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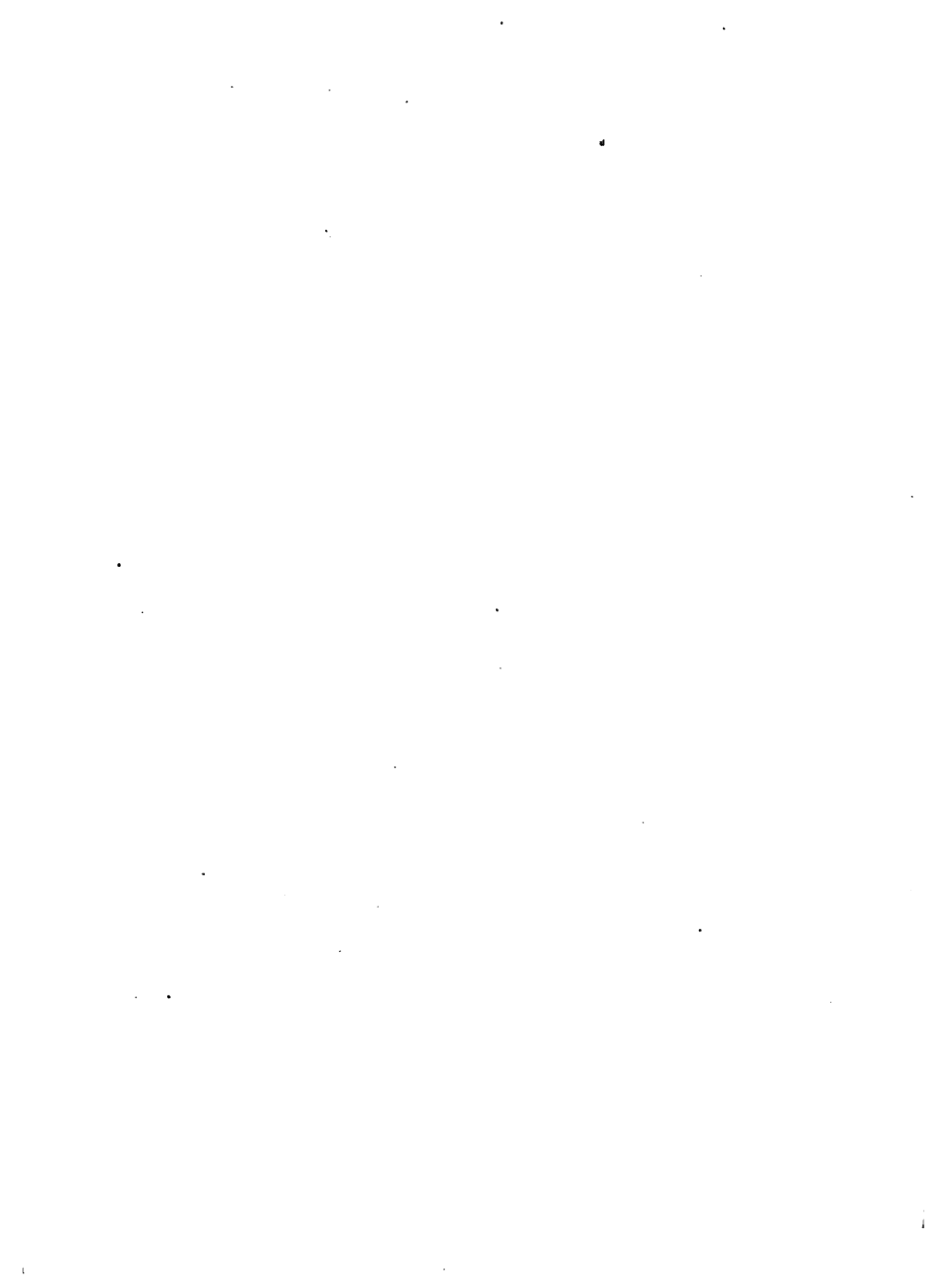
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GOLDEN TREASURY READERS

SECOND READER

BY

CHARLES M. STEBBINS

BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AND

MARY H. COOLIDGE

PUBLIC SCHOOLS, BROOKLYN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERBERT E. MARTINI

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PREFACE

IN the making of this Second Reader the authors have constantly kept in mind the necessity for three things,—child-interest in the material, self-activity on the part of the child, and a simple and effective method.

Child-interest in Subject-matter.—If we stop to inquire into the nature of the things in which the child of seven or eight, whether of the city or of the country, is most vitally interested, we shall find that it is by no means limited to the doings of other children. The child mind reaches out to all its varied environment and to the broad realms of fancy. It delights in animal stories, in brisk nature sketches, in stories of child adventures, and in myths, legends, and fairy tales. In all this variety, however, one element is essential,—life, or action. Brisk, lively accounts of happenings connected with people, animals, or plants are a perpetual delight.

Such is the nature of the material presented in this book.

Child-activity.—Children are naturally active. They must have some outlet for their buoyant energy. The system of reading that makes provision for the proper use of that energy cannot help being a thorough success. This book makes varied demands on the activities of the child. He is engaged in real conversations with his teacher and his fellow pupils; he is given the opportunity to relate stories to his class, to write stories to be read in the class-

room, and letters to his parents and friends; moreover, he has an abundance of stories that lend themselves readily to dramatization, a never-failing source of profit and pleasure to children.

The Method. — The method underlying the books of this series is so simple that it is absolutely unobtrusive, yet so effective that extraordinary results have been obtained by it in hundreds of school-rooms. It embraces not only reading, but the whole subject of English, — all that can be taught in the lower grades, — the phonic system of word-building, the story method of reading, oral relation of stories, written composition, and the inductive study of language. This work is all carried forward without any technical terminology; indeed, without the child's realization that he is learning the principles that underlie the study of English.

The Illustrations. — Too much cannot be said about the importance of proper illustrations, — illustrations that make a strong appeal to the child's natural interest, that inform him on subjects about which he should know, that stimulate his powers, that make use of his active imagination and develop an elevated taste. The illustrations in this book not only fulfill these requirements, but they also offer a never-failing source of material for conversation, for more formal composition work, and for genuine nature study.

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THE FROG AND THE OX



Once an ox was feeding in a meadow where some young frogs were playing. He happened to step on one of them, and killed him.

The others ran quickly home to tell their mother. They told everything that had happened.

“The creature that killed our brother,” said they, “was huge — the hugest that we have ever seen.”

f eed	feed ing	fed
bl eed	bleed ing	bled
sp eed	speed ing	sped

“What! was it *so* big?” said the mother; and she swelled and blew herself up as big as possible.

“Oh! much bigger than that,” answered the young frogs.

“As big as this?” asked the mother; and she puffed herself up still more.

“Indeed, mamma,” said they, “if you were to burst yourself, you would never be so big.”

The mother frog tried again, puffing herself up as much as she could; and she burst herself, indeed.

It is unwise for a frog to try to be as big as an ox.

big

big ger

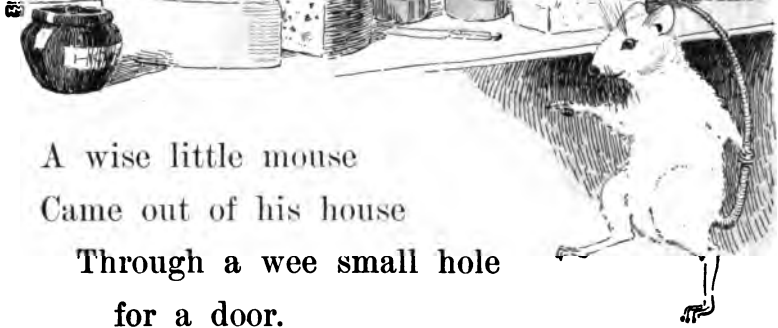
big gest



Write a story for each question :—

1. What was feeding in the meadow?
2. What were the little frogs doing in the meadow?
3. What happened to one of the little frogs?
4. What did the other frogs do?
5. Who had not seen so huge a creature before?
6. What did the mother do?
7. What did the little frogs say to their mother?
8. What can't a frog do?

THE WISE LITTLE MOUSE

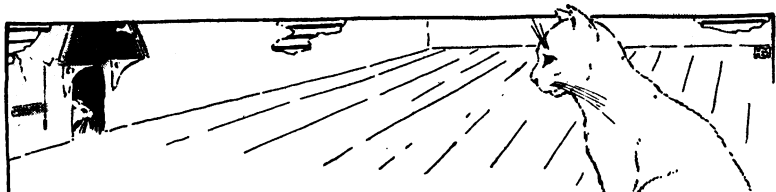


A wise little mouse
Came out of his house
Through a wee small hole
for a door.

And his little eyes blinked,
And they winked and blinked,
And they winked and blinked some more.

“Here’s milk and here’s bread,”
He to himself said,
“And honey that’s made by the bees.
Here’s coffee and tea,
But better for me
Here’s plenty of crackers and cheese.





“I’ll nibble at both,”
And so, nothing loth,
 To nibble at both he began;
When he cried, “What’s that?
My stars! ’tis a cat!”
 And away like a flash he ran.

This wise little mouse
Ran into his house,
 Through a wee small hole for a door.
Then he said to the cat,
“I know where you sat,
 And I’ll not come out any more.”





From a painting by Barber.

MRS. TOAD'S MORNING WALK

Little Mrs. Toad lived in the garden. One fine morning she went out for a walk. The garden was a beautiful place, but she wished to see more of the world.

“I should like to know what that big building is,” she said to herself. “I have often seen the top of it through the trees.”

So Mrs. Toad hopped along between the flower beds. She stopped now and then to catch a fly for her breakfast. At last she came to the garden gate.

There was plenty of room under the gate. So she hopped right out into the yard beside the house.

But goodness, what was that? What a big noise! There were several noises, in fact.

“Ah, I see now,” said Mrs. Toad. “It is Mary and that rogue of a dog, Teaser. I wish I had stayed at home. And there is the cat, too. She is almost as bad as Teaser.”

Mary and Teaser and Mischief, the cat, came running straight toward Mrs. Toad.

“It is useless for me to run away,” thought Mrs. Toad. “I might just as well stay here.”

Mary saw the toad and stopped short. Teaser almost stepped on it. Then he gave a loud bark and drew back. The cat drew back, too. She did not like the looks of the toad.

hop

hopping

hopped

stop

stopping

stopped

Mary got down on her hands and knees to look at the toad. Teaser stood on one side of her, and Mischief crept very close on the other.

“Why are you all looking at me in that way?” said Mrs. Toad. “Are you afraid of me?”

“What a funny little creature you are!” said Mary. Teaser barked, but did not come nearer. He was just a little afraid.

“Mr. Teaser, I do not like you very well. I do not like your voice. It is too loud,” said Mrs.



Toad. "But your voice is sweet, Mary. I am sure you are a very good girl."

"Teaser, you must not bark any more. If you do, I shall send you into the house," Mary said to the dog.

"I wish you would take him away, Mary dear. I should like to go back home. I live under a large flat stone in the garden."

"Why do you live in the garden?" asked Mary.

"I help take care of it," answered Mrs. Toad. "I catch the flies and bugs that harm the plants. There would be many more of them if it were not for me."

"I don't see how you can catch flies and bugs," said Mary.

"That is because you are a little girl and haven't learned about me yet," answered Mrs. Toad. "I catch them on my tongue. My tongue is very sticky. When a fly gets on it, he cannot get away. I have caught several this morning."

“I should like to know more about you,” said Mary. “But you seem uneasy. Are you afraid?”

“I can’t say that I like Teaser very well,” answered Mrs. Toad. “And Mischief looks as if she would like to hit me with her paw. I wish you would take them both away.”

“All right,” said Mary, “I will take them away now, and will come alone some day to see you in the garden.”

So Mary took Teaser and Mischief away with her. Mrs. Toad hopped back into the garden.

“Seeing the world is not so nice after all,” she sighed.

Mrs. Toad caught a few more flies, and went into her house to rest.



Complete the following stories :—

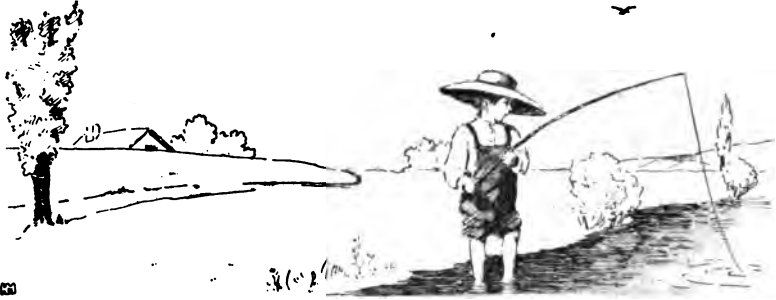
1. One day Mrs. Toad _____
2. Mrs. Toad hopped along

3. Mrs. Toad stopped now
and _____
4. "It is useless for me _____."
5. "Seeing the world _____"

Write a story for each question :—

1. Where did Mrs. Toad live?
2. What did Mrs. Toad wish
to see?
3. Whom did Mrs. Toad meet?
4. Were Teaser and Mischief
afraid of Mrs. Toad?

OVER IN THE MEADOW



Over in the meadow,
In the sand in the sun,
Lives an old mother toad
And her little toadie one.

“Hop!” says the mother.
“We hop!” says the one;
And they hop and they hop
In the sand in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the water runs blue,
Lives an old mother fish
And her little fishes two.

“Swim!” says the mother.

“We swim!” say the two;
And they swim and they swim
Where the water runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In an old apple tree,
Lives an old mother bird
And her little birdies three.

“Sing!” says the mother.
“We sing!” say the three;
And they sing and they sing
In the old apple tree.

Over in the meadow,
On the sand by the shore,
Lives an old muskrat
And her little ratties four.

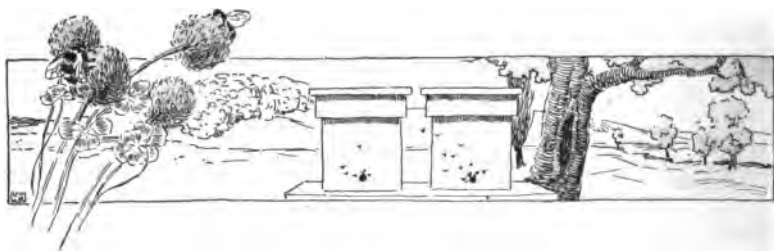
“Dive!” says the mother.

“We dive!” say the four;
And they dive and they dive
From the sand by the shore.

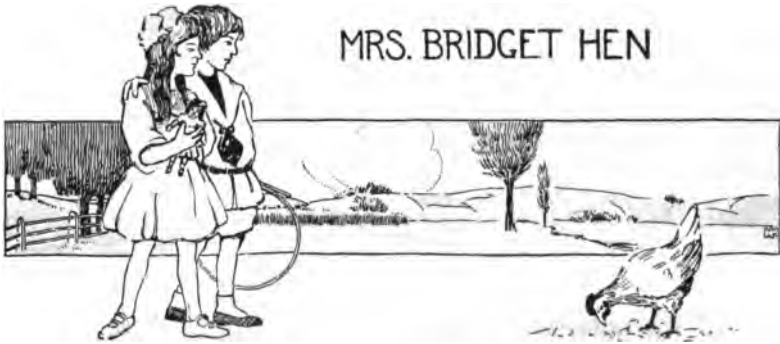
Over in the meadow,
In an old beehive,
Lives an old mother bee,
And her little bees five.

“Buzz!” says the mother.

“We buzz!” say the five;
And they buzz and they buzz
In the old beehive.



MRS. BRIDGET HEN



Mrs. Bridget Hen had been laying eggs all the spring. Somebody came and took them out of the nest. She had laid an egg almost every day. She had even laid on Sunday.

But there was not an egg in the nest. There was nothing but a ball of wood. It was painted white, but would not deceive even a hen.

“I am tired of laying eggs for people to take away,” said Bridget Hen.

lay

lay ing

laid

take

tak ing

took

“ Besides, I wish to have some eggs to sit on. The weather is getting warm, and I want some chickens. It will make life more interesting. I think I will steal a nest somewhere.”

The next day Bridget looked all about the barn. There were not many good places. She went under the barn ; but the wind blew there. The ground was hard, too.

At last she went up into the haymow. She thought this would be a better place for a nest. She walked out on the very edge of the mow. Surely no one would find a nest there.

Bridget made a fine nest in the side of the mow. This was very fine indeed. The nest had a roof. Surely no one could find it.

Bridget laid three eggs in the nest. But one day she forgot and cackled before she was out of the barn.

some where

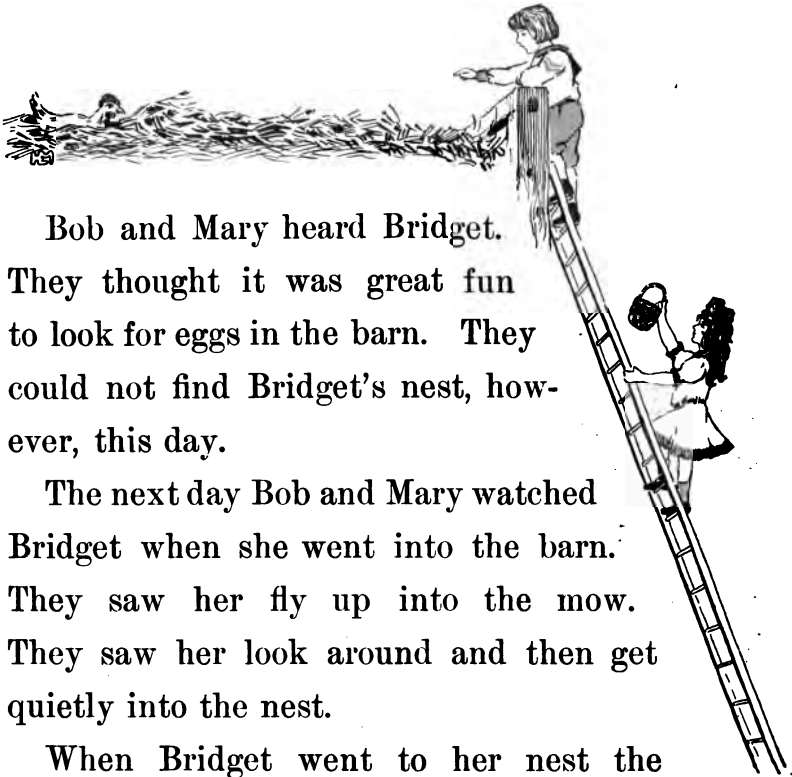
sure

fine

some body

sure ly

fine ly



Bob and Mary heard Bridget. They thought it was great fun to look for eggs in the barn. They could not find Bridget's nest, however, this day.

The next day Bob and Mary watched Bridget when she went into the barn. They saw her fly up into the mow. They saw her look around and then get quietly into the nest.

When Bridget went to her nest the next time, all her pretty white eggs were gone. Bridget was quite heartbroken, but she did not cry.

"I will fool them this time," she said to herself. "I will go down in the weeds by the creek."

That very day Bridget crawled under the fence and went off among the tall weeds. She looked a long time. At last she found a place that seemed made for a nest. It was under a great burdock. The leaves hung down over it, hiding it from view.

“This will be fine,” she said. “Let them try to find my nest now.”

No one ever found the nest. Bridget never cackled till she had got back to the barn. She laid thirteen eggs.

Now Bridget was very happy. She sat on the nest day after day. It was always quite cool



here by the creek, and the air was good. It was much better than the hay would have been.

Three weeks later Mrs. Bridget walked into the barn yard with twelve little downy chickens. She was very proud of them. She walked straight toward Bob and Mary.

“ You see, I fooled you in the end,” she said. “ Aren’t you glad of it? ”

Bob and Mary were delighted They thought the little chickens the finest things in the world.

quiet	quiet ly	get	get ting
great	great ly	cry	cry ing
last	last ly	try	try ing
fine	fine ly	hide	hid ing



Put words in the blank places : —

1. Somebody ____ all of Mrs. Bridget's ____.
2. Bridget ____ to have some ____.
3. Bridget ____ a nest in the ____.
4. Bridget had ____ little ____.

Tell one of the following stories : —

1. Why Mrs. Bridget made her nest in the hay.
2. How Bob and Mary found Bridget's nest.
3. How Bridget hatched her twelve chickens.

Write a story for each question : —

1. What had happened to Mrs. Bridget's eggs?
2. What was left in the nest?
3. Where did Bridget steal a nest?
4. Who found the new nest?
5. How many eggs had Bridget laid in her new nest?
6. Where did Bridget make her nest next time?
7. How many eggs did Bridget lay in the nest in the weeds?

CHICKEN LITTLE



One of Mrs. Bridget's chickens was smaller than the others, but he was very lively. He went where his brothers and sisters did not dare to go.

Bob and Mary liked this little chicken better than the others. He was so bright and so busy. He was very soft, too. They played with him very often. They always called him Chicken Little.

Chicken Little became very brave, and used to wander far away from his mother. One day he wandered off into the garden. He went to a lettuce bed that had just been made.

“What a fine place that is to scratch!” he said. “I shall have a good time here.”

He scratched in the bed and found nearly all the seeds that had been planted.

Bob and Mary had helped their father make that lettuce bed. So they called it their bed.

When Chicken Little had his crop full of seeds, he became sleepy. The sun was bright and warm. Chicken Little lay down in the lettuce bed, and soon fell asleep.

A few minutes later, Bob and Mary came into the garden. They wished to see if any of the seeds had come up. They found the bed all scratched up, and there lay Chicken Little in the middle of it.

“You little rascal!” said Bob. “I will give you a good scare. Maybe it will make you afraid to come here again.”

He filled both his hands with soft dirt. Then he and Mary stepped behind a grape vine.



Chicken Little was still asleep. Bob threw one handful of soft dirt up in the air. It came down on Chicken Little.

Chicken Little awoke with a start. He could see nothing, but he was terribly scared. He started to run. Just then Bob threw the other handful of dirt, and some of it fell on Chicken Little.

“The sky must be falling,” he wailed. “I wish I were at home with my mamma.”

He was so scared that he hardly knew what to do. He wanted to get away from the place, however, and kept on running.

As he ran out of the garden, Chicken Little saw his mother sitting on the ground. Some of the other chickens were under her. Some were playing about.

“Oh, mamma, mamma!” cried Chicken Little, “the sky is falling. We shall all be killed.”

Chicken Little and all the other chickens ran under their mother’s wings. Mrs. Bridget Hen, however, was not scared. She looked very wise and smiled.

“I think he will not run away again soon,” she said to herself.



Dear Papa,—

In school we have been reading a story about a funny little chicken. I want to tell you about him. His name is Chicken Little.

One day he ran away and went into the garden to scratch. He found a lettuce bed and ate all the seeds. Then he went to sleep in the warm sun.

Soon a boy and a girl, Bob and Mary, came into

the garden. They saw what Chicken Little had done, and threw soft dirt on him.

Chicken Little was very scared. He ran to his mother, crying, "Mamma, mamma, the sky is falling! the sky is falling!"

Wasn't he funny, Papa?

Your loving little girl,

Helen.

Close your book and write a letter to your papa or mamma about Mrs. Bridget Hen or Chicken Little.

THE MOUSE AND THE KITTY



Once there was a little kitty,
White as the snow.
In the barn she used to frolic,
A long time ago.

In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro;
For he heard the kitty coming,
A long time ago.

Two bright eyes had little kitty,
Black as a crow,
And they spied the little mousie,
A long time ago.

Four soft paws had little kitty,
Paws soft as dough,
And they caught the little mousie,
A long time ago.

Ten sharp teeth had little kitty,
All in a row,
And they bit the little mousie,
A long time ago.

When the teeth bit the mousie,
Mousie cried, "Oh, oh!"
But he got away from kitty,
A long time ago.



THE FOX AND THE CROW



A crow, one day, went into a cottage through the window and stole a piece of cheese. Then she flew up into a high tree in order to eat it.

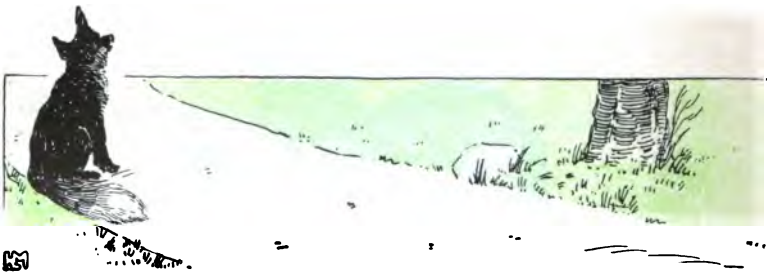
A fox, who was near by, saw the crow and began to think how he might get the cheese.

He came and sat down beneath the tree and began to praise the crow for her beauty.

be gin

be gan

be gun



“I never saw anything so lovely in my life,” said he to the crow. “Your feathers are the most beautiful I have ever seen. They are whiter than snow. And how graceful you are!”

At this the crow felt greatly pleased and sat up a little straighter.

“I have no doubt,” the fox went on, “that you have also a very fine voice. If it is as fine as your complexion, I am sure there is no bird who can compare with you.”

The crow was more and more delighted with these pleasant words. She became proud and eager to please the fox. She hardly knew where she was.

high	near	proud
high er	near er	proud er
high est	near est	proud est
grace ful	great ly	high ly
delight ful	fine ly	near ly
doubt ful	hard ly	proud ly

She thought that perhaps the fox was a little in doubt about the sweetness of her voice. She wished to convince him, and began to sing. As she opened her mouth to sing, the cheese dropped down upon the ground.

This was exactly what the fox wanted. In a moment he had eaten the cheese all up.

Then he trotted away, laughing to himself at the foolishness of the crow.

sweet ness

sweet er

sweet est

sweet ly

foolish ness

foolish ly

th ought

br ought

exact ness

exact ly

gr ound

b ound



Tell one of these stories :—

1. How the crow came by the cheese.
2. How the fox got the cheese from the crow.

Complete the following stories :—

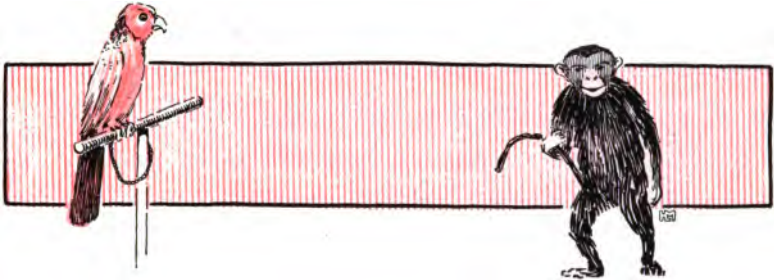
1. One day a crow went _____
2. The crow flew _____
3. A fox began to think _____
4. The fox said, _____
5. The crow was delighted

6. The crow became _____
7. The crow began to sing

Write a story for each question : —

1. Where did the crow get the piece of cheese?
2. Where did the crow go with the cheese?
3. What was sitting near by?
4. What did the fox plan to get?
5. What did the fox praise?
6. What did the crow think?
7. What made the crow proud?
8. What did the crow do to convince the fox?
9. What happened when the crow opened her mouth?

THE PARROT THAT TALKED TOO MUCH



Once, a long time ago, a monkey and a parrot lived in the same house. They were good friends most of the time. Sometimes, however, they quarreled, because the parrot liked to tease the monkey.

Mrs. Polly, the parrot, could talk much better than Toby, the monkey. She knew that very well. She also knew that she could tease the monkey by saying unkind things. She enjoyed seeing him angry.

kind	kind ly	kind ness
un kind	un kind ly	un kind ness

One morning Polly and Toby were at home alone. Mrs. Polly was sitting in her cage. Toby was asleep in the corner.

It was not very interesting to sit in her cage and watch Toby sleep. Mrs. Polly decided to wake him. So she gave a terrible scream.

Toby jumped up, greatly frightened at first. Then Mrs. Polly laughed at his start. This made Toby angry. Few people like to be frightened.

“You wicked parrot,” snapped Toby, “you will be sorry for your tricks some day.”

“Will Toby make me sorry?” asked Mrs. Polly. “Ha! ha! poor Toby! what a sour fellow you are!”

“Mrs. Parrot,” said Toby, “I do not care to talk with you.”

Toby lay down again and tried to sleep.

great ly

wicked

sour

great ness

wicked ness

sour ness

Mrs. Polly began to say very unkind things. Toby said nothing, however, but pretended to be asleep. Mrs. Polly became angry at last, because she could not make Toby talk.

“You are a coward,” she said at last, “a little coward.”

Toby could endure it no longer. He bounced upon the table. From the table he bounced up to Mrs. Polly’s cage. Then he jerked open the door of the cage. Mrs. Polly was quite frightened by this time.

Toby reached in and pulled a handful of feathers from Mrs. Polly’s neck. Mrs. Polly flew at Toby and bit him on the nose. Then Toby pulled off another handful of feathers.

When the quarrel was over, Mrs. Polly was a



hand ful

fright ful

care ful

sorry-looking bird. She had lost nearly all of her feathers. There were a few left on the top of her head and on her wings. There was also one tail feather left.

When Toby had gone back to sleep in the corner, Mrs. Polly crawled up to her perch. She looked herself over for a long time. She felt very humble now.

“The trouble with me,” she said at last, “is that I talk too much.”



Dear Aunt Mary,—

We have just read a story about a very foolish crow. She stole a piece of cheese one day, and flew into a tree to eat it.

A sly old fox saw her, and planned to get the cheese. So he began to praise the crow's voice. The crow tried to show him how sweet her voice was, and she dropped the cheese. So the

fox got the cheese and ate it.

I wonder if people are ever as foolish as the crow was.

We are now reading about a monkey and a parrot. I will write to you about them too.

Your loving nephew,

Henry.

Write a letter to the aunt you love best. Tell her about the parrot and the monkey.

WHO LIKES THE RAIN?



“I,” said the duck, “I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on.

They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft cool mud. *Quack! quack!*”

Sang the brook, “I welcome every drop.
Come, come, dear raindrops, never stop
Till a great river you make of me,
Then I will carry you to the sea.”

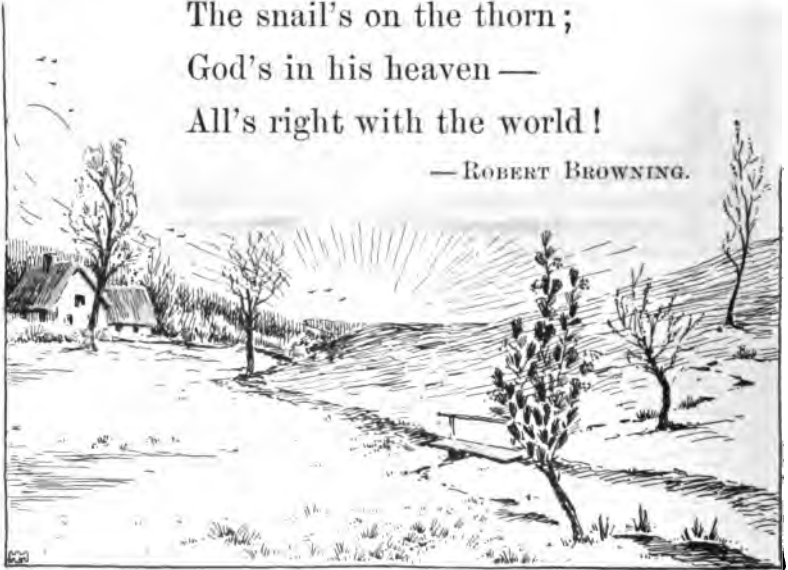
—CLARA DOTY BATES.



SONG

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn ;
Morning's at seven ;
The hill-side's dew-pearled ;
The lark's on the wing ;
The snail's on the thorn ;
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world !

— ROBERT BROWNING.





HELEN AND HER COMPANIONS

Helen lived by the sea. She had for her companion Bruno, a fine big dog. She also had a lovely horse, which she rode every day. Its name was Hero.

Both Bruno and Hero loved Helen. And Helen loved Bruno and Hero. She was to be seen with one or both of them most of the time.

When the tide was out, Helen and Bruno used to play down on the sands. Often they used to go out to some large rocks. These rocks were completely covered with water when the tide was in.

Sometimes Hero used to carry Helen out to the rocks, and then go back to the barn. Sometimes, too, she used to go out to the rocks to bring Helen home.

One bright day in spring Helen and Bruno went out to the rocks to play. They played a long time, and Helen became tired. She lay down on the rocks and went to sleep.

Bruno lay down beside Helen, but he did not go to sleep. He waited and waited for Helen to awake. The tide was in. The water was already around the rocks. Still Helen did not awake.

Bruno was worried. He put his great paw very gently on Helen's hand. This did not wake her. Then he put his paw still more gently on her face. This waked her.

When she saw the water, Helen was frightened. She did not cry, however, for she was a brave girl. She waited, hoping that some one would come with a boat. But no one came.

The water was rising fast. Something must be done, but Helen did not know what.

“Oh, Bruno! you must save me!” she cried at last.

Bruno, too, saw that something must be done. He was thinking about it. He could save Helen himself, but she would get wet.

He had thought of another way. He plunged into the water and swam towards the shore as fast as he could.

Helen watched him. She knew that he would do something. He reached the shore and was soon out of sight.

In a short time he came into sight again. Hero was following him. Bruno led the way, plunging again into the sea. Hero followed, and it was not long before the noble dog and the faithful horse reached the rocks.

rise

ris ing

hope

hop ing

Helen got on to Hero's back safely. She did not get even her feet wet. And Hero carried her safely home. Bruno swam, getting to the shore first. He and Hero were both very happy.

Helen hugged both Hero and Bruno, and then ran to tell her mother:



Write one of these stories:—

1. *Who Helen's companions were.*
2. *How Helen went to sleep on the rocks.*
3. *How Bruno saved Helen.*



Henry was a small boy. He lived in the country, where there were many pleasant fields and streams.

Henry was learning to play a flute. His mother did not like to have him play in the house. Henry, therefore, went out into the fields to play.

One day he went over in the pasture, far from the house. There was a large willow tree on the bank of the creek. Henry sat down under this tree and played a long time.

It was very delightful under the tree, for Henry could see the fishes in the clear water. He could hear the birds singing in the tree tops.

It was a warm day, and Henry began to feel tired. He laid his flute on the ground, and then

stretched himself out to rest on the soft grass. He could hear the soft murmur of the stream, and could see the blue sky. It was so pleasant that he soon fell asleep.

In the pasture was a little donkey. He had heard Henry's playing and wondered what it was. For a long time he had been standing near, listening.

When the donkey saw Henry stretched out on the grass, he decided to go nearer. So he walked up little by little, until he could reach the flute with his nose.

"What sort of thing is it?" he said to himself. "It looks like a stick, only it is painted. It is really quite pretty. Ah! it has holes in it, too. I wonder what it smells like."

The donkey placed his nose on the flute, but could smell nothing. He took a long, deep sniff. It was of no use. Then he happened to give a loud sneeze. The air happened to pass through the flute, and made a loud noise.

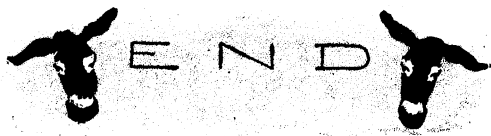
“Ah!” said the donkey, “what a fine player I am! Yet people will say that a donkey is not musical. I will play some more to prove that I know how.”

Then he gave another sneeze, but this time he did not have his nose in the right place. The flute did not make a sound.

“What is the matter with the thing?” said the donkey. “I certainly did my part all right.”

“You foolish donkey!” said Henry, who had been awakened by the last sneeze. “The matter is not with the flute; it is with you. You are like some people. They think they are always right, and that other people are always wrong. You can bray, but you cannot play a flute.”

The donkey walked away without saying anything, and Henry went home to dinner.



Write a story for each question :—

1. Why did Henry go to the fields?
2. What could Henry see from under the trees?
3. What could Henry hear?
4. What did the donkey do?
5. What did Henry think about the donkey?

Write a letter to an uncle whom you like very much. Begin your letter like this :—

Springfield, Ohio,

June 1, 1909.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I want to tell you a story that we have just read.

THE NEW MOON



Dear mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night!
She was never so cunning before;
Her two little horns
Are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.
If I were up there
With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely you'd see;
I'd sit in the middle
And hold by both ends;
Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be!

I would call to the stars
To keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;
And there I would rock
Till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay
In the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam;
We would see the sun set,
And see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

—ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.



MOPSA



I. MOPSA GOES FOR A WALK

One day Mrs. Bunny Gray was going out for a morning walk. The sun was bright, and she thought it would be pleasant for little Mopsa to go along.

“Come, my dear,” said Mrs. Gray, “wash your face and hands, and I will take you for a walk. The air will do you good.”

In a few minutes Mopsa was ready. Mother and daughter set out through the woods.

How pleasant it was to walk over the soft moss and hop over logs now and then! Sometimes they stopped to pick berries and gather sassafras root. It was a holiday indeed for Mopsa.

Mrs. Bunny Gray had lived a long time in these woods. She knew all the places where berries grew. She knew everybody who lived there, too. She stopped once to talk with Mr. Nutcracker, the squirrel. He was very busy, but seemed glad to chat with Mrs. Gray.

“What a fine daughter you have, Mrs. Gray!” he said. “If she lives, she will be as fine-looking as her mother.”

This made both Mrs. Gray and Mopsa very proud. When they met Mr. Green, the frog, they merely nodded to him, although he spoke to them in a very friendly manner.

stop

stop ping

stopped

But they soon got over being proud. They were just going to jump over a big log, when Mrs. Gray heard a twig break not very far away. The noise was loud; so she knew that no little creature had made it.

“Oh, Mopsa!” she said, “how I wish you were at home! Do not move now or make the least noise till I tell you what to do.”



Mrs. Gray went to the end of the log and peeped about her for a long time. Then she saw something that frightened her greatly. It was a large red fox. He stood sniffing the air. What should she do? She went back to Mopsa.

“Now, my dear child, you must hide in this log. It is hollow, and you must stay there till I come back. Do not come out for anything. A wicked fox is after us, and I must lead him astray. I know of many hollow logs that are too small for him. Don't be afraid, Mopsa, I will come back.”

Mrs. Gray kissed Mopsa on each soft, downy ear, and then bounced away, making a great noise. The fox heard her and ran after her as fast as he could. Mrs. Bunny Gray was very swift, however, and she knew the way much better than Mr. Fox did.

They ran around trees, over logs, and through brush, till the fox was very close. Mrs. Gray was getting very tired. The hollow log for which she was looking was very near now. She hurried a little faster. She got into the log just in time to escape the fox.

“Now, Mr. Wise One,” she cried out, “you

may wait as long as you please, if it will do your appetite any good. I am going to have a good rest."

"Oh, I can wait, Mrs. Gray," said the fox. "You are as good as caught now."

The fox sat down and waited. Mrs. Gray lay down and took a good rest. Then, while the



fox was waiting at one end of the log, she ran out at the other end. She led him another long race through the woods, until he had nearly overtaken her. Then she ran into a hollow log again.

They were far away from the place where she had left Mopsa now, so Mrs. Gray decided to stay till the fox got tired of waiting. She lay down and tried to sleep, but she could not. She

could not help worrying about little Mopsa, whom she had left all alone.

It was almost dark when the fox decided that it was useless to wait longer. As soon as he had gone, Mrs. Gray hurried away to get Mopsa.

II. MOPSA MAKES NEW FRIENDS

Mopsa did as her mother had told her. She crept into the hollow log and stayed there for a very long time. She was afraid and tired; so she lay down, and after a time went to sleep.

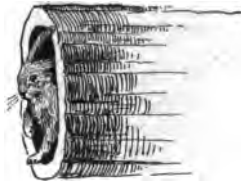
When Mopsa awoke, she felt cramped, and wanted to stretch herself. Besides, she was hungry. Oh, how good some berries would taste!

“I will peep out,” she said, “and see if there is any danger. Maybe I can get something to eat.”

hur ry	ber ry	use less	sleep less
hur ried	ber ries	use ful	wake ful

She went to the end of the log and looked about. She saw nothing. So she hopped a little distance away, sat up, and looked about. Everything seemed safe. Mopsa hopped away a little farther.

“Ah! yonder are some berries. I shall have my dinner now.”



While Mopsa sat eating the berries, Pussy Sly-foot came along.

“What a fine dinner you will make for my little family at home!” said Mrs. Sly-foot to herself. She pounced upon Mopsa before the poor little creature had time to move.

“Please, Mrs. Sly-foot,” cried Mopsa, “please let me go. It will break my mother’s heart to lose me.”

Mrs. Sly-foot did not answer. She simply held on a little tighter to the back of Mopsa's neck, and hurried a little faster toward home.

"What a fine time the kittens will have!" she thought. And indeed they did have a fine time; but not just the kind of fine time that Mrs. Pussy Sly-foot thought.

"Oh! what a fine playfellow he will make!" shouted little Tabby.

"Isn't he cute? He is softer than we are," cried Smut.

And Thomas Jr. did not say a word, but pounced upon poor Mopsa, and rolled over on the floor. Then little Tabby and Smut did the same. They lay on their backs and caught hold of Mopsa's ears, biting them a little.

Mrs. Sly-foot looked on in surprise. At last she saw that Mopsa would make a fine playmate, after she got over being afraid. She decided to bring her up as one of her family.

It was not long before Mopsa was very much at home with little Tabby and Smut and Thomas Jr. She longed, however, to see her own dear mother.

III. MOPSA FINDS HER MOTHER AGAIN

Mopsa and her playmates grew up very rapidly. It was not many weeks before they were large enough to go out of doors. They used to play in the garden. Mrs. Sly-foot often brought mice to her children, but Mopsa would not taste them.

“Child,” said Mrs. Sly-foot, “you do not know what is good for you.”

But Mopsa liked milk better. She liked to eat leaves and bark and grass, too. The kittens thought that was very queer.

“I am afraid it will make you ill,” said Smut one day.

play ful thought ful good ness ill ness

“No, it will not make me ill,” answered Mopsa. “I used to eat such things before I came to live with you.”

One day Mopsa was thinking of her own dear mother. She thought of the woods where she used to live, and of the bushes and berries.

“I wonder how far it is,” she said to herself.

She jumped upon a box and looked around. She saw trees not very far away. How good they looked! She decided to go for a run among them.

By chance Mopsa came upon the hollow log, where her mother had left her long before. And who was that sitting there? It was her own mother. She had come to that log every day since Mopsa had been lost.

live

decide

use

liv ing

decid ing

us ing

lived

decided

used

How happy they both were! They could not look at each other enough. So Mopsa went back to live in the woods. However, she used to go often to visit Mrs. Sly-foot, little Tabby, Smut, and Thomas Jr.

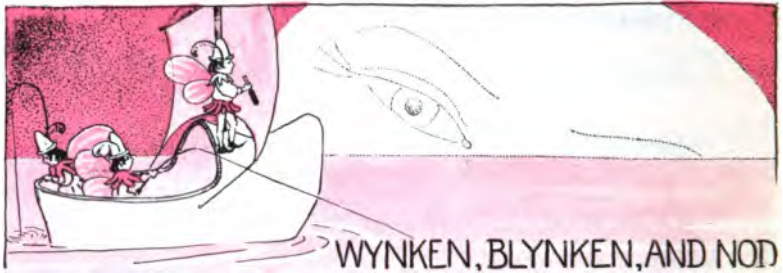


Write a story for each of these questions : —

1. Where did Mopsa live?
2. Where did Mopsa go with her mother?
3. Whom did Mopsa and her mother see?
4. Why did Mrs. Gray leave Mopsa alone in the log?
5. How did Mrs. Gray get away from the fox?
6. What happened to Mopsa?
7. Who liked Mopsa?
8. How did Mopsa find her mother again?
9. Whom did Mopsa not forget?

Complete the following sentences:—

1. One morning Mrs. Gray said, "Come, my dear, wash ____."
2. Mr. Nutcracker said, "What a fine ____"
3. Mrs. Gray kissed Mopsa on ____.
4. "Oh, I can wait," said the fox, "you ____."
5. Mopsa was tired of the log, and . . .
6. Mrs. Sly-foot saw Mopsa : and said, ____.
7. Mopsa ran into the woods and ____.



*From "A Little Book of Western Verse." Copyright, 1889, by Eugene Field.
Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.*

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night

Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.

“Where are you going, and what do you wish?”

The old moon asked the three.

“We have come to fish for the herring-fish

That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,”

Said Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
“Now cast your nets wherever you wish,—
Never afeard are we!”
So cried the stars to the fishermen three.

Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam,—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home:
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd
dreamed

Of sailing that beautiful sea ;
But I shall name you the fishermen three :

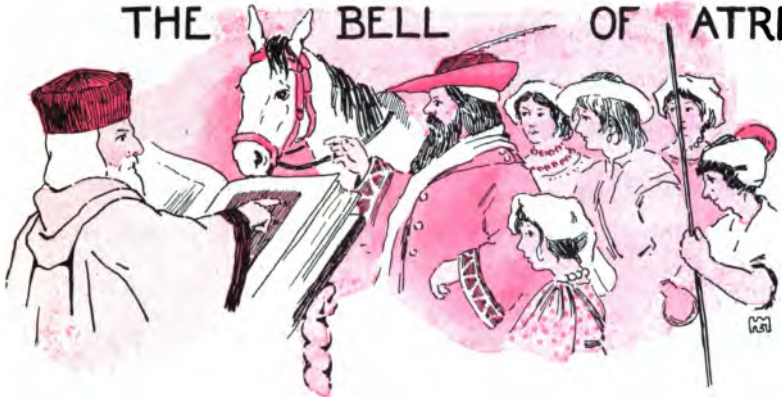
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
 And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
 Is a wee one's trundle-bed ;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
 Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
 As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen
 three, —

 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

— EUGENE FIELD.

THE BELL OF ATRI



In olden times there lived in Italy a kind-hearted king. He was sorry for any trouble that came to his people, and did all he could to make them happy. Because of his goodness the people called him Good King John.

“I wish all of my people to be just,” said the king. “And I wish every one to be treated justly.”

Not all of his people were as good as King John himself. Many did wrongs to their neighbors. And the neighbors complained to the good king.

“I will set up a great bell in the market place,” said the king at last. “If any one is wronged, let him ring the bell. He shall have justice.”

So the king had a large bell set up in the market place, where any one could ring it. Then he appointed a good judge to right the people’s wrongs.

Many people rang the bell in the years that followed. All received justice and went away happy. The bell was used so much that the rope was worn away little by little. At last it became so short that many people could not reach it. Then some one fastened a piece of grape vine to the rope.

Now, there lived in Atri an old Knight. In his younger days he had loved to hunt, and had kept many horses and dogs. Now he could hunt no more, and so sold all his horses except the one he had liked best.

It happened that the old Knight began to think of nothing but money. He wished to be very rich.

“What is the use of keeping this one horse?” he asked himself. “He does nothing but eat and sleep. It costs too much to keep him. I will turn him out to look after himself.”

So the faithful old horse was turned out into the street. It was in the dry, hot summer, and there was little grass to be found. The horse wandered about under the burning sun, getting a bite here and a bite there.

In his wandering he came finally to the market place. He saw the vine hanging to the bell rope.

“These leaves,” he thought, “are better than nothing, though they are withered.”

He began to pull at the withered leaves. The very first pull set the great bell to ringing loudly. The poor horse was so hungry that he paid no attention to the ringing. He kept on eating, and the bell rang louder and louder.

The judge heard the sounds, and wondered who was ringing the bell so loudly. He put on his robe and hurried to the market place.



He was greatly surprised when he saw who had rung the bell. He felt sorry for the poor creature, however.

“ Even the dumb beast,” he murmured, “ shall have justice. This is the horse of the Knight of Atri.”

A large crowd of people had gathered in a few minutes. They told the judge the story of the old horse. Their stories, however, did not agree. The judge, therefore, decided to call the Knight himself.

The heartless old Knight said that the horse was useless to him, and that he could not take care of him any longer. It cost too much money.

“Did he not always do his duty by you?” asked the judge. “Did he ever refuse to carry you to the hunt, or to bring you safely home?”

The old Knight had to confess that the horse had always been faithful.

“The law decides, then,” cried the judge, “that you shall provide him shelter and food as long as he lives.”

At this decision all the people clapped their hands and shouted loudly.

The old Knight ordered his servant to lead the horse back to the stable. The people followed, cheering because even a dumb animal could get justice.

The fame of the bell of Atri spread abroad through all Italy.

To-day people know very little about the other things that Good King John did. They simply remember him as the king who set up the bell of justice at Atri.

Put words in the blank spaces :—

1. In _____ times there lived
in _____ a _____ king.
2. King John wished all his
_____ to be _____ and to be
_____ justly.
3. The King had a great _____
set up in the _____.
4. Many people used the _____
and _____ by little the _____
was worn _____.
5. An old _____ had a horse,
which he _____ into the
_____.
6. The horse _____ the bell, and
the _____ came to the _____.

Tell a story for each question : —

1. What did King John wish?
2. What did King John do?
3. What happened to the bell rope?
4. What was fastened to the bell rope?
5. Why was the horse turned into the street?
6. What did the judge decide?

Write one of the following stories : —

1. How the bell of justice came to be set up.
2. How the Knight of Atri turned his faithful horse into the street.



SWEET LADY MOON



Sweet Lady Moon, I wonder why
You walk at night across the sky,
And why you always walk alone,
And where you stay when night is gone.

Have you at home no little girls
To make things for, like dolls and curls?
I'm sure you cannot have, — nor boys
To bother girls and break their toys.

I sometimes think I'd like to flee
From boys, dear Lady Moon, and be
Your little girl, and walk the sky
At night with you, so very high.

And yet I cannot, cannot go,
Because my mamma loves me so.
And now, good night, sweet Lady Moon,
But come again to see me soon.





THE REAL PRINCESS

There was once a prince who wanted to marry a princess, but she must be a real princess. He began to think how he should be able to find her.

At last he decided to travel all through the world until he found her. He went from place to place, looking everywhere, but time and again he was disappointed.

There were many princesses, but he could not make out whether they were real ones.

There was always something that did not seem

just right. So he came home again quite sad. He wished so much to have a real princess.

One evening, as he sat in his room thinking, a terrible storm came up. It thundered, and lightened, and the rain came down in floods. It was quite fearful.

All at once there was a knocking at the gate, and the old king went out to open it.

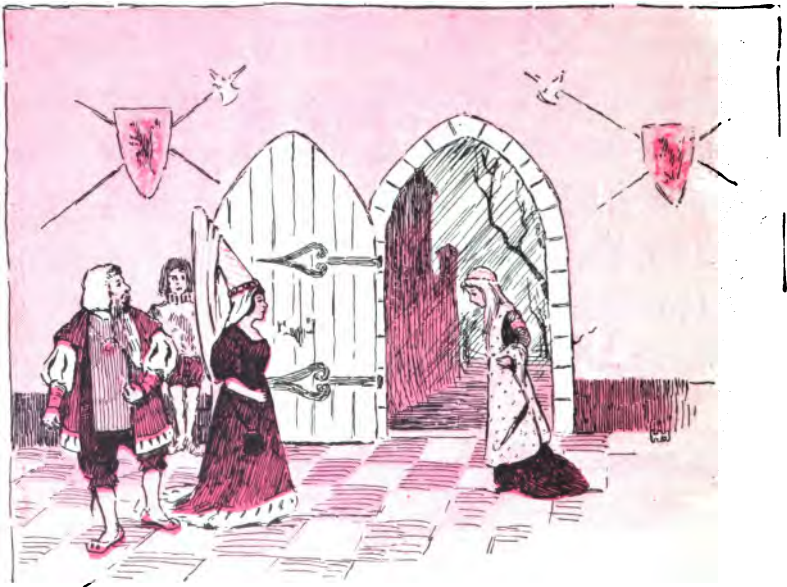
It was a princess who stood outside the gate. But mercy! how she looked! What a sight the rain and rough weather had made of her! The water ran down her fair hair and her clothes. It ran in at the points of her shoes and out at the heels. Yet for all that she declared that she was a real princess.

“We shall find that out,” thought the old queen,

sad ness	fear ful	care ful
rough ness	mercy	beauty
light ness	merci ful	beauti ful

but she said nothing. She went into the bed-chamber and took off all the bedding and put a pea on the flooring of the bedstead.

Then she took twenty mattresses and laid them upon the pea, and then twenty eiderdown beds upon the mattresses. On these the princess had to lie that night. In the morning she was asked how she had slept.



“Oh! miserably,” said the princess. “I scarcely closed my eyes all night long. Goodness knows what was in my bed. I lay upon something hard, and I am black and blue all over. It is quite dreadful!”

Now they saw that she was a real princess, for she had felt the pea through the twenty mattresses and the twenty eiderdown beds. No one but a real princess could do that.

So the young prince was glad and took her for his wife, for now he knew that he had a real princess. The pea was put in the museum, and is now there, unless some one has carried it off.

Look you, this is a true story.

scarce	scarce ly	hard	glad
dread	dread ful	hard er	glad der
good	good ness	hard est	glad dest
black	black ness	hard ly	glad ly
thought	thought less	hard ness	glad ness

Complete the following sentences : —

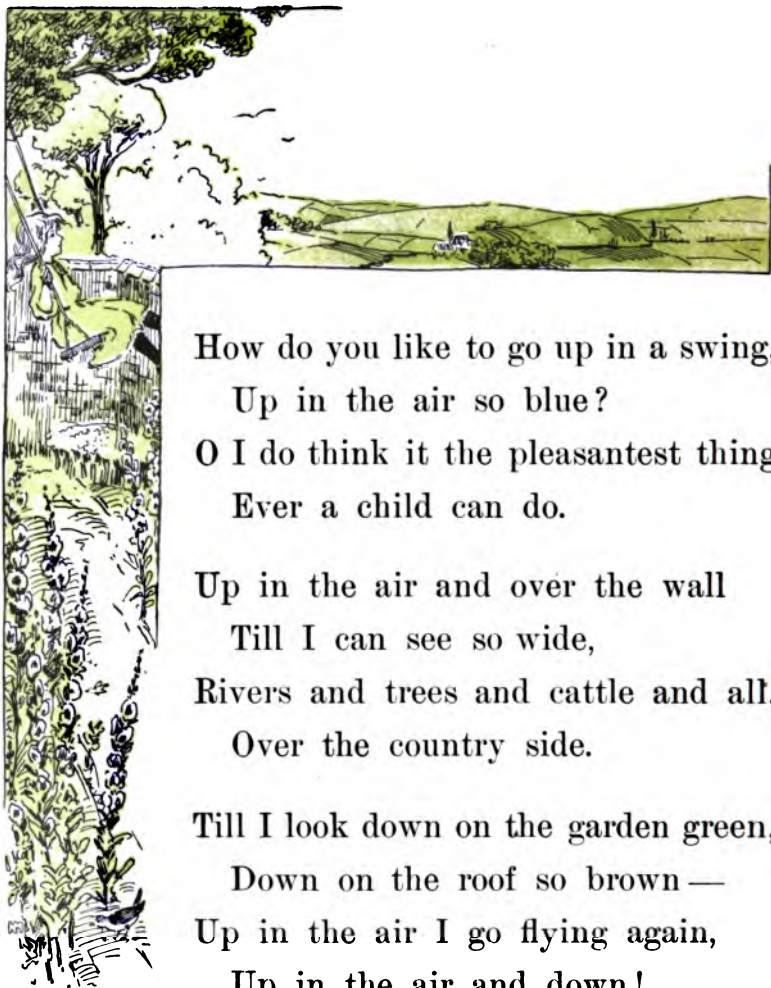
1. A young _____ once wanted to
2. The prince traveled everywhere, but
3. The prince saw many princesses, but
4. The prince was sad, because
5. One evening a princess
.....
6. The old queen decided
7. The old queen put a pea under
8. The princess could not
_____ because

Write a story for each question : —

1. What did the prince want?
2. What did the prince do?
3. Why did the prince return home sad?
4. When did the young princess come to the castle?
5. What did the old queen want to find out?
6. What did the old queen do?
7. How did the princess sleep?

Write one of these stories : —

1. Why the prince was sad.
2. How the queen found out.



How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
O I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do.

Up in the air and over the wall
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all,
Over the country side.

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown —
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

— STEVENSON.

TO THE WIND



Dear Mr. Wind, I'd like to know,
If you'll please tell me why,
The reason that you puff and blow
And hinder little children so.

About you blow the birds and bees,
And bow the lily's head;
You shake the house and bend the trees,
And cut up capers as you please.

Sometimes at me you puff and blow
As if you thought I were
The only thing on earth below
For you to tease and pester so.

You blow the dust into my eyes,
And steal my hat away,
And blow black clouds across the skies.
I do not think you very wise.

If you must take it in your head
To turn things wrong side out,
Do it when children are in bed,
And of your capers have no dread.



THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT



Once there were six blind men who stood by the roadside and begged from those who passed. They had been blind for many years.

There were a good many things that the blind men had never seen. They had never seen elephants, though they had often heard about them. They wondered how such great creatures looked.

One morning, as they stood begging, it was told to them that an elephant was coming down the road. They waited eagerly for the animal

to pass. When they heard the sound of its heavy steps, they called to the driver.

“Please stop, sir,” said one of them, “and let us see your elephant.”

“How can you see him?” asked the driver; “for not one of you can see anything.”

“Allow us,” replied one of the blind men, “to touch him, so that we may learn what he looks like.”

The driver stopped and allowed the six blind men to examine the elephant. The first one put his hand on the elephant’s side.

“Well, I declare!” he said; “now I know all about this animal. He is just like a wall.”

“My brother, you are mistaken,” said the second, who had felt only of the elephant’s tusk. “He is not in the least like a wall. He is smooth and round and sharp. He is more like a spear than anything else.”

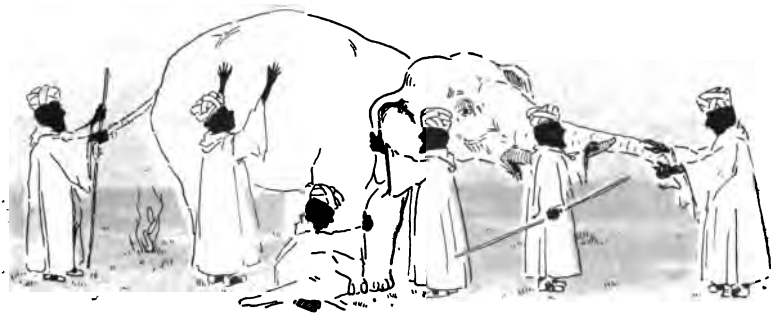
The third happened to be in front of the

elephant and took hold of the elephant's trunk.

“You are both wrong,” said he; “any one with the least sense can see that this elephant is neither like a wall nor like a spear. He is soft and round like a snake.”

“Oh, how foolish you all are!” said the fourth, as he stretched out his arms and grasped the elephant by one of his legs. “It is very easy to see that you know nothing about it. He is tall and straight like a tree.”

The fifth man was very tall, and had very long arms. He reached up and happened to take the elephant by the ear.



“The blindest man ought to know more than any of you seem to know,” he said. “This animal is not like any of the things you have named. He waves back and forth. He seems to me to be exactly like a huge fan.”

The sixth was not only very blind but also very feeble. He groped about a long time trying to find the elephant. At last, reaching out his hand, he seized the animal’s tail.

“Oh, how silly you all are!” he shouted. “I wonder where your senses are. This elephant is not like a wall or a spear or a snake or a tree, and he is no more like a fan. But any one with the least bit of common sense could see that he is just like a rope.”

blind er	fee ble	com mon
blind est	fee bler	com mon ness
blind ly	fee blest	com mon ly
blind ness	fee ble ness	un com mon

For a long time the six blind men sat by the roadside quarreling about the elephant. Each insisted that he knew just what the animal was like. Each thought the others were out of their senses. Each said unkind things because the others did not agree with him.

But the elephant and the driver went on, not caring what any of the blind men thought.



Complete the following sentences :—

1. Once there were six
men who
2. One morning it was told
.....
3. The driver stopped and
.....
4. The first one said
5. The second one said
6. The third one said
7. The fourth one said
8. The fifth one said
9. The sixth one said
10. For a long ____ the blind
men sat
11. The elephant did not

Write a story for each question : —

1. What did the blind men do?
2. What had the men never seen?
3. What did the blind men ask of the driver?
4. Why did the men not think alike about the elephant?

Write one of the following stories : —

1. How the blind men wanted to see an elephant.
2. How the blind men saw the elephant.



THE FERNS

“ Oh, what shall we do
The long winter through? ”
The baby ferns cried
When the mother fern died.

The wind whistled bleak,
And the woodland was drear,
And on each baby cheek
There glistened a tear.

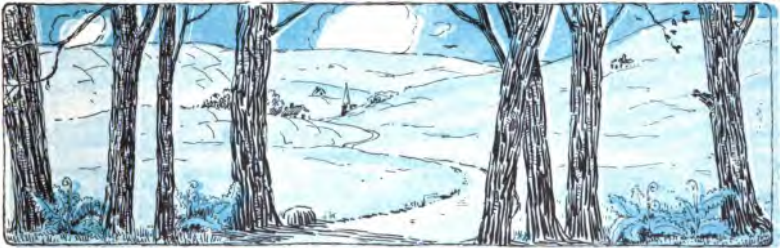
Then down from the clouds
Like a flutter of wings,
There came a whole crowd
Of tiny white things.

They trooped in a heap,
Where the baby ferns lay,
And put them to sleep,
That bleak, bitter day.

Tucked under the snow
In their little brown hoods,
Not a thing will they know, —
Those “Babes in the Woods.”

Till some day in spring,
When the bobolinks sing,
They will open their eyes
To the bluest of skies.

—MRS. S. C. CORNWALL.





THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS

Long, long ago in Greece a race of fairies, called Dryads, cared for the trees. They were beautiful fairies and loved the trees very much.

One fairy cared for the maple tree. Another cared for the willow tree. Another loved the apple tree and took care of it. Still another watched over the cherry tree.

In the spring the leaves came out on the willow tree first. It was very proud because it was the first to be covered with beautiful green leaves. The fairy of the willow was very happy.

Then the leaves came out on the maple tree, and on the apple tree. They were very beautiful. Both trees were glad to have their beautiful green leaves again. The fairies of these two trees were very happy, too.

All were bright and beautiful except the poor cherry tree. There was not even a sign of a bud on it. It looked very lonely and unhappy.

The fairy of the cherry tree was very unhappy, too. She could not bear to see the tree so sad. Then she prayed to the goddess of the tree-fairies.

“Dear goddess,” she prayed, “make my tree beautiful, too. It is so unhappy without any leaves.”

The goddess was kind; besides, she loved the good fairies who cared for the trees.

“I will make your tree the most beautiful of all,” she said. “It shall be covered with beautiful white blossoms. No other tree shall have so many.”

This promise made the fairy happy. That night she slept very soundly. When she got up in the morning, she found her tree as white as snow.

Still there were no leaves; but the fairy was very happy. The tree, too, was proud of its beautiful blossoms. It was the most beautiful of all the trees. It did not wish leaves now. They would hide the lovely white blossoms.



It was a week before the leaves came out.

The cherry tree still gets its blossoms as early as other trees get their leaves. And when other trees get their first blossoms, the cherry tree gets all its leaves.

Write a story for each question : —

1. What were Dryads?
2. What did the Dryads do?
3. What trees had leaves first
in the spring?
4. What tree had no leaves?
5. Who prayed to the goddess?
6. For what did the fairy
ask?
7. Why did the goddess love
the fairy?
8. What happened to the
cherry tree during the
night?
9. How did the tree look?

Write a letter to some friend who is in some other school. Tell about the things you are doing in school. Begin your letter in this way: —

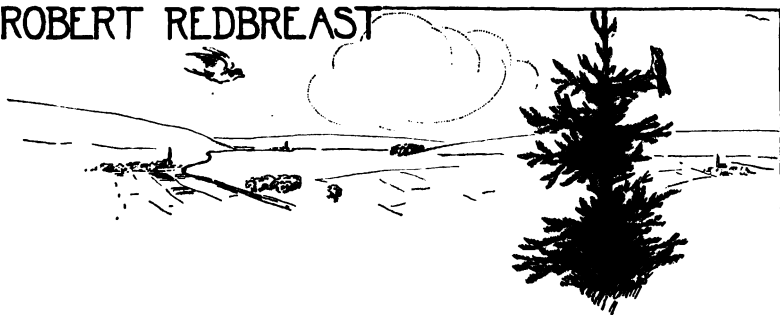
Freeville, N. Y.,
May 10, 1909.

Dear Harry, —

I often wonder what you do in your school. Please write and tell me all about it. You must have many things to write about.

We have just finished reading a story about how the cherry tree came to get blossoms before its leaves come out

ROBERT REDBREAST



One beautiful spring morning Lady Redbreast set out in search of a place in which to build her nest. She looked about for a long time. There were many trees, but none of them seemed just right. At last she came to a fine pine tree in front of a farmhouse.

“ Ah! ” said Lady Redbreast, “ that is exactly what I want. I will build in the very top of it. But see, there is a nest already. It must be an old one, however. I will just patch it up a little and put a fresh inside in it. It is just the right size, too.”

So Lady Redbreast set to work and furnished



the house to her liking. Sir Robert, her husband, sat on a branch near by and watched her most of the time. Now and then he brought a straw or a string for the nest, and once he found a worm and called Lady Redbreast to come and eat it.

At last the nest was ready to occupy. The next day Lady Redbreast laid a beautiful little blue egg.

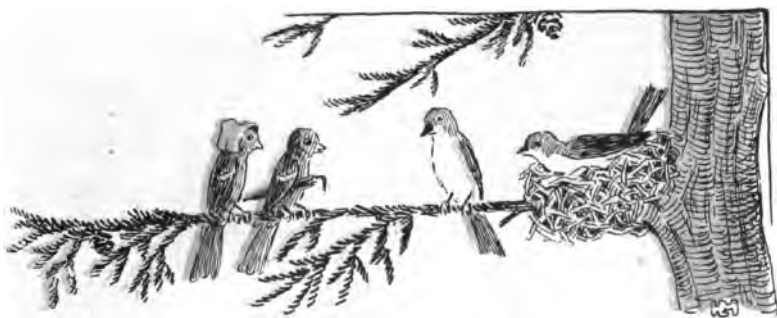
“It begins to seem quite like home,” she said to Sir Robert. “In a few days we shall have three more little eggs; and it will not be long before they will be hatched out. Then we shall have a nestful of little babies.”

But alas! that very day my Lord and Lady Redwing came along and claimed the tree as their own.

“What are you doing here?” said Lord Redwing. “This has been our home for five or six years. Is it not so, my dear?” he added, turning to Lady Redwing.

“Yes, my lord,” she answered; “and I could not think of going elsewhere to live this summer. I love this pine tree, and should be very unhappy without it. Besides, it is clearly ours.”

Lady Redbreast saw that Lady Redwing was in the right. She felt very unhappy, however, at the thought of giving up her new home. And the little blue egg — when she thought of that she began to weep.



“What is to become of the poor little egg?” she sobbed. “I cannot carry it with me; besides, if I could, I have no place to put it.”

Lady Redwing felt very sorry for Lady Redbreast. She wondered what she could do to help her. . “Listen, Lady Redbreast,” she said after much thought. “You may leave the egg where it is, and I will take just as good care of it as if it were my own. And when it hatches out I will feed your little baby just as I do my own. Indeed, it will be half my own.”

So it was that Lady Redbreast and Sir Robert made a new nest in the great apple tree behind



the barn. Lady Redwing laid four little eggs beside the blue one. How strange the blue egg looked with the others!

Lady Redwing always did as she promised. She cared for the blue egg just as she did for the others. She turned it over every day, so that it would not be warmer on one side all the time.

She sat patiently on the nest for two weeks. Often she wondered how it would seem to have a little Redbreast in her nest. She hoped it would be well and strong. She feared that Lady Redbreast might think she had not kept her promise. It must be nearly time now for the eggs to crack.

Hark! what was that? She listened and then stood up and looked down into the nest. Sure enough! the blue shell had cracked, and the little redbreast had kicked it off. He looked like a fine child. Lady Redwing was glad of that.

In another day all the shells had cracked. Lady Redwing had five little children. Lord

Redwing was very proud, and went the first thing to get worms for them.

“You are like a child, my lord,” said Lady Redwing. “Do you not know that babies should eat nothing till they are a day old?”

“Very true,” answered Lord Redwing. “Do you eat the worms then, my dear.” And Lady Redwing ate them all except one that she kept for little Robert, because he was a day old already.

The next day Lord Redwing brought more worms and Lady Redwing fed all the little birds. What a busy, happy life it was for her now!

The little birds grew rapidly, and were soon covered with soft feathers. Their wings were growing, too. It would not be long before they could learn to use them. The little birds were old enough now to stay alone. Lord and Lady Redwing went away together sometimes.

One day when they returned they found little Robert standing on the edge of the nest.

“My child!” exclaimed Lady Redwing, “you must not get out of the nest. Your wings are not strong enough to fly with yet. If you should fall, the cat might get you.”

Little Robert stayed in the nest for several days after this, although he longed to get out. At last his legs became so cramped that he could endure it no longer. So when Lord and Lady Redwing were away, he got out and stood on a branch. How good it seemed! He wished to use his legs. He decided to hop about just a little. In doing this he used his wings. That was fine. He thought he could really fly. When he tried it, however, he found that his wings were very weak. He could fly only to the ground.

When Lady Redwing came back, she was greatly frightened, for she had seen the cat around the corner of the house. What was to be done? She coaxed Robert toward a tree which had limbs near the ground. He was too tired,

however, to fly up. The cat had spied him, too, and was getting ready to spring.

Lady Redwing flew directly at the cat, scolding him loudly. He paid no attention to her at first. Then she hopped down before him and pretended to have an injured wing. The cat sprang after her, but Lady Redwing flew away just far enough to escape the cat. Then the cat sprang again, but the wise bird always kept far enough away to be safe. In the end she led the cat to the other side of the house. By this time Lord Redwing had gotten Robert up on to a branch of the tree. From there he could hop to other branches.

Just as Lady Redwing came back, Lady Redbreast happened along.



“Here, Lady Redbreast,” called Lord Redwing, “here is your careless child. I think you had better take care of him now. He is born to trouble, I fear.”

But Lady Redwing did not like this idea.

“My lord,” she said, “I love little Robert as much as if he were my own child. I shall take care of him as long as he needs a mother’s care. You do not love him because you are not his father. But I hatched him out and have taken great pains to bring him up. I love him dearly, and I am sure that he is a good child.”

So that night little Robert Redbreast went back to his old nest. He grew up to be a fine bird, and always loved Lady Redwing dearly, and looked upon her as his own mother.

Complete the following stories:—

1. Lady Redbreast set out
.....

2. Lady Redbreast found a
.....

3. One day Lord and Lady
Redwing came and

4. Lady Redwing promised
.....

5. Then Lady Redbreast
built

6. Lady Redwing laid

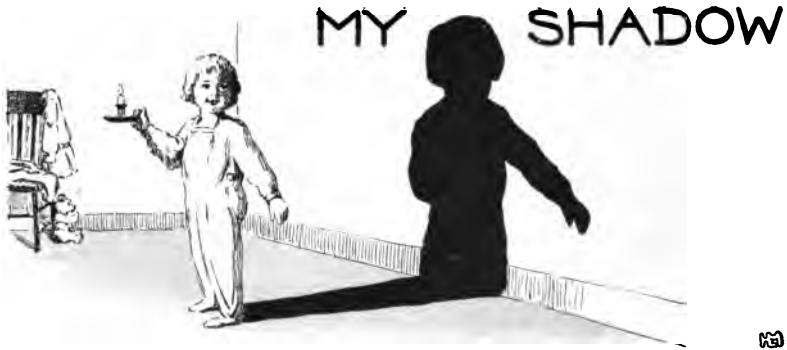
7. All the eggs hatched, and
.....

8. Lady Redwing took care
.....

Write one of these stories : —

1. *How Lady Redbreast made her first nest.*
2. *Why Lady Redbreast made a new nest.*
3. *How Lady Redwing raised her family.*
4. *How Lady Redwing loved little Robert.*

Write a letter to your teacher. Tell her which stories in this book you like best. Tell her, too, what you like most about them.



I have a little shadow that goes in and out with
me,

And what can be the use of him is more than
I can see.

He is very, very like me from the heels up to
the head ;

And I see him jump before me, when I jump
into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes
to grow —

Not at all like proper children, which is always
very slow ;

For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-
rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none
of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to
play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of
way.

He stays so close beside me, he's a coward, you
can see ;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that
shadow sticks to me!



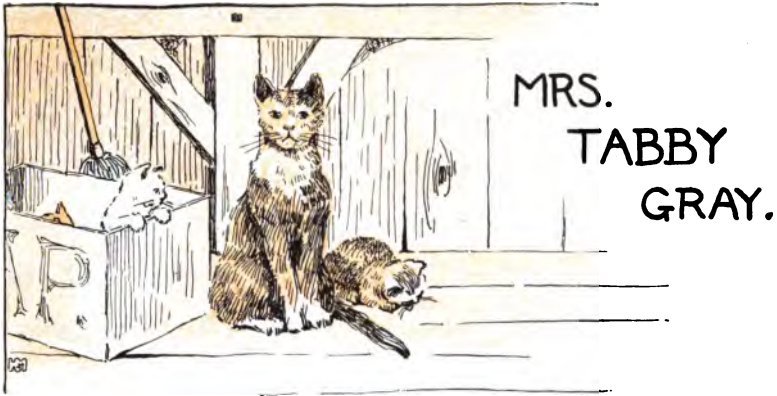
One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every butter-
cup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-
head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast
asleep in bed.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

LOVE

He prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

— SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE



Mrs. Tabby Gray, with her three little kittens, lived out in the barn where the hay was stored. One of the kittens was white, one was black, and one gray, just like her mother, who was called Tabby Gray from the color of her coat.

These three little kittens opened their eyes when they grew old enough, and thought there was nothing so nice in all this wonderful world as their own dear mother. She told them of a great many nice things, like milk and bread, which they should have when they could go up

to the big house where she had her breakfast, dinner, and supper.

Every time Mother Tabby came from the big house, she had something pleasant to tell. "Bones for dinner to-day, my dears," she would say, or, "I had a fine romp with a ball and the baby," until the kittens longed for the time when they could go, too.

One day, however, Mother Cat walked in with joyful news.

"I have found an elegant new home for you," she said, "in a very large trunk where some old clothes are kept, and I think I had better move at once."

Then she picked up the small black kitten, without any more words, and walked right out of the barn with him.

The black kitten was astonished, but he blinked his eyes at the bright sunshine, and tried to see everything.

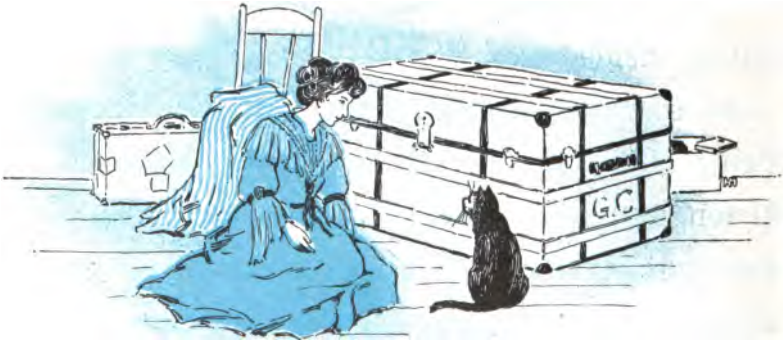
Out in the barnyard there was a great noise, for the white hen had laid an egg, and wanted everybody to know it; but Mother Cat hurried on, without stopping to inquire about it, and soon dropped the kitten into the large trunk. The clothes made such a soft, comfortable bed, and the kitten was so tired after his exciting trip, that he fell asleep, and Mrs. Tabby trotted off for another baby.

While she was away, the lady who owned the trunk came out in the hall, and when she saw that the trunk was open, she shut it, locked it, and put the key in her pocket, for she did not dream that there was anything so precious as a kitten inside.

As soon as the lady had gone upstairs, Mrs. Tabby Gray came back, with the little white kitten, and when she found the trunk closed, she was terribly frightened. She put the white kitten down and sprang on top of the trunk and

scratched with all her might, but scratching did no good. Then she jumped down and reached up to the keyhole, but that was too small for even a mouse to pass through, and the poor mother mewed pitifully.

What was she to do? She picked up the white kitten and ran to the barn with it. Then she made haste to the house again, and went upstairs to the lady's room. The lady was playing with her baby, and when Mother Cat saw this, she rubbed against her skirts, and cried: "Mee-ow, mee-ow! You have your baby, and I want mine! Mee-ow, mee-ow!"



By and by the lady said, "Poor Kitty! she must be hungry," and she went down to the kitchen and poured sweet milk into a saucer, but the cat did not want milk. She wanted her baby kitten out of the big black trunk, and she mewed as plainly as she could: "Give me my baby — give me my baby, out of your big black trunk!"

The kind lady decided that she must be thirsty: "Poor Kitty, I will give you water"; but when she set the bowl of water down, Mrs. Tabby Gray mewed more sorrowfully than before. She wanted no water — she only wanted her dear baby kitten; and she ran to and fro, crying, until, at last, the lady followed her, and she led the way to the trunk.

"What can be the matter with this cat?" said the lady, and she took the trunk key out of her pocket, put it into the lock, unlocked the trunk, raised the top — and in jumped Mother Cat with

such a bound that the little black kitten waked up with a start.

“Purr, purr, my darling child,” said Mrs. Tabby Gray, in great excitement; “I have had a dreadful fright!” and before the black kitten could ask one question, she picked him up and started for the barn.

The sun was bright in the barnyard and the hens were still chattering there; but the black kitten was glad to get back to the barn. His mother was glad, too; for, as she nestled down in the hay with her three little kittens, she told them that the barn was the best place after all to raise children.

And she never afterwards changed her mind.

Mother Stories: MAUD LINDSAY.

(Permission of Milton Bradley Company.)

Write a story for each question : —

1. Who lived in the barn?
2. What did Tabby Gray tell her kittens?
3. Where did Mother Tabby like to go?
4. What did Mother Cat find?
5. What did Mother Tabby do with the black kitten?
6. What did the lady do?
7. How did Mrs. Tabby Gray get her kitten again?
8. What did Mrs. Tabby think the best place to live?

Complete each of these short stories :—

1. Mrs. Tabby Gray lived
.....
2. One of the kittens was
white, one
3. The kittens thought their
mother
4. Tabby Gray used to have
her supper
5. Tabby said, "I have
found"
6. Tabby took the small
7. While Tabby was away,
the lady
8. Poor Tabby was fright-
ened when

ALICE AND HER LITTLE BROTHER



Alice was a bright little girl. She loved her mother and her little brother dearly. Sometimes, however, Alice was a naughty girl and got into trouble. Then her mother punished her.

When she did something naughty, Alice liked to have her little brother do something naughty, too. Often they both got into trouble together.

One day Alice and her brother were playing in the house. Alice was hungry and did not wish to wait any longer.

She saw some cake on the table. Oh, how good it looked! She took a piece and ate it. For this her mamma made Alice sit in her chair by the wall.

Alice did not like this, but she did not cry. She wanted to do something else naughty. She thought about it for some time.

“Brother,” she said at last, “you are hungry, I know you are. Just take a piece of cake from the table. There, that is all right.”

Now mother slapped brother’s hand, and he cried. Sister Alice was a little sorry now. She thought she would comfort her brother.

“Come here, little man,” she said. “There, never mind, we are being punished together.”

That night Alice was very sorry for what she had done. She could not go to sleep until she had asked her mother to forgive her.



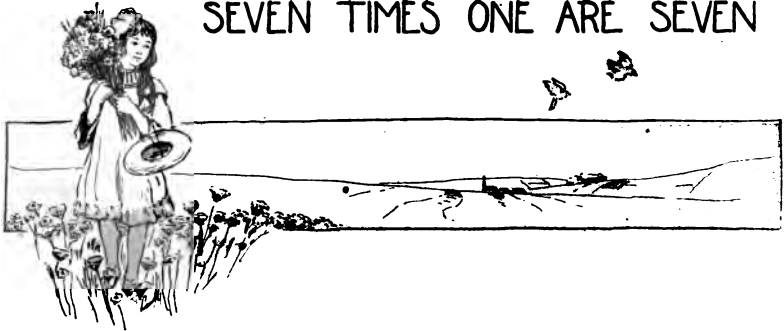
Put words in the blank places : —

1. Alice ____ her mother ____.
2. One ____ Alice was ____
and did not wish to ____.
3. Alice had to ____ by the ____.
4. Alice was ____ for what
she ____.

Write a story for each question : —

1. Whom did Alice love?
2. What did Alice do one
day?
3. What did Alice's mamma
do?
4. For what was Alice sorry?
5. What did Alice ask her
mamma?

SEVEN TIMES ONE ARE SEVEN



There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven ;
I've said my " seven times " over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter ;
My birthday lessons are done ;
The lambs play always, they know no better ;
They are only one times one.

O moon ! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low ;
You were bright ! ah bright ! but your light is
failing,—
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in
heaven

That God has hidden your face?

I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow ;

You've powdered your legs with gold !

O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow.

Give me your money to hold !

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,

Where two twin turtle-doves dwell !

O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper

That hangs in your clear green bell !

And show me your nest with the young ones
in it, —

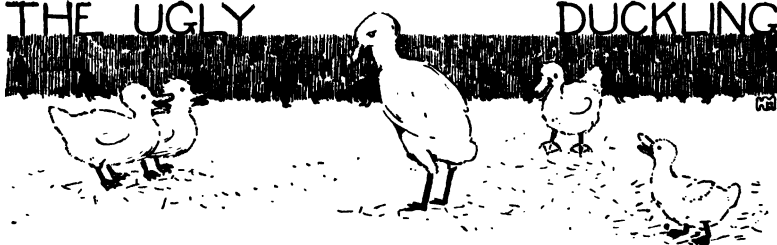
I will not steal them away ;

I am old ! you may trust me, linnet, linnet, —

I am seven times one to-day.

—JEAN INGELOW.

THE UGLY DUCKLING



I. IN THE NEST

It was in the beautiful summer time. The fields were yellow, and the meadows were green. There were large haystacks in the meadows. Here and there great storks were walking or flying about.

In a pleasant place near a broad river stood a very old farmhouse. From the walls of the house down to the river grew great weeds. In this wild place a duck had made her nest.

The duck was sitting on the nest, waiting for the eggs to hatch.

She was getting tired now. The pleasure she had felt at first was now gone. She had been there so long, and she had few visitors.

The other ducks were away, swimming on the river. It was too much trouble for them to climb up the bank to talk with her.

At last one of the eggs cracked, and then another. "Peep, peep," came from them. All the eggs were alive, and one little head after another came out.

"Quack! quack!" said the mother. All the little ones tried to quack, too, and they looked about them from under the green leaves. Green is good for the eyes. So the mother let them look as much as they liked.

"How large the world is!" said the little ducks. It was good to move about. It was so much better than being in an egg.



“Little ones,” said the mother, “do you think this is the whole world? It reaches far over beyond the garden. But I have never gone so far.”

“Are you all out?” she asked. Then she got up to leave the nest.

“Oh, no! You are not all out yet. The largest egg is still here. Dear me, how much longer will this last! I am so tired of sitting still.” Then she sat down again on the nest.

“Well, how are you getting on?” asked an old duck, who had come to make her a visit.

“It takes so long for this one egg,” said the mother duck. “It will not crack. But you should see the others. They are the prettiest little things in the world. They look just like their father. And to think of it, he has not been to visit me once.”

“Let me see the egg that will not crack,” said the visitor. “It must be a turkey’s egg. I

was cheated by such eggs once, and after all my trouble, the little ones would not go near the water. I did my best to get them to swim, but it was of no use. Let me see the egg."

"Yes," the old duck said; "it is a turkey's egg. Leave it and teach the rest to swim. That will be best."

"I will sit here a little while longer," said the mother. "I have been here so long that a few days more will do me no harm."

"Do just as you like," said the old duck, and she waddled away.



Write a story for each question : —

1. Where was the duck's nest?
2. Why did the duck get tired?
3. What were the other ducks doing?
4. What did the little ones say when they came out?
5. Why did the mother not leave the nest?
6. Who came to visit the mother duck?
7. What did the visitor think about the big egg?

II. IN THE DUCK YARD

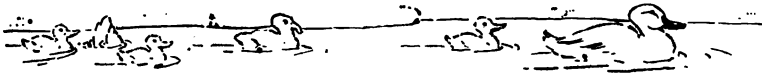
At last the mother heard a little peep. The large egg had cracked. The duck looked to see her last child. He was larger than the others, and very ugly.

“He is indeed a fine one,” said the duck, as he looked at the young one. “Yet he does not look like the others. I wonder if he is a young turkey. We shall soon see. He must go into the water, even if I have to push him.”

The next day was fine. The sun shone on all the great leaves. With all her family the mother went down to the stream.

“Quack! quack!” she said, and splashed in. All the little ones jumped in after her.

The water flowed over their little heads, but all came up again, and swam about with pleasure. They were all in the water, even the ugly gray duckling. He was swimming about, too.



“No, he is not a turkey,” said the mother. “See how well he moves his legs, and how he holds himself! I think he is my own child. He is pretty, too, if you look at him closely.”

“Quack! quack!” she said again. “Come, my little ones, come with me, and I will take you out into the duck yard. But stay close by me, so that no one may step on you. Look out for the cat.”

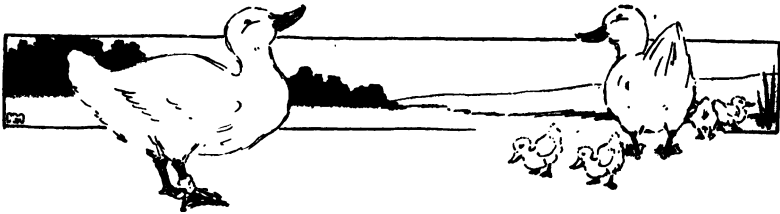
So the mother took them to the duck yard. There they heard a great fuss. Two families of ducks were quarreling over an eel’s head. While the quarrel was going on, the cat ran away with the head and ate it.

“See, my children; this is the way of the world,” said the mother duck. She was fond of eels, and would have liked the head that the cat had eaten.

“Now use your legs,” she went on. “Keep close to me, and bow your heads to the old duck

yonder. She is the most honored duck in the yard. And see! she has a red rag on one leg. That is the greatest honor a duck can have.”

“Now show your best manners,” she said as they went on. “Do not turn your toes in, but out, as your mother does — so. Be sure now to bow nicely, and say ‘Quack!’” All the ducklings did as their mother had told them. This made the other ducks in the yard talk and laugh.



“See!” said an old duck, “here comes another family, as if there were not too many now! And see! how ugly that one is! He shall not stay here; we will not have him.” Then one duck flew at him and bit him.

“Let him alone!” said the mother; “he is doing no one any harm.”

“Yes,” said the other, “but he is so large and so ugly, and we shall tease him.”

“They are all fine children,” said the old duck with the red rag on her leg; “all but that one. I wish he could be hatched over again.”

“That cannot be, Lady Duck,” said the mother. “To be sure, he is not beautiful, but he is a good child. He swims, I think, even better than the others. He is a little too large. I think he stayed too long in the egg.”

Then she stroked his neck with her bill.

“I think he will grow up to be a fine duck,” she went on. “He will know how to take care of himself.”

“The other ducklings are very pretty,” said the old duck. “Now make yourself at home. If you find an eel’s head, you may bring it to me.”

So they all made themselves at home — all but the poor duckling that had hatched last.

He was bitten, and pushed, and laughed at. The ducks and the hens all teased him.

“He is too large,” said they all. And the turkey cock, who had come into the world with spurs on, puffed himself out like a ship with sails full. Then he flew at the poor duckling. The little creature did not know what to do. He was very unhappy, and stood on one leg, because they all laughed at him.



Complete the following short stories : —

1. At last the mother
2. The last child was
3. The next day the mother
went
4. They all liked the water
and
5. The mother said, "No, he
is not"
6. "Come," said the mother,
.....
7. Two families of ducks
were quarreling
8. The ducklings saw
9. "See," said a duck, "here
....."

III. IN THE MARSH

So the first day went by, and then things grew worse and worse. The poor duckling was disliked by all, even by his brothers and sisters. They said, "Oh! you ugly thing! I wish the cat would catch you!" Even his mother began to wish him changed. The ducks bit him, the hens bit him, and the girl who brought feed pushed him about.



At last he could stand it no longer, and ran away.

"It is just because I am so ugly," said the duckling to himself. And he ran on until he came to a great field in which some wild ducks lived. Here he lay all night, for he was tired and unhappy.



In the morning the wild ducks awoke, and saw the poor little creature.

“Who and what are you?” they asked. The unhappy duckling bowed to them all, as nicely as he could.

“What an ugly thing you are!” said the wild ducks. “But that does not matter, if you don’t marry into our families.”

Poor thing! He had no wish to marry. He only wished to lie among the bushes, and to drink the water in the marsh.

He lay in the marsh two whole days, and then two wild geese flew down where he lay. They were young things, and were very saucy. They had not been hatched long enough to know better.

“Young fellow,” said they, “you are so ugly that we like you well. Will you go with us? Not far from here is another marsh. There you will find some beautiful wild geese; and, who knows, you may find a wife, even though you are so ugly.”

Crack! crack! two guns went off, and both geese fell dead on the marsh. The sound came again, — Crack! crack! A flock of wild geese flew up into the air.

The hunters had come. There were many of them all about. The smoke from their guns rolled over the marsh like clouds. The dogs were running all about. The poor duckling was afraid. He turned his head this way and that, but he could not think what to do.

All at once a great dog came near. His tongue hung out, and his eyes seemed like fire.

His nose was close, oh, so very close, to the duckling; but, splash! splash! — away he went without doing any harm.

“Oh!” said the duckling, “how thankful I am that I am so ugly! Not even a dog will bite me.”

So he lay still, listening to the guns.

It did not grow quiet till late in the day. Even then the poor thing was so afraid that he dared not move. He waited quietly for a long time.

At last he could wait no longer, and so ran away from the marsh as fast as he could. He ran through field and meadow. But this was very hard, for a wind came up and blew so that he could hardly walk against it.



Write a story about one of the following: —

1. *The duck's nest in the weeds.*
2. *The ducklings in the water.*
3. *The ducklings in the duck yard.*
4. *How the Ugly Duckling was treated.*
5. *How the Ugly Duckling ran away.*

Write a letter to some one whom you like very much. Tell about these things: —

1. *Your school and your work.*
2. *What you like to read.*

IV. IN THE HUT

At evening he came to a little old hut. It was so old that it seemed ready to fall. But it only stood, because it did not know which way to fall. The winds blew so hard that the little duckling could go no farther. He sat down by the hut to rest. Looking about, he saw that the door was open a little. He went in very quietly.

In the room lived a woman, with her cat and her hen. The cat was called Little Son by the woman. He could raise his back and purr. He could even throw out sparks from his fur if he was stroked the wrong way.

The hen had very short legs, and was called Short Legs. She laid good eggs, and the woman loved her as if she were her own child.

The next morning these three saw the duckling. The cat began to purr, and the hen began to cluck.

“What is the matter?” said the woman, as she looked about her. But she did not see



very well, and so she thought that the duckling must be a fat duck which had lost its way.

“This is fine!” she said. “Now I can have some ducks’ eggs.” So she let the duckling stay three weeks, but she got no eggs.

The cat was the master of the house, and the hen was the mistress. They always said, “We and the world,” for they thought that they were half of the world,—and the better half, too. The duckling did not think so, but the hen did not care what he thought.

“Can you lay eggs?” she asked.

“No.”

“Then please hold your tongue.”

“And can you raise your back,” said the cat, “and purr, and throw out sparks?”

“No. I cannot do that, either.”

“Then you should be quiet when worthy people are talking.”

So the duckling sat in the corner, feeling very humble. After a while he thought of the sunshine and the fine air. Then he began to long for the water, and he told the hen.

“Oh, oh!” said the hen. “You have nothing to do, and so you think these foolish things. Learn to lay eggs, and forget this nonsense.”

“But it is so fine to swim on the water,” said the duckling. “It is so pleasant to have it cool your head, while you dive down in the water!”

“To be sure, it must indeed be fine!” said the hen. “I think you have lost your head. Ask the cat. He knows more than any one else. Ask him how he would like to swim, and dive down

in the water. Ask our mistress, the old lady, for she knows more than any one else in the world. Do you think she would like to swim, or let the water flow over her head?"

"You do not understand me," said the duckling.

"What! We do not understand you? Who can understand you, then? Do you think you know more than the cat, and the old lady, not to speak of myself? Are you not with people who can teach you something? I hope you will learn to purr or to lay eggs very soon."

"I think I must go out into the world again," said the poor duckling.

"Very well," said the hen.

The duckling set out. He came to water, where he could swim and dive. But he was not happy, for all other creatures turned away from him because he was so ugly.

Write a short story for each question :—

1. Who lived in the hut?
2. What was the cat called?
3. What could the cat do?
4. What did the hen do when she saw the duckling?
5. What did the old woman say when she saw the duckling?
6. What did the hen ask the duckling?
7. What did the duckling wish to do?
8. What did the hen think about swimming?
9. Why did the duckling go?

V. WITH THE SWANS

Soon came the autumn. The leaves turned red and brown. The wind blew them from the trees, and carried them far away. The air was very cold, and the clouds hung full of snow.

One evening, as the sun was going down, a flock of beautiful birds came out of the bushes. The duckling had never seen any like them before. How beautiful they were with their long necks! How graceful they were, too! They flew far away, and the poor duckling was again alone. He would never forget them, even if he could not be like them.

He turned in the water, with his head in the



air. Then he made a cry, and went down into the water. He could not see them now, and he did not know what to do. He did not even know their names, only that they had gone; and, oh, how he wished to see them again!

The winter was cold, so cold! The duckling had to swim around and around in the water to keep it from freezing. But every night the place where he swam grew smaller and smaller.

At last it froze so hard that the ice cracked as he moved about in the water. The duckling had to swim all the time to keep the water from freezing. After a while he was worn out, and could not move.

Next morning a poor man came that way. Seeing the duckling, he cracked the ice with his shoe, and carried the poor thing home to his wife. There he soon came to himself again.

Now the children wanted to play with him, but the duckling was afraid of them. He jumped up



in his fear, and flew into a milk pan, splashing the milk all about the room. The woman clapped her hands, which made him still more afraid. He flew into the butter, and then into the meal, and out again. How he looked !

The woman screamed, and threw a stick at him. The children screamed, and ran after him. But the door stood open, and he was just able to slip out into the bushes.

It would take too long to tell you all the sad things the poor duckling suffered in the hard winter. But the winter passed, and he found himself lying, one morning, in the marsh among the bushes. The warm sun shone, and the birds sang. The beautiful spring had come at last.

The duckling began to feel happy now. He shook his wings. They were strong, and he felt that he could fly. He flapped them, and flew high into the air. On and on he flew, until he came to a great garden in which there were many kinds of trees. Their long branches reached down to the stream.

Oh! everything was so lovely! and soon from the bushes close by came three beautiful swans. The duckling thought of the lovely birds that he had seen before, and he felt very unhappy.

“I will fly to these lovely creatures,” he said. “They will kill me because I am so ugly. That is just as well.”

So he flew into the water, and swam towards the beautiful swans. As soon as they saw him, they rushed to meet him.

“Only kill me!” said the poor duckling. He bent his head to the water, and waited. But what did he see in the clear water? He saw his own

picture. And, oh, he was no longer an ugly duckling, but a beautiful white swan!

To be born in a duck's nest in a farmyard is no matter, if one is hatched from a swan's egg. He was not sorry now that he had suffered trouble. He could enjoy so much better all the new pleasures. The great swans swam around him, and stroked his neck with their bills.

Some little children came running into the garden, and threw bread and corn into the water.

"Look!" said the youngest, "there is a new one."

"Yes, a new one has come." They clapped their hands and ran to their mother, and brought more bread and corn to throw into the water.

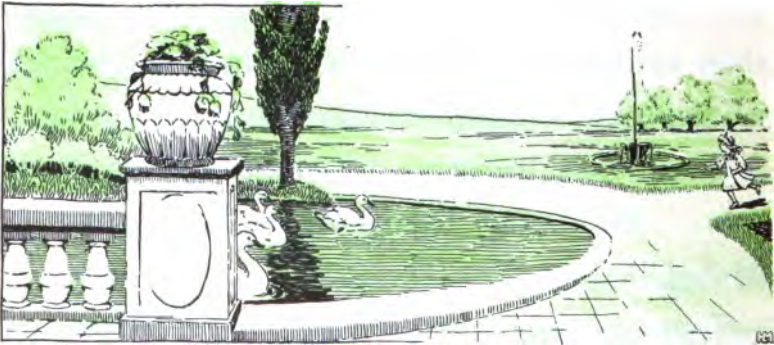
They cried together: "The young one is the best. He is so beautiful, so young, and so white!"

Then the old swans bowed their heads before him. This made him feel quite ashamed, and he

hid his head under his wing. He did not know what to do, he was so happy.

He had been looked down upon while he was ugly, and now he heard them say that he was the most beautiful of all the birds. Even the trees bent down their branches into the water before him, and the sun shone clear and beautiful.

He shook his white feathers, curved his slender neck, and cried with joy in his heart, “How little did I think, while I was an ugly duckling, that I could be so happy!”



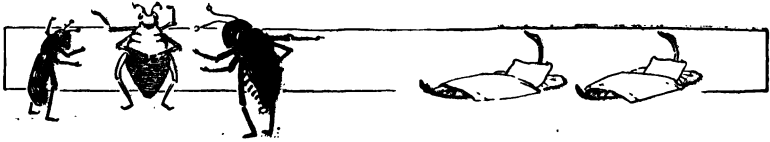
Write a story for each question : —

1. What did the duckling see one evening?
2. Why did the duckling long to see the swans?
3. Why did the duckling swim around and around?
4. Who saved the duckling?
5. Why did the duckling leave the house?
6. When did the duckling begin to feel happy?
7. What came from the bushes?



Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for two ;
And one was yellow, and one was black,
And one like me or you ;
The space was small, no doubt, for all,
So what should the three bugs do ?

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly crumbs for two ;
And all were selfish in their hearts,
The same as I or you.
So the strong one said, " We will eat the bread,
And that's what we will do ! "



Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two could hold ;
And so they fell to quarreling —
The white, the black, and the gold —
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And one was out in the cold.

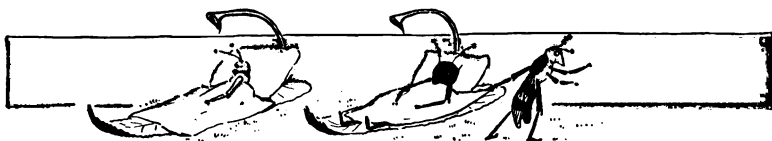
He that was left in the basket
Without a crumb to chew,
Or a shred to wrap himself withal,
When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,
And so the quarrel grew.

So there was war in the basket ;
Ah ! pity 'tis, 'tis true !

But he that was frozen and starved, at last
A strength from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rugs from both the bugs,
And killed and ate them, too!

Now when bugs live in a basket,
Though more than it well can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree —
The black, the white, and the gold —
And share what comes of beds and crumbs,
And leave no bug in the cold.

— ALICE CARY.



EXERCISES FOR SOUNDING WORDS

	1		6
ox	c old er		un wis e ly
b ox	c old est	th an	r is e
f ox	c old ness	f an	r is ing
ox en	c old ly	f an ning	9
b ox ing	f old	f an ned	c ame
b ox es	f old ing	gr an d	bl ame
f ox es	f old ed	h an d	d ame
	h old	h an dle	fl ame
2	h old er	l an d	fl ame d
f eed	4	l an ded	g ame
f eed ing	b ig	p an	l ame
f eed s	b ig ger	p an ther	n ame d
in d eed	d ig	st an d	s ame
n eed	d ig ger	st an d ing	t ame
n eed y	f ig	7	10
sp eed	f ig s	up	t ea
sp eed y	p ig	up per	ea ch
sp eed ing	p ig gy	up on	t ea ch
w eed	w ig	up most	t ea ch er
w eed y	5	c up	t ea m
3	sw ell	p up	t ea r
t old	sw ell ed	p up py	t ea se
b old	b ell s	s up	t ea ser
b old er	d ell	s up per	t ea s ing
b old est	sp ell	8	r ea ch
b old ness	sp ell ed	w is e	r ea ch ing
b old ly	s ell	w is e ly	r ea ch ed
c old	s ell ing	un wis e	ea se

pl ea se	b ee s	f ast est	s ou nd ed
pl ea s ing	br ee ze	f ast ly	s ou nd ly
pl ea sed	fr ee ze	f ast ness	s ou nd ness
11	fr ee z ing	16	18
b et	sn ee ze	m ight	s en d
b et ter	sn ee zed	m ight y	s en d ing
g et	sn ee z ing	f ight	s en t
g et ting	gr ee d y	f ight er	b en d
l et	fr ee	f ight ing	b en d ing
l et ting	fr ee dom	fr ight	b en t
l et ter	14	fr ight en	l en d
l et tuce	f in e	br ight	l en d ing
n et	f in er	br ight ly	l en t
s et	f in est	br ight ness	r en d
s et tle	f in d	br ight er	r en d ing
s et tling	f in d er	br ight est	r en t
s et tled	f in d ing	r ight	sp en d
12	d in e	r ight ly	sp en d ing
cr ack	d in er	17	sp en t
cr ack ing	gr in d	l ou d	t en t
cr ack er	gr in d ing	l ou d er	t en t ing
cr ack ed	bl in d	l ou d est	t en t ed
l ack	bl in d ing	l ou d ly	w en t
l ack ing	bl in d ed	l ou d ness	19
l ack ed	bl in d ly	pr ou d	th is
p ack	bl in d ness	pr ou d er	bl is ter
p ack ing	15	pr ou d est	m ist
p ack ed	l ast	pr ou d ly	l is t
p ack er	l ast ing	p ou nd	s is ter
st ack	l ast ed	p ou nd ing	th is tle
st ack ed	l ast ly	p ou nd ed	l is ten
13	f ast	s ou nd	gl is ten
ch ee se	f ast er	s ou nd ing	tw is t

20	doubt	lest	failed
fly	about	nest	wail
flies	house	pester	wailing
cry	mouse	blest	wailed
cries	round	test	24
cried	roundly	testing	think
dry	sound	testèd	thinker
dries	sounding	23	thin
dried	sounded	paint	thinest
dry	soundly	painting	thinest
fries	soundness	painter	thinly
fried	sour	painter	thinness
spy	sourly	rain	inch
spies	sourness	rain	inch
spied	hour	rained	bring
sky	hourly	saint	bring
skies	flour	saintly	king
try	mouth	main	kingly
tries	south	mainly	sprinkle
tried	22	paint	sprinkle
21	rest	painful	print
out	resting	pail	printing
outer	rested	fail	printed
outing	guest	failing	printer

Make families of words by writing the following letters and phonograms together :

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|
| 1 | 2 |
| br, bl, cr, d, f, gr, h, n, sp, st,
w, -eed | k, n, l, p, s, br, ch, qu, st, th,
tr, -ick |
| 3 | 4 |
| l, p, s, w, bl, br, dr, shr, sl,
-ink | b, f, h, ch, dr, qu, shr, sk, sp,
st, thr, -ill |

5

b, d, g, f, p, r, spr, tw, -ig

7

f, l, br, gr, pl, sp, tr, -ace

9

f, m, w, bl, gl, sh, sp, tr, -ade

11b, c, d, f, h, gl, sc, sh, sn, sp,
-are**13**d, f, g, m, r, h, gr, pl, pr, st,
sk, sl, -ate**15**d, br, cl, tr, fr, pr, pl, spr, st,
str, sw, -ay**17**b, st, cr, gl, ser, s, str, dr,
-eam**19**

l, m, bl, dr, ch, gu, pr, str, -ess

21b, h, r, s, t, w, br, gu, ch, gl,
gr, sl, str, -ideChange *y* to *i* and add *es*.**23**

cry	dry	daisy	carry
fly	spy	ferry	merry
sky	pry	story	tarry
sty	try	fairy	hurry
city	pity	cherry	envy

6b, c, l, m, s, sc, sh, sn, st, sw,
w, -ore**8**b, l, p, r, t, s, qu, bl, cr, st,
tr, -ack**10**b, g, n, r, t, w, br, cr, dr, fl, st,
-ag**12**

c, d, g, l, h, s, cl, cr, fl, sl, -ash

14c, g, p, r, s, w, br, gr, cr, kn,
sh, sl, -ave**16**b, l, p, w, bl, sp, cr, fr, sn, squ,
str, -eak**18**b, h, m, n, s, bl, tr, ch, wh,
-eat**20**d, f, n, h, m, y, bl, ch, dr, fl,
gr, kn, -ew**22**d, f, l, m, n, p, v, w, br, sh,
shr, th, tw, -ineAdd *er*, *est*, *ly* and *ness*.**24**

great	soft	slow	sweet
bright	mild	blind	rough
dark	cold	bold	quick
light	warm	calm	smooth
swift	sharp	fair	plain

VOCABULARY

- A**
- a broad (73)
a cross (76)
add ed (103)
a feared (67)
agree (91)
Alice (123)
allow (88)
animal (87)
appetite (87)
apple (13)
appoint ed (70)
arrant (114)
ashamed (153)
astonished (117)
a stray (56)
Atri (69)
attention (71)
autumn (149)
a woke (24)
- B**
- bad (7)
basket (156)
beauty (30)
bee (4)
bee hive (14)
beneath (30)
better (4)
between (6)
big ger (2)
bill (153)
birth day (126)
- bitter (96)
bleak (94)
blind (87)
blinked (4)
Blink en (66)
blossom (96)
bob o link (95)
bone (116)
born (153)
bother (76)
bounced (37)
bowl (119)
branch (107)
brave (22)
break fast (6)
Bridget (15)
bright (22)
brook (84)
brown (41)
brush (56)
bud (97)
build ing (6)
burdock (18)
burst (2)
busy (22)
butter-cup (114)
buzz (14)
- C**
- cackled (16)
cage (36)
caper (85)
care (9)
- carry (43)
cast (67)
cattle (41)
chair (123)
chamber (80)
chance (62)
chat (54)
cheat ed (131)
cheek (94)
cheese (4)
cherry (96)
chew (157)
clapped (151)
clapper (127)
clover (126)
coat (115)
coaxed (107)
coffee (4)
columbine (127)
comfort able (117)
companion (43)
compare (31)
complained (69)
complete ly (43)
complexion (31)
confess (73)
convince (32)
cool (18)
corner (36)
cost (72)
cottage (30)
country (41)
- crack er (4)
cradle (51)
cramped (58)
creek (17)
crept (8)
crop (23)
crow (28)
crowd (72)
crumbs (156)
crystal (66)
cuckoo-pint (127)
cunning (51)
curl (76)
curved (154)
cute (60)
- D**
- daisies (126)
daisy (126)
dare (22)
dawn (52)
decided (36)
declared (79)
delight ed (19)
dew-pearled (42)
died (94)
directly (108)
dirt (23)
distance (59)
dive (14)
doll (76)
donkey (47)

door (4)
doubt (35)
dough (29)
down y (19)
dread ful (81)
drear (94)
driver (88)
dryad (96)
duck ling (84)
dumb (72)
dust y (86)
duty (73)

E

eager (31)
ear (56)
early (113)
edge (16)
eel (134)
eider down (80)
elegant (116)
elephant (87)
else (124)
endure (37)
enjoyed (35)
escape (56)
evening (79)
exactly (101)
examine (88)
except (70)
exciting (117)
eye (4)

F

face (44)
fact (7)
failing (126)

fairies (96)
fairy (96)
faith ful (45)
families (140)
farm (101)
fastened (70)
fearful (79)
feeble (90)
fellow (36)
fence (18)
fern (94)
fifth (89)
final ly (71)
fish es (12)
flapped (152)
flash (5)
flat (9)
flee (77)
flock (141)
flower (6)
flute (47)
flutter (91)
foam (67)
folded (127)
folk (67)
follow ing (45)
fool (17)
forgot (16)
forth (90)
four th (13)
frolic (28)
front (88)
froze (150)
fun ny (8)
furnished (101)
fuss (134)

G

gate (6)
gather (54)
geese (140)
gently (43)
glistened (94)
god dess (42)
grace ful (31)
grape (23)
grasped (89)
grass (48)
Greece (95)
green (41)
groped (90)

H

hard ly (24)
hay mow (16)
heap (95)
heaven (126)
heavy (88)
heel (79)
help (9)
Helen (43)
Henry (47)
Hero (43)
herring (66)
hinder (85)
hit (10)
holiday (54)
hollow (56)
honey (4)
honor (135)
hood (95)
hoping (44)
hopped (6)

horse (43)
how ever (24)
huge (1)
hugged (46)
hunt (70)
hurried (56)
husband (102)
hut (144)

I

ice (150) [(113)
India-rubber
injured (108)
inquire (117)
insist ed (91)
interest ing (16)
Italy (69)

J

jerked (37)
justice (70)

K

key (117)
kicked (105)
kissed (56)
knee (8)
knight (70)

L

laid (15)
lamb (126)
lark (42)
lazy (114)
leaves (18)
lesson (126)
letter (126)
life (16)

lily (85)
limb (107)
linnet (127)
listening (48)
live ly (22)
lock (117)
loth (5)

M

mamma (24)
manner (135)
maple (96)
marry (140)
marsh (127)
Mary (7)
matter (49)
mattresses (80)
merely (54)
mewed (118)
middle (23)
minutes (23)
mischief (7)
miserably (81)
mistress (145)
moment (32)
money (71)
monkey (35)
Mopsa (53)
mouth (32)
move (55)
museum (81)
musical (49)
musk rat (13)

N

naughty (123)
neck (37)

neighbor (69)
nestled (20)
nibble (5)
nod ded (54)
noise (7)
non sense (146)
notion (113)

O

occupy (102)
often (6)
opened (32)
order (30)
other (1)

P

pain (109)
paint ed (15)
parrot (33)
pasture (45)
patch (101)
patient ly (105)
pea (80)
peeped (55)
perch (38)
perhaps (32)
pester (85)
picture (153)
piece (123)
pine (101)
pitiful ly (118)
place (6)
pleas ant (31)
pleas ure (128)
plenty (4)
plunging (45)
pocket (117)

Polly (36)
pounced (59)
pour (119)
powdered (127)
praise (30)
pray eth (114)
precious (117)
pretend ed (37)
pretti est (130)
pretty (17)
princess (78)
promised (105)
proper (112)
prove (49)
puffed (2)
punished (123)
purple (127)

purpose
purr (120)
push (133)

Q
quack (84)
quarreled (35)
queer (61)

R

race (57)
rag (135)
rapid ly (61)
rascal (23)
reached (37)
ready (53)
real (78)
reason (85)
received (70)
refuse (73)

remember (73)
rich (71)
rising (45)
roam (52)
robe (72)
Robert (98)
rock (43)
rode (43)
rogue (7)
roof (16)
room (7)
root (54)
rough (79)
rubber (84)
ruffled (67)
rushed (152)

S

sand (12)
sassafras (54)
saucer (119)
saucy (140)
save (45)
scare (23)
scarce ly (81)
scold ing (108)
scratch (23)
scream (36)
search (101)
second (88)
sense (89)
servant (73)
seven (126)
several (7)
shadow (112)
sharp (29)

shelter (73)
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