

THE NEW
BARNES READERS
BOOK TWO



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THE NEW
BARNES READERS
BOOK TWO

BY
HERMAN DRESSEL
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, KEARNY, N. J.

MAY ROBBINS
PRIMARY SUPERINTENDENT, KEARNY, N. J.

AND
ELLIS U. GRAFF
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, OMAHA, NEBRASKA

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MABEL D. HILL



NEW YORK AND CHICAGO
THE A. S. BARNES COMPANY

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THE HELPFUL ENGINE

I

Choo, choo! Choo, choo! The old worn-out engine was trying to pull the train to the city.

Choo, choo! Choo, choo! The snow was drifting higher and higher.

Choo, choo! Choo, choo! The brave engine went slowly and more slowly.

“I must — pull through! I must — pull through! I must — pull through! I must — pull through! I must — pull through!” the engine said, as it thought of the little boys and girls waiting at home on Christmas eve for Father to come.

Choo, choo! With a little puff the engine stopped quite still.

The engineer ran up the track to the roundhouse to see if he could get help. As he stopped to look at a big freight engine, he heard it say, "I will — not go! I will — not go! I will — not go! I will — not go! I will — not go!"

"Think of the children waiting for Father on Christmas eve," said the engineer.

But the big engine answered, "My work — is done! My work — is done! My work — is done! My work — is done! My work — is done!"

A pony engine near by heard the engineer and called, "Oh do — take me! Oh do — take me! Oh do — take me! Oh do take me! Oh do take me!"

"But you are so little," said the engineer. "You couldn't pull a big train."

"I know — I can! I know — I can! I know — I can! I know I can! I know I can!" said the sturdy engine.

Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Slowly at first it pulled the big train through the drift. Then faster and faster it sang, "I like — to help! I like to — help! I like to — help! I like to help! I like to help!"

Still singing its cheerful song,
the little engine proudly pulled the
big train into the station.

“Choo, choo! Choo, choo! I
knew — I could! I knew — I could!
I knew — I could! I like — to help!
I like — to help! I like — to help!”



THE YOUNG ROBIN

A young robin lived in an apple tree near the door of a house. He wanted to go into the house and hop on the floor.

“No, no!” said his mother,

“You must stay with me.

Little birds are safer

Sitting in a tree.”

Young robin gave his tail a fling, and said, “I don’t care.” Then down he flew, and the cat caught him before he had time to wink.

“Oh,” he cried, “I’m sorry,

But I didn’t think!”

A Test Lesson of 83 words

(See Manual)

BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night,
And dress by yellow candle light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed, and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown up people's feet
Still going past me on the street.

And does it not seem strange to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE TURKEY'S NEST

I

One day the old turkey hen went out to find a place to make her nest. She went a long way, and she took a long time to find it, but when she had found the right spot, she said,

“They may go to the east and go
to the west,
But they’ll never be able to find
my nest.”

She felt so proud of herself that she walked all the way home with her head in the air.

When she got home to the barnyard her friends were talking about her. The Gray Goose, the White

Duck and the Brown Hen were there, and called, "Where in the world did you make your nest?"

"Guess," said the turkey hen, and then they began.

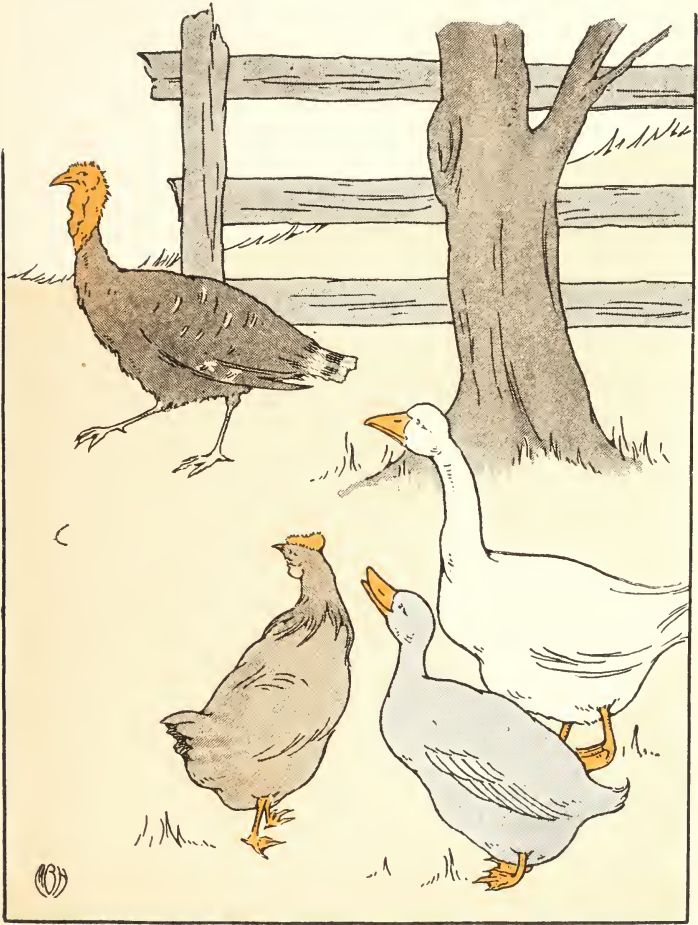
"Well," said the Gray Goose at last, "when I go to make my nest I always try to get near the water, for there's nothing so good for my health. I'll guess the goose pond."

"Right," cried the Duck, "I'll quite agree. The pond is just the place for a family."

"The idea," said the Brown Hen, clucking to herself, "why what could be better than hay or straw! I'll guess the haystack."

But though they did their very best,

They could not guess where she
made her nest.





II

The turkey hen grew prouder and prouder, and she walked about the barnyard like a queen. One day the cook saw her and said to the children, "That old turkey hen has made herself a nest somewhere."

"Then I'll find it," said Cousin Pen, who had come to pay a visit on the farm.

"Then I'll find it," cried Brother

Fred. "She can't hide a nest from me."

"Then I'll find it," said little Ben. And they all started out to look for it.

Cousin Pen went down in the hollow and looked in the grasses and leaves and in the stumps and hollow trees.

But though she did her very best,
She couldn't find the turkey's nest.

Brother Fred went up on the hill, and down in the field, and round by the goose pond where he found the Gray Goose and the White Duck taking a swim.

But though he did his very best,
He couldn't find the turkey's nest.

Little Ben stayed at home to

look. He looked under the house
and behind the wood-pile, and in
the barn, and out by the haystack.
But though he did his very best,
He couldn't find the turkey's nest.



III

Then Mother said she must go and look. She put on her bonnet and went to the wood-lot, and sat down under a tree just as quiet as she could be. By and by the turkey hen came along. She saw Mother, and Mother saw her, but neither of them said a word. The turkey hen walked round and round in the wood-lot just as if she wasn't thinking about anything, but at last she went through the big gate into the road.

Then Mother got up and followed her, just as still as a mouse, and the turkey hen
Went up the hill and down the hill,

And through the fields and by the
mill,
She went to the east and she went
to the west,
But she never went near the hidden
nest.

“I’ll give up,” said Mother, and
the old turkey hen was prouder
than ever.

Then Father said that he must
try. So early one morning before the
children were awake he got up and
started out to find the turkey’s nest.

“He’ll find it if anybody can,”
said Brother Fred, and the children
could scarcely wait for him to come
home again.

He stayed so long that they
went down the lane to meet him,

and when he saw them coming, he called out,

“I’m sure I’ve done my very best,
But I can’t find that turkey’s nest.”

IV

And the turkey hen grew prouder and prouder. She stayed at her nest, wherever it was, nearly all the time then, and only came to the barnyard when she wanted something to eat.

The Gray Goose and the White Duck and the Brown Hen said they wouldn’t be surprised at anything she did.

But they were surprised, and so were the children, when one morning she walked into the yard with twelve little turkeys behind her.

“Just look here,” she said, “at my children. I hatched them all in my nest down in the corner of the old rail fence.”

And she added, as they gathered around to see,

“I tell you what, I did my best,
When I found that place to make
my nest!”



GUESS ITS NAME

I am thinking of something that is good to drink. We could not live without it. It has no taste. It has no color. We can see through it.

It comes from the rivers and lakes. It comes from springs.

We cook with it. It makes us sweet and clean. It keeps our houses sweet and clean.

In winter we skate on it. Fish live in it. Insects like it. Nothing could live without it.

Write its name.

*A Test Lesson of 81 words
(See Manual)*



THE FAIRIES' SECRET

I

Saturday had come at last. Jane was sitting on a low limb of an apple tree. It was a sunny June afternoon. Flowers bloomed, birds sang, butterflies flitted everywhere.

“I wish I could see a fairy,” Jane thought. “I would ask her how to be beautiful.” And thinking, think-

ing, thinking, Jane was soon fast asleep.

She dreamed that the fairy queen flew with her to fairyland. The grass was like green velvet. The birds sang their sweetest songs.

In the green fairy meadow was a ring of tiny fairies dressed in yellow. As they sang and skipped, Jane heard them say, "We are the Do Right Fairies."

"Will you let Jane play with you?" asked the queen.

"Is she a Do Right girl?" asked the fairies.

"I'll try to be," Jane said, and into the ring she went.

The fairies taught her their fairy games, and took her to see



the buttercup field. There were buttercups everywhere, and when the fairies jumped into the flower bed, no one could tell which were buttercups and which were fairies.

II

Then the queen flew with Jane to another meadow. In the greenest spot was a ring of fairies dressed in red.

As they sang and skipped Jane heard them say, "We are the Speak Right Fairies. No one can play here who speaks unkind words."

"I'll try to be a Speak Right girl," said Jane, and into the ring they took her.

They taught her to play their fairy games, and took her to see the red poppy field. There were red poppies everywhere, and when the fairies jumped into the flower

bed, no one could tell which were fairies and which were poppies.



III

Then in a wink Jane found herself in a beautiful crystal cave.

From the top to the bottom of the cave the silver lights flashed and twinkled. At Jane's feet was a crystal pool.

Around the pool was a ring of fairies dressed in silver sheen. "We are the Think Right Fairies," they sang. "Will you be a Think Right girl and play with us?"

"Oh, yes," cried Jane, "I'll try to be!" And into the ring they took her.

They taught her to play their games. Then they flew up, up, up, among the twinkling lights. And no one could tell which were the lights and which were the fairies.

Then Jane wakened. The fireflies were twinkling their lights

under the apple tree. Each twinkle seemed to tell the fairies' secret. "Do right, speak right, think right, and you will be beautiful."



THE MOUSE DIDN'T THINK

Once a little mouse saw a bit of cheese in a trap. He sniffed and smelled and sniffed and smelled.

The mother mouse said, "Be careful, that's a trap. You'll be caught."

But the little mouse would not listen to his mother. He said, "She doesn't know."

So one day when the mother mouse was not in sight, the little mouse thought he would get the cheese. He walked boldly into the trap and took a little nibble, then he took a big bite.

Snap, went the trap, and the little mouse was caught because he didn't think.

THE ELVES' POINTED SLIPPERS

I

It was evening. The old shoemaker sat at his bench, looking sadly at a small piece of leather. It was just enough to make a tiny pair of shoes.

Calling his wife, he said, "This piece of leather is all I have left. After it is gone, what shall we do for food?"

"Do not be so sad, Father," said his wife. "Make a pair of little pointed slippers. I am sure they would sell."

So the shoemaker cut the leather for the little pointed slippers and went to bed.

In the morning he went to his



work bench and found that some one had made the slippers.

Just at that moment a man came into the shop. He was so pleased with the slippers that he bought them for his little girl and paid a good price for them.

The old man called his wife and told her the 'good news.

“Now you can buy more leather,” she said.

So the shoemaker bought leather for two pairs of shoes. In the evening he cut the leather and left it on the bench. In the morning he found that the shoes had been made.

These, too, were soon sold. Then the shoemaker bought leather for four pairs.

He cut them at night, as he always did, and in the morning found the finished shoes.

So it went on. He had only to buy the leather, cut it, put it on the bench, and in the morning he would find the shoes ready to sell.

II

One night, just before Christmas, the shoemaker said to his wife, "I should like to know who makes these shoes. It seems a pity we can not do something to repay such kindness. Let us hide in the closet and watch."

So they waited quietly in the closet till midnight.

Just as the clock struck twelve, into the room danced two naked little elves, each carrying a torch.

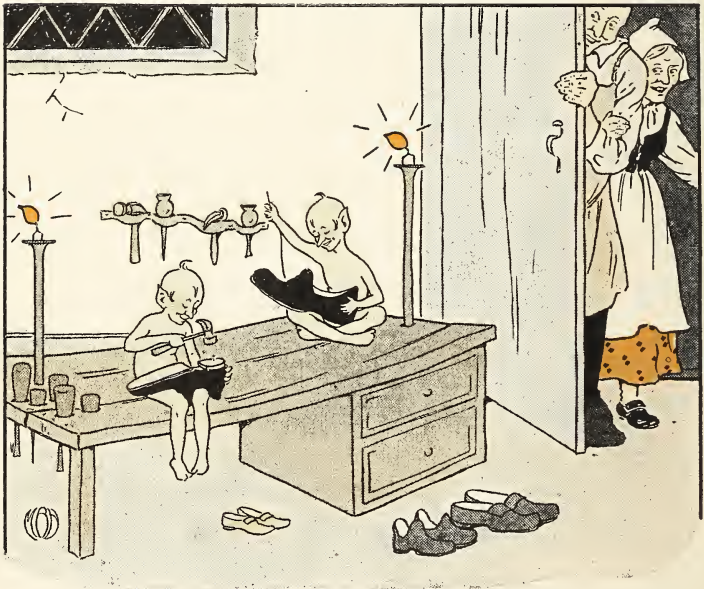
They danced to the bench, waved the torches three times, and placed them in the ends of the bench.

Then they picked up the leather and began to sing,

“Tat a tat tat, tat a tat, too;
Tat a tat tat,
We make the lady’s shoe.”

As soon as they had finished the shoes, they took the torches, waved them three times, and danced out of the room.

“The dear little elves,” said the



shoemaker's wife. "They must be cold. I will make little suits of brown velvet, with caps to match. You can make them each a pair of shoes."

"I will make them pointed slippers, like the ones they first made for us," said the shoemaker.

So they worked all day and at night placed the little velvet suits, the caps to match, and the pointed slippers on the bench. Then they hid in the closet.

Just as the clock struck twelve, in danced the little elves again. They waved the torches three times placed them on the bench, and looked about for the work.

But instead of leather, there



were the little suits of clothes, the caps, and the pointed slippers.

The elves were wild with glee.

As they dressed, they shouted and sang,

“Ha ha and ha ha,

Ha ha and ho ho!

We'll put on these clothes and button them so,

With caps for our heads,

And shoes for our toes,

We'll dance and we'll sing till morning light glows.”

Then they picked up the torches, waved them three times, and danced away into the starry night.

And from that time to this the elf men have worn slippers with pointed toes.

THE SNOW MAN

It was Saturday, and the ground was white with snow. John and Mary were playing in the yard.

“Let’s make a snow man,” said John.

So they made a ball and rolled it till they could roll it no longer. That was the snow man’s body.

Then they rolled a smaller ball and put it on the big ball. That was the snow man’s head. John found an old hat and put it on the snow man.

Make a picture showing what you have read.

A Test Lesson of 88 words (See Manual)

THE GRAY MOUSE AND THE ELF MEN

I

One day Jack brought home a bag of chestnuts from the woods. He took the bag into the cellar. A little gray mouse was watching him from a hole in the wall, and saw a tiny nut roll along the cellar floor.

Out he crept and ran after the nut. It slipped down past a broken brick, and down ran the gray mouse after it.

On rolled the nut and on ran the gray mouse till the nut struck a little door. It flew open and there stood a queer little doorkeeper.

He was dressed in a yellow suit, yellow pointed slippers, and a yellow cap with a black feather in it.

The nut rolled in and the gray mouse scampered after it, but before he could reach the nut the doorkeeper had it.

“That is my nut,” said the gray mouse.

“Ha! ha!” said the doorkeeper. “Everything here belongs to the prince, and so do you. I will take the nut to him, and I will take you, too.”

And the gray mouse was taken into a tiny room where the prince sat on his throne. Around him stood five little men.



They were all dressed in yellow suits, yellow pointed slippers, and yellow caps with a black feather, just like the doorkeeper.

The prince had two feathers in his cap, and his jacket and slippers were trimmed with gold.

When the gray mouse saw this, he trembled, for he knew he was in the palace of the Black Feather Elf Men.

“What shall we do with our prisoner?” asked the prince.

“Don’t kill him,” said one little elf man, who was the cook, “let him fry the bacon for me.”

“And let him sweep the floors for me,” said another.

“And polish the silver for me,” said the third.

And so it went on. Each elf man wanted the gray mouse to do his work.

The prince agreed that the gray mouse should do all the work except keep the door. Of course, he could not be trusted to do that.

II

Now that the elf men did not need to work, they became lazy. Everyday when the prince napped, they napped, too, all except the doorkeeper.

So the gray mouse made friends with him.

One day, when the others were all asleep, gray mouse said to the doorkeeper, "What a pity you cannot have a nap, too. You could lock the door and put the key in your pocket."

The doorkeeper thought he would try it just once and he was soon fast asleep, but out of his pocket peeped the end of the key.

Then the gray mouse said to himself, "Now is my chance, but first I'll find my nut."

So he looked everywhere, in the drawers, under the dishes, in the closets, in the clock, and after all the search, where do you think he found it? It was tied to the clapper of the dinner bell!

He untied it quickly, slipped the key out of the doorkeeper's pocket, unlocked the door and ran up to the loose brick before the elf men missed him.

On he ran till he came to his own hole in the wall. In he ran to his home and put the nut on the table.

He put it down so hard that it cracked open and there in the shell was a tiny gold chain, just big enough for a little mouse's neck.



He gave it to his mouse mother.
It made her very happy because
she had always wanted a little gold
chain.



BEE SONG

I'm a little busy bee
Roaming in the clover;
Here I go, there I go,
All the meadow over.
Don't you hear me singing so?
Z, z, z.

I'm a little busy bee
When the day is sunny
Diving into flower cups,
Making wax and honey.
Don't you hear me humming so?
Hm, m, m.

*A Test Lesson
(See Manual)*

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 rosy Nell,
“I love you better than tongue can
tell.”

Then she teased and pouted full
half the day,

Till her mother was glad when she
went to play.

“I love you, Mother,” said little
Fan,

“To-day I’ll help you all that I can;

How glad I am that school doesn't
keep!"

So she rocked the babe till he 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 happy as a 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?

JOY ALLISON



THE LITTLE BRASS KETTLE

I

Once upon a time there lived a rich man. He had a beautiful house, great fields of grain, much pasture land for his goats, many servants, and more gold than he could use in a hundred years.

But he was very greedy. The more he had, the more he wanted.

Among his servants were an old man and his wife. By saving every penny, they had bought a few acres of land and a dozen goats.

But now they were feeble, and the rich man would no longer pay them for the work they did. He said, too, that their land was his.

What could the poor man do?

One after another of the goats were sold to buy bread to eat. At last only one was left, and that was the finest one of them all.

One morning the old wife said, "Father, we must sell our last goat. I don't know how to spare the milk, but we must have money. Be sure you get a good sum for her."

II

So the old man took his cane and started to the town to sell the goat.

On the way he met a young man carrying a bag. The young man asked where he was going.

"I am going to the town to sell this goat," said the old man.

"What do you ask for her?" said the stranger.

“She is such a fine goat and gives such good milk that I want ten dollars for her,” said the old man.

“I haven’t any money,” said the young stranger, “but I have something in my bag that is worth more than ten dollars.”

Then he took from his bag a little brass kettle. It had four round feet and a big handle.

“Do you think I would give my goat for that kettle?” asked the old man.

Just then the little brass kettle began to sing,

“There’s luck in me,
As you will see
If you take me home,
And we agree.”

“Well,” said the old man, “if that is true I think I had better take it.”

So the young man took the goat, and the old man took the little brass kettle and started home. He was afraid his wife might not like the sale, so he hid the kettle in the shed.

III

After supper his wife said, “Well, Father, did you get ten dollars for the goat?”

“No,” he said, “but I have something worth more than ten dollars. Come to the shed and see.”

When she saw the little brass kettle, she thought it must be a joke.

“Do you mean that you sold the goat for this brass kettle?” she asked.

“Yes,” he answered, “and so would you if you could hear it sing.”

Just then the kettle began to sing again.

“Take me into the house,

And scour me well.

Put me over the fire,

But do not tell.

For there’s luck in me,

As you will see

If you take me in,

And we agree.”

“My,” said the old woman, “what a wonderful kettle! You did just right, Father.”

So she took the kettle into the house.

IV

The next morning she made the old kettle shine like gold. Then she put it over the fire.

As soon as the fire touched it, the kettle began to sing,

“I hop, I hop,
I will not stop,
Till I’ve something sweet
For you to eat.”

And giving a jump the kettle went through the door. Its little round feet went bump, bump, bump, down the hard road till it came to the rich man’s house. It jumped right through the window and landed on the kitchen table.

The rich man's wife was making apple dumplings. She had sugar, flour, butter, apples, and everything she needed to make fine dumplings. And there before her sat the little brass kettle.

"What a bright clean kettle," she said. "It is just the thing for my dumplings."

So she put them into the little kettle, and it began to sing,

"I hop, I hop."

"Where do you hop?" asked the rich woman.

And the kettle sang on,

"I hop, I hop,

I will not stop,

Till I stand before

The poor man's door,

With dumplings sweet
For him to eat."

And in one leap the kettle was in the middle of the road. Its little round feet went bump, bump, bump, down the hard road. In a minute it was back at the house of the poor man.

The old woman heard a noise. There was the brass kettle before the door.

"See what the little kettle has brought us, Father," she called.

They put the kettle over the fire and had the finest apple dumplings they had ever eaten.

V

When the dumplings were all gone, the old wife scoured the

kettle again, and put it over the fire.

As soon as it touched the fire, it began to sing,

“I hop, I hop,
I will not stop
Till you are fed,
With your own bread.”

Then the kettle jumped into the middle of the road. Its little round feet went bump, bump, bump, on the hard road. When it reached the rich man's barn, it jumped into the middle of the big floor. The servants were threshing wheat. It was the wheat that came from the poor man's fields. One of the servants saw the brass kettle.

“Ho ho!” he shouted. “How

did this get here! We'll fill it with wheat."

So the men took shovels and began to fill the kettle. It took all the wheat to fill it.

As soon as the kettle was full, it began to sing,

"I hop, I hop."

"Where do you hop?" asked the men.

And the kettle sang on,

"I hop, I hop,

I will not stop,

Till I stand before

The poor man's door,

And see him fed

With his own bread."

At once the little round feet went bump, bump, bump, out of

the barn door and down the hard road. In a minute the kettle was back at the house of the poor man.

The old man heard a noise at the door. He opened it and in jumped the kettle.

“Look, Mother,” he said, “the rich man has sent us our wheat!”

Then he began to take it from the kettle. It was enough to make bread for a long, long time.

VI

The next morning, as the old man and woman sat before the fire, the kettle sang again,

“I hop, I hop,
I will not stop,
Till your hands hold
Your yellow gold.”

And its little round feet went bump, bump, bump, down the hard road. In a minute it was on a table in the rich man's house.

The rich man was counting money. There were bags and bags of yellow gold. The rich man saw the kettle and said, "I'll put my money in this."

When he had counted as much money as he owed the poor man, the kettle sang,

"I hop, I hop."

"Where do you hop?" asked the rich man.

And the kettle sang on,

"I hop, I hop,

I will not stop,

Till I stand before



The poor man's door,
With his own gold
For him to hold."

Then the kettle gave a great jump into the road. Bump, bump, bump, went the round feet till the kettle stood in the middle of the poor man's kitchen.

"Oh, Mother, see," cried the old

man, "the rich man has sent us our gold!"

And the gold fell out on the floor. There was enough to last them as long as they lived.

VII

A few days later, as the old woman was rubbing the pot it sang out,

"I hop, I hop,
I hop once more,
To the rich man's door
Where I went before."

And bump, bump, bump, went the round feet over the hard road to the house of the rich man.

As soon as the rich man saw the kettle, he cried, "Ha! here is the kettle that took our dumplings, that

fine wheat, and the yellow gold. It won't get away this time."

And giving a leap, he picked up the little kettle. As soon as the kettle felt the rich man's arms, it gave a quick jump. The handle slipped over the man's head and under his arms.

And the kettle began to hop with the rich man down the middle of the road.

The old servant and his wife heard the bump, bump, bump, of the round feet and ran to the window. They saw the little kettle hopping off with the rich man.

"Where are you taking him?" they shouted.

And the kettle sang,
“To the land of Greed
I hop, ho ho!
To take this man
Where he ought to go,
To the land of Greed!
Ha ha, ho ho!
To take this man
Where he ought to go.”

And away it went with the rich man and was out of sight so quickly that no one could stop it.

From that day to this no one has seen the little brass kettle.



A FOOLISH TURKEY

A little turkey once lived over the hill. She wouldn't ask her mother when she wanted to walk in the fields. She didn't mind her mother when Mother said it was safer at home.

The little turkey said, "I am big enough to go about alone. Surely I know where the safe places are."

But one day when she was out walking, a fox saw her pass. Soon the air was full of feathers.

So you see Mr. Fox had a supper, because the little turkey thought she knew better than her mother.

A Test Lesson of 96 words

(See Manual)



THE CHRISTMAS TREE OF LONG AGO

It was long, long ago and it was Christmas time. Every house in the valley of Somewhere had a Christmas tree in the best room. Day after day beautiful trimmings were added to all the trees but one. The poor mother who lived down by the hill had only a few paper stars for her lame girl's tree.

Every day the poor mother locked the door of the room, and every day she hoped that somehow the tree might be made beautiful.

But though the door was locked bright little eyes had seen the tree.

The cat and dog had looked in at the window. They had never before seen such a bare tree.

The little mice smelled the pine and peeped through a hole in the floor. They agreed that something must be done. "We'll tell the spiders," said one old mouse.

And off they all scampered to ask the spiders to cover the tree with webs. They did not know that mothers do not like spider webs.

The spiders were delighted, of course. From every dark corner of the house they came creeping, creeping, creeping down the walls; creeping, creeping, creeping up the walls; creeping, creeping, creeping over the floor to the bare tree.

In and out, up and down, here and there, over and under, they crawled,

till on every branch was spread a web, and from every twig hung a slender thread.

Then creeping, creeping, creeping over the floor; creeping, creeping, creeping down the walls; creeping, creeping, creeping up the walls; home to the dark corners the spiders went.

And in the darkness of the early morning, the Christmas Fairy came to see the tree. For a moment she looked, then she smiled.

“The dear spiders!” she said. “They have tried to make the tree beautiful. Because they have done their best, I will make this the most wonderful tree in the valley of Somewhere.”

As she raised her wand the spider webs flashed into light. Over every branch glistened a net of gold, from every twig hung a golden thread, and the poor paper stars shone as the stars in the sky.

Through the hole in the floor the little mice saw the glow and scampered to tell the spiders the news.

The cat peeped in at the window and purred. The dog barked for joy when he saw the wonderful tree.

But the happiest people in all the valley of Somewhere were the little lame girl and her mother, when they saw the wonderful tree on that bright Christmas morning long, long, ago.

GUESS WHAT IT IS

I am telling of something that grows on trees and bushes.

These things are covered with hard shells. They drop from the trees and bushes to the ground.

Squirrels think they are all for them. They cut the shells with their teeth and eat what is inside. They hide some of them to eat in the winter.

Boys and girls gather them, too. They crack the shells with a hammer and eat what is inside.

Write the name of the thing I am telling you about.



THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass.

O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid,
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all.

O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.





THE SLOW LITTLE MUD TURTLE

I

Twenty little mud turtles broke their egg shells one hot summer day. They poked their way up through the warm sand.

Mother Turtle was out sunning herself. She saw them coming and said to her friends, "Why, there are my children! Did you ever see a finer family? I will go over and speak to them."

Most of the young turtles crawled out quickly and began drying themselves in the sun. One slow little fellow stopped to look at his broken shell. He stubbed his front toes on a piece of it and sat down to see if he was hurt. "Wait for me," he

called to his brothers and sisters,
“I’m coming in a minute.”

The other turtles waited. When the slow one found his toes were not hurt, he started. But he met a snail and stopped to talk a minute. “Come on,” said Biggest Little Turtle. “Let him catch up.”

So they went along till they found an old log. They climbed on it and sat in a row. Slow Little Turtle came hurrying over the sand. He was cross and shouted out, “Why didn’t you wait for me? I was coming right along.”

II

Just then Mother Turtle came up. “Good morning,” said she, “you are my children.”

The little mud turtles looked at each other but didn't say a word. This was not because they were rude but because they did not know what to say.

So Mother Turtle looked at them again and said, "Yes, you are my children, for I saw you come out of the very place where I laid my eggs in the sand."

Then Mother Turtle saw Slow Little Turtle trying to get on the log. "Why are you not up there with your brothers and sisters?" she asked.

"They didn't wait for me," he said. "I was coming right along, but they wouldn't stop. I think they are mean."

Mother Turtle raised her head and looked at him. "So you are the one," she said. "I have had a family of young turtles every year. There is always one who lags behind and wants the others to wait for him. That makes him miss many good things. Then he is cross and thinks it is the others' fault. I did hope I might have one family without such a turtle in it. Of course I love even a slow child, but it makes me very, very sad."

Slow Little Turtle felt the ten brothers and sisters on his right side looking at him out of their left eyes, and the nine brothers and sisters on his left side looking at him out of their right eyes.



Mother Turtle looked at the brothers and sisters and said, "Try to be patient with him. We shall not have him with us long."

"What do you mean?" asked Slow Little Turtle, "I'm not going away."

"You do not want to," said his mother, "but you will not be with us long unless you keep up with the rest. Something always happens to turtles who are too slow."

I cannot tell you what it will be, but it is sure to be something.”

III

Slow Little Turtle was frightened by what his mother had said. For a few days he tried to keep up with the others. Nothing happened to him, and so he grew careless. He was not quite ready when the others wanted to go, or he wanted to stop and do this, or look at that. He was a very trying little turtle.

One beautiful afternoon, the twenty little turtles were sitting on a log by the edge of the pond. The mother was with some of her friends on another log, near by. She looked often at her children.

“What a beautiful family,” she thought.

Just then she heard a splash. “Boys!” she cried, “Boys!” Into the water she went with her friends. Into the water went Biggest Little Turtle with all the brothers and sisters but one. Slow Little Turtle waited a minute to look. “Wait for me,” he called, “I’m coming in a minute.”

But one of the boys picked him up, looked at him with two great eyes, and pulled his tail. Next the other boy took him, turned him over, and rapped on his shell. Poor Slow Little Turtle drew in his head and tail and legs and kept very, very still. He was thinking

over and over, "Something has happened! Something has happened!" And he knew that his mother would be trying to find him and could not.

The boys carried him a long way and put him down on the grass. He lay still for a long time. Then he tried to run away. The boys laughed and picked him up again. One of them took something sharp and cut marks on his shell.

When the sun went down, the boys let Slow Little Turtle go. He was very, very tired, but he wanted so much to get home that he started by moonlight.

He would have lost his way if Tree Frog had not hopped ahead of

him. Little Turtle followed till they could see the pond.



“Good-night,” said Tree Frog. “You can find your way now.”

“Good-night,” said the Turtle. “I wish I might help you sometime.”

“Never mind me,” said Tree Frog, “help somebody else and it will be all right.” And he hopped away toward home.

IV

At the edge of the pond Slow Little Turtle found his brothers and sisters. “I’m here!” he cried,

but they were all fast asleep. So Slow Little Turtle went to sleep too.

When he opened his eyes in the morning, his mother and the other children were sitting around him. His mother came and leaned her shell against his. "If you will only try to keep up with your brothers and sisters," she said, "I shall not be sorry that the boys carried you off."

"Just wait and see," said Slow Little Turtle. And he was as good as his word.

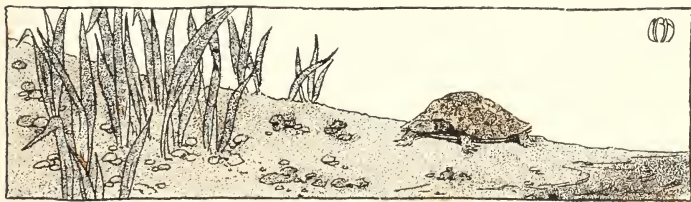
After that he always kept up with the others. In fact, he was the first to slip into the water when boys were in sight.

One day a strange turtle came to visit them. He said to the mother, "Why do you call that little one 'Slow Little Turtle'?" He is the quickest one in the family."

"We must change the name," said his mother. "After this we will call him 'Quick Little Turtle.'"

This made Little Turtle very happy. Once in a while somebody forgot and called him "Quick Slow Little Turtle." He said he liked that name because it showed that a turtle could overcome his faults.

*From "Among the Pond People"
by Clara D. Pierson*



THE DOVE AND THE BEE

One day a bee fell into the water. It was a bad fall, for the bee could not fly out, and could not swim.

A dove saw her fall and taking a leaf in his beak, he dropped it into the water near the bee. The bee crawled upon the leaf and floated to land.

One day this dove was making a nest. She flew here and there, getting leaves and hay.

A boy saw the dove and thought he would throw a stone and kill her.

As he took aim, the bee saw the danger and stung him on the hand. He jumped and missed the dove.

IRMGARD'S COW

I

Irmgard was a little Swiss girl. Her father was a guide, her brother a herdsman, her sister a dairymaid, and her mother was the dearest mother in the world, so Irmgard thought.

Irmgard had a cow of her very own. It was a present from her uncle, who lived far away across the mountains. He had sent the cow by her brother Peter, with a message that pleased Irmgard very much.

“Tell Irmgard,” her uncle had said to Peter, “that this cow is her own. She must learn to milk, and churn, and print butter. When I



come at Christmas to see her, I shall expect a pound of butter made by her own little hands, for my Christmas gift."

You can imagine how Irmgard felt when she heard this. And her sister Rose promised to teach her how to do all these things, as soon as the cows came home from their summer pasture.

II

Now in Switzerland, when the winter snows melt, the herdsmen take the cows to pasture high up on the mountains, where the grass grows green and the cool winds blow. The milkmaids go to take care of the milk, and they stay in

the highlands till the snow comes again in the fall.

Irmgard wanted her cow to go with the others, of course; so the very first night, after the cow came, she told her all about it.

“The cows will go to pasture very soon,” she said to her, “and you will want to go, I know, so I will let you. You are my very own cow, but I will let you go where the little flowers bloom and the grass is green. Brother Peter says it is a wonderful place. You can see the snow on the mountain top while you eat the grass on the mountain side. You must grow fat, too,” said Irmgard, “and give a great deal of milk, for when you come

back in the fall, I shall milk you myself.”

The cow chewed her cud and switched her tail, but Irmgard knew by her eyes that she wanted to go.

It was a great day when the cows went to the pasture. All the cows in town went. They wore bells about their necks and marched in a long line. Irmgard's cow had ribbons on her horns, and the little girl thought she was the prettiest cow in the whole line.

Irmgard watched the cows as long as they were in sight. Once her cow looked back and called, “Moo! moo!” just as if she were saying good-by.

“Good-by,” cried Irmgard.

“Good-by,” said Brother Peter and Sister Rose, and away they went, leaving Irmgard in the valley.

III

Summer was a busy time for Irmgard. She was her mother's chief helper when Sister Rose was away, and there was always something for her to do. The days slipped by so quickly that Irmgard was surprised one evening when her father came home and said,

“I passed the cows on the road to-day. They will be here to-morrow.”

“To-morrow!” cried Irmgard, dancing with delight.

“Yes, to-morrow,” said her father,

“and your cow—” but here he stopped and put his hand over his mouth.

“I can’t tell. It is a secret,” he said, when Irmgard looked at him in wonder.

“Oh, Father, Father, please tell!” begged Irmgard. “What is it about my cow?”

But her father would not tell. “I can’t tell, even if you guess it,” he said, “for Brother Peter and Sister Rose said to me again and again, “Don’t tell Irmgard that her cow —”

Irmgard could not keep from guessing. “My cow gives more milk than any other cow!” No, that was not it, she knew by her

father's smile. "Her milk is the richest!" Still she was wrong.

"Oh, Mother!" she cried, "What do you think it can be?"

"I am not going to guess," said her mother, "because it is a secret. Perhaps you will dream it when you go to sleep to-night."

So Irmgard went to sleep and dreamed all night of cool pastures and green grass, but she could not dream what the wonderful secret was.

IV

Early the next morning she went out and sat by the roadside and waited and watched, waited and watched, until it seemed to her as if she could not wait another minute,

and just about then she heard a sound far up the road.

Tingle, tingle! Irmgard knew what that meant. The cows were coming!

The leader cow stepped proudly in front. Then came her uncle's cows. They were very sleek and very fat.

The herdsmen nodded to the little girl. "Good morning, Irmgard," they said, and they smiled as if they knew the secret.

Then came her next-door neighbor's cows. He was with them himself, and he, too, looked at Irmgard.

"Good news for you," he called as he passed.

"Oh! what can it be? What can

it be?" cried Irmgard. "Will they never come?"

At last her mother's cows came slowly down the path. There were six of them, and they greeted Irmgard with their soft, loving eyes. "We know," they seemed to say, "but we cannot tell."

Irmgard almost held her breath. There came Sister Rose, and Brother Peter, and her cow, and close behind trotted the dearest, loveliest, friskiest baby calf!

The secret was out, and Irmgard was the happiest little girl in Switzerland.



THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

The Rock-a-by Lady from Hush-a-
by Street

Comes stealing, comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her
head to her feet
And each hath a dream that is tiny
and fleet,
She bringeth her poppies to you,
my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beau-
tiful drum,
“Rub-a-dub!” it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big
sugar-plum,
And lo, thick and fast the other
dreams come,

Of pop guns that bang, and tin tops
that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth.

And dollies peep out of those wee
little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery
streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their
own misty gleams,
And up, up and up, where the
Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams
that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;

So shut the two eyes that are
weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-by Lady from Hush-
a-by Street,
With poppies that hang from her
head to her feet,
Comes stealing, comes creeping.

EUGENE FIELD



THE CAT, THE MONKEY, AND THE CHESTNUTS

One day a cat and a monkey sat watching some chestnuts put into the fire to roast.

“How good they must be!” said the monkey. “I wish we had them. I am sure you can get some out. Your paws are so much like hands.”

The cat was much pleased at these words. She put out her paw for the chestnuts. She took one out but burned her paw.

“How well you did that!” said the monkey. “I am sure you can get them all.”

So the poor cat pulled out the nuts one by one, burning her paw each time.

At last they were all out. Then she turned round, but only in time to see the monkey crack and eat the last of the nuts.

So poor pussy had only her burnt paw for her pains.

A Test Lesson of 145 words
(See Manual)



THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT

I

Once upon a time there were four little rabbits, and their names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail, and Peter. They lived with their mother in a sand-bank, underneath the root of a very big fir-tree.

“Now, my dears,” said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, “you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don’t go into Mr. McGregor’s garden. Your father had an accident there. He was put into a pie by Mrs. McGregor. Now run along and don’t get into mischief. I am going out.”

Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella and went

through the woods to the baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail, who were good little bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries, but Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight away to Mr. McGregor's garden, and squeezed under the gate.

First he ate some lettuce and some French beans, and then he ate some radishes. Then, feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley.

But round the end of a cucumber frame, whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor!

Mr. McGregor was on his hands



and knees planting young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, "Stop, thief!"

II

Peter was most dreadfully frightened. He rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate.

He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages, and the other shoe among the potatoes.

After losing them, he ran on four legs and went faster, so that I think he might have escaped if he had not unfortunately run into a gooseberry net, and got caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new.

Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears, but his sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows, who flew to him in great excitement, and implored him to exert himself.

Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve, which he intended to pop

upon the top of Peter, but Peter wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him.

He rushed to the tool-shed and jumped into a can. It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in if it had not had so much water in it.

Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool-shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flower-pot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each.

Presently Peter sneezed — “Ker-choo!” Mr. McGregor was after him in no time, and tried to put his foot upon Peter, who jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr.

McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to his work.

III

Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to go. Also he was very damp with sitting in that can.

After a time he began to wander about, going lippity — lippity — not very fast, and looking all round.

He found a door in a wall, but it was locked, and there was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath.

An old mouse was running in and out over the stone doorstep,

carrying peas and beans to her family in the wood. Peter asked her the way to the gate, but she had such a large pea in her mouth that she could not answer. She only shook her head at him. Peter began to cry.

Then he tried to find his way straight across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently, he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water cans.

A white cat was staring at some gold-fish. She sat very, very still, but now and then the tip of her tail twitched as if it were alive. Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her. He had

heard about cats from his cousin, little Benjamin Bunny.

He went back towards the toolshed, but suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe — scr-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scritch. Peter scuttered underneath the bushes. But, presently, as nothing happened, he came out, and climbed upon a wheelbarrow, and peeped over. The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor hoeing onions. His back was turned towards Peter, and beyond him was the gate.

Peter got down very quietly off the wheelbarrow, and started running as fast as he could go, along a straight walk behind some black-currant bushes.

Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped underneath the gate, and was safe at last in the woods outside the garden.

Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes for a scarecrow to frighten the blackbirds.

IV

Peter never stopped running or looked behind him till he got home to the big fir-tree. He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit-hole, and shut his eyes.

His mother was busy cooking. She wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second

little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had lost in a fortnight.

I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening.

His mother put him to bed, and made some camomile tea, and she gave a dose of it to Peter! "One tablespoonful to be taken at bed-time."

But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.





THE MAGPIE'S CLASS

I

A long, long time ago there was one bird which always built pretty, cosy nests. This bird was the magpie and all the other birds wanted her to teach them how to

build good nests. At last the magpie consented and named the day.

“At the next sunrise,” said the magpie, “meet me under the old oak tree back of Farmer Clay’s barn.”

Just as the sun was showing his bright face, the magpie saw her class flying over the hills.

The blackbird flapped his wings and called,

“Good day, good day,
Please show the way.”

The thrush followed with a low sweet thrill,

“Tir-a-lee, chee chee,
Will you please show me?”

Then the starling’s soft, low whistle was heard, and she flew down calling,



“Good, good, good,
Knew you would!
Knew you would!”

The owl arrived with a

“Who, who, who,
Tell what you do.”

Then the turtle dove’s soft voice
was heard,

“Two, two, two,
Tell me too!
Too, too, too!”

And the sparrow greeted them
with a cheerful

“Chirp, chirp, chirp,
Get to work,
Get to work.”

II

The magpie told them to stand
in a circle and carefully watch all
that she did. Then she took some
mud and made it into a round cake.

“That is easy!” said the thrush,
“I am sure I can build a nest.”
And away she flew calling, “Tir-a-
lee, chee chee.”

And from that day to this

thrushes have made their nests mostly of mud.

The magpie then took slender twigs and laid them around the cake of mud.

“Now I know,” said the blackbird, flying away in haste. And blackbirds have never learned any more about nest building since that time.

Then the teacher put another cake of mud on top of the twigs.

“Who, who, who! I can do it,” said the owl as it flew away. And no owl since that day has ever tried to make a better nest.

But the magpie went on working. After beating the mud into shape, she took more twigs and

wound them loosely around the outside.

“Chirp, chirp, chirp, that will work!” called the sparrow. “I’ll go and try a nest just like it.” And sparrows are still satisfied with untidy nests.

Then the magpie brought straw and soft feathers and lined the nest with great care.

The starling showed her delight by a sweet whistle. “Straw and feather, weave together,” she called. And away she flew without taking much notice of the mud and twigs.

III

So it came to pass that all the birds learned something from the

magpie, but not one of them stayed till the end of the lesson.

The last bird to leave was the turtle dove, and she didn't seem to care what the teacher was doing. While the magpie was smoothing the last feather into place on the beautiful nest, the dove sat on a branch of the oak tree and called, "Two, two, two, take two."

This made the magpie angry, of course, and she said, "Only one, I tell you, only one at a time."

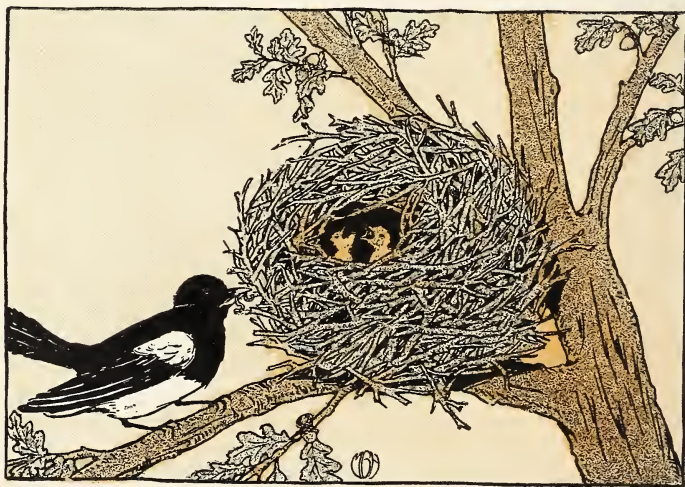
But the turtle dove kept on calling, "Two, two, two, take two."

Then the magpie could stand it no longer. "None's enough for birds like you," she cried. And she dropped the straw and flew

away before she had ended her lesson.

“What is the use of teaching birds who think they know everything?” she said.

And the magpie never tried to teach them again. But the birds were well content, for they believed that there was nothing more to know about nest building.



THE CAT AND THE BIRDS

One day an old cat saw a bird's nest in a tree. She listened and found that the little birds were ill.

“This is a fine time for me to have a bird dinner,” she said. “How shall I get the birds?” She thought about it a while and decided to play she was a doctor.

So she put on a tall hat, took a box of medicine in one paw, and started up the tree.

As she came near the nest, the mother bird called, "Who is coming?"

"It is only the doctor," said the cat. "I heard the little birds were ill. So I have brought some medicine to cure them."

"Oh, no!" said the mother bird. "I can see your paws, and we do not want any medicine from them. My birds will be well sooner without your help than with it."

*A Test Lesson of 150 words
(See Manual)*

MICKIE LONG-TAIL

I

“There was always sunshine there,” sighed Mickie Long-Tail, as he and his companion sat together in the monkey house of the menagerie.

“Always sunshine, blue sky, palm trees, and cocoanuts in that land.” His hairy little body shook as he said this, for Mickie Long-Tail was homesick.

“We played hide and seek,” he said, “and I was the best swinger of them all. From the tip-toppest branch of the tip-toppest tree, I used to swing by my tail.”

His companion’s brown eyes grew wide with wonder.

“Why did you come away?” he

asked. Mickie Long-Tail rubbed his eyes with his fists and blinked very hard indeed.

“I will tell you,” he said. “I went exploring with Chitter-Chatter. We went into the wooden house by the river. We were playing there when the people came back.”

Chitter-Chatter ran away, but they caught me by my tail. I lived with them a little while, but I broke many of their things. Then they sold me to the man from this menagerie. That is why I came away from the palms.”

“I have never seen palms,” said his companion sadly, “I was born in this cage.”

Mickie Long-Tail looked at him.

“Suppose we run away,” he whispered. I know the way home. We have only to follow the South Wind.”

But his companion shook his head.

“Never,” he said, sadly, “we should only die of cold and hunger.”

Mickie Long-Tail caught his tail between his thin little hands. “We, who have the spirit of the palms, do not fear such things,” he said, proudly.

Jolt, jerk, the menagerie cage stopped suddenly.

Then Mickie’s master and a strange man looked into the cage.

“He is yours for the money,” the master said. “His tail is too long

and his temper too short for my menagerie.”

The strange man took some silver from his pocket, counted it, and gave it to Mickie’s master.

Then the cage was unlocked, and Mickie Long-Tail was lifted out and tucked away inside the strange man’s coat.



II

Life became a serious matter for Mickie after this, and many times he sighed for the warm cage as he shivered on the top of a street organ.

At night he slept with Moses,

the grey donkey, who pulled the organ. After one quarrel they became fast friends.

Mickie was at the bottom of the quarrel, of course. Not knowing the ways of donkeys he started by pulling Moses's tail, jumping on his back, and tickling his ears, till one Sunday, Moses spoke his mind. He spoke it so plainly, that Mickie sat in the corner and rubbed himself for half an hour.

Moses took no notice of him at first, but when at last he looked, his heart was filled with pity.

Very small and very sad Mickie looked, with both hands rubbing the place where Moses's hoofs had struck him.

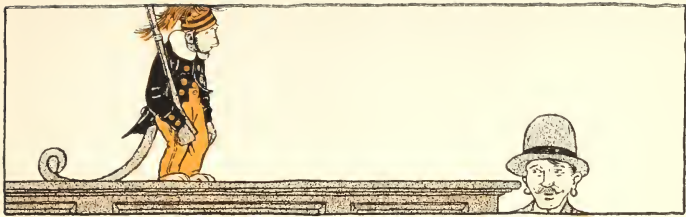
“There are some nuts up here,” said Moses, in his funny voice. “They are on the floor. I kept them for you.”

Mickie looked at the kind grey face, then at the four grey legs, then at the kind face again, and all the anger ran out at the tip of his tail.

With one bound he was on Moses's back, his face pressed close to the grey cheek. “Moses,” he said softly, “let's be friends.”

III

Every day Mickie stood sentry on top of the organ, his gun over his shoulder, the brass buttons shining on his scarlet coat.



All went well through the summer, but when winter came, a sad time began for Mickie.

Not even the thought of the palms could keep him warm, and Moses worried about him.

“If only I could take you under my thick coat,” sighed Moses.

“Ne—ver—never mind,” chattered Mickie, bravely, “the summer will come again soon.”

And come the summer did, bringing with it sunny days, and a little black-eyed baby, to the street organ-man and his wife.

They took the baby around with them in a cradle hung on the organ.

Oh, how Mickie loved that baby! Standing sentry on the organ, he was ready to fly at anyone who dared to touch his treasure.

“I love it, Moses,” he cried. “If it only had a tail, it would be quite perfect.”

“Babies don’t have tails,” answered Moses, who was jealous. “They would not know what to do with them if they had.”

IV

Now, like all donkeys, Moses sometimes wanted to do the things that he shouldn’t do.

One morning he wanted to move across the road and eat carrots while his master was collecting the pennies.

Without thinking about the baby, off Moses went.

From the top of the organ Mickie saw a big motor car racing down on them.

“Moses,” he screamed, but Moses did not heed.

Quick as a flash Mickie swung himself on the donkey’s back and tugged at the reins till the gilt buttons burst off his coat.

Moses was so surprised that he backed quickly into the gutter. The big motor rushed by and Mickie hopped on the organ again,

his heart beating hard under his scarlet coat. He had saved the life of the baby he loved.

V

Then a tall man with a kind face, who had seen it all happen, came up and spoke to Mickie's master.

They talked together for a long time. At first the organ grinder shook his head, then he nodded and looked at Mickie.

"Mickie," said the tall man, "what do you want more than anything else in the world?"

"Palm trees," said Mickie. And his tail shook like a live wire.

The tall man looked at him for a moment, then he stooped and took one of Mickie's hands in his.

“You shall have them,” he said.
“I will take you to them.”

So Mickie Long-Tail sailed away in a big ship to the land where the palm trees grow. There father, mother, sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles, and cousins were waiting to welcome him home.

Oh, what a chattering there was under the palms? What a swinging in the tall trees, under the blue sky!

Merry days followed. Mickie played from sunrise to sunset, but something was missing. Something he could not find, not even in the tip-toppest branch of the tip-toppest trees, not in the sweetest cocoanut.

He tried hard not to think about it, but his poor little heart was aching.

When the sun was setting, he would slip away from the others and climb to the top of the highest palm tree he could find. Then he would sit gazing out across the sea, sending messages by the clouds, asking Moses to come and bring the baby to him.

But they never came, and Mickie forgot to play, or swing, or eat cocoanuts. His eyes grew wistful in his thin face, his tail trailed sadly behind him.

Then, one day he disappeared, and his people saw him no more. He had gone to look for Moses and the baby.

THE ALLIGATOR AND THE JACKAL

I

The little Jackal was very hungry. He went down to the river to find something to eat. He was very fond of crabs, so he put his paw into the water to see if he could find one. Before he could wink, his paw was in a big Alligator's mouth.

“Oh dear,” thought the Jackal to himself, “what shall I do? A big Alligator has my paw in his mouth. In another minute he will pull me down under the water and eat me. My only chance is to make him think he has made a mistake.”

So the little Jackal called out in

a cheerful voice, "Clever Alligator, clever Alligator, to take a bulrush root for my paw! I did not know you were fond of bulrush. I hope you will find it juicy and tender."

The Alligator was so buried among the bulrushes that he could



not see, but he could hear every word. He thought, "Dear me, I supposed I had the Jackal's paw and it is only a bulrush root." So he let go the little Jackal go.

The Jackal ran away as fast as he could shouting, "O wise Alliga-

tor, dear, wise Alligator, thank you for letting me go!"

Then the old Alligator rushed to the top of the water and snapped his great jaws, but the Jackal had gone too far to be caught.

II

The next day the little Jackal was still hungry for crabs, so he came to the river again. This time he thought of the big Alligator's jaws, and he called, "Whenever I come to the river for my dinner, I see the sweet little crabs peeping up through the mud. Then I catch them and eat them. I wish I could see one now."

The old Alligator was in the mud, but he heard every word. So

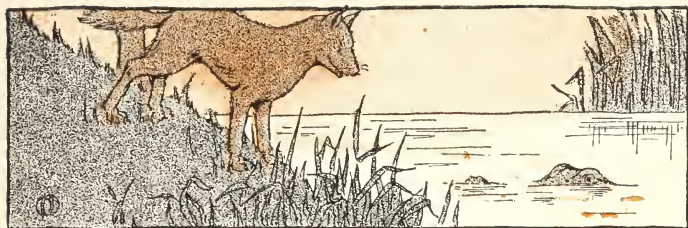
he popped the point of his snout above the water, thinking, "If I show the tip of my nose, the Jackal will think I am a crab. When he puts in his paw, I'll gobble him up."

But the little Jackal took one look and ran off calling, "Dear friend Alligator, kind friend Alligator, thank you for showing the tip of your nose! I'll take my dinner in another part of the river."

The Alligator was so angry that he snapped with his jaws and lashed with his tail, but the little Jackal was safe again.

III

The next day the Alligator hid himself close to the river bank. At dinner time the Jackal came



down to the river talking to himself. He said, "Where are all the little crabs gone? There is not one here, and I am very hungry. When the little crabs are under the water they go bubble, bubble, bubble, and all the bubbles go pop, pop, pop, to show me where the crabs are."

Then the old Alligator, who was hidden in the mud, thought, "I will pretend to be a crab." And he began to blow, "Bubble, bubble, bubble! Puff, puff, puff!"

The little Jackal laughed when the bubbles went pop, pop, pop, and he ran away calling, "Dear friend Alligator, thank you for making such nice bubbles! I'll not take dinner here today."

Then the old Alligator was so angry that he snapped with his great jaws, and lashed the water with his big tail, because he could not catch the little Jackal.

IV

After this the Jackal did not go to the river. He said, "If I keep on going there some day the Alligator will catch me and eat me. I had better give up crabs and eat wild figs." So he stayed in the jungle and ate wild figs.

When the Alligator found this out, he thought he would try to catch the Jackal on land. So he dragged his long body to the largest of the fig trees. He buried himself under a great pile of figs and waited for the Jackal to appear.

Soon the little Jackal came running through the jungle. He saw the great pile of figs, and he thought, "That looks like my friend, the Alligator."

So the Jackal stood quite still and said, "The juicy little figs I love always roll here and there as the wind blows them. This great heap of figs is quite still. They cannot be good. I will not eat any of them."

“Ho, ho,” thought the Alligator, “if that is all, I will make the figs roll about a little; then he will come and eat them.”

So the great beast shook himself, and all the heap of little figs went roll, roll, roll, this way and that way, here and there, as if a strong wind were blowing them.

The little Jackal did not wait for a second look at the Alligator's back but ran away laughing and shouting, “O dear friend Alligator, kind friend Alligator, thank you for showing me your great, brown back!”

The Alligator was wild with rage. He said to himself, “I will not allow that little Jackal to

make fun of me another time. I will show him that I can be more cunning than he thinks.”

v

So early the next morning the Alligator crawled as fast as he could to the Jackal's den. He crept in, hid himself, and waited for the Jackal to come home.

Soon the little Jackal came running through the jungle looking all around. When he came near the den he saw strange marks on the ground. “Dear me,” he thought, “someone has been crawling around here. I will not go into my den till I talk to myself a while.”

So he said, “Little den, little den, speak to me! You always speak,

if everything is all right. Speak to me, little den."

The old Alligator thought, "If that is the case I had better call out. So he said, "Dear little Jackal, come in!"

When the Jackal heard that, he was very, very frightened. "The dreadful old Alligator is there," he thought. "If I do not drive him away now, he will surely catch me."

Then he answered, "Thank you, my little den. I like to hear your kind voice. I will be there in a minute, but first I must get firewood to cook my dinner."

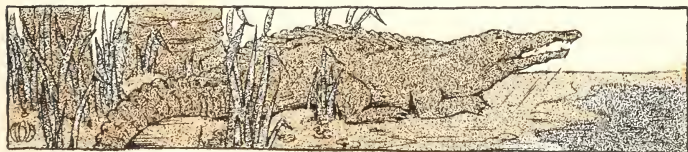
And the Jackal gathered wood, and more wood, and more wood,

and dragged it to the door of his den. Then he lighted it.

This time it was the Alligator's turn to be frightened and he called out, "O kind little Jackal, my eyes are full of smoke, I cannot breathe, please tell me how to get out."

And the little Jackal laughed and shouted, "If my den is too warm for you, take the back door out, but if you are wise you will keep away from my part of the river."

And you may be sure that the old Alligator took the little Jackal's advice.



THE DOG AND THE WOLF

One warm day a dog lay down under a tree in a field and was soon fast asleep.

In a little while a wolf came out of the woods and was about to eat him up.

“Cousin Wolf,” cried the dog, “don’t you see how thin I am? I am not fit for you to eat now. If you will only wait a few days you will find that I shall make you a better meal. My master is going to have a big dinner next week. Then there will be so much to eat that I shall grow fat.”

“Well, if that is the case,” said the wolf, “I think I will wait a little while. You may go now and live until after the dinner.”

In two weeks the wolf came back, but the dog was not in the field. He was asleep on the housetop.

“Come down and let me see how fat you are,” said the wolf.

The dog woke up, and said, “Cousin Wolf, if you ever find me asleep again in the field, you may eat me.”

*A Test Lesson of 188 words
(See Manual)*

I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea,
And oh, it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said "Quack, Quack!"



A STAR STORY

I

Long ago, in a far-off land, there was a great famine. It had not rained for days, and weeks, and months. Every day the people watched for a cloud to appear, and every night they hoped and hoped that rain would come to-morrow.

But no rain came. The rivers grew narrower and narrower till there were no rivers. The ponds grew smaller and smaller till there were no ponds. A little water trickled in some springs but most of them were dry.

The leaves and the grasses were wilted and brown. The flowers hung their dusty heads and died.



The lambs were too tired to play. The birds no longer chirped and sang. The people had fevers and the little children were too thirsty to sleep.

II

One day a little boy started out with a tin dipper to try to find water for his sick mother. He went past the dusty plants and the quiet birds and the sick animals, on and on, up a high hill. At last he found a tiny spring of water bubbling in the shade of a great stone. He filled his dipper to the brim. Stepping carefully, so as not to spill a drop, he started toward home.

As he hurried down the hill, he

heard a faint sound. There by the path lay a little lamb. It was too sick to bleat, but it looked with longing eyes at the dipper of water. And though the lad would not take any for himself, he poured a few drops on the lamb's tongue. Then a wonderful thing happened. The tin dipper changed to silver and it was still filled to the brim!

III

The little boy hurried home, and took the dipper of water to his mother. As she opened her lips to drink, she thought of the nurse who had cared for her for many days and nights. "Let the nurse drink first," she said. Again a wonderful thing happened. The

silver dipper was changed to gold and it was still filled to the brim!

The boy raised the dipper to his mother's lips again, when a knock was heard. There at the door stood a stranger. He was ragged and tired and pale. Like the poor lamb, he was too sick to speak, but he stretched out his hands for the water.

Without waiting a moment, the little boy took the dipper to the stranger. As he drank his face grew beautiful, and he said softly, "The water shall not be less, but more, for the giving."

IV

As they looked in wonder, the stranger vanished. But out in the

yard there gushed a spring of cool water. Men, women, and children hastened with their cups to drink from it. The animals lapped the water that flowed from the spring in a refreshing stream. The birds chirped and sang as they bathed in the clear water.

But the golden dipper had disappeared. They searched in vain for it, till the sun went down and the stars came out. Then the little lad looked up into the sky and saw it there. It was no longer made of gold but of seven glittering stars.

And ever since that long ago time, the mothers in that land take their children to the northern window of their homes, tell them

this wonderful story, and give to each child a tin dipper. Sometimes very little children have their dippers changed to silver or gold. But many grow old still carrying the tin dipper. For in that land no one can buy a dipper of gold. It comes only to those who think first of others.



THE ENCHANTED FROG

I

Once upon a time there was a king who had a beautiful daughter. She was so wonderful that the sun



almost stood still to look at her as it passed over the royal palace.

Near the palace was an old forest and in the forest was a deep,

dark well. When the day was hot, the little princess would run into the woods, sit beside the cool well, and play for hours with her golden ball. One day as she played, the ball rolled down, down, into the deep well.

“Oh, oh, my beautiful ball! My beautiful ball!” cried the princess.

II

“What is the matter, dear princess?” said a voice from the well.

The little girl looked into the water, but she could see no one. Then the voice called again, “Tell me, little princess, I will help you.” This time she saw an ugly

frog stretch its head above the water.

“Why should I tell you, old frog?” asked the princess.

“Because I can help the king’s daughter,” answered the frog.

Again the princess burst into tears.

“My beautiful ball has fallen into the well,” she cried.

“Do not weep, beautiful one,” said the frog. “I can get your ball, but what will you give me if I bring your toy back to you?”

“What do you want,” said the princess, “my dresses, my jewels, or my golden crown?”

“Dresses, jewels, and golden

crowns I do not need," said the frog. "Let me be your playmate, sit at your table, eat from your golden plate, and drink from your golden cup, and I will find your beautiful ball."

"I will do all that," she cried, "if you will only get my ball."

In a flash the frog dived under the water and brought up the lost toy.

"Oh, my beautiful ball! My beautiful ball!" cried the princess. "I will hold you fast this time." And off she ran without a word of thanks.

"Stop, stop!" shouted the frog. "Take me with you. I cannot hop as fast as you can run." But on

ran the princess and the poor frog had to leap back into the well.

III

The next day the king's daughter was sitting at the table with her father. Suddenly they heard sounds as if something were coming up the marble steps.

“Open the door, daughter of the king!” shouted a voice outside.

The little princess ran to the door. There stood the ugly frog. When she saw it she shut the door quickly and ran to her father.

“What is the matter, my child?” asked the king. “Did you see a giant?”

“Oh, no!” she answered. “It is

an ugly frog. Yesterday my golden ball fell into the well. The frog brought it back to me. But first I promised that he should be my playmate, sit at my table, eat from my golden plate, and drink from my golden cup."

"A king's daughter never tells a lie," said her father.

Just then they heard the deep, hoarse voice again. It said,

“King’s daughter,
King’s daughter,
Do not forget
The promise made
In the forest shade.”

Then the king said, “Let the frog come in, daughter. Your promise must be kept.”

IV

The little princess opened the door and the frog hopped right up to her chair.

“Take me up, take me up!” cried the frog. “I must eat from your golden plate.”

The little princess did not like to touch it, so she lifted the frog



with her napkin and placed it near her plate.

The frog seemed to enjoy the dinner but the poor princess could not eat.

“I must drink from your cup, I must drink from your cup,” cried the hoarse voice again.

As the princess lifted her golden cup, her hand touched the frog and it was changed instantly to a handsome boy.

“It was an enchanted frog,” they all cried in wonder.

“You speak truly,” said the boy, “I was an enchanted frog. Nine years ago an evil witch changed me into a frog. She said that nothing but the touch of a king’s daughter could make me myself again. I am a prince and I wish to be your daughter’s playmate.”

The king was pleased to hear this, and the prince became the playmate and friend of the princess. When they were older the king allowed his daughter to marry the prince.

Then the prince took his bride to his father's kingdom. Their golden chariot was drawn by ten white horses, with golden harness and silver plumes.

The prince helped his old father rule the kingdom wisely and the people loved the prince dearly. But best of all they loved the beautiful princess who had learned to be kind and gentle to all living things.

THE HOLLY BERRIES

I

In the deep forest there lived a number of tiny fairies. These little people had a great treasure which they guarded very carefully. It was a queer thing for a treasure — only a tiny cap, but a very wonderful cap for all that.

When a fairy wore this cap, the whole fairy band became invisible. They could open the flowers at dawn, dance on the sunbeams by day, and light the fireflies' candles at dusk without being seen.

This cap would fit any one, and a great giant who lived in the forest wanted it for himself. He had tried and tried to get it, but

the fairies watched it so carefully that the giant had never been able to find it.

II

One day when the fairies were coming home they found the great giant asleep in the valley. They thought he was a mountain and that his snores were thunder. They began at once to hunt for a place to hide the cap till the storm was over. One little fairy thought his ear was a great cave and hid the cap there. This wakened the giant who was so delighted to have the cap that he let the fairies escape.

But the poor little fairies were sad at heart. What could they do

without the magic cap? Who would open the morning flowers or light the fireflies' candles? All day long they hid under the holly trees and cried as if their hearts would break.

III

An old eagle who was friendly with the fairies promised them that he would get their lost treasure. Many times the eagle flew over the mountains, but of course the giant had on the magic cap and could not be seen.

But one day the giant went to battle. He was very proud of his size and wanted to be seen, so he rolled a stone aside and put the cap under it.

The eagle was watching from the blue sky. He flew down, and with his strong talons and beak pulled the cap from under the stone and soared away.



The giant saw him and shot arrows at him till the eagle was wounded in many places and great drops of blood fell on the holly trees as he passed over them. But he kept on till he had placed the cap safely in the hands of the fairies.

They healed the eagle's wounds,

but wherever his blood touched the holly trees as he flew over them, little red berries appeared. The fairies were not willing that the unselfish eagle's blood should die, so they made it live again in the beautiful blood-red holly berries.



THE GOOSE THAT LAID GOLDEN EGGS

Once upon a time there lived an old woman who had a number of hens, ducks, and geese. She used to send her little daughter to the meadow every day to take care of the ducks and geese.

But she had one goose that she never allowed with the others. This one had a little house and yard of its own. It was such a wonderful goose that the old woman was afraid of losing it.

Each day this goose laid a large golden egg. The woman could hardly wait for the new day to come, she was so eager to get the golden egg.

At last she said to herself, "I will kill my goose and get the gold all at once."

But when she had killed the goose she found that it was just like all the other geese. In her haste to become rich, she had become poor.

A Test Lesson. 157 words.

(See Manual)



HOW THE OAK TREE BECAME KING

I

Long ago, in the days forgotten, the oak was a small, plain tree that grew alone in the forest. No one ever stopped to look at it. Its body was bent by the winds, its

leaves were simple and coarse, and its acorns were rough little balls.

But the flowers that grew at its feet knew the little oak tree, and thanked it every day for its kindly shade.

The oak spread its branches and leaves to sift the sunshine and rain over the tender blossoms. When it looked down in their little flower faces, it quivered through every leaf and said, "'Tis sweet to live for the flowers I love."

II

And the little birds knew the tree. They loved to nest in its branches.

"Rap, rap, rap," knocked the

woodpecker on a bright spring morning. "May I, too, have a home with you?"

"Oh, do not let it in!" cried a shrill little voice. "It will pick a hole in your side."

The oak tree thought a moment, then sweetly answered, "The woodpecker must have a home"; then it clearly called, "Come in."

The woodpecker picked out the wood from the oak with its strong bill till it had a hole large enough for a nest. And the oak tree was glad because the woodpecker had found a home.

The little squirrel knew the kind old tree. The cold days were coming and he must gather his winter

store. So he ran to the friendly oak and asked for some of its acorns.



“Do not give your acorns,” cried a sharp voice, “they will be little oaks next year.

The oak trembled through all its branches, but it answered, “The

long, cold winter is coming and the little squirrel must have food." Then it shook down its acorns and said, "Here, little squirrel, take them all. May you be warm and happy through the cold winter."

III

Soon the cold days came, the birds flew away, the flowers and leaves slept under the snow, and the oak tree was very lonely.

Then one day, as the night was falling, a traveler came through the forest. He was numb with cold and far from home. As he came near, the oak tree heard him say, "What shall I do? I must surely perish." And the oak tree

reached down its twigs to touch the traveler.

“Oh, do not do it!” shrieked the wind.

But the oak tree would not listen. “Good traveler,” it said, “take me, and build a fire to warm you through the night.” So the traveler built a fire and lay down and slept.

IV

The fire burned on and grew brighter in the dark. The flames rose higher and higher, and in the flames a tree arose. It grew and grew till it was the largest tree in the forest.

And by the firelight, all the night, the fairies worked, making

the leaves for the wonderful tree.
They wove them of glossy green,
and cut them in beautiful patterns.



And other fairies carried acorns of
rare beauty to grow on the tree.

The firelight grew and faded,
and the morning light dawned.
And there in a burst of sunshine

stood the grand oak tree. Its great branches were clothed with living green and hundreds of acorns hung from its twigs.

Sweet birds sang among its leaves and flowers blossomed at its feet. Then a voice was heard through all the forest, saying, "Behold your King!" and each tree echoed back, "Behold our King!"



BILLY BLACKBIRD

I

It was a beautiful day in November. John and his sister, Rachel, decided to go after nuts in the woods that were not far from their house.

They were shuffling along through the dry leaves which had fallen from the trees in large numbers when they saw a blackbird that fluttered among the leaves and seemed unable to fly.

“Oh, John,” cried Rachel, “that beautiful bird has hurt his wing! How do you suppose it happened?”

“Some one may have shot at it,” answered John; “let’s try to catch it.”

John ran forward and quickly, but gently, caught the trembling bird in his hat.

“We will take the poor thing to Mother and ask her what we can do with it,” said Rachel.

With never another thought of the nuts they had come to gather they turned back and carried the bird tenderly to the house.

II

“It is a lovely blackbird,” said Mother, “and I am afraid some hunter has wounded it. See, his wing is injured. No doubt he was one of the large flock we saw a few days ago that was going to the South for the winter. The poor

little fellow may never get there, unless his wing becomes strong again."

"Oh dear!" said Rachel, "what can we do to help him?"

"We might keep him for a few days," replied Mother, "and if he gets well, we will let him try to journey on."

"I'll make a cage for him right away," said John. "I'm sure he will get well."

Rachel found a pasteboard box and placed some soft rags in it. Then she made holes in the cover so the bird might have air, and she and her mother placed the bird in the box and put the cover on.

"There," said Mother, "now he

will be comfortable till his cage is ready.”

III

John found a large box and across the middle on the inside, he fastened a stick for a perch. He tacked chicken wire over the open side and placed some dry grass and leaves in the bottom of the box. Then he put a can of water in one corner.

“It’s all ready,” cried John; “now bring on Billy Blackbird and let him enter his new home.”

“Billy is a good name for him,” said Rachel, as she opened the box and placed the bird in the soft grass and leaves.

Day after day, the children fed

him with bits of fat and chicken corn and kept fresh water in the little can while Billy sat blinking at them from his nest in the soft grass.

One day, about two weeks later, while the children were watching him, Billy suddenly fluttered his wings and flew up on the perch.

From that time he grew stronger and livelier and every day became more friendly with the children. He grew so bold that he would peck at food from their fingers, with his long black bill, and often he would try to sing, so Rachel said, although his harsh rasping voice always made the children laugh.

IV

One bright sunny day, Mother said, "I know you will be sorry to part with Billy, but don't you think it is time to let him try to fly away to his brothers and sisters in the South?"

"Yes, Mother," said Rachel, "we must let dear Billy go if he wants to. He will not be so happy shut in a cage as he will be if he can find his bird friends and fly with them wherever they go."

So they placed the cage out on the lawn and after they had opened the cage door, they stood at one side and watched.

Very soon Billy walked out and stood for a moment looking about

him as if deciding what to do. At last, he flew up on the branch of a tree, paused a moment and then, with a sweet chirping noise that the children had never before heard him make, he spread his blue black



wings and flew directly south.

“Good-by, dear Billy!” cried

Rachel. "Come again if you need our help!"

v

Away Billy flew over hill and valley, as fast as his wings could carry him. He often became tired and many times he had to rest on the limbs of trees where he felt he would be safe. When the sun set he alighted on a big oak and settled down on a branch close to the trunk where he passed the night.

Day after day he flew steadily south stopping only when he needed a bit of food or water.

At last he heard a burst of joyous welcome and he found himself

with his brothers and sisters once more. What a story he told them! How happy he was! And all because of the kindness of a little boy and a little girl.



A PLEDGE

I am a citizen of the United States of America, and I hereby pledge myself to live my life to the glory of my Country. I will speak the truth, because my Country has no need of a liar. I will be brave and manly because my Country has no need of a coward. I will work and not idle away my time because my Country has no need of an idler. I will be one to prove my Country the greatest and best Nation on earth in industry, in wisdom, in goodness, and in opportunity.



