

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' READERS

BOLENIUS

THIRD
READER



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Piccola



Wolf

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Mr. Dog and Mr. Billy Goat



Kit



Rose



Green Goblin



Happy



Mother Breeze



Winonah



The Orphan Boy



Gwen



Kenneth



Kat



The Little Man



The Prince



The April Fool Imp



The Princess



THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' READERS

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THIRD READER

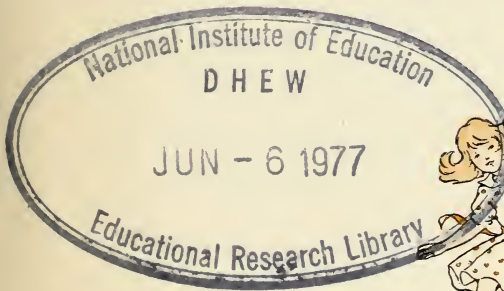
By

EMMA MILLER BOLENIUS

vi

ILLUSTRATED BY

MABEL BETSY HILL



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Grateful acknowledgment is made to *The Churchman* for permission to use a copyrighted poem by Abbie Farwell Brown; and to Houghton Mifflin Company and the respective authors for stories by Kate Douglas Wiggin, Joel Chandler Harris, Alice Brown, Henry Cabot Lodge, Abbie Farwell Brown, E. C. Phillips, Isa L. Wright, Lucy Fitch Perkins, H. D. Brown, Clifford Johnson, and Fannie E. Coe; plays by Augusta Stevenson; for selections by Dallas Lore Sharp, Olive Thorne Miller, George A. Mirick, and Eva March Tappan; and poems by Frank Dempster Sherman, Lucy Larcom, Alice Cary, Celia Thaxter, Phoebe Cary, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Mary Carolyn Davies, Emma C. Dowd, Frances Gill, and Abbie Farwell Brown.

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To the Teacher

THIS series of Primary Readers is prepared for the first, second, and third grades, leading up to the fourth, fifth, and sixth grade Readers by the same editor. These primary grades are recognized as the crucial years in laying the foundation of reading, and establishing proper reading habits. In the preparation of these Primary Readers, the editor has made a careful study of the most authoritative and recent reports, investigations, courses of study, surveys, and other publications bearing on the problem of reading. Moreover, every lesson has been subjected to the critical examination of successful primary teachers.

Special features of the Readers are:

1. **The careful organization of the contents** (see pages v to ix) is planned to give a series of well-balanced lessons in each of the eight groups of selections.

2. **Richness of authorship, variety of appeal, and freshness of material** are noteworthy. Many of the selections have never been used before in school readers.

3. **A Teachers' Manual**, an unusually practical and helpful guide to teachers, gives carefully planned suggestions for all the selections. This full study equipment creates centers of interest, teaches the children to think, and leads them to read from their own initiative. It provides introductory thought-provoking questions that motivate the reading; both thought and organization questions for selections; word lists; diagnostic tests; and suggestions that correlate various activities with reading. This equipment was prepared with both city and rural communities in mind. Teachers can, therefore, select material to suit their needs. The Manual presents methods and devices in detail so that inexperienced teachers can get definite results. It gives a practical pedagogy of reading and at the same time aims to give inspiration to teachers.

4. **Special drill material for silent reading**, including how to study, is furnished to cover a range of abilities, and each type of drill is given often enough to make a real impression. The drill material hinges on the content of the book, and progression in drill material is provided between books as well as between parts of books.

5. Following the plan of the first year, the editor has made careful provision for **extensive supplementary reading** with each of the eight groups of selections in the Third Reader, in order to provide a well-rounded course in reading; to establish the habits developed in the

basal reading; and to coördinate the supplementary reading with the basal reading, checking up the power gained in the supplementary reading by means of the diagnostic tests provided in the basal course.

6. **The working out of interesting projects** — the arranging of programs, the dramatizations, and the seat work — furnish live motives for the child's best efforts. The Manual gives full programs, in which material previously read is brought together in a way that arouses the child's interest and leads to motivated review.

7. **Vocabulary work and the teaching of phonetics** are carefully planned for and guided.

8. **Every available typographical device** has been used to aid the child. Special effort has been made to meet fully the latest requirements in eye hygiene; for example, the narrower type page has been used throughout the Third Reader to establish proper eye movements.

9. The artist and the editor have coöperated in planning **illustrations that have an unusual educational value**, notably the puzzle pictures on pages 14, 70, 183, etc. Questions on the illustrations are used to develop the power of observation.

10. **Speed, comprehension, and vocabulary tests** for diagnostic purposes, adapted to classroom use, are adequately provided and made the basis of effective drills, carefully planned to correct any defects or weaknesses revealed by the tests.

11. In accordance with the plan of the diagnostic tests for the first year, **printed diagnostic tests in silent reading** are furnished for the second and third years.

These Readers are designed for basal use. They provide for all forms of training in reading, including silent and oral reading, reference and sight reading, as well as intensive and interpretative reading. Moreover, the foundations for correct habits of study, which will bear fruit in all of the pupil's school work, and in his later mental development, are carefully laid. The keynote of the course is, **READING IS THINKING.**

The editor wishes especially to thank the superintendents and teachers who gave largely of their time and effort in the making of this book. Their assistance in going over the manuscript and trying out material with pupils in various types of schools has been invaluable in adapting the work to actual schoolroom conditions and requirements.

The Door to Bookland

Girls and Boys

Reading is the door by which you enter Book Land.

The contents of a book is a guide to show what is in the book. It is like a map of a country. It is like a railroad schedule.

Look at the table of contents on the next four pages, and be ready to tell why it is a good thing for a book to have.

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The Gradual Fairy



Did you ever hear
how a fairy was made?
This will tell you.

1. MOTHER BREEZE LEAVES HOME

¹Once upon a time there was a Mother Breeze. She lived, with her seven children, inside a hollow tree.

²One bright morning she got up and said to the seven Little Breezes, "It is going to be very hot to-day."

The seven Little Breezes knew what that meant. When it was hot, their mother always had work to do, fanning the Sunset Lake.

³So they said, "Oh, let us go with you!"

"No, my dears," said Mother Breeze, tying on her work-apron and her stoutest

wings. "If I were going for an hour, you might go. Or if I were going for two hours, you might. But a whole day is too much."

She began to look about for a leaf, which was always pasted over the door when she was away.

⁴The seven Little Breezes began to cry.

"Oh, it will be dark in here," they cried, "and we can't see to play!"

But Mother Breeze had heard this many times, so she only said, "If the Green Goblin comes, be sure you don't let him in."

⁵"May we fly out and play with him?" asked all the Little Breezes.

"No," said Mother Breeze. "He would eat you all up as quick as a wink."

⁶"May we speak to him?" asked the Little Breeze that liked to talk.

"You may speak to him," said Mother Breeze, "only you must not let him in."

⁷"May we make fun of him?" asked the Little Breeze that liked to laugh.

"You may make fun of him," said Mother Breeze, "only you must not let him in."

⁸“May we scold him?” asked the Little Breeze that liked to make other people do what he said.

“Yes, you may scold him,” said Mother Breeze, “only you must not let him in.”

⁹“May we praise him?” asked the Little Breeze that liked to have everybody happy.

“Yes, you may praise him,” said Mother Breeze, “only you must not let him in.”

¹⁰“May we listen to him?” asked the Little Breeze that had sharp ears.

“You may listen to him,” said Mother Breeze, “only you must not let him in.”

¹¹“May we love him?” asked the Little Breeze that liked to love everybody.

“Yes, you may love him,” said Mother Breeze, “only you must not let him in.”

¹²“May we invite him to supper?” said the Little Breeze that liked to give people things to eat.

“Yes, you may invite him to supper, only you must not let him in.”

¹³All this time Mother Breeze was busy. She mixed some magic paste. Then she



laid the leaf over the door, and pasted it around the edges.

¹⁴ While she worked, the Little Breezes cried with all their might,

“Oh! oh! it’s very dark in here!”

“Oh! oh! it’s very tight in here!”

“Oh! oh! it’s very cold in here!”

¹⁵ But Mother Breeze was quite used to that. When she had done pasting, she blew on the paste to be sure that it was dry. Then she shook the leaf to see if it was firm. Then she hurried off to fan the Sunset Lake.



2. THE GREEN GOBLIN COMES

¹The Little Breezes began to whistle happily. Then they had a game of tag, then a game of puss-in-the-corner, and then a game of race-round-the-table. When at last they heard the sun outside saying it was twelve o'clock, they got their seven little porridge bowls and sat down to eat their dinner.

²As they were eating the last drop, what should they hear outside but a noise! So they set down their porridge bowls and held their breaths to listen.

Then they whispered to each other,
the oldest Little Breeze
to the next Little Breeze,
and the next Little Breeze
to the next Little Breeze:

“It is the Green Goblin. He never comes without a noise.”



³“Little Breezes,” said some one outside.
“Little Breezes, are you at home? I have
come to call.”

It was the voice of the Green Goblin, and they knew it well. So the oldest Little Breeze whispered to the next Little Breeze, the next Little Breeze to the next Little Breeze, and so on, "It is the Green Goblin."

⁴Now the Little Breeze that liked to talk called to the Green Goblin, "We are not at home to-day."

"Oh, yes, you are, Little Breezes," said the Green Goblin, "for I hear you talk."

"You don't hear us at all," said the Little Breeze that liked to talk. "But we hear you. We know you are the Green Goblin, for you never go about without a noise."

⁵"Indeed, I am not the Green Goblin," said the voice outside. "I am a beautiful fairy, and I have come to call."

"No, you are not a fairy," said the Little Breeze that liked to talk. "Fairies go about very softly, and you have come with a noise."

⁶Then the Green Goblin hurried away. They heard him going off through the woods, still making a noise.

The Little Breezes began to whistle, as they washed their porridge bowls and hung them on the wall.

⁷Meanwhile the Green Goblin had hurried away to the Thunder, and said to him, "I want to get rid of this noise. Can you do anything with him?"

"Oh, yes," growled the Thunder. "Only you must promise not to have anything to do with him again. I like to keep noises all to myself."

"I promise," said the Green Goblin.

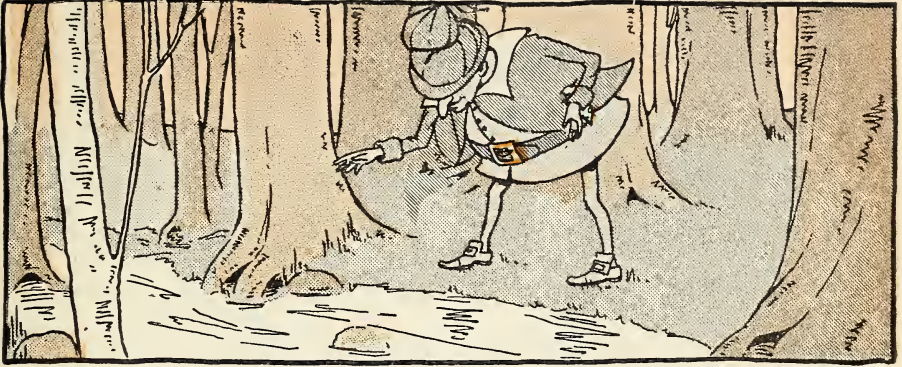
⁸He went back softly to the tree, and said again, "O Little Breezes, are you at home? I have come to call."

"Who are you?" asked the Little Breeze that liked to laugh.

He answered, "I am a beautiful fairy, and I have come to call."

⁹Then the Little Breeze began to laugh.

"Ho! Ho! You are not a fairy!" she said. "Fairies have sweet voices! Your voice is the voice of the Green Goblin."



3. GREEN GOBLIN MAKES SIX PROMISES

¹Green Goblin could not get into the tree, because the Little Breezes said he had the voice of a Green Goblin. So he hurried away to the brook, and said, "Brook, give me some of your beautiful voice."

Now the brook was singing all to herself, but she sang to the Green Goblin,

"That will I do, only you must promise never to stir up my waters again so that the cattle cannot drink."

"I promise," said the Green Goblin.

²The Green Goblin went back softly and said in the loveliest voice that ever was,

"Little Breezes, are you at home? I am a beautiful fairy. I have come to call."

The voice was so lovely that the Little Breezes wanted to blow down the leaf and let him in. Their mother had always told them that if something really important happened, like a fire in the forest or an axe in the tree, they must blow with all their might and get away.

³“But she never told us to open it to a fairy,” said the Little Breeze that liked to talk.

“No, but she lets us play with fairies when we are out,” said the Little Breeze that liked to give people things to eat. “She lets us invite them home to supper.”

⁴“I’ll tell you,” said the Little Breeze that liked to scold. “Even if it is a fairy, it will be fun to play it is the Green Goblin! Then we can give him a piece of our minds.”

“You wicked, wicked Goblin!” she cried. “What do you mean by saying you are a fairy? Fairies have blue eyes, and yours are green. Fairies have pink cheeks, and yours are green. Fairies have white skin, and yours is green.”



⁵Then the Green Goblin hurried away to the sky, and he said,

“O Sky, give me some blue to put in my eyes.”

“That I will,” said the blue sky, “only promise never to make faces at me again.”

“I promise,” said the Green Goblin.

⁶He hurried away to the Apple Tree in Bloom, and he said to her, “O Apple Tree in Bloom, give me some of your white for my skin, and some of your pink for my cheeks.”

“That will I,” said the Apple Tree in Bloom, “only you must promise never to shake little birds out of their nests in my branches.”

“I promise,” said the Green Goblin.

7 He went back softly to the tree and said, "Little Breezes, are you at home? I am a beautiful fairy, and have come to call."

"Oh!" cried the Little Breeze that liked to praise everybody. "A beautiful goblin is outside! How straight and green his hair is, and what a lovely figure he has for a goblin! It is like a tub on two sticks!"

8 Then the Green Goblin hurried away to the cornfield, and said to the corn,

"O Corn, will you give me some of your silk for hair?"



“That will I,” said the corn, “only you must promise me not to put mildew on my stalks.”

“I promise,” said the Green Goblin.

Then he hurried away to the fern-bed.

“O Ferns,” said he, “will you give me some of your green dresses?”

“That will we,” said the ferns, “only promise not to tramp on us any more.”

“I promise,” said the Green Goblin.

He went back softly to the tree, and said,

“Little Breezes, are you at home? I am a beautiful fairy, and have come to call.”

“A beautiful fairy indeed!” said the Little Breeze that had sharp ears. “Your heart is a goblin heart. I can hear it beat.”

So the Green Goblin hurried away to a farmyard, where there was a good dog.

“O Dog!” he cried, “give me some of your heart-beats!”

“That will I,” said the dog, “only you must promise to keep them warm.”

“I promise,” said the Green Goblin, and he went back to the tree.



PUZZLE PICTURES

Read to find the pictures in the story.

4. GREEN GOBLIN BECOMES A FAIRY

¹The Green Goblin had made six promises. He looked down at himself, and what do you think? Instead of his own stiff legs, he had a waving robe of lovely green, and from the hem of it peeped two pretty white feet. His hands were quite white. Golden hair came down over his shoulder.

²In his wonder he whispered to himself, "I am a fairy! Yet I was not born a fairy. I was not a fairy all at once. I must be a Gradual Fairy."

³Then he thought of what he had paid for all the things that had made him a Gradual Fairy. He had promised not to do wicked tricks any more. Now it seemed a small price to pay, for he was very, very beautiful and very happy. He opened his lips again to tell the Little Breezes he had come to call, but what he said was this,

"Little Breezes, it is very hot to-day. Stay quite still, as your mother told you, and at six o'clock she will be home."

⁴“Oh,” cried the Little Breeze that loved everybody. “How sweet and kind your voice is! Nobody but a fairy could be so sweet and kind.”

“Won’t you stay to supper?” called the Little Breeze that liked to give things to eat to people.

“I will stay here,” said the Gradual Fairy, “and see that nothing harms you. Have your afternoon nap, Little Breezes.”

⁵Then the Little Breezes went to sleep.

⁶At six o’clock their mother blew open the leaf and came in. All the Little Breezes woke, one by one, as she took their porridge bowls from the wall.

Mother Breeze said happily,

“I shall have to hurry and get supper, for there is the most beautiful fairy outside. I have asked her to stay.

“Dear me! What a happy Breeze I am, to have plenty of work and a warm season, children that are good all day, and a fairy to come to tea!”



TREES

However little I may be,
At least I too can plant a tree.

And some day it will grow so high,
That it can whisper to the sky,

And spread its leafy branches wide
To make a shade on every side.

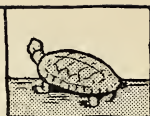
Then on a sultry summer day,
The people resting there will say, —

“Oh, good and wise and great was he
Who thought to plant this blessed tree!”

By **ABBIE FARWELL BROWN**



THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE



¹TIME: a warm afternoon.

²PLACE: a meadow.

³TORTOISE

HARE

BIRDS

⁴(*The HARE walks in slowly, and sits under a tree. The BIRDS are singing above him.*)

⁵HARE. It is too warm! Sing me to sleep, birds. Please sing me to sleep.

BIRDS. Tweet, tweet! Tweet, tweet, tweet! Tweet, tweet!

⁶(*The TORTOISE creeps in.*)

⁷HARE. Where are you going, Tortoise?

TORTOISE. I am out for a walk, sir.

HARE. Why do you not go out for a run?

BIRDS. Ha, ha, ha!

⁸HARE. How should you like to race with me?

TORTOISE. I will race with you, sir.

BIRDS. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

⁹HARE. We will race to that field over there. Come now. Are you ready?

TORTOISE. I am. Please count for us, birdies.

BIRDS. One — two — three — Go!

¹⁰(*The HARE runs. The TORTOISE creeps. The HARE soon reaches a tree and stops.*)

¹¹HARE. It is so warm! I will take a little nap here. I can easily get to the field first.

¹²(*He sits, and is soon asleep. Soon the TORTOISE creeps by him. The TORTOISE creeps on and on. The BIRDS follow quietly. The TORTOISE reaches the field.*)

¹³TORTOISE. I am at the field! I am at the field!

BIRDS. Tweet, tweet! Tweet, tweet!

¹⁴(*The HARE wakes and jumps up.*)

¹⁵TORTOISE. I have won the race, Friend Hare!

HARE. Well — well — well!

¹⁶BIRDS. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!



THE SATURDAYS' PARTY IN FAIRYLAND

¹All the Saturdays met one day
 (Each was very polite, they say).
 They shook each other by the hand,
 And had a party in Fairyland!

²They would n't let any Monday in,
 And not one Tuesday at all could win
 Her way past the supercilious crowd!

And Wednesdays — Why!
they were n't allowed!

³Thursdays could only stand in the street
And look through the door
at the things to eat!
And the Fridays and Sundays
pretended they
Did n't like parties anyway!

⁴But the Saturdays had the greatest fun!
They played "Hop-scotch,"
and "Run-sheep-run,"
And "Frog-in-the-meadow,"
and "Pull-away!"
And everything else they wanted to play!

⁵And after they'd played
and played and played,
They had pink straws in their lemonade!
And the cookies and tarts
were like a dream,
And all the Saturdays had ice cream.

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

THINGS TO DO THIS FALL

¹ You ought to go out into the fields and woods as many as six times this fall, even though you have to take a long street-car ride to get out of the city. Let me give you just six bits of sound advice about going afield :

² First, go often to the same place, so that you can travel over and over the same ground and become very familiar with it. The first trip you will not see much but woods and fields. But after that, each succeeding walk will show you particular things — this dead tree with the flicker's hole, that old rail-pile with its rabbit-hole — until, by and by, you will know every turn and dip, every pile of stones, every hole and nest; and you will find a thousand things that on the first trip you didn't dream were there.

³ Secondly, when you go into the woods, go expecting to see something in particular — always looking for some particular nest, bird, beast, or plant. You may not find

that particular thing, but your eyes will be sharpened by your expectation and purpose, and you will be pretty sure therefore to see something. At worst you will come back with a disappointment, and that is better than coming back without a thing!

⁴Thirdly, you must learn to use your own eyes and ears, think your own thoughts, make your own discoveries, and follow the hints and hopes that you alone can have. Go with the school class for a picnic, but use your own eyes and ears.

⁵Fourthly, learn first of all in the woods to be as silent as an Indian and as patient as a granite rock. Practice standing still when the mosquitoes sing, and fixing your mind on the hole under the stump instead of the hole the mosquito is boring between your eyes.

⁶Fifthly, go out in every variety of weather, and at night, as well as during the day. There are three scenes to every day — morning, noon, and early evening — when the very actors themselves are changed.

To one who has never been in the fields at daybreak, the world is so new, so fresh and strange, as to seem like a different planet. And then the evening—the hour of dusk and the deeper, darker night!

⁷ And lastly, don't go into the woods as if they were a kind of Noah's Ark; for you can not enter the door and find all the animals standing in a row. You will go a great many times before seeing them all. Don't be disappointed if they are not so plentiful there as they are in your books. Nature books are like menageries—the animals are caught and caged for you. The woods are better than books and just as full of things, as soon as you learn to take a hint, to read the signs, to put two and two together and get—four—four paws—black paws, with a long black snout, a big ringed and bushy tail—a coon!

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

Tell the six things to do.

PUZZLE PICTURES

Read through pages 22 to 24 again to find the parts that are shown in these puzzle pictures.



SPOTTY

1

Once upon a time there was a little animal
called Spotty. He had a long black snout,
a big ringed and bushy tail, and four black
paws.

10

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28

Spotty lived in the woods. He always
stayed close to his mother, for he was only
a baby.

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One night the moon shone so brightly in
the woods that Spotty wanted to play with
the moonbeams. His mother said that he
might run as far as the big oak tree by the
pond, but not one step farther.

54

62

69

80

86

Spotty ran off with a happy cry. The
leaves crackled under his four black paws,
as he chased the dancing moonbeams.
Whenever he thought that he had caught a
moonbeam under a leaf, off it would go
dancing somewhere else. That was how it
happened that Spotty ran on and on and
on, playing hide and seek with the moon-
beams.

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All at once he saw the water of the pond.

156

He looked about him for the big oak tree. 165
 How his little heart went pitty-pat! There 172
 was the oak tree clear across the pond! In 181
 hunting moonbeams he had run past the 188
 big tree, and gone half way around the pond 197
 without knowing it. 200

Spotty thought that he would go back as 208
 fast as he could run. Just as he turned, he 218
 heard a shout and a sharp bark. He saw 227
 two boys and a dog coming through the 235
 woods. He knew that he had to hide him- 244
 self quickly, so he ran towards the nearest 251
 tree. It was only a small tree, but Spotty 260
 climbed up and tried to hide himself in the 269
 branches. 270

The boys had seen him, and the dog, too. 279
 The dog began to bark. The boys ran to 288
 the tree and shook it. They made Spotty 296
 climb down lower, so that they could catch 304
 him. They took him home in a bag, and he 314
 became a great pet. 318

The boys were the ones who named him 326
 Spotty. 327



The Story of Little Gwen

1. LITTLE GWEN

¹ A long time ago a little Welsh girl named Gwen sailed from England with her father and mother and a company of Quakers. They wished to cross the Atlantic Ocean and make a new home in America.

² When they were about halfway across, Gwen had a new little brother. Because he was born on the ocean, he was named "Seaborn."

³ Travel was slow in those days. It seemed a long time to little Gwen before the ship reached land. Even then their travels were not over. Gwen's father, with a few other men and their families, pushed on into the woods where they meant to build their homes.

⁴ At first each family chose its own tree, and under it they lived. They were glad of any shelter that would protect them from sun and rain. Then, as the weather grew colder, they dug caves in the bank of the river. With a roof of boughs and beds of



leaves, they lived there until they could build real houses of logs or stone.

⁵How glad her mother was when their log house was finished! It had a ladder on the outside that led to the upper room. Gwen learned to run up and down this ladder as quickly as a squirrel runs up a tree.

⁶ Gwen's father had built the house on the river-bank far away from his friends. Some day he meant to clear the land.

⁷ There was little time for visiting in those busy days. Gwen might have been lonely if it had not been for Seaborn. He was a fat roly-poly, a year old now, creeping and crawling into all kinds of mischief. Gwen spent her spare moments trotting around after him. He was a good-natured baby, but now he was cutting his teeth, and this made him cross.

⁸ Oh! how he cried! Mother rubbed his gums with her thimble to help his teeth through, and he cried harder than ever. Gwen danced up and down and shook his home-made rattle, a gourd filled with dried peas, but he only pushed her away.

⁹ Just then came the time for the big Quaker Meeting to be held across the river in the town of Philadelphia.

¹⁰ "Father will go, but we must stay at home, Gwen," said her mother. "We could n't take this crying baby anywhere."

2. GWEN KEEPS HOUSE

¹ Gwen coaxed her father and mother to let her keep the baby at home. They said she could, so the next morning, feeling very important and grown-up, she saw her father and mother start across the river in their little boat, bound for the great Quaker Meeting at Philadelphia.

² That very afternoon Seaborn's nap was so quiet that Gwen was n't the least surprised to see a big new tooth when she peeped into his mouth when he woke up. What if it were raining and they could n't go out of doors? It was easy enough to amuse Seaborn now.

³ All day and all night it rained. The next morning the sky was still gray, and the rain came down as hard as ever. It looked as if it would never stop.

⁴ Gwen saw that the river was rising, and had overflowed its banks. She hoped nothing would keep Mother and Father from coming home that night.



⁵ She was a little lonely, but not one bit frightened until late in the afternoon a narrow stream of water came under the door and trickled slowly across the floor.

⁶ Gwen ran to the window. There was water several inches deep all around the house. She could see that it was rising every moment.

⁷The only way to go upstairs was by the ladder on the outside of the house. Gwen wrapped Seaborn in a shawl, and splashing through the water, she carried him upstairs. Then down she ran for milk and a bowl of cold porridge.

⁸By that time the water was so deep she was afraid to go downstairs again. She wrapped up warmly, and, lighting a candle, sat down in the doorway of the upper room to watch and wait.

⁹It grew darker and darker. Still the rain fell steadily. Seaborn was sound asleep, and Gwen was nodding. Suddenly she sat up with a jerk. A little boat was moving toward them over the water that covered the ground in front of the house. It stopped at the foot of the stairway ladder.

¹⁰“Father,” called Gwen, “Mother! Here we are, upstairs in the doorway.”

¹¹But it was neither father nor mother who answered. A deep voice said, “Ugh! Missy come, I take.” And Gwen looked down into the brown face of an Indian.

¹² It was Lame Wolf. He had often traded with Gwen's father, and he knew the Quakers were having a Meeting over the river. So when he saw the light in the house, he came as a friend to help. He was called Lame Wolf, because he limped a little.

¹³ Gwen was very glad indeed to see him.

¹⁴ "I take," said Lame Wolf again, and held up his arms to help Gwen.

¹⁵ Down the ladder she scrambled, with Seaborn in her arms. Off the canoe glided through the darkness.





PUZZLE PICTURES

Find the parts that tell about the pictures.

3. WITH THE INDIANS

¹ Gwen woke the next morning with the sun shining in her face. She was lying in an Indian wigwam. A fire was burning in the middle of the floor, and beside it was an old Indian squaw, crouching over the blaze.

² "My brother!" cried Gwen, springing up. "Where is Seaborn?"

³ The old squaw seemed to understand. She grunted and pointed outside.

⁴ There, hanging from the low branch of a big tree in company with several Indian babies, swung Seaborn. He was strapped in an Indian cradle, a flat board covered with skins and moss. He seemed to like it, for he smiled and chuckled when he saw his sister.

⁵ Gwen knew they must be in an Indian camp, for she saw a number of wigwams, and horses tethered about them.

⁶ Already groups of Indian squaws were at work, scraping animal skins and trimming leggings and moccasins with bright-colored beads. Little girls were going to and fro,

carrying wood and water. Little brown boys ran past, with bows and arrows in their hands, off for a day's play.

⁷ Gwen was glad to see her friend, Lame Wolf, limping toward her. He said, "Eat! Come!" and led the way back into the wigwam where the old squaw gave Gwen a bowl of soup.

⁸ Then Lame Wolf lifted Seaborn down from the tree, and took them before the chief Big Bear.

⁹ Big Bear listened to Lame Wolf's story. He motioned Lame Wolf to hang Seaborn on a near-by tree, where his own papoose swung in the shade, and then he looked kindly at Gwen and called to his little girl, Winonah, peeping shyly round the wigwam. She led Gwen off by the hand to see her dolls.

¹⁰ These dolls were made of deerskin, with painted faces, and beads for eyes. One doll had a fine crop of horsehair, and another, one of feathers. Each doll had its cradle, too, and Gwen and the chief's daughter played happily together.

¹¹ In the afternoon, Seaborn and Papoose were taken from their cradles and put upon the ground to roll and tumble to their hearts' content. Gwen and Winonah were near by watching them.

¹² Suddenly little Papoose began to cough. His eyes grew big and round, and he began to choke. Winonah ran for her mother and left Gwen alone.

¹³ Then in a flash Gwen knew what she must do. Once Seaborn had swallowed a button and it had stuck in his throat. Little Papoose must have put something in his mouth that was choking him now. So Gwen did as she had seen her mother do for Seaborn. She bravely put her fingers down poor little Papoose's throat, grasped something, and pulled it out. It was a smooth white pebble big enough to choke a dozen little Papooses!

¹⁴ Big Bear and little Papoose's mother praised her for saving his life. They gave her presents when she went home the next day.

¹⁵The presents were an Indian dress for herself, a cradle for Seaborn, a doll in its little cradle, and beautiful skins as a present for her mother.

¹⁶And all her life Big Bear, Winonah and little Papoose were her very good friends.

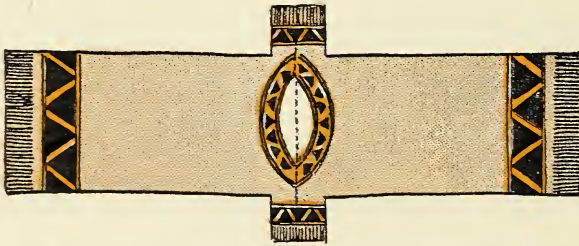
By E. C. PHILLIPS

SOMETHING TO MAKE

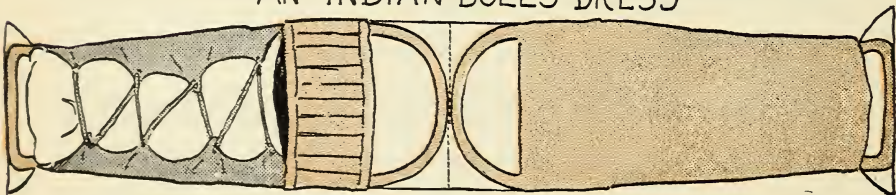
Make cut-outs of a doll, a dress, and a cradle, and color them.



AN INDIAN DOLL



AN INDIAN DOLL'S DRESS



AN INDIAN CRADLE



HIAWATHA

¹Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."



² Of all beasts he learned the language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 How the beavers built their lodges,
 Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
 How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
 Why the rabbit was so timid,
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,
 Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

³Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows.
And the birds sang round him. o'er him,
“Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!”
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
“Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!”

⁴Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing
“Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!”

⁵And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
“Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!”

WHO, WHEN, AND WHAT

Your teacher will say a number, and the word *who*, *when*, or *what*. Then you should look quickly to find that part.

1. The boys went to the country yesterday.
2. To-morrow the girls will bake a cake.
3. Our class is going to have a party to-day.
4. Last year Tom and Ned had a pony.
5. Mary and Betty are going to another school next year.
6. One fine day Peter Rabbit ran into the garden patch.
7. The Indians lived in this country a long time ago.
8. Once upon a time a green goblin turned into a beautiful fairy.
9. At sunset Mother Breeze tied on her stoutest wings.
10. The boys and girls planted a tree on Arbor Day.

11. Our class heard all about Columbus on Columbus Day.

12. Many, many years ago the Indians lived all along the Atlantic Ocean.

13. In two weeks the class will go to the woods for leaves.

14. Father, Mother, and the children went on a picnic yesterday.

15. A little fish swims in the fish-bowl all day long.

16. In the spring the farmer sows his wheat and corn.

17. At Thanksgiving time many people go away to see their grandmothers and grandfathers.

18. On Halloween the boys and girls have great fun with pumpkins.

19. Santa Claus comes to our house at Christmas.

20. In the summer Edward and Charles are going to the country.

21. The little animals stay in their holes during the cold winter.

22. Every morning our dog runs to school.

THE SECRET

2

In the early fall Gwen, the little Quaker girl, remembered the promise she had made to Winonah. The promise was that some day she would come again to the Indian village where Winonah lived.

10

17

24

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36

Gwen's father wanted to get some skins from the Indians to make into winter coats. Gwen begged him to get the skins from Big Bear. Then she could go along to see Winonah again.

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70

Her father said that he would take her. Gwen ran to tell her mother about it. Then she found a little white card among her mother's things. When her mother said that she might have it, she printed these three words on the card in big black letters:

78

86

94

100

108

117

118

GUESS MY SECRET

121

The very next time Lame Wolf came by, she gave him the card to take up the river to Winonah.

129

139

141

Winonah did not know what the card said, but she knew that it came from the little white girl. So she watched the river day by day.

One afternoon Winonah was frightened to see a strange white man and a little Indian girl paddle up to the river bank. When she saw them get out, she started to run away.

A little voice cried, "Winonah! Winonah!"

She turned quickly and looked back. Who should the little Indian girl be but Gwen — dressed in the Indian dress that had been given to her by Winonah's father, Big Bear.

The two little girls played with their dolls in a tiny wigwam, which Big Bear had made for Winonah to play in. They had cradles for their dolls, and dishes made from clay of the river bank.

Gwen stayed two whole days with little Winonah, and wore her Indian dress all the time.



THE ENCHANTED HORSE

1. WHAT THE PRINCE DID

1 New Year's Day is a great feast day in Persia. On one of these feast days the Emperor of Persia was seated on his throne in the midst of his people, when a Hindu appeared leading a strange horse. At first sight the horse looked like any other horse, except that it was very handsome and bore a very costly saddle and bridle. But, on looking more closely, one saw that it was not a live horse, but one that had been very artfully made by man.

²The Hindu knelt before the throne and pointed to the horse.

³“This horse,” he said to the Emperor, “is a great wonder. If I mount him, I can make him go through the air to any place I choose, and he will go in a very short time. No one has ever seen such a wonder, and I have brought him here to show to you. If you wish, I will show you what he can do.”

⁴The Emperor was very fond of strange things, and he was much pleased at such a sight. So he told the Hindu to mount his horse. The Hindu did so, and asked where he was to ride.

⁵“Do you see that far-off mountain?” said the Emperor. “Ride your horse there, and bring me a branch of a palm-tree that grows at the foot of it.” No sooner had the Emperor said this than the Hindu turned a peg which was in the horse’s neck near the saddle, and away went the horse up into the air and straight toward the mountain. The Emperor and all the people gazed after him till the horse was a mere speck.

Then he was out of sight. But in a quarter of an hour the horse had come back. The Hindu got off his back, and came to the throne with the palm-branch in his hand.

⁶The Emperor had a great wish to own the horse, and he offered to buy him of the Hindu.

⁷“I will sell him,” said the Hindu, “if you will pay me my price.”

⁸“And what is your price?” asked the Emperor.

⁹“If you will give me your daughter for a wife, you may have my horse.” At this all the people laughed aloud, but the son of the Emperor was very angry.

¹⁰“Do not listen to the wretch,” said the Prince. “This juggler to come into the family of the greatest of kings!”

¹¹“I will not grant him what he asks,” said the Emperor. “Perhaps he does not mean really to ask such a price, and I have another bargain to propose. But before I say anything more I should like to have you try the horse yourself.”

¹²The Hindu was quite willing and ran forward to help the Prince mount, and to show him how to manage the horse. But the Prince was too quick for him, and sprang into the saddle without aid, turned the peg, and away they flew. In a few moments neither Prince nor Enchanted Horse was to be seen.

¹³The Hindu flung himself at the foot of the throne and begged the Emperor not to be angry with him.

¹⁴“Why did you not call to him when you saw him going?” said the Emperor.

¹⁵“Sire,” said he, “you yourself saw how quickly he went. I was so taken by surprise that I lost my wits, and when I came to my senses he was out of sight and hearing. But, sire, let us hope that the Prince may find the other peg. If he turns that, the horse will come to earth again.”

¹⁶“Even if my son does find the other peg,” said the Emperor, “how do we know that the horse may not come down in the middle of the sea?”



17 “Be at ease about that,” said the Hindu. “The horse crosses seas without ever falling into them, and he will obey the rider who turns the peg.”

18 “That may be,” said the Emperor. “But know that unless my son does come home safe, or I hear that he is alive and well, you shall lose your head.” And so he bade the officers shut up the Hindu in prison.

19 Now when the Prince turned the key on the neck of the Enchanted Horse, horse and

rider flew through the air like the wind. Up and up they went, and, as the horse was not a real horse, it did not get tired and stop. The Prince did not know what to do. He turned the peg backward, but that did not stop the horse. Then he began to search for another peg, and at last he found a small peg behind the ear. He turned that, and at once the horse began to move toward the earth.

²⁰ They did not go back as swiftly as they went up. It grew dark, and the Prince did not know where they would alight. He could do nothing, so he let the reins lie on the neck of the horse and sat still.

²¹ At last he felt the earth beneath the horse's feet. The horse stopped, and the Prince got off, cold and stiff and very hungry. He looked about him as well as he could in the middle of the night, and saw that they were before the door of a palace.

²² The door stood ajar, and the Prince went in. He found himself in a hall lighted by a dim lamp. There, fast asleep, were

some soldiers, with swords by their sides. They were there to guard some one, and, as another door stood open, the Prince passed through into the inner room. There he saw lying on a couch a most beautiful woman, asleep, and about her, also asleep, were her maids.

²³ The Prince knelt by the side of the couch and gazed at the fair creature. Then he gently twitched her sleeve, and she awoke. Her eyes fell on the Prince kneeling there, but she showed no fear, for, as soon as her eyes opened, he said,

²⁴ “Beautiful Princess, I am the Prince of Persia. I have come here by a very strange way, and I ask you to protect me. I do not know where I am, but I know no harm can come to me when I see before me so fair a Princess.”

²⁵ “You are in the kingdom of Bengal,” she replied, “and I am the daughter of the king. I am living in my own palace in the country. You may be sure that no harm will come to you. If you have come from



Persia, you have come a long way, and must be hungry and tired. I am very curious to know how you came, but first you shall have food and sleep.”

²⁶ Then the Princess called her maids, and they awoke and wondered much at what they saw. At the command of the Princess they led the Prince into a hall, where they gave him food and drink. Then they led him to a room where he could sleep and left him.

2. WHAT THE PRINCESS DID

¹ As soon as it was light the Princess of Bengal arose and dressed herself in the most splendid robes she had. She put on her finest things and wore her most precious rings and bracelets. Indeed, she quite tired out her maids, making them bring her one beautiful thing after another before she could make up her mind what to wear. When she was at last ready, she sent word to the Prince that she would receive him.

² Now the Prince had slept well, and had risen and dressed himself. So when the Princess sent for him he went at once into her presence and made a low bow, and thanked her for the honor she had done him. He then gave her an account of the strange way in which he had come, and said that he would now mount his horse and go back to Persia, for his royal father must be in great pain, not knowing where his son might be.

³ "Nay," said the Princess, "you must not go so soon. I wish to show you the

glories of Bengal, that you may tell something of what you have seen to the court of Persia." The Prince could not refuse such a request, and thus he became the guest of the Princess.

⁴ Each day, some new sport or feast was had. They hunted; they had music; they saw games and plays; and the time went swiftly by.

⁵ But when two months had thus been spent, the Prince could put off his return no longer, and said as much to the Princess. It was indeed much harder for him now to go, for each had come to care greatly for the other. The Prince had often ridden the Enchanted Horse to show the Princess what he could do, and now, when the time was come for him to take leave, he said to the Princess:

⁶ " You see, dear Princess, what a wonderful horse this is, and how perfectly I can manage him. Will you not trust yourself to me? We will ride together to my home. My father will be rejoiced to see me, and

will welcome you. We will be married at the court of Persia, and all will be well."

⁷The Princess of Bengal was not loath to go, and so in the early morning, when no one was awake, she made herself ready. The Prince and the Princess got up on the Enchanted Horse. The Prince placed the horse with his head toward Persia and turned the peg. Off they went, and in two hours they reached the capital.

⁸They stopped outside of the town at a country house belonging to the Prince. There the Prince bade his servants care for the Princess, and he himself went on to the palace. His father was overjoyed to see him, and, after he had gazed his fill at his son's face, he wished to know all about the Hindu's horse, and what had happened.

⁹The Prince told him all, and dwelt upon the great kindness which had been shown him in Bengal. He ended by telling the King how he had brought the Princess on the Enchanted Horse with him, and begged that he might be permitted to marry her;



for the kingdom of Persia was more powerful than Bengal.

¹⁰The king gladly gave his consent, and bade the Prince go at once and fetch the Princess. He also sent for the Hindu out of prison and said to him,

¹¹“I put you in prison while my son was in danger. Now he has returned and I set you free. Take your horse and begone.”



3. WHAT THE HINDU DID

¹ Now the Hindu had heard of what had happened, and how the Prince had gone to fetch the Princess. He mounted his horse at once and went straight to the country

house. He reached the place before the Prince, and told the captain of the guard that he had been sent by the King to fetch the Princess on the Enchanted Horse. The captain of the guard readily believed him, as did the Princess, who got up on the horse behind the Hindu.

²The Hindu did indeed ride through the air to the palace, but he did not alight. He stayed too high up to be reached by any bow and arrow, but where the King and his court could see them. The King was beside himself with rage, but he could do nothing. The Hindu mocked at him and then rode off with the Princess, no one knew where.

³The Prince was far more beside himself than the King, for he knew how lovely the Princess was. He went to the country house, borne down with grief. The captain of the guard fell at his feet and besought him to pardon him.

⁴“Rise,” said the Prince, “and do not let us waste our time in vain reproaches. I must set forth at once to seek my Princess.

Do you obtain for me the dress of a pilgrim, and do not let any one know what I am to do.”

⁵The captain did as he was bid, and the Prince pulled off his own dress and put on the disguise. He took a box of jewels with him and set off in search of the Princess.

⁶Now the Hindu had ridden with the Princess until he came to the Vale of Cashmere. Here he let the Enchanted Horse come to the ground, but he did not at once enter the city. He told the Princess he meant to have her for wife, and when she would not consent he began to beat her. She cried out for help, and, as good luck would have it, the Sultan of Cashmere was near at hand with some of the people of his court. He saw the Hindu raise his hand to beat the Princess, and he stopped him and asked,

⁷“Why do you beat this woman?”

⁸“Because she is my wife and will not obey me. May a man not beat his own wife?”



9 “I am not his wife,” cried the Princess. “Sir, I do not know who you are, but I am a Princess of Bengal. This man is a wicked magician who stole me away just as I was to marry the Prince of Persia, and this is the Enchanted Horse on which he brought me.”

10 The Sultan could not help believing so beautiful a woman, and he at once bade his officers cut off the Hindu’s head, and led the Princess back with him to the palace. She was overjoyed, and thought he would now

restore her to the Prince of Persia. The Sultan said nothing, but placed her in the hands of the women of the palace and had her beautifully dressed. The Princess heard the trumpets sounding and the drums beating. She thought this was a notice of her return. But soon the Sultan entered and told her to make ready to marry him, that they should be married at once, for he had never before seen any one so beautiful, and he was sure he never should again.

¹¹ The Princess was in despair at this, and threw herself down in her grief. She fainted, and when she came to herself, and saw how she was in the power of the Sultan, she made believe that she had lost her mind, and began to talk in a wild, crazy manner. The Sultan could do nothing with her, so he left her in the care of the women.

¹² Day after day went by, and the Princess was no better. The Sultan sent far and wide for wise men and doctors, but no one could cure the Princess. All Cashmere heard of this strange affair, and so the news

came to the ears of a Pilgrim who one day came to the capital. The Pilgrim was no other than the Prince of Persia, and he went straight to the Sultan.

¹³ “I am come,” he said, “because I have heard of the sad fate that has befallen the Princess of Bengal whom you were to wed. I am a wise man, and I know of a cure.”

¹⁴ “It cannot be,” said the Sultan. “The Princess loses her wits still more when a wise man comes into her presence.”

¹⁵ “I must see her, and see her alone,” said the Pilgrim. “I am sure I can cure her.”

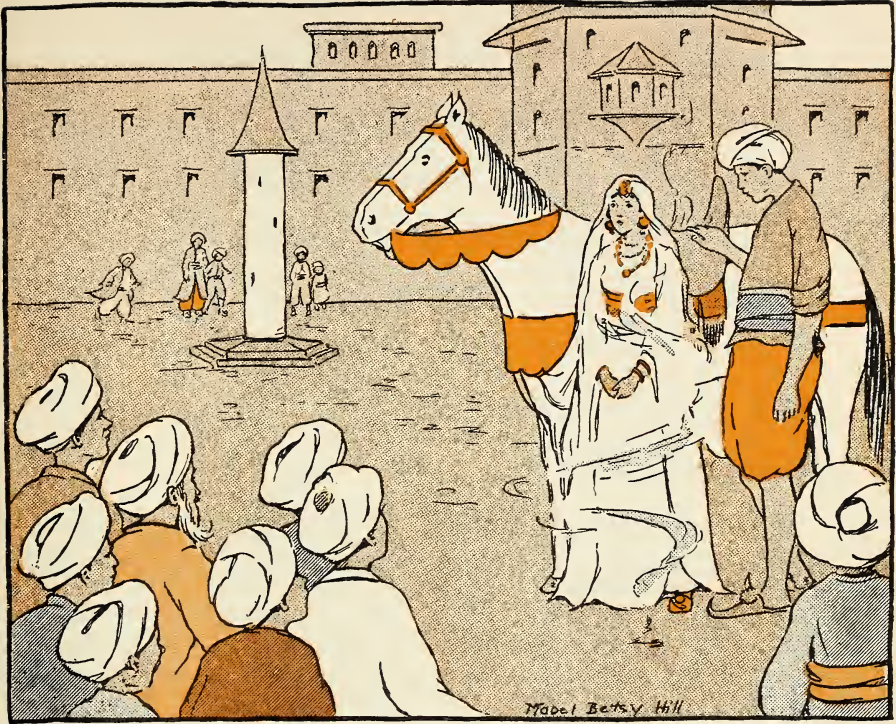
¹⁶ So the Sultan, who was glad of one more hope, led the Pilgrim to the door of the room where the Princess was, and stood back. The Princess did not know the Prince, in his disguise, and flew at him. But the Prince, when he was near her, said in a low voice,

¹⁷ “I am not a Pilgrim. I am the Prince of Persia, come to set you free. Do as I tell you.”

¹⁸ At once the Princess became quiet, and the Sultan was overjoyed at the sign of better health. The Pilgrim stayed a short time in the room and then went away. Each day he visited the Princess, and each day she grew a little better. The Sultan thought nothing too good for the Pilgrim. At last the Pilgrim said to the Sultan,

¹⁹ "Only one thing remains to complete the cure of the Princess. She came here on the Enchanted Horse. Now the charm of the horse has passed over into the Princess, and we must rid her of it in the presence of the horse. I have a strange incense which I will burn, and that will dispel the last remnant of her disease. Let the Enchanted Horse be brought to-morrow into the great court of the city, and let the Princess, clad in her most costly raiment, stand by the side of the horse."

²⁰ The Sultan bade his servants do as the Pilgrim gave orders, and all the people in the city came out to see the strange cure of the Princess. As they stood watching,



the Pilgrim lighted the incense, and a great smoke arose, which shut out the Enchanted Horse, the Princess, and the Pilgrim.

²¹ In a little while the smoke cleared away. There on the ground lay the dress of a Pilgrim. High up in the air was the Enchanted Horse, and on it were the Princess and a Prince. The head of the horse was turned towards Persia.

THINGS TO DO THIS WINTER

¹ Keep a careful list of the winter birds you see; and visit every variety of wood, meadow, and upland in your neighborhood — not neglecting the parks and city trees — for a sight of the rarer winter visitors, such as the snowy owl, the snow buntings, and the crossbills.

² If you know little about the birds, then this is the time to begin your study. When they are so few and scarce? Yes, just because they are few and scarce. On a June morning (unless you are at home in the woods) you will be confused by the medley of songs you hear, and the shapes flitting everywhere about you; and you may be tempted to give up your study for the very multitude. Get a pair of good field or opera glasses and a good bird book, and go into the fields and woods — leaving the book at home.

³ The first bird you see follow up until you can remember (1) his size, and color —

whether he has a white bar on wings, or small spots or large clear spots on breast; (2) his chirp, or call; (3) something peculiar about his flight—a flirt of the tail, a habit of flying down to the ground in getting away.

Then go back to your book and identify him from memory. If you can not, then go out again and again; and it will not be long before either this first one, or others, will be accurately made out.

⁴Here is a list of the birds you may be able to find during the winter:

Screech owl, crow, robin, flicker, blue jay, goldfinch, tree sparrow, English sparrow, song sparrow, junco, golden-crowned kinglet, nuthatch, brown creeper, downy woodpecker, quail, partridge.

⁵See to it that no bird in your neighborhood starves for lack of food that you can supply. Tie a piece of suet to a tree or bush near the house (by the window if you can) for the chickadees and blue jays. Keep a place on the lawn cleared of snow and well supplied with crumbs and small seeds

for the juncos and the sparrows. Hang a netted bag of cracked nuts out somewhere for the nuthatches. And provide corn and nuts for the squirrels.

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

Read again to find the part that describes each tiny picture.





A SONG OF CHRISTMAS TREES

¹ Sing a song of Christmas trees,
Hemlock, fir, and pine!
Laden with the feathery snow,
How they gleam and shine!
Close together, straight and still,
Stand they on the moonlit hill.

² Sing a song of Christmas trees,
Hemlock, fir, and pine,
With their many-colored fruits,
Tapers all ashine!
Standing miles apart to-night,
Children greet them with delight.

By EMMA C. DOWD

WHO, WHEN, WHAT, WHERE

First find the *where* part in each sentence. Then play the game that you played on page 44.

1. The boys played ball yesterday in the school yard.

2. Yesterday a man was hurt by an automobile at the corner.

3. Tom ran a race on the sand to-day.

4. The Indian children were playing near the wigwam in the afternoon.

5. In the garden Mother planted sweet peas this spring.

6. One fine day Gwen and Seaborn played Indian in the woods.

7. Every afternoon a bird sings in our old peach tree.

8. Mary bought a pin at the jeweler's yesterday.

9. The children wanted to play in the woods all day.

10. To-day everybody looked at the airplane in the sky.

11. Little Jack Horner sat in a corner all day long.

12. Once upon a time Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet.

13. Old Mother Hubbard went to her cupboard this morning.

14. Little Boy Blue lost his sheep in the meadow two weeks ago.

15. Two hours ago I saw an airplane flying over the city.

16. The soldiers were marching in the camp for two hours.

17. At noon the man will ring the bells in our church.

18. We saw some elephants yesterday in town.

19. The circus people are coming to our big park on Saturday.

20. Twenty animals were loose in the big cage all day.

21. To-morrow the girls will make doll dresses at Nancy's house.

22. Last year the boys gathered walnuts in that grove.



Nobel Betsy Hill

The Magical Whistles

1. THE WHISTLE-OO TREE

¹ Once there was a boy who was named Happy. It is true he was a very poor boy, with worn shoes and patched clothes, and no toys except what he could make for himself. But all the children in the village liked to play with him. Everybody loved Happy.

² You will not be surprised to know that Happy knew how to make whistles. But you will be surprised to know that he could make magical whistles.

³ It all happened this way:

⁴ Happy was sitting on his own doorstep one morning, when along the road came a strange-looking little man. He had on a red coat, and his long whiskers were white as snow.

⁵ "I have journeyed far," said the old man, "and I am a-weary and would rest."

⁶ "Come right in and rest!" called Happy.

⁷ When the little man was rested, he said, "I am on my way to plant a little tree."

8 "Could n't I help you?" begged Happy.

9 "Come on!" laughed the little man.

10 They dug a hole close to the brook. Then the little man took out a tiny tree from his pocket and planted it.

11 "Who will care for the tree when I am gone?" he asked.

12 "I will," answered Happy. "What kind is it?"

13 "It's a whistle-oo," said the little man.

14 "If there's a wish in the heart of you,
A wish that is merry and kind and true,
Just whistle once on the whistle-oo,
And your happy wish will come true for you."

15 "Whistle-oo! Whistle-oo!" said Happy as he ran home. "That's a funny tree!"

16 As he piled up wood in the back yard for his mother that afternoon, he kept saying it, for he had never heard of a whistle-oo tree before.

17 The very next morning, after breakfast, he ran to the woods to see the tree. But when he reached the brook, he found the

Big Man of the village sitting there fishing. When he looked for the little tree, he found it uprooted upon the ground.

18 "Oh!" cried Happy. "Poor little tree!"

19 "It was in my way," the Big Man said crossly, "so I pulled it up."

20 "It is a whistle-oo tree," said Happy.

21 "What of it?" answered the Big Man. "What do I care about a whistle-oo tree?"

22 Happy planted the little tree and propped it up.

23 The next day Happy ran again to the brook. The little tree had grown so much in the night that he could scarcely believe his eyes. He clapped his hands and cried:

"Now nobody can pull you up!"

24 Just as he turned to run home again, he heard a strange sound. It came from the top of the little tree. "Whistle! Whistle!" it seemed to say.

25 "The wind is blowing!" Happy said to himself.

26 The little tree reached out its branches. "Whistle! Whistle!" it said again.

²⁷ “Of course I can make a whistle!” said Happy. He cut off part of a branch and notched it. Then he slipped off the outer bark, and in a minute the whistle was made.

²⁸ Happy lifted it to his lips, but before he could blow upon it that wonderful whistle whistled all by itself. It was like the warbling of a forest full of birds. The bees and the butterflies, the squirrels and the song-birds all stopped to listen.

²⁹ Then the wonderful whistle began to say in a queer little singing voice,

³⁰ “If there ’s a wish in the heart of you,
A wish that is merry and kind and true,
Just whistle once on the whistle-oo,
And your happy wish will come true for you.”

³¹ “A magical whistle!” cried Happy.

³² Happy ran straight home as fast as he could with the whistle in his pocket. He told his father all about it.

³³ “Use it carefully!” said the woodcutter.
“Save your wishes for the hour of need.
’T is, indeed, a magical whistle.”



2. THE BIG MAN
AND THE MAGICAL WHISTLE

¹ Down in the village the people had heard about the magical whistle and they wondered much, for the likes of it none had heard of before.

² The Big Man said to himself,

“’T is a wonderful whistle, and I must have it! Many are the things I can wish for myself.”

³ So the Big Man hied him straightway to the home of the woodcutter.

⁴ “A magical whistle, indeed,” he said. “I will give you a piece of gold for it.”

⁵ “The little tree gave it to me,” said Happy, “just before it grew as tall as the tallest. I should not like to sell the magical whistle. Perhaps the whistle-oo will give you one.”

⁶ So the Big Man went to the tree by the brook. Up the trunk of the whistle-oo tree he climbed. He tore the leaves off roughly and cut the bark. Then he climbed down and made himself a whistle. He put it to his lips and blew and blew, but not a sound came.

⁷ He shook his fist at the whistle-oo tree. "Never mind," he cried. "I'll have a magical whistle, in spite of you!"

Then he hurried back to the woodcutter's home.

⁸ "The tree gave me a whistle," he called to Happy.

⁹ "It looks just like mine," said the boy.

¹⁰ The Big Man put his whistle beside Happy's. "They are just alike," he laughed.

¹¹ Then very slyly he changed the whistles.

¹² "I must be gone, now," he said, a moment later. "I want to show my whistle to all the village."

¹³ So down the road he went.

¹⁴ "Come, one and all! See the magical whistle!" cried the Big Man to the people. "I wish that I may grow richer and richer, until I shall be greater than all of you!"

¹⁵ The Big Man lifted the whistle and blew upon it. He blew hard, and he blew soft, but not a sound came from the whistle.

¹⁶ "Aha!" laughed all the people. "A wonderful whistle, indeed!"

¹⁷ The Big Man stamped his foot and threw away the whistle. As soon as it left his hands, it took unto itself wings and straight away it flew trilling like a meadow lark.

¹⁸ The villagers watched the magical whistle, as it flew straight to the woodcutter's house and into the pocket of the boy Happy.

¹⁹ "I have two whistles now!" cried Happy.

²⁰ "That is good news," said his father, "for now you can give one away."

²¹ "I will give it to the washerwoman," said Happy. "She can wish for her mother, who is ill, and for her little boy who is lame."

²² He lifted the whistle to his lips, and once again it began to trill like spring-time birds. In its queer little singing voice the whistle said,

²³ "If there's a wish in the heart of you,
A wish that is merry and kind and true,
Just whistle once on the whistle-oo,
And your happy wish will come true for you."

²⁴ "I wish good fortune for the washerwoman," said Happy.

²⁵ Then he ran up the road as fast as he could to carry the whistle to her. When he arrived, the house was in a commotion.

²⁶ “My brother has just come from the Far West,” said the washerwoman. “He brings a fortune with him, and he wants me to make a home for him.”

²⁷ “We are so happy!” said the little lame boy. “Now Mother will not have to wash all day long.”

²⁸ “I have brought you a magic whistle,” Happy said, as he handed it to the washerwoman. “You can wish many things for your sick mother and your little lame boy.”





3. "WHISTLES FOR THE VILLAGERS"

¹ When Happy reached home, there, waiting for him, was the little man with the red coat and white whiskers.

² "How grows the whistle-oo?" asked the little man.

³ “Wonderful whistles it makes!” cried Happy. “And the whistle brings all your wishes true.”

⁴ “Everybody should have a magical whistle!” said the little man.

⁵ “Do you suppose the whistle-oo tree would let me cut whistles to give to all the people in the village?” Happy asked.

⁶ “Let us try,” said the little man.

⁷ Off they went together to the woods. They both began to cut whistles, many of them. At last they went back to the wood-cutter’s house.

⁸ The Big Man was there, sitting on the doorstep. “It is about the magic whistles that I would speak,” he began.

⁹ “Oh, yes!” cried Happy. “Look at the whistles I have! All my pockets are full.”

¹⁰ “You are a poor boy,” said the Big Man. “So I’ll give you a gold piece for them.”

¹¹ “*One* gold piece,” asked the little man, “for all his pocket full of whistles?”

¹² “It is more than enough,” said Happy. “Indeed, I could not take money for them. I should like to give them to all the villagers.”

¹³ “Are you sure they are really magical whistles?” asked the Big Man.

¹⁴ “Oh, yes!” Happy cried merrily. “They are all cut from the whistle-oo tree.”

¹⁵ Then he lifted one of them to his lips. But before he could blow upon it, the wonderful whistle whistled itself. It was like the trilling of a thousand merry birds. And a queer little singing voice said:

¹⁶ “If there ’s a wish in the heart of you,
A wish that is merry and kind and true,
Just whistle once on the whistle-oo,
And your happy wish will come true for you.”

¹⁷ “I wish, that the poor little orphan boy may find somebody to take care of him and send him to school and make him happy.”

¹⁸ The Big Man scowled.

¹⁹ “A bother to the orphan boy!” he said gruffly. “Have we not enough to do to

take care of ourselves, without worrying about orphan boys? Give me the whistles, I will take them to the village for you."

²⁰ So Happy gave him all the whistles.

²¹ "Ho, you villagers, come out!" called the Big Man. "My pockets are full of magical whistles. One gold piece buys a whistle. Who buys first?"

²² The villagers crowded about him.

²³ "How shall we know they are magical whistles?" they asked.

²⁴ At this moment the washerwoman came along, merry-hearted with her good fortune.

²⁵ "Magical whistles!" she cried. "And so many!"

²⁶ "How do we know that they are really magical?" grumbled the villagers.

²⁷ "I have a whistle of my own," said the washerwoman. "It has made my mother well again and straightened my little boy's twisted foot."

²⁸ Then she lifted the whistle to her lips. But before she could blow upon it, the wonderful whistle trilled and warbled like

a forest full of thrushes. Then, in a queer little singing voice, it said,

²⁹ “If there’s a wish in the heart of you,
A wish that is merry and kind and true,
Just whistle once on the whistle-oo,
And your happy wish will come true for you.”

³⁰ Then the washerwoman laughed and said,

“I wish that the whistles may grow in numbers until there are enough for all the villagers.”

³¹ No sooner were the words out of her mouth than the whistles began to squirm out of the Big Man’s pockets. They stretched out longer and longer, and each whistle divided itself into two. Finally, there were as many whistles as villagers. They lay at the Big Man’s feet, a merry pile.

³² “Aha!” laughed the Big Man. “Who wants to buy some magic whistles now? One gold piece buys a whistle!”

³³ The washerwoman was surprised. “Do you sell them?” she asked.

34 "Surely!" shouted the Big Man.

35 Then the villagers each seized a whistle. "Let us all try for ourselves," they cried, "before we pay our gold pieces."

36 "I shall wish for great power for myself!" cried one.

37 "Great wealth for me!" cried another.

38 "A palace to dwell in!" shouted a third.

39 So they went on shouting their wishes, each one seeking for himself something bigger and grander than his neighbors.

40 "I shall wish for power far above all of you!" cried the Big Man.

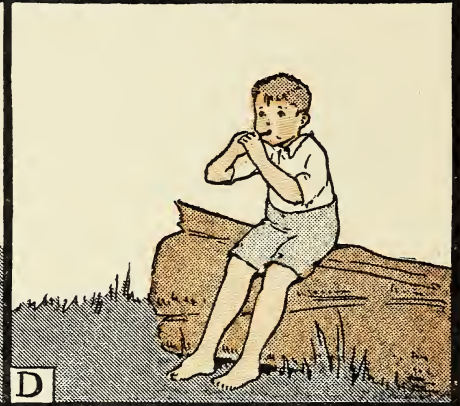
41 They blew hard and they blew soft upon all the whistles, but not a sound came.

42 Then they turned upon the Big Man.

43 "Out of our sight!" they cried. "You are a cheat!"

44 They threw the whistles upon the ground and betook themselves into their homes. The Big Man sat down by a wayside tree and buried his face in his hands.

45 "Now has the evil day come to me!" he cried, "and there is no one to help me."



PUZZLE PICTURES

Find the pictures in the story.

4. THE LITTLE ORPHAN BOY

¹ As the Big Man sat by the side of the road the wind blew and scattered the whistles down the road. One of them went sweeping on and on, till it reached the place where the orphan boy lived.

² He was sitting on the river bank, very sad and lonely. Suddenly, he saw a whistle rolling along. It stopped close to him.

³ "A whistle!" he cried to himself.

⁴ He picked it up, then lifted it to his lips. But before he could blow upon it, the wonderful whistle whistled itself. It trilled and warbled like nesting birds, and a queer little singing voice said,

⁵ "If there's a wish in the heart of you,
A wish that is merry and kind and true,
Just whistle once on the whistle-oo,
And your happy wish will come true for you."

⁶ "A magical whistle!" cried the little boy. "Oh, I wish that all the little children in the village might have one, too."

⁷ Then a strange thing happened.

⁸Down the road came a merry flock of little folks, boys and girls with brown eyes and blue, boys and girls with gray eyes and hazel, boys and girls with black hair and golden and wavy brown, girls in aprons and girls in dresses, boys in jumpers and boys in trousers. Big and little and fat and thin, they all came trooping out of their houses and down the road.

⁹One and all they spied the whistles, and one and all they picked them up. Then they saw the little orphan boy.

¹⁰“Come on,” they cried. “Come with us and get a magical whistle, for the road is thick with them!”

¹¹The orphan boy ran on with them.

¹²“What shall we wish!” they all said.

¹³“I shall wish a warm coat for my mother!” cried the janitor’s son.

¹⁴“I shall wish my father well again!” cried another boy.

¹⁵So they talked about their merry wishes, as they danced along, hand in hand, to the village. They wished a thousand happy

things for everybody they knew, big and little, old and young, rich and poor. But nobody remembered the Big Man. Alone and forgotten, he sat by the road.

¹⁶ The merry troop of little people passed him, but the little orphan boy stopped.

¹⁷ "There are magical whistles on the road," he said. "Did you find one?"

¹⁸ The Big Man lifted his head and looked at the boy. Then he shook his head sadly.

¹⁹ The little orphan boy touched the Big Man's arm.

²⁰ "See!" he said, "I have a magical whistle! I did not blow it with the children. I should like to give you the whistle."

²¹ The orphan boy held it out, but the Big Man did not stir.

²² "The whistle will not blow for me," he said, and he covered his face.

²³ The orphan boy sat down beside him.

²⁴ "All magical whistles will blow for every one who has a merry wish to wish," he said.

²⁵ "And what is a merry wish?" asked the Big Man.

²⁶ "A merry wish makes somebody happy," he said. "Won't you please let me give you my whistle?"

²⁷ The Big Man looked at the little lad.

²⁸ "Yes, child," he said, "I will take the whistle. I will blow on it, if it will please you. If my wish comes true, I shall be the happiest man in the world."

²⁹ He lifted the whistle to his lips. But before he could blow upon it, the wonderful whistle began to whistle itself, and then, in a queer little singing voice, said,

³⁰ "If there's a wish in the heart of you,
A wish that is merry and kind and true,
Just whistle once on the whistle-oo,
And your happy wish will come true for you."

³¹ The Big Man stood up straight and tall.

³² "I wish that the little orphan boy might come to live with me, that I may feed and clothe him and make him happy."

³³ The little orphan boy smiled and slipped his hand into the hand of the Big Man, and they walked off together.



PICCOLA

¹ Poor, sweet Piccola! Did you hear
 What happened to Piccola, children dear?
 'Tis seldom Fortune such favor grants
 As fell to this little maid of France.

2 'T was Christmas-time, and her parents poor
 Could hardly drive the wolf from the door,
 Striving with poverty's patient pain
 Only to live till summer again.

3 No gifts for Piccola! Sad were they
 When dawned the morning of Christmas-day.
 Their little darling no joy might stir,
 Saint Nicholas nothing would bring to her!

4 But Piccola never doubted at all
 That something beautiful must befall
 Every child upon Christmas-day,
 And so she slept till the dawn was gray.

5 And full of faith, when at last she woke,
 She stole to her shoe as the morning broke.
 Such sounds of gladness filled all the air,
 'T was plain Saint Nicholas had been there!

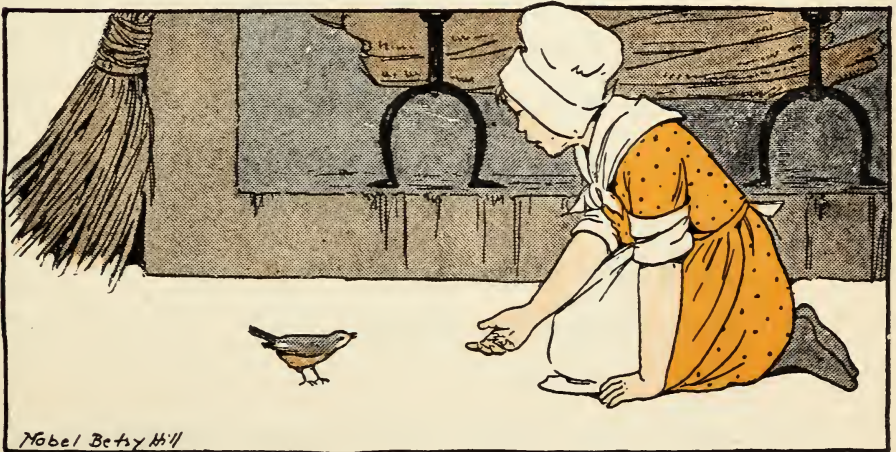
6 In rushed Picccla sweet, half wild.
 Never was seen such a joyful child.
 "See what the good saint brought!" she cried,
 And mother and father must peep inside.

7 Now such a story who ever heard?
There was a little shivering bird!
A sparrow, that in at the window flew,
Had crept into Piccola's tiny shoe!

8 "How good poor Piccola must have been!"
She cried, as happy as any queen,
While the starving sparrow she fed and warmed,
And danced with rapture, she was so charmed.

9 Children, this story I tell to you,
Of Piccola sweet and her bird, is true.
In the far-off land of France, they say,
Still do they live to this very day.

By CELIA THAXTER



SNAP SHOTS OF BIRDS

	4
What you are going to read now has	12
many pictures. You should read each	18
part so carefully that you could paint	25
it. The tiny numbers will help you	32
to find these things more easily when	39
you talk about them in class.	45
1. Find the parts that tell	50
about the robin.	53
¹ Very early in the Spring, long before the	61
grass is green, while snow is on the ground,	70
the birds begin to come. ² Some morning a	78
robin will appear, standing up very straight	85
on a fence or tree, showing his bright, red	94
breast and black cap, flirting his tail and	102
looking as if he were glad to be back in his	113
old home.	115
2. Find the parts that tell	120
about the baby birds.	124
¹ Soon after the young bird comes out of	132

the egg, he begins to be hungry. ² All day	141
long, whenever the father or mother comes	148
near, he opens his great mouth, as wide as	157
he can, to have it filled, and the moment he	167
gets his voice he cries for food. ³ Then the	176
old birds have to work hard. ⁴ Three or four	185
hungry nestlings can keep both father and	192
mother busy from morning till night, hunting	199
for caterpillars and bugs and other things to	207
feed them. ⁵ A baby robin needs more worms	215
in a day than you can hold in your hand at	226
once.	227

3. Find how one little bird	232
learned to fly.	235

¹ The first thing young birds learn in their	243
school is to fly. ² The father and mother	251
birds try to coax baby birds who are afraid	260
to try their wings. ³ In one nest one little	269
bird was left all alone because he was afraid	278
to try to fly. ⁴ He stood on the edge of the	289
nest and called and cried, but would not use	298
his wings.	300

⁵ His father came to see him now and then,	309
and at last he made him fly in this way.	319
⁶ He caught a fine, large fly and brought it	328
to the nest in his bill. ⁷ The young bird	337
was very hungry and when he saw the food,	346
he opened his mouth and fluttered his wings.	354
⁸ He was so eager that he could hardly wait.	363
⁹ The father bird did not feed him. ¹⁰ He	371
let him see the fly, and then with a loud	381
call he flew to the next tree. ¹¹ When the	390
baby bird saw the food going away, he for-	398
got he was afraid. ¹² With a little cry he	407
sprang after it, and so before he knew it	416
he had flown.	419

4. Find how another bird was	424
taught to take a bath.	429

¹ A mother robin wanted to teach her	436
baby to bathe. ² She brought him to a dish	445
of water, kept for their use by some people	454
who liked birds. ³ The little bird stood on	462
the edge and watched his mother go in and	471
splash the water. ⁴ He fluttered his wings	478

and was eager to try it for himself, but
seemed afraid to jump in. 487
492

⁵ At last the mother flew away and left
him standing there. ⁶ In a moment she came
back with a worm in her mouth. ⁷ The
young robin was hungry, as young birds
always are, so when he saw the worm he
began to flutter his wings and cry for it. 516
523
532
541

⁸ But the mother jumped into the water
dish and stood there, holding the worm
where he could see it. ⁹ The baby bird
wanted the worm so much that he forgot
to be afraid and hopped right in beside her. 548
563
571
580
¹⁰ She fed him the worm and then began to
splash about. ¹¹ He liked it so well that he
stayed, and so he learned to bathe. 589
598
605

By OLIVE THORNE MILLER

DRAW AND COLOR

1. A robin on a fence rail.
2. Three baby birds in a nest.
3. A baby bird trying to fly.
4. A bird taking a bath.



The Japanese Shop

1. THE SHOP

¹ One day, not very long after Christmas, Mrs. Thornton said to Rose,

“Rose dear, I am going to the Japanese Shop. Would n't you like to go along?”

² “What is a Japanese Shop?” asked Rose.

³ “Oh, it is a very wonderful shop,” said her mother. “I can't begin to tell you about all the curious things they sell in a Japanese Shop. You must come and see for yourself.”

⁴ So Rose put on her hat and coat and went with her mother to the Japanese Shop.

⁵ What a wonderful place it was! Rose felt just as if she were in some new kind of Fairyland. Everything was colored so bright and beautiful! There were such queer-shaped things sitting about on the floor and standing up in the corners! Curious lanterns swung from the ceiling. Tall screens of black and gold with pictures of wonderful long-legged birds stood about.



⁶ Rose wandered about by herself while her mother was looking at the funny lamps hiding under colored umbrellas. She found a funny Japanese doll. But over in a corner, all by itself, Rose found something which she thought would make the loveliest Christmas present,—the most wonderful Christmas present that any little girl could have. Oh! how she wanted it for her very own!

⁷ It was a toy garden. It was the kind that is put into the guest-room of a Japanese house to amuse visitors.



2. THE TOY GARDEN

¹My! It was a wonderful little garden! It was a really truly live garden, with growing trees and plants and moss. But it was all so tiny that it could stand on a little table no wider than Rose's arm was long. And though the trees were really truly grown-up trees, a great deal older than Rose, — older even than her mother, they were no taller than Rose's little hand.

²This is the way the garden looked. It was almost square and there was a little stone wall around it, about an inch high. In the middle of the garden was a hill built of rocks, and on the top of the hill was a lawn of green moss, with a tiny pagoda, or Japanese house, no bigger than a match-box. The sides of the hill sloped down, very green and smooth, and at the foot was a little brook of real water, winding around the whole garden. The tiniest path of sand crept zig-zag down the hill to a bit of a red bridge that crossed the brook, for the people in the house at the top of the hill to use. And all along the brook grew little baby plants, and wonderful dwarf trees. Pine-trees they were. The pine needles had fallen on the ground and had turned rusty brown, just as everyday pine needles do. Only these were ten times smaller than everyday pine needles.

³Rose wondered who lived in the little house at the top of the hill, and she said to herself,



⁴“ Oh, how I wish I were little enough to live in that dear little house, and play in that sweet little garden, and climb up into those darling little trees! Oh, how I wish I could be tiny!” And that was something which Rose had never before wished.



3. WHAT LIVED IN THE GARDEN

¹Just then Rose heard a cough behind her. Looking around, she saw that the little man who kept the store was standing at her elbow.

²Rose made up her mind to ask him.

“Oh, Mr. Man!” said Rose, “I think you can tell me who lives in the dear little house and plays in the dear little garden and paddles in the dear little brook. Will you, please?”

³The little old man bowed and smiled. He looked at Rose for a minute without saying anything. Then he went away to the other end of the store. Soon he came back, and he had something in his hands. He set a little Somebody down beside the house on the top of the hill. It was a tiny little old man made of china-stuff, in long green gown, with a knob of hair on the back of his head, like a lady.

⁴“He lives in house, little old man!” he said. “And these, his animals, — they live in garden.”

⁵As he said this he set down on the bridge the tiniest white baby rabbit, and in the brook a teeny-weeny duck, which floated on the water, and under one of the trees a wee-wee mouse, with pink ears.

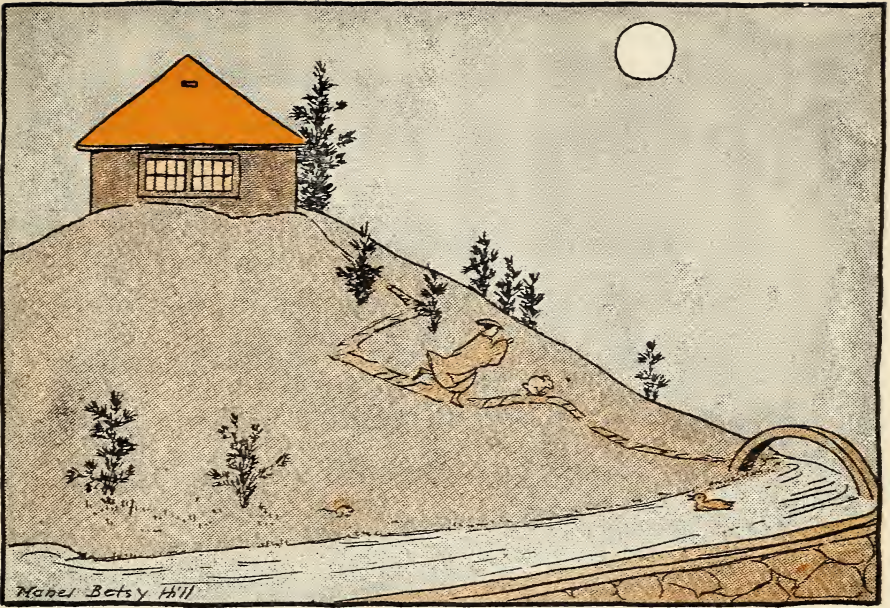
⁶“Oh!” cried Rose, clapping her hands. “Oh! how I wish I could be little enough to play there with them. Are they alive?”

⁷The little old man smiled more than ever. Then he whispered behind his hand to Rose, as though it were a great secret:

⁸“No, not alive now. But after dark, when moon shines, and store all empty — all big folks gone away — then all come alive. My — my! Little old man walks down hill, fishes in brook. Duck says ‘Quack, quack!’ Little rabbit hops so-so over bridge. Little mouse cries ‘Wee wee!’ and climbs up pine-tree.”

⁹“Oh! Have you ever seen it?” cried Rose, clapping her hands, with her eyes very wide.

¹⁰But just then her mother came back. Rose was very sorry when the little man bowed politely and walked away to the other end of the store. She had wanted to ask him a great many more questions about the wee-wee mouse, the teeny-weeny duck, and the white baby rabbit.



4. THE SECRET

¹ “Come, Rose,” said her mother. “We must go home now.”

² “Oh, Mother! I want it!” cried Rose longingly.

³ “Want what? The garden? Oh, my dear! I cannot buy you that,” said her mother sadly. “It costs dollars and dollars. But maybe I could buy you the mouse, or the duck, or the rabbit, or the little old gentleman up there. Would you like one of them, dear?”

⁴“Oh, no!” cried Rose. “It would be dreadful to take them away from their lovely garden. Think how lonesome they would be when it grew dark and they all came alive!”

⁵On the way home Rose told her mother the great secret, which the little old man had told her. Her mother thought it was all very strange indeed, and said she wished that she too were little enough to play in the wonderful garden.

⁶When they reached home Rose told her brother all about the toy garden, and the secret which the little man had told her. But he only said, “I don’t believe a word of it.” But, of course, he had not seen the garden. He had not heard the little old man tell the secret, which made a great difference.

⁷When it was dark, Rose went to bed. In a little while her mother came to kiss her good-night. Rose held her tightly by the hand and made her sit down on the edge of the bed, where the moonlight shone like silver.

⁸ “Oh, Mother!” she whispered. “Think of the shop, all dark and empty now, with just one moonbeam shining on the little garden in the corner. The little old man comes alive, pop! like that! Now he goes walking out of his house, down the little path over the hill. The bunny-rabbit scampers in front of him, hippity-hop! Can’t you see him, Mother? Now they come to the little bridge. The funny duck says ‘Quack, quack!’ and swims away round and round the garden. Now the little old man sits down under one of the tiny pine-trees and begins to fish in the brook. The wee-wee mouse runs up and down the tree and nibbles the cheese which the old man has in his pocket for bait. Oh, Mother, I can see it all, just as plainly! I wish I were there.”

⁹ “I can almost see it, too,” said Mother.

¹⁰ “Oh, Mother, I think I could grow little just as easily as they could come alive. Don’t you?” said Rose.

¹¹ Her mother answered, “Perhaps you could.”



¹² But she would never take Rose to the Japanese Shop after dark, to see whether or not it could be done. Maybe she was afraid that Rose might grow little and stay little always — which would have been a dreadful thing for her mother.

¹³ But Rose thinks that she herself would like it very well indeed, — to live always in that wonderful garden with the wee-wee mouse and the teeny-weeny duck and the tiniest white baby rabbit and the funny little old man.



A LEGEND OF THE NORTHLAND

- ¹ Away, away in the Northland,
 Where the hours of the day are few,
 And the nights are so long in winter,
 They cannot sleep them through;
- ² Where they harness the swift reindeer
 To the sledges, when it snows,
 And the children look like bear's cubs
 In their funny furry clothes:
- ³ They tell them a curious story —
 I don't believe 'tis true;
 And yet you may learn a lesson,
 If I tell the tale to you.
- ⁴ Once, when the good Saint Peter
 Lived in the world below,
 And walked about it, preaching,
 Just as he did, you know;



⁵ He came to the door of a cottage,
In traveling round the earth,
Where a little woman was making cakes,
And baking them on the hearth;

⁶ And being faint with fasting,
For the day was almost done,
He asked her, from her store of cakes,
To give him a single one.

⁷ So she made a very little cake,
But as it baking lay,
She looked at it, and thought it seemed
Too large to give away.

⁸ Therefore she kneaded another,
And still a smaller one;
But it looked, when she turned it over,
As large as the first had done.

⁹ Then she took a tiny scrap of dough,
And rolled and rolled it flat;
And baked it thin as a wafer —
But she could n't part with that.

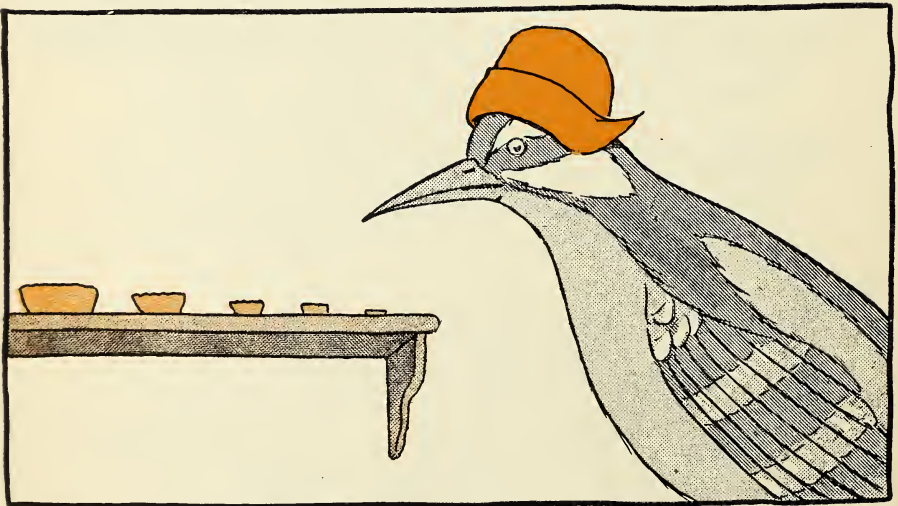
¹⁰ For she said, “My cakes that seem too small,
When I eat of them myself,
Are yet too large to give away.”
So she put them on the shelf.

¹¹ Then good Saint Peter grew angry,
For he was hungry and faint;
And surely such a woman
Was enough to provoke a saint.

¹² And he said, "You are far too selfish
To dwell in a human form,
To have both food and shelter,
And fire to keep you warm.

¹³ "Now, you shall build as the birds do,
And shall get your scanty food
By boring, and boring, and boring,
All day in the hard dry wood."

¹⁴ Then up she went through the chimney,
Never speaking a word,
And out of the top flew a woodpecker,
For she was changed to a bird.



15 She had a scarlet cap on her head,
And that was left the same,
But all the rest of her clothes were
burned
Black as a coal in the flame.

16 And every country school-boy
Has seen her in the wood,
Where she lives in the trees till this
very day,
Boring and boring for food.

17 And this is the lesson she teaches:
Live not for yourself alone,
Lest the needs you will not pity
Shall one day be your own.

18 Give plenty of what is given to you,
Listen to pity's call;
Don't think the little you give is great,
And the much you get is small.

By PHEBE CARY

Draw what the old woman was changed into.

WHO, WHERE, WHAT, HOW

First find the *how* part in each sentence. Then play the game, as you did on page 44.

1. Piccola played happily with her pet sparrow in the kitchen.

2. The Big Man talked crossly in the forest.

3. The grandfather walked slowly in the garden.

4. In the barnyard the rooster crowed proudly.

5. Slowly the tortoise crept along the path.

6. In the garret the girls spoke in a whisper.

7. The boys easily built a little bird house in the school yard.

8. The deer ran swiftly in the park.

9. The girls carefully lighted a fire in the stove.

10. In the class room the children moved quickly to their seats.

11. The teacher put the papers safely away in her desk.

12. In the wigwam the Indians smoked their pipes slowly.

13. In the funniest way the goblin made faces at the window.

14. He wanted to jump up and down softly on the window sill.

15. Outside the tree Mother Breeze tied on her apron tightly.

16. The man piled up the wood carefully in the cellar.

17. In the meadow the birds sang sweetly.

18. Tom spoke to Ned in a friendly way on the street.

19. The boys shot fire crackers with a great noise on the pavement.

20. We saw the sun rise slowly in the east.

21. The children played happily outdoors.

22. The girls gladly helped in the garden.

23. Mother sadly mended the holes in the little girl's dress.

24. The two smallest children played happily in the sand pile.



Drawn by Lucy Fitch Perkins

THE DUTCH TWINS

¹Kit and Kat woke up very early, without any one's calling them. You see, they were afraid they would be too late to go with the milk cart.

²Grandfather Winkle had only just gone out to get the milk ready, and they had plenty of time to dress while Grandmother got breakfast. Grandmother helped with the buttons and the hard parts of their clothes.

³Grandmother Winkle's kitchen was quite like the kitchen at home, only a little nicer. It had red tiles on the floor; and it had ever so many blue plates hanging around on the walls, and standing on edge in a row on the shelves. There was a warming-pan with a bright brass cover, hanging on the wall; and I wish you could have seen the pillows and the coverlet on the best bed!

⁴Grandmother Winkle had embroidered those all herself, and she was very proud of them. When she had company, she always drew the curtains back so that her beautiful bed would be seen. She said that Kit and Kat were company, and she always left the curtains open when they came to visit her.

⁵ When the Twins were all dressed, Grandmother said,

“Mercy sakes! You have on your best clothes! Now that’s just like a man to promise to take you out in your best clothes in a milk wagon! Whatever was Grandfather thinking about!”

⁶ Kit and Kat thought she was going to say that they could n’t go, so they dug their knuckles in their eyes and began to cry. But they had n’t got farther than the first whimper when Grandmother said,

“Well, well, we must fix that somehow. Don’t cry now, that’s a good Kit and Kat.” So the Twins took their knuckles out of their eyes and began to smile.

⁷ Grandmother went to the press and brought out two aprons. One was a very small apron. It would n’t reach to Kit’s knees. But she put it on him and tied it around his waist.

⁸ “This was your Uncle Jan’s when he was a little boy,” she said. “It’s pretty small, but it will help some.”



Drawn by Lucy Fitch Perkins

⁹Kit wished that Uncle Jan had taken it with him when he went to America. But he did n't say so.

¹⁰Then Grandmother took another apron out of the press. It looked as if it had been there a long time.

¹¹“Kat, you must wear this,” she said. “It was your mother’s when she was a little girl.”

¹²Now, this apron was all faded, and it had patches on it of different kinds of cloth.



Drawn by Lucy Fitch Perkins

Kat looked at her best dress. Then she looked at the apron. Then she thought about the milk cart. She wondered if she wanted to go in the milk cart badly enough to wear that apron over her Sunday dress! She stuck her finger in her mouth and looked sidewise at Grandmother Winkle.

¹³ Grandmother did n't say a word. She just looked firm and held up the apron.

¹⁴ Very soon Kat came slowly — very slowly — and Grandmother buttoned the apron up behind, and that was the end of that.

¹⁵The Twins could hardly eat any breakfast, they were in such a hurry to go. As soon as they had taken the last spoonful and Grandfather Winkle had finished his coffee, they ran out into the place where the dogs were kept, to help Grandfather harness them.

¹⁶There were two black and white dogs. Their names were Peter and Paul.

¹⁷The wagon was small, just the right size for the dogs; and it was painted blue. The bright brass cans full of milk were already in; and there was a little seat for Kat to sit on.

¹⁸When the last strap was fastened, Grandfather lifted Kat up and set her on the seat. She held on with both hands.

¹⁹Then Grandfather gave the lines to Kit, and a little stick for a whip, and told him to walk slowly along beside the dogs. He told him to be sure not to let go of the lines.

²⁰Grandfather walked behind, carrying some milk cans.

²¹Grandmother stood in the door to see them off; and, as they started away, Kat took



Drawn by Lucy Fitch Perkins

one hand off the cart long enough to wave it to her. Then she held on again; for the bricks in the pavement made the cart joggle a good deal.

²² “We must go first to Vrouw de Vet,” Grandfather called out. “She takes one quart of milk. Go slowly.”

²³ At first Kit went slowly. But pretty soon there was a great rattling behind him; and Hans Hite, a boy he knew, drove right past him with his dog cart! He drove fast; and, as he passed Kit, he stuck out his tongue and called out,

“Milk for sale! Milk for sale!

A milk cart drawn by a pair of snails!”

²⁴ Kit forgot all about going slowly.

“Get up!” he said to the dogs, and he touched them with his long stick.

²⁵ Peter and Paul “got up.” They jumped forward and began to run!

²⁶ Kit ran as fast as his legs would go beside the dogs, holding the lines. But the dogs had four legs apiece, and Kit only two; so you see he could n’t keep up very well.

²⁷ Kat began to scream the moment that Peter and Paul began to run. The dogs thought that something that made a dreadful noise was after them, and they ran faster than ever. You see, Grandfather Winkle never in the world screamed like that, and

Peter and Paul did n't know what to make of it. So they ran and ran and ran.

²⁸Kat held on the best she could, but she bounced up ever so far in the air every time the cart struck a bump in the street. So did the milk cans; and when they came down again, the milk splashed out.

²⁹Kat did n't always come down in the same spot. All the spots were hard, so it did n't really matter much which one she struck as she came down.

³⁰But Kat did n't think about that; she just screamed. And Peter and Paul ran and ran, and Kit ran and ran, until he could n't run any more; he just sat down hard on the pavement and slid along. But he did n't let go of the lines!

³¹When Kit sat down, it jerked the dogs so hard that they stopped suddenly. But Kat did n't stop; she went right on. She flew out over the front of the cart and landed on the ground, among all of Peter and Paul's legs! Then she stopped going, but she did n't stop screaming.

³² And, though Kit was a boy, he screamed some too. Then Peter and Paul pointed their noses up in the air and began to howl.

³³ Way back, ever so far, Grandfather was coming along as fast as he could; but that was n't very fast.

³⁴ All the doors on the street flew open, and all the good housewives came clattering out to see what was the matter. They picked Kat up and told her not to cry, and wiped her eyes with their aprons, and stood Kit on his feet, and patted the dogs; and pretty soon Peter and Paul stopped barking, and Kit and Kat stopped screaming, and then it was time to find out what had really happened.

By LUCY FITCH PERKINS

1. **Who** are in this story?
2. **Where** did the story take place?
3. **What** happened in the story?
4. **Why** did it happen?

Anna Smith
 44 Park Street
 Portland, Maine.

Miss Mary Arden
 75 Wayne Street
 New York City
 New York

FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS IN EVERYDAY THINGS

1. *What to put on the front of an envelope.*

¹In the middle write the name and address of the person to whom the letter is to be sent. ²In the upper left-hand corner write the Return Address. (Your own name and address.) ³In the upper right-hand corner put the stamp.

2. *How to put the address on an envelope.*

¹Write the person's name in the middle. ²Under that write the street number and street. ³Under that write the city and state.

3. *How to send a letter.*

¹Put the letter in the envelope and seal it. ²Address the envelope. ³Put a stamp in the corner. ⁴Drop the letter into the mail box.

QUESTIONS TO ANSWER

1. To whom is this letter written?
2. Where does she live?
3. By whom is the letter sent?
4. What must be put on the letter to Miss Arden before you drop it into the box?
5. Should you buy a pink or a green stamp for this letter? Why?
6. Where can you buy stamps?
7. Look quickly to see which street name is the longer.
8. Look quickly to see which numbers are used in the addresses.

SNAP SHOTS AROUND THE WORLD

Read this very carefully so that you can answer the questions after it.

1. ¹The jungle is a fine home for wild plants and trees and insects and snakes and wild beasts, but it is not a good place for people. ²A few savages live in huts or in small villages. ³They spend their time in hunting and fishing, and in making war on one another. ⁴They wear little or no clothes. ⁵They build their huts out of the grass and palm-tree leaves of the forest. ⁶Their food is wild nuts, wild fruit, roots of trees, and such animals and fish as they can catch. ⁷The jungle supplies their needs, which are few. ⁸They live a lawless life with few pleasures and many hardships.

1. For what is the jungle a fine home?

2. In what do the people live?

3. How do they spend their time?

4. What do they wear?

5. How do they build their houses?
6. What do they eat?
7. Should you like to live in the jungle? Why? (or why not?)

2. ¹Nogasak was a little Eskimo girl.
²She lived with her father, mother, and little brother in a village near the North Pole.
³There were only fifteen families in the village, but in these there were other children, so that Nogasak and her brother had some playmates.

⁴The village was a queer-looking place.
⁵The houses were rounded mounds of snow about as tall as a man. ⁶They were close together. ⁷Each family built its house where it pleased, for there were no streets.
⁸There was really no need for streets in so small a village in the land of ice and snow.

1. Nogasak was a ——
2. She lived near ——
3. The houses were made of ——
4. The village had only —— families.

3. ¹The houses of the desert are built of mud. ²They have so little wood that it is used only for beams and outside doors, and sometimes for a shed. ³The clay is found under the sand and is shaped into bricks, which are dried in the sun. ⁴The bricks are piled up to make the walls of the houses. ⁵Mud is then plastered over the bricks and over beams of wood to make the roof. ⁶The outside walls of some of the houses are broken only by a doorway. ⁷If there are windows, they are so small that you can hardly put your head out through them. ⁸The people of the desert do not like to have people look in where they are living.

By GEORGE A. MIRICK

1. What is a desert?
2. Would you rather live in the desert or the jungle?
3. How is a desert home made?
4. Of what is a desert house built?
5. Draw one of these houses.

CHEEKO

1

Nogak was a little Eskimo boy. He was 9
 eight years old, and in his furry coat he 18
 looked like a big ball of fur. 25

Nogak's father had a big sled, which was 33
 drawn by eight fine dogs. The dogs were 41
 harnessed two by two. The first two dogs 49
 were the leaders. One of the leaders was 57
 Nogak's own dog. His father had given 64
 him to Nogak, when the dog was only a 73
 puppy. Nogak had named him Cheeko. 79

One day Nogak and his sister Nogasak 86
 were playing near the edge of the frozen 94
 river, where great pieces of ice were piled 102
 up. Beside one of these great pieces was a 111
 deep crack in the ice. The snow had 119
 drifted into the hole, so that the children 127
 did not know how deep it was. 134

In running back and forth with Cheeko, 141
 Nogak stepped too near the edge and fell 149
 into the hole. Nogasak screamed. She 155
 stopped right on the edge of the hole her- 163
 self. She looked down, and there lay her 171

brother, all in a heap, half hidden in the 180
 deep snow. 182

All this time Cheeko was running back 189
 and forth on the ice, barking with all his 198
 might. Nogak tried to crawl out of the 206
 snow, but the harder he tried the deeper he 215
 sank. 216 .

Suddenly the dog's barking stopped. 221
 Nogasak looked back quickly to see what 228
 was the matter, but Cheeko had disappeared. 235
 Nogasak began to cry. 239

Nogak was crying, too, for he could not 247
 get out of the deep hole, and it was bitter 257
 cold. 258

All at once Nogasak heard a shout in the 267
 distance, and loud barking. Across the 273
 snow came Cheeko bringing their father 279
 with him. 281

Quick as a wink, Father threw a rope 289
 down into the hole, and called to Nogak to 298
 catch it. A quick pull brought Nogak out 306
 of the hole. 309

Cheeko barked and barked, as if to say, 317
 "I did it all!" 321



THE STORY OF A DRUM

1. THE SILENT DRUM

¹ It was a handsome little drum, bright with red and gold. Winthrop's mother held it up, and looked at it.

²She thought to herself:

“Winthrop has played so little with other children, that I believe I will burn the drumsticks! They make so much noise. He can have the drum. That will not make a noise.”

³So Winthrop’s mother burned the drumsticks.

⁴Of all his new toys, none delighted Winthrop more than his big, bright, silent drum. He did a number of things with the drum. He sat on it. It was every kind of cart and wagon and sled. It was a desk and a table. It was a cooking-stove and a pulpit. It was everything but a drum.

⁵One day Winthrop hit the drum by accident. It gave forth a big hollow sound, unlike any sound made by his other playthings. Winthrop stood off at first, a little startled, then slowly walked towards the drum and gave it another rap.

⁶“Take care, dear,” called his mother. “Don’t hurt it. The top is thin, and it might break.”

⁷So a year went by, and the drum was only a drum of peace. It made less noise than any other toy of Winthrop's.

⁸This could not last forever. One day there was a cry: "Come and look out of the window, quick!"

⁹Winthrop flattened his nose against the glass and tried to see around the corner. They were coming, coming! The soldiers! You could hear the music. It was a deep beat, beat, and a high, merry note keeping time with it.

¹⁰At last the soldiers came into sight. At their head marched a big man. Slung in front of this man was that very thing that Grandma and he had used for a tea-table. Beating upon it with two sticks, the soldier made the most wonderful sounds that Winthrop had ever heard.

¹¹He stood spell-bound till the soldiers were out of sight and hearing. Then he started from the window. His first steps were towards the kitchen. There was his friend Maggie.

“Maggie, please give me two clothes-pins,” he begged.

¹² With his clothes-pins Winthrop marched up stairs.

“Rat-tat-too! Rat-tat-too!”

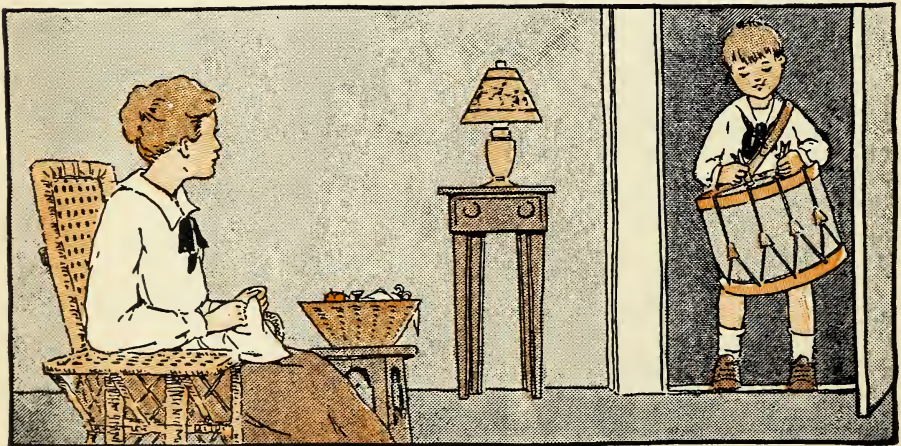
Ratty-tat-tatty-tat-tat-too!”

¹³ “What can that noise be?” cried his mother.

“Rat-tat-too! Rat-tat-too!” The sound was coming nearer.

¹⁴ “Mother, that is what it really was,” cried Winthrop. “Only we did n’t know! The soldier had one. This was what he did!”

“Rat-tat-too! Rat-tat-too!” beat Winthrop. “Ratty-tat-tatty-tat-too!”



2. THE DRUM GOES TO SCHOOL

¹ In the fall it was a proud and happy day when Winthrop began to go to school. His school was a large one, of primary grade.

² "Is there any little boy here that knows how to drum?" the teacher had asked.

Winthrop's hand went up, and five others.

³ "I want somebody that knows how to drum very well," she said.

Winthrop's hand and two others went down.

⁴ A friend of Winthrop's, however, waved his hand.

"Well, what is it, Edward?" asked the teacher.

"Winthrop is the best drummer in this school. He could play in the band," said Winthrop's friend.

⁵ "Bring your drum, Winthrop," said the teacher.

That a drum should be invited to go to school was a great and new thought. It sent Winthrop home on the run.



⁶ Oh, the happiness of the next day, when Winthrop beat the drum! The children's eyes shone as they proudly obeyed the music. There were no more scufflings on the stairs. There were no more delays on the landings. The children followed their little leader. They fell into step and marched to their places. The drum worked wonders at recess, and at the close of school it dismissed the pupils.

⁷ "I find," said the Principal, "that I can clear the building in just a minute and a half."

"It makes school fun," said the girls.

The little boys agreed that it might, if they could skip the arithmetic and spelling. Winthrop at first had not taken kindly to school. It was the drum that made him want to go.

3. WHAT HAPPENED

¹The teacher stopped the lesson. She went to the schoolroom door, and looked out, up and down the hall. Then she said:

“The janitor is probably burning something in the furnace that has a queer smell. Go on reading, Betty.”

²A moment later the Principal came to the door.

“File right out,” she said, “and go down to the lower door without stopping to get your wraps.”

³“My drum to march with?” asked Winthrop.

“Yes, get your drum,” said the young teacher. “We shall need it.”

⁴“Oh, run! run!” cried some one. “Fire! fire!”

The children were in an instant a struggling mass squeezing themselves into the narrow doorway. Little brothers and sisters dragged each other this way and that, but without moving forward a step.

⁵ The smoke was thickening, and the cry of children from above and below was an awful sound. It was but a few seconds that the horror lasted, for a drum-beat sent courage to all. Little Winthrop was beating his drum.

“Beat harder!” cried the teacher.

The children were shocked and calmed all at once. That any one should beat a drum while the house was on fire surprised them so much that it made them stand still.

⁶ “Now!” said the teacher in a loud, firm voice. “March in two’s. Fall in line. Left, right! Left, right!” The teacher beat with her foot. She gave them a fast, even step that carried them out into the hall, across the passage, to the head of the stairs. There another stream of children met them.

“Keep up with the drum!” called Winthrop’s teacher. “Do what the drum says. Left, right, left, right!”

⁷ On the stairs was the greatest danger. If they reached the foot in good order, they were safe.



The dingy, hard-used stairway went down, down. Then it turned with a narrowing at the left side. Then it went down, down again to the outside door and safety.

⁸The smoke by this time was rolling around them, and the children were coughing.

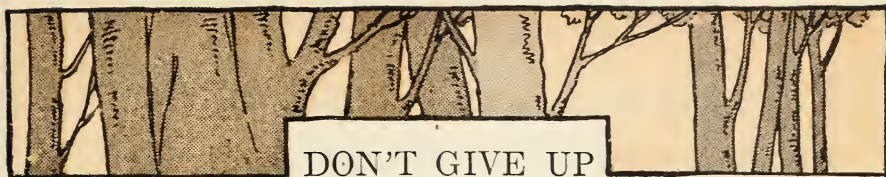
“Children, sing ‘Onward, Christian soldiers!’” the teacher cried. “Winthrop, beat time, hard!”

⁹They reached the dreaded curve, marching four abreast. Those on the inner side took in their steps without thinking, and those on the outside sang so loud that they forgot all about their feet. At the end little Winthrop marched out beside his teacher, still beating his drum.

¹⁰It had taken two minutes and a half for the three hundred boys and girls to set foot in safety in the school yard.

¹¹The fire engines had already come, and now it was great fun for the children to watch them.

¹²The fire department saved the building, but Winthrop and his drum had saved the children. That was what the teacher told his mother



¹ If you 've tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying.

All that 's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

² Though young birds, in flying, fall,
Still their wings grow stronger,
And the next time they can keep
Up a little longer.

³ Though the sturdy oak has known
Many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again, and grown
Loftier and prouder.

⁴ If by easy work you beat,
Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
That 's the test that tries you!

By PHEBE CARY

USING THE TELEPHONE

Tell some one who has never seen a telephone how to use it!

Talk about this in class. Then read to see whether you have told everything.

¹ Open the telephone book to the first letter of the person's last name. If his name is Smith, open the book to *S*. Run your eye down the page until you find the person's last name. There may be several persons with the same last name. In that case you should find the person's first name, too.

² Look for the number after the name; as 321-M.

³ Then take down the receiver hanging at the left of the telephone and hold it to your ear to hear through.

⁴ When the operator speaks, ask for the person's number (321-M).

⁵ When a voice says "Hello," ask whether it is the person you want, as "Is this Mr. Smith?" Then have your talk with the person you called up.

⁶ When you are through talking, say "Good-by," and ring off by hanging the receiver on the hook.

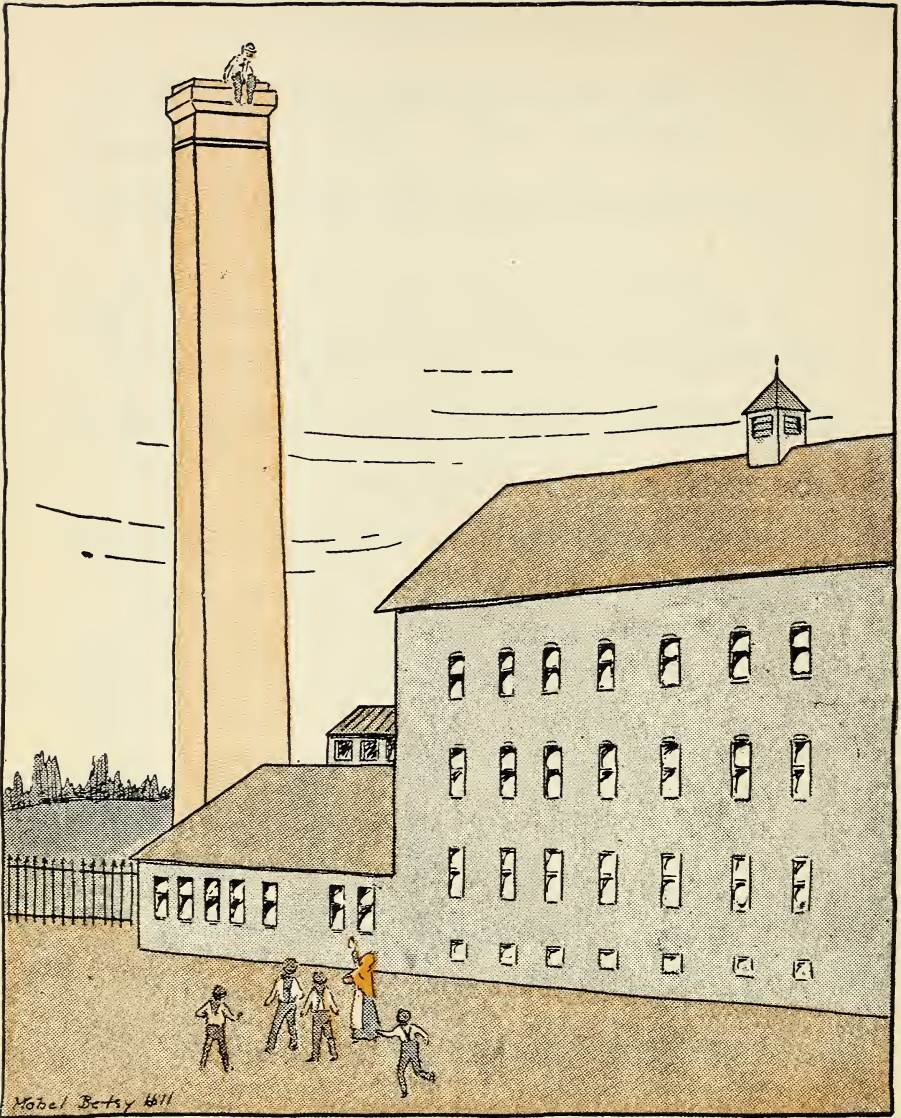
TELEPHONE GAME

Play that the following names are in a class telephone book. They are arranged in the same order as in the regular telephone book.

If there is a letter after a number, that telephone is a *party line*. This means that several people have the same number, but a different letter for each party.

See how quickly you can find a person's number, when your teacher says a name.

Name	Number	Name	Number
Anna.....	157	Nora	4321
Betty	325-J	Oliver	9182
Charles.....	5132	Polly	658-J
Donald.....	658-R	Quentin.....	2938
Elizabeth.....	9278	Ralph	235
Frank.....	123	Stella	789
Grace.....	472	Tom	6584
Harry	987	Ursula.....	6632
Isabel.....	753	Violet	592
John.....	325-R	William.....	325-M
Kenneth	9812	Xerxes	908
Lillian	258	Yetta	641
Mary	1234	Zillah.....	725



THE MAN ON THE CHIMNEY

¹ Once upon a time some workmen were repairing the tall chimney of a factory. It

was so tall that no ladder could reach its top, so the men went up and down on a rope. The rope passed through a pulley which was fixed to the top of the chimney.

² At last the work was ended, and the workmen came down quickly, glad to be safe on the ground once more.

³ When the next to the last man reached the ground, by mistake he pulled the rope from the pulley. Then he looked back and saw another man standing alone on the chimney.

⁴ “Oh! what have I done!” he cried. “Poor fellow, what will become of him? He can not get down! It is near sundown and getting cold! He will die!”

⁵ The workmen were alarmed, but they could think of no way to help their friend. They stood helpless, looking first at the rope at their feet and then at their friend high in the air.

⁶ “He will freeze if he stays there, and be killed if he tries to climb down,” they said sadly.

⁷ Just then the wife of the man appeared. She did not cry or scold. Instead, she said to herself, "What can I do to save him? There must be some way." Soon a bright idea came to her, and she shouted to her husband, "John! John! Unravel your stocking!"

⁸ John understood at once. He took off the coarse yarn stocking that she had knit for him, cut off the toe, and began to unravel the yarn. When he had pulled out a long piece, he tied the end around a small piece of brick. This he very carefully let down to the ground.

⁹ How eagerly the men below seized upon it! They fastened the yarn to a ball of twine which John's wife had brought. Then they shouted, "Pull up the yarn till you get the twine."

¹⁰ Soon John called to them, "I have it."

¹¹ They next fastened the twine to a heavy rope and shouted, "Pull up the twine till you get the rope."

¹² "All right!" shouted John.

¹³In a few minutes he tied the rope to the chimney. With its aid, he let himself safely down to the ground.

¹⁴How they all cheered!

¹⁵Do you think he left the piece of his stocking on the chimney-top? No, indeed, it was a precious keepsake. He brought it down, buttoned under his coat. He often showed it to his children, and told them the wonderful story of how their mother had saved his life.

By FANNIE E. COE

Copy these sentences and finish them:

1. A man was left on
2. The workmen did not know how to —
3. The man's wife told him to —
4. So the man began to —
5. After tying it to a brick he —
6. Then the workmen fastened the yarn to —
7. The man pulled up the —
8. Then the workmen fastened the twine to —
9. The man pulled up the —
10. He tied it to the —, and let —



Mabel Betsy Hill

THE SHADOWS

- ¹ All up and down in shadow-town
The shadow children go.
In every street you're sure to meet
Them running to and fro.
- ² They move around without a sound.
They play at hide-and-see-k.

But no one yet that I have met
Has ever heard them speak.

³ Beneath the tree you often see
Them dancing in and out,
And in the sun there's always one
To follow you about.

⁴ Go where you will, he follows still,
Or sometimes runs before,
And, home at last, you'll find him fast
Beside you at the door.

⁵ A faithful friend is he to lend
His presence everywhere.
Blow out the light — to bed at night —
Your shadow-mate is there!

⁶ Then he will call the shadows all
Into your room to leap,
And such a pack! They make it black,
And fill your eyes with sleep!

By FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

1. How could you make a shadow?
2. What makes a shadow dark?

SUGAR

Make up a title
for each of these.

I. _____

¹Nearly all the sugar in the market comes from the sugar-cane, the beet, and the sugar maple.

²The sugar-cane is a kind of grass. It sometimes grows twenty feet high. One might be lost in a field of it as easily as in the woods. Its sap is so sweet that both grown-up people and babies like to suck bits of the stalk. The canes are cut and carried to a mill. A machine is then set to work to squeeze out the juice. The canes go between rollers that break them, and tear them to pieces. When these pieces leave the rollers, they are so dry that they could be burned.

³The juice squeezed out is dark and sticky, and as little like white sugar as anything could be. There is some water left

in the juice. After this is taken out, the 144
 juice is left very thick. It is then boiled, 153
 just as we boil candy, until sugar is formed. 162
 When this is dried, it is somewhat like the 171
 brown sugar we sometimes buy. 176

II. _____

¹If you do a good deal of hard work, such 186
 as shoveling snow, or sweeping, or digging 193
 in the garden, sugar will not hurt you. 201
²Sugar is good for mountain-climbers and 207
 lumber-men. ³Long ago it was tried as a 215
 food for soldiers on long marches, and it 223
 was found that the men who ate sugar on 232
 the march could go much farther than the 240
 others. 241

III. _____

¹Nearly three hundred years ago, an old 248
 book said that in America there was a tree 257
 which cried if it was cut. ²It also said that 267
 the juice which came from the cut would 275
 dry into a sweet sugar. ³This crying tree 283
 was the sugar maple, and the sweet juice 291
 became maple sugar. 294

SAFETY FIRST!

1

A railroad crossing is a bad place for children.	10
Trains come and go at all hours.	18
Many little boys and girls have been killed because they did not <i>stop, look, and listen.</i>	26
Never try to cross the railroad track until you are sure no train is coming.	34
Never run under the gates at the railroad crossing.	42
	51
	58

2

Street cars also mean danger, unless boys and girls are careful.	65
Never try to run in front of them.	74
Never get on or off before the car stops.	83
Never jump on behind, trying to get a free ride.	90
	96

3

Automobiles also mean danger, unless boys and girls are careful.	101
Do not run in front of an automobile; for many people are killed each year in that way.	110
Never hang on to the back of a truck.	118
Do not jump on the running-board, while the car is moving.	126
	137
	144

4

Streets also mean danger, unless boys	150
and girls are careful. Never play in streets	158
where there is a good deal going on. It is	168
not safe. Never cross the street except at	176
the crossing, unless you look carefully up	183
and down the street.	187

5

There is also a great danger in fire. Never	196
play with matches. Many bad fires have	203
started from a little match. Never start a	211
bonfire unless you have permission.	216

6

Meddling is also a danger, sometimes.	222
Never touch a fire-alarm box unless there	229
is a fire. Never touch electric light buttons,	337
unless you are told to. Never turn on the	346
gas, either at a stove or at the light unless	356
for some purpose. Never touch bottles that	363
you know nothing about. Never meddle	369
with things that workmen are using in put-	376
ting up buildings.	379



The Bear, the Wolf
and the Wrens

1. THE INSULT

¹ One summer day a bear and a wolf were taking a walk in a wood. They heard a bird singing very sweetly.

² “Brother Wolf,” said the bear, “what kind of bird is that which is singing so sweetly?”

³ “That is the King of the Birds, before whom we must bow,” the wolf replied.

⁴ But really it was only a wren.

⁵ So when the bear saw the tiny bird, he said, “If that is the King of the Birds, I should like to see the royal palace.”

⁶ “I will show it to you when the queen comes home,” the wolf replied.

⁷ So they waited, and kept a sharp watch. Soon they saw the queen go to her nest. She carried food for her young ones. A few moments later she flew away.

⁸ Then the wolf and the bear peeped into the nest. They saw six young birds in it.

⁹ “Is that the royal palace?” the bear asked. “It is an awful hole. Do you mean

to say that those are royal children? They are poor weak things!"

¹⁰ When the young wrens heard this, they were very angry, and they shrieked,

"No! no! We are not. You shall be punished for your insulting words."

¹¹ The bear and the wolf began to be afraid. They went and hid themselves in their dens, but the young birds kept on shrieking. They made a terrible noise.

¹² When their parents again brought them food, the little birds cried out,

"We will not touch so much as the leg of a fly! No! not if we starve! You must prove that we are not 'poor weak' children. The bear has been calling us names."

¹³ "There, there, my dears," their father said. "Be quiet, and he shall be punished."

¹⁴ So the father and the mother bird flew to the bear's den and cried,

"Old Growler, why have you insulted our children? You shall suffer for what you have done. We shall make a fierce war upon you."



“We shall make a fierce war upon you.”

2. THE WAR OF THE BEASTS AND THE BIRDS

¹ The wrens flew away from the bear's den.
Back they flew to their own little nest.

² "Never mind, my dears," said the
Father Wren, "they shall be punished."

³ The bear made haste to call his friends
to his aid.



⁴ All the four-footed beasts assembled. The cattle and the donkeys came. The tiger and the monkey came. The elephant and the lion came. Every beast that walks the earth with four feet came.

⁵ Meanwhile, the wrens summoned all the creatures with wings. They summoned not only the birds, great and small, but they summoned the gnats and the hornets. They summoned the bees and the flies.

⁶ The time came for the war to begin.

⁷ Father Wren sent out spies to discover who was to be the general of the enemy's army. Among these spies were some gnats, and they were the most cunning of all. One of these cunning gnats flew to a wood and discovered the four-footed beasts holding a council beneath a great tree.

⁸ He settled on a leaf of the tree and heard the bear say to the fox,

“Reynard, you are famous for your slyness, so you shall be our general and lead us.”

⁹ “Very good,” Reynard the Fox replied, “and now we must agree on a signal. I

have a long bushy tail. It looks like a red feather at a distance. If I hold it straight up, all is going well. Then you must march after me and charge the enemy. But if I let it hang down, you must run for your lives.”

¹⁰ When the fox finished speaking, the gnat flew back, and told the father wren what had been said.

¹¹ The battle morning dawned, bright and clear.

¹² The four-footed beasts came rushing along. They were roaring and bellowing. They were making the earth shake with their tramp.

¹³ The wren and his army came also. They came whirring through the air. They were flapping and buzzing.

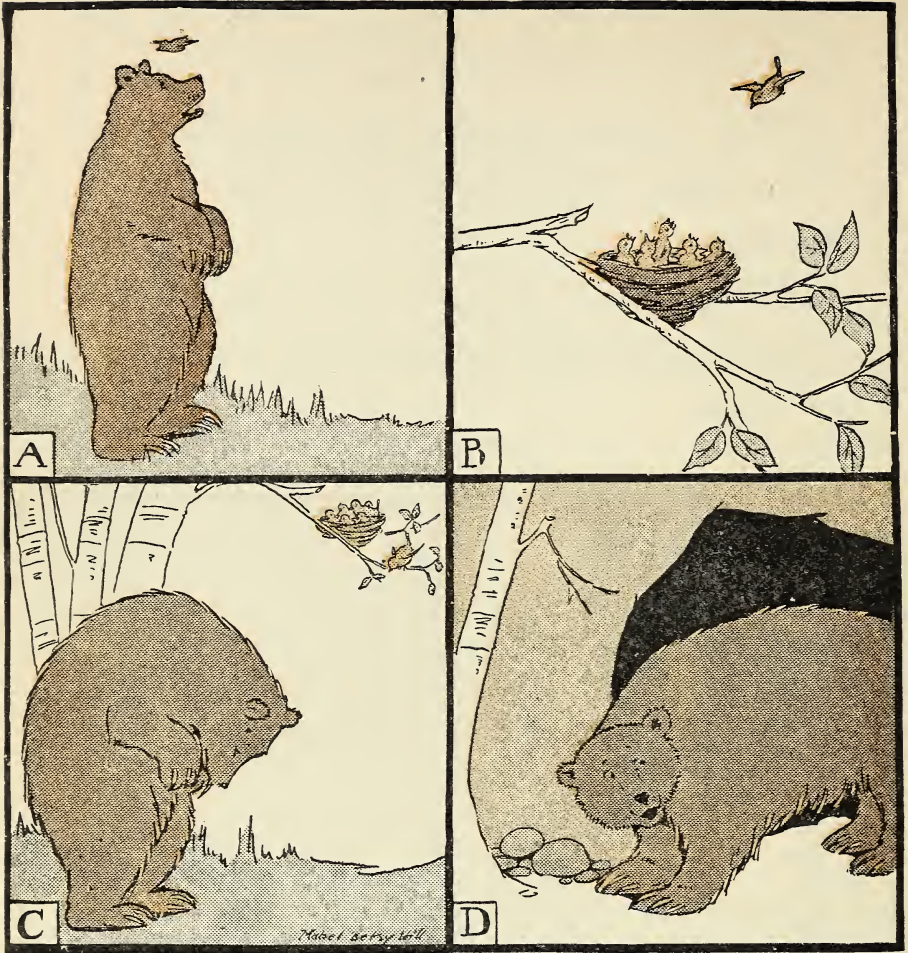
¹⁴ When the two armies came against each other, the wren sent a hornet to settle on the fox's tail and sting it as hard as he could.

¹⁵ The hornet did as he was told. He stung the fox on his tail. When the fox felt the sting, he lifted a hind leg, but he bore the pain bravely and kept his tail up.

¹⁶ Again the hornet stung. This time the fox had to let his tail droop a little, but only a little. When the hornet stung the third time, down went the tail of the fox between his legs.

¹⁷ The other beasts at once thought that all was lost, so they began to run, each to its own hole.





3. THE APOLOGY

¹ So the birds won the battle.

² The wren flew home to his children.

“Now be happy,” he said. “Eat and drink to your hearts’ content, for we are the winners.”

³But the young wrens cried,

“We will not touch a thing until the bear comes to the nest, and begs our pardon, and says that we are not ‘poor weak’ children.”

⁴The father and mother birds flew away. They flew to the bear’s den.

⁵“Old Growler, you must come to our nest,” cried the father and mother wrens. “You must beg pardon of our little ones for calling them names. If you don’t do this, you shall be punished.”

⁶Old Growler was very much frightened. He came crawling out of his den. He crawled to the nest of the little wrens.

⁷Father Wren pecked at his ear to hasten his apology.

⁸“I am very sorry,” said Old Growler. “You are not poor weak things, but royal children!”

⁹“We are that!” cried the young wrens, all together in a wee chattering voice. “We accept your apology, Old Growler.”

¹⁰Then Old Growler went back to his den.



Nothing is more welcome than the spring
flowers. Find how each of these is spoken
of in the poem.

SPRING

¹The alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls.
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.

- ² The little birds fly over
 And oh, how sweet they sing,
To tell the happy children
 That once again 't is spring.
- ³ The gay green grass comes creeping,
 So soft beneath their feet.
The frogs begin to ripple
 A music clear and sweet.
- ⁴ And buttercups are coming,
 And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
 The dandelions shine.
- ⁵ And just as many daisies
 As their soft hands can hold
The little ones may gather,
 All fair in white and gold.
- ⁶ Here blows the warm red clover,
 There peeps the violet blue.
O happy little children!
 God made them all for you.



THINGS TO DO THIS SPRING

After you have read this, read it again to find the part that describes each picture.

¹ If there is still room under your window, or on the clothes-pole in your yard, or in a neighboring tree, nail up another bird-house. If the bird-house is on a pole or

post, invert a large tin pan over the end of the post and nail the house fast upon it. This will keep the cats and squirrels from disturbing the birds. If the bird-house is in a tree, saw off a limb, if you can without hurting the tree, and do the same there. Cats are the birds' worst enemies.

²There are four excursions that you should make this spring: one to a small pond in the woods; one to a deep, wild swamp; one to a wide salt marsh or fresh-water meadow; and one to the seashore — to a wild rocky or sandy shore uninhabited by man.

³There are particular birds and animals as well as plants and flowers that dwell only in these haunts. Besides, you will get a sight of four different kinds of landscape, four deep impressions of the face of nature that are altogether as good to have as the sight of four flowers or birds.

⁴Boy or girl, you should go fishing — down to the pond or the river where you go to watch the birds. Suppose you do not catch any fish. That does n't matter; for

you have gone out to the pond with a pole in your hands (a pole is a real thing); you have gone with the hope (hope is a real thing) of catching fish (fish are real things); and even if you catch no fish, you will be sure, as you wait for the fish to bite, to hear a belted kingfisher, or see a painted turtle, or catch the breath of the sweet leaf-buds and clustered catkins opening around the wooded pond. It is a very good thing for the young naturalist to learn to sit still. A fishing-pole is a great help in learning that lesson.

⁵ One of the most interesting things you can do for special study is to collect some frogs' eggs from the pond and watch them grow into tadpoles and on into frogs. There are glass vessels made particularly for such study (an ordinary glass jar will do). If you can afford a small glass aquarium, get one and with a few green water-plants put in a few minnows, a snail or two, a young turtle, water-beetles, and frogs' eggs, and watch them grow.

WHY MR. BILLY-GOAT'S TAIL IS SHORT

¹ "They tell me," remarked Mr. Rabbit suddenly, "that things have got to that pass in the country we came from, that even Mr. Billy Goat, who used to eat meat, has dwindled away in mind and body till he hangs around the stable doors and eats straw for a living. That's what Mr. Thimblefinger says, and he ought to know.

² "I suppose Billy is still bob-tailed? I remember the very day he had his tail broken off."

³ "Tell us about it," begged Buster John.

⁴ "Oh, it does n't amount to much," replied Mr. Rabbit. "It's hardly worth talking about. I think it was one Saturday. In those days, you know, we used to have a half-holiday every Saturday. We worked hard all the week, and we tried to crowd as much fun into a half-holiday as possible.

⁵ "Well, one Saturday afternoon Mr. Billy-Goat and Mr. Dog were walking arm in arm along the road, talking and laughing in a

sociable way, when all of a sudden a big rain came up.

6 “Mr. Billy-Goat said he was mighty sorry he left his parasol at home, because the rain was apt to make his horns rust. Mr. Dog said he did n’t mind water, because when he got wet the fleas quit biting.

7 “But Mr. Billy-Goat hurried on, and Mr. Dog kept up with him until they came to Mr. Wolf’s house, where they ran into the front porch for shelter. The door was shut tight, but Mr. Billy-Goat had on his high-heel shoes that day, and he made so much noise as he tramped about that Mr. Wolf opened his window and looked out. When he saw who it was, he cried out,

8 “‘Hello! this is not a nice day to pay visits, but since you are here, you may as well come in out of the wet.’

9 “But Mr. Dog shook his head and flirited up dirt by scratching on the ground with his feet. He had smelled blood. Mr. Billy-Goat saw how Mr. Dog acted, and he was afraid to go in. So he shook his horns.

¹⁰ “ ‘You can just as well come in and sit by the fire,’ said Mr. Wolf, unlatching the door.

¹¹ “But both Mr. Dog and Mr. Billy-Goat thanked him kindly, and said they did n’t want to carry mud into the house. They said they would just stand in the porch till the shower passed over.

¹² “Then Mr. Wolf took down his fiddle, tuned it up, and began to play. In his day and time few could beat him playing the fiddle. And this time he played his level best, for he knew that if he could start Mr. Billy-Goat to dancing he’d have him for dinner.”

¹³ “I don’t see how,” said Buster John.

¹⁴ “Well,” exclaimed Mr. Rabbit, “if Mr. Billy-Goat began to dance he would be likely to dance until he got tired, and then it would be an easy matter for Mr. Wolf to outrun him.”

¹⁵ “Of course,” said Sweetest Susan.

¹⁶ “Well,” Mr. Rabbit continued, “Mr. Wolf kept on playing the fiddle, but Mr. Billy-Goat did n’t dance. Not only that, he

kept so near the edge of the porch that the rain drifted in on his horns and ran down his long beard. But he kept his eye on Mr. Wolf.

¹⁷ “After playing the fiddle till he was tired, Mr. Wolf asked,

“ ‘How do you get your meat, my young friends?’

¹⁸ “Mr. Dog said he depended on his teeth, and Mr. Billy-Goat, thinking to be on the safe side, said he also depended upon his teeth.

¹⁹ “ ‘As for me,’ cried Mr. Wolf, ‘I depend on my feet!’ and with that he dropped his fiddle and jumped at Mr. Billy-Goat. But he knocked the broom down and the handle tripped him.

²⁰ “It was all very sudden, but by the time Mr. Wolf had picked himself up, Mr. Billy-Goat and Mr. Dog had gone some distance.

²¹ “They ran and ran until they came to a big creek. Mr. Billy-Goat asked Mr. Dog how he was going to get across.

²² “ ‘Swim,’ said Mr. Dog.

²³ “ ‘Then I ’ll have to bid you good-by,’ replied Mr. Billy-Goat, ‘for I can’t swim a stroke.’

²⁴ “ By this time they had arrived at the bank of the creek, and they could hear Mr. Wolf coming through the woods. They had no time to lose. Mr. Dog looked around on the ground, gathered some jan-weed, yan-weed, and tan-weed, rubbed them together, and squeezed a drop of the juice on Mr. Billy-Goat’s horns. He had no sooner done this than Mr. Billy-Goat was changed into a white rock.

²⁵ “ Then Mr. Dog leaped into the creek and swam across. Mr. Wolf ran to the bank, but there he stopped. The water was so wide it made tears come in his eyes; so deep that it made his legs ache; and so cold that it made his body shiver.

²⁶ “ When Mr. Dog arrived safely on the other side, he cried out, ‘Aha! you are afraid! You’ve drowned poor Billy-Goat, but you are afraid of me. I dare you to fling a rock at me!’

27 "This made Mr. Wolf so angry that he seized the white rock and threw it at Mr. Dog with all his might. It fell near Mr. Dog, and instantly became Mr. Billy-Goat again. But in falling a piece was broken off, and it happened to be Mr. Billy-Goat's tail. Ever since then he has had a very short tail."

28 "Were you there, Mr. Rabbit?" asked Sweetest Susan.

29 "I was fishing at the time," replied Mr. Rabbit. "I heard the noise they made, and I turned around and saw it just as I've told you."

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

1. Write the names of all the speakers in Mr. Rabbit's story.

2. Draw a picture of the thing into which Mr. Billy Goat turned. Write its name.

3. If Mr. Wolf played the horn, draw a horn. If he played something else, draw a drum.



PUZZLE PICTURES

Find the pictures in the story.



THE BROWN THRUSH

¹There's a merry brown thrush,
sitting up in a tree.

“He's singing to me!
He's singing to me!”

And what does he say,
little girl, little boy?

“ Oh, the world ’s running over with joy!
 Don’t you hear? Don’t you see?
 Hush! Look! In my tree
 I’m as happy as happy can be!”

² And the brown thrush keeps singing,
 “ A nest, do you see,
 And five eggs, hid by me in the juniper tree?
 Don’t meddle! Don’t touch!
 Little girl, little boy,
 Now I’m glad, now I’m free!
 And I always shall be,
 If you never bring sorrow to me.”

³ So the merry brown thrush
 sings away in the tree,
 To you and to me, to you and to me.
 And he sings all the day,
 little girl, little boy,
 “ Oh, the world’s running over with joy!
 But long it won’t be!
 Don’t you hear? Don’t you see?
 Unless we ’re as good as can be?”

By LUCY LARCOM

WHO, WHEN, WHAT, HOW, WHERE

Your teacher will call a number and one of the words given above. Look quickly to find the part that gives the answer.

1. The baby played happily in the play-room all day.

2. This summer the fish were biting fast in the river.

3. This spring the brown thrush sang merrily in a tree in the orchard.

4. At the creek one day Mr. Wolf angrily threw a rock.

5. At night the fairies in the woods speak in whispers.

6. One night an elephant tramped up and down in the jungle with a dreadful noise.

7. Every evening Mother sings softly to the baby upstairs.

8. The man in the store talked crossly this morning.

9. In the spring the children gladly visit the animals at the zoo.

10. In the morning the monkeys chattered loudly in their cages.

11. All night the pussy cat purred softly in front of the fire.

12. This afternoon the boys proudly saluted the flag in the street.

14. On Memorial Day the soldiers sadly lay flowers on the graves.

15. At Easter the daffodils joyfully shake out their dresses in the sunlight.

16. On Arbor Day the children proudly plant a tree in the school-yard.

17. On Halloween night the goblins tapped softly on the window-panes.

18. Cheerfully the baby birds chirp in their nests in the springtime.

19. At Thanksgiving time the turkey struts proudly in the barn-yard.

20. Joyfully Tom hung up his stocking on Christmas Eve by the chimney.

21. One April day the Wind and the Rain danced merrily down the street.

22. On May-day the boys and girls will dance joyfully around the May-pole.

A TRIP TO STORY BOOK LAND

6

One night a little girl named Polly had no
 sooner shut her eyes to go to sleep than
 whisk! something happened.

15

24

27

Polly was in a third grade class just like
 yours. She had been thinking about one
 of the stories the children had read in school,
 and maybe that is why this all happened.

36

43

52

60

Mother Breeze blew in softly through the
 open window. She still wore her apron and
 wings. She waved a wand over the little
 girl sleeping in bed, and said:

67

75

83

89

“Little girl, little girl!

93

Come with me,

96

And we shall find

100

What we can see!”

104

Polly was wide awake in a moment. She
 jumped up and followed Mother Breeze right
 out through the window. Polly had a pair
 of wings, too. They had grown, quick as
 winking, out of her little white nightie!

112

119

127

135

142

Mother Breeze took Polly to Story Book
 Land. There they saw everybody they had

149

156

read about that year and talked to some of the story people. 165
168

Hiawatha told them about the animals of the forest. 175
177

The Hindu showed them his magic horse. 184

Piccola made her pet sparrow chirp for them, and showed them what it had been hidden in, at Christmas. 191
199
203

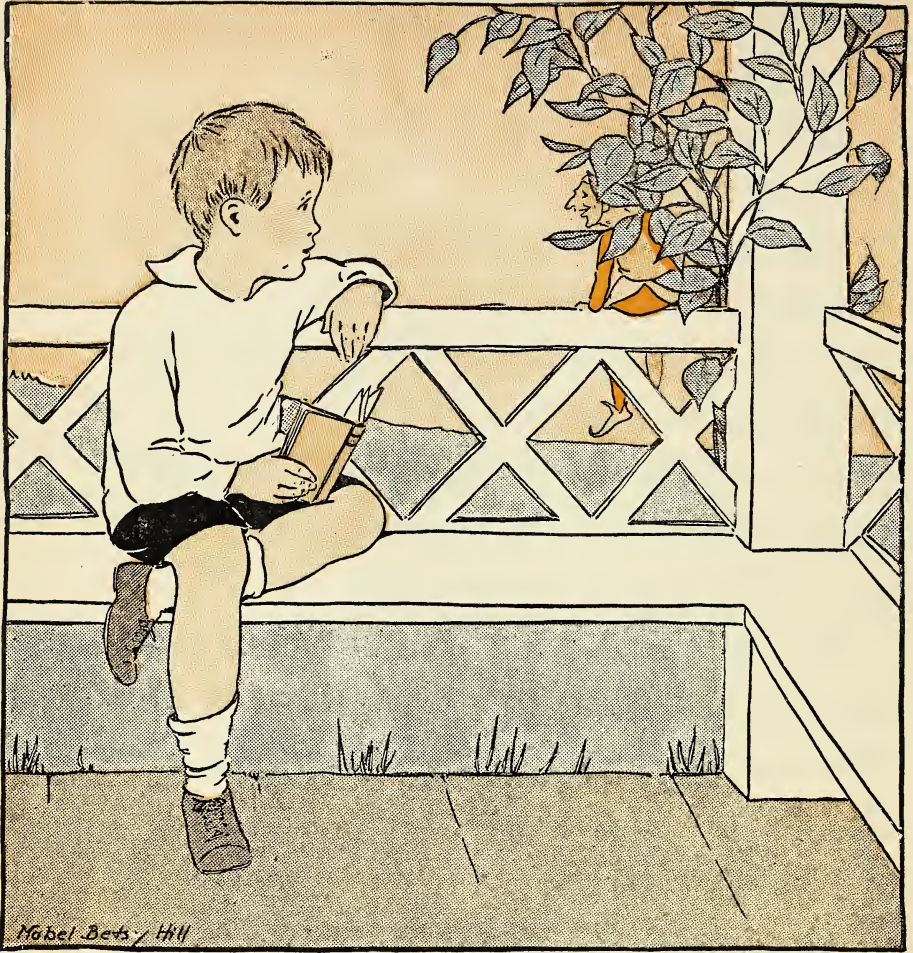
Kit and Kat made Peter and Paul shake hands with them, and Grandmother Winkle gave Polly a Dutch cake. 211
217
222

Mr. Billy Goat took them to the big creek and showed them the piece of white rock that was broken off, when he ran away from Mr. Wolf. 231
239
248
250

Old Growler led them to the nest of the king of birds. Tapping on the same tree was the woodpecker that had been the selfish old woman. 259
267
275
277

The boy, Happy, gave Polly one of his magical whistles and told her to make a wish. 285
293
294

What do you think her wish was? 301



APRIL FOOL

1. THE "APRIL FOOL" IMP

¹ Kenneth looked at the letter angrily, then turned over the other pages. They were just the same as the first one. It was only an April Fool letter, after all!

²“April Fool!” cried a voice, echoing the same hateful words. “April Fool! Ha! Ha!”

³Kenneth glanced up, and there hidden on the railing of the summer-house, was the queerest little fellow, making the most horrible faces.

⁴He was certainly a fairy, for he had wings, gauzy and beautiful, growing from his shoulders. But his dress was unlike that of any fairy whom Kenneth had met. It reminded him of pictures of imps that he had sometimes seen in books.

⁵This imp wore a suit half of red and half of yellow. One leg and one shoe were red and the other yellow. His blouse was divided in the same way and so was the funny hood which he wore about his shoulders. The hem of his clothes was cut into points, and from every point hung a little bell that jingled and jangled whenever the imp moved about. His cap had two long pointed ears. In his hand he carried a wand, on the end of which was a copy of himself dressed in red and yellow, and tinkly with many bells.

⁶ He was a very funny figure. His mouth stretched from ear to ear in a grin which made Kenneth laugh, too. But Kenneth soon stopped laughing, for there was something about the imp's smile that made him half afraid.

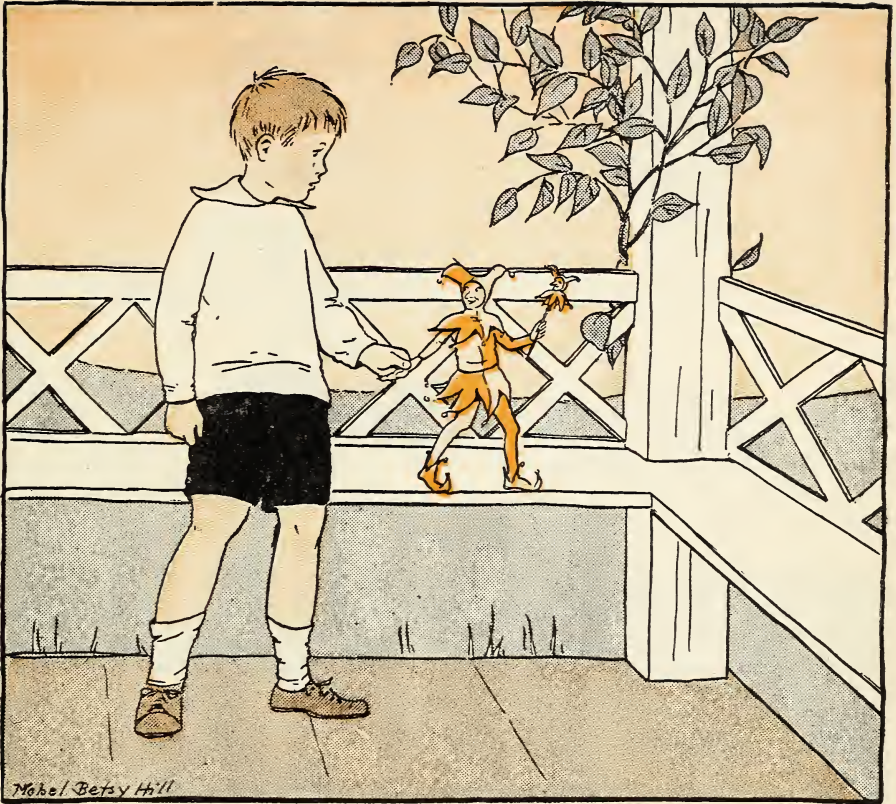
⁷ "Who are you?" asked Kenneth, trying to seem very bold. "And what are you laughing at? I don't see anything so very funny!"

⁸ "Oh, don't you?" grinned the imp. "April Fool! I do. I am April Fool. Why, don't you know me?"

⁹ Turning around, he showed Kenneth a large sign, pinned to one of the points of his dress. "April Fool!" it read.

¹⁰ "Oh, you are April Fool, are you?" Kenneth said. "I never saw you before."

¹¹ "Ho! You never *saw* me? No, but you have used my name often enough. You remember April Fool's day every year? Ha, ha! Those were good tricks you played, though to be sure most of them were old enough — old as I am, and that *is* old,



I can tell you! But they are good jokes, are they not? One never tires of them, does one?" And again he grinned at Kenneth.

¹² "N-no," said Kenneth, doubtfully.

¹³ "Ha! ha!" laughed the imp. "Don't you know what night it is? To-morrow is the first of April! What can you expect in Fairyland except the very biggest of jokes? This is my night. Come with me."



2. THE "APRIL FOOL" JOURNEY

¹ "First you must have something to eat," said the April Fool Imp, "for it is a long journey."

Kenneth said that he was very hungry.

"Then we will go to the kitchen garden," replied the imp. "There you can feast as much as you like."

² Kenneth followed the April Fool Imp out of the summer-house into a narrow path between green hedges full of blossoms.

³ Kenneth began to feel very happy. At last, in the distance, he caught sight of the kitchen garden, with its tall pie-fruit trees, its cooky bushes, its eclair plants, and its ice-cream fountains. He could hardly wait to be there and he ran ahead of April Fool himself.

⁴ “That is right! Hurry, my boy!” cried the imp heartily. And Kenneth skipped on happily.

⁵ But suddenly *bump* went his head and his knee against something hard, and he came to a dizzy stop, hardly knowing what had happened. There lay the kitchen garden just beyond, but something had stopped him and would not let him pass, something which he could not see.

⁶ “Ha! ha! April Fool again!” laughed the imp, holding his sides for merriment. “Don’t you see through the joke? Why, it is perfectly transparent.”

⁷ Sure enough! Kenneth put out his hand, and found that it was a wall of glass, stretched across the path. Through it he



could plainly see all the dainties on the other side.

⁸ Kenneth groaned. "Oh, I am so hungry! What a cruel, cruel joke!"

⁹ "Jokes do seem cruel sometimes," admitted April Fool; "but they are *such* fun! Oh, my, oh, my! How queer you did look when you bumped against that wall!"

And he burst out laughing once more.

¹⁰ “Well, are you going to let me in?” asked Kenneth, trying to keep his temper, although he was cross at the April Fool trick.

¹¹ “Oh, no, we can not enter here,” said the imp. “We shall have to go around by another way. But this time I really promise to take you to the kitchen garden.”

¹² So they turned back down the narrow path and began a long journey round about and round about to the garden which they had already seen so near. What a journey that was! So many jokes that Kenneth was nearly crazy before they had seen the end!

¹³ They were crossing a bridge over a pretty little stream, when in the middle — *crash!* The whole bridge gave way, and down they fell! Then the bridge came to rest on the magic springs which were made to complete this jouncy joke.

¹⁴ After this their way led through a pitch-black cavern. It was so still that Kenneth

could hear his heart beat. Suddenly there was an awful roar. It was like the growl of hundreds of wild beasts let loose.

Kenneth screamed with fright, but the imp cried out, "April Fool!" And at once the cave was filled with light, showing only a sound-machine which had made all the noise.

¹⁵ Then they came within sight of a broad brook, which the imp said they must cross. Kenneth took off his shoes and stockings to wade and stepped down to the edge. But what was his anger to find that it was only a mirror. That was a famous joke, to judge by the imp's shrieks of laughter when he saw Kenneth put out his foot to wade into the glass.

¹⁶ Kenneth grew thirsty, and they stopped to drink at a fountain which gushed clear and sparkling by the wayside. But he found his mouth full of horrid, briny water, such as one swallows by mistake when bathing in the sea.

¹⁷ It was an awful April Fool journey!



3. THE KITCHEN GARDEN

¹ At last they came to the kitchen garden.
There were the pie trees and the raspberry

shrubs, the caramel plants and the bonbon hedge, brown with luscious chocolates.

² “Now, help yourself,” said the imp.

Without waiting Kenneth fell to.

³ A fine cream pie lay under one of the trees, from which it had just fallen. Kenneth cut a wedge out of it with the knife which was sticking in the tree-trunk, and began to eat it. But! what dreadful stuff! It was frosted with soapsuds instead of whipped cream!

⁴ “April Fool!” cried the imp, dancing up and down, for this was the very best joke of all.

⁵ “Oh!” cried Kenneth, “I hope they are not all April Fool goodies.” And he ran to the next tree.

⁶ But a bite was all he needed to prove that this was April Fool’s night. The mince pies were made of sand and sawdust, with pebbles for plums. The sponge cake was indeed a real sponge. The doughnuts were of India rubber. They might be fine for a baby to bite, but they were poor lunch for a

hungry boy. The griddle-cakes were rounds of leather, nicely browned on both sides. The salad was made of tissue paper. The chocolates were stuffed with cotton wool and other horrid stuff, while the maple sugar turned out to be yellow soap.

⁷ Even the eggs, growing white upon the egg-plant, turned out to be hollow. Some funny little boy seemed to have blown their insides away, as a great joke. Once Kenneth would have thought that a very funny idea. But now he sat down and cried and cried, he was so hungry.

⁸ “Boo hoo! Boo hoo!” sobbed Kenneth. “I want to go home. I don’t like Fairyland one bit!”

⁹ “Ha! ha!” laughed the imp. “April Fool! This is n’t Fairyland at all; this is April Fool Land, and you are *It*. But come, I really think you have had enough of it. I will take you to the true Fairyland, and give you over to your kind, good, serious Fairy guide. Shall we go? *One, two, three, — out goes he!*”



4. FINDING THE GOOD FAIRY

¹Kenneth found himself outside of the kitchen garden, walking toward his good Fairy's really truly palace. At first he dared not think that it was really so. He was afraid of another joke of the April Fool Imp. But at last he saw the good Fairy herself, standing at the top of the marble steps which led up to the palace.

² Kenneth ran forward and waved his hand, he was so anxious to be rid of the hateful imp. But the Fairy did not seem to see him. She was shading her eyes with her hand and looking far off.

³ “Humph!” growled the imp. “There she is, looking for you. How glad you are to leave me, now that you have enjoyed all the jokes I had to play! Well, good-by! You have only to walk up the staircase to your good Fairy, and you will be safe from me. I can not pass into that palace, where the fun is of a different kind from mine.”

⁴ “It is a great deal nicer than yours, for it is always kind,” answered Kenneth, “and yet it is just as funny.”

⁵ “Very well, go and look for it, then,” cried the imp, and without another word he disappeared.

⁶ Kenneth was glad to see him go. He set his foot on the lowest stair and eagerly began to walk up. But no sooner had he lifted his foot to the second step than the staircase itself began to move under him,

so that he had to step quickly to keep from falling. Horrible! What did this mean?

⁷ “April Fool!” cried a voice behind him. “Ha! ha! It is my last joke, and it is a good one. You are on a treadmill staircase, Kenneth. You must climb fast or you will fall down and be ground up inside the machine. Hurrah! Step lively, please! Quicker, quicker! Maybe you will reach the top by to-morrow morning.”

⁸ Kenneth had to work his little legs faster and faster and faster, as the great staircase turned around under him. Yet hard as he tried he never reached a step nearer the top, but stayed always in the same spot. And the Fairy still looked away over the tops of the trees, without seeing him.

⁹ “Ha! ha!” laughed the imp, but his voice was fainter than it had been.



¹⁰The poor boy felt that he could not keep up for long. His legs and his head ached and his poor back ached most of all.

¹¹“I can not move my legs any faster,” he cried, “I can not breathe. I must sit down, even if I do go under to be ground into little pieces.”

¹²So Kenneth sat down on the staircase. He closed his eyes and shivered with fear of what might happen next. But what happened? The staircase only stopped with a jerk — and stood still.

¹³“April!” cried the far-off voice of the imp. “You might have done it long ago. April Fool — Fool — Fool!” and the voice faded away into a mere sigh of the breeze.

¹⁴At the same moment Kenneth heard a sweet voice call from the top of the staircase.

“Kenneth, Kenneth!” it said, in silvery tones quite unlike the imp’s harsh ones. Looking up, he saw his good Fairy coming swiftly down the staircase toward him.



THE LOST BELL

¹ “Oh, where is my bell?” sighed the brownie,
 “My sweet, sweet silver bell,
 That tinkled and swung from my scarlet cap!
 Now who in the world can tell?”

² On the plain in the island of Rugen
 Danced the delicate fairy folk,
 And the tiny bell from the tiny cap
 Its curious fastening broke.

³ The shepherd boy Fritz next morning,
 Driving his wandering sheep
 ‘Mid the scattered stones of the Giants’ graves
 Saw the pretty plaything peep

⁴ Sparkling among the heather,
 And fastened it to himself;
 For how could he know that the bell belonged
 To an underground little elf?

⁵ But the elf was in such trouble!
 Aye, wandering up and down,
 He was searching here and searching there,
 With the tears on his cheek of brown.

⁶ For while it was missing, no slumber
 Might visit the fairy's eyes;
 Still must he sleepless fill the air
 With mournful wails and cries.

⁷ "Oh, who has borne off my treasure
 From the ground where it did lie?
 Is it raven or crow or jackdaw?
 Or magpie, noisy and sly?"

⁸ Then he changed his shape to a beautiful bird,
 And over the land he flew,
 Over the waters of Ralov,
 And the fields of green Unruh.

⁹ He searched the nests of all the birds,
He talked with them, great and small,
But never a trace of the little bell,
Could the brownie find at all.

¹⁰ To the green, green fields of Unruh
Went Fritz to pasture his sheep,
For the place was sunny and fair and still,
And the grass grew thick and deep.

¹¹ The bird flew over. The sheep bells,
Soft tinkling, sounded low.
The wee fay thought of the talisman lost,
And warbled sad and slow.

¹² The boy looked up and listened :
“ Now what can that queer bird be?
If he thinks their bells make my cattle rich,
Why, what would he think of me? ”

¹³ Then he drew forth from his pocket
The treasure that he had found,
And the magic silver rang out clear
With a keen delicious sound.

14 The sprite in the bird's shape heard it,
And fairly shook with delight,
Dropped down behind a bush near by,
Hid safely out of sight.

15 Swift drew off his dress of feathers,
And took the shape of a crone,
Who hobbled up to the shepherd lad,
And spoke in a coaxing tone :

16 " Good-even, good friend, good-even !
What a charming bell you ring !
I 'd like such a one for my grandson —
Will you sell me the pretty thing ? "

17 " No, no, for there is n't another
In the whole wide world so fine.
My sheep will follow its tinkle,
And ask for no other sign.

18 " Oh, listen ! Can any sorrow
Hold out against such a tone ?
The weariest hour 't will ring away,
And conquer a heart of stone. "



19 The old dame offered him money,
 A glittering golden heap,
 But Fritz stood firm. "Nay, nay," he said,
 "My sweet, sweet bell I'll keep."

20 Then a shepherd staff she showed him,
 Most beautiful to see,
 Of snow-white wood all wrought and carved;
 "Take this, and the bell give me."

21 "So long as you guide your cattle
With this you will surely thrive,
And all good fortune will follow
Wherever your flocks you drive."

22 She reached him the stick. Her gesture,
So mystic, bewitched him quite,
So strange and lovely her dazzling smile,
He was blind in its sudden light.

23 He stretched out his hand and, "Take it,
The bell for the staff," he cried.
Like a light breeze over the fields and trees
The old crone seemed to glide.

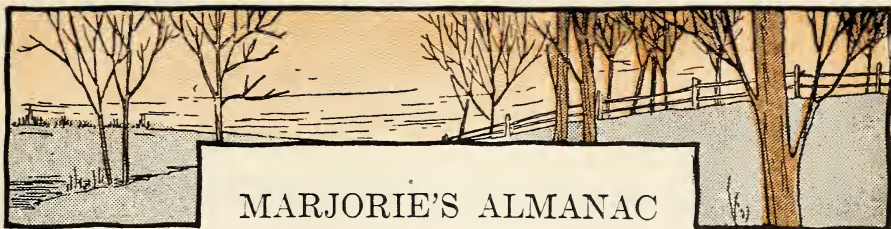
24 She was gone like the down of a thistle,
Or as mists with the wind that blend,
And a tiny whir like a whistle thin
Set all his hair on end.

25 The staff was his, but the bell was gone,
Spirited quite away.
Fritz looked at his prize with doubtful eyes—
But who so glad as the fay?

- ²⁶ And he kept his fairy promise,
 And Fortune to Fritz was kind,
 For all his labors prospered,
 And all things worked to his mind.
- ²⁷ Before he was eighteen, mark you,
 His flocks were his own to keep,
 And soon in the island of Rugen
 He was master of all the sheep.
- ²⁸ At last he was able to purchase
 A knight's estate, and became
 A nobleman stately and gracious,
 With a loved and honored name.
- ²⁹ Now would n't you like, little people,
 Such a fairy treasure to find?
 Pick up from the grass such a magic bell
 And meet with a brownie so kind?

By CELIA THAXTER

1. If the old dame kept her promise,
 draw her. If she did not, draw the
 magic bell.



MARJORIE'S ALMANAC

Robins in the tree-top,
 Blossoms in the grass,
 Green things a-growing
 Everywhere you pass;
 Sudden little breezes,
 Showers of silver dew,
 Black bough and bent twig
 Budding out anew;
 Pine-tree and willow-tree,
 Fringed elm and larch, —
 Don't you think that May-time's
 Pleasanter than March?

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

What are the robins doing in the tree-tops?
 What blossoms grow in the grass?
 What trees do you know?
 Make cut-outs of a robin and some blossoms,
 and mount them as a poster.

USES OF IRON

1. Read carefully what this says about iron. 10
- ¹Your food and clothes, your books, and the house in which you live all depend upon iron. 17
25
27
- ²Iron tools are used in raising vegetables, grains, and fruits. 34
37
- ³Fish are caught with iron hooks. 43
- ⁴Many iron things are used in the care and sale of meat. 51
55
- ⁵Clothes are woven on iron looms, sewed with iron needles, and fastened together with buttons that have iron on them. 62
68
75
- ⁶Books are printed and bound by iron machines, and sometimes written with iron pens or on iron typewriters. 82
88
93
- ⁷Houses are put together with iron nails. 100
- ⁸Indeed there is hardly anything in use that could be made as well or as easily if there were not as much iron as there is. 107
117
126
- ⁹If you were making a world and wanted to give the people the most useful metal, the gift would have to be iron. 134
142
149

Write the names of ten things
that depend upon iron.

2. Now read this as quickly as you can. 8

¹Houses, churches, tall buildings, and
bridges would fall to the ground. 13
19

²Railroad trains, automobiles, and wagons
would become heaps of rubbish. 24
29

³Ships would fall apart and become only
scattered planks floating on the water. 36
42

⁴Clocks and watches would become empty
cases. 48
49

⁵There would be no machines nor garden
tools. 56
57

⁶Everybody would be out of work. 63

⁷If you wish to see how it would seem,
try for an hour to use nothing that is of
iron or has been made by using iron. 72
82
90

By EVA MARCH TAPPAN

Write the names of ten things
we should not have, if iron would
disappear.



THE NAUGHTY TULIP

1 "I wish I were a violet," the naughty
Tulip said.

"I want to wear a pretty purple hat
upon my head.

I'm very tired of the ugly one I always
have to wear,

I never chose a yellow hat! Oh, dear,
it is n't fair!"

²She hung her little head and sulked
and shook in silly grief,
She sought to hide her lovely head be-
hind a pointed leaf.
And when the kindly, pleasant sun
beamed down on her and smiled,
She pouted and she flouted him, the
naughty Tulip-Child!

³Just then, as she was whimpering, a
Breeze came passing by.
He heard the Tulip scolding with her
pretty hat awry.
So then, to punish her, he *blew*, and
whisked the hat away.
And now she stands and shivers there,
bare-headed, all the day!

By ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

1. Draw the naughty tulip with her yellow hat.
2. Draw the tulip as she looked after the breeze had punished her.
3. Write this story in your own words.

HIDDEN WORD GAMES

1. Fill in the right words:

In the cold month of December there is a great holiday. It is _____.

Thanksgiving

Easter

Halloween

Christmas

The _____ stores are full of people, looking at the _____ toys. The stores are like _____

ugly

handsome

fairyland

grocery

department

jungle land

2. Choose one of the following words. Write it on your paper. Then write all the words you can find in it. You may mix the letters.

telephone

railroad

automobile

airplane

3. Here are names of birds, flowers, and animals that you have met in your reading.

The names are all mixed up. You are to sort them. Write on your paper the following words:

flowers

birds

four-legged animals

Now write all the names of flowers under *flowers*; all the bird names under *birds*; all the animal names under *animals*.

'buttercup	rabbit	robin
squirrel	flicker	dandelion
violet	fox	sparrow
beaver	crow	tulip
clover	thrush	deer
dog	daisy	bluebird
honeysuckle	night-owl	cat
sweet pea	horse	kingfisher
monkey	goldenrod	goldfinch
pussy willow	humming bird	elephant
lion	sunflower	wren
woodpecker	wolf	rose
crocus	lark	bear
buffalo	poppy	partridge
chickadee	goat	pond lily

I.

¹Not so very many years ago, the milk raised on a farm was either used at home in the shape of milk, butter, and cheese, or carried to people who lived within a few miles. To-day much of the milk that is sold in large cities is brought long distances by railroad. That is why it needs more care than ever.

²Most of all it needs to be perfectly clean. It is one of the best of foods, but if it is not clean, it becomes one of the worst. The barn, the pails, the cow, as well as the man who milks her, ought to be clean.

³The milk should be cooled at once and kept cool until it is used. When the bottle of milk is brought to your back door, you should bring it in. If there is no ice, wrap a wet cloth around it, and let it stand in a dish of water out of the sun, but in the open air.

4 Milk will absorb odors just as a sponge	176
will absorb water. If milk in an open dish	185
stands in an ice-box where there are onions	193
or fish, it will soon taste of them. That is	203
why it ought not to be left in an open bowl	214
or pitcher.	216

II. ---

If a cow advertised for a master, she	224
would write somewhat like this:	229
“I want a master who likes cows and	237
understands their ways. If I am shut up	245
in the barn, he must bring me my meals in	255
good time, and not give me water so cold	264
that it will take me half an hour to get	274
warm. He must move about quietly, speak	281
gently, and not scold me. He must know	289
that cows like to be milked at the same hour	299
and in the same order. I want a master	308
who will keep me happy and comfortable	315
and be my friend. I will pay him well for	325
his care.”	327



PUZZLE PICTURES

Find the pictures in the story.

THE FROGGERY

1. THE BROOK HOME

¹ When my sister and I were small, one of the things we cared for most was our froggery. We used to play there for hours together in the long summer days.

² Perhaps you don't know what a froggery is, but you do know what a frog is, and so you can guess that a froggery is a place where frogs live.

³ My little sister and I used at first to catch the frogs and keep them in tin cans filled with water. But when we thought about it we saw that the poor froggies could not enjoy this, and that it was cruel to take them away from their homes and make them live in unfurnished tin houses.

⁴ So one day I asked my father if he would give us a part of the garden brook for our very own. He laughed, and said, "Yes," if we would not carry it away.

⁵ Our garden was as large as four or five city blocks, and a beautiful silver-clear

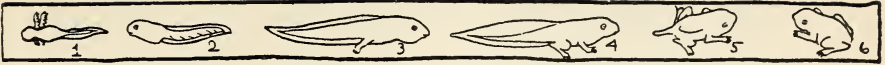
brook flowed through it. It turned here and there, and here and there it broke into tinkling little waterfalls, and dropped gently into clear, still pools.

⁶ It was one of these deep, quiet pools that we chose for our frogger. It was almost hidden on two sides by thick green bushes, so that it was always cool and pleasant there even on the hottest days.

⁷ My father put pieces of fine wire netting into the water on each of the four sides of the pool, and so fixed them that we could slip those on the banks up and down as we pleased. Whenever we went there we always took away the side fences, and sat flat down upon the smooth stones at the edge of the brook and played with the frogs.

⁸ Here we used to watch our gay young polliwogs grow into frogs, one leg at a time coming out at each "corner" of their fat wriggling bodies.

1. Write in one sentence how a polliwog is different from a frog.



2. THE HOSPITAL AND THE NURSERY

¹ We kept two great bullfrogs, — splendid bass singers both of them, — that had been stoned by naughty small boys, and left for dead by the roadside. We found them there, bound up their broken legs and bruised backs, and nursed them quite well again in one corner of the froggery that we called the hospital.

² In another corner was the nursery, and here we kept all the tiniest frogs. We always let them out once a day to play with the older ones, for fear that they never would learn anything if they were kept entirely to themselves.

³ One of our great bullfrogs grew so strong and well, after being in the hospital for a while, that he jumped over the highest of the wire fences, which was two feet higher than any frog ever was known to jump, so our hired man said. He jumped over and ran away.

⁴We called him the General, because he was the largest of our frogs and the oldest, we thought. (He had n't any gray hairs, but he was very much wrinkled.) We were sorry to lose the General, and could not think why he should run away, when we gave him such good things to eat and tried to make him happy.

⁵But what do you think? After staying away for three days and nights the General came back safe and sound! We knew it was our own beloved General, and not any strange frog, because there was the scar on his back where the boys had stoned him.

⁶My little sister thought that perhaps the General was born in Lily Pad Pond, on the other side of the village, and only went back to get a sight of the pond lilies, which were just in full bloom. If that was so, I can not blame the General, for snow-white pond lilies with their golden hearts and the green frills round their necks are the loveliest things in the world, as they float among their shiny pads on the surface of the pond.



3. THE FROGGY SCHOOL



¹ All our frogs had names of their own, and we knew them all apart, although they looked just alike to other people.

² There was Prince Pouter, Brownie, and Goldilegs; Bright-eye, Chirp, and Gray Friar; Hop-o'-my-Thumb, Croaker, Baby Mine, Polly, Nimblefoot, Tiny Tim, and many others.

³ We were so afraid that our frogs would not like the froggery better than any other place in the brook that we gave them all the pleasures we could think of. They always had plenty of fat juicy flies and water-bugs for their dinners, and after a while we put some silver shiners and tiny minnows into the pool, so that they would have fishes to play with as well as other frogs.

⁴ Then we gave our frogs little vacations once in a while. We tied a long soft woolen string round one of their hind legs, fastened it to a twig of one of the bushes, and let them take a long swim and make calls on all their friends.

⁵ We had a singing-school for them once a week. They did not like to stand in line a bit, and it is quite useless to try to teach a class in singing unless the scholars will stand in a row or keep in some sort of order. We used to put a nice little board across the pool, and then try to get the frogs to sit quietly in line during their lesson.

⁶ The General behaved quite nicely, so that he was a fine example for the head of the class. Then we used to put Myron W. Whitney next in line, on account of his beautiful bass voice. We named him after a gentleman who had once sung in our church. Myron W. Whitney behaved nearly as well as the General, but we could never get him to sing unless we held the class just before bedtime, and then the little frogs were so sleepy that they kept tumbling out of the singing-class into the pool. That was the trouble with them all,—they never could quite see the difference between school and pool.

1. Draw the dinner that the frogs had.



4. A SINGING LESSON

¹Towards the end of the summer we had trained them so well that once in a long while we could get them all still at once in the singing school and all facing the right way as they sat upon the board.

²Oh! it was a beautiful sight. Twenty-one frogs in a row, all in fresh green suits, with clean white shirt fronts, washed every day. The General and Myron W. Whitney always looked as if they were bursting with pride, and as they were too fat and lazy to move, we could always count upon their being good.

³We thought that if we could only get them to look down into the pool, which made such a lovely looking-glass, and just see for once what a beautiful picture they made, they would like it better and do it a little more willingly.

⁴We thought the baby frogs would be amused, when they looked in the glass, to see that while the big frogs stayed still of their own free will, they had to be held down with forked sticks.

⁵So when everything was complete my little sister used to "let go" of the baby frogs and I would begin the lesson. Sometimes they would listen a minute, and then they would begin their pranks. They would insist on playing leap-frog, which is a very nice game, but not right for school.

⁶Tiny Tim would jump from the foot of the class straight over all the others on to Myron W. Whitney's back. Baby Polly would try to get between Croaker and Gold-ilegs, where there wasn't any room. Nimblefoot would twist round on the board and

turn his back to me, which was very impolite, as I was the teacher. Hop-o'-my-Thumb would go splash into the pool, and all but the good old General would follow him, and the lesson would end.

⁷ Some people think the big bullfrogs say, "*Jug-o'-rum! Jug-o'-rum! Jug-o'-rum!*" We used to think that some of the frogs said, "*Kerchug! Kerchug!*" and that the largest one said, "*Gotacrumb! Gotacrumb! Gotacrumb!*"

⁸ We thought the frogs in our froggery the very best singers in all the country round. After our mother had tucked us in our little beds and kissed us good-night, she used to open the window, that we might hear the chirping and humming and kerchugging of our frogs down in the dear old garden.

⁹ As we wandered off into Sandman's Land, the very last sound we heard was the singing of our baby frogs, and the deep bass notes of Myron W. Whitney and the old General.



TALK

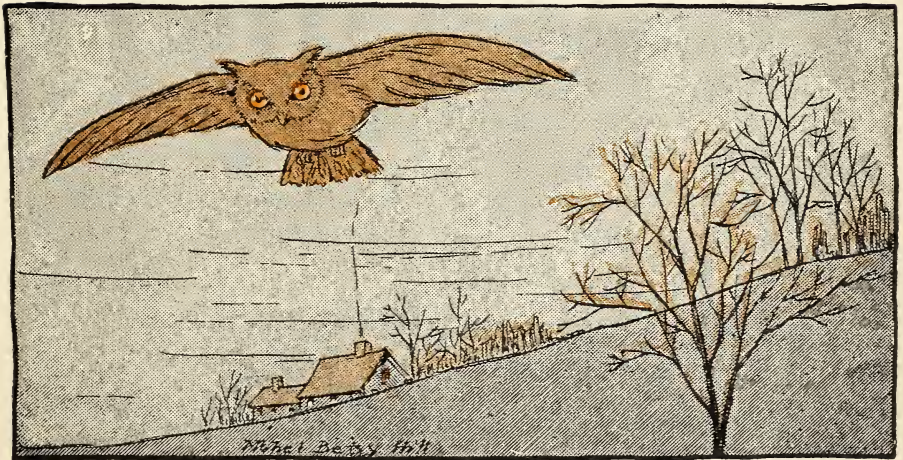
- ¹ All around me things are talking.
 The leaves of little trees
 Keep whispering their secrets
 To every little breeze.
- ² And when I play beside the brook,
 Sometimes for all day long,
 There's not a minute's stillness,
 Without the Water's song.

³ The Humming Birds keep humming.
The Bees are buzzing, too.
The Wind is whistling in the sky.
The Lark sings all day through.

⁴ At evening Crickets chirp and chur-r-k,
Until the Frogs awake.
The noisy Night-Owl hoots until
His feather throat must ache.

⁵ I wonder what they say and sing
Through night and daylight hours.
I think they talk and sing, because
They 're glad they live outdoors.

By FRANCES GILL





THE CLEVER KID



¹TIME: this morning.

²PLACE: a pasture.

³GRAY WOLF

WHITE WOLF

KID

⁴(*The GRAY WOLF and the WHITE WOLF are standing at the foot of a hill; at the top of the hill is a KID.*)

⁵GRAY WOLF. Look, brother, there is a kid!

WHITE WOLF. Where? Where?

GRAY WOLF. On that hill to the south.

WHITE WOLF. I do not see her.

GRAY WOLF. She is on the very top.

WHITE WOLF. Ah, now I see her!

⁶GRAY WOLF. I wish we could get to her.

WHITE WOLF. She would make a fine dinner.

GRAY WOLF. She would, my brother.

WHITE WOLF. She is so young!

GRAY WOLF. She is so tender.

⁷WHITE WOLF. Well, we cannot get her.
The hill is too steep.

⁸GRAY WOLF. We must make her come to
us.

WHITE WOLF. Yes, yes! That will be
fine!

⁹GRAY WOLF. O little Kid! Dear little
Kid!

WHITE WOLF. O little Kid! Sweet little
Kid!

KID. What is it, sirs?

GRAY WOLF. The grass down here is
sweeter!

WHITE WOLF. And greener!

GRAY WOLF. And fresher!

WHITE WOLF. And younger!

GRAY WOLF. Come down and eat your
dinner here!

¹⁰KID. Do you speak of my dinner, sirs?

WOLVES. O yes, yes, yes!

KID. You *speak* of my dinner, but you
think of your own. I will stay where I am.



BERRYING SONG

¹Ho! for the hills in summer!
Ho! for the rocky shade,
Where the ground-pine trails under the fern-leaves,
Deep in the mossy glade.

Up in the dewy sunrise,
 Waked by the robin's trill.
 Up and away, a-berrying,
 To the pastures on the hill!

² Red lilies blaze out of the thicket.
 Wild roses blush here and there.
 There 's sweetness in all the breezes,
 There 's health in each breath of air.
 Hark to the wind in the pine-trees!
 Hark to the tinkling rill!
 O, pleasant it is a-berrying
 In the pastures on the hill!

³ We 'll garland our baskets with blossoms,
 And sit on the rocks and sing,
 And tell one another old stories,
 Till the trees long shadows fling.
 Then homeward with laughter and carol,
 Mocking the echoes shrill.
 O, merry it is a-berrying
 In the pastures on the hill!

By LUCY LARCOM



THINGS TO DO THIS SUMMER

¹All through June and into July you should have a round of birds' nests that you visit daily, and to which you can take your friends and visitors — that is, if you live in or near the country. One will be in the big unused chimney of the house, perhaps, and that will be the first; then one in the barn, or in a bird-house in the yard; or in the pear- or apple-tree hole; one in the lilac or honeysuckle bushes, and then down into the orchard, out into the meadow, on into the woods and back.

²Did you ever do it? Can you do it this summer? Don't you think it would be quite as exciting and interesting as going to the circus? I can do it; and if you come out to Mullein Hill in June or July, any one

of my small boys will take you on his “birds’ nest round.”

³ You should camp out — even if you have to pitch your tent in the back yard or up on the roof! You should go to sleep on a bed of boughs — pine, or spruce, or hickory, if possible — or swing your hammock between the trunks of sweet-smelling forest trees, and turn your face up to the stars! You will never want to sleep in a room with closed windows after that. To see the stars looking down upon you; to see the tree-tops swaying over you; to feel the fresh night wind stealing across your face and breathing into your very soul — yes, you must sleep at least one night this summer right out on a bed of boughs; but with a blanket of wool and a piece of sail-cloth or rubber coat over you and under you, and perhaps some mosquito-netting.

⁴ You ought to spend some time this summer on a real farm. Boy or girl, you need to feel plowed ground under your feet. You need the contact with growing things in

the ground. You need to handle a hoe, gather the garden vegetables, feed the chickens, feed the pigs, drive the cows to pasture, help stow away the hay — and all the other interesting experiences that make up the simple, and wonderfully varied day of farm life. A mere visit is not enough. You need to take part in the digging and weeding and planting. The other day I let out my cow after keeping her all winter in the barn. The first thing she did was to kick up her heels and run to a pile of fresh earth about a newly planted tree and fall to eating it — not the tree, but the earth, the raw, rich soil — until her muzzle was muddy half-way to her eyes. You do not need to eat it; but the need to smell it, to see it, to feel it, to work in it, is just as real as the cow's need to eat it.

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

1. Draw the three kinds of bird homes.
2. Where should you like to camp out at night?
3. Write the things you will need to camp out.



SUPPOSE



- ¹ How dreary would the meadows be
 In the pleasant summer light,
 Suppose there was n't a bird to sing,
 And suppose the grass was white!
- ² And dreary would the garden be,
 With all its flowery trees,
 Suppose there were no butterflies,
 And suppose there were no bees.
- ³ And what would all the beauty be,
 And what the song that cheers,
 Suppose we had n't any eyes,
 And suppose we had n't ears?
- ⁴ For though the grass were gay and green,
 And song-birds filled the glen;
 And the air were purple with butterflies,
 What good would they do us then?
- ⁵ Ah, think of it, my little friends,
 And when some pleasure flies,
 Why, let it go, and still be glad
 That you have your ears and eyes.

A TRIP TO THE WOODS

1. *Copy this outline. When your teacher gives the signal, open your book to page 243, and read the story.*

The start

Who. _____

When. _____

What. _____

Troubles they had

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

How it turned out

1. _____

The end

Who. _____

When. _____

Where. _____

How. _____

What. _____

A TRIP TO THE WOODS

5

One day in June Mother, Tom, and Betty, 13
and two little friends went on a trip to the 23
woods. 24


Oh, the troubles they had on the way! 32
First, Mother got stuck on a fence in getting 41
into the meadow. Then, in crossing the 48
meadow they came to a brook which was 56
too wide to cross. To get around the brook 65
they had to go to the end of the pasture. 75
Then what do you think happened! They 82
were chased by a big red cow. 89

What could they do? They ran and ran, 97
with the cow close to their heels. Mother 105
held on to the lunch basket. 111


They reached the fence and climbed to 118
safety, just as the cow rushed up. They 126
were safe on the other side of the fence. 135

Under a big oak tree, at noon-time, 142
Mother, Tom, Betty, and the two little 149
friends hungrily ate the lunch. 154

*2. Close your book and write answers for
the outline that you have written.*



Airplane Game



Here are eight trips to take in an airplane.

Tell the places you pass on each trip.

1	silent	babies	guard
edges	patient	group	most
firm	scenes	soup	honor
o'clock	between	chief	receive
thunder	weather	motioned	court
promise	practice	daughter	refuse
I'll	fresh	language	guest
important	2	erect	return
mind	England	prince	married
figure	company	3	captain
won't	America	costly	disguise
spread	brother	bridle	notice
quietly	surprise	angry	whom
allow	inches	officers	health
else	wrapped	search	remain
though	steady	palace	complete
thousand	neither	reins	neighbor
alone	canoe	swords	study

English	legend	prove	knife
church	lesson	fierce	leather
journeyed	hearth	tiger	serious
true	provoke	donkey	guide
warbling	human	general	anxious
roughly	curtains	council	tread-mill
orphan	already	famous	island
worrying	state	armies	shepherd
finally	war	limb	trouble
wealth	5	salt	mournful
seize	horror	special	treasure
buried	courage	continued	conquer
evil	calmed	ache	thistle
clothe	engine	sorrow	labor
favor	telephone	wand	knight
parents	arranged	7	purchase
doubted	title	horrible	vegetable
bath	machine	fountain	8
4	6	although	south
dwarf	wrens	complete	soul
question	shrieked	broad	experiences
course	terrible	mirror	beauty

A GUIDE FOR THE TEACHER

Besides the silent and oral reading exercises in the stories and poems, the following drills and tests are found in this book. (SR, silent reading; OR, oral reading.)

<i>Pages</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Type of test or drill</i>	<i>Abilities or qualities tested.</i>
18	Hare and Tortoise.	Say and Do. OR and SR.	Expression (OR). Acting of directions (SR).
22	Things to do this Fall.	Intensive study drill.	Ability to associate pictures with text; to find main ideas (beginning of outlining).
26	<i>Spotty</i> (narrative).	Silent reading test (diagnostic).	Speed and comprehension.
44 46	Who, When, What. <i>The Secret</i> (narrative).	Organization. Silent reading test (diagnostic).	Ability to recognize thought elements. Speed and comprehension.
68	Things to do this Winter.	Intensive study drill.	Ability to associate pictures with text; quick reference
72	Who, When, What, Where.	Organization.	Ability to recognize logical thought elements (addition of <i>where</i>).
98	<i>Snap Shots of Birds</i> (more difficult).	Silent reading test (diagnostic).	Speed and comprehension in more difficult study material.
120	Who, Where, What, How.	Organization.	Ability to recognize logical thought elements (addition of <i>how</i>).
132	Directions — Letters.	Reference.	Accuracy of observation.
134	Snap Shots around the World.	Intensive study drill.	Accuracy and fullness of comprehension shown in answers.
137	<i>Cheeko</i> (narrative).	Silent reading test (diagnostic).	Speed and comprehension.
150	Using the Telephone.	Reference.	Ability to find things quickly; memory of facts in sequence.
158	Sugar.	Intensive study drill.	Accuracy and fullness of comprehension shown in answers.
160	<i>Safety First</i> (more difficult).	Silent reading test (diagnostic).	Speed and comprehension in more difficult study material.
174	Things to do this Spring.	Intensive study drill.	Ability to associate pictures with text; quick reference.
186	Who, When, What, How, Where.	Organization.	Ability to recognize logical thought elements.
188	<i>A Trip to Story Book Land</i> (narrative).	Silent reading test (diagnostic).	Speed and comprehension; endurance test; knowledge of previous reading.
214	Uses of Iron.	Intensive study drill.	Accuracy and fullness of comprehension.
218	Hidden Word Game.	Vocabulary; phonetics.	Association of words in context; word knowledge; phonetic mastery.
220	<i>Milk</i> (more difficult).	Silent reading test (diagnostic).	Speed and comprehension (outlining)
234	The Clever Kid.	Say and Do. OR and SR.	Expression (OR). Acting of directions (SR).
238	Things to do this Summer.	Intensive study drill.	Accuracy and fullness of comprehension.
242	<i>A Trip to the Woods</i> (narrative).	Silent reading test (diagnostic).	Speed and comprehension (ability to recognize thought elements; to organize).
244	Airplane Game.	Vocabulary.	Memory of sight words.
	Lining Word Games.	Vocabulary drill.	Quickness; pantomime; rhymes.

PANTOMIME GAME

Pantomime is acting without speaking. When your teacher says a number, find the word for it and be ready to pantomime, or act, it.

1. eating	11. dancing	21. telephoning
2. waving	12. limping	22. kneeling
3. bowing	13. cutting	23. shivering
4. fishing	14. drawing	24. swimming
5. lifting	15. washing	25. fiddling
6. chopping	16. dressing	26. sleeping
7. running	17. drinking	27. berrying
8. skipping	18. reading	28. drumming
9. driving	19. writing	29. searching
10. fanning	20. marching	30. crouching

PUZZLE WORD GAME

Find the words that
sound alike; as *cat*, *flat*.

Write them in pairs.
They are called rhymes.

1 cat	2 round	3 bright	4 told	5 spill
6 clay	7 string	8 car	9 blot	10 boy
11 wee	12 know	13 splash	14 hook	15 find
16 pound	17 not	18 joy	19 star	20 flat
21 sold	22 will	23 throw	24 thing	25 play
26 look	27 crash	28 blind	29 knee	30 flight

