

THE SILENT READING HOUR



FIRST READER

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The Silent Reading Hour FIRST READER

BY

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with Interpretations," etc.

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PREFACE

SILENT READING. Silent reading is not merely non-vocal reading. It is the complex process of getting thought from the printed page and involves an entirely new pedagogy. Silent reading objectives will never be attained by oral reading methods.

EYE-MOVEMENT INVESTIGATIONS. It is a well-known fact that in reading a line of print the eye does not move smoothly across the page. It moves with a series of jerks and pauses. By means of a complicated apparatus it has been possible to

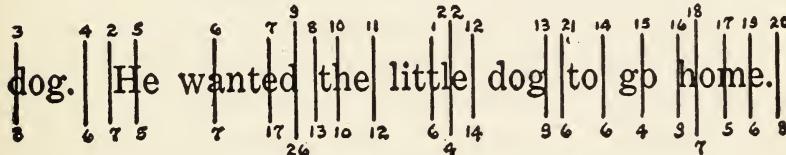


FIG. I

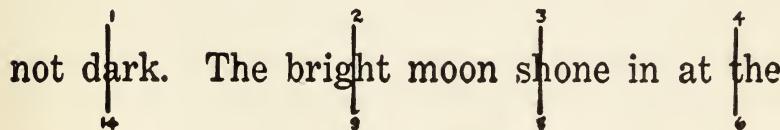


FIG. II

The position of the eye-fixations are represented by short vertical lines drawn across the line of print. The serial numbers above the vertical lines indicate the order of the pauses. The numbers below each vertical line indicate in 25ths of a second the duration of the fixation.

photograph and time the eye-movements of pupils as they read. Figure I shows part of such a record for a typical pupil in the second half of the first grade; Figure II, for a typical college student.

The facts disclosed by these investigations have a most important bearing upon the pedagogy of silent reading. Such investigations give an exact and objective record of one's reading habits. It is the task of the school to change the crude reading habits disclosed in Figure I to those of the mature type of reading shown in Figure II. Scientific investigations have shown that only by silent reading can such rapid and rhythmical control of eye-movements, as exhibited in Figure II, be secured. The superiority of the silent-reading process is now fully established.

TYPES OF SILENT READING. There are various types of silent reading. These types are the natural result of reading for different purposes, such as:

1. Reading for enjoyment or general information.
2. Reading in a careful, precise manner to get specific information; and also many other distinctly different types.

IMPORTANCE OF FIRST TYPE. It is a significant fact that with proper training, children can, by the end of the fourth grade, be taught to read *simple* prose for enjoyment or general information almost as well as the average college student (Figure II). However, if the habits shown in Figure I, namely, short recognition spans, long pauses, and many regressive movements, have not been corrected by the fourth grade, it is extremely difficult to correct them after that.

Furthermore, the first type of silent reading mentioned above, namely, reading for enjoyment or general information, is by far the most common type of adult reading.

CAREFUL SILENT READING. Eventually children should master all kinds of reading, but while they are forming their reading habits, the two types of reading mentioned above are antagonistic and should be treated separately. The chief aim

in the primary grades should be to develop the habit of reading rapidly and easily large amounts of simple narrative material. When this habit of reading is firmly established, other types of reading may be introduced. Wherever habits are involved, the introduction of too many types of technique simultaneously is recognized as incorrect pedagogy. This series of readers, therefore, attacks one fundamental type of silent reading and leaves the other types for supplementary treatment.

PRACTICE EXERCISES IN CAREFUL SILENT READING. For these reasons all of the varied devices which are sometimes used for teaching exact, analytical reading have been purposely excluded from these books. Suitable material for practice in this type of reading has been provided for separately in two sets of "Practice Exercises in Careful Silent Reading," which may be used to supplement these books, but which should be used in a separate period and only once or twice a week.

THE TEACHER'S EQUIPMENT. To set up and fix correct habits of eye-movement and to develop genuine thought-getting in silent reading in the primary grades is a delicate task, calling for the best of teaching ability. This book attempts to make this task easier by supplying not only a comprehensive Manual, Introductory Lessons, and Lesson Outlines, but also a plentiful supply of suitable reading matter, suitably arranged and free from objectionable features.

A NEW TYPE OF CONTENT. In the selection of reading matter, two main purposes have been dominant: first, to provide selections which will so interest the child that he will develop a *habit* of extensive silent reading; and second, to deal with situations that children actually encounter in real life and that are within the realm of possible rather than fancied experiences. This book attempts to supply that type of fact

content which is essential for training a child's constructive thinking and which will supply the kind of information needed for normal mental growth. A thorough search of children's literature disclosed a great dearth of such material and it was found necessary to have such stories specially written.

The authors do not contend that imaginative material should be entirely eliminated from school readers, but rather that such material should be supplemented by selections which have to do with the world in which the child actually lives. The schools are already supplied with material of the "Little Red Hen" and the "Gingerbread Boy" type. As the children know these stories by heart, it is not only wasteful but undesirable to give the same sort of material in a silent reader. This book presents, therefore, in interesting, narrative form, selections which are true to the actual or possible experience of children.

THE TYPE PAGE. In size, type face, spacing and leading the type page corresponds to accepted standards. But in order that the child shall develop from the very beginning the rhythmic eye-movement habits which will be required in mature reading, the type has been brought out to even margins, and regular paragraphing has been used instead of hanging paragraphs. Also, the advantage of the shorter lines used in these books will be readily appreciated.

GENEROUS AMOUNT OF MATERIAL. Since silent reading is a more rapid process than oral reading, the amount of material in this book is somewhat greater than the average for first readers. There are several groups of related stories giving larger story units, and a familiarity with, and interest in, the characters not attainable in short disconnected selections.

VOCABULARY. This book has been very carefully prepared with reference to its vocabulary. The authors have assumed

that in his primer the child has learned the one hundred and thirty-nine words which, by actual count, have been found common to twelve of sixteen widely used primers. All other words are introduced gradually, and are repeated so frequently that they are easily learned and remembered. The lists of basal words and new words are given at the back of the book. So far as possible, the vocabulary has been confined to the thousand words of commonest occurrence as shown by the Teacher's Wordbook by E. L. Thorndike.

As measured by the proportion of new words to total words of reading matter, this first reader is, by actual count, thirty-six per cent easier than the average of the twelve primers mentioned above.

THE PLACE OF ORAL READING. Oral reading will doubtless continue to be useful in the primary grades, especially in the early development of a reading vocabulary. Inasmuch as oral reading will have served its purpose by the end of the primary grades it is well to keep in mind that oral reading is only a temporary expedient.

This series of readers is intended to be used with whatever method of oral reading the school has adopted. The value of this book as an instrument for teaching silent reading will be seriously impaired if the child is allowed to read from it orally.

CORRECT MENTAL ATTITUDE. Until a child thinks of reading as a process of thought-getting rather than as a process of word-calling, he has not even started to read. Reading should ultimately be as natural as breathing. The learner should never be allowed, much less encouraged or compelled, to make hard work of it.

GUY THOMAS BUSWELL
WILLIAM HENRY WHEELER

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JACK-A-BED



JACK-A-BED

Morning came over the hill.

Mother said, "Jack, wake up!
The day will soon be old. The birds
sing and they would like to see you."

But Jack did not wake up.

Mother said, "Jack, wake up!
The apple tree has a big red apple
and would like to have you eat it."

But Jack did not wake up.



Mother said, "Jack, wake up! I see a boy going by with a horn. This is what he will play, 'up, Jack, up. The day will get away.' "

But Jack did not wake up.

Mother said, "Jack, wake up! The old cow and the little pig are going down to the water."

But Jack did not wake up.

Mother said, "Jack, wake up! A baby mouse ran away from the cat and went to his home under the house."

But Jack did not wake up.

Mother said, "Jack, wake up! One little, two little, three little rabbits have run to mother rabbit who lives by the hill. Go out and play with them."

But Jack did not wake up.





Mother said, "Jack, wake up!
Your dog ran after a bird. The bird
flew up into the apple tree and sat
by the big red apple."

But Jack did not wake up.

Then Father said: "JACK!"

And Jack woke up.

—*Louise Ayers Garnett*



Louis Icart

THE BREAKFAST

Jack got up and went to Father and Mother.

“Good morning, Father,” said Jack. “Good morning, Mother.”

Father and Mother said, “Good morning, Jack.”

“Mother,” said Jack, “please may I go out and find my own breakfast this morning?”

“Yes,” said Mother.

So Jack went to the old cow.

“Please, old cow, give me some milk,” said Jack.

And the old cow gave him some milk.

He went to the apple tree.

“Please, apple tree, give me your big red apple,” said Jack.

And the apple tree gave him the big red apple.

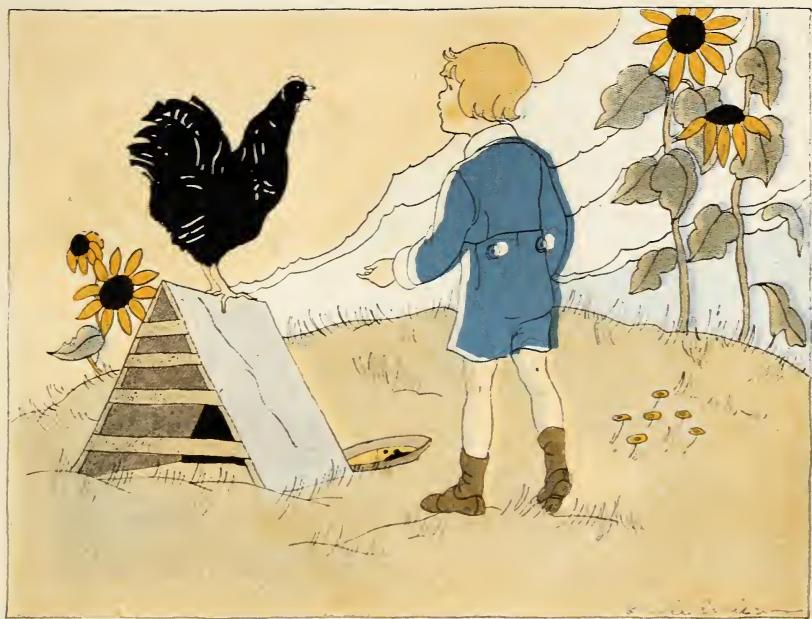
He went to the spring.

“Please, spring, give me some water,” said Jack.

And the spring gave him some water.

He went to the little black hen.

“Please, little black hen, give me an egg,” said Jack.

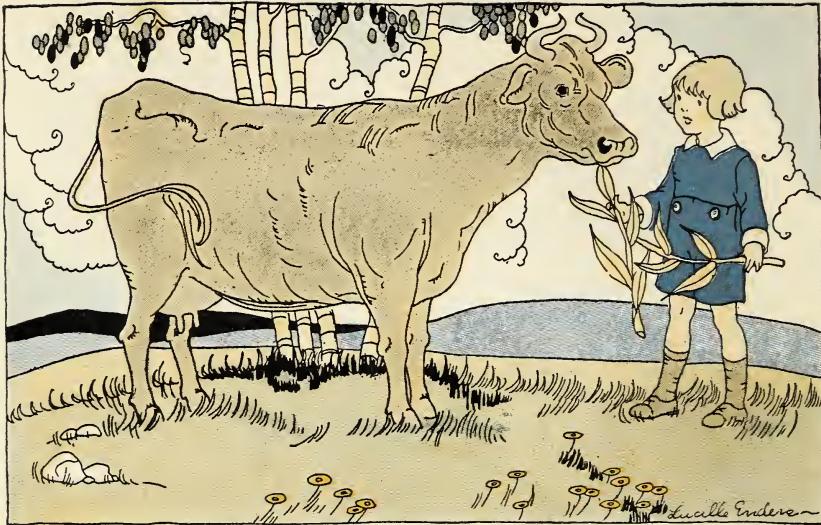


And the little black hen gave him an egg.

Then he sat down and thought and thought and thought.

“I have had enough for one boy,” he said.

He thought again. Then he got up and went to the old cow.



"Old cow," said Jack, "you gave me some milk. Here is some corn."

"Moo," said the old cow.

He went to the apple tree.

"Apple tree," said Jack, "you gave me your big red apple. Here is some water."

The wind made a soft little sound in the leaves of the apple tree.

He went to the spring.



“Spring,” said Jack, “you gave me some water. Here is a flower for you to hold.”

The spring made a sound like a laugh.

He went to the little black hen.

“Little black hen,” said Jack, “you gave me an egg. Here are the seeds from my apple.”

“Cluck, cluck, cluck,” said the little black hen.

Jack brought the cow and the little black hen to the spring.

The old cow had a drink, the little black hen had a drink, Jack gave the apple tree a drink, and he had a drink himself.

“We are all friends,” said Jack, “the spring, the apple tree, the old cow, the little black hen, and I.”

“Moo,” said the old cow.

“Cluck, cluck, cluck,” said the little black hen.

The spring made a sound like a laugh, and the wind ran in and out of the leaves of the apple tree.

—*Louise Ayers Garnett*



PLAYING SCHOOL

The spring made a sound like a laugh and the wind ran in and out of the leaves of the apple tree.

Jack went to the little pig.

"Little pig," said Jack, "let us play school under the apple tree."

The little pig went with Jack.

They went to the dog.

“Brother dog,” said Jack, “the little pig and I are going to play school under the apple tree.”

Brother dog went with Jack and the little pig.

They went to mother rabbit over by the hill.

“Mother rabbit,” said Jack, “the little pig and brother dog and I are going to play school under the apple tree.”

Mother rabbit went with the little pig and brother dog and Jack to the apple tree.

“You must learn your letters,” said Jack. “Little pig, what letter is this?”



Zuella Enders

Jack held up a stick.
The little pig did not answer.
“This is an *I*,” said Jack.
He put the *I* on the ground.
Then he held up a second stick
and put another stick across it.



“Brother dog, what letter is this?” said Jack.

Brother dog did not answer.

“This is a *T*,” said Jack.

Then he put the *T* on the ground after the *I*.

“Mother rabbit,” said Jack, “what word do these two letters make?”

Just then the old cow came and put her foot on the word.

“She would like to learn to read and write,” said Jack.

“Moo,” said the old cow.

But before Jack could tell them another thing, the little pig, brother dog, mother rabbit, and the old cow all ran away from school.

—*Louise Ayers Garnett*



GOING TO TOWN

The little pig, brother dog, mother rabbit, and the old cow all ran away from school.

Jack went to Father.

“Father,” said Jack, “I have had

an apple and some milk, some water and an egg. I gave some corn to the cow, a flower to the spring, some apple seeds to the little black hen, and a drink to the apple tree.

“The little pig, brother dog, mother rabbit, the old cow, and I played school. Now I will help you.”

“Good,” said Father. “I am going to town.”

“I will go with you,” said Jack.

He got up on the horse behind Father and soon they were on the road to town.

They met a man with a smile all over his face.

They met a second man with a smile all over his face.

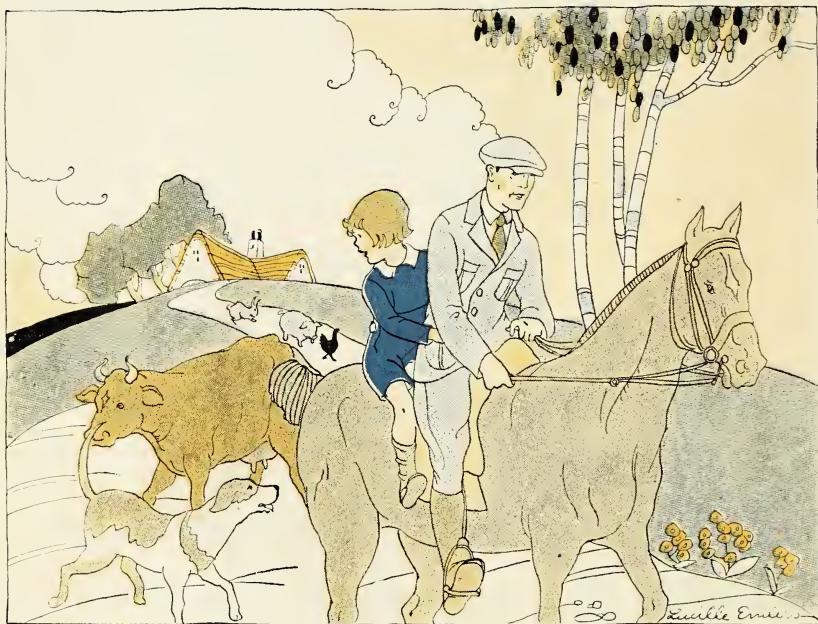
They met a third man with a smile all over his face.

Jack looked back; then he gave a great laugh.

Father looked back; then he, too, gave a great laugh.

And this is what they saw:

Behind the horse came brother dog.



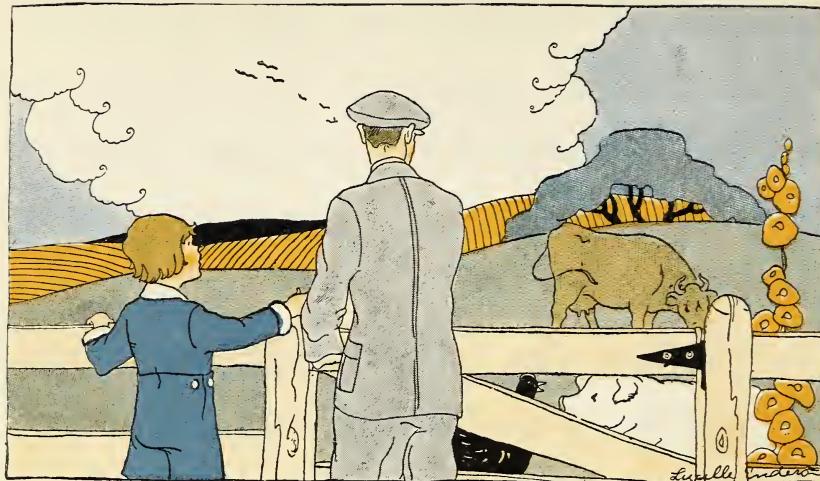
Behind brother dog and the horse,
came the old cow.

Behind the old cow, and brother
dog, and the horse, came the little
black hen.

Behind the little black hen, and
the old cow, and brother dog, and the
horse, came the little pig.

Behind the little pig, and the little
black hen, and the old cow, and
brother dog, and the horse, came
mother rabbit.

Father and Jack turned the horse
around and went back home with
mother rabbit and the little pig and
the little black hen and the old cow
and brother dog following behind
them.



They put brother dog into the house and the old cow and the little pig and the little black hen into the field. They left mother rabbit in her home by the hill.

"Now they will not follow us," said Father.

Father got on the horse and Jack got up behind him. Once more they were on the road to town.

—*Louise Ayers Garnett*

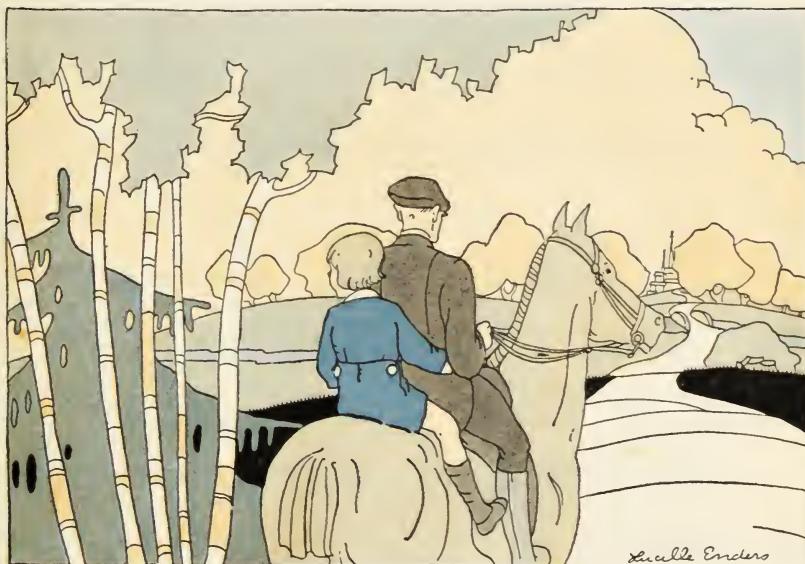
OFF AGAIN, ON AGAIN

Once more Father and Jack were on the road to town.

The road was wide and pretty.

It ran up hill and down between green fields.

"The road runs up and down as if it would like to run away," said Jack.



“It will not run away from us,” said Father, “not while we are on it.”

They went by apple trees like the one that had given Jack the big red apple.

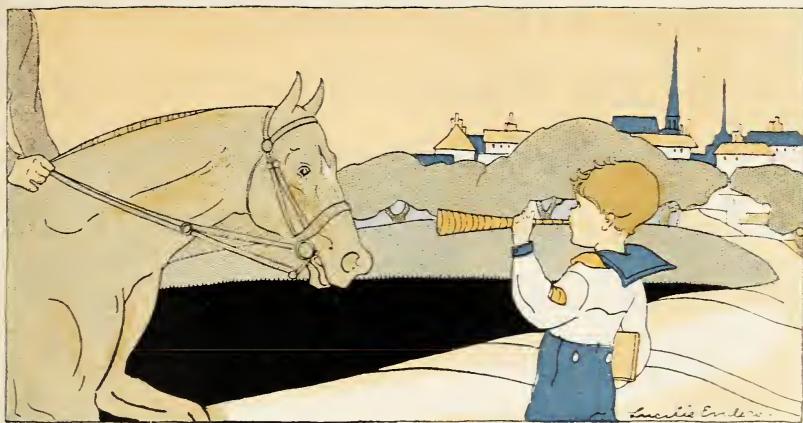
They went by a spring like the one that had given drinks of water to the old cow, to the little black hen, to the apple tree, and to Jack.

They went by another horse like the one they were on.

“Hold fast,” said Father. “Do not fall.”

“No,” said Jack. “It is a long way down to the ground. I like it better up here.”

Just then a boy with a horn went by them.



The horse did not like the sound of the horn and he ran up the road as fast as he could go.

“Stop!” said Father.

But the more Father called “stop” the more the horse ran.

“Hold on, Jack,” said Father.

Jack did not answer.

“Hold on,” said Father again.

Still Jack did not answer.

Father looked behind him.

JACK WAS NOT THERE.

At last Father turned the horse around. He went back along the road. He looked to the right. He looked to the left.

“Jack! Jack!” called Father.

No answer.

“Jack!” called Father again.

“Where are you?”

“Here I am,” said a voice.

“Where?” said Father.

“Here,” said a voice.

Again Father looked to the right. Again Father looked to the left. Then he looked up and down the road as far as he could see.

Something was sitting in some black water.



IT WAS JACK.

“Well, Jacky-boy,” said Father, “I thought you said that you liked it better up here where I am.”

“I do,” said Jack, “but when the horse ran, I felt something drop and when I turned around I found it was myself.”

“Well! Well! Well!” said Father.

Jack got up. He felt himself all over.

“Are you all right?” said Father.

“Yes,” said Jack.

They went back home so that Jack could change his clothes.

Then Jack got up on the horse behind Father.

For the third time they were on the road to town.

“Off again, on again,” said Father.

—*Louise Ayers Garnett*



GONE AGAIN

"Off again, on again," said Father.
"Hold on this time, Jack."

"Yes," said Jack. "I am sure now
that it is better up here than it was
down there."

When they got to town, Jack said
he should like to see the ship that was
on the river.

"All right," said Father. "I know
the captain."

They went on the ship.

“Captain,” said Father, “this is my boy, Jack.”

Jack held out his hand.

“Glad to meet you, Jack,” said the captain.

“I will come back soon,” said Father. “Do not go away, Jack.”

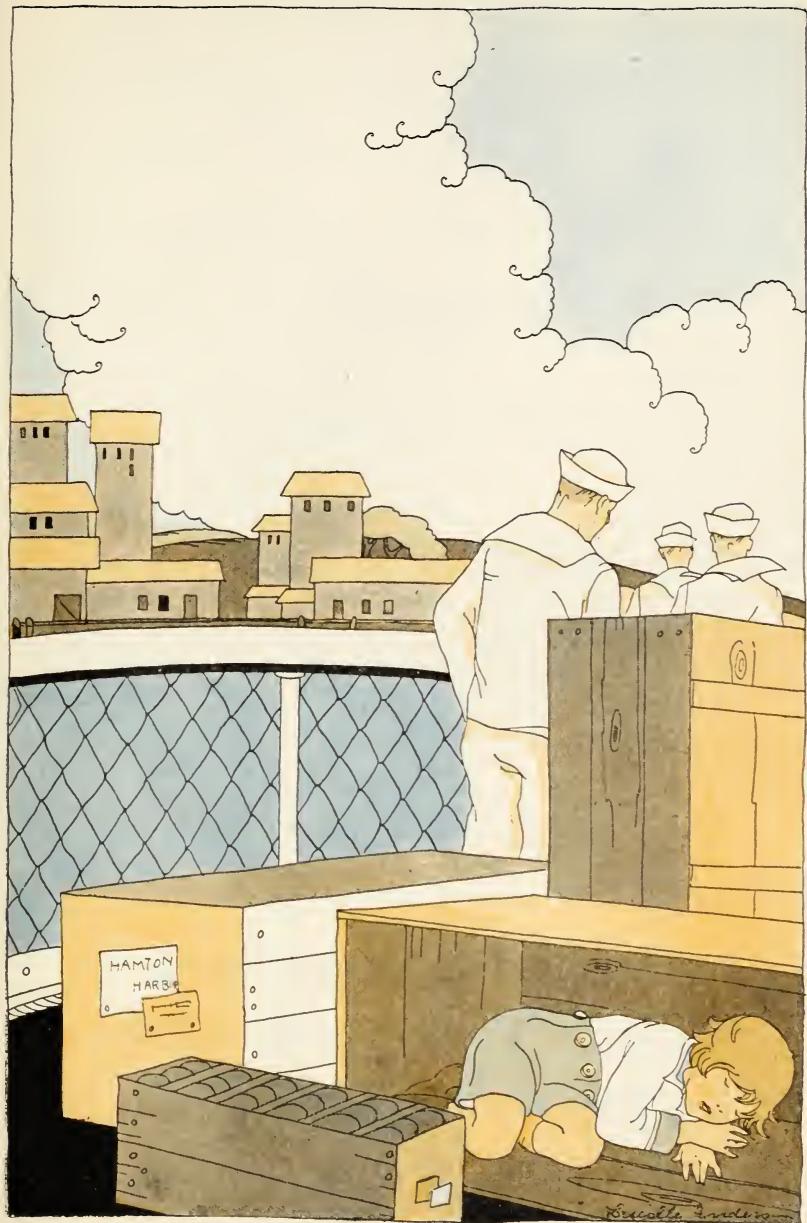
Jack had a good time. He looked at the ship. He looked at the men. He sat on a box and looked at the water.

By and by, he felt sleepy. So he crawled into the box and went to sleep.

No one saw him.

Soon Father came back.

“Where is Jack?” said Father.



They looked all over the ship.

They looked into the water.

“Jack! Jack!” called Father.

“We have to start now,” said the captain at last. “Your boy must be on shore.”

Father gave one more look over the ship.

Then he got off to look for Jack on shore.

He saw the ship start up the river.

“Oh, where is my boy?” he thought.

Just then Jack woke up.

“Father! Father!” he called.

The captain stopped the ship and put Jack on shore.



"Thank you, Captain," said Father,
as he held Jack by the hand.

"Do we go home now?" said Jack.

"Yes," said Father. "Off again,
on again, gone again, home again."

So Father and Jack went home.

—*Louise Ayres Garnett*



HOME AGAIN

So Father and Jack went home.
By and by, night came over the hill.
Mother said, "Jack, the birds are
in their nests."

"And little boys should be in
their beds," said Father.

"I should like to go to bed, too,
if I had a nest," said Jack.

Mother said, "Jack, the apple tree looks like silver."

"And you may see it in your dreams," said Father.

"I hope it has an apple on it," said Jack.

Mother said, "Jack, one little, two little, three little rabbits have gone to sleep with mother rabbit who lives by the hill."

"And they look like three little balls of down," said Father.

"Do you think the dream man will play ball with them?" said Jack.

Mother said, "Jack, the old cow was milked long ago."

"And the little black hen has her head in her feathers," said Father.



“That is where I should put my head if I had feathers,” said Jack.

Mother said, “Jack, the cat is near the fire and her eyes look green and sleepy.”

“And now baby mouse may rest and be happy,” said Father.

“Rest does not make me happy,” said Jack.

Mother said, “Jack, brother dog is under the house as still as baby mouse.”

“And he will not run after the birds until morning comes over the hill again,” said Father.

“I wish morning were here now,” said Jack.

Mother said, “Jack, when you go to sleep you may dream of the ship on the river and the captain.”

“But do not crawl into a box and fall asleep and get lost again,” said Father.

Jack did not answer. He could hardly hold his eyes open.



Mother said, "Jack, now it is time for you to go to bed. The wind runs in and out of the leaves and sings you a sleepy song. If I were the wind, this is what I should sing:

*'Sleep, sleep, O little boy Jack!
The night has some silver
To light up its black.
Your dreams you will find
If you follow its track,
So sleep little, dear little,
Sleepy boy Jack,
Sleep, sleep, sleep!' ''*

Father started to say, "JACK!"
Then he stopped.
Jack was sound asleep.

—Louise Ayres Garnett



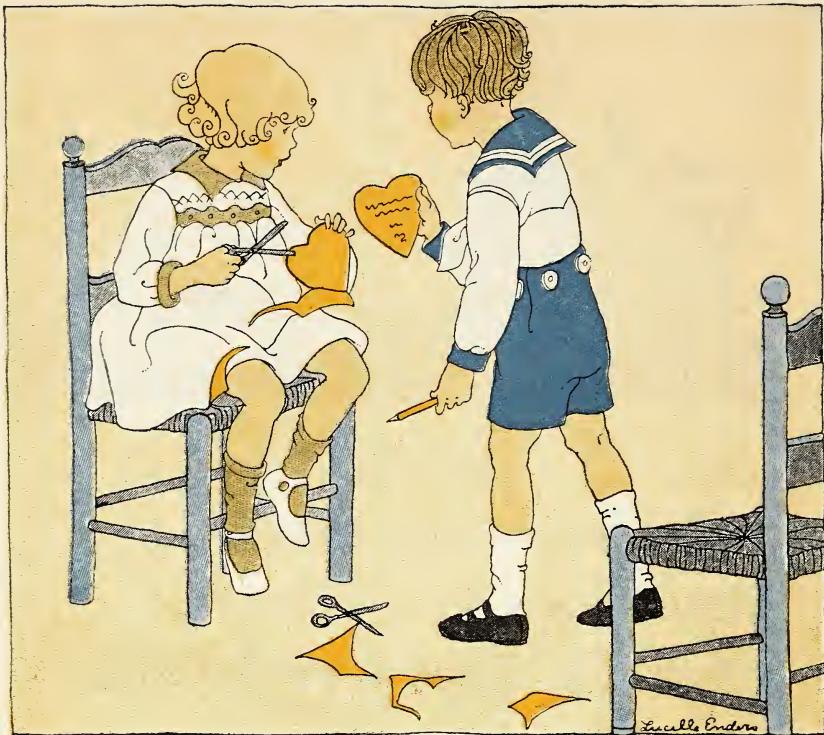
MAGIC

Take some little words,
Place them in a row,
Soon you have a pretty story
Made before you know.

Tales of house and hill,
Butterflies and birds,
Anything at all you will,
Made from little words.

—Annette Wynne

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Lucille Enderle

VALENTINES

Peter and Jane live in a little green house not very far away.

Peter and Jane were making valentines to give to Mother.

“No, Mother, we do not wish you to see them,” said Jane.

“Mother, you can not see your valentines,” said Peter. “Not till Valentine’s Day has come!”

“What can they be, Peter! I can not wait till Valentine’s Day, Jane,” said Mother.

“Oh, yes, you can wait, Mother dear. You have to wait,” they said.

So Mother waited.

When Valentine’s Day came, Peter gave his mother a big red heart. There was something on it. It said, “I will be in time for breakfast every day for a week.”

Jane gave Mother a big red heart, too. It had something on it. It said, “I will be in time for breakfast every day for a week.”

“Look on the other side of your valentine, Mother,” said Jane.

“Look on the other side of your valentine, Mother,” said Peter.

Mother looked. On the back of Peter’s valentine, it said, “I will go to bed quickly every night for a week.” And on the back of Jane’s valentine, it said, “I will go to bed quickly every night for a week.”

Mother said that her valentines were the best she had ever had.

She said, “Oh, if Valentine’s Day came every day, how happy I should be! Thank you, Peter and Jane!”

—*Edwina Pope Larimer*



SAILING

Peter has a boat, but where do
you think it is?

Under a big green tree in the garden where the little birds sing all day.

Peter says that he sails far, far away.

Do you think that he does—when no one is there to see him?

Peter is not old enough to sail on the lake.

His father said, “When you can swim, Peter, then you may sail a boat.”

But Peter is just a little boy and can not swim at all.

At the Life Saving Station by the lake, there was an old boat. It had a big hole in it, and the men at the station gave it to Peter.

Peter's father put it on wheels and rolled it home. He put it under the big green tree in the garden and that is where Peter plays all day long.

Sometimes, he makes big sails for his boat; and sometimes, he makes a cabin with his tools. Sometimes, his mother gives him apples to take out to the boat, and then Peter is as happy as he can be. He says that he sails far, far away.

His boat is under the big green tree in the garden where the little birds sing all day. But where do you think he sails—when no one is there to see him?

—*Edwina Pope Larimer*



GRANDFATHER'S RUG

In Grandfather's house, there was a rug made of the skin of a big white bear. Peter and Jane liked to go to Grandfather's house. They liked to play on the soft bear rug.

Sometimes Peter would put a little rug on his back. He said he was a little bear, but Jane said he looked just like a little boy. She was not afraid of him at all. Should you be afraid of a bear like that?

The big bear rug was too heavy to go on Peter's back. But Peter and Jane liked to pull the bear's ears and look into his eyes. Best of

all, they liked to have Grandfather tell the story of his big bear rug.

“Tell me the story of the big bear rug, Grandfather,” Peter would say.

And Jane would say, “Tell me the story, too!”

So Grandfather would tell them the story over and over.

“Long, long ago,” he would say, “I got a letter. I got a letter but I could not read it. I had to take it to this man and to that man. The last man said that it came from Russia. I then found a man who could read it. The letter was from my uncle. But I did not know him at all.



“When this uncle was just a little boy, he went away in a ship. At last, his ship went to Russia, and he lived there in Russia.

“The place in Russia where he lived is a cold, cold country. He hunted bears and sold their skins, but he did not have a good rifle. He thought that I would send him a good one.

“I got the best rifle I could find and sent it to him. After a long, long time, he sent this bearskin to me. So that is the story of the big bear rug.”

Peter and Jane gave the bear’s ears another pull.

“Is it very cold in Russia, old bear?” said Jane.

“Cold enough for a pretty good coat, I see,” said Peter.

But the old bear did not say a word. I think he had heard the story so many times that he did not listen at all.

“Now, tell it all over again, Grandfather,” said Jane.

—*Edwina Pope Larimer*



GRANDFATHER TELLS THE TRUTH

"Tell me a story, Grandfather," said Peter.

"The story of Aunt Jane and the cooky," said little Jane.

Grandfather smiled at the two children. "When I was a little boy," he said, "I had to run on errands for my mother."

"I run on errands for Mother too, Grandfather," said Peter.

"I helped Mother a long time

this morning, Grandfather," said Jane.

"You are good children," said Grandfather. "Little girls and little boys must learn to help their mothers. And I helped my mother on this day so long ago. I took a letter to Aunt Jane who lived a long way down the road. I liked to go to Aunt Jane's house. Aunt Jane was a Quaker. She went to the Quaker church. Quakers say 'thee' instead of 'you.' 'Thee must come again,' she would say to me, and I was always glad to go again as soon as I could.

"This was a summer day, and there were blackberries all along the way. I ate blackberries and ran



after butterflies and had a happy time. Aunt Jane was making cookies. I wanted a cooky. But when she said, ‘Will thee have a cooky, Jack?’ I thought that I should be polite. So I said, ‘No, thank you, Aunt Jane, I do not care for any.’ I thought she would say, ‘I know thee will have a cooky,’ but she did not say it.

“I left the letter and started home. The way was long. The day was hot, and the blackberries were gone, and my feet were heavy. At last I could not stand it any longer. I ran back to Aunt Jane’s house.

“I said, ‘Aunt Jane, I did not tell the truth. I do want a cooky.’

“Aunt Jane laughed. ‘I knew

thee wanted one, Jack,' she said.
‘Why did thee not tell the truth?
Thee must not tell a lie to be polite.’

“She then gave me three cookies
and I started for home again. This
time, I was happy. But I thought
of Aunt Jane over and over.”

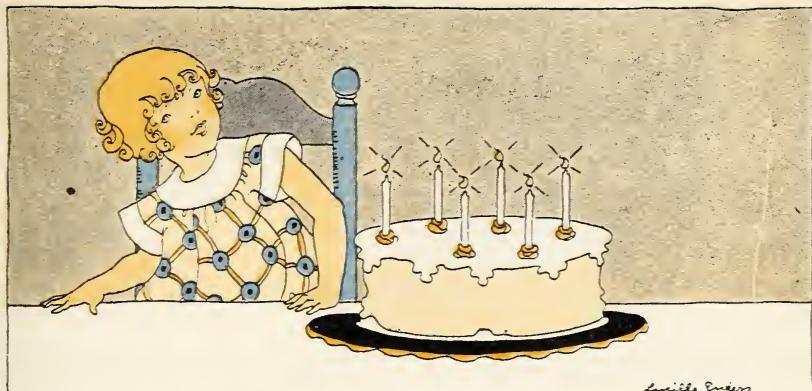
“Thank you, Grandfather,” said
Jane. “I wish I had a cooky now!”

“So do I,” said Peter.

Grandmother came in. “We made
cookies this morning,” she said. “Do
you always tell the truth, children?”

Peter and Jane laughed. “We
try to, Grandmother,” they said.
“Please give us a cooky, quick!”

—*Edwina Pope Larimer*



Lucille Eudora

JANE'S BIRTHDAY

It was Jane's birthday. She was six years old.

"Mother," she said, "I wish a fairy would come and tell me that I could have anything I wanted."

Mother smiled at her little girl.

"I am not a fairy, Jane," she said. "But if you do not ask for too big a thing, I will try to give you anything you wish for your birthday."

Jane was happy. "Oh, Mother," she said, "I will think and think and think until I know what I want for my birthday."

Peter and Jane went to school in the morning.

"I do not have to go to school this morning, Peter," said Jane.

"But if you do not go to school," said Peter, "you will not know the story we have this morning."

When Peter and Jane came home from school, their lunch was ready.

"I could ask for something good to eat, Peter," said Jane.

"But see what we have," said Peter.

Mother had made all the things

that Jane liked best. Jane could not think of anything more she wanted to eat.

All day Jane thought and thought of what she wanted to ask for. She had new skates and a book for her birthday. She was happy all day long. At last, when her birthday cake was brought in, she started to laugh.

“Mother,” she said, “all day I have thought and thought of what I wanted to ask for. But you have given me all I wanted. Little girls do not need fairies to give them what they want when they have mothers instead.”

—*Edwina Pope Larimer*



Lucille Ender

JANE LEARNS TO SEW

Jane did not know how to sew.

“Jane, you must learn to sew,” said Mother. “How should you like to make dresses for your doll?”

Jane looked at her doll. It was a pretty doll with soft black hair.

“She has so many dresses, now, Mother,” she said. “I think I should like to make dresses for a baby, instead.”

Jane’s mother thought for a little while.

“Tell all the little girls who live near us,” she said, “to come to our house on Saturday morning. We can all learn to sew together.”

So Jane told all the little girls, and on Saturday morning they came to sew. They found such pretty things to make into baby clothes. Jane's mother said they would give the clothes to some babies who had no mothers to care for them. These babies lived together in a Home.

The little girls were happy. They came each Saturday for many weeks. They sewed and sewed. They made many things for the babies. When the baby clothes were all made, Jane's mother said that she would take all the little girls to see the babies in the Home.

They found so many babies in the Home. There were little babies



and big babies. There were fat babies and thin babies. But Jane loved them all.

“I think the babies must love us, too, Mother,” said Jane, “for we have made so many pretty things for them.”

—*Edwina Pope Larimer*



THE HOUSE CAT

The house cat sits
And smiles and sings.
He knows a lot
Of secret things!

—Annette Wynne

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BILLY AND THE BEES

Billy is a little boy who lives in the city. He lives where there are many houses. Not far from his house there are many flowers and a big lake. Billy loves the flowers and the green things. He likes to be out with them.

One day Billy read a bee story. He read it in a big book. It was a good story. It told him how the little bees live; how they get their honey from the pretty flowers; and how they take care of the little baby bees.

Oh, how Billy loved that story! Quickly he ran to his mother.

"Mother, I want some bees," said Billy.

"Bees, Billy-boy! City boys do not have bees," said his mother. "Little country boys have them. But little boys that live where there are many houses have other pets. Where could you get bees, and how could you take care of them?"

Poor Billy!

But Billy did not give up. He thought again and again, "I want some bees. I want some bees."

At last he found someone who told him where he could buy bees, and how he could take care of them.

"Mother, I want to buy some bees, please," said Billy. "I have

found out where to get them and how to take care of them."

So his mother said, "Very well, Billy, you may have some bees."

One night Billy and his mother took the auto and went out into the country to get the bees. At night the bees are all at home and Billy wanted to be sure to get all of his bees.

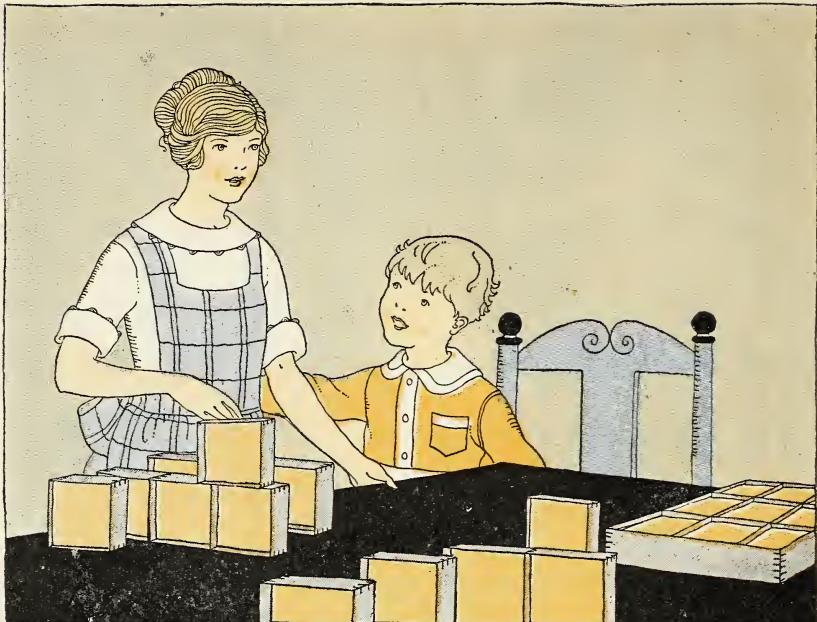
When Billy brought his bees home, where do you think he put them? On the roof of the garage!

In the morning, Billy was so happy that he ran out before breakfast to see his bees. It was hot. The sun was shining. The birds were singing in the trees. Billy heard: "BZZZ, BZZZ, BZZZ."



Billy looked up. There in the air were his little friends. Every little bee was as busy as could be. Every little bee was singing as he worked for Billy. Some little bees brought home honey, just one drop at a time, and put the drop of honey away in the little bee house. Some others did not bring honey. They came back with their legs all yellow. They brought the yellow flower dust to make bread for the baby bees. And each little bee, when he had put away what he had brought, flew right out again for more.

And what do you think? When fall came, Billy had many, many pounds of good, yellow honey.



“Oh, Billy-boy! What can we do with all of it?” said his mother.

“I am sure, Mother dear, I can sell it,” said Billy.

So the bees worked for Billy, and Billy worked for his mother, and Billy was as happy as a bee.

Oh, busy, happy Billy!

—*Josette Eugénie Spink*.

TRACKS IN THE SNOW

Billy was sitting on the bearskin rug before the fire. It was a cold fall day. He was eating a big red apple.

"I wish Pedro would come and play with me," he thought.

Pedro was Billy's own pet. He was a big black dog and was very, very tall.

Just as Billy was eating the last of his apple, he heard something.

He jumped up quickly and ran out of the room. There was something big and black at the door that led into the garden. The door was open!

Then Billy saw what it was.

"Pedro," he cried, "come back and play with me!"

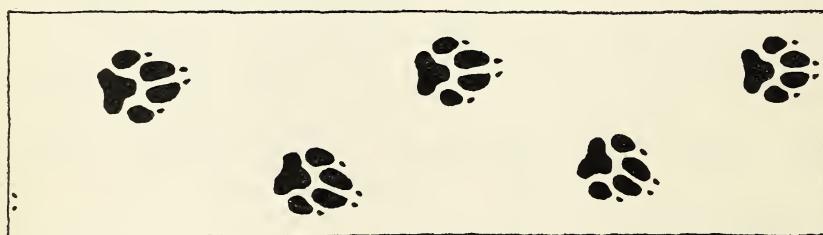
But Pedro did not stop. He was too busy.

Billy put on his little red cap and ran to the door after Pedro.

Pedro was running fast across the ground. He had a big bone.

"He looks happy," thought Billy.

Then Billy saw that it had started to snow a little. Before him were Pedro's tracks in the snow. They looked like this:



"Oh," cried Billy, "Pedro cannot hide from me. I can follow his tracks and find him."

But just then Billy found some other tracks that looked like this:



"Oh!" he cried, "I must find out who made these pretty tracks." So he followed them until they went into a hole under the garage.

"Little mouse must have made those tracks," thought Billy.

Near the hole under the garage was a tall tree. Under the tree Billy saw some tracks like these:



"I will hide behind the tree," said Billy, "and see who made these tracks."

Soon down flew some birds. But before Billy could say, "Oh!" again, Pedro came running across the snow after white rabbit.



"Pedro, stop! stop!" cried Billy. White rabbit ran fast. Pedro ran fast after white rabbit. And Billy ran fast after Pedro.

What funny tracks they all made in the snow!



All at once white rabbit went into his hole behind the garage.

Pedro bumped his head on the garage and Billy bumped his head on Pedro.

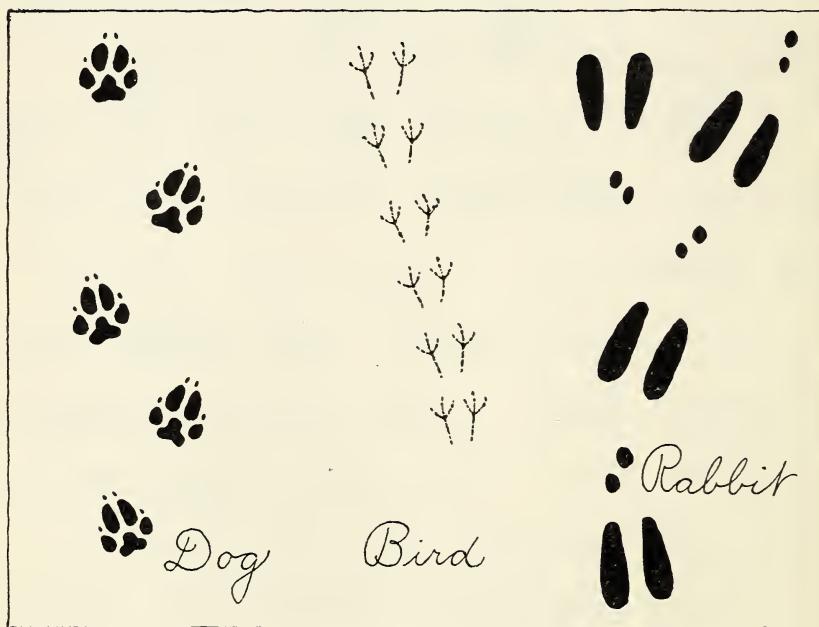
"Come, Pedro," said Billy rubbing his head. "You have run enough for one day." He took Pedro by the ear and led him into the house.

Billy asked his mother for paper,

pen, and ink. Then he made tracks on the paper with his pen and ink.

"Now, mother," said Billy, "take the pen and put the names of the tracks under them."

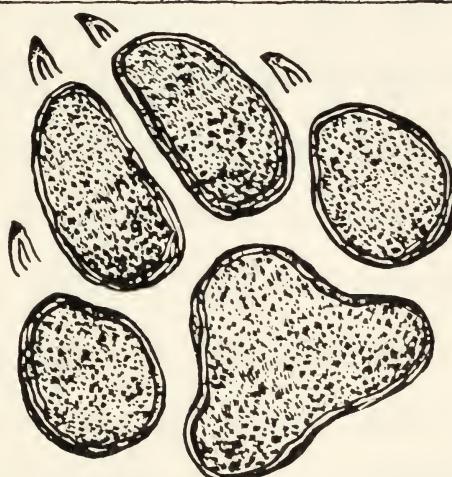
So Billy's mother took the pen and put the names of the tracks under them.



"That is right," said Billy.
"When Father comes home he must tell who made the tracks."

"Now Pedro shall write," said Billy's mother. She put ink on one of Pedro's feet. Then she put his foot on a paper.

When Pedro lifted his foot this is what he left on the paper:



—*Violet Millis*



A PICNIC IN THE TREES

Behind Billy's house near the garage there was a big old tree. Billy loved that tree. He loved to look at it. He loved its green leaves. He liked to get up into the tree and play that he was a bird and not a boy.

One day Billy said, "Please, Mother, Jacky and I should like to get up into the big tree and have lunch there."

"Very well," said his mother.

"I will give you each an egg and some bread, and maybe after a while there will be some cookies ready for you."

Billy and Jacky jumped up and down they were so happy. Soon they had a box full of good things to eat. Mother helped them up into the tree and then went away.

How they loved it up in the air! The wind was singing in the leaves. The sun came shining through the leaves in yellow spots. The bees with their legs all yellow with flower dust went flying by. Butterflies flew near them while they were eating their lunch. And soon, what do you think? A big fat robin came to their



party. He had shining black eyes and he came very near, for he wanted to see why these boys were in his tree. Billy put some little pieces of bread where the robin could get them, and the robin soon ate them.

When Jacky climbed up into the tree, he left his little puppy on the ground. The puppy did not like to be down there all alone. He wanted to go to the party, too. He jumped up and down, and cried and cried.

After a while Billy's mother came out with some good, warm cookies.

“Billy-boy, let down your box. I have some cookies for you.”

Quickly the box was let down.

Little puppy jumped around when he saw the box coming down. And then, oh! how funny! just as soon as the box got to the ground, the little puppy jumped right into it. How the boys did laugh! They quickly pulled it up, and little puppy was, oh, so afraid as the box bumped and bumped along on its way up into the tree.

“But, Billy-boy, your cookies! Drop the box down again,” called Mother.

This time the cookies bumped on their way up the tree and Billy and Jacky and the little puppy and the robin all had a party.

Just then Grandmother came to

see Billy; but Billy was not to be found. Grandmother hunted and hunted all over the house, but Billy-boy was not there.

“Billy-boy, where are you?” called Grandmother. But Billy and Jacky were very, very still, and Mother did not tell Grandmother where they were.

“Billy - boy, Billy - boy!” called Grandmother again.

Just then who do you think came to Billy’s party? Big green worm came crawling along, came

c^ra^wl i n g , c^ra^wl i n g , c^ra^wl —

“Oh!” cried Billy, as he felt something cold crawling on his hand.



“Well! Well!” said Grandmother.
“I did not think my Billy was a
monkey that lived in a tree. I
thought he was a boy who lived in
a house.”

And how Billy and Jacky did
laugh at the fun they had had with
Grandmother!

—*Josette Eugénie Spink*—

THEIR LUCKY DAY

Once there was a Balloon Man,
a Pop Corn Man, and a Scissors
Grinder.

They lived together in a big city.
But they did not live in a big house.
They were so very poor that they
lived under an old house.

They had to walk about the city
all day long.

The Balloon Man sold balloons:
pretty yellow and white and blue
ones.

The Pop Corn Man sold pop
corn that was as white as snow, and
peanuts that were hot and good.

And the Scissors Grinder made

scissors and knives very sharp on a stone wheel that he turned very fast.

The Balloon Man was always happy. He blew his little horn all day long to tell little children that the pretty yellow and white and blue balloons were coming.

The Pop Corn Man pushed a cart about all day. It was so heavy that he could not go very fast, and he did not walk so far in a day as the Balloon Man.

The cart had a little fire in it. Over this fire the Pop Corn Man popped the corn.

The box that held the peanuts was so hot that it whistled.

It whistled all day to let the

little children know when the Pop Corn Man was near. Then they would say, "Mother, may we have some pop corn?"

The Scissors Grinder pushed his wheel along from morning till night. He went from house to house.

TINK! TINK!

TINK! TINK!

Up and down went the bells like a little song.

TINK! TINK!

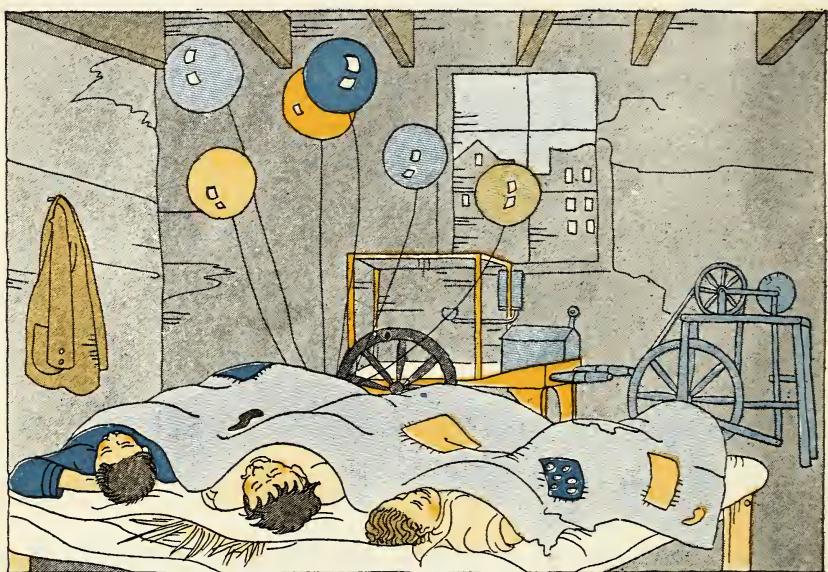
TINK! TINK!

All the little girls came running out with their scissors; and all the little boys came out with their knives. And the Scissors Grinder soon made all the scissors and the

knives sharp on his big stone wheel,
which turned very fast.

One morning the Balloon Man,
the Pop Corn Man, and the Scissors
Grinder were very sleepy. They had
walked so far the day before that
they could not get enough sleep.

Nine o'clock came. Ten o'clock
came. Twelve o'clock came.



And then—the fire engine went by!

The three sleepyheads all woke up at once.

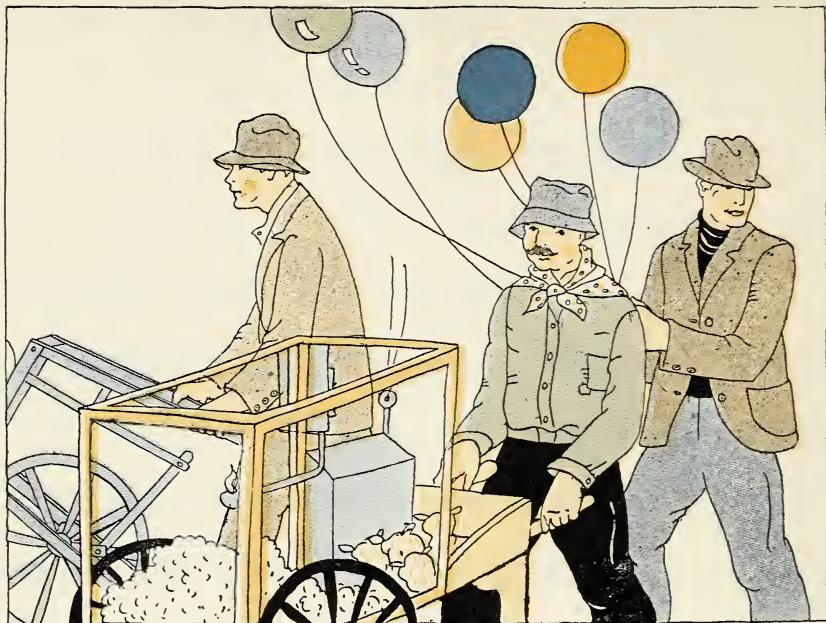
No more sleep for the Balloon Man, the Pop Corn Man, and the Scissors Grinder!

No breakfast for the Balloon Man, the Pop Corn Man, and the Scissors Grinder!

“It was lucky for us that the fire engine woke us up,” said the Balloon Man.

But the Pop Corn Man and the Scissors Grinder were not happy.

“I cannot sell enough pop corn before night,” said the Pop Corn Man.



"And I'll have no time for lunch," said the Scissors Grinder.

But the Balloon Man turned to the Pop Corn Man and the Scissors Grinder and said, "I am sure that something good will happen to all of us before night. This will be our lucky day."

—*Violet Millis*

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SCISSORS GRINDER

TINK!

TINK!

TINK!

TINK!

The Scissors Grinder tried to keep step with his bell, but he was still sleepy and his feet felt heavy.

TINK!

TINK!

TINK!

TINK!

Up one street and down another.

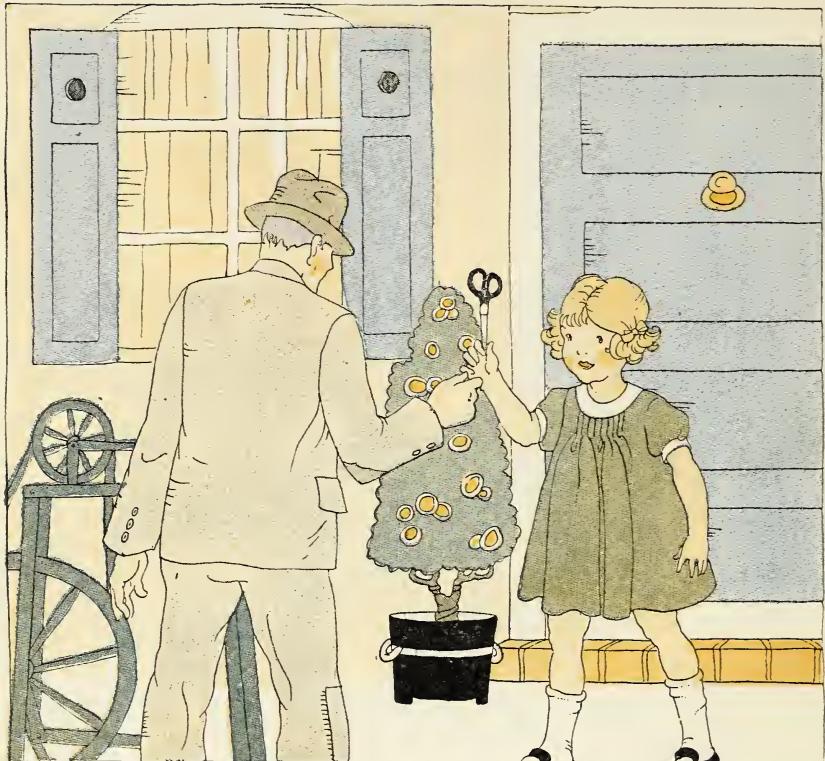
“If they are all as sleepy as I am,” thought the Scissors Grinder, “they will never want any knives or scissors sharpened.”

Just then a little girl called to him from a door.

TINK!

TINK!

TUNK—



He stopped still and so did the bell.

"Mr. Scissors Grinder, will you sharpen these scissors for Mother?"

The Scissors Grinder took the scissors. They looked very dull.

He held the scissors on the big stone wheel. He turned the wheel very fast. He tried to make the old, dull scissors sharp.

Just then the little girl's mother came out with the money. "The baby tried to cut Billy's skates in two with the scissors!" she laughed.

"Yes, Lady, I thought so," said the Scissors Grinder as he gave the scissors back to her all sharp again.

Then he turned and pushed his wheel down the street, rubbing his sleepy eyes all the time. He walked and he walked but no one called to him.

"I think I'll lie down under this

tree and go to sleep," said the Scissors Grinder to himself. He put his head down on the ground. He pulled his cap over his eyes and was soon fast asleep.

In his dreams he was eating a lunch that was oh! so good.

But all at once someone called, "Give me that apple!" and he woke up.

"Hi, there! Bob," he heard. "There is a Scissors Grinder asleep under the big tree. I'm going to have my knife sharpened."

The Scissors Grinder jumped up quickly.

"I am, too," said another boy. "Here, sharpen my knife, please."

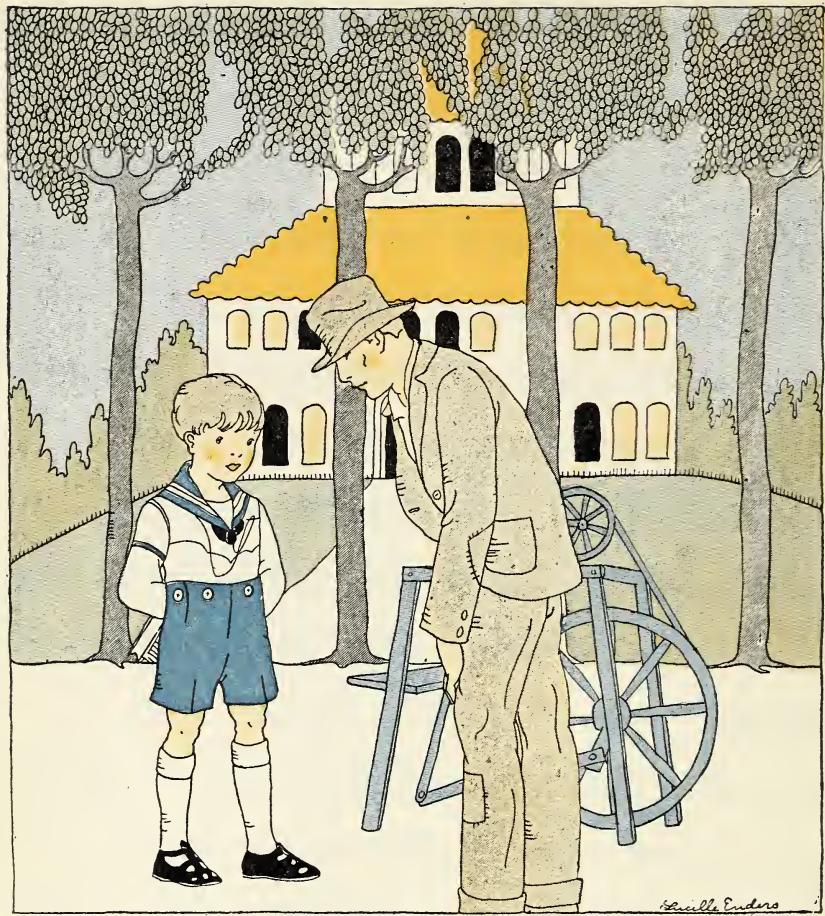
The Scissors Grinder turned around and around and around.

There were boys to the right! There were boys to the left! There were boys everywhere!

School was just out and he saw more boys coming on the run. He took Bob's knife. Around went the wheel! Zip! and the knife was on the stone wheel. Soon the knife was sharp.

The Scissors Grinder wasn't sleepy now! He took knife after knife, but there was always another boy with a knife in his hand.

At last only one little boy was left. He looked as if he were ready to cry.



"I left my knife at home," said the little boy.

"I'll go with you and sharpen your knife," said the Scissors Grinder.

Billy's mother saw them coming.

"Mother," Billy cried, "this man has come all the way home with me to sharpen my knife!"

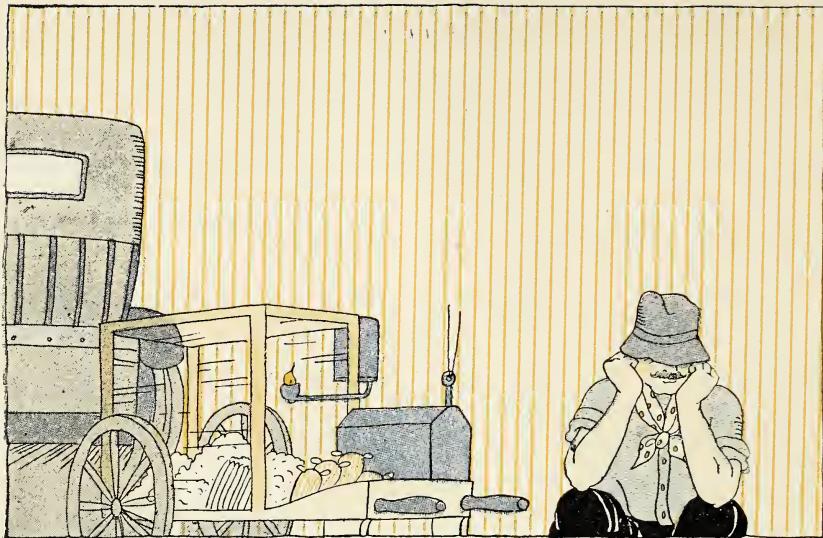
Billy's mother went into the house. When she came out again she brought a hot lunch for the Scissors Grinder.

Oh, how happy he was! Oh, how good the lunch was! It was far better than the lunch he had in his dreams.

At last the Scissors Grinder said goodbye to Billy and his mother.

As he walked home, he thought, "Well, after all, the Balloon Man was right this morning."

—Violet Millis



WHAT HAPPENED TO THE POP CORN MAN

Bang! went the Pop Corn Man's cart as it bumped into the back of an auto.

There was no one in the auto to call out, "Can't you see where you are going?" So the Pop Corn Man sat down to rest.

It was hot and he felt very cross.

There was no wind to make the leaves in the trees talk to him and he had had no lunch. He was not happy.

No one wanted to buy any pop corn or peanuts.

‘Everyone is just going to lunch, or is just eating lunch, or has just had lunch,’ said the Pop Corn Man to himself.

But all at once the Pop Corn Man saw something that made him stand up quickly.

Far down the street he saw some horses coming. The Pop Corn Man could see them better now.

Was it, could it be a circus parade?

“It is!” cried the Pop Corn Man.

“Is what?” asked a little boy as he gave the Pop Corn Man some money for a bag of peanuts.

“A circus parade,” said the Pop Corn Man, giving the little boy pop corn instead of peanuts. “Come on!”

“You’re funny!” said the little boy, but he took the pop corn and said nothing more.

But the Pop Corn Man was going to the circus parade as fast as he could.

His cart bumped along, and, my! how the whistle whistled!

Soon he came up to the parade.

So many animals! Horses, dancing bears, and tigers!



But better still, so many little boys and so many little girls! And they all wanted to buy pop corn.

Pop! Pop! Pop-pop! went the corn as it popped over the little fire.

The Pop Corn Man worked as fast as he could. But there was always another hand ready to take a bag of pop corn. The Pop Corn Man was very happy. Soon he had to open another big bag of the corn.

“Pop corn! a bag of pop corn, please!” cried the children. The Pop Corn Man popped corn until he thought he was in a snowstorm. And everywhere he looked he saw little white things.

At last the pop corn was all gone and the Pop Corn Man had only four bags of peanuts left.

Just then three little boys came running along with their father. They were afraid they were too late for the circus. But when they saw the Pop Corn Man and his happy smile they took all the rest of his peanuts.

The Pop Corn Man sat down, took off his cap, and fanned himself with it.

“Oh, well!” he said to himself, “the Balloon Man was right after all.”

—*Violet Millis*



WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BALLOON MAN

Too-too-t! Too-too-t! went the
horn of the Balloon Man.

Down the street he came, his
yellow and white and blue balloons
flying like feathers in the wind.

He turned his head to the right.
He turned his head to the left.

Too-too-t! Too-too-t!

He blew his horn and blew his horn.

He saw no children's faces in the windows of the houses. He heard no children's voices at the doors of the houses.

The day before he had sold all his balloons by this time. Where were all the little children who wanted balloons?

There was a little park near by. The Balloon Man always had found children playing there. But when he came to the park there was no one there, just some big yellow butterflies at rest in the sun.

“Oh!” said the Balloon Man to himself, “the children must all be at

lunch. I think I shall buy an apple for my lunch."

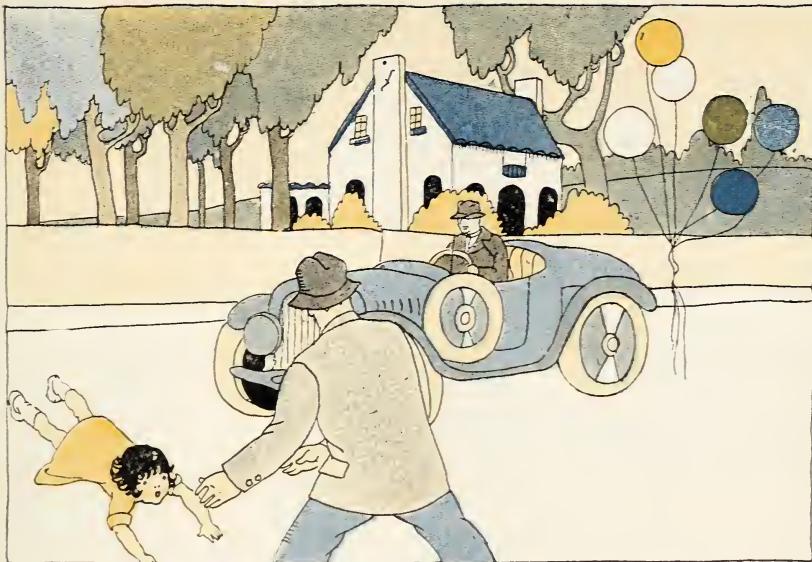
There was an old man with an apple cart across the street.

The Balloon Man was just going to cross the street when he saw a very little girl and her father stop at the apple cart. The father was going to buy some apples to take home.

The Balloon Man blew his horn.
Too-too-t! Too-too-t!

"Oh, Father, the Balloon Man!"
cried the little girl.

She turned quickly before her father could stop her and ran across the street. She did not look to the right. She did not look to the left.



“Betty! Betty!” called her father.

But just then Betty fell down
in the street.

A big auto was coming fast.

Bang! went the Balloon Man’s
horn as it fell to the ground. Puff!
went the balloons as the wind blew
them up and away over the park.

But the Balloon Man held the

little girl safe in his arms. The auto went by and Betty's father ran across the street.

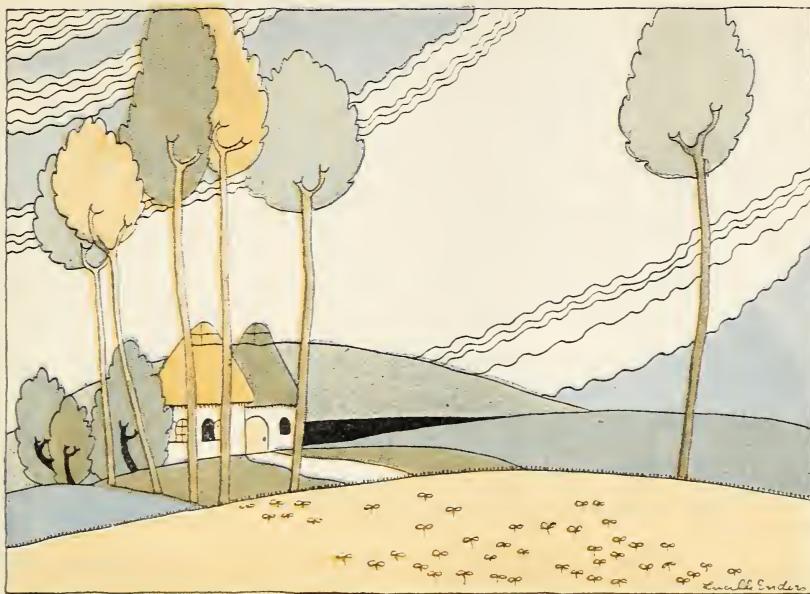
He took the Balloon Man's hand in his and held it a long time. Betty thought her father looked as if he wanted to cry.

"Oh, Father," cried Betty, "all his pretty yellow and white and blue balloons flew away! What will he do?"

When Betty and her father went away the Balloon Man watched them until they turned into another street.

Then he looked down into his right hand. In it was enough money to buy all the balloons he could ever want!

—*Violet Millis*



SAFE AND SOUND

Safe and sound in the ground,
Little seeds are lying so—
Just like this—all in a row,
But when April dances round—
Like this—with singing sound,
And there's not a trace of snow
Up they'll jump before we know—
Like this—and start to grow.



Soon little flowers peep all about,
And then when school at last is out
The children gather in the sun
And pick the flowers one by one—
So,—and then comes snow;
Once again all in a row
Little seeds lie underground,
While Mr. Rough Wind rides around.

—Annette Wynne

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TONI AND PIPPO

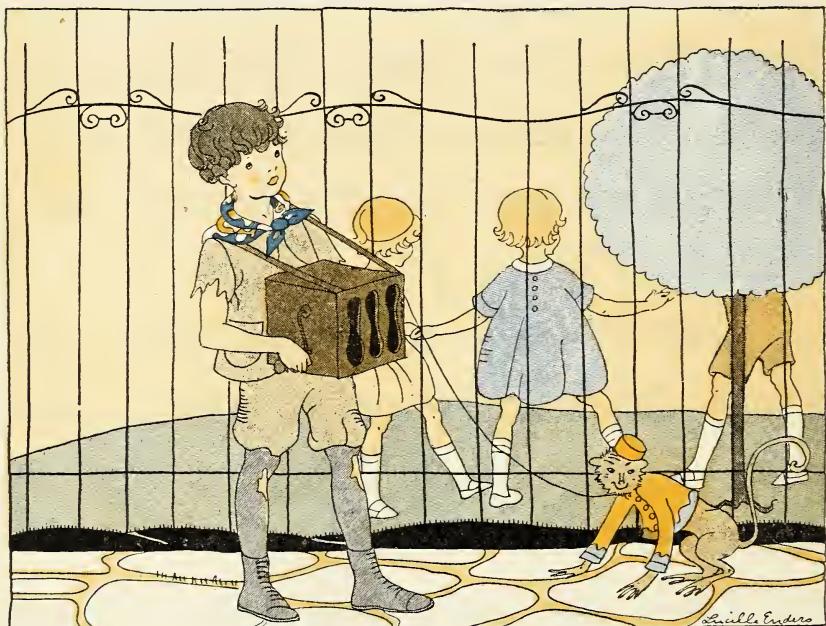
Toni was a little brown-eyed boy who came from a far-away country. Toni had no father and no mother, so he had to work for himself. But he was happy and his smile was like the sunshine. He had a hand organ that he played in the streets of a big city. But Toni did not work alone. He had a little monkey called Pippo, and Toni could not have lived without Pippo.

The children all loved Toni, and Pippo did so many funny things that they would follow Toni as far as they could.

One day the sun was shining

and it was very hot. Toni had been playing on his hand organ all morning, but not many pennies had dropped into Pippo's cap. But Toni whistled as he walked along, his eyes always on the lookout for someone who would want him to play.

In the garden of a big house



some children were having a party. The little girls in their pretty dresses looked like butterflies. Toni went near the garden fence and began to play. When the children heard him play, they all ran to the fence.

“Oh, look, look at the monkey!” they cried, as they jumped up and down.

The children wanted to dance; so a good lady asked Toni to come into the garden. His eyes danced as he saw all the pretty things. Pippo climbed up on the hand organ as Toni went into the garden.

“Here, Pippo, dance for the children,” said Toni. And Pippo pulled off his little red cap and

danced around and around, looking very funny in his little red coat.

"Here is a basket of cakes for Toni and Pippo," said the lady. Toni said, "Thank you," and began to play. Pippo pulled off his cap and made a funny little bow, which made the children laugh.

Toni played while the children danced, and no one had time to watch Pippo. But Pippo was busy. He ate one cake and liked it.

"I want some more cakes," thought Pippo as he jumped up on the table. Quickly he ate two more cakes. But there were so many cakes in the basket that it would take too long to eat them all. So Pippo took

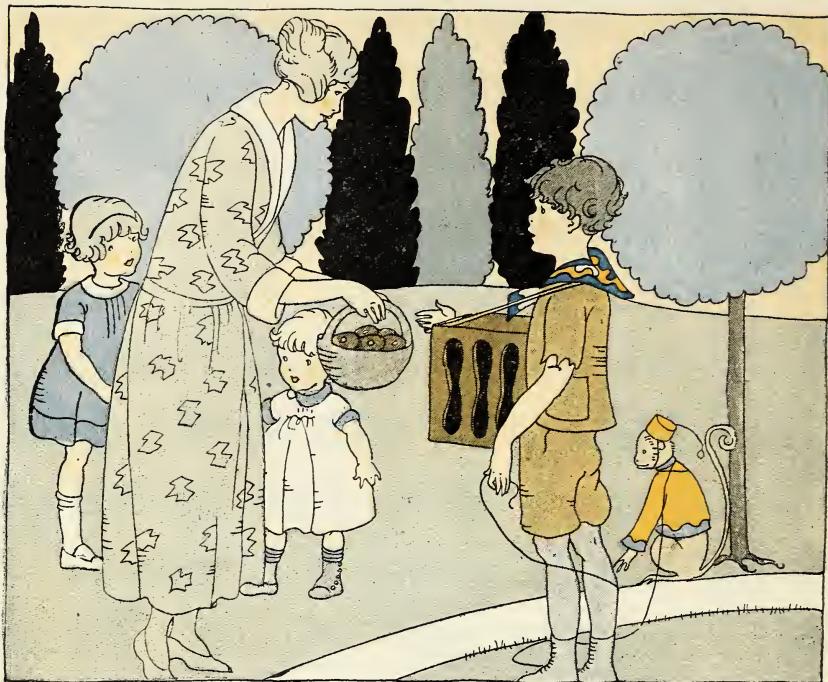
as many as he could hold in each hand, climbed up Toni's leg, and put them into Toni's pocket. Toni did not look around. He was too busy to watch Pippo.

But when Toni did look around, Pippo was on the table eating cakes as fast as he could. Then Toni tried to put one hand into his pocket.

"What is this?" thought Toni. He felt again. And what do you think? Pippo had put all the cakes into Toni's two pockets that they would hold.

"Pippo, you bad, bad monkey!" said Toni.

Poor Toni! He did not know what to do. He almost cried.



"There, there, Toni!" said the good lady. "All the cakes are for you. You have made the children very happy."

Then the smile came back to Toni's face again, and he and Pippo were happy all the rest of the day.

—*Josette Eugénie Spink*



ONE RAINY DAY

“Oh, dear! dear! dear!” said John, as he looked out of the big window.

It was raining. The water was running down the window and the raindrops in the street were running along and jumping up and down like little men.

John was not happy. He wanted to go out to play.

A robin on a roof across the street was singing: “Cheer up, John! Cheer up, John! Cheer up!” The robin was happy. When it was raining he could find many worms and so he was sure to have a good lunch.

“What is it, John?” asked Ruth running into the room.

“I want to go out,” said John.

“*Rain, rain, go away*

Come again some other day,” sang Ruth. “Well, you can not go out, so let us play something.”

“There is nothing to play,” said John.

“Oh, yes, let us dress up.”

“That is a game for girls,” said John.

“We can make it a game for boys, too,” said Ruth.

“How?” asked John.

Ruth looked around and thought.

“I know,” she said. “You put on the bear rug and be the wolf, and I will put on my red cape and be Little Red Riding Hood.”

In a moment John had the rug around him and Ruth was back with her red cape on and a basket in her hand.

Ted and Jane had heard that Little Red Riding Hood and the wolf were in the playroom.



"I am going to be the grandmother," said Jane. She put on her mother's cap and her grandmother's glasses and she looked very funny.

"Let us have a play," said Ted.

"Good!" said the children.

"I will be the monkey and take up the pennies," said Ted.

So Mother and Grandmother and

Aunt Mary were asked to come to the playroom. The play began at three o'clock.

Everything went well until Fido, Aunt Mary's dog, came into the room.

Fido did not know how to play this game. He jumped at John. Then he took Little Red Riding Hood's basket in his mouth and ran away with it.

That ended the play. All the children started after Fido. Fido thought this was a good game. He ran all around the house. Up and down, here and there, until they were all out of breath.

At last they caught him under John's bed.

Then they went back to the playroom, and there near the fire sat Mother dressed as the Queen of Hearts and Aunt Mary dressed as Old Mother Hubbard.

*“The Queen of hearts
She made some tarts
All on a summer’s day,”*

said Mother. “And while Old Mother Hubbard’s dog ran away, Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone.”

And there sure enough, on a table before the fire were tarts for the children and a bone for Fido.

And they all had a very happy time.

—*Josette Eugénie Spink*



TOM VISITS MR. TUNKETT

“When I am big,” said Tom,
“I am going to be a carpenter like
Mr. Tunkett.”

Mr. Tunkett was a little old man
who mended things. He lived near
Tom’s house but on another street.

Tom loved to go to visit the old
carpenter. He liked to watch him as
he quickly mended one thing after

another. Tom wished that he were at Mr. Tunkett's then.

All at once his mother called, "Tom! run over to the carpenter's. Ask him to come and mend a door some time when he is not too busy."

"Oh, Mother, may I stay there for a while?"

"Yes, but be back in time for—"

Tom did not hear any more.

Bang! went the door. Tom jumped down two steps at a time and ran out to the street.

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK went his heavy shoes as he ran on the stone walk.

At last he was at the door of the shop. He looked in. There was

the carpenter with a saw in his hand.

“Good morning, Mr. Tunkett,” said Tom.

“Good morning, Tom,” said Mr. Tunkett with a smile. “What can I do for you?”

“Mother wants you to come and mend a door when you are not too busy.”

“I will come in the morning, Tom.”

“May I watch you now for a little while?”

“No!” said Mr. Tunkett, but he was still smiling. He took Tom by the hand and led him over to the bench.

He put Tom on the bench. There



was a big box on the bench.

“Oh! I hope it is a — it *is* a tool chest! Oh! Mr. Tunkett, I am so happy,” cried Tom as he lifted out one tool after another.

“Now, you can make something, Tom.” The carpenter lifted the tool chest off his bench and set it on a little table for Tom.

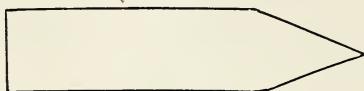
“What are you going to make?”

“A boat,” said Tom. “A boat with a cabin and a smokestack.”

“Oh, a boat!” said Mr. Tunkett. “Here is a pine board. The wood of the pine tree is soft. You can make a boat more quickly from it than from hard wood.”

So Tom took his little saw and

sawed off a piece of the pine board. Then he sawed one end of the board and made it look like this:



Mr. Tunkett found a little box that would do for the cabin. Tom took his hammer and nails and nailed the box to his boat.

He wanted to bore a hole into the box for the smokestack. Tom looked into the chest and, sure enough, there was a tool for boring holes. He took it out and bored a hole in the little box. He rolled up a piece of heavy paper for the smokestack and put it into the hole.

Then he took some nails and

string and made a railing around the boat.

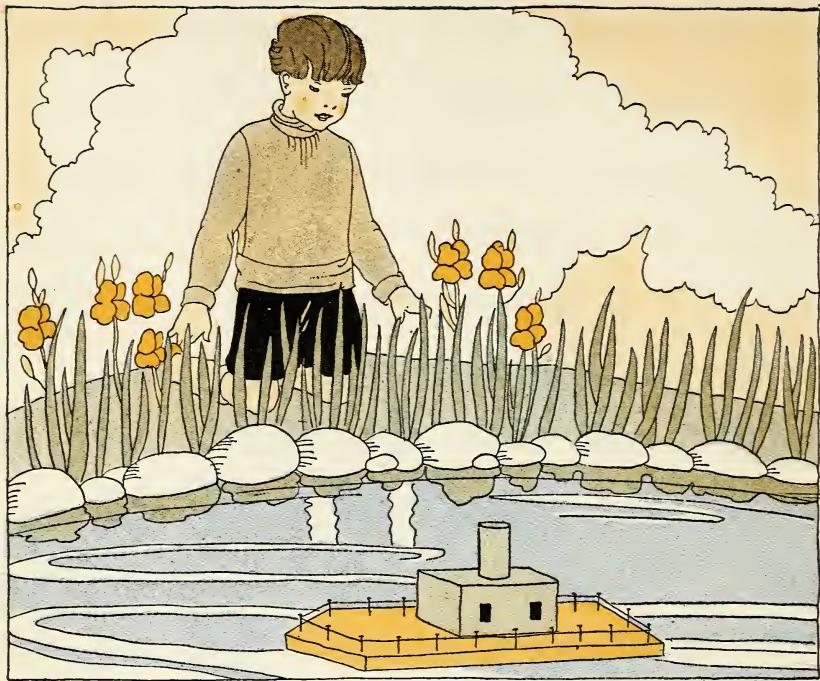
"Here is some yellow paint," said Mr. Tunkett. "Paint the boat and it will be ready to put into water in the morning."

It did not take Tom long to paint the little boat. He left the little yellow boat on the little table and said goodbye to Mr. Tunkett, and then ran home.

In the morning Tom could hardly wait for the old carpenter to come.

All at once while Tom was eating his breakfast he heard someone at the door. He ran out quickly.

There was the carpenter, but he had no boat in his hand!



Tom looked ready to cry.

"Wait a moment, Captain, don't do that," said Mr. Tunkett. "Look out into the garden."

Tom ran down the steps. And there on the bird pool was his little yellow boat sailing in the sunshine.

—*Violet Millis*

DOCTOR TOM—DOLL HOSPITAL

Tom had made a little auto with his new tools. The auto was at the door. Jane was playing in it with her best doll, Peggy.

“Oh, Jane!” called Betsy, “come over and play with us. We are making soap bubbles.”

Jane ran away and left Peggy sitting in the little auto. Peggy did not seem to care. She looked happy in the auto, and maybe she thought someone would come along and give her a ride. She looked very pretty there in her new dress.

In a moment Tom came along. He sat down on the back of the



little auto and started down the street, but he did not see Peggy.

Honk! Honk! Honk! Tom was pushing as hard as he could and the auto was rushing along.

Bang!

Tom had bumped into a fence and one wheel had come off of his auto.

Tom was safe. But what did he see? Could that be Peggy?

Sure enough; there was Jane's best doll on the walk. Her hair was pulled off and one arm and one leg were gone. Tom stood rubbing his eyes. What could he say to Jane? He was ready to cry.

He lifted Peggy with care and

put her back into the auto. He picked up her hair and the arm and the leg and went back home.

He saw Jane in the garden making soap bubbles. Jane could make such lovely bubbles—great big green and red and silver ones that would sail away like fairy balls.

Tom could not bear to tell Jane about Peggy.

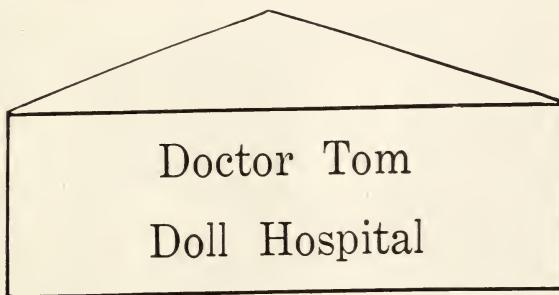
“Mr. Tunkett mends things with his tools,” thought Tom. “I think I can mend Peggy if I try hard.”

Tom went quickly to his room. He took some paste and went to work. Before long the hair was back on Peggy’s head and her head looked as well as ever. Then he took some

more paste and some string and soon mended her arm and her leg.

"There," said Tom, "Peggy has been to the hospital and is as good as ever. I think I shall be a doll doctor and start a doll hospital. But every doctor has to have a sign. I shall make one so everyone will know that I mend dolls."

Tom took a piece of pine board and cut it. When it was ready, it looked like this:



Soon Jane and Betsy came along

and saw Tom's sign on the door.

"Oh, Jane! my doll, Mary, needs to have her foot mended," said Betsy, and she ran home to get her doll.

Betsy met many other little girls and she told them about the doll hospital, and they all wanted something mended.

When Tom's mother came home, there were so many little girls at the door that she could not think what had happened.

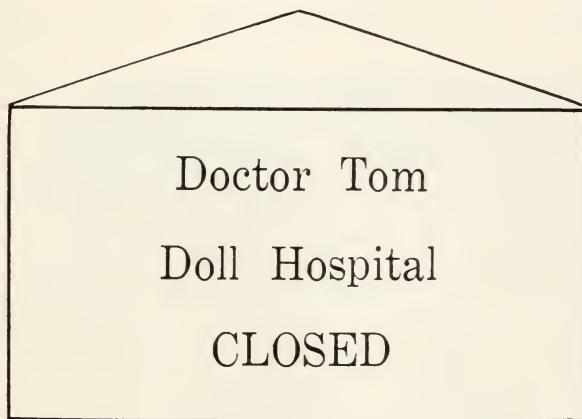


Tom worked and worked and worked, but there was more than he could do.

How his mother laughed when she learned why all the children were there!

"Well, Tom," she said, "you had better put out another sign."

And this is the way the new sign looked:



—*Josette Eugénie Spink*

DICK'S RIDE

Dick sat up in bed. He thought he heard his mother call him.

Yes, Mother was calling.

"Dick, it is six o'clock," called Mother.

Dick jumped out of bed and started to dress. This was to be a great day. It was Dick's birthday. He was six years old. His father had told him that when he was six he would take him for a ride.

Not a ride on a horse, not a ride behind a horse, not a ride in an auto, not a ride in a street car. But a ride right up in the cab of an engine, if you please!

Dick could hardly wait to eat his breakfast. But at last he said good-bye to Mother and left the house with Father.

Father was an engineer. So they went to the roundhouse to get the engine.

“There is the roundhouse, Dick,” said Father. And sure enough, there was a house, round like a circus tent and full of engines.



Soon Dick was sitting up in the cab, watching his father back the engine down the track.

They stopped while the fireman gave the engine some water and coal.

“Now we are a train,” said Father as the engine bumped into some cars and pushed them into a big station.

Before long it was time for the train to start. The fireman pulled the bell and the train pulled out of the station.

How the train flew along the tracks through fields and woods and over rivers!

How the whistle blew before the

train crossed the country roads!

And Father let Dick blow the whistle once.

At last the train pulled into a station in a big city.

“We will get our lunch here,” said Father, “and then go back home again.”

There was a long, funny looking train in the station.

“Look at that funny train, Father,” cried Dick.

“It must be a circus train,” said Father. “There is going to be a circus here. Let’s watch the men take the animals out of the cars.”

There was another little boy watching, too.

"Oh! look," he cried, "there is the dog that rides on a horse. See his funny white spots."

"Are you going to the circus?" asked Dick.

"I'm going with my grandfather," said the little boy, "and we are going to have pop corn and peanuts and everything."

Just then they heard a roar, and one of the tigers ran down the tracks and out of the station as fast as he could.

The men were so afraid of him that they did not run after him. But soon they got their rifles and an auto and started to follow him.

Dick was so excited that he

didn't want any lunch; so Father gave him some bread and an apple as he climbed into the engine cab.

As the train crossed a country road near some woods, Dick cried, "Father, there is the auto and the



men with their rifles and they have the tiger!"'

"Sure enough," said Father.
"I'm glad."

Dick was sleepy and the train was singing to the tracks, "Clickity, clickity, clickity, clickity." And Dick was soon sound asleep.

After a long time he heard his father say, "We are almost home, Dick."

He rubbed his eyes. It was black night outside the cab.

What was it he saw running ahead, shining and yellow?

"Why, it is the tracks," cried Dick. "The light from the engine is shining on them."

Dick thought that the tracks looked as if they ran together like this:

But the tracks did not come together. On and on went the train over the tracks just as before.

"What are the green lights for?" asked Dick.

"They say 'go ahead,'" said Father, as the train pulled into the station and stopped.

"Oh, Mother!" cried Dick as he ran up the steps at home, "I saw a real tiger. It ran away from the circus and the men caught it again."

—*Violet Millis*

THE SWING

How do you like to go
up in a swing,

Up in the air so blue?

Oh, I do think it the
pleasantest thing

Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,

Till I can see so wide,

Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,

Down on the roof so brown—

Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

—*Robert Louis Stevenson*

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LITTLE BOY AND SOLDIER MAN

Little Boy sat on the steps watching the autos as they went by.

He lived not far from the city. Every Saturday many autos went into the city. Little Boy liked to watch them go by. He liked to watch anything that would go.

He had learned about autos, for his father had one. He knew some things about engines, too. One day, at the station, an engineer lifted him up into the cab of his engine. Then Little Boy found out how to start the engine and how to stop it.

But Little Boy had never been close to an airplane. He liked to

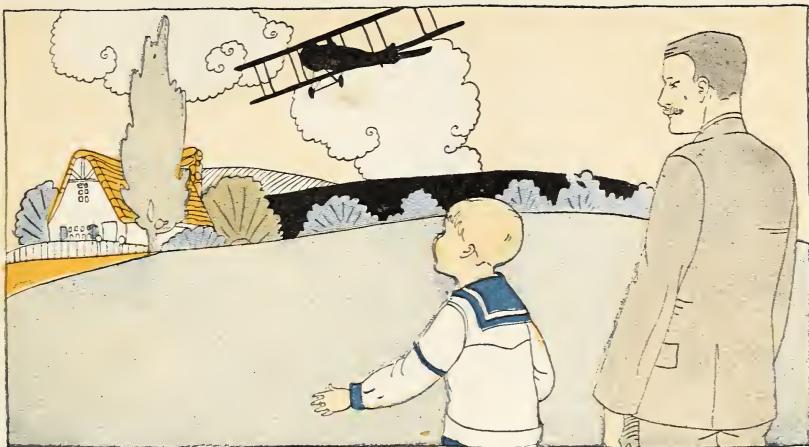
send his paper airplane up into the air and play that he was going up in it. But he wanted very much to be close to a real airplane.

Every day at this time an airplane went flying far over his head. Little Boy always watched it until he could no longer see it.

Little Boy jumped up and cried, "The airplane is coming now! It looks as if it were coming down. Father, come and see!"

"Yes, it is coming down," said Father as he ran down the steps.

Sure enough, down, down through the air it came flying. At last the two wheels touched the ground and the airplane was running across the



field. Then it stopped right behind the house where Little Boy lived.

A man jumped out of the airplane and pulled off his heavy coat and cap.

“Why, you are a Soldier Man!” cried Little Boy.

“I had to come down to mend something,” said the Soldier Man.

“Well, Little Boy will be glad,” said Father. “He has always wanted

to be close to a real airplane."

"Come on, then, and watch while I work," called the Soldier Man.

So Little Boy watched while Father and the Soldier Man worked together on the airplane.

"Now she is ready," said the Soldier Man. "Ask your father, Little Boy, if I may give you a ride in my airplane before I go away."

But Little Boy was so excited that he couldn't say one word.

"Of course you may give him a ride," said Father.

In a moment Little Boy had put on a heavy coat, the Soldier Man had lifted him into the seat, and the airplane was running across the field.



Then the wheels left the ground and

UP

UP

UP

UP

the airplane flew higher than the
birds and higher still. And then

DOWN

DOWN

DOWN

DOWN

it came till the wheels touched the
ground again and went running
across the field up to the little
brown house.

“Well,

*‘How do you like to go
up in the air,*

Up in the air so blue?"'

sang the Soldier Man as he jumped out of the airplane and lifted down Little Boy.

*"Oh, I do think it the
pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!"'*

cried Little Boy. "Only the song really says,

*'How do you like to go
up in a swing?'*

We had that song in school."

"Yes, I had it in school, too," said the Soldier Man. "But I never would say 'swing,' for I always wished I could go on up, up, up, higher than a swing can go."

"And, Father," said Little Boy,

“it was just like the song,
‘Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside.’”

“Well,” said the Soldier Man as
he climbed into his airplane,
“‘Up in the air I go
flying again.’”

And then the airplane ran across
the field, lifted its wheels again,
and went

UP

UP

UP

UP

—*Violet Millis*

UNCLE TED'S PARTY

“There it comes! There he is!” cried Paul, as the train pulled into the station and Uncle Ted came down the steps.

“Give me your bag, Uncle Ted!”

“I’ll take your coat.”

“Oh, what is in that package, Uncle Ted?”

“Mother is waiting in the auto!”

“Well, well, what is all this?”

laughed Uncle Ted. “One, two, three, four, five children to meet me.”

In a moment they were in the auto, rushing up the street, all talking and laughing at once.

Uncle Ted was very busy the

rest of the day. First he went out. Then he came back. Then he went out again. And each time he came back he brought packages with him. Then Mother and Uncle Ted went into the kitchen, closed the door, and talked for a long time.

“Maybe they have a secret,” said Paul to the rest of the children. “Let’s go and play till they come out again.”

At five o’clock Mother and Uncle Ted came into the garden.

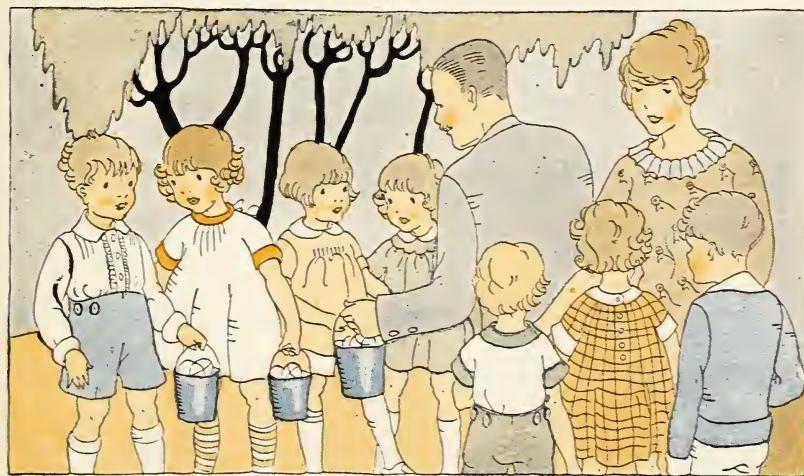
“Now,” said Uncle Ted, “I am going to have a party. Who wants to come to my party?”

“I do,” cried all the children at once. “Where is it?”

"We'll have to go and find it," said Uncle Ted. "And you may each ask one of your little friends to go with you."

"Oh, good! What fun!" cried all the children.

Before long ten little boys and girls were lined up under the trees in the garden, and Uncle Ted and Mother were giving them little blue pails full of packages.



"Come on," called Uncle Ted.
"The parade will start now."

Uncle Ted led the way and the ten children followed him until they came out on the beach of the big lake.

"Oh, I know what we are going to do!" cried Paul.

"What?" asked Uncle Ted.

"Make a big fire and cook our supper," said Paul.

"Right," said Uncle Ted.

"But where is our supper?" cried the other children.

"In the packages in your pails, but don't open them until we have made our fire."

So they all picked up sticks of

wood and made a big fire. When it had burned to coals, they sat down and opened the packages that were in the pails. In each package there was bacon to toast on a stick over the fire. And there was bread to eat with the bacon, an egg, an apple, and a little bottle of red pop.

When it was night, Uncle Ted put more wood on the fire. Then the fire danced higher until the beach was very light.

“Now we’ll open the big package that I brought,” said Uncle Ted.

All the children dropped to their knees around him. Every eye was on the big package. In a moment it was open.

"Oh, what is it, Uncle Ted?" cried all the children.

Uncle Ted was so busy he didn't hear them.

"Paul, you and Dick hold this," he called.

"Look!" cried a little boy. "Uncle Ted is lighting something under a big paper bag and the bag is getting bigger and bigger!"

"Oh, that's a paper balloon," said a little girl. "Father sent one up last Fourth of July. It looked like a big moon in the sky."

In another moment there stood the balloon on the sand, ready to go up in the air. Uncle Ted was helping to hold it now.



"It has a tail like a kite," cried Dick, running around it.

"Yes," said Uncle Ted, "I'm going to light the tail as the balloon goes up. Ready! All hands let go!"

And then up, up, up sailed the balloon like a big moon, with a tail that burned yellow, white, and blue in the sky.

“Oh!” cried the children, dancing up and down on the beach as the wind took the balloon, away out over the lake. They watched and watched until they could see it no more.

“The party is over,” said Uncle Ted. “Let’s go home.”

“Well, when I am big,” said Paul, “I am going to have a party just like this one for little boys and girls.”

“So am I!” cried all the happy children together.

—*Violet Millis*

THE POSTMAN'S PACKAGE

“Billy, if you want to, you may feed my rabbits,” said Richard, one lovely April morning. The two boys had been watching their father paint the steps, and now Richard wanted to get some seeds planted before lunch time.

“All right, I will,” said Billy, who was glad to have the chance.

The white rabbits, Tom and Jerry, were Richard’s very own pets, and he wouldn’t let Billy feed them very often.

“Mother,” called Billy, “have you any green leaves that I can give Tom and Jerry?”

"I'm afraid not," answered his mother.

"Groceries!" called the grocery boy as he ran around the house. "Hi, Billy!" said the grocery boy. "I brought along some cabbage leaves that I thought you boys would like to feed to your rabbits."

"Oh, thank you!" said Billy. "I need them right now."

There was not a sound in the garden as Billy dropped on his knees and held the cabbage leaves down where the rabbits could eat them. He thought it was fun to feel their soft mouths nibbling at the leaves and pulling them out of his hands. Richard was having a

good time, too, as he put the seeds into the ground and thought of the pretty yellow and white flowers that would soon grow there.

Rub-a-dub-dub! sounded from the street.

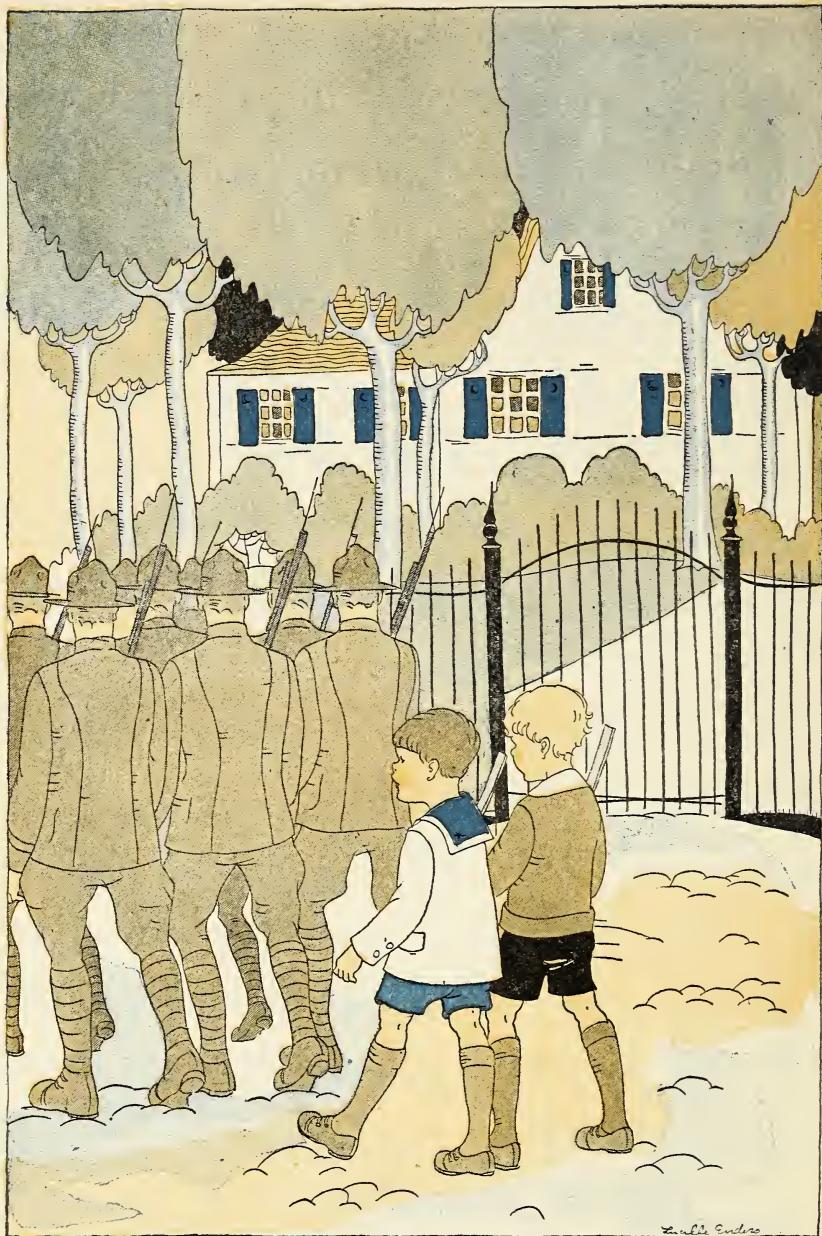
“Soldiers!” cried Billy.

The two boys ran and climbed up on a box to look over the fence. There they were! Lines of men with rifles on their shoulders, all marching in time, tramp! tramp! tramp!

“Come on, Billy,” said Richard.

He turned so fast that he bumped into Billy and they both fell off the box and rolled over and over on the ground.

“Ha, ha, ha! That was funny,”



Zohreh Endres

laughed Richard, as they rolled into the flower bed where the ground was soft. “That will help to keep the seeds in the ground, Billy.”

“Come quickly,” said Billy as he shook himself like a big dog. Then away they ran.

“Run fast, Billy,” said Richard as they ran along.

Soon they caught up with the soldiers.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! went the soldiers’ feet.

Rub-a-dub-dub! rub-a-dub-dub!
went the drum.

“Don’t talk, Billy,” said Richard, “and we can be soldiers, too.” And they marched along behind the men.

On and on they marched until their four little legs felt that they had walked almost far enough.

“Halt!” cried the captain.

A big door opened.

“Forward, march!”

The soldiers went in through the door and left the two little boys out in the street.

The boys stopped. They looked at each other. They were not soldiers after all. They were only Billy and Richard. And where were they?

“Don’t cry, Billy,” said Richard as the tears began to run down Billy’s face. “We can ask someone how to get home.” He was afraid that they were lost, but he was

older than Billy and he thought it would not do to let Billy see him cry.

“Hi, there!” called a voice that they knew. They turned quickly and there was the good old postman they liked so well. They liked him better than ever now. They thought they had never seen a face that looked so good and kind.

“What are you boys doing away out here?” he asked. “Are you lost?”

“Well, you see,” said Richard, “we followed the soldiers and—and—”

“And now you don’t know where you are,” said the postman.

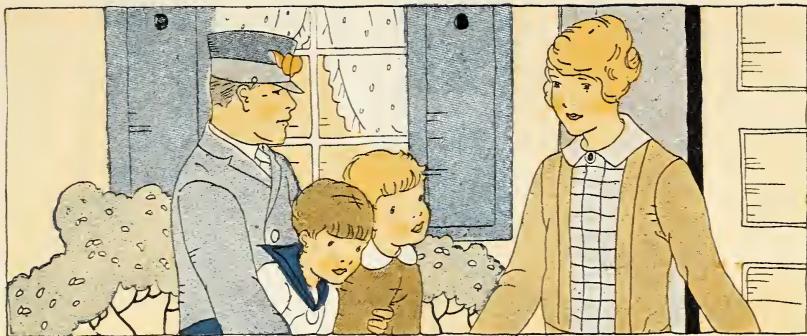
“Thought you were going to war, did you? Well, you had better jump into my auto now and I’ll take you for a ride.”

Oh, how good it felt to be in that auto and to know that they were safe and sound!

It took quite a while to get home for the postman had to leave letters and packages at all the houses and pick up letters and packages at all the boxes.

“Package for you, Lady,” said the postman as the boys’ mother opened the door. There stood the postman with a boy under each arm.

“Why,” said the mother, “what is this?”



“Well, you see, I found them on their way to war and I thought maybe you would like to see them once more before the battle began,” laughed the postman.

“There wasn’t any battle after all,” said Billy. “The soldiers just went through a big door and left us out in the street. Anyway, I think I would rather play with the rabbits than to be a soldier and have to walk all day.”

—*Josette Eugénie Spink*



BUDDY AND BILL

“Hi! Buddy! Come out and see what I brought home!”

Buddy ate the last piece of toast and bacon that he had for his breakfast, and ran down the steps so fast that he almost bumped into

Bill, who was waiting for him outside the door.

Bud, or Buddy, as his father called him, was six years old and Bill was nine, but the two boys were great friends. Bill had been visiting his grandmother in the country for two weeks and Buddy had not liked playing alone.

“Show me what you brought home, Bill,” cried Buddy.

The two boys then crawled through a hole in the fence between their two gardens.

“It’s over there under the steps,” said Bill.

Buddy dropped on his knees and looked under the steps.



Splash! and there in an old tub,
a big turtle fell off a piece of wood
down into the water.

“What fun!” cried Bud as he
rubbed the water out of his eyes.

“I found it on the steps one
morning,” said Bill. “I tried to find
another one for you, but I couldn’t.”

“Oh, I wish you had found an-
other one!” said Bud.

Bill thought a moment, then he

said, “Well, Grandmother has a little bird pool in her garden where the birds all come when they are thirsty. I think I could make a pool like hers for you. How would you like that?”

“Fine,” said Bud. “Lots of birds come to our garden. Could we start it right now?”

“Yes, come on,” said Bill. “Let’s make it in your garden.”

“Let’s make it there right by those flowers that look like the little horns you blow,” said Buddy. “I know the birds like those flowers. One day, I saw a very little bird with a long bill try to get into one.”

“It was only looking for a drink,” laughed Bill. “But let’s go

to work. We must make a hole that looks like a washbowl, deeper in the middle than it is at the edge, but not too deep or the birds will not come to drink.”

“How’s that? Deep enough?” asked Bud.

“Fine!” said Bill. “Now we need some stones.”

“There are some stones back of the garage,” said Buddy, getting out his little cart.

They brought stones in the cart and lined the hole with them.

“Now for the cement,” said Bill, pushing the hair out of his eyes and sitting down. “My! It’s warm!”

"What's cement?" asked Buddy.

"Well," said Bill, "you make papers stick together with paste and you make stones stick together with cement."

"My! You know a lot, Bill," said Bud.

"Oh, well, I go to school," said Bill, "and anyway we made a bird pool in our school garden last year."

Bill brought a paper bag from his father's garage.

"What's that?" said Bud as Bill opened it. "It looks like flour."

"That is cement," said Bill; "but we must put a bag of sand with it and mix them both with water."



The boys mixed the cement and then poured it over the stones that they had put into the hole.

"It does look just like a little washbowl set in the ground," said Buddy.

"Now let's print something

around the edge of the pool," said Bill. "Mother always prints around the edge of a pie when she makes one."

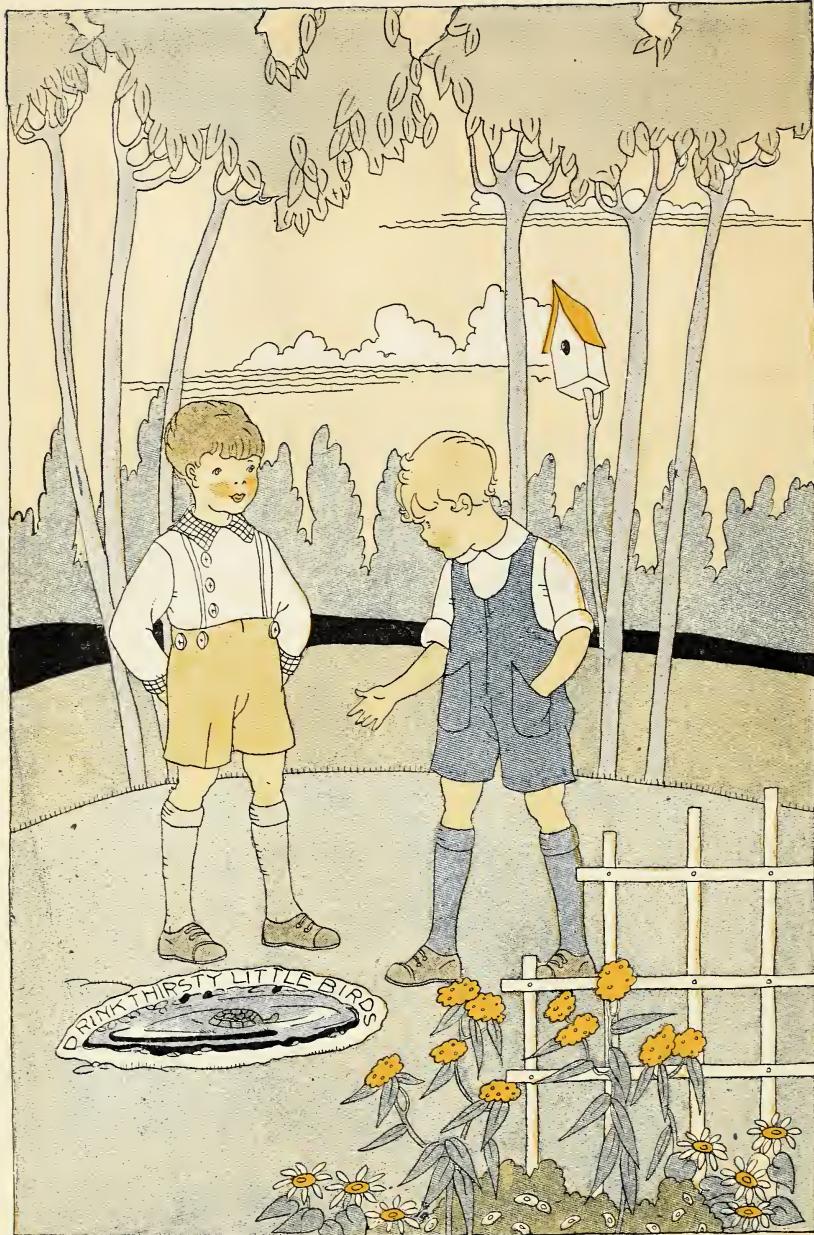
"Oh! Let's print words!" cried Bud. "You make the letters, Bill. You can make them better than I can and I'll tell you what to print."

"All right," said Bill getting a sharp stick. "Ready!"

"DRINK, THIRSTY LITTLE BIRDS," said Buddy.

Bill was printing the last letter of BIRDS as Buddy's mother came out with some cookies for the boys.

"What a lovely bird pool," she said, "and how pretty it is, with the flowers and words around it!"



“We’ll put water into it now,” said Bill, “and in the morning it will be all ready for the birds’ breakfast.”

The next morning while at breakfast, Bill heard Buddy calling, “Hi! Come out, Bill, and see what I have!”

Bill crawled through the fence into Buddy’s garden. There in the middle of the bird pool was Bill’s turtle!

“Well, I think it will have to be your turtle, too, Buddy!” said Bill. “And we will make a big turtle pool for him.”

“Let’s start it right now!” said Buddy.

—*Violet Millis*

WORD LIST

1	letters	21	28
Jack-a-bed	must	between	box
wake	14	green	crawled
4	across	if	glad
woke	another	off	hand
5	answer	wide	meet
breakfast	ground	22	men
find	held	better	sleep
got	second	fall	sleepy
own	stick	fast	30
6	15	given	shore
an	before	long	start
black	could	while	stopped
egg	foot	23	32
milk	just	called	nests
spring	read	still	should
7	these	stop	their
enough	thing	24	33
thought	word	along	ago
8	write	far	balls
corn	16	last	dreams
leaves	town	right	feathers
made	17	sitting	head
moo	behind	something	hope
soft	face	voice	silver
sound	help	25	think
wind	horse	well	34
9	met		does
flower	road		eyes
hold	smile	26	fire
laugh	18	change	happy
seeds	back	clothes	near
10	great	drop	rest
brought	third	felt	35
cluck	19	myself	asleep
drink	around	time	hardly
friends	following	27	lost
himself	turned	captain	open
11	20	gone	until
playing	field	know	wish
school	follow	river	36
12	left	ship	dear
brother	more	sure	light
learn	once	than	night

say	bear	longer	Billy
song	ears	polite	city
track	grandfather	stand	honey
37	heavy	wanted	62
anything	pull	52	buy
butterflies	rug	grandmother	pets
magic	skin	lie	poor
place	white	try	someone
row	45	53	63
story	Russia	ask	auto
tales	uncle	birthday	bzzz
38	46	fairy	garage
Jane	cold	six	roof
making	country	years	shining
Peter	hunted	54	singing
valentines	rifle	lunch	sun
very	send	ready	65
39	sold	55	air
every	47	book	bread
heart	coat	cake	bring
wait	heard	fairies	busy
week	listen	need	dust
40	many	new	legs
best	sent	skates	pounds
ever	48	57	worked
quickly	aunt	doll	yellow
side	children	dresses	66
41	cooky	hair	sell
boat	errands	our	67
sailing	truth	Saturday	door
42	49	sew	eating
garden	always	together	jumped
hole	blackberries	58	led
lake	church	babies	Pedro
life	girls	each	room
sails	instead	such	snow
saving	Quaker	told	tall
station	summer	59	68
swim	thee	fat	bone
43	took	loved	cap
cabin	51	thin	cried
rolled	any	60	running
sometimes	care	lot	69
tools	cookies	secret	cannot
wheels	feet	sits	hide
44	hot	61	those
afraid	knew	bee	

70	scissors	31	round
funny	walk	cry	trace
71	82	everywhere	106
bumped	blew	only	gather
paper	cart	Zip	peep
rubbing	knives	93	pick
72	popped	goodbye	rides
ink	pushed	94	rough
names	sharp	bang	107
pen	stone	cross	organ
73	whistled	95	Pippo
lifted	83	circus	sunshine
shall	belts	everyone	Toni
74	till	parade	108
Jacky	Tink	talk	been
picnic	84	96	dropped
75	nine	animals	having
flying	o'clock	bag	pennies
full	ten	dancing	109
maybe	twelve	giving	began
robin	85	nothing	fence
spots	engine	tigers	110
through	sleepyheads	98	basket
77	86	snowstorm	bow
alone	happen	99	looking
climbed	I'll	fanned	table
party	87	four	which
pieces	keep	late	111
puppy	never	100	almost
warm	or	too-too-t	bad
78	sharpened	101	pocket
coming	step	park	113
79	street	windows	John
crawling	tried	103	jumping
worm	Tunk	Betty	raining
80	88	fell	raindrops
fun	dull	puff	rainy
monkey	Mr.	104	114
81	89	arms	cheer
about	cut	safe	rain
balloon	lady	watched	Ruth
blue	money	105	sang
grinder	90	April	115
lucky	Bob	dances	cape
peanuts	Hi	grow	game
pop	I'm	lying	hood
	knife		moment

riding	126	clickity	cook
Ted	don't	outside	supper
wolf	pool	rubbed	155
116	127	141	bacon
glasses	Betsy	real	bottle
117	bubbles	142	burned
breath	doctor	cattle	knees
caught	hospital	child	toast
ended	Peggy	countryside	156
everything	seem	pleasantest	bigger
Fido	soap	swing	Fourth
Mary	129	wall	getting
mouth	Honk	143	helping
118	pushing	much	July
cupboard	stood	soldier	lighting
Hubbard	rushing	144	moon
queen	130	airplane	sand
tarts	lovely	145	sky
119	paste	touched	157
carpenter	131	146	goes
mended	sign	couldn't	kite
Tom	133	course	tail
Tunkett	closed	seat	159
visit	134	148	chance
120	cab	brown	feed
click	calling	higher	Jerry
hear	car	149	often
shoes	Dick	really	planted
shop	135	151	postman
stay	engineer	five	Richard
121	roundhouse	laughing	160
bench	tent	package	cabbage
123	136	Paul	feel
board	coal	talking	groceries
chest	train	waiting	nibbling
hard	watching	152	pulling
pine	woods	first	161
set	137	kitchen	both
smokestack	blow	let's	Ha
124	138	153	marching
bore	excited	lined	rub-a-dub-
hammer	roar	pails	dub
nails	139	154	shoulders
125	didn't	beach	tramp
paint	140		163
railing	ahead		drum
string			marched
			shook

164	battle	tub	173
forward	rather	turtle	flour
halt			mix
tears			
165	168	171	174
doing	Bill	fine	poured
kind	Buddy	thirsty	print
older			
seen			
166	169	172	175
war	Bud	cement	pie
	show	deep	printing
	visiting	deeper	
	it's	edge	
167	170	173	177
anyway	splash	middle	next
		washbowl	

ESSENTIAL PRIMER VOCABULARY*

a	dog	I	out	they
after	down	in	over	this
again	eat	into	pig	three
all	father	is	play	to
am	flew	it	please	too
and	for	Jack	pretty	tree
apple	found	let	put	two
are	from	like	rabbits	under
as	gave	little	ran	up
at	get	lives	red	us
ate	give	look	run	was
away	go	make	said	water
baby	going	man	sat	way
be	good	may	saw	we
bed	has	me	see	went
big	had	morning	she	were
birds	have	mother	sing	what
boy	he	mouse	so	when
but	hen	my	some	where
by	her	no	soon	who
came	here	not	take	why
can	hill	now	tell	will
cat	him	of	thank	with
come	his	oh	that	would
cow	home	old	the	yes
day	horn	on	them	you
did	house	one	then	your
do	how	other	there	

* See preface, page vi





MAR 1

