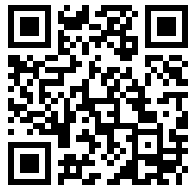

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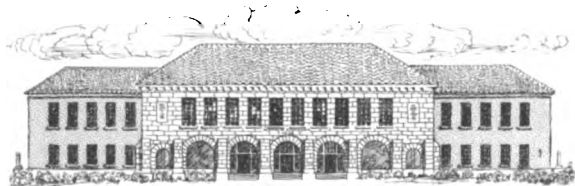
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Three Little Kittens [and] Chicken Little

Mara Louise Pratt-Chadwick



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**ACTION, IMITATION AND FUN
SERIES**

V

ADVANCED PRIMER

**THREE LITTLE KITTENS
CHICKEN LITTLE**

BY

MARA L. PRATT—CHADWICK

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

BOSTON

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

SAN FRANCISCO





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1905

C

INTRODUCTION.

To the Teachers:

It is the writer's wish that these primers show forth the following :

1. That a primer may be based upon the classic.
2. That a primer may be constructed with reference to
 - (a) Action,*
 - (b) Imitation,
 - (c) Fun,

which, as every sympathetic observer of children must know, are the elements that enter most largely into the stories which little children like best.

As to the classic basis, certainly a vocabulary may be evolved as well from "The Three Bears," for example, as from cats and dogs. For cannot a child as well in the beginning say, *I see a bear* as *I see a cat*? And can he not build up day by day from the bear as well as from the cat?

Then, too, these tales are pedagogical to the primer grade. Every first grade or kindergarten teacher knows the delight with which little children listen as she reads them; hence that first of all elements—interest—is fully satisfied in these tales.

Again we find in these classic tales a second pedagogical principle—that of action; for in these olden tales most rapid and vigorous activity predominate.

A third principle, too, is in evidence—that of repetition; and a child loves the rhythm of repetition.

And still a fourth pedagogical quality is found in these classic tales, *i. e.*, the dramatic—personification—dialogue—or in another term,

* See Barnes' "Studies in Education," Vol. I.

imitation. Every teacher knows how little children love to personify; to put words into the mouths of animals; to fancy conversations between the flowers and the trees, and to build dialogue from the verse and from the story.

There is, however, yet another element which should come into child's literature and which is found in perfection in these old classics; and that is the element of the serial.

Most primers are now carrying something akin to a continued story, but a true serial is one that represents different ages of one act. For example, in the famous German picture book, "Slovenly Peter," we have in perfect serial story, the tale of a heedless boy's mishaps at home and at school.

The "Slovenly Peter" of which I speak is a book of serial pictures; funny, the children call them, and no picture book has ever been so popular in all Europe. Moreover, it has been translated into other languages for the children of other lands.

The Sunday newspaper, with its Katzenjammers, its Foxy Grandpa, and its Buster Brown, is showing us a lesson in pedagogy which it would be well for us as teachers to heed. These serial pictures are the Sunday delight of millions of little children and glad would the teacher be if, on Monday morning, she could arouse one-half the eagerness and interest in the primer reading lesson. It would look then as if, while we are instructing our children through our primers, they are getting their education through the Sunday papers.

The element of the grotesque, too, which enters so largely into these Sunday serial pictures, is one very dear to the child's heart, and is found again in these old classics; and we cannot afford to ignore that element in the construction of our primary reading books.

It was once my pleasure to look over several hundreds of papers written by school children in reply to the question, What is the funniest

thing that you can remember? In the papers from the upper grades there were, of course, the elements of adult wit; but in the papers of the little children was found an almost universal testimony to the truth that the grotesque is the principal element in a child's idea of "funny." Little girls in long dresses, little boys in big hats, topsy turvy conditions; and, above all, deeds of monkeys were predominant.

It has been suggested that, possibly, in putting these classic tales into a primer form, from which the child shall perform the labor of learning to read, we may take from the child his enjoyment of the classic.

If reading were taught in the old-fashioned, laborious way, this question would indeed be worthy of grave consideration; for to rob a child of joy in these classic tales would indeed be unfortunate and unwise. The manuscript of these primers was, therefore, given over to a primary teacher who made an honest test of them upon the children. This teacher reported in favor of the experiment, it being her opinion that since there is so little labor and so much play connected with the modern reading process, the child's interest was by no means deadened; rather was it heightened and the ambition stirred by the presence of reading material with which they were already familiar. That this should have been so seems probable and consistent when we recall that children love always to do things with which they are familiar.

Such being true, then, why may we not throw off primer traditions of passivity and colorless ethics and give to the first grades as well as to the third and those above, the kind of reading that they love; and that which is in harmony with the child's real interest.

MARA L. PRATT-CHADWICK.

CONSTRUCTION WORDS.

There is a certain list of words the mastery of which is absolutely essential to the child before he can acquire any ease or comfort in reading.

This list is no less essential to the compiler of a primer if the compiler would present thoughts that are sequential and reasonable.

It should, then, be the aim of any teacher who thinks of the child as a human being rather than as a first grade pupil, to see that this list is acquired as soon as possible.

TO BE LEARNED BY SIGHT.

are	do	should	would
any	does	some	were
	don't	says	where
been		said	what
	goes		won't
could		two	
come	here	too	you
		to	yes
	might	three	yet
		their	your
	of	there	
	one	they	
	once		

TO BE LEARNED BY SOUND.

ăn	hē	ở	ủ
át	hĩs	ởn	until
ăm	hĩm	over	
<u>a ll</u>	hēr	<u>out</u>	<u>why</u>
ās	hās	<u>off</u>	<u>when</u>
and	hāve	<u>our</u>	<u>while</u>
	hād		<u>which</u>
bē	<u>how</u>	<u>seen</u>	wē
būt		<u>see</u>	
bỹ	Is	<u>say</u>	was
	It	<u>shē</u>	<u>will</u>
căn	If	<u>shall</u>	wēnt
	I	sō	
did	In	saw	
fôr	mē	thĩs	} th in these words is marked thus: th
frôm	mỹ	thăt	
	<u>may</u>	thēm	
gō	mũst	thēse	
gết		thōse	
gốt	<u>now</u>	wĩth	
	nō	<u>three</u>	
	nốt		

The above list includes the construction words that make up the Ward list, placing these primers in harmony with that series of books.



THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

I

kittens (*sight*)

good



See the kittens.

They are good kittens.

One, two kittens.

One, two, three kittens.

How do you do, kittens?

Can you talk with us?

O, yes, we can talk.

Mew, mew, mew!

Did you hear us?

We said, "Mew, mew, mew!"

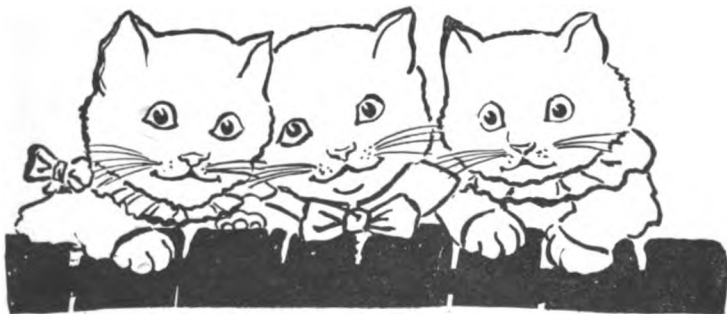
Mew, mew!

How do you do?

Can you talk, little girl?

Can you talk, little boy?

Can you say mew, mew, mew?



II

mittens (*sight*)

like

See, little boy.

See, little girl.

We have mittens.

Have you mittens, too?

Have you mittens, little boy?

Have you mittens, little girl?

We like our mittens.

Do you like our mittens?

Let us see your mittens, little girl.

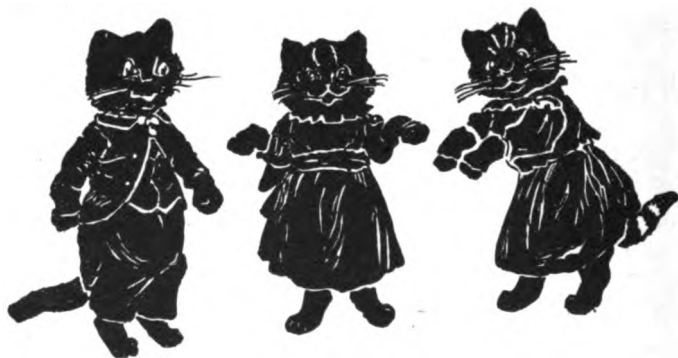
Let us see your mittens, little boy.

We like our mittens.

We like your mittens, too.

III

silk
white



Our mittens are silk.

Are your mittens silk?

Our mittens are white.

Are your mittens white?

Our mittens are white silk.

Are your mittens white silk?

We like our silk mittens.

s i l k

m i l k

wh i t ø

b i t ø

IV

try

keep

clean

Our mittens are clean.

We try to keep them clean.

Are your mittens clean?

Do you keep them clean?

See how clean our mittens are!

The clean, white mittens!

The clean, white, silk mittens!

They are clean mittens.

We are clean kittens, too.

We like to keep our mittens clean.

k ēē p

try

cl ē ʌn

V

tub
soil
wash



Hear what I say, little kittens.
Try not to soil your mittens.

“We will try,” said the kittens.

“We will try to keep them clean.

Do you soil your mittens, little
boy?

Do you soil your mittens, little
girl?

We try to keep our mittens clean.

Do we wash our mittens?

Yes, if we soil them.

We shall wash them now.

We shall wash them clean.

We shall wash them in the tub.”

s oi l

b oi l

t oi l

w a sh

r ũ b

t ũ b

VI

boil

soap (*sight*)

rub



Can the kittens wash?

O, yes, they can wash.

They can wash their mittens.

They will put them in the tub.

They will soap the mittens.

Then they will rub, rub, rub!

They will put soap on the mittens.

Then they will boil the mittens.

See how white the mittens are.

They are white and clean.

VII

hang
line
dry



Rub, rub, rub!
Now the mittens are clean.
Boil, boil, boil!
Now the mittens are white.
What will the kittens do now?

They will dry the mittens.

They will hang them up.

They will hang them up to dry.

They will hang them out in the
sun.

See, the mittens are on the line.

Now they will dry.

They will hang in the sun.

They will hang on the line.

They will dry in the sun.

They will dry on the line.

h ă ng

l ī n ø

m ī n ø

b ă ng

d ī n ø

n ī n ø

r ă ng

f ī n ø

p ī n ø

s ă ng

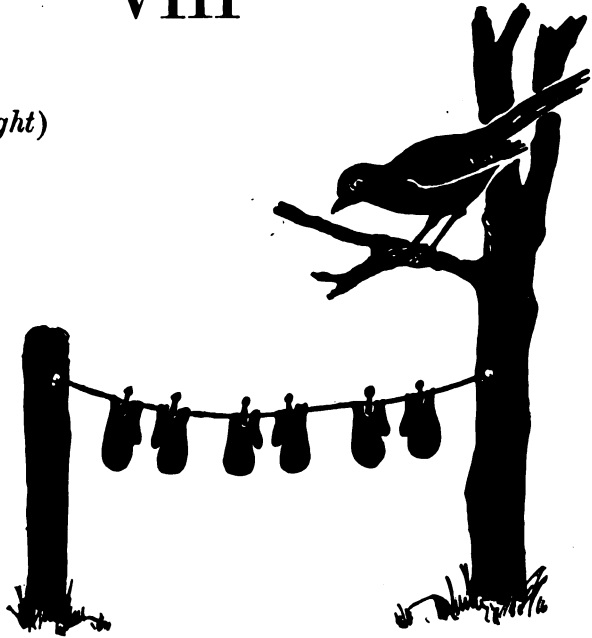
VIII

magpie (*sight*)

steal (*sight*)

talk

hide



Here is a magpie.

The magpie is a bird.

The magpie can talk.

The magpie can steal.

The magpie likes to talk.

The magpie likes to steal.

The magpie saw the kittens.

The magpie saw the mittens.

“I will have some fun,” he said.

“O, I will have some fun.

Ha, ha!

I will steal the mittens.

I will hide them.

Ha, ha!

How can I get them?

I will talk to the kittens.

Hear me talk to them.

Then I will get the mittens.”

t a ʌ k

h ī d ø

s ī d ø

w a ʌ k

r ī d ø

w ī d ø

IX

laugh (*sight*)

strange (*sight*)

flew

“How do you do, kittens?”

“O, how do you do, magpie?

Do you see our white mittens?”

“Yes, I see them,” said the magpie.

“They are clean white mittens.

I saw you wash them.

I saw you hang them on the line.

Are they silk mittens?”

“Yes, they are silk.”

The magpie laughed.

“Why do you laugh?” said the kittens.

“O, just for fun,” said the magpie.

“Ha, ha, ha!”

Then the magpie flew away.

“What a strange bird!” said the kittens.

“What a strange magpie!”

Keep away from the magpie, kittens.

He is a bad bird.

He likes to steal mittens.

He likes to hide mittens.

fl ew

m ew

br ew

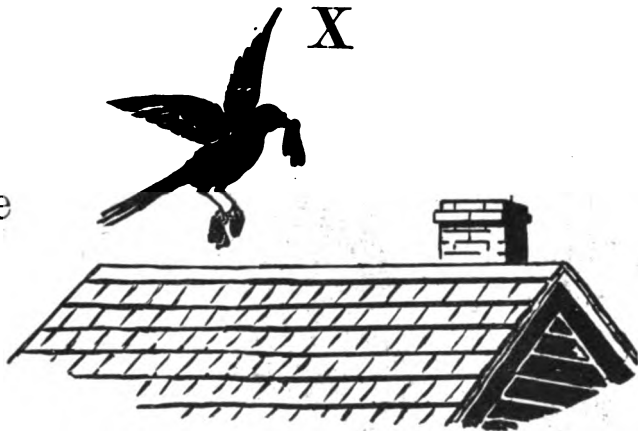
st ew

X

roof

stole

put



So the magpie stole the mittens.

What will he do with them?

He will hide the mittens.

He flew to the roof.

See where he has put them.

He has put them on the roof.

The kittens will not see them.

The kittens can not find them.

r o o f

h o o f

s t o l e

XI



lost

began (*sight*)

mother

See the three kittens.

O, where are our mittens?

Are they on the line?

Are they in the tub?

O, no, no!

O, mother, mother!

We have lost our mittens!

O! O! O!

What, lost your mittens?

O, you little kittens!

The kittens began to cry.

Mew, mew, mew!

O, we have lost our mittens!



l ǒ s t

c ǒ s t

XII

(Review of all preceding words.)

naughty (*sight*)

pie

O, you naughty kittens!

You naughty, naughty kittens!

The kittens began to cry.

Have you lost your mittens?

You naughty kittens.

Yes, we have lost our mittens.

I saw you wash them.

Are they not in the tub?

I saw you hang them out to dry.

Are they not on the line?

I saw you rub them.

I saw you soap them.

I saw you boil them.

Where are they now?

Mew, mew, mew!

We do not know.

O! O! O!

We have lost our mittens!

Our white, silk mittens!

Our clean, white mittens!

You should take care of your
mittens.

You should keep them clean.

You should not lose them.

You are naughty kittens.

I do not like naughty kittens.

You shall have no pie.

O! O! O!

Mew, mew, mew!

We like pie.

Mew, mew, mew!

Can we have no pie?

O, mother, mother, mother!

The naughty magpie stole the
mittens.

He flew up to the roof.

The magpie is a bird.

He likes to steal.

He likes to hide.

p ī ø

l ī ø

d ī ø

t ī ø

XIII



(To be memorized)

Three little kittens,
They lost their mittens,
And they began to cry.
O, mother dear, we greatly fear,
Our mittens we have lost.
What, lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.

XIV

look

hunt

knows (*sight*)



Let us hunt for our mittens.

“Yes,” said the kittens.

“We will hunt for them.

Where shall we hunt?

Where shall we look for them?

Shall we look in the tub?

Shall we look on the line?"

No, they are not in the tub.

They are not on the line.

O, where can they be?

Where shall we hunt for them?

See the magpie!

See him laugh!

He knows where the mittens are.

He knows!

He knows!



l oö k

h ü n t

XV

find

stairs (*sight*)

chairs (*sight*)

Let us hunt for our mittens.

We must find our mittens.

Our white, silk mittens!

Shall we find them in the tub?

No, we shall not find them there.

They are not in the tub.

Shall we find them on the line?

No, we shall not find them on
the line.

They are not on the line.

Where, where are they?

Let us look on this chair.

No, they are not here.

Let us look on that chair.

No, they are not there.

Let us look on the stairs.

No, they are not on the stairs.

O where are our mittens?

They are not in the tub.

They are not on the line.

They are not on the chairs.

They are not on the stairs.

f ī n d

m ī n d

b ī n d

w ī n d

h ī n d

k ī n d

XVI

boxes

table (*sight*)

shelf (*sight*)

harm



See, here is a box.

Are the mittens in the box?

Did you put them in the box?

No, we did not put them in the box.

Then how could they get into the box?

It will do no harm to look.

They may be in the box.

Here is the table.

Are the mittens on the table?

Did you put them on the table?

No, we did not put them on the table.

But we will look for them.

It will do no harm to look.

Here is a bag.

Are the mittens in the bag?

It will do no harm to look.

Let us look into the bag.

No, the mittens are not there.

Here is a shelf.

Are the mittens on the shelf?

O, no, little kittens.

How could they get upon the
shelf?

O dear, dear!

Mew, mew, mew!

Where are our mittens?

They are not in the tub.

They are not on the line.

They are not on the table.

They are not on the chair.

They are not in the box.

They are not in the bag.

They are not on the shelf.

We cannot find them.

Mew, mew, mew!

See the magpie!

The naughty magpie!

He knows! He knows!



b ö x

h ä r m

f ö x

f ä r m

XVII

poor

something (*sight*)

Poor little kittens.

They could not find their mittens.

One day they were up in a tree.

The tree was as high as the roof.

They saw something on the roof.

“I see something!” said Mother Cat.

“I see something!” said the kittens.

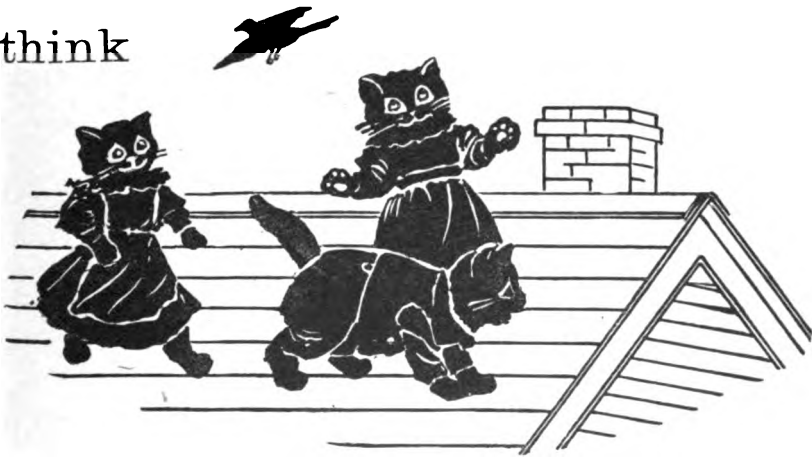
“What is it?” said Mother Cat.

“What is it?” said the kittens.

“Let us go and see.”

XVIII

down
went
found
think



So the kittens came down from
the tree.

They went up on the roof.

What do you think was there?

What do you think they found?



They found their mittens.

The white silk mittens!

The clean, white mittens!

O! O! O!

Mew, mew, mew!

We have found our mittens.

O, we have found our mittens.

See, we have found our mittens.

Purr-rr-rr!

Mew, mew!

“Good kittens,” said Mother Cat.
Good little kittens.

w ĕ n t s ĕ n t t ĕ n t

PHONETIC DRILL.

f ou n d th ĩ nk

r ou n d ĩ nk

m ou n d l ĩ nk

h ou n d p ĩ nk

p ou n d r ĩ nk

s ou n d s ĩ nk

w ou n d w ĩ nk

d ow n sl ĩ nk

dr ow n dr ĩ nk

br ow n bl ĩ nk



(To be memorized.)

Now when the kittens
Had found their mittens,
Then they began to cry.
O, mother dear,
Look here, look here!
Our mittens we have found.
Put on your mittens,
You good little kittens,
And you shall have some pie.
Mew, mew!
And you shall have some pie.

XIX

hair (*sight*)

comb (*sight*)

faces



The kittens went up stairs.

The kittens put on their mittens.

“Now, we will wash our faces.

Now, we will comb our hair.

Now, we will come down stairs.



We have found our mittens.
We will have some pie.
Now, we will sit at the table.
Now, we will sit in our chairs.
O, here is the pie!
It is a good pie.

O, what a good pie!”

The magpie saw the pie, too.

“Give me some pie,” he said.

“O, no,” said the kittens.

“You are a bad bird.

You stole our mittens.

You put them on the roof.

You saw us hunt for them.

You laughed at us.

You shall have no pie.

No, no; you shall have no pie.”

f ā c ø

p ā c ø

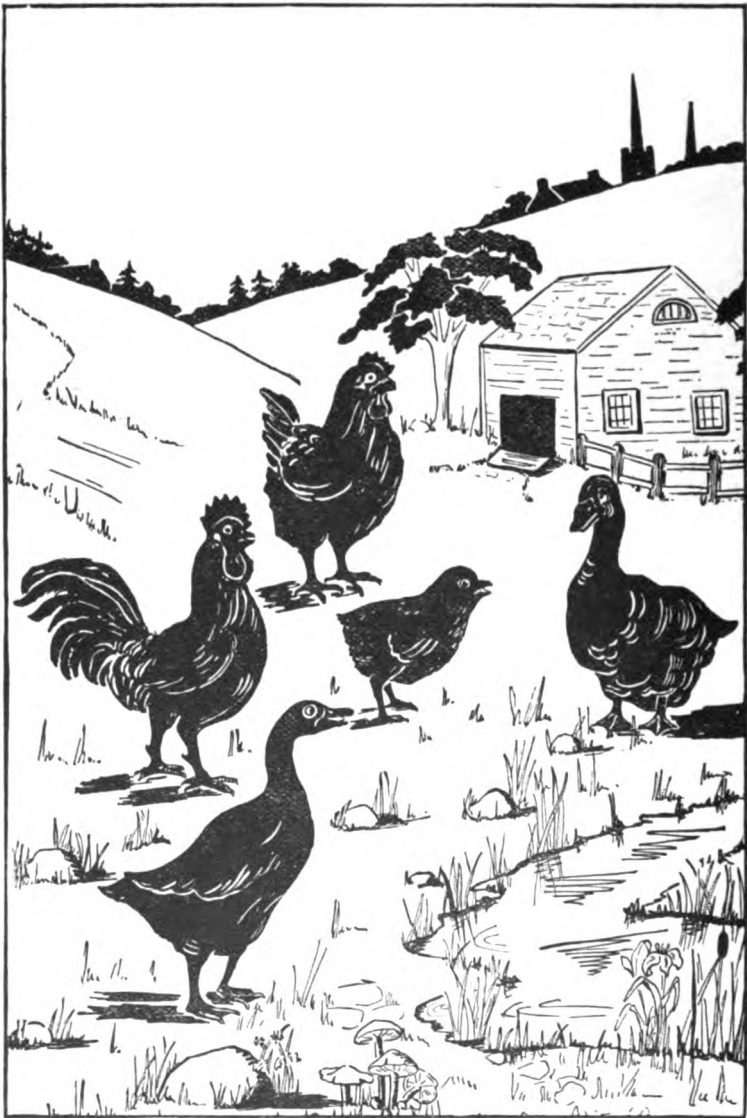
l ā c ø

r ā c ø

THREE KITTENS VOCABULARY.

kittens	magpie	chairs
mittens	steal	sheep
good	talk	box
like	hide	table
silk	laugh	harm
white	flew	something
try	roof	down
keep	stole	went
clean	lost	found
tub	began	poor
soil	mother	think
wash	naughty	hair
boil	pie	comb
soap	look	faces
rub	hunt	dry
hang	knows	stairs
line	find	

STORY OF
CHICKEN LITTLE



STORY OF CHICKEN LITTLE.

I



This is Chicken Little.

Chicken Little was out in the woods.

An acorn fell.

It fell on her head.

She did not see the acorn.

“What was that?” she said.

“Dear me, what was that?”

“What was that, O sun?” said
Chicken Little.

“What was that, O wind?” said
Chicken Little.

“What was that, O tree?” said
Chicken Little.

“Look and see,” said the sun.

“Look and see,” said the wind.

“Look and see,” said the tree.

“I do not see,” said Chicken
Little.

“What was it?”

II

Chicken Little did not see what it was.

“What was it?” she said.

“What was it?

Tell me, wind.

Tell me, sun.

Tell me, tree.

Tell me what it was.”

Then the wind laughed.

And the sun laughed.

And the tree laughed.

“It was the sky,” said the wind.

“It was the sky,” said the sun.

“It was the sky,” said the tree.

III

“The sky is falling,” said the wind.

“The sky is falling,” said the sun.

“The sky is falling,” said the tree.

“O dear! O dear!” said Chicken Little.

“I will go and tell the king.”

So off flew Chicken Little to tell the king.

She ran and she ran.

She flew and she flew.

“Dear me,” said she.

“I will go to the king.

I will go to the king.

I will tell him what the wind
said.

I will tell him what the sun
said.

I will tell him what the tree
said.

The wind said that the sky is
falling.

The sun said that the sky is
falling.

The tree said that the sky is
falling.

I will tell the king.”

IV



On the way Chicken Little met Henny Penny.

“Where are you going, Chicken Little?” said Henny Penny.

“Where am I going?

Why, why, why!

The sky is falling.

I go to tell the king."

"Why, why, why!" said Henny Penny.

"Who told you so?"

"The wind told me.

And the sun told me.

And the tree told me.

Why, why, why!"

"I will go with you, if I may,"
said Henny Penny.

"I will go with you to tell the
king.

Why, why, why!"

And away the two ran.

V



On the way they met Cocky Locky.

“Where are you going, Chicken Little?

Where are you going, Henny Penny?” said Cocky Locky.

“Where are we going?

Why, why, why!

The sky is falling.

We go to tell the king.”

“Why, why, why!” said Cocky
Locky.

“Who told you so?”

“The wind told us.

And the sun told us.

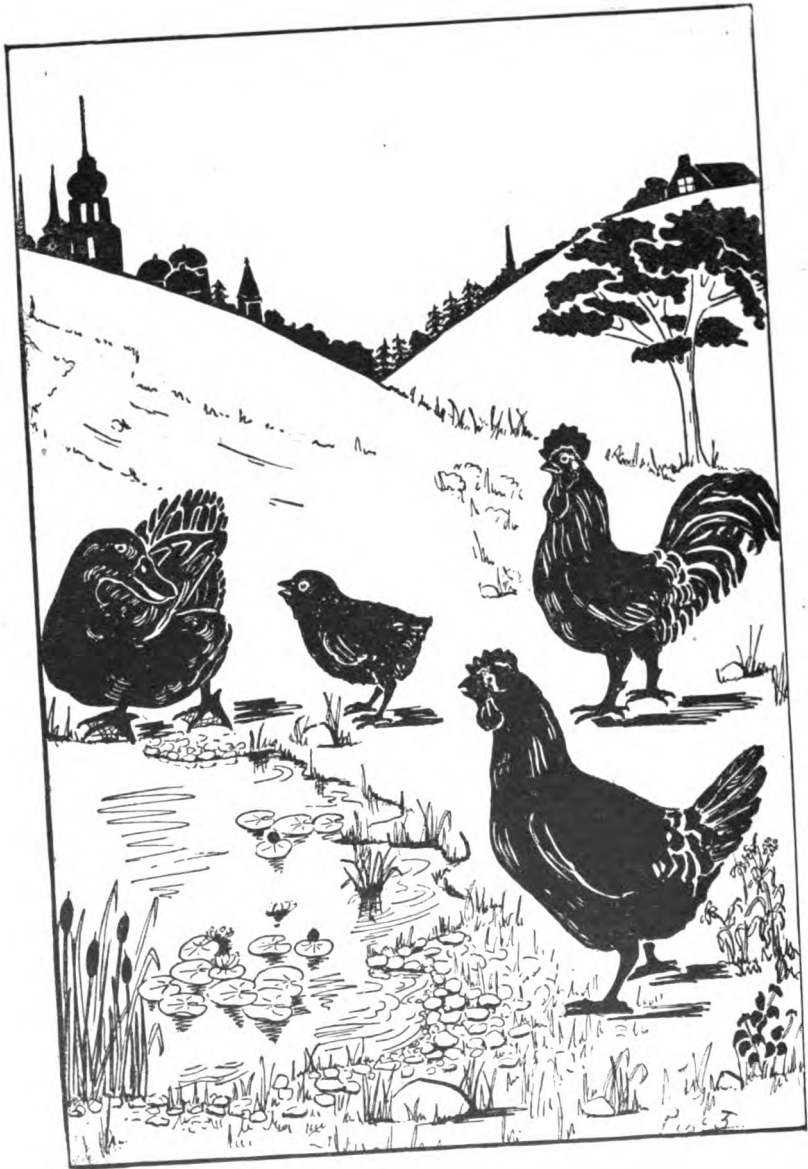
And the tree told us.

Why, why, why!”

“I will go with you, if I may,”
said Cocky Locky.

“Why, why, why!”

And away the three ran.



VI

On the way they met Ducky
Lucky.

“Where are you going, Chicken
Little?

Where are you going, Henny
Penny?

Where are you going, Cocky
Locky?

Where are you going?” said
Ducky Lucky.

“Where are we going?

Why, why, why!

The sky is falling.

We go to tell the king.”

“We go to tell the king that the sky is falling.”

“Why, why, why!” said Ducky Lucky.

“Who told you so?”

“The wind told us.

And the sun told us.

And the tree told us.

Why, why, why!”

“I will go with you, if I may,”
said Ducky Lucky.

“I will go with you to tell the king.

Why, why, why!”

And away the four ran.

VII

On the way they met Goosey Loosey.

“Where are you going, Chicken Little?

Where are you going, Henny Penny?

Where are you going, Cocky Locky?

Where are you going, Ducky Lucky?

Where are you going?” said Goosey Loosey.

“Where are we going?

Why, why, why!

The sky is falling.

We go to tell the king.

We go to tell the king that the sky is falling."

"Why, why, why!" said Goosey Loosey.

"Who told you so?"

"The wind told us.

And the sun told us.

And the tree told us.

Why, why, why!"

"I will go with you, if I may," said Goosey Loosey.

"Why, why, why!"

And away the five ran.

VIII

On the way they met Turkey Lurkey.

“Where are you going, Chicken Little?

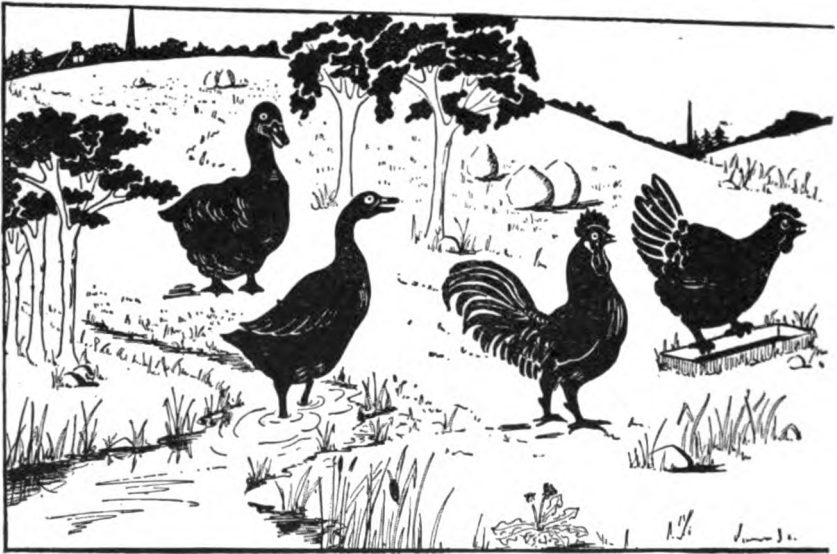
Where are you going, Henny Penny?

Where are you going, Cocky Locky?

Where are you going, Ducky Lucky?

Where are you going, Goosey Loosey?

Where are you going?” said Turkey Lurkey.



“Where are we going?

Why, why, why!

The sky is falling.

We go to tell the king.”

“Why, why, why!” said Turkey
Lurkey.

“Who told you so?”



“The wind told us.

And the sun told us.

And the tree told us.

Why, why, why!”

“I will go with you, if I may,”
said Turkey Lurkey.

And away the six ran.

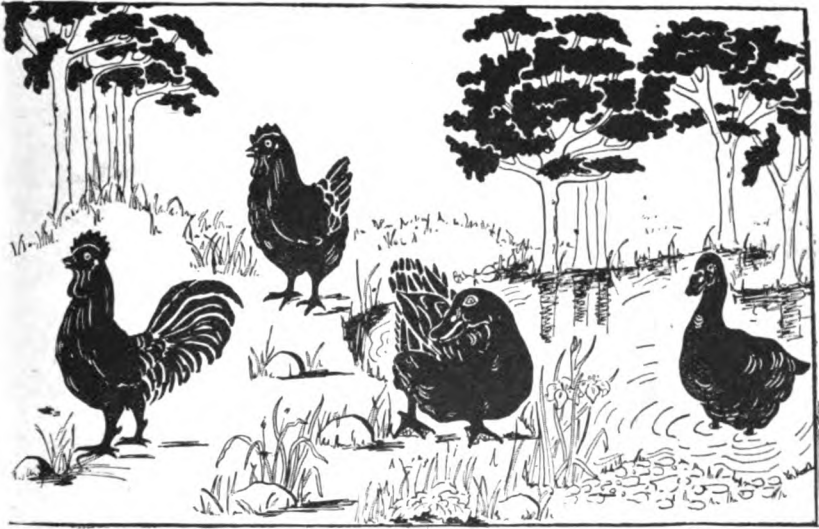
IX



On the way they met Foxy
Loxy.

“Where are you going, Chicken
Little?

Where are you going, Henny
Penny?



Where are you going, Cocky
Locky?

Where are you going, Ducky
Lucky?

Where are you going, Goosey
Loosey?

Where are you going, Turkey
Lurkey?

Where are you going?" said
Foxy Loxy.

"Where are we going?

Why, why, why!

The sky is falling.

We go to tell the king."

"Why, why, why!" said Foxy
Loxy.

"Who told you so?"

"The wind told us.

And the sun told us.

And the tree told us."

"I will go with you, if I may,"
said Foxy Loxy.

And away the seven ran.

X

"Come with me," said the fox.

"I will show you the way."

"Yes," said Chicken Little.

"Yes," said Henny Penny.

"Yes," said Cocky Locky.

"Yes," said Ducky Lucky.

"Yes," said Goosey Loosey.

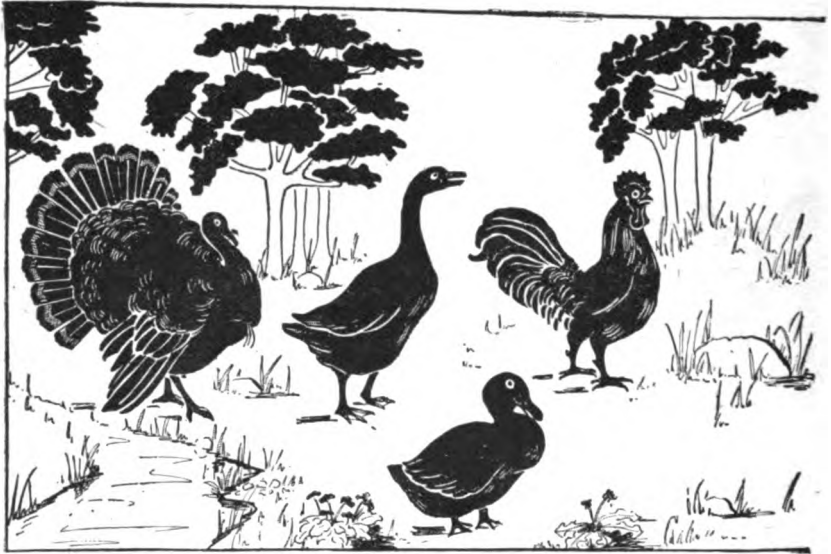
"Yes," said Turkey Lurkey.

"We will go with you.

Show us the way."

So Foxy Loxy led Chicken Little,
Henny Penny, Cocky Locky,
Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey and
Turkey Lurkey into the woods.

XI



Foxy Loxy had a cave in the woods.

The cave was his home.

So he led Chicken Little and her friends to the cave.

“O! O! O!” they cried.



“Where is the king?”

The bad fox laughed.

Alas, poor silly Chicken Little!

Alas, poor silly Henny Penny!

Alas, poor silly Cocky Locky!

Alas, poor silly Ducky Lucky!

Alas, poor silly Goosey Loosey!

Alas, poor silly Turkey Lurkey!

CHICKEN LITTLE VOCABULARY.

Chicken Little	away
woods	Henny Penny
acorn	Cocky Locky
head	Goosey Loosey
laughed	Turkey Lurkey
look	Foxy Loxy
sun	come
wind	show
tree	alas
flew	friends
tell	home
king	cave
sky	where
falling	poor
going	silly

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