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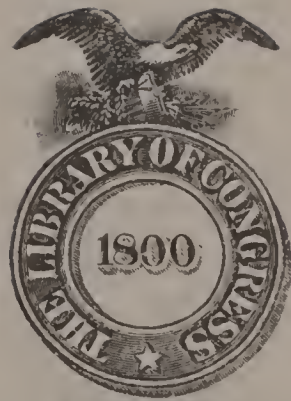
L385

BETTER LIVING

for Little Americans



LAWSON



Class PE 1119

Book h 385

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Mother and Home



One Mother

Hundreds of stars in the silent sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore
together,

Hundreds of birds
that go singing by,

Hundreds of bees
in the sunny weather,

Hundreds of dewdrops
to greet the dawn,

Hundreds of lambs
in the purple clover,

Hundreds of butterflies
on the lawn—

But only one mother
the wide world over.



How the Boys in Our Room Helped at Home

The boys in our room did
many things to help at home.

Four of the boys had no sisters.

So they helped their mothers
with the housework.

They were not ashamed
to help their tired mothers.

Martin dusted the chairs.

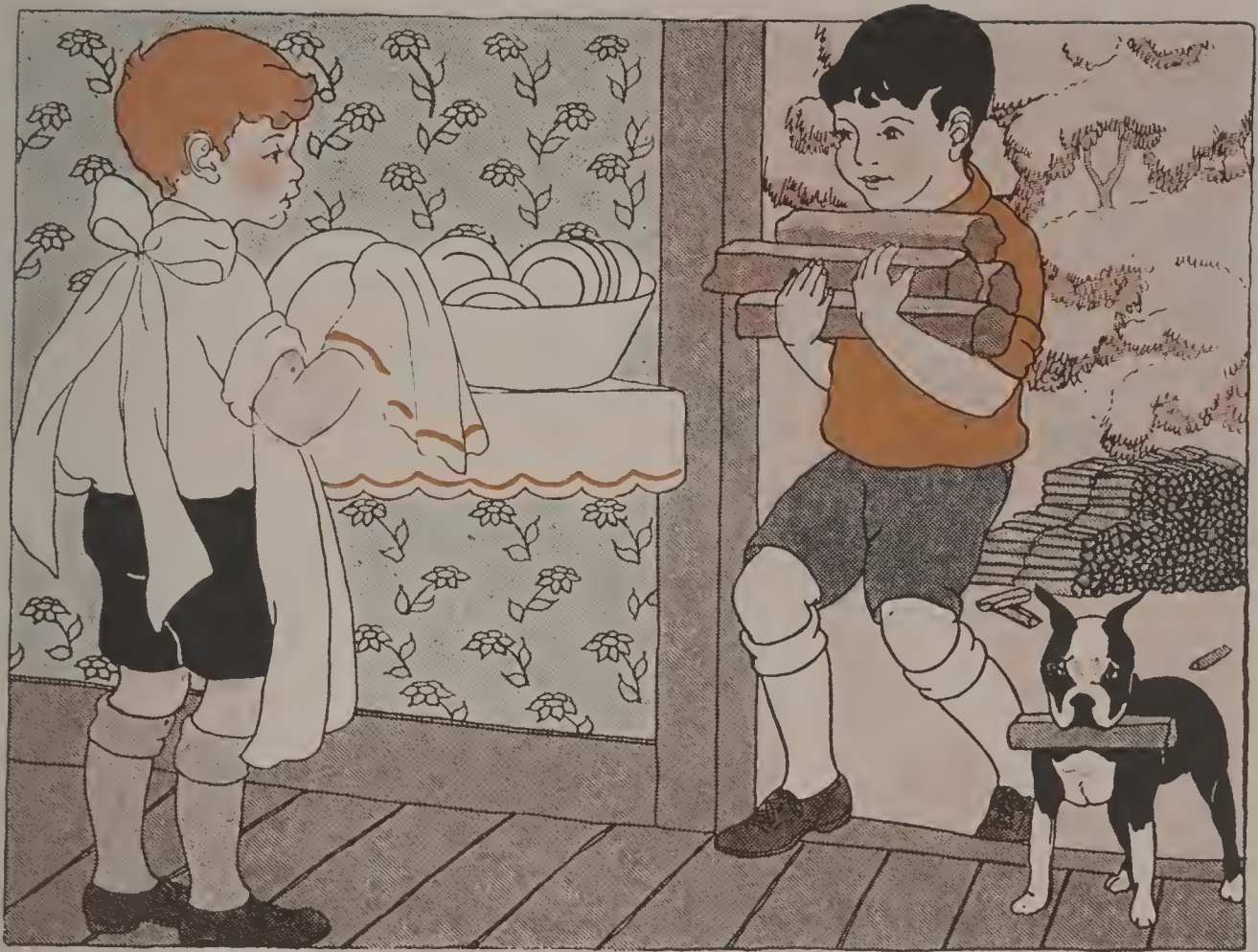
Don washed the dishes.

Earl swept the kitchen floor.

Some of the boys did other things.

Robert filled the furnace.

Ray carried in some coal.



Billy carried wood
for the kitchen stove.
Will raked the yard.
Ed went to the grocery store.
Frank went up town for his mother.
Indeed, the boys helped
in many ways.



How the Girls in Our Room Helped at Home

The girls in our room did
many things to help at home.
They dusted the furniture.
They washed the dishes.
They swept the floors.

They helped take care of their
baby brothers and sisters.
Edna made the beds.
Marion ironed the handkerchiefs.
Nina set the table for her mother.
Lois peeled the potatoes.
Grace swept the porch.
Some of the girls went on errands.
The girls helped their mothers
in many ways.

The Best and Dearest

The mother in lowly cabin,
The mother in palace hall,
Is ever the best and dearest—
The one we love best of all.

Which Loved Best?

“I love you, Mother,”

said little John.

Then, forgetting his work,

his cap went on,

And he was off

to the garden swing,

Leaving his mother

the wood to bring.

“I love you, Mother,”

said little Nell,

“I love you better

than tongue can tell.”

Then she teased and pouted

half the day,

Till Mother rejoiced
when she went to play.

“I love you, Mother,” said little Fan,
“To-day I’ll help you all I can.”

To the cradle, then,
she did softly creep,
And rocked the baby
till it fell asleep.

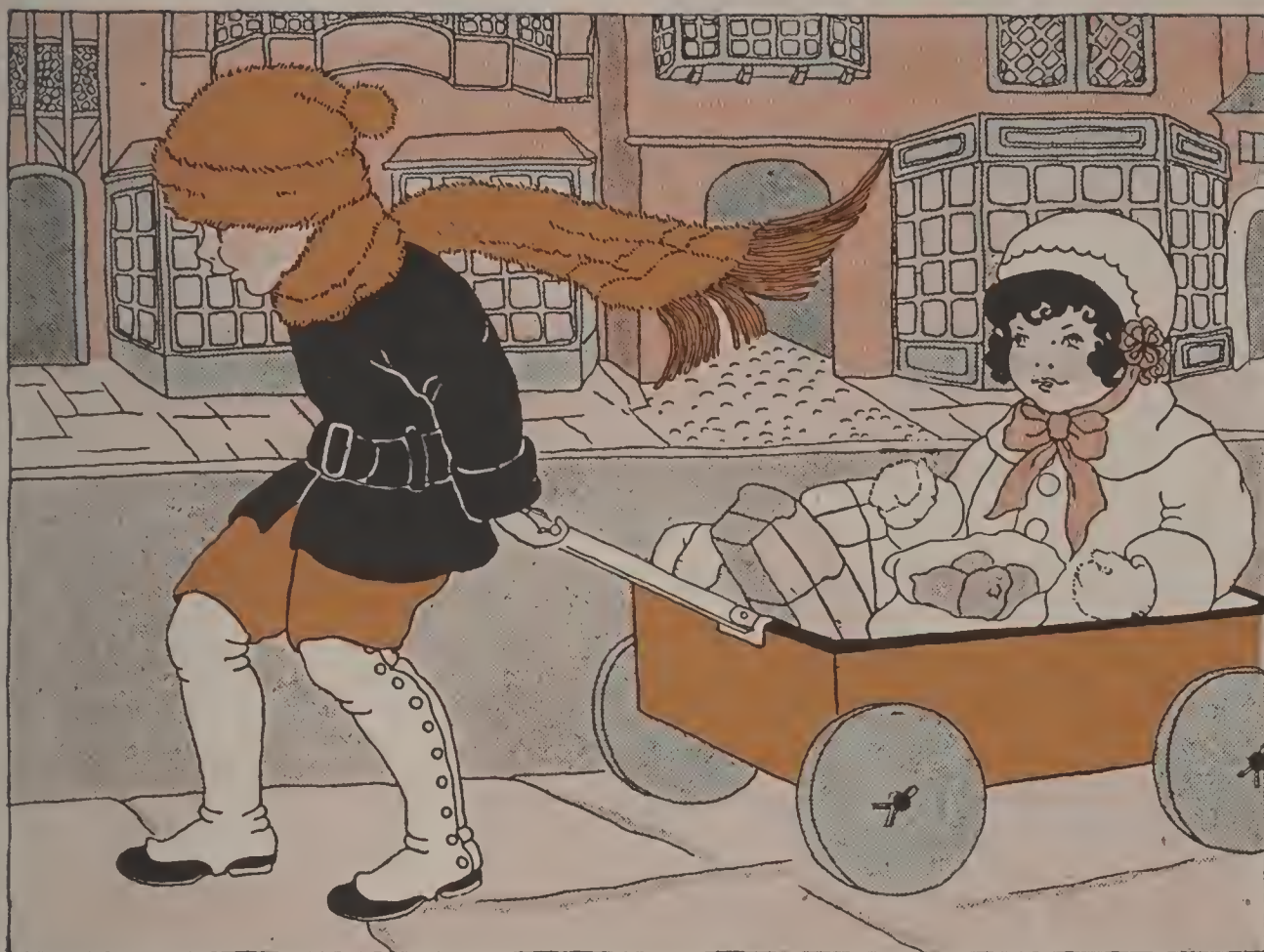
Then stepping softly,
she took the broom,
And swept the floor
and dusted the room.

Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful
as child could be.

“I love you, Mother,”
again they said,
Three little children
going to bed.
How do you think
that mother guessed
Which of them
really loved her best?

A Good Boy

I woke before the morning,
I was happy all the day,
I never said an ugly word,
But smiled and kept at play.



A Big Helper

Frank is a little boy
eight years old.

He has a little baby sister
two years old.

She is too little
to help Frank's mother.

Frank likes to play.

He doesn't always like to work.

Sometimes he dusts the table
and the chairs.

Sometimes he wipes the dishes.

He sweeps the porch.

He waters the flowers
in the window box.

He goes to the store
for his mother.

He runs little errands.

Frank helps his mother
in many ways.

So she calls him
her "big helper."

Mother's Day

It was Mother's Day.

The second Sunday in May
is Mother's Day.

The children in the Brown family
wanted to show their mother
that they loved her.

Allen was fourteen years old.

He carried papers.

He had some money of his own.

So he bought Mother
a big box of candy.

He gave it to Mother
upon Mother's Day.

Mother liked Allen's gift
very much.

Lucy was the oldest sister.

Lucy was sixteen.

She earned some money
by working Saturdays.

So she bought some
gray silk stockings.

She gave them to Mother
upon Mother's Day.

Mother liked the stockings
very much.

Helen was only ten.

She had saved some of her pennies.

She had only a dime to spend.

So she bought six white daisies.

She gave them to Mother
upon Mother's Day.



Mother was pleased

with the white daisies, too.

Dot was only five.

She didn't have any money.

But she wanted to give Mother something too.

She went out-of-doors and picked a handful of yellow dandelions.

She gave them to Mother with a hug and a kiss.

Mother liked the yellow dandelions.

The four Brown children all helped to make Mother happy.

But Helen did the most to make her happy.

When Mother went to bed
that night, she found a note
under her pillow. It said,

Dear Mother,

I love you.

I want to make you happy
on Mother's Day.

I want to make you happy
every day.

I shall try to be a good girl
all the time.

With much love,

Helen.

So Mother had a happy
Mother's Day.

Four children were happy too.

Helping Daddy

My daddy gets up early
in the morning.

After breakfast he takes a bus
down town.

He works hard all day long
in a busy shoe store.

When he gets home at night,
he rests in the big arm chair.

He takes off his shoes.

Then my little brother Teddy
brings Daddy his slippers.

Teddy brings the evening paper
and the mail to Daddy.

Daddy always smiles and says,
“Thank you, my little lad.



You are very kind to your Daddy.”

After a rest, he and Teddy
play games.

Sometimes they read a story
together.

At eight o'clock, Teddy says,
“Good night, Daddy.”

Then Teddy goes upstairs to bed.

Why the Quarreling Stopped

An old man had three sons.

These sons often quarreled.

When they played, they quarreled.

When they worked, they quarreled.

The old father was tired

of the quarreling.

So one day he said,

“Sons, bring me some small sticks.”

The sons brought some small sticks.

The father tied them together

into a bundle.

Then he said,

“Boys, who can break these sticks?”

“Let me try, let me try,”

shouted each boy.



The first boy tried.

He could not break the sticks.

The second boy tried.

He could not break the sticks.

The third boy tried.

He could not break the sticks.

Each boy tried to break the sticks.

Then the father said,

“Untie the bundle.

Now see if you can break the sticks.”

The boys broke every stick.

Then the father said,

“Do not quarrel, my sons.

If you quarrel, each one of you
will be weak like a single stick.

Stop quarreling. Work together.

Then you will be strong
like the bundle of sticks.”

The sons saw that the father
was right.

They stopped their quarreling.

Now they play and work together
in a happy way.



Grandma

Grandma lives at our house.

She has gray hair, and her eyes
are blue and kind.

She has a sweet, low voice.

She is very kind and helpful.

She likes to make aprons for Mother.

She likes to make quilts
out of many pieces of cloth.
Grandma calls them “crazy quilts.”
Grandma cannot see very well.
So Mabel often threads the needle
for Grandma.

Sometimes Grandmother’s glasses
get clouded.

Mabel wipes Grandma’s glasses
with a clean cloth.

Grandma mends the children’s
stockings.

When the ball of yarn rolls
to the floor, Mabel picks it up.
So the children all love Grandma.

Kindness · Unselfishness



How the Children Made a Sick Boy Happy

Jack was a little boy.

He was nine years old.

One day he was playing football.

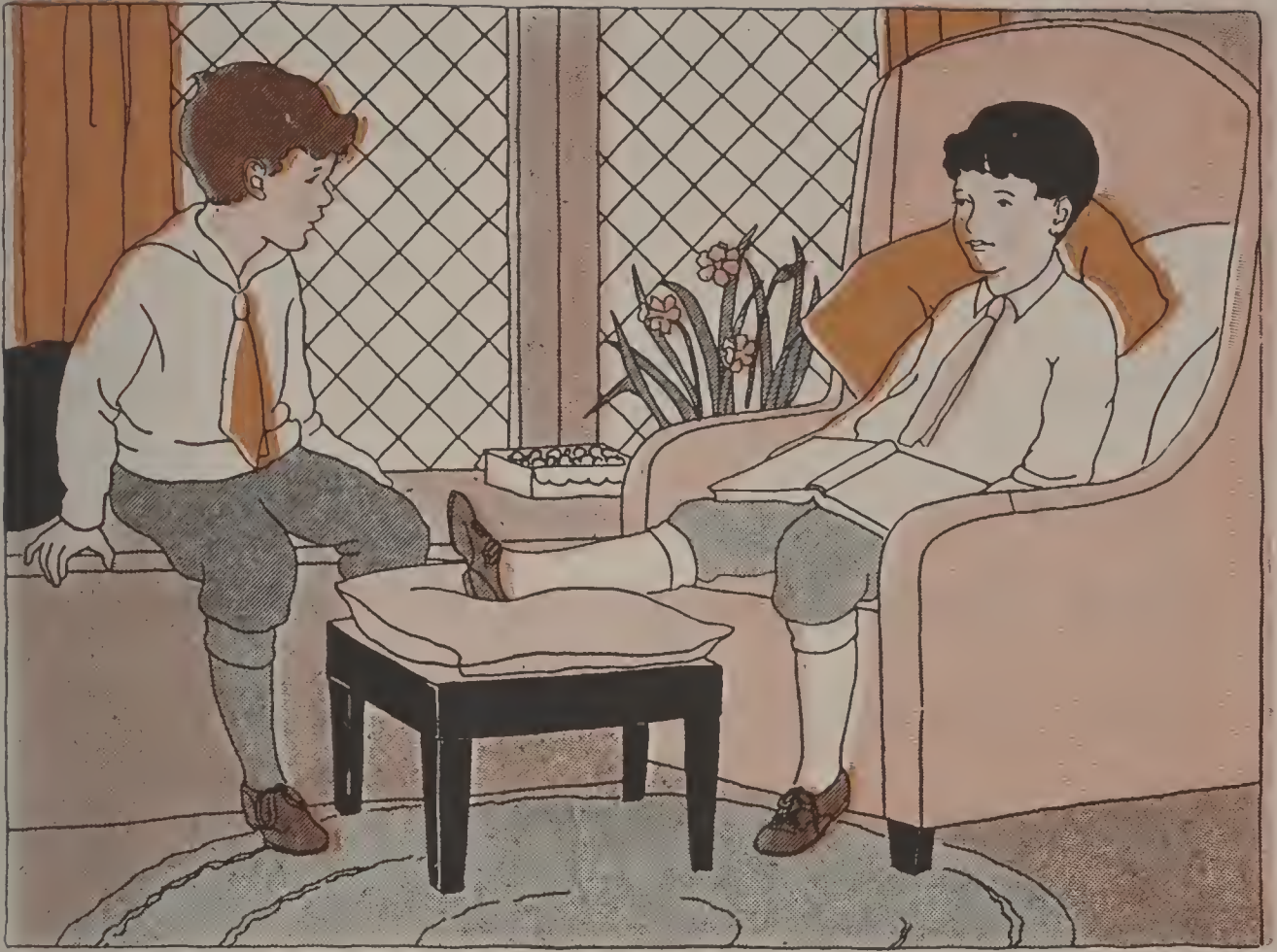
He was playing with some larger
boys.

He had a good time playing
with the boys.

But when he tried to kick the ball,
he fell down and broke his leg!

Poor Jack had to stay home
from school for a long time.

The children felt sorry
for little Jack.



They wanted to make him happy.
So the children in Jack's room
brought pennies and nickels
to school.

When they counted the money,
they found that they had
almost five dollars.

The teacher helped the children
buy some things for little Jack.

They bought a little plant.

There were pretty, yellow flowers
on it.

Then they bought a story book.

They bought a box of candy, too.

They sent the plant, the story book
and the box of candy to Jack.

It made Jack feel very happy
to get these things.

Almost every day some little boy
or girl went to see Jack.

They told him about school.

They told him about the funny
things that happened.

So the children helped Jack
very much.

The children were very glad
that they had made little Jack
so happy.

Now Jack is well again.

He is back in school.

But he will always remember
how kind the children were
to him when he broke his leg.

The Golden Rule in Verse

Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you.



Our Baby

Bob is our baby.

He is only two years old.

One day Grandma gave him a cooky.

Then Bob ran to Mother.

He said, "Bite, Mamma, bite."

So Mother took a bite

of baby's cooky.

Now wasn't Bob an unselfish boy?

Hallowe'en Fun for a Sick Girl

Little Alice had been sick
for a long time.

She was better now.

But she could not walk.

She had to sit in a wheel chair
most of the day.

Sometimes she felt very lonely.

It was Hallowe'en.

Four of her little friends
wanted to make Alice happy.

So they went to see little Alice.

Helen dressed up like an old
colored "mammy."

She blackened her face.

She put on her grandmother's
old suit.

She wore a red handkerchief
on her head.

Ruth was the mother.

She dressed up in some of her
mother's old clothes.

She took care of the baby.

Kate was the baby.

She wore a long, white dress.

She had a funny little bonnet
on her head.

She sat in a baby carriage.

Ruth pushed the baby carriage.

The mother and baby did look
so funny.



Jane played she was the daddy.
She dressed up in her big brother's
old clothes.
She looked funny, too.
When little Alice saw her four
playmates, how she laughed!
She was so glad to see them.
Her mother gave the children
cocoa and animal cookies.
The five little girls had
a very happy time.
Alice felt better after
the Hallowe'en visit.
The four friends were happy too.
They were happy because they had
made little Alice happy.

Nell's Valentines

Nell was a poor little girl.

Her father was dead.

Nell had three little brothers
and sisters.

Nell's mother worked very hard.

She worked hard to buy food
and clothes for the children.

She could not give the children
any money to spend.

So, when Valentine Day came,
Nell was sad.

She could not have any money
to buy valentines.

She did so much want to give
valentines to her friends!

So she thought of a plan.

Her mother helped her to make
six pretty valentines.

Nell gave one valentine to each of
six of her friends.

Her friends were pleased with them.

Nell thought perhaps she wouldn't
get any valentines.

But some of the children in Nell's
room planned to surprise her.

On Valentine's Day, they had a
valentine box in the schoolroom.

The children put all the valentines
into this box.

Then some of the children played
they were mailmen.



They passed out the valentines.

Nell sat quietly in her seat.

She wanted to cry.

Then a mailman brought her
two pretty valentines.

Another mailman brought her
four valentines.

How happy Nell was!

There were valentines
and more valentines.
Nell's eyes shone.
Her cheeks grew red.
When she counted her valentines,
she found there were fourteen!
How happy Nell was!
Her classmates did not tell Nell
about their plan to give her
valentines.
But when they saw how happy Nell
was, they were happy too.
I think they thought it was more fun
to give than to get valentines.
They found that Valentine's Day
was a good time to make
little folks happy.

A Letter and Card Shower

Carl was a boy in our room at school.

He was a good little boy.

He was at home,

sick with scarlet fever.

So we couldn't go to see him.

But we did think of him.

We gave him a letter and card shower.

Do you know what a letter

and card shower is?

I'll tell you about it.

Some of the children wrote letters

to Carl.

Ben told him about the health race.

He told him how we were all trying

to gain the most in weight.

John told him about the games
we played.

Bobby told him how much we
missed him.

Jane told him about the pretty new
dress that the teacher wore.

Alice told him who the children were
that had very neat papers.

Some of the children bought “sick
cards” at the store.

There were pretty pictures on them.

There was reading on the “sick
cards,” too.

One card read,

“Little boy, little boy,

We miss you so!



Little boy, little boy,
Hurry and get well.”

The children put stamps on these
letters and cards.

Then they mailed them.

The next day, Carl was sitting
in a chair by the window.

He saw the mailman coming
to his house.

What do you suppose the mailman
brought?

Well, he brought twenty cards and
letters to Carl.

Carl was so excited!

He couldn't open the letters fast
enough.

He enjoyed the letters and cards
so much.

He read them over and over again.

When he got back to school,
he thanked the children
for sending him these letters
and cards.

Courtesy and Good Manners



Polite Tom

Tom was a little boy.

One day, Tom was riding
in a yellow bus.

The bus was crowded.

An old lady and some teachers
got on the bus.

There were no seats for the teachers.

There was no seat for the little
old lady.

Tom got up.

He lifted his cap.

He spoke to the little old lady.

He said,

“You may have my seat, ma’am.”

The little old lady took Tom’s seat.



She smiled and said,
“Thank you very much, little boy.”
You see, Tom was a polite little boy.
He had good manners.
Tom was kind to older people.



A Polite Little Girl

One day our class was having
a reading lesson.

It was a lesson about rain and
sunshine.

We all liked the lesson about
rain and sunshine.

We sat up straight in our
little red chairs.

We tried hard to read well.

We did read well.

After the lesson was over,
our teacher said,

“That was a very good lesson,
children.”

Then little Anna said, “Thank you,
Miss Smith.”

Now, wasn't Anna a polite little girl?

Politeness

Politeness is to do and say,

The kindest thing in the kindest way.

An Impolite Boy

It was a warm day.

The children were thirsty.

They were getting their drinks
at the fountain.

They were standing in line
for their turns.

One little boy was very rude.
He pushed ahead of the other
children.

He even pushed a little girl aside.
Then he said in a rude voice,

“Give me a drink!”

He didn't even say, “Please.”

He didn't wait for his turn.

Wasn't he very impolite?

“Please Excuse Me”

Did you ever hear any one say,

“Please excuse me”?

Of course you have.

One day, Ruth stepped on our teacher’s shoes.

She didn’t mean to do it.

But it was crowded in the room.

So we were very close to the teacher.

Ruth was so near the teacher

that she stepped on her shoes.

Ruth said, “Please excuse me!”

Of course our teacher said,

“Certainly.”

Another time, we had some company at our house.

My mother was talking to the
guests.

My brother wanted to pass by them.
But he couldn't find room to walk
behind Mother and the guests.

So he had to walk in front of them.

Then my brother said,

“I'm sorry. Please excuse me.”

Of course Mother and the guests
excused Brother.

A few days later, some children
were playing a game.

A little boy hit a little girl with
his arm.

He didn't mean to hit the little
girl.



He didn't hurt the little girl.

But he did remember to say,

“Please excuse me.”

After this, I, too, am going to try to
remember to say it.

A May Day Party

It was May Day.

Our room had a fine May Day party.

It seemed like a real party.

There was a clean, white lunch cloth
on the teacher's desk.

There were many paper plates
there too.

There were pretty, paper doilies
upon the plates.

These doilies looked like lace.

On the plates were good things
to eat.

On each plate there were cookies,
dates, and a nut cup filled
with nuts.

These nut cups looked like little
May baskets.

Some of the nut cups were blue.
Some were green.

Ten of the nut cups were pink.
Eight were yellow.

These nut cups did make the table
look so pretty.

Before the party, we had washed
our hands.

So our hands were clean.

We all played that our desks
were little tables.

We wanted our desks to be clean.
So at noon, Edna and Mabel wiped
the desks with clean cloths.



We put a white paper napkin
on each desk.

We played the paper napkin was
a clean, white tablecloth.

Two little girls served each row.
They carried two plates at a time.
They put them down upon the desks
very carefully.

They did not hurry.
They did not spill any of the nuts.
We waited until all the children
had been served.

When all had been served, we ate
our lunches.

After the party was over, we all
thanked our teacher.

Paul said, "Thank you very much."

Mack said, "I had a very good time
at your party."

Jennie said, "I enjoyed the party
very much."

The other children enjoyed it too.

All the children were polite.

They all had good manners.

We had a fine time at the party.

Some day, we are going to have
another party.

The Whole Duty of Children

A child should always say what's
true,

And speak when he is spoken to,

And behave mannerly at table,

At least as far as he is able.

Courage and Cheerfulness



Brave Charles

One day, Charles was playing
out-of-doors.

He was trying to catch the ball.

He ran and fell.

He hit his head against a stone.

He cut a deep gash in his forehead.

How it did bleed!

But Charles did not cry.

His playmates took him home.

His mother stopped the bleeding.

Then she put some red medicine
upon the wound.

It hurt very much when she put on
this red medicine.

Charles felt like crying.



But Charles did not cry.
Now, wasn't Charles a brave little
boy?

Brave Jane

Jane was a little girl five years old. She tried to take good care of her teeth.

One day she found a cavity in a back tooth.

The tooth did not ache.

But Jane could feel the tiny hole with her tongue.

She told her mother about it.

Her mother said that Jane would have to go to the dentist.

So, the next day, Jane's mother took her to the dentist.

Now Jane had never been to a dentist.



So she was afraid.

But she wanted to be brave.

The dentist was such a kind man.

He loved little children.

He looked at Jane's tooth.

Then he said,

“Little girl, I am sorry.

I'm afraid it may hurt you a little.

But I'll be very careful.

You are going to be

a brave little girl. Aren't you?"

The dentist was very careful.

But he did have to hurt little Jane.

Little Jane was very brave.

She didn't cry at all.

In a short time the tooth was filled.

The pain was all gone.

Little Jane was very happy.

On the way home, her mother said,

"Didn't the dentist hurt you?"

Little Jane said,

"Oh yes, Mother, he hurt me."

"But you didn't cry," said her
mother.

“Oh,” said little Jane, “you know
Dr. Brown told me that he was
going to hurt me.

I wanted to be brave.

I didn't want to cry.

So I didn't cry.”

Wasn't Jane a brave little girl?

Do Not Cry

Oh fie!

Do not cry!

If you hit your toe,

Say O! and let it go,

Be a man—

If you can—

And do not cry.

The World's a Very Happy Place

The world's a very happy place,
Where every child should dance
and sing,

And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.

The world is such a happy place,
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face,
And never, never sulk at all.

Happy Thought

The world is so full of a number
of things,

I'm sure we should all be as happy
as kings.



Cross Nell

Nell was playing with her dolls.
For a long time, she enjoyed it.
She played “school” with her dolls.
She played “picnic” with her dolls.
She played “party” with her dolls.
After a while, Nell grew tired
of these games.

Then she wanted to change
Betty's dress.

Betty was her biggest doll.

She was the doll Nell loved the best.

She was a very pretty doll.

She had blue eyes, and curly hair.

Nell took off Betty's pink silk dress.

Then she tried to put on

her blue satin dress.

But Nell wasn't very careful.

She couldn't get the doll's arm
into the sleeve.

Then Nell became very cross.

She stamped her little foot.

She said, "Oh you naughty, naughty
doll!"

She threw Betty down so hard
that her head was broken.
Then Nell cried and cried.
Poor, foolish little Nell!

Silly Moll

All the bells were ringing,
All the birds were singing,
When Molly sat down crying,
For her broken doll.

Oh, you silly Moll,
Sobbing and sighing
for a broken doll,
When all the bells are ringing,
And all the birds are singing.

Sunbeams on a Rainy Day

It was a summer day.

When Fan and Nell got up
in the morning, they looked
out of the window.

They saw the rain was coming down.

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
went the rain.

Fan stood at the window.

She pouted and pouted.

“Oh dear!” she said.

“I don’t like this horrid rain.

The rain is spoiling our picnic.”

Fan was so cross that she looked
like a big, black, ugly cloud.

Nell wanted to go to the picnic, too.

When she first saw the rain,
she was cross, too.

Then a happy thought came to her.
She said to Fan,

“There aren’t any sunbeams
out-of-doors.

So let us have sunbeams inside.”

Fan said,

“I don’t see how we can have
sunbeams in the house.

We can’t make the sunshine come in,
when it is raining so hard.”

“Of course not,” said Nell.

“We can’t have any real sunbeams.

But let’s you and I play
that we are sunbeams.”

Fan didn't know how to play
"sunbeams."

But Nell told her how.

When Fan and Nell went down
to breakfast, Mother looked up
in surprise.

She had expected to see
two cross little girls.

But Fan and Nell were
neatly dressed.

They were smiling and happy.

They didn't pout at breakfast.

They picked up the toys that were
scattered about the play room.

When Mother came in, she was
surprised to find things so neat.



Fan went to the piano.

She played her music lesson
over and over again.

Mother was surprised.

For often, Fan pouted
when Mother told her to work
on her music lesson.

Fan was surprised, too.

She found that she was having
a good time at the piano.

When Father came home that night,
two happy little girls met him
at the door.

Nell put away his umbrella.

Fan put away his rubbers.

Father said,

“My! This has been a rainy day.”

Mother said,

“Yes, there were no sunbeams
out-of-doors.

But all day, there have been

two sunbeams in our house.”

Father couldn't understand.

So Mother said,

“Nell and Fan have been two lovely
little sunbeams.”

Father was pleased to hear about
the sunbeams.

When bedtime came, Nell and Fan
were tired but happy.

Fan said, “Nell, I am so glad
that we played ‘sunbeams.’
Let’s play it again to-morrow.”

Sing a Song of Seasons

Sing a song of seasons,
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall.

Robin in the Rain

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on grass and flowers,
And tears are rolling down the cheeks,
Of the silly boys and girls.

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on the Redbreast gay,
And little crying boys and girls,
In the rain hear robin singing.

“Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!”
sings he.

“Cheer up, cheer up, chee, chee,
Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!”
sings he,

“Cheer up, cheer up, chee, chee.”

*Thrift, Punctuality,
Industry*



Banking

Do you have a School Savings Bank
in your school?

We do.

Most of the children in our room
save some money every week.

They bring the money to school
every Tuesday morning.

All the children who save
have bank books.

When they save some money,
the teacher writes
the amount saved
in their bank books.

In this way we can tell how much
each pupil has saved.



Some children get their money
from their fathers and mothers.
Others get money from their
big brothers and sisters.
Some children get money from their
uncles and aunts.
Some of the boys carry papers.
Some boys and girls go on errands.

Some children get “spending money.”

They use some of it for buying useful things.

They buy their own tablets and pencils.

They do not spend all of their money for candy.

They save some of their “spending money.”

The money that the children save is put into a large bank down town.

It makes the children feel like grown-ups to have money in a real bank.



How We Won the Honor Banner
Every Tuesday is banking day
in our school.

Last Tuesday, we won
the school banner.

All but seven children

saved some money.

Every one in Row Four saved.

So Row Four was a perfect row.

Anna doesn't have much money.

But she wanted to help our room

win the honor banner.

So every week Anna saved a penny.

She never forgot to bring her penny.

Stanley's father was sick.

So he could save only a penny, too.

We are very proud of these two

children.

They did their very best.

They helped our room

win the banner.

Three children brought a nickel each.

Seven children brought a dime each.

Four children saved a quarter each.

Three children saved fifty cents each.

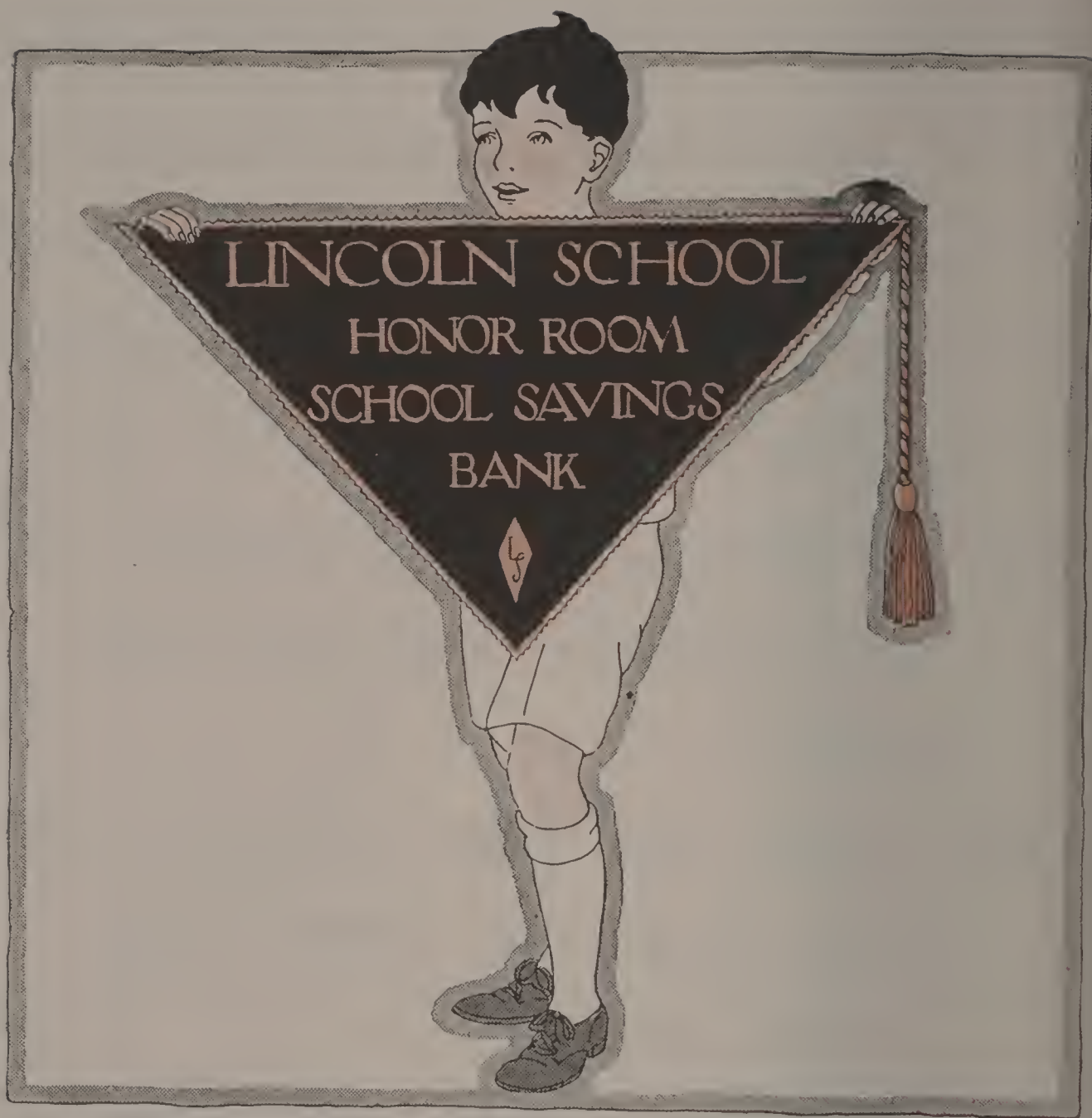
Other children saved, too.

All together, our room saved
three dollars and sixty-nine
cents.

Our room had more children who
saved than any other room
in the school.

That is why we won the honor
banner.

Oh, but we were glad when the
banner was brought into our
room!



It is a very pretty banner.

It is blue.

It is trimmed with gold braid.

On one side, there is a gold tassel.

There are gold letters printed on it.

This is what the banner says,

LINCOLN SCHOOL

Honor Room

School Savings

Bank.

We were very happy to get
the banner.

We are going to try to get it again
next week.

We are going to try to get every boy
and every girl in our room
to save.

Wouldn't that be fine?

Besides, we are going to learn
how to use money.

How Two Children Treated Their Christmas Story Books

Last Christmas Rose received
a story book.

It was a Christmas present
from her mother.

Her cousin Roy was given a story
book by his mother, too.

The two books were just alike.

The stories in the book
were good stories.

They were stories about Toyland.

The two cousins liked the stories
very much.

They liked the pretty pictures, too.



Sometimes the children read
in their own books.
Sometimes their mothers read
to them.
Rose had not learned how
to take care of a book.
Rose had soiled hands
when she read her book.

She tried to read in her book
when she was eating
bread and jam.

She spilled ink on her book.

Often she left it lying on the floor.

She even tore some of the pages.

In six weeks Rose's book
looked old and worn.

Is that the way your book looks?

Roy knew how to take care of books.

Usually, a girl has cleaner hands
than a boy.

Now Roy's hands were often soiled.

But when he wanted to read

in his book, if his hands were
soiled, he always washed them.

You see he loved his book so much.
He wanted to take good care of it.

When Roy ate bread and jam,
he did not read in his book.

He was careful always
to wash his hands first.

He did not spill ink on his book.

When he turned the pages, he
turned them very carefully.

So he did not tear the leaves
of his book.

When he finished reading, he put
the book on the library table.

In six weeks Roy's book looked
almost like a new book.

Is that the way your book looks, too?

Muddy Shoes

Little boy, little girl,
Do you bring in lots of mud,
When the streets are muddy,
Oh, so muddy in the rain?

Oh no, oh no, oh no,
We would never bring in mud,
When the streets are muddy,
Oh, so muddy in the rain.

Little boy, little girl,
Do you like to breathe the dust,
Brought in on muddy shoes,
When the playground muddy is?

Oh no, oh no, oh no,
We would never breathe the dust,
Brought in on muddy shoes,
When the playground muddy is.

Little boy, little girl,
Would you spoil the kitchen floor,
Just washed by Mother dear,
Bringing mud upon your shoes?

Oh no, oh no, oh no,
Never spoil the kitchen floor,
Just washed by Mother dear,
Bringing mud upon our shoes.

Little boy, little girl,
Would you ruin the lovely shoes,

Kind Daddy bought for you,
By walking in the mud, mud?

Oh no, oh no, oh no,
We would never ruin our shoes,
Kind Daddy bought for us,
By walking in the mud, mud.

Little boy, little girl,
Do you wipe your shoes with care,
When the day is muddy,
Oh, so muddy out-of-doors?

Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes,
We do wipe our shoes with care
When the day is muddy,
Oh, so muddy out-of-doors.



Tardy Jane

Jane was seven years old.
She lived across the street
from our school.

Sometimes Jane went to bed too late.
Then, when morning came,
she wanted to sleep.

She didn't want to get up.

She was too sleepy to dress quickly.

So she came tardy to school.

She came tardy three times
in one month.

None of the other little boys or girls
came tardy.

Jane didn't like to be the only one
tardy.

Now she goes to bed early.

She isn't sleepy when morning comes.

She dresses quickly.

She always gets to school on time.

An On-Time Kindergarten

We have a kindergarten at our school.

There are forty children
in the kindergarten.

Twenty children come to school
in the morning.

Twenty children come to school
in the afternoon.

Some of the children are four years
old.

Some of them are five years old.

February was a cold month.

Sometimes there was snow
on the ground.

Many kindergarten children
lived far away from the school.



These little children were braver
than some of the larger boys
and girls.

They liked to come to school.

They didn't want to stay home
because it was cold.

Besides, they wanted to get
to the kindergarten on time.

Every child came on time.

In February, not a single little boy
or girl was late to kindergarten.

Don't you think that it is a fine
kindergarten?

I think we could call it,

“An On-Time Kindergarten.”

Lazy Tom

Tom was a very lazy boy.

He didn't want to get up in the morning.

He was too lazy to brush his shoes.

He was too lazy to clean his teeth.

He was too lazy to help his mother.

He was almost too lazy to move.

One morning, lazy Tom was asleep in his little bed.

While he slept, he had a strange dream.

In his dream, Tom thought it was morning and time to get up.

He heard the school bell ringing, "Time for school, time for school."



But Tom wouldn't get up.

He was still fast asleep in bed.

His mother called,

“Tom, Tom, time to get up!

Tom, Tom, time to get up!”

But Tom didn't get up.

Then he heard a noise outside
of the window.

It sounded like “Buzz, buzz.”

Soon a little bee flew in.

The bee lighted on Tom’s nose.

Tom was afraid the bee was going
to sting him.

The little bee did not sting Tom.

It said,

“Hello, lazy Tom.

I am better than you are.”

Then Tom said,

“Oh no, you are only a little bee.

I am a big, strong boy.”

“Yes, yes,” said the bee.

“You are a big, strong boy.

But I am better than you.

I am not lazy.

I gather honey from the flowers.
So I make many people happy.
I am of some use in the world.
But you, you are just a lazy boy.
Only a lazy boy.”

Then the little bee flew out
of the window.

Next a little ant crawled up
Tom’s arm.

Tom did not like the little ant.
The ant began to talk to Tom.
It said,

“Hello, lazy Tom.

I am better than you are.”

Then Tom said,

“Oh no, you are only a little ant.

I am a big, strong boy.”

“Yes, yes,” said the little ant.

“You are a big, strong boy.

But I am better than you.

I am not lazy.

I help to build a home for my
little ants.

Did you ever make anything?

Do you ever help anyone?

You don't even help yourself.

You are just a lazy boy.

Only a lazy boy.”

Then the little ant crawled away.

A little squirrel came into the room.

It had a nut in its mouth.

It sat up on its two hind legs.



It held the nut with its front paws.
The front paws looked like two
little hands.

The squirrel looked ever so cunning.
But Tom did not like the little
squirrel.

He was afraid the squirrel
would call him "Lazy Tom."

The squirrel began to talk to Tom.

It said,

“Hello, lazy Tom.

I am better than you are.”

Then Tom said,

“Oh no, you are only a little squirrel.

I am a big, strong boy.”

“Yes, yes,” said the squirrel.

“You are a big, strong boy.

But I am better than you.

I am not lazy.

I gather many nuts.

I get my own food.

You are too lazy to help yourself.

You won't even get a glass of water
for yourself.

You ask your mother or big sister
to bring you a glass of water.
They shouldn't bring you the water.
But they do.

They forget that you are a big,
strong boy.

You are just a lazy boy.”

Then Tom awoke.

He heard his mother calling,

“Tom, Tom, time to get up.

Tom, Tom, time to get up.”

Tom jumped out of bed ever so
quickly.

When his mother came upstairs,
she found Tom dressed.

She was very much surprised.

Tom did not tell her about his dream.

But he made up his mind that he wasn't going to let a little bee, a little ant or a little squirrel get ahead of him.

So now Tom works hard.

He isn't lazy any more.

Time to Rise

A birdie with a yellow bill,
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said,
“Aren't you 'shamed, you sleepy
head?”

*Perseverance, Obedience,
Right Conduct*



Marpee and the Puzzle Picture

Marpee was a little girl.

Her real name was Martha.

When she was little, she could not
say, "Martha."

So she called herself "Marpee."

Now everyone calls her "Marpee."

One day, Marpee's big sister gave
her a puzzle picture.

It was a colored puzzle.

It was made of cardboard.

There were many funny pieces.

These funny pieces had to be put
together.

It was very hard to match these
pieces.



Marpee worked and worked at the puzzle picture.

She worked for a long time.

She wanted to work out the puzzle.

It was hard work to find the right pieces.

But Marpee did not give up.

She put all the pieces together.

When she had finished, she was very
happy.

Guess what the puzzle picture was.

It wasn't a dog.

It wasn't a cat.

It wasn't a doll.

It wasn't an automobile.

It wasn't a boy.

It wasn't a girl.

It was Santa Claus himself!

He was dressed in a red suit.

He was driving his reindeer.

Besides, he had a wonderful pack
of toys upon his back.

Wasn't that a fine puzzle picture?

Who Found the Four-Leaf Clover?

One day in June four little girls
went to the park for a picnic.

After they had eaten their lunch,

Alice said,

“It is too hot to play
a ‘running game.’

Let us see if we can find some
four-leaf clovers.”

The three little girls thought that
was a fine plan.

So they began to hunt for
four-leaf clovers.

Dolly hunted for a few minutes.

She didn't find any four-leaf clovers.

So she said,

“I can’t find any four-leaf clovers.
There are no four-leaf clovers here.
I’m tired.

I am not going to hunt any more.”
So Dolly gave up.

The other three little girls kept on.
In a few minutes, Polly said,
“I can’t find any four-leaf clovers.
There are no four-leaf clovers here.
I’m tired.

I am not going to hunt any more.”
So Polly gave up.

Jane and Alice were not ready
to give up.



They kept on looking for four-leaf clovers.

In a few minutes, Alice said,
“I can’t find any four-leaf clovers.
There are no four-leaf clovers here.
I’m tired.
I am not going to hunt any more.”
So Alice gave up too.

Jane said,
“I am sure there are four-leaf clovers
here.
I’m not going to give up yet.
I am going to hunt a little longer.
I would like to see if I could find a
four-leaf clover.”

So Jane kept on hunting for
four-leaf clovers.

In a few minutes Jane said,
“I found one! I found one!”

She showed the four-leaf clover to
her friends.

Then she took it home with her
to show to her mother.

Jane was glad that she had found
a four-leaf clover.

She was glad that she had not
given up.

She pressed the four-leaf clover.

Now she keeps it in the story book
she likes best.

Sara Louise

Sara Louise was a little girl.

Most of the time she minded her mother.

She ate candy and sweets after meals.

She didn't eat much candy.

For her mother did not want her to eat much candy.

She did not want Sara Louise to eat many sweets.

She knew that it would make Sara Louise sick.

One day Sara's mother made a cake.



She covered it with frosting.
She put it on the kitchen table.
Then she went upstairs to dress
for dinner.

Sara Louise saw the cake.
She nibbled at the cake.
She ate most of the frosting.

That night, Sara Louise was sick.

Then she said,

“I wonder if the frosting
made me sick.

I think Mother knows

what is best for me.

Anyway, I was naughty

to eat the frosting
off the cake.

I am never again going to eat
the frosting off the cake.”

You may be sure Sara Louise
never did.

She never again nibbled at her
mother's cakes.

The Little Girl Who Didn't Mind

Betty Lou was a little girl
who liked to play out-of-doors.
Sometimes she wanted to cross
the street.

Her mother did not want
Betty Lou to cross the street.
You see, many automobiles
passed by Betty's home.

One day, Betty Lou was playing
in the yard.

Some older children crossed
the street.

So Betty Lou wanted to cross
the street, too.



Her mother called,
“Betty Lou, come back.
Do not cross the street!”
But Betty Lou didn’t come back.
She ran across the street.
She ran as fast as her little legs
could carry her.

She stumbled and fell.
She hurt her little knee.
Then she came home.
She was crying because her knee hurt.
Her mother bandaged the knee
with a clean cloth.

Then she said,
“Little girl, I’m sorry.
You crossed the street.
Then you hurt your knee.
Trouble comes to little girls who
do not mind their mothers.”

Betty Lou knew this was true.
Now she minds her mother,
and does not cross the street.

Betty and Dotty

Betty and Dotty were playmates.
These two little girls liked each other
very much.

They played together
without quarreling.

One summer day, they were playing
with blocks.

Betty played with one-half
of the blocks.

Dotty played with the other half
of the blocks.

First they each made a house.

They put rooms into the houses.

Each house had a porch, too.



Next they made a hospital.

They said they wanted to have
a place for the sick people.

Betty needed one more block
to finish her hospital.

She said, "I wish I had another
block."

Dotty said, "You may have one
of mine."

So Dotty gave Betty a block.

Then Betty said, "Thank you,
Dotty."

Dotty said, "You're welcome,
Betty."

Dotty and Betty kept on playing
in this happy way

until it was time to go to bed.

Then Dotty said, "Good night,
Betty," and went home.

When morning came, the two girls
played together again.

They did have such good times
together.

Truth and Beauty



The Coming of Spring

Dear Mother, guess what I have
heard—

Oh, it will soon be spring!
I'm sure it was a little bird;
Mother, I heard him sing.

Look at this little piece of green
That peeps out from the snow,
As if it wanted to be seen.

'Twill soon be spring, I know.

And oh, come here, come here
and look!

How fast it runs along.

Here is a sparkling little brook;
Do hear its pretty song!

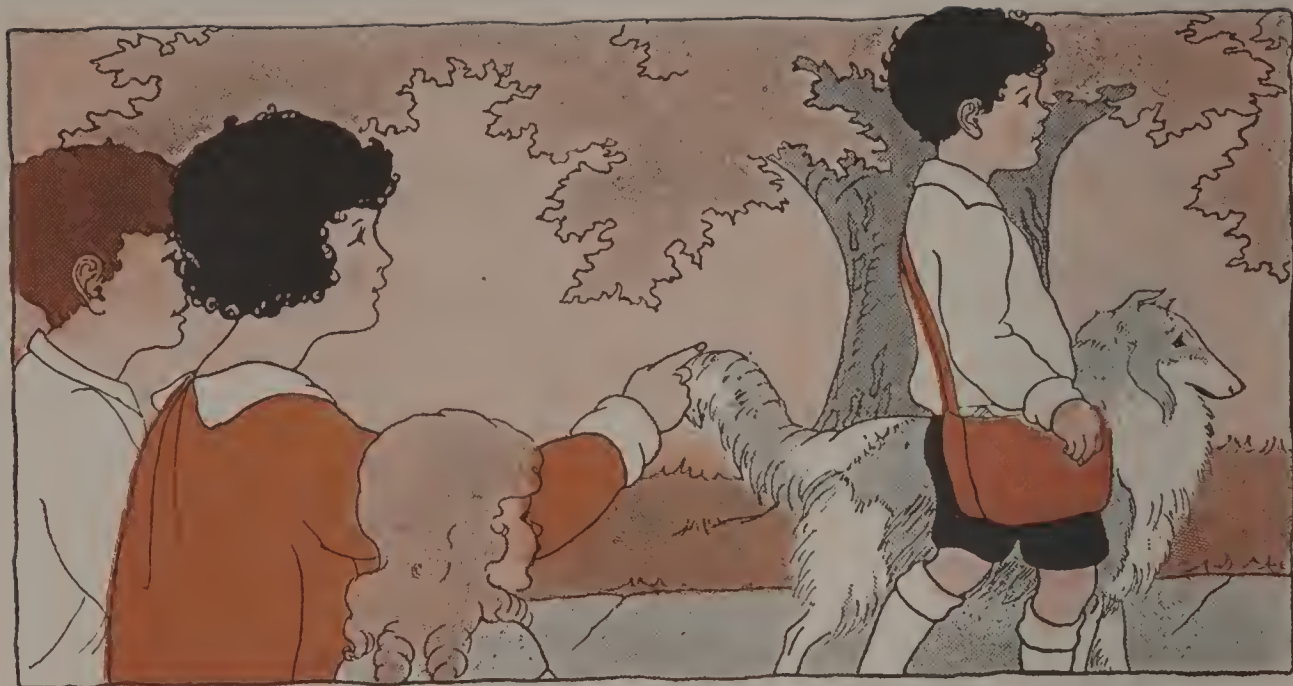
I love to think of what you said,
Mother, to me, last night,
Of this great world that God has
made,
So beautiful and bright.

Beautiful Hands

Beautiful hands are they that do,
Work that is noble, brave and true,
Moment by moment, the long day
through.

Love the Beautiful

Love the beautiful,
Seek out the true,
Wish for the good,
And the best do.



The Boy Who Never Told a Lie

Once there was a little boy,
With curly hair and pleasant eye,
A boy who always told the truth,
And never, never told a lie.

And when he trotted off to school,
The children all about would cry,
“There goes the curly-headed boy—
The boy that never tells a lie.”

Thanksgiving and Christmas



The First Thanksgiving Day

Many years ago the Pilgrims came
to this country.

They came from a country
called England.

They came in a ship
called "The Mayflower."

When they reached this country,
they found Indians living here.

It was winter, and it was very cold.

There were no houses here.

So the men worked hard
to build houses.

They cut down trees.

They built log houses.



They lived in these log houses.

The first winter was a long, hard,
cold one.

Many people died.

But at last spring came.

Some kind Indians gave the Pilgrims
corn.

The Pilgrims planted the corn.

The corn grew.

In the fall, the Pilgrims said,

“Let us thank God for our homes.
Let us thank God for our food.”

They asked the Indians to come
to the dinner.

They had wild turkeys, nuts and
other good things to eat.

They had a very good time.
Everyone was happy.
So that was the first Thanksgiving.

Now, every year, we have
Thanksgiving Day.

Before dinner, some people go
to church.

They thank God for the things
that He has given them.

A Thanksgiving Song

Summer is gone,
Autumn is here,
This is the harvest
For all the year.

Corn in the crib,
Oats in the bin,
Wheat is all threshed,
Barley drawn in.

Apples are barreled,
Nuts laid to dry;
Frost in the garden,
Winter is nigh.

Father in heaven,
Thank Thee for all,
Winter and springtime,
Summer and fall.

We Thank Thee

For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

The Thanksgiving Game

It was the day before Thanksgiving.

Marion said to her five playmates,

“Let us play it is Thanksgiving time.

Let us play we are in school.

I’ll be the teacher.

You will be the pupils.”

The five children said,

“Yes, yes! Do let us play this game.”

So the play began.

Marion. To-morrow

is Thanksgiving.

Tell me why you are

thankful.

Billy. I am thankful for a dove

and a rabbit.

Gladys. I am thankful for the cat
I have.

Don. I am thankful
for the turkeys
we get.

Ethel. We can be thankful
we have something
to eat.

Don. We ought to be thankful
for the clothes we have.

Bob. We should be thankful
for our homes.

Ethel. We are thankful
for the money we get.

Bob. I am thankful
for the pure water
we have to drink.

Ethel. We are thankful
for our farms.

Don. I am thankful
because there are
no wild animals
here now.

Gladys. I am thankful for school.

Billy. So am I.

I am thankful
for my books, too.

Gladys. We are thankful
for Christmas.

It is such a happy time.

Billy. I am thankful
for my birthday.

Then I have a cake
with candles upon it.

Don. I am thankful
for the Pilgrims
and for Thanksgiving
Day itself.

Billy. I am, too.
Besides, I am glad
that I can hear,
and talk and walk.

Bob. We should be thankful
for our eyes.
With them, we can see
so many beautiful
things.

Ethel. I think we should be
thankful for our
mothers and fathers.



Gladys. Yes, and I am glad, too,
that I live in America.

It is such a
wonderful country.

Marion. I didn't know there were
so many things
for which to be thankful.

Dear me!

But Mother is calling.

So we must stop this

Thanksgiving game.

To-morrow, we'll have

a real Thanksgiving.

We'll bring a fine Thanks-

giving basket to the poor

Davis family.

We'll put many good

things into it.

“Yes, yes, yes,” cried all the children.

“We have so much for which to be thankful.

We want everyone else to be happy upon Thanksgiving Day, too.”

Selfish Jim

It was a cold winter day.

It was just a few days
before Christmas.

Many people were down town.

They were buying Christmas presents
for those they loved.

A man was standing on
a busy corner.

Near him was a heavy iron kettle.

The man walked back and forth to
keep warm.

He was ringing a bell.

The bell seemed to say,

“Come, happy people!

Come, good folks!



Drop some money into the iron
kettle.

Help buy Christmas dinners
for the poor.

Make some poor little boys and girls happy at Christmas time.”

Many people heard the bell.

They listened and helped.

Fathers and mothers gave.

Many little children gave, too.

Pennies, dimes and nickels dropped into the iron kettle.

Quarters and half-dollars made a jingling sound.

Sometimes a dollar bill found its way into the iron kettle.

Jim and his mother were down town, too.

Jim heard the bell.

Jim saw the people giving.

He said,

“Mother, if I had a thousand dollars,
I would give it all to the poor.”

Jim had some money in his pocket.

But Jim did not have

a thousand dollars.

So Jim passed by the kettle.

Not a penny did he drop

into the kettle.

When he came to the next block,

he saw a candy store.

He said,

“Mother, I must have some candy.”

So Jim went into the store.

He bought some candy.

He paid for it with a new dime.

When he came out, his mother said,

“Jim, didn’t I hear you say

that if you had a thousand
dollars you would give it all
to the poor?”

“Yes, Mother, I said that,”

said Jim.

“Jim, you didn’t have a thousand
dollars.

But you did have a dime.”

Jim hung his head in shame.

He knew that he had been selfish.

Jim was sorry that he had been
so selfish.

The Indian Game

When I put feathers in my head,
And wear my tan suit
 fringed with red,
I'm not a boy then, but instead
An Indian with a stealthy tread.
Inside I have to fix up, too;
I listen well, as Indians do.
I make my eyes see clear and true,
And never ask, what, where, or who.

It is the best game that I play,
For often will my mother say,
When things have bothered her
 some way,

“Now be an Indian to-day.”

Patriotism



Flag Salute

I love my country,
I honor her flag,
And I will cheerfully
Obey her laws.

Our Flag

I know three little sisters,
You know the sisters, too.
For one is red, and one is white,
The other one is blue.

Hurrah for the three little sisters,
Hurrah for the red, white and blue,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Hurrah for the red, white and blue.



Remember Memorial Day

I know a day,
You know it, too,
It comes in Maytime,
When the flowers bloom.

It is the day
For bringing flowers
To place on the graves
Of the soldiers dead.

It comes in May,
Thirtieth day,
Memorial Day.

Remember, we pray.

This is what little children can do
to show their thanks.

There Are Many Flags

There are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag in any land,
Like our own red, white and blue.

Then hurrah for the flag,
Our Country's flag,
Its stripes and white stars too,
There is no flag in any land,
Like our own Red, White, and Blue.

A Song of Our Flag

Your Flag and my Flag!
And, oh, how much it holds!
The one Flag, the great Flag,
The Flag for me and you.



Let Little Hands Bring Blossoms

Let little hands bring

blossoms sweet,

To soldiers brave, soldiers brave,

Who lie here low.

Let little hearts to soldiers dead,
Their love and praise, love and praise,
And honor show.

We'll love the flag they loved so well,
The dear old flag, dear old flag,
Old banner bright;

We'll love the land for which
they fell,

With soul and strength,
soul and strength,
And all our might.

A Good American

A good American I would be,
My Country love and honor;
Her laws, too, I would ever keep,
And give to her my very best.

When the Flag Passed By

One day, there was a parade
in our city.

Many people were watching
the parade.

First there was a band.

The band played lively music.

The marchers kept step to the music.

Behind the band came
some policemen.

They were dressed in blue uniforms.

They looked very nice.

They were riding some lively,
beautiful horses.

Behind the policemen,
were the soldiers.

They were dressed in khaki soldier suits.

One soldier was carrying a very large flag.

When the flag passed by, all the men and boys took off their caps.

One little boy forgot to take off his cap.

The boy behind him called, "Hats off! The flag is passing by!"

Then the little boy who forgot quickly took off his cap.

Now when the flag passes by, he always remembers to take off his cap.

About the Book

BETTER LIVING FOR LITTLE AMERICANS is a book which may be used in the first four grades. In the first grade, stories may be read to the children by the teacher. In the second and third grades, the book may be used as supplementary reading material. In the fourth grade, BETTER LIVING FOR LITTLE AMERICANS may serve as a book for the library table.

With the exception of some of the rhymes, the material is almost entirely original. The vocabulary consists of words belonging to the average child's speaking equipment, and so can more readily be adapted to his reading vocabulary. Many of the sentences are short. The longer ones phrase easily. Consequently, the book facilitates "thought-getting," and tends to greater fluency of expression.

The rhymes in some cases should be read by the teacher to the pupils. In other instances the pupils themselves should read the verses. Many of the poems may serve as memory gems which may be easily learned and thoroughly enjoyed even by first-grade pupils.

A complete education is one which brings an all-around development. It aims to improve, not only the mind and the body, but the character as well. Through the method of indirect suggestion, by means of stories that are true, based on fact, or at least probable, BETTER LIVING FOR LITTLE AMERICANS aims to encourage the development of the finer traits of character that will result in better living, not only on the part of the little folks themselves, but also on that of those whom their lives may touch now or at some subsequent time.

May the book be a source of joy and profit, and result in "better living for little Americans" here, there and everywhere.

EDITH WILHELMINA LAWSON

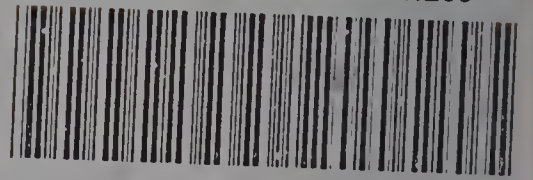
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