice: That's why she catches us. We don't have time to run.

Little Short Tail: Listen! This is my plan. Let's hang a bell around the cat's neck. Then we can hear her coming and scamper for our lives.

Ten Mice: Good! Good! Let's hang a bell around the cat's neck. Good! Good!

Old Jimmy Gray Back: (*head on one side,*

and looking wise): Now, who will hang the bell on the cat's neck?

TEN MICE: Yes, who will bell the cat? Who? Who? Who? Who will bell the cat?

MICE (*as Sly Cat runs toward them*): Not I! Not I! Not I! (*All scamper away.*)

Exercise for Expression:

Be careful, Creepy-Crawly; always, always careful.

Cats can run very fast, and cats have claws.

Claws are dreadful, dreadful, dreadful things.

If you see a cat you fly!
If you don't you'll surely die!
Run at once, or all is done!

Poor little Creepy-Crawly! Poor little Creepy-Crawly!

THE SHEPHERD BOY AND THE WOLF

There was once a shepherd boy who tended sheep at the foot of a mountain, near a dark forest. It was a lonely place

"The wolves are killing my lambs"

for him, and he often wished for company and a little fun.

One day he thought he would deceive the villagers and play a good joke on them. So he rushed toward the village, crying loudly, "Wolf! Wolf! Help! Help! The

wolves are killing my lambs! Help! Help!"

Once, yes, twice the villagers were startled by his cries and hurried to help him, but no wolves were to be seen, and each time the shepherd boy only laughed at them.

Soon after this a wolf really did come out from the forest and begin to devour the sheep. "Wolf! Wolf! Help! Help!" cried the boy, louder than before. But the villagers thought he was again deceiving them, and nobody went to help him. So the shepherd boy lost all his flock.

"A liar will not be believed even when he speaks the truth." ÆSOP.

Enunciation Drill:

Blossoms and buds bending above beautiful brooks.

Save some supper for smart, sunny Sam.

Handsome, headstrong Henry hurt happy Hans.

Say clearly: Why, when, where, which, white, while.

THE FOUR WINDS

In winter, when the wind I hear,
I know the clouds will disappear;
For 't is the wind who sweeps the sky
And piles the snow in ridges high.

In spring, when stirs the wind, I know
That soon the crocus buds will show;
For 't is the wind who bids them wake
And into pretty blossoms break.

In summer, when it softly blows,
Soon red I know will be the rose,
For 't is the wind to her who speaks,
And brings the blushes to her cheeks.

In autumn, when the wind is up,
I know the acorn's out its cup;
For 't is the wind who takes it out,
And plants an oak somewhere about.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

ēar	ēat	ēach	ēap
hear	eaten	teach	leap
disappear	bleat	teaching	leaping

ē *means the long sound of* e.

Seat Work:

Answer the following questions:

1. What does the winter wind do?
2. What does the spring wind do?
3. What does the summer wind do?
4. What does the autumn wind do?

Draw a picture of a snow scene.

Name two spring flowers; two autumn flowers.

HOW TOMMY RAISED THE WIND

One night the wind came knocking at our door. It was only a little zephyr, and it softly said, "Oh, do let me in, do-o-o-o."

But I would n't let the little zephyr in, and it grew saucy and blew and blew and said something that sounded like "You-o-o-o."

My, but the wind was angry then, and it said, "I 'm going to get my big brother, and then see what you 'll do-o-o-o."

So the wind went away, and it all grew very still. But in a minute there was a rush and a roar that rattled the windows

and made the house shake. Then I knew the big brother had come. With all his noise I could still hear the little wind calling, "*Now* what'll you do-o-o-o?"

I was n't afraid. I sat right up in bed and shouted, "Think you're smart, woo-o-o-o," and then I put my head down

under the bed clothes and that was the last I knew.

In the morning every one was telling about the terrible wind and what it did. But I never said a word, because, you see, if I had told them what had happened they might have blamed me.

Retold from verses by MARAH WHITE.

Copy, and mark the vowel sounds:

head	angry	clothes	rush
windows	knocking	minute	blamed

THE NIGHT WIND

Have you ever heard the wind go
"Yooooo"?
'T is a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to chill you through and through
With a strange and speechless fear.
'T is the voice of the night that broods outside
When folk should be asleep,
And many and many's the time I've cried
To the darkness brooding far and wide
Over the land and the deep:

"Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wail the long hours through?"
And the night would say in its ghostly way:

"Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!"

My mother told me long ago
(When I was a little tad)
That when the night went wailing so,
Somebody had been bad;
And then, when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up round my head,
I'd think of what my mother'd said,
And wonder what boy she meant!
And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:

"Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!"

That this was true I must allow—
You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,
Suppose you make the test;
Suppose, when you've been bad some day
And up to bed are sent away
From mother and the rest—
Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
And then you'll hear what's true;
For the wind will moan in its ruefulest tone:

"Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!"

EUGENE FIELD.

Exercise for Expression by Lengthening the Vowel:

everywhere–everywhere
away–away–away
far–far–far
roll–roll–roll
high–high–high
waiting and waiting
long–long–long
over and over
on and on
by and by

Everywhere, everywhere the woods were dark.

Sail away, away, over the blue sea.

He went far, far from home.

The flowers were waiting and waiting for spring.

Long, long ago they flew far, far away.

On and on, ran the merry little brook.

By and by, I'll climb the high, high hill.

Roll, roll, beautiful blue ocean, roll.

"You-oo-oo-oo," softly said the saucy little zephyr.

"Call the pigeons, baby dear—
Beckon them to you;
Hear them answer lovingly,
Coo-oo! Coo-oo! Coo!"

FINDING A DARK PLACE

(Read silently and then tell the story)

Once there was a dark place, a very dark place, and all the birds and bees and butterflies were talking about it.

A bird said, "I will go and see if it *is*

a dark place." So he flew to it, and came back, saying, "Yes, it is a dark place."

Then a bee said, "Buzz, buzzzz! I'll go and find the dark place." And when he came back he said, "Oh, my, what a dark place I found!"

Then a butterfly flew to find it, and

when he came back he said, "Yes, it is a dark, *dark* place."

Then the wind said he would go and find it, and he puffed out his cheeks (this way) and blew himself along. When he came back he said, "Yes, it is the *darkest* place I ever saw."

So then the sun said, "I'll go and find the dark place," and when he came back he said, "I could n't find a dark place, and there *is n't* any dark place anywhere."

Why could n't the sun find a dark place?

Phonic drill on a *as in* far:

ark	far	ard	art
dark	farm	hard	party
bark	farmer	barnyard	smart
sparks	far-off	garden	smartest

THE CARPENTER

I thought I could saw, and I thought I could plane,
And I thought I was clever with nails,
And I mended a chair (though it's broken again),
And I once made a couple of pails.

But directly the carpenter came to our house
To put up some shelves in the hall,
And I sat by his side just as still as a mouse,
I knew I knew nothing at all.

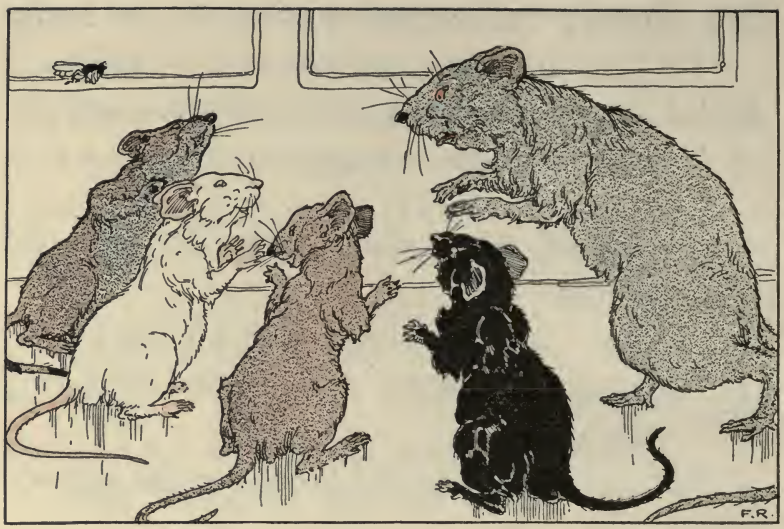
He measured each part with the greatest of care
(A foot rule's a thing I don't use),
He labored to make the joints perfectly square,
And he always bored holes for the screws.

Now it's all very well to go hammering round,
And to look on a tool chest as fun;
But in future my carpenter work shall be sound,
And done once for all, if it's done.

EDWARD VERALL LUCAS.

c	c	c	c
care	claws	cackling	could
came	clever	carpenter	couple
cages	clouds	caterpillars	countryside

c *means the hard sound of* c.



BLACKIE IN THE TRAP

Part I

Blackie had only one more day to stay in Madison Square, then Mr. Blackrat was coming to take him home; so of course he and Brownie and Ringtail and Snowwhite wanted to have all the fun they could. They had been sitting up in the sunny window seat, listening to Father Graybeard talk about traps. He told them about every kind of rat trap you can think of, so they would be careful and never get caught, you see.

"Yes, sir," said Father Graybeard, "you little rats had better be careful, and listen to your elders, or *you'll* get caught in a trap some day."

But they said they never would, and ran off, up the side of the wall, to play hiding; and by and by Brownie said: "I'm just as hungry as hungry can be; let's go down to the pantry and find something nice to eat."

And Ringtail and Blackie and Snowwhite said, "Yes, let's do!"

So off they scampered to the pantry; and there were pies and jelly cake on the pantry shelf, and down on the floor Blackie saw a queer little wire house with an open wire chimney to it, and the biggest, nicest piece of cheese, right down on the floor of the little house.

"We'd better not touch that," said Snowwhite. "The wire house *might* be one of those traps Father Graybeard told us about."

"Pshaw," said Blackie, "I don't believe it! That is just a piece of cheese the cook

does n't want, and I'm going in to eat it, because the door is open, and so is the chimney."

So, before Snowwhite could say another word, in went Blackie, right down the chimney of the little wire house; and sure enough, it was a trap, and when Blackie got in, he could n't get out.

"Oh-o!" said Ringtail, "Blackie's gone now!"

"Oh-o!" said Snowwhite, "I told you so, Blackie!"

Then Brownie said, "Hush, I hear some-

body coming," and, sure enough, the cook opened the pantry door, and away ran Brownie and Snowwhite and Ringtail—one right behind the other—up the garret steps, leaving Blackie all by himself in the trap.

Seat Work:

1. Write the words from the lesson that describe the following:

window seat	wall	chimney
rat trap	house	cheese

2. Copy the sentences containing these expressions:

"Pshaw," said Blackie.

"Oh-o!" said Ringtail.

"Hush, I hear somebody coming."

BLACKIE IN THE TRAP

Part II

"Oh, yes," said the big fat cook, as she stooped down to look in the trap, "I've got you now! You are the very rat that has been eating up my pies and cakes.

Who invited you into my pantry, I'd like to know?"

Blackie was too scared to say a word. He just sat up on his hind legs and crossed his front paws, as his mother told him to when he wanted to say "Please," and there was such a cunning look in his bright black eyes that the big cook just had to laugh; and then she stepped to the pantry door and called: "Dorothy! Oh, Miss Dorothy! Run here quickly! I've got something to show you."

Then Blackie heard a door open, and a pair of feet came dancing down the hall, and in rushed the little mistress of Madison Square,—the very same little girl that Blackie had seen playing so sweetly on the piano; and she had the same kind face, and the long brown curls.

"Why, Mammy Jule," she said, stooping down by the side of the wire cage, "what are you going to do with this dear little rat?"

"Why, I'm going to give him to the gray cat," said the big fat cook. "Isn't

he the very little gentleman that has been stealing my pies and cakes for these many days? Of course I'm going to give him to the cat!"

"Oh, Mammy Jule, please don't!" said the little girl. "This is the very same little rat that watched me the other night. See how he holds his front paws, and how cunning he is, sitting on his hind legs. I'm sure he is saying, 'Please don't give me to the cat! I won't do so any more!' Oh, give him to me, please do!"

Now what do you think the big fat cook said? At first she shook her head and said, "No." But how could she keep from saying "Yes," when the little girl begged so hard and kept patting her hand? Of course she had to say "Yes," so she handed the trap to the dear little mistress of Madison Square. You know what she did, don't you, without my saying another word? Yes, she opened the trap door, and out skipped Blackie, and up the garret steps, happier than he had ever been before.

Ringtail and Brownie ran out to meet him, and little Snowwhite rubbed her soft cheek against him. She had been crying because she thought she would never see Blackie any more. But now they were all glad once more, and Blackie never again went near another rat trap, for, as Father Graybeard said: "Little rats have to be caught before they learn what rat traps are. They will not believe their elders."

Pretty soon Mr. Blackrat came and carried Blackie home; and when he curled up by his mother's side he told her all about

the pretty music he had heard, and the wire trap, and the dear little mistress of Madison Square.

And what do you suppose she said? Why, she would n't believe him! She just said: "Blackie, hush! Your imagination is something terrible."

Now, was n't she a queer mother?

MADGE A. BIGHAM *in "Merry Animal Tales."*

o͝ok	o͝od	o͝ok	
look	good	nook	o͝ot
cook	stood	hook	foot
shook	woods	brook	soot

o͝o *means the short sound of* oo.

THE CITY MOUSE AND THE GARDEN MOUSE

The city mouse lives in a house;—
The garden mouse lives in a bower,
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese;—
    The garden mouse eats what he can;
We will not grudge him seeds and stalks,
    Poor little timid, furry man.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

ow sometimes says *ou,* as in house:

how	bower	down	brown
now	flower	town	Brownie

I have heard that long ago there lived an old man who was bent almost double by hard work and care. He wanted to do something to help others, but he was poor and had no money.

"'What can I do?' old Johnny said;
'I who work so hard for bread?'"

One day as the old man sat thinking, a smile broke over his face and he clapped his hands and said, "There's a way for me! There's a way for me!" After that he worked early and late, doing anything he could find to do, and

"He took ripe apples in pay for chores
And carefully cut from them all the cores."

Now these cores old Johnny put into a bag, and

"When the bag was full he stole quietly away,
No man knew where for many a day.
Over the prairies and through the grass,
Whistling and singing, old Johnny passed.

He seemed to have no work or care
As he marched along over fields so bare."

"But he stopped now and then and the
bag untied.
With pointed cane deep holes he would bore,
And in every hole he placed a core.

Then covered them well and left them there,
In keeping of sunshine, rain, and air."

Sometimes in his travels old Johnny met Indians, who shared their food with him. And sometimes he worked at farmhouses for bread and meat.

The men, women, and children always had a glad welcome for him, because

"He tossed up the babes and joined the boys
In many a game of fun and noise."

At night they all sat around the fire and listened to his songs and stories. He told them how the owls hooted and the prairie dogs barked when he slept on the ground alone. He told of wonderful things that happened when he was a boy in a great city. Everybody was glad when he came and wanted him to stay a long time.

"But he always said, 'I have something to do,
And I must go on and carry it through.'"

Then off he went again with his bag and his sharp cane, stopping here and there to bore another hole and put in another core.

The farmer boys often followed him for miles, and found out what he was doing.

"And as time passed and he worked on,
Every one called him old Appleseed John."

Whenever the cores gave out, back to the city went Appleseed John to work for more. As he went from house to house, singing and working, some called him lazy, while others said he was only crazy. But on and on he went, planting the apple seeds far and wide over hillside and prairie. Old Appleseed John knew that in after years great trees would tell the story of his work,

"That blossoming sprays would form fair bowers
And sprinkle the grass with rosy showers;
And the little seeds his hands had spread
Would become ripe apples when he was dead.
So he kept on going far and wide,
Till his old limbs failed him and he died."

DO YOU?

Three wise men lived in Apple-tree Town,
So wise each wore a big, big frown;
But they could n't tell whether
Ahem! Ahem!
The apple seed points to the flower or stem.

'Tis sad but true that none of them knew.
Do you? Do you? Do you?
Thrēe wīse mĕn from Ăpple-trēe Town

APRIL

Good morning, sweet April,
So winsome and shy,
With a smile on your lip
And a tear in your eye!
There are pretty hepaticas
Hid in your hair,
And bonny blue violets
Clustering there.

AN APPLE ORCHARD IN THE SPRING

Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring?
In the spring?
An English apple orchard in the spring?
When the spreading trees are hoary
With their wealth of promised glory,
And the mavis pipes his story,
In the spring!

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in
the spring?
In the spring?
And caught their subtle odors in the spring?
Pink buds bursting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby white,
Just to touch them a delight!
In the spring!

WILLIAM W. MARTIN.

Drill on a *as in* care:

bare	cared	care
rare	dared	careful
scare	scared	carefully
square	scarecrow	compare

Seat Work:

Answer each of the following questions:

1. What color are apple blossoms?
2. When do they come?
3. What kind of an odor have they?
4. Have you ever picked apple blossoms?
5. What bird is mentioned in the lesson?
6. Did you ever hear a thrush sing?
7. What kind of apples do you like?

THE REAL PRINCESS

"Dear me! Dear me!" said a prince one day. "I have traveled almost all over the world looking for a real princess, and I can't find one anywhere. I want to marry a princess, but I must be sure she is a real one before I marry her. Yes, I must be sure she is a real princess. There are princesses enough, but there is always something that does not seem just right about them."

So the prince returned home and was very unhappy.

One night there was a terrible storm. The wind blew and blew; it thundered and lightened, and the rain poured down in torrents.

In the middle of the storm there was a knocking, knocking, knocking, at the castle gate. "I wonder who can be out in this terrible storm," said the kind old king as he went down to open the gate. It was a real princess who stood waiting at the castle gate. She did not look like one because the wind had almost blown her to

pieces and the water ran in streams from her hair and clothes. It ran in at the toes of her shoes and out at the heels. So she did n't look at all like a princess, yet she said she was a real one.

"A real princess," thought the old queen; "well, I never heard of a real princess being out in such a terrible storm. No, I never heard of a real princess with water running in at the toes of her shoes and out at the heels, but we can soon find out."

She said nothing, but went into a bedroom, took off all the bedding, and put a small dried pea on the bottom of the bedstead. Then she took twenty mattresses, and piled them on top of the pea. And on top of the twenty mattresses she piled twenty feather beds. Now think of twenty mattresses and twenty feather beds piled on one bedstead! Well, that is what the princess had to sleep on that night.

In the morning they asked her how she had slept. "Oh, miserably, miserably!" said the princess. "I hardly closed my

In the morning they asked her how she had slept

eyes all night long. I don't know what was in my bed. But I slept upon something so hard that I am black and blue all over. It was dreadful, dreadful to sleep upon anything so hard."

Then they knew she was a real princess without a doubt, because through twenty mattresses and twenty feather beds she had felt the pea. No one but a real, real princess could have such a tender skin. So the prince was happy and took her for his wife. He knew she was a real princess. And the pea was put in a museum, where it is to this very day unless some one has taken it away.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

		inçe		
	içe	since	açe	
ç	nice	prince	face	ç
juicy	mice	princess	place	saucy

ç *means the soft sound of* c.

Seat Work:

Answer the following questions:

1. What did the prince do to find a real princess?
2. How did he feel when he returned home?
3. What kind of a storm came?
4. Who opened the gate of the castle?
5. How did the princess look?

6. What did the queen do to find out if she were a real princess?

7. How did the princess say she slept?

8. What did the prince do when he found out she was a real princess?

IN TRUST

It's coming, boys,
It's almost here;
It's coming, girls,
The grand New Year!
A year to be glad in,
Not to be bad in;
A year to live in,
To gain and give in;
A year for trying,
And not for sighing;
A year for striving,
And hearty thriving;
A bright New Year.
Oh! hold it dear;
For God who sendeth,
He only lendeth.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

ḡ	ḡ	ḡ	ḡ
give	gray	hug	tag
gain	Gray Back	snug	bag
grain	Graybeard	shrug	wagon

ḡ *means the hard sound of* g.

TOMMY TINKER'S CHARM STRING

Tommy Tinker was getting up a charm string. So were Bobby Shaftoe and Daffy-down-dilly and the Queen of Hearts and many of the other children in the village.

You know what a charm string is. Just ever so many pretty buttons strung together and worn around your neck. There are glass buttons, silver buttons, gold buttons, brass buttons, jet buttons, pearl buttons, and all kinds of buttons.

Daffy-down-dilly had the prettiest button of all; everybody said so. No one else had one like it; even the Schoolmaster knew that.

But something sorrowful happened one day, for Daffy-down-dilly lost her pretty button in the grass. It was red, with a gold star, and though she looked and looked,

it could n't be found. So she had to go home without it.

Early the next morning Tommy Tinker passed that way and found the button lying in the grass.

First, Tommy Tinker said, "Oh, it is Daffy-down-dilly's prettiest button! I will run and carry it to her right now."

Next, he said, "No, I'll put it on my string just for to-day. Daffy-down-dilly won't care. To-morrow I'll take it to her."

But when the next day came the button looked so pretty on his string Tommy Tinker could n't bear to take it off. And, dear me! He kept it another day. How dreadful!

Tommy Tinker felt very queer somehow. Why, he even did not want to meet Mother Goose, nor the Schoolmaster, nor the Old Woman who never told lies, nor,—Daffy-down-dilly, his very best friend.

And queerest of all, he did n't like to wear his charm string any more, but kept it wadded up in his trousers pocket.

"How dreadful," said Tommy Tinker's

He slipped the button into Daffy-down-dilly's hand

buttons, "to be kept here in the dark this way! We love the light. What can be the matter with Tommy Tinker?"

You know what was the matter with Tommy Tinker. And Tommy Tinker knew what was the matter, too. And what's

more, the big hall clock knew what was the matter. For when Tommy Tinker stood looking at its honest face it said, "Tick-tack, tick-tack, take-it-back, take-it-back!"

Then what do you think Tommy Tinker did? Ran just as fast as ever he could and slipped the button into Daffy-down-dilly's hand. And Daffy-down-dilly was so glad.

And Tommy Tinker was so glad. Then he wore his charm string on his neck again, and the buttons were glad to be in the light.

MADGE A. BIGHAM *in "Stories of Mother Goose Village."*

o͞ol	o͞om	o͞od
cool	room	food
pool	bloom	brood
Schoolmaster	gloom	doodle-doo

o͞o *means the long sound of* oo.

Seat Work:

1. Draw a picture of a charm string.
2. Write words that rime with *jet, gold, string, button, right, pocket, clock, glad, face.*
3. What did you learn from this story?
4. Copy and memorize the following:

BUTTONS

Buttons, a farthing a pair!
Come, who will buy them of me?
They're round and sound and pretty,
And fit for girls of the city.
Come, who will buy them of me?
Buttons, a farthing a pair!

THE PIG AND THE HEN

Part I

The pig and the hen,
They both got in one pen,
And the hen said she would n't go out.
"Mistress Hen," says the pig,
"Don't you be quite so big!"
And he gave her a push with his snout.

"You are rough, and you're fat,
But who cares for all that;
I will stay if I choose," says the hen.
"No, mistress, no longer!"
Says pig, "I'm the stronger,
And mean to be boss of my pen!"

Then the hen cackled out
Just as close to his snout
As she dare: "You're an ill-natured brute;
And if I had the corn,
Just as sure as I'm born,
I would send you to starve or to root!"

"But you don't own the cribs;
So I think that my ribs
Will be never the leaner for you:

This trough is my trough,
And the sooner you 're off,"
Says the pig, "why the better you'll do!"

"You're not a bit fair,
And you're cross as a bear;
What harm do I do in your pen?
But a pig is a pig,
And I don't care a fig
For the worst you can say," says the hen.

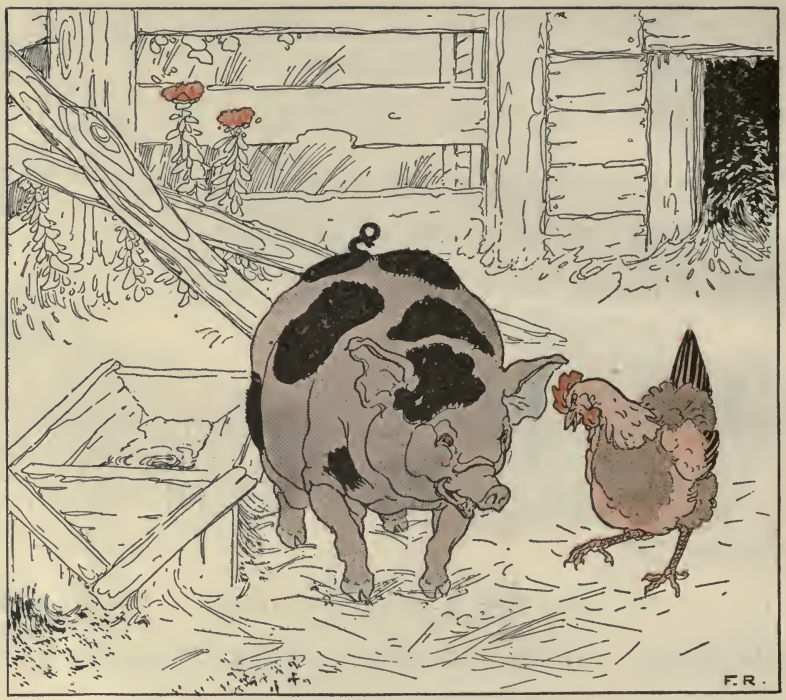
Copy these words and mark all *o* and *oo* sounds:

both root Goose own choose
Tommy close sooner knocking look

THE PIG AND THE HEN

Part II

Says the pig, "You will care
If I *act* like a bear
And tear your two wings from your neck."
"What a nice little pen
You have got!" says the hen,
Beginning to scratch and to peck.



Now the pig stood amazed
And the bristles, upraised
A moment past, fell down so sleek.
"Neighbor Biddy," says he,
"If you'll just allow me,
I will show you a nice place to pick!"

So she followed him off,
And they ate from one trough—
They had quarreled for nothing, they saw;

And when they had fed,
"Neighbor Hen," the pig said,
"Won't you stay here and roost in my straw?"

"No, I thank you; you see
That I sleep in a tree,"
Says the hen; "but I *must* go away;
So a grateful good-by."
"Make your home in my sty,"
Says the pig, "and come in every day."

Now my child will not miss
The true moral of this
Little story of anger and strife;
For a word spoken soft
Will turn enemies oft
Into friends that will stay friends for life.

ALICE CARY.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

	ph	
gh	zephyr	gh
rough	elephant	trough

Seat Work:

Make the following sentences into questions:

1. The pig was very cross.

2. The pig and the hen quarreled for nothing.

3. At last they were friends.

4. A soft answer turns away wrath.

THE PIG AND THE HEN

(Dramatization)

SCHOOL: The pig and the hen,
They both got in one pen,
And the hen said she would n't
go out.

PIG: Get out of my pen!

HEN: I'll not get out of your pen. I'll stay here as long as I please.

PIG: No, you won't. I am bigger and stronger than you. I intend to be boss of my pen.

SCHOOL: Then the hen cackled out
Just as close to his snout
As she dare:

HEN: You're an ill-natured brute. If I owned the corn I would not give you a bit. I'd see you starve first.

PIG: Oh, you would, would you? Well, you don't own the corn, and the sooner you leave the better it will be for you.

HEN: You're as cross as a bear! But a pig is a pig, and I don't care a fig for the worst you can say.

PIG: You will care if I *act* like a bear, and tear your two wings from your neck.

HEN: What a fine little pen you have! What a nice fat pig you are!

SCHOOL: Now the pig stood amazed,
And the bristles, upraised
A moment past, fell down so sleek.

PIG: Neighbor Biddy, if you'll just come with me I will show you a nice place to pick.

SCHOOL: So she followed him off,
And they ate from one trough—
They had quarreled for nothing,
they saw.

(*The pig and the hen eat together, from one trough.*)

PIG: Won't you stay and roost in my straw, Neighbor Hen? You can't find a better place.

HEN: No, thank you, my friend. I sleep in a tree, and I'd better be saying good-by.

PIG: Good-by, Neighbor Hen. I hope to see you again. Good-by.

är	ärm	ärp
far	farm	sharp
starve	charm	Sharp Eyes
farthing	farmhouses	carpenter

ä *means the sound of* a *as in* far.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

(Read the story silently and then tell it)

This is a very old story about the man in the moon.

One Sunday a man said, "I must get some wood to-day."

"No, no!" said his wife. "It is Sunday. We must not work; we must rest."

"I do not care if it is Sunday," said the man. "I am going to work in the woods."

The squirrels saw the man working in the woods, and they ran away; the birds saw the man, and they flew away. Then a

"Can't you see that I am getting wood?"

giant came along, and he saw the man working on Sunday.

"What are you doing?" said he.

"Can't you see that I am getting wood?"

"Do you know what day it is?"

"Yes, but I don't care."

"Very well; then you must leave the earth and go and live in the moon. There you shall always carry fagots on your back."

Some people think to this day they can see the man in the moon, with the load of fagots on his back.

Old German Tale.

ġ	ġ	ġ	ġ
gentle	change	ridge	giant
gently	manger	bridge	imagination
gentleman	danger	dodge	pigeons

ġ *means the soft sound of* g.

Expression through Force:

Stop! Halt! Forward! March! Go!
Fire! Stand! Fly! Scream!

Stand! Don't take one step!
Scream! Scream as hard as you can!
Stop! Not another word!

Expression through Word Painting:

I think 't would be *fun* to live in a nest
And to *snuggle* down under a mother bird's breast.

But, oh, dear me! I know I should *squirm*
When the father bird brought me a fat
little worm.
I know I should squirm, squirm, squirm.

LITTLE PILGRIM PEOPLE

Part I

"Over the sea in a white winged ship
A weary journey to go,
Came fathers and mothers, children, too,
In the days of long ago.
Let us bless the wind that blew them here,
For surely the world must know
How stout were their arms and brave their
hearts,
In the days of long ago."

You have all heard about the brave grown-up Pilgrim people. How they came over in the Mayflower and found the red men living here. How they built their homes and planted corn and pumpkins. How the women cooked the food and kept the house clean. How the men killed the

deer and caught the fish. How they had no stoves, but just an open fireplace, in which the bright, red fire roared up the chimney. And how they ate their first Thanksgiving dinner. Why, of course, you have heard all this.

But have you ever heard about the little Pilgrim people and what they did in the days of long ago? They were sober, quiet children, those little Pilgrim people. They were taught to obey. They must go to bed at sunset and rise early in the morning. For the Pilgrim mothers said,

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

And you should have seen these little Pilgrim people at meal times when they all stood up around the table. How very quiet they had to be, for everybody thought "children should be seen and not heard" in those days of long ago.

Now these children were taught to be very helpful little people. The girls helped

These children were taught to be very helpful little people

the Pilgrim mothers. They helped to sew and make the clothes for the men and boys.

How their fingers flew as they knit the stockings, and their feet as they spun the wool! They swept the floor with the birch brooms the Indians showed them how to

make, and scattered fine white sand upon it.

The boys worked and worked. They helped the Pilgrim fathers. They gathered wild plums and juicy grapes for the mothers. There was corn to hoe, and wood to cut. There were pumpkins to gather.

They piled the logs high in the large open fireplaces. They popped corn, sang songs, and helped the girls string apples.

Oh, they were as busy as bees, these little Pilgrim people! But with all their tasks they were merry, happy little children. For them there was

"A time for work, a time for play,
A time to be quiet, and a time to be gay."

Copy words, marking all *c*'s to show their sounds:

fireplace	clothes	Creepy	recited
cooked	certainly	saucy	Crawly
company	excuse	claws	twice
nice	caught	come	corn

LITTLE PILGRIM PEOPLE

Part II

Now it may be you are wishing that you had been one of these little Pilgrim children. It may be you are thinking they had no schools and no lessons to learn in those days of long ago. But you are mistaken. Just as soon as they could walk and talk they went to school and learned their lessons.

Pilgrim children must not grow up to be ignorant men and women, those early people thought. They must grow to be careful Pilgrim mothers. They must grow to be wise, manly Pilgrim fathers. They must be thrifty, careful people. So to school went all the Pilgrim children.

The school was held in a cabin with some good Pilgrim mother for the teacher. Often she kept on with her housework while the children did sums or recited their lessons.

What strange schools they had for the little Pilgrim people! The girls were taught a little reading, a little writing, and a great deal of spinning and sewing. No

need for girls to learn much reading and writing, these early people thought. It was best for them to learn to spin and sew and to keep the house clean. There were no pretty books to read, and there was not much to learn in those days of long, long ago.

The Sabbath day was the hardest of all for the little people. It began on Saturday and ended at sunset on Sunday. The noise was hushed, the play was stopped, and every one kept very quiet. No child dared laugh! No child dared play all through the long, long Sabbath day.

They nearly always went to church. It was a very bad storm indeed that could keep them away from church on the Sabbath day. And if the fathers and mothers went, why, of course, the little Pilgrims must go also.

The girls sat on one side and the boys on the other. How still they had to sit, and how quiet they had to be while they listened to the sermons!

Just behind stood the tithingman, keeping watch over the children. In his hand he

carried a long pole, on one end of which was a rabbit's tail and on the other a hard knob.

If he saw a little girl napping, why, he was sure to tickle her with the tail. And woe to the boy whom he caught playing on the Sabbath day! Rap, rap! went the hard knob on the top of his head, and it was n't a very gentle rap, either. It was almost sure

to start the tears, and sometimes it left a bump to tell the story of what had happened.

These little Pilgrim people grew strong and brave, and we often think of the many hardships they had to endure in the days of long, long ago.

Phonic Drill:

Notice vowel markings and pronounce sounds:

sŭnsĕt	Pĭlgrĭms	tĭthĭng	stŏckĭngs
thēse	mĭstāken	cābĭns	ĕndūre
fīreplāce	tĭck-tăck	ōpen	tāke-ĭt-bāck

Exercise for Enunciation:

The Pilgrim people planted plump pumpkins.

Twenty thirsty tailors tiptoed to the tent.

The queen quickly quarreled with the queer question.

Seat Work:

Answer these questions:

1. From what country did the Pilgrims come?
2. Who gave them the corn to plant?
3. What did the Pilgrims say about children going to bed early?

THE SNOWBIRD

When all the ground with snow is white,
The merry snowbird comes,
And hops about with great delight
To find the scattered crumbs.

How glad he seems to get to eat
A piece of cake or bread!
He wears no shoes upon his feet,
Nor hat upon his head!

But happiest is he, I know,
Because no cage with bars

Keeps him from walking on the snow,
And printing it with stars.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

Seat Work:

1. Cut stars like those the snowbird makes with his feet.
2. Draw a picture of the snowbird.
3. Give words that rime with *cage, snow, ground, stars, cake, hops.*

MY LADY WIND

My Lady Wind is very tall,
As tall as she can be;
Her hands can shake the tallest bough
Upon the tallest tree,
And even reach up to the sky,
And twirl the clouds about,
And rattle them for thundering,
And shake the raindrops out.
And yet so light, so light she steps
Upon the flowers and grass,
They only need to bow their heads
To let my lady pass.

You cannot see my Lady Wind,
Though you can hear her plain,
And watch her tread the clovers down
That rise so quick again.
And I know just how she would look,
So tall and full of grace,
With bright hair streaming out behind,
And such a lovely face!

My Lady Wind is grand and strong
And yet so full of glee,
She almost says, "My little maid,
Come, have a race with me."

ei *and* ey *sometimes say* ā

	ei	ey	
ei	sleigh	they	ei
eight	neighbor	obey	reindeer

HOW FIRE CAME TO THE INDIANS

Once, long, long ago, they say there was but one spark of fire upon all the earth, and that spark was guarded by two old witches.

Now the Indians wanted the spark of fire to use, and they planned a way to get it.

All the animals promised to help them, and the coyote was to be the leader.

Just outside the Indian village, the coyote placed a frog; a little farther on, he set a squirrel; beyond the squirrel he set a serpent; beyond the serpent he set a wolf; beyond the wolf he set a wild horse; beyond the wild horse he set a lion; and beyond the lion was the old witches' house.

The old witches were often lonely, and after all the animals were in their places

the coyote went to call upon them. They were very glad to see him, and after a few minutes' talk the coyote said: "The Indians are in need of fire. Can you not spare them one small ember?"

But the witches answered, "It has been left to us to guard, and we dare not give away the tiniest spark."

At that the coyote went to the window and looked out, and as that was the signal that had been agreed upon between himself and the other animals, the lion began to roar; the wild horse began to neigh; the wolf began to howl; the serpent began to hiss; the squirrel began to chatter; and the frog began to croak.

The two old witches were so frightened by the terrible noise that they ran outside to see what it was all about.

At that the coyote seized an ember in his mouth and ran away with it.

The old witches saw the flashing ember and started after. Faster than the wind they flew, and would soon have overtaken

the coyote, but just as his strength gave out he reached the lion, and laying down the spark of fire, he said to the lion, "Here, friend, haste away with it."

The lion picked up the ember and bounded away, with the witches in hot pursuit; but just as his strength gave out he reached the wild horse, and laying down the spark of fire, he said to the wild horse, "Here, friend, haste away with it."

The wild horse picked up the ember and galloped away, with the witches in hot pursuit; but just as his strength gave out he reached the wolf, and laying down the spark of fire, he said to the wolf, "Here, friend, haste away with it."

The wolf picked up the ember and loped away, the witches in hot pursuit; but just as his strength gave out he reached the serpent, and laying down the spark of fire, he said to the serpent, "Here, friend, haste away with it."

The serpent picked up the ember and glided away, the witches in hot pursuit; but just as his strength gave out he reached the

squirrel, and laying down the spark of fire, he said to the squirrel, "Here, friend, haste away with it."

The squirrel picked up the ember and ran away, the witches in hot pursuit; but just as his strength gave out he reached the frog, and laying down the spark of fire, he said to the frog, "Here, friend, haste away with it."

The frog picked up the ember and hopped

away, with the witches in hot pursuit. But the witches were too swift for him, and they caught him by the tail. The frog was so frightened that his eyes bulged, but he gave one more great jump, and, leaving his tail in the witches' hands, he hopped into the midst of the Indian village

And so the Indians had fire! But the frog lost his tail, and his eyes have bulged ever since.

Old Indian Legend, retold by JULIA DARROW COWLES.

Phonic Drill:

Say long a, e, i, o, u in a light tone
a, e, i, o, u in a deep tone
a, e, i, o, u in a questioning tone
a, e, i, o, u in a forceful tone

Exercise for Enunciation:

With the skin he made him mittens;
Made them with the fur side inside;
Made them with the skin side outside;
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside;
He, to get the cold side outside,

Put the warm side, fur side inside.
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside.
Why he turned them inside outside.

SPRING

The alder by the river
  Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
  For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over,
  And oh, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
  That once again 't is spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
  So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
  A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,
  And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
  The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue;
O happy little children!
God made them all for you.

CELIA THAXTER.

Phonic drill on e *as in* over:

er	der	ter	er
clover	alder	matter	gather
silver	elders	rooster	farther
clever	powdery	butter	feather
driver	ladder	buttercups	whither

Exercise for Expression:

"To-morrow I'll do it," says Bennie;
"I will, by and by," says Seth;
"Not now—pretty soon," says Jennie;
"In a minute," says little Beth.
Oh, dear little people, remember

That, true as the stars in the sky,
The little streets of To-morrow,
Pretty Soon, and By and By
Lead one and all
To the city of Not at All.

MR. AND MRS. SPIKKY SPARROW

I

On a little piece of wood
Mr. Spikky Sparrow stood:
Mrs. Sparrow sat close by,
A-making of an insect pie
For her little children five,
In the nest and all alive;
Singing with a cheerful smile,
To amuse them all the while,
"Twikky wikky wikky wee,
Wikky bikky twikky tee,
Spikky bikky bee!"

II

Mrs. Spikky Sparrow said,
"Spikky, darling! in my head

Many thoughts of trouble come,
Like to flies upon a plum.
All last night, among the trees,
I heard you cough, I heard you sneeze;
And thought I, 'It's come to that
Because he does not wear a hat!'
Chippy wippy sikky tee,
Bikky wikky tikky mee,
Spikky chippy wee!

III

"Not that you are growing old;
But the nights are growing cold.
No one stays out all night long
Without a hat: I'm sure it's wrong!"
Mr. Spikky said, "How kind,
Dear, you are, to speak your mind!
All your life I wish you luck!
You are, you are, a lovely duck!
  Witchy witchy witchy wee,
  Twitchy witchy witchy bee,
    Tikky tikky tee!

IV

"I was also sad and thinking,
When one day I saw you winking,
And I heard you sniffle-snuffle,
And I saw your feathers ruffle:
To myself I sadly said,
'She's neuralgia in her head!
That dear head has nothing on it!
Ought she not to wear a bonnet?'
  Witchy kitchy kitchy wee,
  Spikky wikky mikky bee,
    Chippy wippy chee!

V

"Let us both fly up to town:
There I'll buy you such a gown!
Which, completely in the fashion,
You shall tie a sky-blue sash on;
And a pair of slippers neat
To fit your darling little feet,
So that you will look and feel
Quite galloobious and genteel.
Jikky wikky bikky see,
Chikky bikky wikky bee,
Twicky witchy wee!"

VI

So they both to London went,
Alighting on the Monument;
Whence they flew down swiftly—pop!
Into Moses' wholesale shop:
There they bought a hat and bonnet,
And a gown with spots upon it,
A satin sash of Cloxam blue,
And a pair of slippers too.
Zikky wikky mikky bee,
Witchy witchy mitchy kee,
Sikky tikky wee!

VII

Then, when so completely dressed,
Back they flew, and reached their nest.
Their children cried, "O ma and pa!
How truly beautiful you are!"
Said they, "We trust that cold or pain
We shall never feel again;
While, perched on tree or house or steeple,
We now shall look like other people.
Witchy witchy witchy wee,
Twikky mikky bikky bee,
Zikky sikky tee!"

EDWARD LEAR.

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON DOGS

I. The Voyage

"Pull in the gangplank, boys! Pull in the gangplank!"

Slowly the old ship moved, and we were off to a new and strange land. Our master was a sea captain, and he often took us on long trips with him; but we didn't like to be shut up in a cabin and hear nothing but the splashing of the water all the time.

Once when we were on the ocean a terrible storm arose and it lasted for days and days. The ship rolled, and tumbled, and pitched, and finally struck a great rock. How frightened everybody was and how they screamed and ran about! Fan and I certainly thought we were going to the bottom of the sea. Our master and all the passengers, except one family, jumped into the lifeboats and were rowed away.

Mr. Robinson, his wife, and four boys were in the cabin when the crash came, and they did not know that the others were

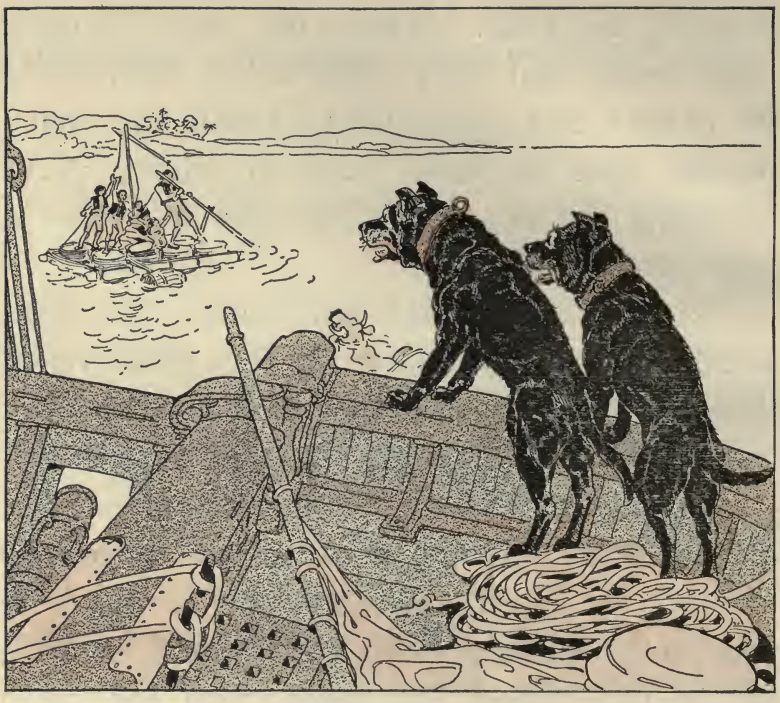
leaving the ship. When they went on deck and found that they were alone, they knelt in prayer and asked God to still the angry waves and to take care of them. Next morning the sky was clear, the sea smooth, and land in sight.

Mr. Robinson knew that the wreck would soon go to pieces and that they must reach land in some way or be drowned; so they made a raft by fastening empty tubs together.

James, the youngest of the Robinson boys, found Fan and me tied in the captain's cabin. He liked dogs, and the moment he saw us he wanted us to go ashore with him, so he unfastened our chains and led us to the raft. But his father shook his head and said, "No, James, they are too heavy, and would eat much and provide nothing."

Fan and I heard what they said but we kept still and nobody knew what we were thinking, but we did n't intend to stay on that ship and starve. No, indeed, we did not; we knew too much for that.

Food, clothes, tools, and a little of



almost everything was put into the tubs; then the family got in and pushed off to sea. The boys cried when they saw us standing on the deck looking wistfully at them; but Mr. Robinson said, "No, we cannot take them."

The old raft moved farther and farther away; the ducks and the geese swam beside it; the pigeons flew over it; and then came

a great splash, and Fan and I were close behind. The boys clapped their hands and shouted, "Good Turk! Good Fan! Come with us!" That was just what we intended to do; but it was a long distance to land and we grew very tired swimming so far. We beat the raft, though, and when the boys reached the shore we barked a welcome to them.

They were glad to have Fan and me there, and at once called us "the Swiss Family Robinson dogs."

Phonic drill on a *as in* ask:

ask	ast	fast	pass
asked	past	faster	passed
asking	master	unfastened	passing

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON DOGS

II. Our New Home

In a short time the tent was up, beds were made, and lobster soup was ready for supper. Fan and I did n't like soup, so we ate raw lobsters and clams. Everybody was

so glad to be on land that eating soup with clam shells for spoons, sleeping on beds of leaves, and hearing wolves howl were not hardships at all.

Early next morning Mr. Robinson, Fritz, and I started off to see the island. Fan was left at home to take care of Mrs. Robinson and the children.

I shall never forget that trip as long as I live. I saw so many wonderful things I can't remember half of them. There were birds with bright feathers, strange plants, wild pigs, and hundreds and hundreds of monkeys — old ones, big ones, homely ones, and little ones. I ran right into the middle of a troop of them, and in a twinkling of an eye they were in the tops of the tallest trees, grinning at me. I pretended that I didn't care, but I did; I wanted to catch one of them.

When Fritz and his father came and saw the monkeys in the tops of the trees they threw stones at them. I don't believe they tried to hit them, because they did not

throw straight or high enough; but the monkeys thought they did, and scolded and scolded. Pretty soon they began to pick coconuts and to throw them at us. That was just what Mr. Robinson and Fritz wanted, and they laughed as they filled their bags with fresh nuts.

I ran ahead and soon found another troop of monkeys. That was my chance. An old mother monkey was feeding her baby and did not see me in time to get away, so I caught her and killed her just as I would a rat. Fritz scolded me when he came up and saw what I had done, and I felt ashamed of it. He took the little one in his arms and began to pet her. But as soon as I came near she scratched and climbed upon his back and was terribly frightened.

After a while Fritz grew tired and said since I had killed her mother I ought to help carry the baby. So he put her on my back and she sat up and rode like a monkey in a circus. I did n't like that

at all, but I thought I would better not say so. I was glad, though, that she grew tired of riding and jumped off before we reached home, because I didn't want the boys to make fun of me.

They heard us coming and ran to meet us. The moment they saw the baby monkey

they screamed, "A monkey! A monkey! Where did you get it? How did you catch it?"

I think everybody was glad then that I killed the mother and that we had the baby. She was named Nip at once, and always was a great pet in the family. At first Nip would not eat anything, so the boys dipped handkerchiefs in coconut milk and gave them to her to suck. But she soon learned to eat, and often stole all our eggs. Nobody seemed to think it was bad—because Nip did it, I suppose.

â	â	â	â
bare	rare	dare	air
care	compare	scare	hair
spare	dared	square	fairy

â *means the sound of* a *as in* care.

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON DOGS

III. The Fight with the Porcupine

One day Fan and I had a hard fight with a porcupine. We had never seen such

an animal before. It was covered with quills that were as sharp as needles, and every time we tried to fight it would back up against us and prick us with them.

Fritz heard us barking and came out to rescue us by shooting the porcupine. He knew what it was and took some of the quills home to his mother to sew with. They made me a blanket out of the skin

of the porcupine, and when I had that on, all covered with sharp quills, I could fight any animal, and I never felt at all afraid.

Years and years passed, and no one came to the island to disturb us. We were happy and quite content with our wild life, and each day learned something new.

We caught a young buffalo, killed packs of wolves, learned how to fish, and had one hard fight with a lion and lioness. It was in this fight that dear Fan lost her life.

The boys dug a grave for her and placed a large flat rock over it. James wrote these lines, and they would have been put on her tombstone if we had lived in America:

"Sacred to the memory of the good Fan.
A pattern of what a dog should be,
A model of fidelity,
She died the death of the brave."

I could tell many more things about our life on the island, but I want you to read *The Swiss Family Robinson.*

Retold from "The Swiss Family Robinson."

Seat Work:

Describe in your own words the following:

1. The sailing of the ship.
2. The storm.
3. The dogs.
4. Making a raft.
5. Sailing of the raft.
6. The island.
7. Bringing the monkey home.
8. The fight with the porcupine.

Copy the lines that were written for Fan.

O SAILOR, COME ASHORE

O sailor, come ashore.
    What have you brought for me?
Red coral, white coral,
    Coral from the sea.

I did not dig it from the ground,
    Nor pluck it from a tree.
Feeble insects made it
    In the stormy sea.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

A RIDDLE

There is one that has a head without an eye,
And there's one that has an eye without a head;
You may find the answer if you try;
And when all is said,
Half the answer hangs upon a thread.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

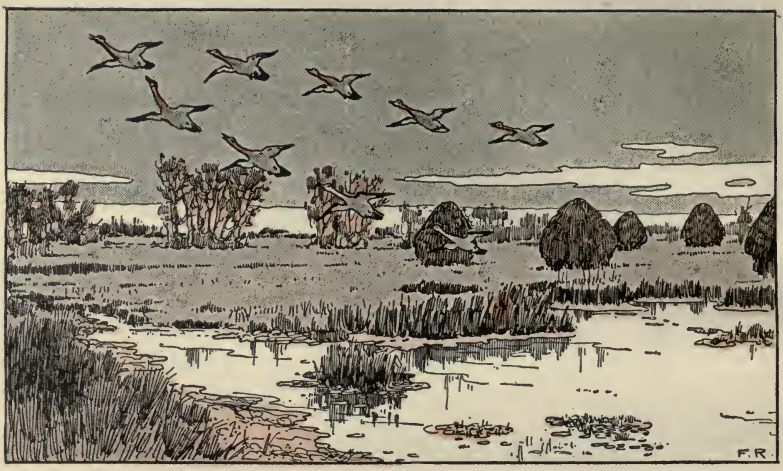
Phonic drill on o *as in* or:

	orn	or	
or	corn	nor	orm
for	horns	horse	storm
fortune	morning	porcupine	stormy

WILD GEESE

Honk, honk, honk!
See the wild geese passing, passing by.
Honk, honk, honk!
Listen to them calling, calling from the sky!
Honk, honk, honk!

Down the long highway they're winging;
Through the great gray vault they're swinging;



From far, far away they're bringing
Greetings from the icy North!
Honk, honk, honk!

Loud and clear their cries are falling;
From the vault o'erhead they're calling;
What a noisy chorus falling, falling,
As they hail you from the sky!
Honk, honk, honk!

Down to warmer climes they're going;
Down to waters smoothly flowing,
Among rice fields and green things growing,
Downward to the sunny South!
Honk, honk, honk!

How I love to see them swinging,
Love to hear their loud cries ringing,
As outspread their wings they're flinging,
Strong-winged travelers of the sky!
Honk, honk, honk!

There is nothing half so winning
As a flock of wild geese swinging,
Wild geese swiftly, swiftly winging,
Winging southward in the fall!
Honk, honk, honk!

'Tis a joy to listen to the call!
Honk, honk, honk!
Of wild geese going southward in the fall!
Honk, honk, honk!

MINA HOLTON PAGE.

Seat Work:

Copy these words, draw a line through silent letters, and mark the sounds you know:

fidelity	geese	bedroom	sighing
strong-winged	unless	outspread	smoothly

THE CONSTANT TIN SOLDIER

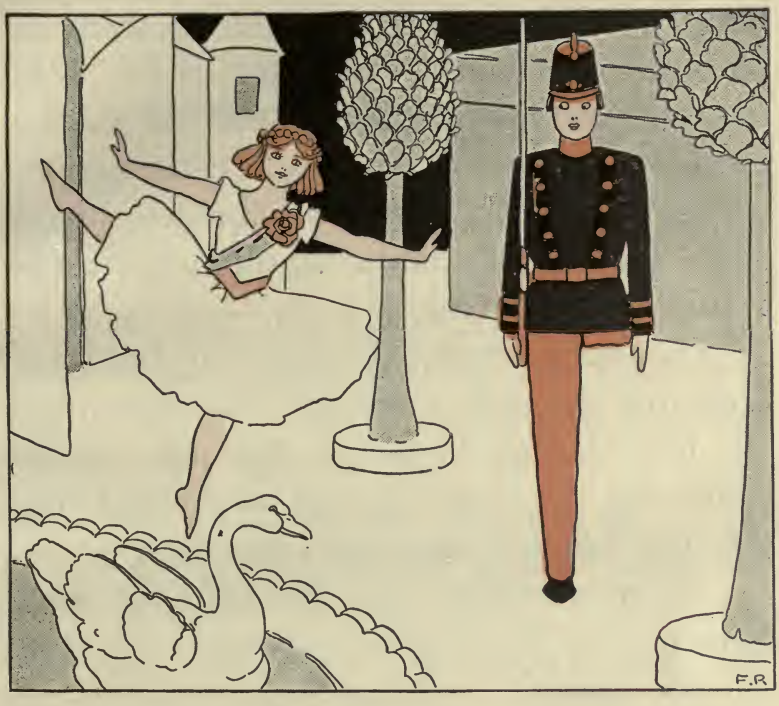
I. The Tin Soldier Meets the Little Dancer

There were once five-and-twenty tin soldiers—all brothers, for they had all been born of one old tin spoon.

They shouldered their muskets and looked straight before them. They wore splendid uniforms of red and blue. When the lid was taken off the box in which they lay, the first words they heard in the world were, "Tin Soldiers!" This was said by a little boy who clapped his hands with joy because the soldiers had been given to him for his birthday.

Each soldier was exactly like the others, except one that had but one leg because he had been born last and there had not been enough tin to finish him. But he stood as well upon his one leg as the others did upon their two. And this is the one soldier that did anything at all worth talking about.

Of all the other toys that stood on the table on which the Tin Soldier had been placed, the one that attracted the most



attention was a castle made of cardboard. Through its little windows one could see straight into the many rooms. Outside of the castle little trees stood about a small lake that was made of looking-glass. Swans of wax swam on this lake and, looking downward, saw their reflections in the clear water.

But, pretty as this was, the prettiest

thing of all was a little lady standing in the open door of the cardboard castle. She, too, was cut out of paper; and she wore a dress of the purest gauze. A little narrow ribbon was worn over her shoulders like a scarf, and in the middle of this ribbon was a shining tinsel rose.

The little lady stretched out both her arms, for she was a dancer, and then lifted one foot so high in the air that the soldier could not see it at all, and so thought that she, like himself, had only one leg!

"That would be just the wife for me," thought the Tin Soldier, "if only she were not too grand!

"She lives in a castle and I have only a box, and there are five-and-twenty of us in that. It would be no place for her! Still, I must try to make friends with her."

So he hid himself safely behind a snuff-box, where he could watch the dainty Little Dancer who stood on one leg without losing her balance.

II. The Goblin Threatens the Tin Soldier

Late in the evening all the other soldiers were put in their box and the people of the house went to bed.

Then the toys began to play. They made visits, fought battles, and gave parties. The tin soldiers wanted to join the games; they rattled and rattled in their box, but could not get the lid off. The nutcracker turned handsprings, and the pencil drew figures on the slate. There was so much noise that the Canary woke up and began to talk poetry.

Only the Tin Soldier and the Little Dancer did not move from their places. She stood straight up on the point of one toe, and held up her arms; and he was just as steady as ever upon his one leg. He never turned his eyes away from the little lady.

Twelve o'clock struck and — pop! up flew the lid of the snuffbox! There was

no snuff in it at all! There was only a little black goblin, a sort of a Jack-in-the-Box.

"Tin Soldier!" said the Goblin, "don't stare at things that don't concern you!"

But the Tin Soldier gave no sign of hearing him.

"Just you wait, then, till to-morrow!" said the Goblin.

Seat Work:

1. Draw a picture of the Little Dancer.
2. What kind of clothes did the tin soldiers wear?
3. What did the toys do after the people went to bed?
4. Tell what the Canary did.
5. What happened after the clock struck twelve?
6. Copy and mark the sounds you know:

Goblin	nutcracker	pencil
musket	lady	handsprings
snuffbox	o'clock	five-and-twenty

THE CONSTANT TIN SOLDIER

III. The Tin Soldier Starts on a Journey

And in the morning, when the children got up, one of them put the Tin Soldier on the window sill. Now whether it was the Goblin or the wind that did it we don't know; but true it is that all at once the window flew open and the Tin Soldier fell, headforemost, all the way down from the

third story to the street below. It was a terrible fall! The Tin Soldier turned over and over in the air, and when at last he landed, his bayonet stuck between the paving stones and his one leg was straight up in the air!

The maidservant and the little boy ran down at once to look for the Tin Soldier. But, although they almost trod upon him, they could not see him anywhere.

If the Tin Soldier had once called out "Here I am!" they would have found him. But the Tin Soldier, being in uniform, did not think it proper to shout for help.

Suddenly it began to rain. Each drop fell faster than the last, and soon the water poured down in a stream. When the rain was over at last, two street boys came along.

"Just look!" cried one. "There's a Tin Soldier! He shall go for a sail!"

So they made a boat out of a newspaper and put the Tin Soldier in the middle of it. He sailed away down the gutter, while the two

street boys ran along, clapping their hands.

Goodness! How the waves did roll in that gutter, and how fast the stream ran! The paper boat rocked up and down, and up and down, and sometimes whirled around in such a hurry that the Tin Soldier trembled. But he stood steady and never moved a muscle. He looked straight before him and held tight to his musket.

Phonic Drill:

th	th	th	th
that	they	other	with
this	them	mother	within
than	their	father	without

th *means the hard sound of* th

Seat Work:

1. Make four drawings of the Tin Soldier and write a sentence under each telling where he is.

2. From a piece of brown paper cut the toys that were on the table.

THE CONSTANT TIN SOLDIER

IV. The Tin Soldier in a Shipwreck

All at once the boat shot into a long drain tunnel, and it became as dark as it had been in his box at home.

"Where am I going now?" thought the Tin Soldier. "Oh, yes, of course it's the Goblin's doing! But if the Little Dancer only sat here beside me, it might be twice as dark for all I should care!"

At this moment a big water rat who lived in the tunnel called out to the Tin Soldier, "Have you a pass? Give me your passport!"

But the Tin Soldier kept still and clung all the tighter to his musket.

The boat rushed on and on, and the rat swam after it. Whew! how he gnashed his teeth and shouted to the bits of stick

and stone: "Stop him! Stop him! He has n't paid toll! He has n't shown his passport!"

But the tide became stronger and stronger. The Tin Soldier could see the bright daylight where the tunnel ended. Then he heard a roaring sound that well might have frightened a braver man.

Think! Just where the drain ended, the stream ran into a big canal! That was as dangerous for the Tin Soldier as going over a great waterfall would be to us.

But he was so near the end that he could not stop. The boat dashed over the edge of the drain into the deep canal.

The Tin Soldier held himself as stiff as he could. No one could say that he moved an eyelid.

The boat swirled round, and round, and round. At last it filled up to the brim with water; it must sink.

The Tin Soldier stood up to his neck in water. The boat sank deeper and deeper. The paper kept dropping to pieces. At

last, as the water went over the Tin Soldier's head, he thought of the pretty, pretty Little Dancer whom he was never to see again. In his ears rang the words of the song,

"Farewell, farewell, thou warrior brave,
For thou shalt die to-day."

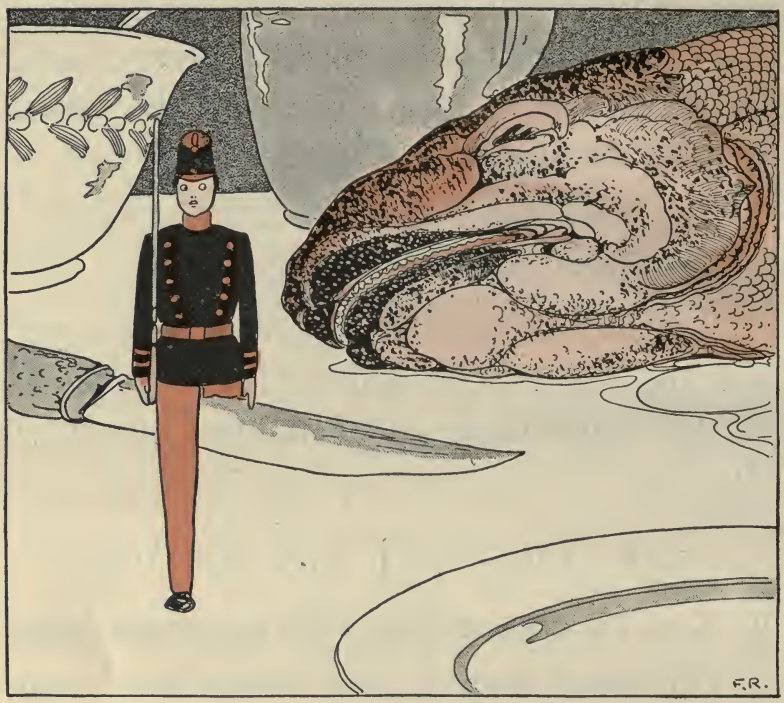
At last the paper boat gave way entirely and the Tin Soldier fell through—but just at that moment he was snapped up by a big fish!

THE CONSTANT TIN SOLDIER

V. The Tin Soldier Sees Daylight Once More

Oh, how dark it was inside that fish! It was even darker than it had been in the tunnel. It was very narrow, too. But the Tin Soldier was as sturdy as ever, and lay at full length, shouldering his musket.

Suddenly the fish rushed about hither and thither. It made the most frantic movements and then at last it lay perfectly still for a long, long time. Then something flashed through the darkness like lightning.



The Tin Soldier was once more in broad daylight, and a voice cried aloud:

"The Tin Soldier!"

The fish had been caught, carried to market, sold, and brought into the kitchen, where the cook cut it open with a knife.

She picked up the soldier around the waist with her finger and thumb and carried him into the parlor, where every one wanted

to see the famous person who had traveled about inside of a fish.

But the Tin Soldier was not at all proud. They set him up on the table, and there—no! How could it be? The Tin Soldier found himself in the very same room that he had been in before!

He saw the same children. The same toys stood upon the table. And there was the same cardboard castle with the Little Dancer standing in the open door! She was still standing on one leg with the other one held away up in the air.

The Tin Soldier was so touched by all this that he could hardly keep from weeping tin tears. But a soldier must not cry! He looked at her and she looked at him, and neither said a word!

ȧsk	ȧnce	ȧst	ȧss
asked	dance	past	pass
asking	Dancer	last	passport
tasks	dancing	lasted	passing
basket	chance	faster	passengers

ȧ *means the sound of* a *as in* ask.

VI. The Constant Tin Soldier Finds the Little Dancer Constant unto Death

Then one of the little boys took the Tin Soldier and without rime or reason flung him into the fire. No doubt the Goblin in the snuffbox was to blame for that!

The Tin Soldier stood there in the blazing light. He felt a heat that was terrible; but whether it came from the fire or from the love in his heart, he did not know.

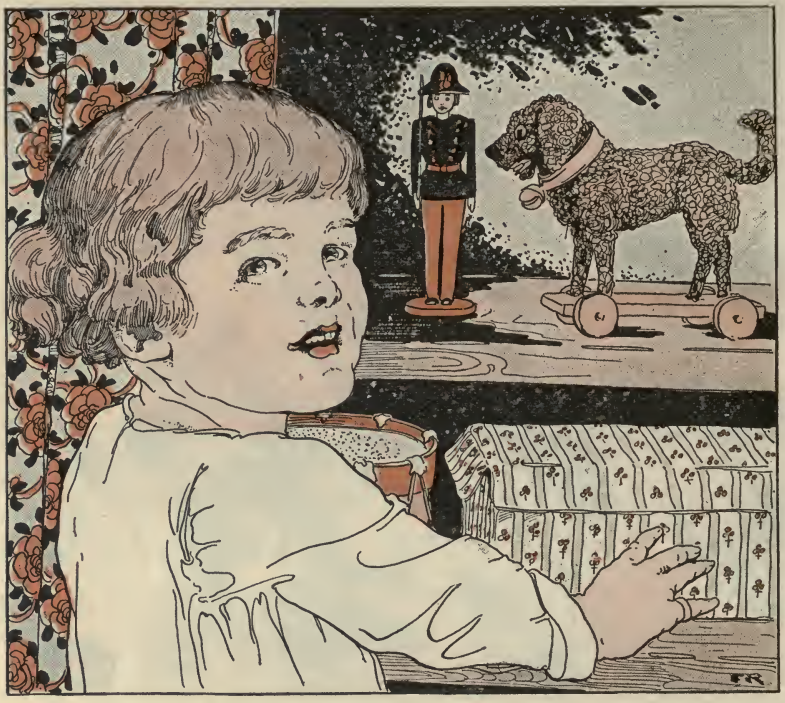
All the colors had faded out of his uniform; but whether that had been caused by the dangers he had been through or by his grief, no one could say.

He looked at the Little Dancer; she looked at him. He felt that he was melting; but he held himself straight and stiff and shouldered his gun bravely.

Then, suddenly, the door blew open, the wind caught the Little Dancer, and she flew straight into the fire to the Tin Soldier—flashed up in a flame, and was gone!

Then, indeed, the Tin Soldier melted down into a lump; and when the maid-servant took out the ashes next day she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. And of the Dancer nothing remained but the tinsel rose, and that was burned as black as a coal.

ALICE CORBIN HENDERSON
in "Andersen's Best Fairy Tales."



LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our little
Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Aye, faithful to little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place—
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

EUGENE FIELD.

Seat Work:

Copy words, and mark *a*, *c*, and *g* sounds:

flashed	stanch	angel	place
become	grief	passing	danger
Goblin	chair	covered	are

SOMEWHERE TOWN

Which is the way to Somewhere Town?
Oh, up in the morning early.
Over the tiles and the chimney pots,
That is the way quite clearly.

And which is the door to Somewhere Town?
Oh, up in the morning early.
The round red sun is the door to go through,
That is the way quite clearly.

KATE GREENAWAY.

ôrn	ôr	ôrn	ôrm
born	for	corn	storm
morn	nor	corner	stormy
morning	north	acorn	storms
horns	Northland	popcorn	uniform

ô *means the sound of* o *as in* or.

Seat Work:

1. Copy two sentences that end with a ?

2. Write five words from the lesson that contain i; then mark the sounds.

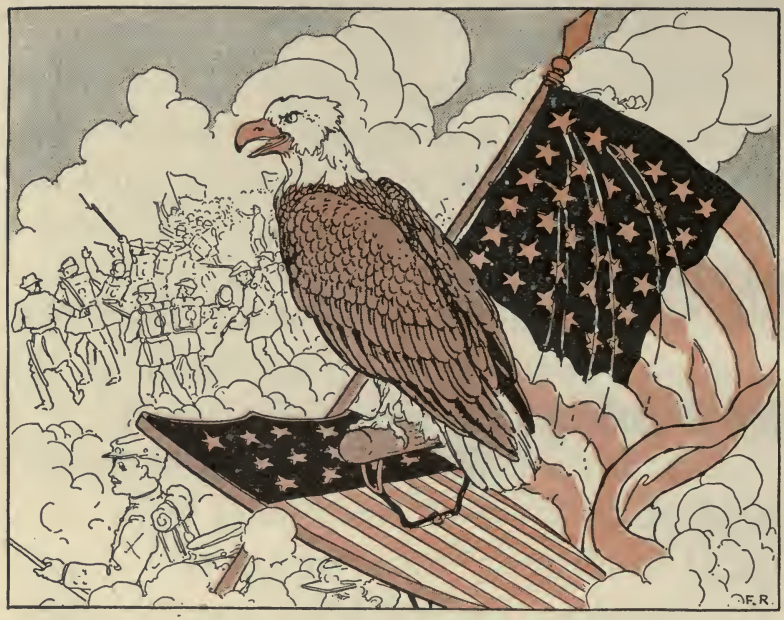
3. Copy and memorize the first stanza of the poem.

OLD ABE, THE WAR EAGLE

Old Abe went to war with "the Boys in Blue." He was a brave, strong soldier bird. Old Abe loved the smell of smoke and the roar of cannon. He was never so happy as when bullets were flying and the soldiers marching to war. As soon as the firing began he would jump up and down on his perch, and flap his wings and scream.

One day a fierce battle was being fought. Blue smoke covered everything; guns went bang! bang! bang! and cannons pealed forth like thunder. On his perch sat Old Abe, watching, and calling to the men, when a shot whizzed by and cut the cord which held him. High, high above his regiment sailed the great war eagle. With wings wide spread and piercing eyes fixed upon the soldier boys, he screamed again and again. Louder than the fire of guns, louder than the roar of cannon, he called and seemed to say, "Brave boys! Brave boys! How goes the battle? Fire! Fire!"

When the battle was over and the smoke



had cleared away, Old Abe flew back to his perch and was ready to march on with "the Boys in Blue." Old Abe's perch was carried by a soldier to whom he looked for food. He would not let any other person carry him or feed him. He seemed to know that sometimes his master grew tired of carrying him. Then he would spread his wings and soar to a great height. The men of all regiments cheered him as he disappeared among the clouds.

Whenever fresh meat was scarce he would take things into his own hands and go away to find his food. Often he was gone two or three days; but he always returned with a young lamb or chicken in his talons. Even though he flew many miles away he was never known to alight in any but his own camp or among any but the men of his own regiment. Two or three times he was struck by bullets, but his feathers were so thick that he was not hurt.

After the war everybody wanted to see Old Abe, so he was taken to the Centennial, a great fair held in Philadelphia in 1876. And it was there that thousands of people saw the famous old soldier bird, bought his picture, and heard all about his life with "the Boys in Blue."

Old Abe's early home was a nest made of sticks and hay in the top of a tall tree. His father and mother were large, strong eagles. Their heads and tails were white and their bodies dark brown. Old Abe looked exactly like them.

A young Indian called Sky Chief stole Abe from his home in the tree and sold him to a farmer for a bushel of corn. The farmer kept him for some time and then sold him to a man who gave him to the soldier boys of the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment. They named him "Old Abe," after Abraham Lincoln. The soldier that carried him through the war had charge of him as long as he lived.

A True Story.

Phonic drill on u *as in* urn:

fur	burn	curls	turkey
furry	burning	curled	bursting

Seat Work:

Write the answers to these questions:

1. How did the Indian boy get Old Abe?
2. Where did Old Abe go?
3. What did he do when a shot cut his cord?
4. With what regiment did he go to war?
5. What would he do when he was hungry?
6. What are the claws of an eagle called?
7. To what great fair was Old Abe taken?

THE EAGLE

He clasps the crag with hooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Seat Work:

1. Memorize the poem.
2. Copy, and mark the vowels you know:

azure	hooked	lonely	like
wrinkled	thunderbolt	eagle	clasps

THE FLAG GOES BY

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by.

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT.

NOVEMBER

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,

The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb,
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.

ALICE CARY.

Exercise for Enunciation:

See the fading, falling, whirling leaves.
The wind blows the roses as day closes.

Phonic Drill:

1. Copy, and mark *u* in these words:

   dumb sure beauteous uniform
   bugles ruffle summer trundle-bed

2. Copy, and mark *e* in these words:

   eaves here melting together
   ceased vest regiment each

THE HUSBAND WHO WAS TO MIND THE HOUSE

Once on a time there was a man so surly and cross, he never thought his wife did anything right in the house. So, one evening in hay-making time, he came home scolding, and showing his teeth, and making a dust.

"Dear love, don't be so angry; there's a good man," said his goody; "to-morrow let's change our work. I'll go out with the mowers and mow, and you shall mind the house at home."

Yes, the husband thought that would do very well. He was quite willing, he said.

So, early next morning, his goody took

a scythe over her neck, and went out into the hay-field with the mowers, and began to mow; but the man was to mind the house, and do the work at home.

First of all, he wanted to churn the butter; but when he had churned awhile, he got thirsty, and went down to the cellar to tap a barrel of cider. So, just when he had knocked in the bung, and was putting the tap into the cask, he heard overhead the pig come into the kitchen. Then off he ran up the cellar steps, with the tap in his hand, as fast as he could, to look after the pig, lest it should upset the churn; but when he got up, and saw the pig had already knocked the churn over, and stood there, rooting and grunting amongst the cream which was running all over the floor, he got so wild with rage that he quite forgot the cider barrel, and ran at the pig as hard as he could. He caught it, too, just as it ran out of doors, and gave it such a kick that piggy lay for dead on the spot. Then all at once he remembered he had the tap in his

He gave it such a kick that piggy lay for dead on the spot

hand; but when he got down to the cellar, every drop of cider had run out of the cask.

Then he went into the dairy and found enough cream left to fill the churn again, and so he began to churn, for butter they must have at dinner. When he had churned

a bit, he remembered that their milking cow was still shut up in the byre, and had n't had a bit to eat or a drop to drink all the morning, though the sun was high. Then all at once he thought 't was too far to take her down to the meadow, so he'd just get her up on the housetop — for the house, you must know, was thatched with sods, and a fine crop of grass was growing there. Now their house lay close up against a steep down, and he thought if he laid a plank across to the thatch at the back he'd easily get the cow up.

But he could n't leave the churn, for his little babe was crawling about on the floor, and "if I leave it," he thought, "the child is safe to upset it." So he took the churn on his back, and went out with it; but then he thought he'd better first water the cow before he turned her out on the thatch; so he took up a bucket to draw water out of the well; but, as he stooped down at the well's brink, all the cream ran out of the churn over his shoulders, and so down into the well.

So he got up on the house to tie her up

Now it was near dinner time, and he had n't even got the butter yet; so he thought he'd best boil the porridge, and filled the pot with water, and hung it over the fire. When he had done that, he thought the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch

and break her legs or her neck. So he got up on the house to tie her up. One end of the rope he made fast to the cow's neck, the other he slipped down the chimney and tied round his own thigh; and he had to make haste, for the water now began to boil in the pot, and he had still to grind the oatmeal.

So he began to grind away; but while he was hard at it, down fell the cow off the housetop after all, and as she fell, she dragged the man up the chimney by the rope. There he stuck fast; and as for the cow, she hung halfway down the wall, swinging between heaven and earth, for she could neither get down nor up.

And now the goody had waited seven lengths and seven breadths for her husband to come and call them home to dinner; but never a call they had. At last she thought she'd waited long enough, and went home. But when she got there and saw the cow hanging in such an ugly place, she ran up and cut the rope in two with her scythe. But as she did this, down came her husband

out of the chimney; and so when his old dame came inside the kitchen, there she found him standing on his head in the porridge pot.

GEORGE WEBBE DASENT.

ûr	ûrn	ûrn
surly	burn	turn
curls	churn	turned
sturdy	churned	burning

û *means the sound of* u *as in* urn.

THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR

I

Said the Table to the Chair,
"You can hardly be aware
How I suffer from the heat
And from chilblains on my feet.
If we took a little walk,
We might have a little talk;
Pray let us take the air,"
Said the Table to the Chair.

II

Said the Chair unto the Table,
"Now, you *know* we are not able:
How foolishly you talk,
When you know we *cannot* walk!"
Said the Table with a sigh,
"It can do no harm to try.
I've as many legs as you:
Why can't we walk on two?"

III

So they both went slowly down,
And walked about the town
With a cheerful bumpy sound
As they toddled round and round;
And everybody cried,
As they hastened to their side,
"See! The Table and the Chair
Have come out to take the air!"

IV

But in going down an alley
To a castle in a valley,
They completely lost their way,
And wandered all the day;

Till, to see them safely back,
They paid a Ducky-quack,
And a Beetle and a Mouse,
Who took them to their house.

V

Then they whispered to each other,
"O delightful little brother,
What a lovely walk we've taken!

Let us dine on beans and bacon."
So the Ducky and the leetle
Browny-Mousy and the Beetle
Dined, and danced upon their heads
Till they toddled to their beds.

EDWARD LEAR.

Seat Work:

Copy these words and mark the sounds you know:

harm	hard	grass	fast
burned	danced	spark	foolishly

THE FOUR CLEVER BROTHERS

PART I

"Dear children," said a poor man to his four sons, "I have nothing to give you; you must go out into the world and try your luck. Begin by learning some trade, and see how you can get on." So the four brothers took their walking sticks in their hands, and their little bundles on their shoulders, and, after bidding their father good-by, all went out at the gate together.

When they had got on some way, they came to four crossways, each leading to a different country. Then the eldest said, "Here we must part; but this day four years we will come back to this spot; and in the meantime each must try what he can do for himself." So each brother went his way; and as the eldest was hastening on, a man met him, and asked him where he was going and what he wanted. "I am going to try my luck in the world, and should like to begin by learning some trade," answered he. "Then," said the man, "go with me, and I will teach you how to become the cunningest thief that ever was." "No," said the other, "that is not an honest calling, and what can one look to earn by it in the end but the gallows?"

"Oh!" said the man, "you need not fear the gallows, for I will teach you to steal only what will be fair game; I meddle with nothing but what no one else can get or care anything about, and where no one can find me out." So the young man agreed to follow his trade, and he soon showed

himself so clever that nothing could escape him that he had once set his mind upon.

The second brother also met a man, who, when he found out what he was setting out upon, asked him what trade he meant to learn. "I do not know yet," said he. "Then come with me, and be a star-gazer.

It is a noble trade, for nothing can be hidden from you when you understand the stars."

The plan pleased him much, and he soon became such a skillful star-gazer that when he had served out his time and wanted to leave his master, his master gave him a glass, and said, "With this you can see all that is passing in the sky and on earth, and nothing can be hidden from you."

The third brother met a huntsman, who took him with him, and taught him so well all that belonged to hunting that he became very clever in that trade; and when he left his master, his master gave him a bow, and said, "Whatever you shoot at with this bow you will be sure to hit."

The youngest brother likewise met a man who asked him what he wished to do. "Would not you like," he said, "to be a tailor?" "Oh, no!" said the young man; "sitting cross-legged from morning to night, working backwards and forwards with a needle and goose, will never suit me."

"Oh!" answered the man, "that is not my sort of tailoring; come with me, and you will learn quite another kind of trade from that." Not knowing what better to do, he entered into the plan, and learned the trade from the beginning; and when he left his master, his master gave him a needle, and said, "You can sew anything with this, be it as soft as an egg, or as hard as steel, and the joint will be so fine that no seam will be seen."

ŏft	ŏst	ŏss	ŏng
often	lost	boss	long
soft	cost	cross	longest
softly	frosting	crossways	song
softest	Jack Frost	cross-legged	stronger

ŏ *means the sound of* o *as in* off.

THE FOUR CLEVER BROTHERS

Part II

After the space of four years, at the time agreed upon, the four brothers met at the four crossroads, and having welcomed

each other, set off to their father's home, where they told him all that had happened to them, and how each had learned some trade.

Then one day, as they were sitting before the house under a very high tree, the father said, "I should like to try what each of you can do in his trade." So he looked up, and said to the second son, "At the top of this tree there is a chaffinch's nest; tell me how many eggs there are in it." The star-gazer took his glass, looked up, and said, "Five." "Now," said the father to the eldest son, "take away the eggs without the bird that is sitting upon them and hatching them knowing anything of what you are doing." So the cunning thief climbed up the tree, and brought away to his father the five eggs from under the bird, who never saw or felt what he was doing, but kept sitting on at her ease. Then the father took the eggs, and put one on each corner of the table and the fifth in the middle, and said to the huntsman, "Cut all the eggs in two pieces at one shot." The hunts-

man took up his bow, and at one shot struck all the five eggs as his father wished.

"Now comes your turn," said the father to the young tailor; "sew the eggs and the young birds in them together again, so neatly that the shot shall have done them no harm." Then the tailor took his needle and sewed the eggs as he was told; and when he had done, the thief was sent to take them back to the nest, and put them under the bird, without her knowing it. Then she went on sitting, and hatched them; and in a few days they crawled out, and had only a little red streak across their necks where the tailor had sewed them together.

"Well done, sons!" said the old man. "You have made good use of your time, and learned something worth the knowing; but I am sure I do not know which ought to have the prize. Oh, that the time might soon come for you to turn your skill to some account!"

Not long after this there was a great

bustle in the country, for the king's only daughter had been carried off by a mighty dragon; and the king mourned over his loss day and night, and made it known that whoever brought her back to him should have her for a wife. Then the four brothers said to each other, "Here is a chance for us; let us try what we can do." And they agreed to see if they could not set the princess free. "I will find out where she is, however," said the star-gazer as he looked through his glass, and soon cried out, "I see her afar off, sitting upon a rock in the sea, and I can spy the dragon close by, guarding her." Then he went to the king, and asked for a ship for himself and his brothers, and went with them upon the sea till they came to the right place.

There they found the princess sitting, as the star-gazer had said, on the rock, and the dragon was lying asleep with his head upon her lap. "I dare not shoot at him," said the huntsman, "for I should kill the beautiful young lady also." "Then I will

try my skill," said the thief; and he went and stole her away from under the dragon so quickly and gently that the beast did not know it, and went on snoring.

Then away they hastened with her, full of joy, in their boat toward the ship; but soon came the dragon roaring behind them

through the air, for he awoke and missed the princess; but when he got over the boat, and wanted to pounce upon them and carry off the princess, the huntsman took up his bow, and shot him straight in the heart, so that he fell down dead.

They were still not safe; for he was such a great beast that in his fall he overset the boat, and they had to swim in the open sea upon a few planks. So the tailor took his needle, and with a few large stitches put some of the planks together, and sat down upon them, and sailed about and gathered up all the pieces of the boat, and tacked them together so quickly that the boat was soon ready, and then they reached the ship and got home safe.

When they had brought home the princess to her father, there was great rejoicing; and he said to the four brothers, "One of you shall marry her, but you must settle amongst yourselves which it is to be." Then there arose a quarrel between them; and the star-gazer said, "If I had not found

the princess out, all your skill would have been of no use; therefore, she ought to be mine." "Your seeing her would have been of no use," said the thief, "if I had not taken her away from the dragon; therefore, she ought to be mine." "No, she is mine," said the huntsman; "for if I had not killed the dragon, he would after all have torn you and the princess into pieces." "And if I had not sewed the boat together again," said the tailor, "you would all have been drowned; therefore, she is mine."

Then the king put in a word, and said, "Each of you is right; and as all cannot have the princess, the best way is for none of you to have her; and to make up for the loss, I will give each, as a reward for his skill, half a kingdom." So the brothers agreed that would be much better than quarreling; and the king then gave each half a kingdom, as he had promised; and they lived very happily the rest of their days, and took good care of their father.

THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

Phonic Review:

Copy the sentences; then mark all *a* sounds:

1. By chance, the happy Little Dancer met the huntsman's father halfway up the lane.

2. The passing star-gazer carried his glass with care in a bag on his arm.

Write sentences using these words; then mark the sounds you know:

harm	basket	garden
princess	Prancer	dragon

Seat Work:

1. Draw a picture of the four brothers as they started out to learn a trade.

2. What trades did the brothers learn?

3. Where did they meet after four years?

4. How did their father find out how they had succeeded with their trades?

5. How did they save the princess?

6. What did the king give them as a reward?

HIGH AND LOW

A Boot and a Shoe and a Slipper
Lived once in the Cobbler's row;
But the Boot and the Shoe
Would have nothing to do
With the Slipper, because she was low.

But the king and the queen and their daughter
On the Cobbler chanced to call;
And as neither the Boot
Nor the Shoe would suit,
The Slipper went off to the ball.

JOHN B. TABB.

ROBIN REDBREAST

Good-by, good-by to summer!
For summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,—
But Robin's here, in coat of brown,
And ruddy breastknot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The scanty pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,
'T will soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!

And welaway! my Robin,
For pinching times are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheat stack for the mouse,
When trembling night winds whistle
And moan all round the house.
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow,—
Alas! in winter dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Exercise for Expression:

Read "Good-by, good-by to summer!" in a low pitch.

Read "O Robin dear!" in a low pitch.

Read "The leaves come down in hosts," in a high pitch.

Read "The scanty pears and apples hang russet on the bough," in a questioning tone.

TWO BRASS KETTLES

In a little town not far from Boston stood an old brick house. It did not look like a brick house, for it had been covered on the outside with boards.

It was the safest house in the village, and during King Philip's War the neighbors often used to come to this "fort-house," as it was called, for safety. When its great oak doors were bolted and its strong shutters fastened, there was little danger from Indians. They could not burn its brick walls as they did so many log cabins.

But no Indians had been seen for a long time, and the people began to think that danger from them was past.

One Sunday morning, Mr. and Mrs. Minot, who lived in the old house, went to meeting, leaving their two little ones with Experience, the maid.

It was a very hot summer day and the windows in the big kitchen were wide open. The butterflies flitted to and fro in the bright sunshine, and the bees hummed

drowsily in the vines twining about the window.

The two little children sat upon the floor while Experience built a fire in the brick oven and began to prepare dinner.

When this was finished, she drew her chair up beside the open window. "Now, little one," she said to the baby, as she picked her up, "let us sit here in the breeze and watch for mother to come."

Experience sang softly and rocked to and fro, hoping the baby would go to sleep. But Baby had no thought of going to sleep. She laughed and crowed and tried to catch the pretty shadows as they danced over the window sill.

Suddenly Experience saw a sight which made her heart stand still. Behind a row of currant bushes was an Indian, creeping on his hands and knees toward the house.

Only a moment Experience sat still and stared at the savage, then she quickly bolted the door and closed the windows. There was no time to close the heavy shutters.

What should she do with the children? She looked about for a safe hiding place. On the floor, bottom upward, stood the two great brass kettles which Experience had scoured the day before. She quickly raised one of the kettles and pushed the baby under it; then, before Baby's little brother could think what had happened, down came the other kettle over him.

Then Experience rushed to the oven for a shovel of hot coals. "If that Indian comes in here I 'll give him a taste of these hot coals," said she. But suddenly she noticed that the Indian carried a gun.

"Oh!" she thought, "he can shoot much farther than I can possibly throw these coals." So she dropped the shovel upon the hearth and fled upstairs for the gun. "Keep still, children," she whispered, as she ran past them.

But the children did not keep still. They did not at all like being crowded under the kettles. They tried to push them over, but the kettles were too heavy. Then

they began to yell, partly in terror, and partly in anger. The sound made the kettles ring with a strange, wild noise.

When the Indian appeared at the window, he looked about the room and could see no one, yet where could that dreadful noise come from? He stared at the kettles,

wondering what creatures those could be that howled and rumbled so frightfully.

Just then the children began to creep toward the light, moving the kettles, which looked like two great turtles. "Ugh! Ugh! Me shoot!" grunted the mystified Indian. Boom-oom-oom-m! went the bullet, glancing from kettle to kettle.

The babies were frightened, but not at all hurt, so they howled all the louder and crept faster than ever toward the window.

Now it was the Indian's turn to be frightened. "Ugh! Gun no hurt him! Him come!" Then he dropped his gun and fled. He had no wish to fight with two great monsters that could not be hurt with a gun.

Experience saw him as he ran away through the garden, and fired at him, but he was soon out of sight. She could still hear the children crying under the brass kettles, so she knew they were not hurt. Before she could get down stairs, Mr. and Mrs. Minot came home from meeting. There lay the gun before the window, and

the children were still under the kettles, howling madly and struggling to be free.

"What is the matter? What has happened?" the parents cried, and Experience told the story of the Indian.

"Perhaps he is still hiding somewhere on the farm," said Mr. Minot, seizing his gun. He hurried across the garden, looking behind trees and bushes for the Indian. At last he found him, but the Indian could do no harm then. His body lay beside the brook, for the maid's aim had been more true than she thought.

MARGARET B. PUMPHREY *in* "*Pilgrim Stories.*"

o *sometimes says* ŭ:

love	doth	some	son
cover	brother	something	done
oven	another	come	once
above	nothing	become	amongst

OBEDIENCE

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely!

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready.

PHŒBE CARY.

THE TREE

The Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow;
Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

THREE MONKEYS OF JAPAN

At Nikko, Japan, over the door of a stable that houses the white pony of the god of a temple, is carved a triad or group of three monkeys called "the blind monkey," "the deaf monkey," and "the dumb monkey." Stone images of these monkeys are highly prized by the country people, who believe that the three will neither see evil, hear evil, nor speak evil.

For Memorizing:

A JAPANESE MOTTO

In the land of Japan, far, far away,
There's a quaint little motto the people say:

No Evil see, though it appear;
No Evil hear, though it be near;
No Evil speak, no Evil do;
See, hear, and speak what's pure and true!

u *sometimes says* o͞o

true	blue	sure	juicy
truly	bluebirds	surely	juniper

Seat Work:

1. Copy the motto.
2. Memorize the motto.

THE TONGUE-CUT SPARROW

In a little old house in a little old village in Japan lived a little old man and his little old wife.

One morning when the old woman slid open the screens which form the sides of all Japanese houses, she saw, on the doorstep, a poor little sparrow. She took him up gently and fed him. Then she held him in the bright morning sunshine until the cold dew was dried from his wings. Afterward she let him go, so that he might fly

home to his nest, but he stayed to thank her with his songs.

Each morning, when the pink on the mountain tops told that the sun was near, the sparrow perched on the roof of the house and sang out his joy.

The old man and woman thanked the sparrow for this, for they liked to be up early and at work.

But near them there lived a cross old woman who did not like to be awakened so early. At last she became so angry that she caught the sparrow and cut his tongue. Then the poor little sparrow flew away to his home, but he could never sing again.

When the kind woman knew what had happened to her pet she was very sad. She said to her husband: "Let us go and find our poor little sparrow." So they started together, and asked of each bird by the wayside: "Do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow lives? Do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow went?"

In this way they followed till they came

"Do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow went?"

to a bridge. They did not know which way to turn, and at first saw no one to ask.

At last they saw a Bat hanging head downward, taking his daytime nap. "Oh, Friend Bat, do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow went?" they asked.

"Yes. Over the bridge and up the mountain," said the Bat. Then he blinked his sleepy eyes and was fast asleep again.

They went over the bridge and up the mountain, but again they found two roads and did not know which one to take. A little Field Mouse peeped through the leaves and grass, so they asked him: "Do you know where the Tongue-Cut Sparrow went?"

"Yes. Down the mountain and through the woods," said the Field Mouse.

Down the mountain and through the woods they went, and at last came to the home of their little friend.

When he saw them coming the poor little Sparrow was happy indeed. He and his wife and children all came and bowed their heads to the ground to show their respect. Then the sparrow rose and led the old man and the old woman into his house, while his wife and children hastened to bring them boiled rice, fish, cress, and saké.

After they had feasted, the Sparrow wished to please them still more, so he

"I should like to give you one of these"

danced for them what is called the "sparrow dance."

When the sun began to sink, the old man and woman started for home. The Sparrow brought out two baskets. "I should like to give you one of these," he said.

"Which will you take?" One basket was large and looked very full, while the other one seemed very small and light. The old people thought they would not take the large basket, for that might have all the Sparrow's treasure in it, so they said: "The way is long and we are very old, so please let us take the smaller one."

They took it and walked home over the mountain and across the bridge, happy and contented.

When they reached their own home they decided to open the basket and see what the Sparrow had given them. Within the basket they found many rolls of silk and piles of gold, enough to make them rich, so they were more grateful than ever to the Sparrow.

The cross old woman who had cut the Sparrow's tongue was peering in through the screen when they opened their basket. She saw the rolls of silk and the piles of gold, and planned how she might get some for herself.

The next morning she went to the kind woman and said: "I am so sorry that I cut the tongue of your Sparrow. Please tell me the way to his home so that I may go to him and tell him I am sorry."

The kind woman told her the way and she set out. She went across the bridge, over the mountain, and through the woods. At last she came to the home of the little Sparrow.

He was not so glad to see this old woman, yet he was kind to her and they did everything to make her feel welcome. They made a feast for her, and when she started home the Sparrow brought out two baskets as before. Of course the woman chose the large basket, for she thought that would have even more wealth than the other one.

It was very heavy, and caught on the trees as she was going through the wood. She could hardly pull it up the mountain with her, and she was all out of breath when she reached the top. She did not get

to the bridge until it was dark. Then she was so afraid of dropping the basket into the river that she scarcely dared to step.

When at last she reached home she was so tired that she was half dead, but she pulled the screens close shut, so that no one could look in, and opened her treasure.

Treasure indeed! A whole swarm of horrible creatures burst from the basket the moment she opened it. They stung her and bit her, they pushed her and pulled her, they scratched her and laughed at her screams.

At last she crawled to the edge of the room and slid aside the screen to get away from the pests. The moment the door was opened they swooped down upon her, picked her up, and flew away with her. Since then nothing has ever been heard of the old woman.

TERESA PEIRCE WILLISTON *in "Japanese Fairy Tales."*

Phonic drill on sounds of a:

ă	ā	â	ȧ	ä
Japanese	sacred	stared	glancing	started
sparrow	grateful	dared	brass	carving

Make a list of words from the lesson containing the five sounds of *a* just studied.

Seat Work:

1. Copy a sentence that ends with a period.

2. Draw a picture of a Japanese screen.

3. Write a short story about a little Japanese boy at school.

LITTLE BLUE PIGEON

JAPANESE LULLABY

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging—
Swinging the nest where the little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star—
Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes—
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;

All silently creeping, it asks: "Is he sleeping—
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish, and moaning—
Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing?—see, I am swinging—
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

EUGENE FIELD.

Phonic drill on o *like* ŭ:

Come, some other one has won the love of the Tongue-Cut Sparrow and the baby monkey.

Seat Work:

1. Copy three words that should be emphasized by lengthening the vowels.

2. What was the pigeon to do?
3. What kind of a moonbeam was it?
4. Who wrote this poem?

A DOG OF FLANDERS

I. Nello and Patrasche

Far across the bright blue waters lived Nello and his dear old grandfather, in a quiet little village of Flanders. Nello was a gentle, golden-haired little boy, with bright red cheeks and soft dark eyes.

Their home was only a little mud hut, with beans and pumpkins growing around. But Nello was young and the grandfather loving, and kind to the boy, and they were very happy together.

In the middle of the village ran a great canal, shaded on each side by tall poplars and bending alders. Day after day little Nello ran along on the edge of the bank in the little wooden shoes with his pink legs showing above. Day after day he gazed into the water, seeing the queer little houses with their bright red roofs, white walls, and

pretty green blinds, and his own happy face smiling back at him.

Now Patrasche was a dog—a homely yellow dog of Flanders. His head was large, his legs bowed, his ears stood up like a wolf's, and his feet were broad and flat from much toil. He was a slave, a slave to his cruel master, who piled a cart quite high with pots and pans and images of brass and tin, and walked idly by while he let Patrasche drag it over the stony roads and through the dusty street.

At night the patient Patrasche was repaid for his hard work by blows and angry words, and driven supperless into the street to find a bed as best he might.

One day as he was toiling faithfully along in the scorching sun, hungry and thirsty, for he had had nothing to eat or drink for many hours, he fell in the dusty road. There he lay, scarcely breathing; for he was sore from blows, blinded by dust, and sick unto death.

His master, thinking his life so nearly gone that Patrasche would no longer be of

use to him, roughly tore the harness from his body, and, kicking the dog to one side into the ditch, pushed the cart lazily along up the hill.

What cared he? Patrasche was only a dog, he reasoned, born for toil and the cart, and dogs were of little value in Flanders. Besides, had he not gotten good value out of Patrasche? The beast had cost next to nothing, while for two long, weary years he had toiled without ceasing; toiled early and late, in cold and heat, through storm or shine.

It was a day for merrymaking. Hundreds of people in quaint Flemish carts or wagons on foot or riding long-eared mules, were hurrying joyously past, on to the fair. Few saw Patrasche; some stopped for just a glance, but not one stayed to help him.

By and by, among a group of pleasure seekers, there came an old man. He was poorly dressed and slowly made his way over the sharp stones and through the white dust. Running along by his side, now here, now there, was a curly-haired child.

Suddenly they saw the dog, lying motionless amid the weeds in the grass-grown ditch. Turning aside, they knelt down in the grass beside him, their eyes full of tenderest pity. And thus it was they met—the happy Nello and big, yellow Patrasche.

So it came to pass, as night fell over the little town, that old Jehan Daas drew the poor old dog to his own little mud hut.

They made him a bed in one corner of the hut upon a pile of dry grass and leaves, and there he lay, hearing the soft prattle of the childish voice and feeling only the loving touch of the old man's hand.

As the days passed they grew to love him, and oft in the stillness of the night they listened for his quiet breathing to tell them he was still alive.

At last one day he rose and gave a long, low bark. The old man wept for joy, while Nello danced with delight to see the dog well and strong again, and ran to hang a chain of daisies around his neck.

Now all the time Patrasche had been sick and useless he had heard no harsh words and felt no cruel blows. In his deep brown eyes was a look of wonder, and in his heart had grown a great love for little Nello and kind old Jehan Daas.

Exercise for Expression:

He was a slave, a slave to his cruel master.

Slowly, so slowly, he made his way over the sharp stones.

A look of wonder was in his deep brown eyes.

Phonic drill on sounds of o:

ŏ	ō	ô	o͝o
coral	homely	horns	soft
poplars	Nello	porcupine	Boston

Make a list of words from your book that contain these sounds of *o*.

A DOG OF FLANDERS

II. How Patrasche Helped Nello

The old man and the little child were poor—very poor indeed. It was seldom they had enough to eat, often nothing at all, but Patrasche was always welcome to his share.

There was little old Jehan Daas could find to do to earn even their simple food. Each day he drew into town with a little old cart his neighbors' cans of fresh milk, and each night he brought them back the shining yellow coins in exchange. But it was getting too hard work for the old man,

for the city was more than a mile away, the roads were rough, and the loads seemed heavy.

Patrasche used to lie in a sunny corner and watch the old cart with its load of shining brass cans come and go. He was only a dog, to be sure, but he was very grateful.

One day when he was well, he lay with a thoughtful look in his brown eyes, watching old Jehan get ready to start. And it happened next morning when the old man had loaded the cart, Patrasche walked quietly over and placed himself between the handles. With signs and pleading looks he showed his willingness to earn his bread and homely shelter. But old Jehan shook his head and said, "Nay, nay, my dog! Stop thou at home and rest. God never made thee to toil."

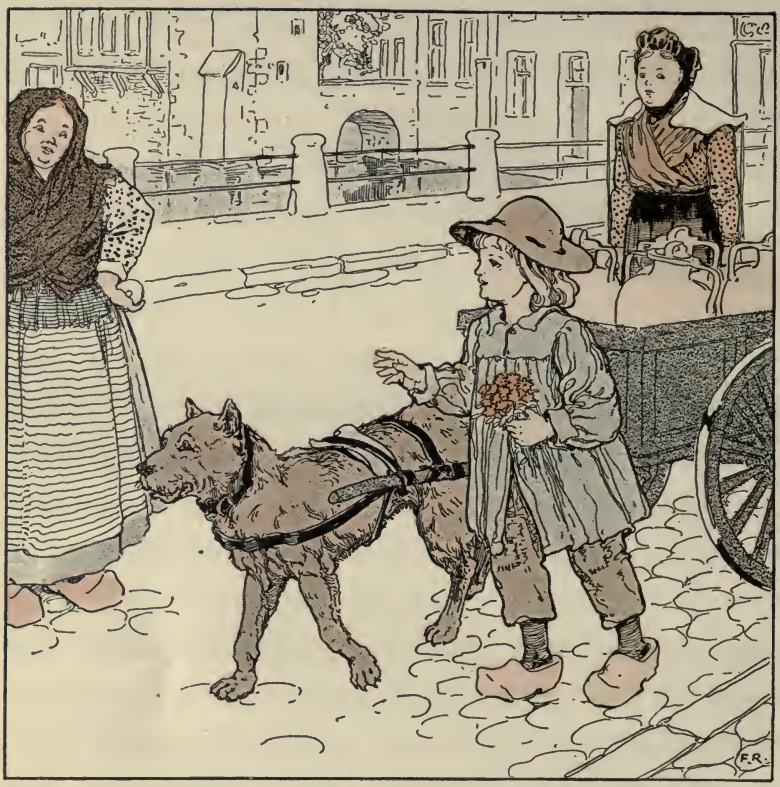
But Patrasche, not contented with this and finding they would not harness him, caught hold of the cart with his strong teeth and tried to draw it. At last the old man, finding it was of no use to refuse,

fastened Patrasche to the cart so he could pull it. And this he did each morning of his life.

Jehan was very thankful to the kind fate that had led him, on that fair mid-summer day, to the dying dog. When winter came again and the roads were rough, he could scarcely have drawn the heavy load through the deep snow had it not been for the strength of Patrasche.

As for the dog, he was well and content. It seemed heaven to him, after the heavy burden his old master had made him carry, to start out each morning by the side of the kind old man, drawing the little light cart and its load of shining cans.

His work was over very early in the day and then came time for rest or play, to run through the fields or romp with little Nello. By and by the child, who by this time was six years old, took his grandfather's place beside the cart, sold milk, and brought the money to the neighbors. It was a pretty picture these two made,—



the old green cart drawn by the great yellow dog with his harness of brass, and Nello in his wooden shoes running beside.

They were never known to complain. Even when the icicles cut the willing feet of Patrasche, and the cold numbed the boy's little bare legs, they trudged cheerily on.

Sometimes upon the streets they used to meet the dogs that toiled from early dawn till set of sun and were repaid by blows and kicks and driven supperless to bed. In his heart Patrasche was very thankful to the good fortune that had given him easy work and such a loving little face to smile down upon him.

They did their work so faithfully together that old Jehan had no need to go again, but could stop at home and sit in the door to dream and doze and watch for them to come. And on their return Nello would unfasten the rude harness, and Patrasche shake himself until he was free from the cart, and together they would go in to the scanty meal of bread and milk.

Then sitting at the old man's knee they listened to his simple tales or watched the shadows lengthen from the tall church spire and night fall over the quaint little Flemish town.

Retold from "A Dog of Flanders" by
LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE.

"He prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast."

Exercise for Expression:

If a string is in a knot,
Patience will untie it.
Patience can do many things;
Did you ever try it?

If 't was sold at any shop
I should like to buy it.
But you and I must find our own;
No other can supply it.

ANNA M. PRATT.

ti *sometimes says* sh:

patient	attention	reflections
patience	motionless	imagination

THE SOWER

Sower, you surely know
That the harvest will never grow
Except for the angels of Sun and Rain,
Who water and ripen the springing grain.

Child, with the sower sing!
Love is in everything!

The secret is deeper than we can read!
But we gather the grain if we sow the seed.

LUCY LARCOM.

Phonic drill on sounds of e:

ĕ	ē	ẽ
harvest	secret	sower
except	really	never

SIR CLEGES AND THE CHERRIES

PART I

Listen, and you shall hear of a brave man of the olden time.

When Uther, the father of the great King Arthur, was king, there lived a knight by the name of Sir Cleges. He was so gentle and open of hand that he gave freely to all the poor, and he did no man harm.

This knight had a gentle wife, the best of her day. She was ever of good cheer and merry.

Every year at Christmas Sir Cleges would hold a great feast. Rich and poor in the country round came to this feast. There were music and mirth, and rich gifts of

robes and jewels, horses, gold and silver, for the guests.

But at the last his goods began to fail, so that he had little wealth left. His proud friends and servants began to fall away from him on every side. None would dwell with him in his poverty.

It befell that one Christmas the king made a great feast. Sir Cleges heard the noise of the king's feast and his heart was cast down. For he was forgotten as if he had been dead. He was too poor to go to court and he had no gifts to send.

As he stood mourning, his good wife came to him. "My lord," she said, "I pray you cease to mourn. On this Christmas day put aside your sorrow. Go we to our meal now, and make merry as best we may." They went in to eat of such victuals as they had, and made merry together.

Then Sir Cleges forgot his sorrow. He went into his garden, and there gave thanks for the content that had come into his heart.

As he knelt under a tree, he felt a

bough upon his head. He rose up and laid his hand upon the bough, and behold, a marvel was before him. Green leaves he found upon the bough, and round cherries (for it was a cherry tree) in plenty.

"Dear God," said he, "what manner of berry may this be that grows at this time

of the year? At this season I knew not any tree bore fruit."

He tasted the fruit, and it was the best that ever he had eaten. He cut off a little bough to show his wife, and took it into the house.

"Lo, wife," said he, "here is a new thing. On a cherry tree in our garden I found this fruit. This is a great marvel."

Then said his wife with gladness, "Let us fill a basket, and to-morrow you shall go to the king, and give the cherries to him for a present."

On the morrow when it was light, the wife made a basket ready. Sir Cleges took a staff, for he had no horse to ride. He set out on foot with his gift for the king.

In time he came to the castle. Sir Cleges thought to enter at the great gate. But he was clad in poor and simple clothing, and the porter barred the way.

"Churl," said the porter, "withdraw, or I will break your head. Go stand with the beggars."

"Good sir," said Sir Cleges, "I pray you let me in. I have a gift for the king. Behold what I bring."

The porter took the basket, lifted the lid, and beheld the cherries. Well he knew that for such a gift he who brought it would have a great reward.

"You come not into this place," he said, "unless you promise me the third part of whatsoever the king gives you, whether it be silver or gold."

Sir Cleges said, "I agree," and the porter gave him leave to enter.

But at the hall door stood an usher with a staff. "Go back, churl," he cried. "I will break every bone in your body, if you press farther."

"Good sir," said the patient Sir Cleges, "cease your angry mood. I have here a present for the king: behold whether it be true or false."

The usher lifted the lid of the basket, and saw the cherries. "You come not in yet, churl," he answered, "until you grant me the third part of whatsoever the king gives you for these cherries."

Sir Cleges saw no other way, and granted what the usher asked. Then with sadder heart he took the basket into the king's hall.

ou *sometimes says* o͝o:

would could should

SIR CLEGES AND THE CHERRIES

Part II

The king's steward walked to and fro in the hall among the lords and knights. To Sir Cleges he came and said, "Who made you so bold as to come in here? Get hence, with your rags, and that quickly."

"I have here brought a present for the king," answered Sir Cleges.

The steward took the basket and opened it. "Never saw I such fruit at this season of the year," he cried, "no, not since I was born. You shall not come nigh the king unless you grant me the third part of whatsoever the king gives you. This I will have, or no farther do you go."

Sir Cleges saw nothing for it but to agree. "Whatsoever the king grants me, you shall have a third part, be it less or more."

Up to the throne Sir Cleges went, and knelt before the king. He uncovered the basket and showed the cherries.

"This is a fair gift," said the king, and he bade Sir Cleges sit down to feast.

When the feast was done, the king bade a squire call before him the poor man that had brought the cherries.

"I thank you heartily," said the king, "for your gift. You have honored my feast and my guests, young and old, and you have honored me also. Whatsoever you will have, I will grant you."

"Noble king," said Sir Cleges, "since I may choose for myself, I pray you grant me twelve strokes, to deal out as I please, even in this hall."

Then answered the king, "I repent what I have granted you. It were better that you had gold: you have more need of it."

But Sir Cleges asked again for the twelve strokes. The king was sad, but nevertheless he granted it.

Sir Cleges took his staff and went into the hall. He found the proud steward, and gave him such a stroke that he fell down like a log before them all. Then Sir Cleges

gave him three other strokes, so that he cried out, "Sir, please smite me no more."

Out of the hall Sir Cleges went to the usher. When he met him he dealt him that which he would remember for many a day. "Take your strokes," said Sir Cleges. "You have here the third part of my reward."

Then he went to the porter and gave him four strokes also. "You have the third part of my reward," said Sir Cleges, "according to my promise."

Then Sir Cleges knelt before the king and thanked him for his reward. But the king asked him why he had paid the twelve strokes to the three servants.

"Sire, I could not enter your presence until I had granted each one of these three the third part of whatsoever you granted me."

The lords both old and young, and all that were with the king, made merry, and the king could scarce withhold his laughter.

The king sent for the three servants. "Have you had your reward?" he asked.

But the servants only looked with anger at Sir Cleges.

Then said the king to Sir Cleges, "What is your name, good man? Tell me truly."

"I am Sir Cleges," he answered. "I was your own knight, my good king."

"Are you Sir Cleges who served me, and was so generous and free, and so stout in the fight?"

"Even so, my good king; so was I, until poverty came to me."

Then the king gave Sir Cleges all that belonged of right to a knight. He gave him also a castle, with many other gifts, that he might live with mirth and joy. And Sir Cleges rode home to his wife, and told her all that had been given him; and they lived in happiness to the end of their days.

Retold from "A Wonder Book of Old Romance," by F. J. H. Darton.

i *sometimes says* û:

stirs	bird	birch	girl
circus	third	mirth	whirl
Sir Cleges	squirm	birthday	twirl

Seat Work:

1. How did Sir Cleges come to be so poor?

2. Do you think the porter, the usher, and the steward got what they deserved?

3. When the king learned who Sir Cleges was, how did he reward him?

BLUNDER

Part I

Blunder was going to the Wishing-Gate, to wish for a pair of Shetland ponies, and a little coach, like Tom Thumb's.

And of course you can have your wish, if you once get there. But the thing is, to find it; for it is not, as you imagine, a great gate, with a tall marble pillar on each side, and a sign over the top, like this, Wishing-Gate,—but just an old stile, made of three sticks.

Put up two fingers, cross them on the top with another finger, and you have it exactly,—the way it looks, I mean,—a

worm-eaten stile, in a meadow; and as there are plenty of old stiles in meadows, how are you to know which is the one?

Blunder's fairy godmother knew, but then she could not tell him, for that was not according to fairy rules and regulations. She could only direct him to follow the road, and ask the way of the first owl he met; and over and over she charged him, for Blunder was a very, very careless little boy, and seldom found anything: "Be sure you don't miss him,—be sure you don't pass him by."

And so far Blunder had come on very well, for the road was straight; but at the turn it forked. Should he go through the wood, or turn to the right?

There was an owl nodding in a tall oak tree, the first owl Blunder had seen; but he was a little afraid to wake him up, for Blunder's fairy godmother had told him that this was a great philosopher, who sat up all night to study the habits of frogs and mice, and knew everything but what

went on in the daylight, under his nose; and he could think of nothing better to say to this great philosopher than:

"Good Mr. Owl, will you please show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"Eh! what's that?" cried the owl, starting out of his nap. "Have you brought me a frog?"

"No," said Blunder, "I did not know that you would like one. Can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"Wishing-Gate! Wishing-Gate!" hooted the owl, very angry. "Winks and naps! How dare you disturb me for such a thing as that? Do you take me for a milestone! Follow your nose, sir, follow your nose!"—and, ruffling up his feathers, the owl was asleep again in a moment.

But how could Blunder follow his nose? His nose would turn to the right, or take him through the woods, whichever way his legs went, "and what was the use of asking the owl," thought Blunder, "if this was all?" While he hesitated, a chipmunk came scurrying down the path, and, seeing Blunder, stopped short with a little squeak.

"Good Mrs. Chipmunk," said Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"I can't, indeed," answered the chipmunk, politely. "What with getting in nuts, and the care of a young family, I

have so little time to visit anything! But if you will follow the brook, you will find an old water sprite under a slanting stone over which the water pours all day with a noise like wabble! wabble! who, I have no doubt, can tell you all about it. You will know him, for he does nothing but grumble about the good old times when a brook would have dried up before it would have turned a mill wheel."

So Blunder went on up the brook, and, seeing nothing of the water sprite, or the slanting stone, was just saying to himself, "I am sure I don't know where he is,—I can't find it," when he spied a frog sitting on a wet stone.

ew *sometimes says* ū:

new knew steward jewels

BLUNDER

Part II

"Mr. Frog," asked Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"I cannot," said the frog. "I am very

sorry, but the fact is, I am an artist. Young as I am, my voice is already remarked at our concerts, and I devote myself so entirely to my profession of music that I have no time to acquire general information. But in a pine tree beyond, you will find an old crow, who, I am quite sure, can show you the way, as he is a traveler, and a bird of an inquiring turn of mind."

"I don't know where the pine is,—I am sure I can never find him," answered Blunder, discontentedly; but still he went on up the brook, till, hot and tired, and out of patience at seeing neither crow nor pine, he sat down under a great tree to rest. There he heard tiny voices squabbling.

"Get out! Go away, I tell you! It has been knock! knock! knock! at my door all day, till I am tired out. First a wasp, and then a bee, and then another wasp, and then another bee, and now *you*. Go away! I won't let another one in to-day."

"But I want my honey."

"And I want my nap."

"I will come in."

"You shall not."

"You are a miserly old elf."

"And you are a brute of a bee."

And looking about him, Blunder spied a bee, quarreling with a morning-glory elf, who was shutting up the morning-glory in his face.

"Elf, do you know which is the way to the Wishing-Gate?" asked Blunder.

"No," said the elf, "I don't know anything about geography. I was always too delicate to study. But if you will keep on in this path, you will meet the Dream-man, coming down from fairyland, with his bags of dreams on his shoulder; and if anybody can tell you about the Wishing-Gate, he can."

"But how can I find him?" asked Blunder, more and more impatient.

"I don't know, I am sure," answered the elf, "unless you should look for him."

So there was no help for it but to go on; and presently Blunder passed the Dream-man, asleep under a witch-hazel, with his bags of good and bad dreams laid over him to keep him from fluttering away.

But Blunder had a habit of not using his eyes; for at home, when told to find anything, he always said, "I don't know where it is," or, "I can't find it," and then

his mother or his sister went straight and found it for him. So he passed the Dream-man without seeing him, and went on till he stumbled on Jack-o'-Lantern.

"Can you show me the way to the Wishing Gate?" said Blunder.

"Certainly, with pleasure," answered Jack, and catching up his lantern, set out at once.

Blunder followed close, but, in watching the lantern, he forgot to look to his feet, and fell into a hole filled with black mud.

"I say! The Wishing-Gate is not down there," called out Jack-o'-Lantern, whisking off among the tree tops.

"But I can't come up there," whimpered Blunder.

"That is not my fault, then," answered Jack, merrily, dancing out of sight.

Oh, a very angry little boy was Blunder, when he clambered out of the hole. "I don't know where it is," he said, crying; "I can't find it, and I'll go straight home."

Just then he stepped on an old, moss-grown, rotten stump; and it happening, unluckily, that this rotten stump was a wood goblin's chimney, Blunder fell through, headlong, in among the pots and pans in which the goblin's cook was cooking the goblin's supper.

BLUNDER

Part III

The old goblin, who was asleep upstairs, started up in a fright at the tremendous clash and clatter, and finding that his house was not tumbling about his ears, as he thought at first, stumped down to the kitchen to see what was the matter. The cook heard him coming, and looked about her in a fright to hide Blunder.

"Quick!" cried she. "If my master catches you, he will have you in a pie. In the next room stands a pair of shoes. Jump into them, and they will take you up the chimney."

Off flew Blunder, burst open the door, and tore frantically about the room, in one corner of which stood the shoes; but of course he could not see them, because he was not in the habit of using his eyes. "I can't find them! Oh, I can't find them!" sobbed poor little Blunder, running back to the cook.

"Run into the closet," said the cook.

Blunder made a dash at the window, but—"I don't know where it is," he called out.

Clump! Clump! That was the goblin, halfway down the stairs.

"Goodness gracious mercy me!" exclaimed cook. "He is coming. The boy will be eaten, in spite of me. Jump into the meal chest."

"I don't see it," squeaked Blunder, rushing toward the fireplace. "Where is it?"

Clump! Clump! That was the goblin at the foot of the stairs, and coming toward the kitchen door.

"There is an invisible cloak hanging on that peg. Get into that," cried cook, quite beside herself.

But Blunder could no more see the cloak than he could see the shoes, the closet, and the meal chest; and no doubt the goblin, whose hand was on the latch, would have found him prancing around the kitchen, and crying out, "I can't find it," but, fortunately for himself, Blunder caught his foot in the

invisible cloak, and tumbled down, pulling the cloak over him. There he lay, hardly daring to breathe.

"What was all that noise about?" asked the goblin, gruffly, coming into the kitchen.

"Only my pans, master," answered the cook; and as he could see nothing amiss, the old goblin went grumbling upstairs again, while the shoes took Blunder up the chimney, and landed him in a meadow, safe enough, but so miserable! He was cross, he was disappointed, he was hungry.

It was dark, he did not know the way home, and, seeing an old stile, he climbed up and sat down on the top of it, for he was too tired to stir. Just then came along the South Wind, with his pockets crammed full of showers, and, as he happened to be going Blunder's way, he took Blunder home; of which the boy was glad enough, only he would have liked it better if the Wind had not laughed all the way. For what would you think, if you were walking along a road with a fat old gentleman, who went

chuckling to himself, and slapping his knees, and poking himself, till he was purple in the face, when he would burst out in a great windy roar of laughter every other minute?

"What *are* you laughing at?" asked Blunder, at last.

"At two things that I saw in my travels," answered the Wind; "a hen, that

died of starvation, sitting on an empty peck measure that stood in front of a bushel of grain; and a little boy who sat on the top of the Wishing-Gate, and came home because he could not find it."

"What? What's that?" cried Blunder; but just then he found himself at home. There sat his fairy godmother by the fire, her mouse-skin cloak hung up on a peg, and toeing off a spider's-silk stocking an eighth of an inch long; and though everybody else cried, "What luck?" and "Where is the Wishing-Gate?" she sat mum.

"I don't know where it is," answered Blunder. "I could n't find it";—and thereon he told the story of his troubles.

"Poor boy!" said his mother, kissing him, while his sister ran to bring him some bread and milk.

"Yes, that is all very fine," cried his godmother, pulling out her needles, and rolling up her ball of silk; "but now hear my story:

"There was once a little boy who must

needs go to the Wishing-Gate, and his fairy godmother showed him the road as far as the turn, and told him to ask the first owl he met what to do then.

"But this little boy seldom used his eyes, so he passed the first owl, and waked up the wrong owl; so he passed the water sprite, and found only a frog; so he sat down under the pine tree, and never saw the crow; so he passed the Dream-man, and ran after Jack-o'-Lantern; so he tumbled down the goblin's chimney, and could n't find the shoes and the closet and the chest and the cloak; and so he sat on the top of the Wishing-Gate till the South Wind brought him home, and never knew it. Ugh! Bah!" And away went the fairy godmother up the chimney, in such deep disgust that she did not even stop for her mouse-skin cloak.

LOUISE E. CHOLLET.

Phonic drill on sounds of u:

mūsic Blŭnder chûrl distûrb
regulations chipmunk curls turned

JUNE COMES

I am the happy monarch
  Of flowers and of song,
I never come too early,
  And never stay too long;
I tune the woodland voices,
  And deck the meadows gay:
And sing, while earth rejoices,
  "Away to the woods, away!"

A. H. M.

"Today I saw the dragon-fly
Come from the wells where he did lie.

"An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk: from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.

"He dried his wings: like gauze they grew:
Through crofts and pastures wet with dew
A living flash of light he flew."

TENNYSON.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

The natural curiosity and imaginative power of childhood, combined with the inherent spirit of investigation, form a broad and far-reaching foundation for third-grade reading. Wisely utilized, they open the door to development along many lines, and by their aid it is possible to incite pupils to accomplish a large amount of reading with little conscious effort. Children of this grade readily become interested in myths, stories of primitive life, adventure, and characteristic habits and experiences of animals; in fact, they can be easily guided into the fertile field of literature through the inspirational touch of a teacher who knows how to improve the opportunities always available.

It is a simple matter to lead girls and boys of seven, eight, or nine years of age to imagine themselves living in the days of long ago; to see and feel the conditions which existed in those primitive homes, and so clearly to picture the approach of the Indians that they understand why little children were afraid and were hidden under brass kettles. With eyes sparkling with the joy of discovery, they enter into the experiences of the Swiss Family Robinson, and their sympathy goes out quite as readily to foolish Chanticleer when he responds to the flattery of the fox, as to the poor, hungry, and sick dog of Flanders. They love dear little Nello and the gentle old grandfather as tenderly as if they really knew them. They rejoice with Blackie in his release from the trap, and laugh merrily at the foolish quarrel of the pig and the hen.

All such material when properly presented is keenly appreciated by third-grade children, and excellent results are certain to follow the interpretive, awakening touch of a skillful teacher.

General Plan for a Reading Lesson

In order that the work may be logical and definite, all lessons should follow a general plan, but that plan should be adapted to meet the needs of the particular lesson. Twenty or twenty-five minutes is suggested for a lesson, and the phonic

work may be done at the beginning or the end of the period, as the teacher prefers.

1. Phonic, or vocal exercises, enunciation drills, imagination work, and expression exercises.
2. Word preparation, including drill upon new words, phrases, and expressions.
3. Directing the thought to prepare for the reading of the lesson.
4. Reading the lesson.
5. Dramatization or oral reproduction of the story.
6. Seat Work. Make the work as far as possible correspond with the thought of the lesson.

General Plan Applied to Lessons

The Lamplighter, p. 24:

1. Draw a picture of a street with several old-fashioned street lamps at different points. Also draw a number of lanterns and on the lanterns write familiar sounds and phonograms. Tell the children to light the lanterns by giving the sounds; to say the short vowels as you point to a street lamp; to say long *oo* in a high pitch; to blow out the street lamps in short explosive puffs, two for each lamp. Tell John and Henry to run a race to see who can light the most street lamps in half a minute. John is to begin at the east end of the street and Henry at the west end. (They light the lamps by giving the sounds.)
2. Write the new words on or near the street lamps and have them sounded and pronounced (call it climbing the ladder and lighting the lamps). Drill upon the words by drawing a ladder (write new words on the rounds) and seeing who can climb it without falling (pronounce all the new words). Give the children tiny paper lanterns; let them wave them, in imagination light them and then hang them on the branches of trees, or on their porches, each time pronouncing or sounding a word.
3. Create the right atmosphere for the lesson not only by continuing the work already begun, but by telling in a simple way the story of a lamplighter whom all the children liked to watch as he lighted his lamps.
4. Question for expression and have the poem read.
5. Give a few simple, interesting facts about Robert Louis Stevenson, and mention two or three of his poems already familiar to the class. Have the poem reproduced orally.

6. Seat Work. Give each child a piece of colored paper and let him make a toy lantern. These lanterns can be used for decoration, and add interest to the poem because they were made after reading the lesson.

The Shepherd Boy and the Wolf, p. 39:

1. Say long *o* in a low pitch several times. Say "Oh! Oh!" as if you were afraid. Imagine you are afraid of a wolf and call "Help! Help!" Inhale and count five in a deep, full tone. Read these sentences slowly and distinctly: "She saw six startled sheep scamper swiftly." "We will watch wisely while walking where wolves wait."

2. Suggest for the new words by questioning or have them made out through the application of phonics. Write them upon the blackboard and drill upon them, and upon such expressions as "again deceiving them," "a dark forest," "a lonely place."

3. Describe the mountainous country in which sheep are often kept; have the children imagine they see sheep feeding in the valleys and the shepherd with his faithful dog watching them. Show pictures of shepherds and flocks of sheep and tell interesting stories about them.

4. Question for the thought of the first paragraph and have it read. Do the same with each paragraph. Here is the place gradually to lead pupils to see and feel that each paragraph is a story by itself.

5. After a lesson has been read and talked about, dramatize it in a simple way. Assign the parts. Call the blackboard the dark forest and the desks the village. While acting, the shepherd boy should use simple expressions suggested by the story, as well as quotations from it, as "This is a very lonely place. I think I'll play a joke on the villagers. I'll deceive them and call 'Wolf! Wolf!' That will be a good joke." He should then run across the front of the room and call "Wolf! Wolf! Help! Help! The wolves are killing my lambs! Help! Help!" Have the pupils respond by running to the blackboard two or three times, in response to his call; but the last time, let those who are sitting in their seats read in concert, after the acting is finished, "A liar will not be believed even when he speaks the truth."

In dramatizing, it is always desirable to include as many of the children as possible, and the same part should be acted by different children.

The importance of expressing correctly the thought of the lesson cannot be overestimated. Pupils should always be led so to speak as to indicate fear, joy, sorrow, sympathy, or surprise, as the case may be. By invariably doing this during the reading hour, pupils soon acquire the habit, and such a habit is the thing most desired in this phase of his reading. Therefore, vocal exercises, enunciation drills, and expression lessons should be continued.

As in the lower grades, the expression should be natural and indicative of feeling. This sympathy with the spirit of the selection can be secured only through inspiration, imagination, description, or pictures. To tell a child to read with greater expression when he has already done his best, or to read with more feeling when none has been aroused, is utterly useless. To secure good expression, the work must be presented with an enthusiasm capable of arousing a feeling of fear, gentleness, or sympathy, as the selection suggests. It will then be easy for the pupils to read well, if there has been proper voice training. Col. Francis M. Parker once said, "If a reader lack sympathy with his selection, no matter how well he may articulate, how correctly emphasize, how perfectly inflect, his reading will be as 'sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.' If he be possessed by it, he will not be mechanical, though he may know and apply every law of expression." Good reading is possible in every grade and with all classes of children if the work be happily and inspiringly presented.

In the third year children should understand the kinds of expression and be able to name and illustrate them.

1. Tone color or word painting is saying a word so that it expresses the idea, as: swift, sudden, tripping, sparkling.

Page 19:

Oh, where are you going, my *dear* little bird?
And why do you *hurry* away?
Not a leaf on the *pretty* red maple has stirred,
In the *sweet* golden sunshine to-day.

Page 56:

Then Blackie heard a door open, and a pair of feet came *dancing* down the hall, and in *rushed* the little mistress of Madison Square.

Page 59:

She just said: "Blackie, *hush!* Your imagination is something *terrible!*" Now, was n't she a *queer* mother?

Page 66:

Good morning, *sweet* April,
So *winsome* and *shy*.

Page 67:

Have you *plucked* the apple blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
And caught their subtle odors in the spring?
Pink buds *bursting* at the light,
Crumpled petals baby white,
Just to touch them a *delight!*
In the spring!

Page 134:

The boat swirled round, and round, and round.

2. Lengthening the vowel, as: dr*ea*ry, l*o*ng, f*a*r, *e*ver and *e*ver.

Page 24:

An elephant to a circus went,
P*oo*r old elephant!
And lived his life beneath a tent,
P*oo*r old elephant!
Dr*ea*ming of the jungle c*oo*l,
J*ui*cy leaves and rippling pool.
P*oo*r old elephant!

Page 91:

They must grow to be w*i*se, m*a*nly Pilgrim fathers.

Page 95:

When *a*ll the ground with snow is white.

Page 96:

My Lady Wind is v*e*ry t*a*ll,
As t*a*ll as she can be.

Page 121:

Down the l*o*ng highway they're winging.

Page 135:

F*a*rewell, f*a*rewell, thou warrior brave,
For thou shalt die to-day.

3. Force upon a word, as: *Halt! Fire! March!*

Page 110:

Pull in the gangplank, boys!

Page 113:

Good Turk! *Good* Fan!

4. Lengthening the vowel and tone color.

Page 16:

So Chanticleer stood on his tiptoes, *stretched* his neck just as *long* as he could, shut his eyes, and said "Cock-a-*doo*-dle —"

Page 16:

The hens *cackled* and *cackled*, the ducks *quacked* and *quacked*, and the farmer's dog *barked* and *barked* as they all ran after the fox.

Page 148:

The leaves are *fading* and *falling*,
The winds are *rough* and *wild*.

Pages 190–191:

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings.
Away out yonder I see a star.
As though they were *groaning* in anguish, and *moaning*.

Questioning for Expression

Questioning for expression is necessary in all grades, but it becomes less and less necessary as children become more proficient in thought getting and vocal expression. Questions should be logical, clear, and definite. They should call for the emphatic word or phrase for an answer, and not the entire sentence. Each question should be based upon the previous answer. Questions for expression should be answered by the word or words of the book, and not in full sentences.

Creepy-Crawly, p. 39:

Talk about a little gray mouse and why it was named Creepy-Crawly.

Questions for expression and answers:

About whom are we to read? Creepy-Crawly. What was Creepy-Crawly to do? Be careful. When was Creepy-Crawly to be careful? Always, always careful. Read the line and be sure to make him careful: "Be *careful*, Creepy-Crawly; *al*ways, *al*ways careful." What can cats do? Run. How can they run? Very fast. And what have cats? Claws. Read and make me know that cats can run *very* fast, and that they have claws. "Cats can run *very* fast, and cats have claws." Read the first and second lines. What kind of things are claws? Dreadful, dreadful, dreadful things. Read the three lines and be sure to tell Creepy-Crawly what dreadful things claws are. Have the three lines read several times. What are you to do if you see a cat? You fly. If you don't fly, what will happen? You'll *surely* die. Read all that has been read and remember to tell Creepy-Crawly what will happen if he does n't fly. What is Creepy-Crawly to do now? Run at once. Or what? All is done. Did Creepy-Crawly run? No. What would you say about him? Poor little Creepy-Crawly! Drill on the lesson until it is very familiar to all and read with excellent expression.

How Tommy Raised the Wind, p. 43:

Talk about the wind and how it sometimes blows and makes queer noises. Tell the children to read silently the first paragraph. Then ask the following questions: One night the wind was doing something at our door. What was it doing? Knocking. What kind of a wind was it? Only a little zephyr. What did the little zephyr say? "Oh, do let me in, do-o-o-o." Read the paragraph and tell me what the wind was doing and what it said. Have the paragraph read several times. Tell the class to study the next paragraph for a moment, and then question for the thought. When you would n't let the little zephyr in, how did it grow? Saucy. It grew saucy and did what? Blew and blew and said something. It said something that sounded like what? "You-o-o-o." Read the paragraph. How did the wind feel then? Angry. What did it say when it was angry? "I'm going

to get my big brother, and then see what you'll do-o-o." Continue in a similar way with the other paragraphs. When a lesson is easily comprehended by the children, very little questioning is necessary, but better expression is employed by the majority if the leading thought is brought to their attention by questioning.

Phonic Work

The phonic work of third grade is a broad and intelligent application of all previous points — the teaching of more difficult sounds, phonograms, and simple diacritical marks.

Marks are necessary at this time to simplify and classify the work and to give the children conscious power and independence. They also prepare for the intelligent use of the dictionary in higher grades, and make the transition easy and natural, instead of a leap into unknown territory.

In teaching phonics the following points should be remembered, because much of the success of the work depends upon them:

1. Work for soft, clear, distinct sounds.
2. Clinch each point by application to many words.
3. Do very little concert work.
4. Make the work interesting by variety, and by showing its value in making out new words and in using the dictionary.
5. Add new exercises often enough to avoid monotony and to develop powers.
6. Constant review and a broad application of all points are necessary to sustain interest.
7. Words should be sounded *before* they are pronounced. (If this order be reversed, results are seriously affected. Words are sounded in order that they may be pronounced.)

An Outline for Phonic Lessons

1. Vocal training
2. Review
3. New work
4. Drill and application
5. Marking and making out new words

Application of Outline to Long o (Page 33)

1. *Vocal Training.* Ask the pupils to inhale slowly and to exhale by counting five. Place a cross upon the blackboard. Tell the pupils to inhale and say long *o* with lips rounded and projected, making the sound reach the cross. Repeat and have them try to project the tone to the back of the room.

Give quotations line by line and have the class imitate, as:

Page 42:

In spring, when stirs the wind, I know
That soon the crocus buds will show;

. . . .

In summer, when it softly blows,
Soon red I know will be the rose.

Page 46:

Whom do you want, *O* lonely night?
My mother told me long ago.

Page 87:

Over the sea in a white winged ship
A weary journey to *go*.

2. *Review.* Place a circle upon the board and write *a, e, u, t, d, cl, sh, bl, tle, ing,* and *k,* within it. Call them prisoners and ask the children to release them by giving the sounds which they represent. Sound words and have them pronounced. Write a list of words upon the board and have them sounded and long *a* and *e* marked.

3. *New Work.* Write "over," "more," and "old" on the board. Have them sounded and lead the children to state that *o* says its name in these words; therefore, it is long. Ask them how *a* and *e* are marked when they are long, and how they think *o* should be marked to show that it has the long sound. Then mark "ōver," "ōld," "mōre," and other words and have the children say, "When *o* is long we place a macron over it."

4. *Drill and Application.* Draw several butterflies upon the board and place a word upon each, as: core, tore, oar, roll, home, bone, board. Let a child catch as many as he can by sounding the words and saying *o* is long in "core" and should be marked with a macron over it. As soon as he makes a mistake, another child takes his place. Give out slips upon which words, each containing long *o,* have been written. Have them sounded and the words pronounced.

5. *Marking and Making out New Words.* Place on the board a list of words taken from the reader. Have them sounded and let the children tell how to mark the sounds, as: Place a macron over *a* in "late" because it is long; mark *i* long in "kind" because it says its name.

a. Whisper this sentence: Rats, cats, and bats like the dark. Say the short vowels in a high pitch. Express fear in your voice. Express happiness, command, doubt, excitement.

b. Give the sounds as I point to the letters: *ā, ō, ū, k, f, o͞o.* Say these sentences: Sam's sled is in the sun. Cats see in the dark.

c. Teach the new work by having the children sound "cats," "hats," "hens," calling attention to the last sound. Then ask them what letter *s* sounds like in those words, and they will tell you *s* sounds like *z* in the last word. Remind them that it sounds like *z* only sometimes.

d. Drill upon the sound and the mark by sounding and marking words. All other marks should be taught in a similar way.

Use the marks only when necessary, and discontinue them as soon as a phonogram or word is memorized. They are only crutches and should be understood to be such by the pupils. To continue marking *c* in saucy would be to weaken the work, but to mark it when the work is first presented and to review until thoroughly understood, is the key to independence. Day by day, phonic work should strengthen and give greater conscious power to all children.

Teachers should understand children well enough to know that the pupil should not be told the particular cause that makes a child lack expression. The pupil in this grade is often self-conscious, often timid. Sometimes he does not know how to express what he feels (this is especially true of foreigners), and often he becomes so engrossed in the mechanics of reading that he fails utterly to give out the thought. Expression drill, to be worth while, should be more or less an individual drill. Only a few statements can be used and applied to an entire class. Through a realization of this, parrot forms of reading with expression, which too often mark the lower grades, can be avoided.

Except in rare cases one child should not be asked to read like another.