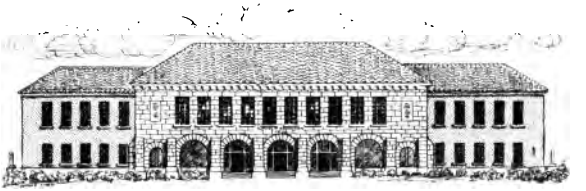
THE BROWNE READERS

BOOK THREE



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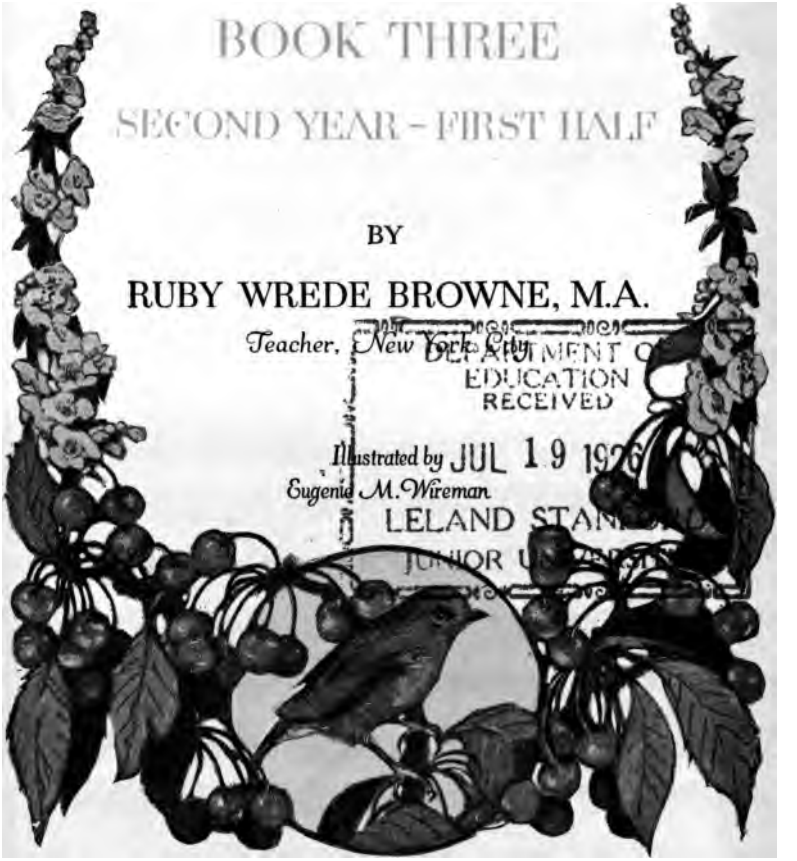

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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

Keep in mind that the aim of the reading lesson is to secure *speed* and *accuracy* in the process of obtaining the thought of the written page, and that *silent reading* is the great means to this end.

In all the stories the *thought* element must precede the correct oral expression. Arouse an intelligent interest in the story before taking up the reading itself. Talk *about* the story and the setting; discuss the characters in the story and let the children discuss the pictures. Correlate your work in nature and ethics with the reading lesson. As each sentence or paragraph is read aloud, make sure that its full meaning is understood. Give to the children as much related information as is practicable.

Unknown Words. The teacher is referred to the "Review Words" following the stories in the reader, wherein are listed, in the order in which they first appear, all the new words, both sight and phonetic, that occur in the reader. A glance through the lists shows the teacher the phonetic elements that must be drilled upon and the sight words that must be taken up each day. The child must learn the *phonetic* words from the phonetic drill which precedes the reading lesson. If he cannot get the *sight* words through adroit questioning by the teacher, he must be told what they are. Every word in the new

sentence or paragraph must be known to every child before the sentence or paragraph is read aloud.

Particular stress is laid upon the *word drill after* the reading lesson. This does not contradict the statement: *Every word in the new sentence or paragraph must be known to every child before the sentence or paragraph is read aloud.* It refers simply to the drudgery of the reading lesson, — the drill on sight words, — the object of which is to impress the visible form of the unknown word so thoroughly upon the mind of the child that he will recognize the word when he sees it in new surroundings. If fifteen or twenty minutes are spent in trying to teach isolated words before anything is said about the *content* of the reading lesson, the child is tired out; his mind is not in the best condition to take up the reading itself. Let the child's interest be aroused by the story or content at the beginning of the reading period. The *drill* on the new words of the lesson will be more spirited because thought has been associated with these words.

The following method of taking up the reading lesson is suggested for use with this reader:

I. Phonetic drill upon the new and unknown phonetic words that occur in the story to be read.

II. Conversation; picture study; discussion of the characters in the story; the setting of the story; a short talk *about* the story, — perhaps no more than the title of the story will suggest.

III. Recapitulation: "What did we read about yesterday?" when the story is continued.

IV. Silent reading of the first paragraph for *words*.

(*a*) *Known* words recognized. Review. Word pointing. "Point to 'branch,' 'own,' 'first.'" Walk down the aisles and see that each child is pointing to the word you ask for. Vary the exercise by saying, "Tell me the third word in the first line; the sixth word in the next line."

(*b*) *Unknown* words. There has been no blackboard work upon the new *sight* words of the lesson. The preliminary phonetic drill has given the child the new and unknown *phonetic* words. If a child sees a word he does not know, let him stand or raise his hand. Question him about the thought of the sentence; if he can help himself by sounding the letters in the word, let him do so. If he cannot get the word then, tell it to him, or, better still, let the other children tell him. As each new or unknown word is made known, write it upon the blackboard several times, calling upon different children to name the word as you write it.

V. Phrase study. Write upon the blackboard any phrases there may be in the paragraph. Call upon the children to read the phrase from the blackboard and to find the same phrase in their readers.

VI. Silent reading of the first paragraph for *thought*. Ask the child to tell you what he has read about in the paragraph. Question him upon

the meanings of words. Discuss the allusions in the paragraph. Get as much thought out of the paragraph as possible.

II. Oral reading of the first paragraph by the children. Read the paragraph yourself as an example for the children in correct oral expression, emphasizing particularly negatives, adjectives, adverbs, and all other words demanding emphasis and expression.

In the same manner take up, paragraph by paragraph, the rest of the lesson you have planned for the day, remembering that it is quality and quantity of *thought*, and not quantity of *words* and *pages*, that make a reading lesson valuable and worth while.

II. Oral reading of the entire lesson for continuity of thought.

X. Word drills upon the words asked for during the silent reading, that is, the words you have written upon the blackboard. Perception cards may be made up of words and phrases taken from the reading lesson.

X. When the children know the story, not by hearing the teacher tell it but by reading it for themselves, let them reproduce and dramatize it.

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THE LITTLE HOME

Two brown sparrows sat high up among the branches of a tall oak tree.

It was a beautiful day in spring.

Father Sun was shining and the little sparrows were very happy. They hopped about among the branches, chirping and talking to each other.

"Have you seen the new house that Farmer Brown has made?" said one little sparrow to the other. "He has put it up on a tall pole close by

the stream in the garden. I saw Mrs. Martin looking at it the other day. I think she will move into it. I heard her tell Mrs. Robin that it is just the kind of house she should like to live in."

"I like a house that is out in the wide fields," said the other sparrow. "When I get ready to build my nest, I shall look for a low bush in the middle of a big sunny field."

"I shall, too," said the first sparrow. "I shall make my home in a low bush where there will be green leaves to shade my little ones when they are in the nest."

"When are you going to build your nest?" asked the second sparrow. "*The days* are so warm and sunny

that I think I shall begin to gather twigs and straws next week."

"Next week will be time enough, I think," said the first sparrow. "Let us go together to get the twigs and straws."

A low black cloud began to creep over the sky. Slowly, slowly, it came across the sky. It crept right across the face of Father Sun.

"O dear! it's going to rain!" cried the sparrows, and, pitter, patter, pitter, patter, down came the rain!

The poor little sparrows up in the oak tree flew from one branch to another to get out of the rain. They had no umbrellas and no little shoes! They had no hats and no little coats! They had only their feathers

to cover them, and now the rain had wet all their feathers!

They flew away from the tall oak tree to a big field near by. In the middle of the field there was a low bush, thick with green leaves.

The two wet little birds flew over to the low bush. Down among the thick green leaves they flew.

Pitter, patter, came the rain down upon the bush. But the leaves were so thick that the rain could not get near the two little birds.

"Come! come!" said Father Sun to the cloud, "are you going to rain all day? I want to shine down upon the earth again!" and he poked his face out from behind the cloud.

Then the wind came along and

blew the rain cloud away. So once again Father Sun was shining.

Out from the thick leaves flew the little sparrows. They flew to the top of the tall oak tree. Father Sun shone down upon them until all their feathers were dry.

"I have found a place to build my home," said one little sparrow.

"I know!" said the other. "Under the leaves of that bush in the field!"

"Yes," said the first sparrow, "and there is room for your home, too. Next week we will begin to gather twigs and straws!" And they did.

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER

A little grasshopper was dancing about in the bright summer sunshine. Hoppity skip! over the fields he went as gayly as could be.

Little Black Ant was running here and there, looking for food.

Mr. Grasshopper saw her.

"Don't work so hard," said he.

"Come and have some fun this

beautiful, warm summer day. Come and dance over the fields with me!"

"No, no! I have no time to dance," said Black Ant. "I must store up food for the winter."

"Oh, the winter is far away," said Mr. Grasshopper. "Come and have fun while you have the chance. It will be too cold to dance later on."

"It will be too cold to get food later on, too," answered Black Ant. "You may dance if you wish, but I shall fill up my house with food."

"Very well!" said Mr. Grasshopper, "do as you wish! but you are very foolish!" and he danced gayly away over the fields.

Mr. Grasshopper danced all summer long. He had a merry time in the

fields, dancing about in the bright summer sunshine.

Soon cold winter came on. All the green grass, all the grain, everything that grasshoppers live upon was gone!

Mr. Grasshopper went to the door of Black Ant's house. Black Ant peeped out.

"What do you want?" asked she.

"There is nothing for me to eat," said

Mr. Grasshopper. "I am starving! Will you give me a little food?"

"Did you not store up food for the winter?" asked Black Ant.

"No," said Mr. Grasshopper. "The sun was so bright and the days were so lovely that I danced all the summer away!"

"Well, then you will have to dance the winter away!" said Black Ant. "I have nothing for you!" and she went into her house, leaving foolish Mr. Grasshopper out in the cold!

THE THIEF!

"Tweet, tweet! Tweet, tweet!" cried Mrs. Robin from the apple tree. "Tweet, tweet, tweet! I can't find my nest."

"Perhaps this is not your home tree," said little Jenny Wren.

"Oh, yes!" said Mrs. Robin, "this

is my apple tree. I built my home here because the tree is just by the brook. I could slip down and get a cool drink while my birdies were asleep. Yes, this is my tree, but where, oh, where are my three dear little babies? Where is my little home?"

Just then Robin Red Breast came flying to the apple tree.

"What's the matter, mother?" he asked.

"O Robin, Robin dear, our little home is gone!" cried Mrs. Robin. "Our dear little babies are gone!"

"Gone! gone!" cried Robin, "why, where have they gone?"

"I don't know," cried Mrs. Robin. "I can't find out."

Robin Red Breast flew here and

there, from this branch to that, but not a nest [illegible] birdie could he see.

"Oh, w[illegible] e do? What shall we [illegible] ried.

T[illegible] noise that all the o[illegible] chard heard them. [illegible] see what was the [illegible]

"It is a [illegible] "Let us find out [illegible] and the little Robi[illegible] s fly about and ask it [illegible] has seen the little Robin fa[illegible]

All the birds flew first to Little Red Hen.

"Little Red Hen, have you seen the Robin family?" they asked. "Did you take their nest away from the apple tree?"

"Indeed, no!" said Little Red Hen. "I wouldn't do such a cruel thing! Why, I gave Mrs. Robin some feathers for her nest. What a shame! Who could have done such a cruel thing?"

"We are going to fly about until we find out," said all the birds.

Then they flew to Mrs. Duck.

"Mrs. Duck, did you take a nest away from the apple tree by the brook?" they asked. "Some one has stolen Mrs. Robin's nest with her three little babies in it."

"How can you ask such a thing?" cried Mrs. Duck. "Do you think I should want any one to steal my

nest and my little ducklings? Don't ask me such a thing again! Quack, quack! Tell Mrs. Robin that I am very sorry for her and that I have not seen her little family."

An old mother sheep, with her little lamb, lay in a field near by.

The birds flew to her.

"Mother Sheep," they asked, "have you seen Mrs. Robin's family? Some one has stolen her nest and her three little babies!"

"What!" said Mother Sheep. "Is n't that a shame! Who could have done such a cruel thing? No, I have n't seen them anywhere. Poor Mother Robin! I gave her some of my wool to make her nest soft and warm for her babies. Oh, what a cruel thing! Baa, baa!"

Just then Teddy came running from the barn, barking with all his might.

"I wonder if he has seen the Robin family," said a little sparrow. "Let us ask him."

"Do not go too near," said a wise

old crow. "You know Teddy likes birds. Speak to him from the branch of a tree."

"Teddy! Teddy!" called the sparrow from the branch of a tree. "Did you steal the little Robin family from the apple tree by the brook?"

"No!" said Teddy, "but I know who did! Bow, wow, wow!"

"Tell us! tell us! quick!" cried all the birds at once.

"Ask Old Tom, the black cat, about it!" answered Teddy as he ran off.

Then all the birds flew to find Old Tom, the big black cat.

They found him sunning himself on the front doorstep.

"Look out!" said the wise old crow. "Don't go too near! He may jump for you!"

But the birds did not think of that. They knew they had found the right one at last.

"Tom," they cried, "did you steal the little Robin family away from the apple tree?"

Tom blinked his big yellow eyes but never said a word.

"You did! you know you did!" cried all the birds, and they flew at him and pecked him and bit him!

There were so many of them that Tom could not do a thing to help himself.

When they thought that they had punished him enough, the birds flew away.

Tom crept quietly into the house. He let birds alone after that!

HOW MRS. CROW LOST HER SUPPER

"I am very hungry!" said an old black crow. "I have had nothing to eat to-day. If I do not find something very soon, I shall have to go to bed hungry. Caw! caw! caw!"

She flew over to the roof of a house. The maid was just throwing out some scraps from the supper table.

"Perhaps I shall find something there," thought the crow, and she flew down into the garden.

Yes, there were some cake crumbs on the ground! How good they tasted to hungry Mrs. Crow! She picked up every one she could find.

Then she spied a big piece of cheese! She snatched it up in her beak and quickly flew away to the branch of a tall oak tree.

Now Mr. Fox happened to be walking along the road below just as Mrs. Crow flew to the tree.

"I smell cheese!" said Mr. Fox to himself. He looked about him and it was not long before he spied Mrs. Crow up in the tall oak tree.

"Ah!" thought Mr. Fox, "that

cheese will be just the supper for me!" and, looking up into the tree, he said, "Good evening, Mrs. Crow!"

Mrs. Crow nodded her head. She could not speak because she had the piece of cheese in her beak.

"Ah, I see you are eating your supper," said Mr. Fox. "I am sorry

that I did not get here a little sooner. I have come a long way just to hear you sing. Mrs. Robin told me you have a beautiful voice.

She says you can sing like a lark, but I know you can sing much better than that. Try it and see!"

The foolish old crow opened her mouth to sing. "Caw! caw! caw!" she squeaked, and down fell the big piece of cheese to the ground!

It fell right down in front of Mr. Fox. He snatched it up in his mouth and away he went, over the hills like a streak of light.

Mr. Fox made a fine supper of the big piece of cheese. Foolish Mrs. Crow had only a few crumbs of cake for her supper.

A FRIEND IN NEED

Mr. Cottontail was such a bright, happy little rabbit that everybody liked him. All day long he leaped and jumped about in the warm sunshine.

He was glad to be alive! He was glad that all the other animals liked him.

"How fine it is to have so many

friends!" he said to Doc, the old farm horse. Doc was feeding in a field and Mr. Cottontail was sitting on a stone wall near by.

"Yes, indeed!" said Doc. "One can't have too many friends."

Just then some hounds began to bark. They had found Mr. Cottontail's tracks and were after him.

"Hark! the hounds are coming!" cried Mr. Cottontail. "Quick! let me jump upon your back and you can carry me to a safe place."

Doc backed quickly away.

"No, no!" he said. "I cannot carry you. I must work for my master. Go and ask Black Bull."

Mr. Cottontail leaped and jumped into the next field.

Black Bull was lying in the cool shade of a chestnut tree.

"Oh, help me, Black Bull!" cried Mr. Cottontail. "The hounds are after me! Will you drive them away with your horns?"

"Indeed, I cannot, dear Mr. Cottontail," said Black Bull. "I have been feeding all day out in the hot sun.

I'm really too tired to move. Perhaps Big Billy will help you."

Away went Mr. Cottontail to Big Billy, the goat.

"Big Billy, the hounds are coming after me!" he cried. "Will you take me upon your back and carry me out of their way?"

"I may hurt you with my great horns if I take you upon my back," answered Big Billy. "But I am sure

Mother Sheep will help you if you ask her. She is always very kind."

Mr. Cottontail leaped and jumped over to the corner of the field where Mother Sheep lay.

"Will you help me, Mother Sheep?" he asked. "The hounds have found my tracks and are after me. I have asked Doc, and Black Bull, and Big Billy, but none of them will help me. Will you help me to get away before the hounds catch me and kill me?"

"The hounds might kill me too," said Mother Sheep. "No, I cannot help you. You will have to ask somebody else."

The hounds were now quite near. Mr. Cottontail could hear them barking loudly not far off.

"I see that if I am to be saved, I must save myself!" thought he.

Then he leaped and jumped through the field and over the stone wall. He soon reached a safe place.

"I really thought I had a great many friends!" said Mr. Cottontail. "A friend in need is a friend indeed!"

HELP ONE ANOTHER

"I have worked in the hot sun all day," said little Black Ant. "I have carried sand all day long. My little hill house will soon be ready. I'll go down to the brook and get a drink, then rest until to-morrow."

Down to the brook in the garden went little Black Ant. How cool

and fresh the water tasted to the tired and thirsty little ant!

Black Ant leaned over to take a long, cool drink. She leaned over too far and fell into the water!

A little gray dove was sitting upon the branch of a tree near by. She saw Black Ant fall into the water. She pulled a leaf from the tree with her beak and dropped it into the water near Black Ant.

Black Ant quickly drew herself up on the leaf. Soon she was able to speak.

"You have saved my life, kind dove," she said. "I thank you!"

Not long after that, Black Ant happened to be in the same garden looking for something to eat.

The little gray dove flew by.

Just then a boy came running into the garden. He had a gun in his hand and was going to shoot the dove. He leaned his hand against a tree and pointed the gun toward the dove.

Black Ant saw that the boy was about to shoot the dove. She went like a flash toward the boy. She seemed to fly over the ground.

Just as the boy was ready to shoot, Black Ant reached him and stung him upon the hand.

The boy quickly dropped his gun, and the dove flew away out of reach.

"You have paid me for the life I saved, little ant," she called. "I thank you!"

THE FOOLISH LITTLE MICE

A little brown mouse lived down in a dark cellar. In the house next door lived her sister.

One dark night the little brown mouse ran over to see her sister.

"Come over to my house," she said. "All the people have gone away. I am all alone.

Come! I'll take you upstairs to the kitchen. There is a big pantry in the kitchen. The door is always open. There are ever so many good things to eat in our pantry!"

"But isn't Old Tom, the black cat, at home?" asked the sister.

"Why, haven't you heard the news?" asked the brown mouse. "Dear me! you

live quite out of the world. I really don't see how you can live and not hear any news. I am out every day and hear everything that goes on. What do you do all day long? Do you just stay at home doing nothing?"

"I am afraid to go away from my house," said the little sister mouse. "There are so many cats about!"

"Cats! If you stop to think of the cats that are about, you will never go anywhere," said the brown mouse. "When I go out I never think of cats!"

"I am not so brave as you are," said the sister. "But tell me the news about Old Tom. Is he dead?"

"No, he is not dead, but he may as well be for all the harm he is

able to do to us," answered the brown mouse. "My people took him up to the country with them last week, so you see it is quite safe over at my house now."

The two little mice went back to the dark cellar. They scampered up the cellar stairs. The door at the top of the stairs was open. It led right into the kitchen.

"This is our kitchen. Come in!" said the little brown mouse. "And there is the pantry I told you about. See, the door is wide open!"

The two little mice ran into the pantry. What a noise they made as they scampered over the floor! It was very lucky for them that Old Tom was up in the country!

"See the shelves!" said the brown mouse. "They are very low. We can easily reach them."

Up on the pantry shelves scampered the two little mice. They made a great noise among the pans and dishes, but they did not care, for there was no one to hear.

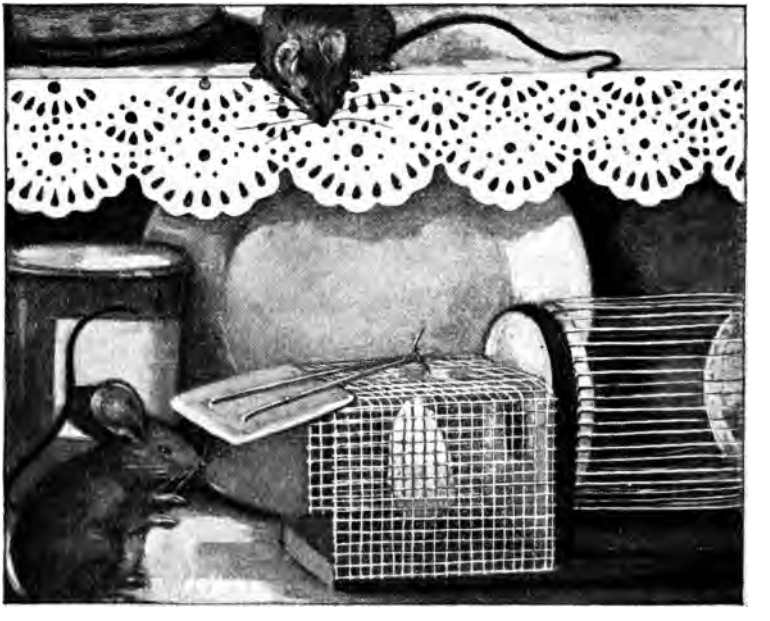
"I smell cheese!" said the sister.

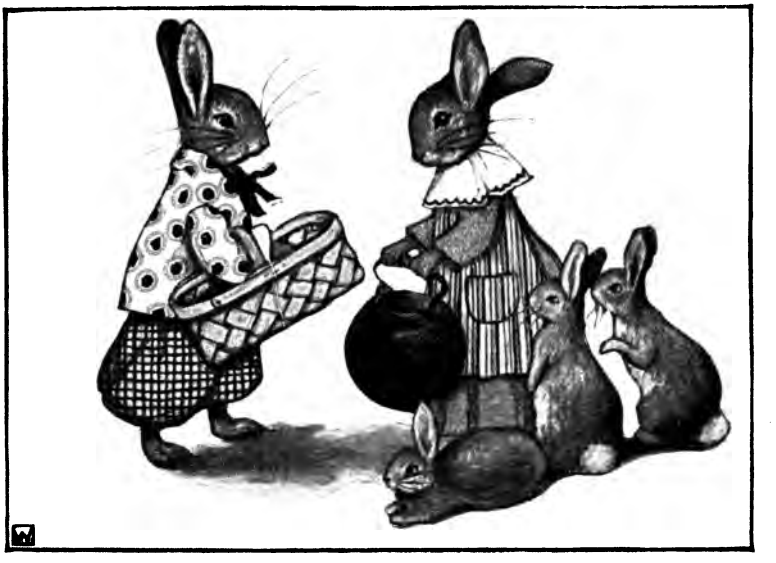
"I do, too!" said the brown mouse,

"and there it is, in that little wire house over there!"

"Oh, the door is open!" cried the sister. "Come, let us get the cheese!"

They both ran into the little wire house. Down came the door, and the foolish little mice were caught in the trap!





THE RACE

"I am going to the cabbage field," said Mr. Rabbit to his little wife.

"If the cabbages are large, I shall bring one home for dinner. Put the kettle on and have the water boiling hot." Then off he started for the cabbage field.

Mr. Rabbit stopped at the brook

to get a drink. Mr. Turtle was sitting on a log in the middle of the brook. He stuck his head out of his shell house as Mr. Rabbit came near.

"Good morning, Mr. Rabbit!" he said. "Where are you going so early this fine morning?"

"I am going to the cabbage field," said Mr. Rabbit. "If the cabbages are

large, I shall bring one home for dinner. I told my wife to put the kettle on and have the water boiling hot by the time I reach home."

"I'll go along with you to the cabbage field," said Mr. Turtle. "It is such a pleasant morning; and the walk will be good for me."

"You!" laughed Mr. Rabbit. "It would be long past my dinner time before you reached the cabbage field. No, I'll go alone. You walk so slowly, you could never keep up with me."

Mr. Turtle was angry.

"Indeed!" said he, "I can walk as fast and as well as you can."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Rabbit. "You think you can!"

"Try it and see!" Mr. Turtle

answered. "I'll run a race with you. Then we shall see!"

"All right," answered Mr. Rabbit. "I'll race with you. How far shall we run?"

"To the cabbage field, if you wish," said Mr. Turtle. "Ready! One, two, three! Go!" and off they started.

Mr. Rabbit went like the wind.

Mr. Turtle walked slowly along.

By and by Mr. Rabbit stopped and looked about him. Mr. Turtle was nowhere in sight.

"It will take him an hour to get here," thought Mr. Rabbit. "I'll just lie down and take a little nap. I'll wake up when I hear Mr. Turtle going by." So Mr. Rabbit lay down by the roadside and soon fell asleep.

Slowly, slowly Mr. Turtle came along the road. By and by he came to the place where Mr. Rabbit lay asleep.

Mr. Turtle did not make a sound. He walked softly by.

Mr. Rabbit did not see him nor hear him. He was sound asleep.

"There is the cabbage field!" said Mr. Turtle, looking down the road. "I shall soon be there!"

Sure enough, at last he reached the cabbage field. He sat down to wait for Mr. Rabbit.

Mr. Rabbit slept for an hour or more. At last he woke up. He looked about him, but Mr. Turtle was nowhere in sight.

"Dear me, he is very slow!" said

Mr. Rabbit. "Well, I may as well go along. I'll go to the field and get my cabbage, then I'll walk back and meet Mr. Turtle on the way."

Mr. Rabbit walked slowly to the cabbage field. There sat Mr. Turtle quietly waiting for him!

"You!" cried Mr. Rabbit, and he was so angry that he turned around and ran straight back home without the cabbage!

THE PROUD LITTLE SQUIRREL

Little Gray Squirrel first opened his eyes one beautiful morning in spring. He was lying in a warm nest in a hole in a tree.

"What a beautiful baby he is!" he heard some one say.

Little Gray Squirrel grew and grew and grew. Every day he grew bigger and bigger.

Then, one day, he was old enough and strong enough to come out of his nest in the hole in the tree.

He crept slowly out upon the branch beside his home. He walked very, very slowly at first. He wanted to try his little feet to see if they were strong enough to hold him. He

walked out to the end of the branch and then he walked back again.

"Now," said his mother, "try it again, but this time walk a little faster."

Little Gray Squirrel walked slowly, slowly, then faster, faster, faster, to the end of the branch.

"Now, run!" said his mother. "Run back to the nest. I know you can do it!" And back to the nest little Gray Squirrel ran. He ran so fast that he seemed to fly over the branch to the nest. His long, bushy tail stood straight out behind him.

"Oh, what a wonderful baby you are!" said his mother. Then she called all the squirrels of the woods to come and see what a wonderful baby she had.

Little Gray Squirrel sat proudly upon the branch of the tree. His long, bushy tail curled proudly up behind him.

"He is a wonderful baby!" said all the squirrels. "What a beautiful bushy tail he has!"

They chattered and chattered and made such a noise that all the birds of the woods came flying to see what was the matter.

"Oh!" said the birds when they saw little Gray Squirrel, "what a beautiful baby he is! What a long, bushy tail he has!"

"Run!" said his mother. "Show all these people how well you can run!" and Gray Squirrel ran out to the end of the branch and back again. His long, bushy tail stood straight out behind him.

"He is a wonderful baby!" said all the squirrels.

"You ought to be very proud of him," said all the birds.

"I am very proud of him!" said

Gray Squirrel's mother. But nobody knew that Gray Squirrel was very proud, too.

After that day little Gray Squirrel would sit by himself thinking and thinking.

"What a wonderful squirrel I am!" he would say to himself. "What a beautiful long, bushy tail I have!"

He would sit proudly upon the branch of his home tree with his long, bushy tail curled proudly up behind him.

He did not run about like the other little squirrels. He had no time to run about and play. He stayed near the home tree and thought and thought how wonderful and how beautiful he was.

"Only the squirrels and the birds of these woods have seen me," he said to himself one day. "I must go out into the world and let the whole world see me!"

So he told his mother that he was going to leave the woods and go out into the world so that the whole world might see him.

"You are not old enough to go out of these woods," said his mother. "There are things in the world that you do not know about. There are things in the world that will catch you and eat you."

"But I can run fast now. No one can catch me now!" said Gray Squirrel. "I am so wonderful and so beautiful that no one can catch me, I'm sure!"

"Yes, you are wonderful and beautiful, but you are not very old yet," said his mother. "Go out into the world if you will, but look out for dogs!"

"Dogs?" said Gray Squirrel. "What are dogs?"

"Some of the things in the world

that will catch you and eat you," said Mother Squirrel.

"They can't catch me!" said little Gray Squirrel, and away he ran. He ran on and on, and soon he was far away from his home in the hole in the tree.

Out into the fields and into the bright sunshine he ran. Oh, how bright and warm the sunshine was!

Mrs. Field Mouse was sitting upon a stone in the middle of a field. Gray Squirrel saw her, but he did not know who she was.

"I am not afraid of this thing!" said he. "I shall go up to it and show it how beautiful I am."

Gray Squirrel went proudly up to Mrs. Field Mouse. He sat before her

with his long, bushy tail curled proudly up behind him.

"Look at me!" he said. "Do you not see how wonderful I am and what a beautiful bushy tail I have?"

"You may be wonderful and beautiful," said Mrs. Field Mouse, "but look out for dogs!"

"Dogs!" said Gray Squirrel. "I am

not afraid of dogs!" and away he ran through the field.

Mr. Chipmunk was sitting upon a stone wall. Little Gray Squirrel spied Mr. Chipmunk upon the wall.

"Why, here is some one who looks a little like me," said Gray Squirrel to himself. "He has n't such soft hair and such a beautiful bushy tail

as I have. I wonder who he is. I'll go up to him and show him how beautiful I am."

Gray Squirrel ran up to the stone wall where Mr. Chipmunk sat.

"Look at me!" he cried. "Do you not see how wonderful I am and what a beautiful bushy tail I have?"

"You may be wonderful and beautiful," answered Mr. Chipmunk, "but look out for dogs!"

"Dogs! dogs! Everybody tells me to look out for dogs!" cried Gray Squirrel. "I am not afraid of dogs!" and away he ran.

He ran into the next field, where some cows were feeding. They were very, very big, much bigger than Gray Squirrel, but he was not a bit afraid

of them. He walked straight up to one of the cows and sat down before her with his long, bushy tail curled proudly up behind him.

"Look at me!" he said. "See how wonderful and how beautiful I am!"

"You may be wonderful and beautiful," said the cow, "but look out for dogs, little squirrel!"

"I am not afraid of dogs!" cried Gray Squirrel as he ran away.

He ran on and on, and whenever he saw any one that he did not know, he would stop to tell how beautiful and how wonderful he was.

At last he came to a house. Now Gray Squirrel had never seen a house. He thought it was just another one of the things in the world. It was bigger than the other things he had seen, but little Gray Squirrel was n't afraid of big things or little things.

He walked up to the door of the house and sat down before it with his bushy tail curled proudly up behind him.

"Look at me!" he cried. "See how

beautiful and how wonderful I am! Look at my beautiful long, bushy tail!"

The door flew open, and out sprang a thing that cried, "Bow, wow, wow!" It flew straight at little Gray Squirrel crying, "Bow, wow!"

Gray Squirrel did not stop to

think. He turned around, as quick as a flash, and ran toward a tall tree that stood near the house.

The dog, who was just as quick, sprang after Gray Squirrel and reached the tree almost at the same time.

Gray Squirrel jumped up the tree, and the dog jumped after him.

The dog caught the tip of Gray Squirrel's beautiful bushy tail and held it with his sharp claws.

Gray Squirrel could not pull his tail away from the sharp claws of the dog, and the dog could not climb any higher. So there they were, Gray Squirrel holding to the tree as tightly as he could with his sharp little claws, and the dog holding just as tightly to the tip

of little Gray Squirrel's beautiful long, bushy tail.

How the sharp claws of the dog hurt little Gray Squirrel, and how frightened he was!

"Bow, wow, wow, wow!" cried the dog, and Gray Squirrel was more frightened than ever.

Just then the little fairy who lived in the tree opened her window.

"What's all this noise about?" she cried.

"Oh!" cried Gray Squirrel. "Oh, this thing is holding my beautiful tail and I cannot get away!"

"Bow, wow, wow, wow!" cried the dog.

The tree fairy looked out of her window and saw just what had

happened. She reached down and tried to pull little Gray Squirrel up to her window.

She pulled and she pulled and at last she pulled Gray Squirrel away from the dog. She pulled him in through the window and into her little tree house.

"Where have you been?" asked the little tree fairy. "What are you doing so far away from home?"

Then Gray Squirrel told the tree fairy all about himself.

"I wanted to show the whole world how wonderful I am and what a beautiful bushy tail I have," said he.

"You may be wonderful and beautiful," said the fairy, "but all things in the world are wonderful and beautiful. The cows, the birds, the trees, Mrs. Field Mouse, Mr. Chipmunk, and all things are just as wonderful and as beautiful as you are!"

"But look at my beautiful bushy tail!" cried Gray Squirrel. "I am sure that no one has one like it!"

"Yes, look at it!" said the tree

fairy. "Look at your bushy tail!" and when Gray Squirrel turned his head about, he saw what had happened. There was not a hair left on the end of Gray Squirrel's beautiful tail! The dog had pulled every hair out with his sharp claws.

Poor little Gray Squirrel! He could

never again be proud of his long, bushy tail!

"Oh, dear! I want to go home to mother!" he cried. "Oh, dear!" But the fairy would not let him go until it was very dark.

"The dog will be fast asleep then," she said.

And when it was quite dark the tree fairy opened her window, and Gray Squirrel slipped quietly out.

He ran and ran and never stopped until he reached his own home in the hole in the tree.

When his mother asked him where he had been and what had happened to his beautiful bushy tail, he could only cry and say, "Oh, dear!"

It was a long time before Gray

Squirrel could forget about his beautiful tail. It was a long time before he could stop thinking about himself.

And you could not blame him, for everybody had always told him what a wonderful little squirrel he was.

But after a time Gray Squirrel found out that the tree fairy was right. All things in the whole world are wonderful and beautiful to those who know how to look at them!

THE NAUGHTY BEAR

Johnny Bear lived in a little house with his father and mother.

Johnny was a very good little bear. His mother was very proud of him. His father was proud of him, too.

"Johnny is the best little bear in the world!" they said.

Every morning early, Mother Bear washed and dressed Johnny Bear for school. Every afternoon Johnny came home from school with a green ticket which read, "A Good Bear."

One warm spring day Johnny started off for school, all washed and dressed as nicely as could be.

On the way he met Jocko, the monkey, who was in his class.

"Going to school, Johnny?" asked Jocko.

"Yes," answered Johnny Bear. "I must hurry too. It's almost time for the bell to ring."

"Oh, don't go to school to-day!" said Jocko. "Let's run away and play truant! We'll have great fun!"

Then good Johnny Bear became naughty Johnny Bear.

"All right," said naughty Johnny Bear. "Where shall we go? Oh, I know! Let's go down to the pond for a swim! The water is fine now!"

Johnny never thought of his green ticket; he never thought of his mother. He never thought of anything but the fun he was going to have.

Off the naughty truants ran, down to the pond. They took off their clothes and put them upon the bank and jumped into the cool water.

How fine the water was, and what a good swim they had! They dived and splashed under the water. Then Jocko ducked Johnny under the water and almost made him cry. But

Jocko let Johnny splash the water over him, so everything was all right again.

After their swim they dressed, and then they were ready for fun.

First they went to Mr. Lion's house. Mr. Lion was taking his morning nap, and that was just what they

wanted! They began to throw stones at Mr. Lion's door.

Mr. Lion woke up and began to roar. He roared so loudly that the very trees shook.

"Who is throwing stones at my door?" he roared in a great voice.

Then he put his great head out of

the doorway. Johnny Bear and Jocko were frightened. Away they ran from Mr. Lion's house as fast as their legs could carry them.

But they ran only as far as old Mr. Alligator's house. Mr. Alligator was out in the garden, sunning himself, but he was wide awake. He saw Johnny and Jocko as they came along the road.

Softly, softly Johnny and Jocko opened the garden gate. Softly they crept up behind Mr. Alligator and pulled his tail.

Mr. Alligator blinked his eyes, but he did not say a word.

They pulled his tail again.

"Bah!" said Mr. Alligator, and he opened his great mouth.

When Jocko and Johnny saw that great mouth open, it did not take them very long to get far away from Mr. Alligator's house.

They ran and ran until they came to the woods.

Mother Elephant was taking her little one out for a walk in the woods. Jocko spied Baby Elephant.

"Baby! baby!" cried Jocko.

"Baby! baby!" cried Johnny.

They teased Baby Elephant until she began to cry. Then Mother Elephant chased them.

Jocko sprang to the top of a tall tree. Mother Elephant caught Johnny Bear before he could get away.

She caught Johnny in her great trunk and tossed him high up into the air.

"Don't you ever tease my baby again!" cried she.

Johnny came down, kerflop! It was very lucky for him that there were no bones broken. He picked himself up and ran out of the woods as fast as he could run.

He found Jocko sitting upon a

stone just at the edge of the woods, talking to Mr. Fox.

"Johnny, we're going to have a feast!" said Jocko. "Mr. Fox knows where there is some honey, but he cannot climb up the tree to get it."

"Yes," said Mr. Fox, "we were

hoping and wishing that you would come. You can climb trees so well that we know you would be just the one to get the honey for us. You shall have the biggest share of it if you climb up the tree and get it. That's fair, is n't it, Jocko?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Jocko. "Johnny shall have the biggest share if he climbs up the tree and gets the honey."

"Where's the tree?" asked Johnny. "Where's the honey? I'm ready to climb up the tree and get it."

"Come with me and I'll show you the place," answered Mr. Fox. He led them a little way into the woods.

"There!" said he. "Do you see that hollow tree?"

"That old oak over there?" asked Jocko.

"Yes, that's the one I mean," said Mr. Fox. "It's just full of honey. Do you think you can climb that tree, Johnny?"

"Why, a baby bear could climb that little tree!" said Johnny proudly. "I've climbed trees twice as high as that and twice as big around. That's nothing for me to do!" and Johnny put out his little chest and looked very wise.

"Well, all you've got to do," said Mr. Fox, "is to climb up the tree and reach down into the hole. You will find it full of the sweetest honey you've ever tasted!"

"You wait right here and I'll

have that honey before you can count ten!" said Johnny, and he sprang quickly up the hollow tree.

He never thought of anything but the honey. Down into the hole in the tree went Johnny's paw.

Buzz! buzz! buzz!

"Oh! oh!" cried Johnny Bear as all the bees came swarming out of their hive in the hollow tree.

Mr. Fox ran off through the woods, laughing at the trick he had played upon Johnny Bear. Jocko scampered up to a high branch of a tall tree.

The bees saw only Johnny. They buzzed and they stung, and they stung and they buzzed.

Johnny climbed down from the tree as fast as he could. The bees were in his eyes, in his ears, and everywhere. He could hardly see!

Johnny never knew how he got home, but he managed to reach his little house at last.

His mother met him at the door.

"What are you doing at home so

early?" she asked. "Why are you not in school?"

Johnny Bear never said a word.

"Johnny, where have you been?" Mother Bear looked closely at Johnny Bear and then she knew!

Johnny Bear's little face was all

wollen. Indeed, he was swollen all ver to almost twice his size.

"I know! You've been naughty!" ried Mother Bear.

Johnny could not say a word. He ould only cry and cry.

"That's just how naughty children re punished," said Mother Bear.

Then Johnny Bear was plastered ll over with mud to take the sting way.

He never played truant again, you nay be sure!

WHAT THE BEE DID

"Come, Tommy," said his father, "it's time to take the goats down to the pasture."

"Here is your lunch," said his mother, "and be sure to get home in time for supper." Tommy took his lunch and started for the barnyard.

Every day, since he was old enough, Tommy had had the care of the goats. In the morning he would drive them down to the pasture. He would watch over them all day long, and in the evening he would drive them home again to the barnyard.

This day passed very quickly, like all the others, and soon it was time to drive the goats home.

The goats were feeding over at the other end of the pasture. Tommy called and shouted to them as he did every evening, but instead of coming toward him, the goats turned straight around and made a dash for a broken place in the fence around his father's wheat field.

"Hi, there!" shouted Tommy. "Hi, there! Come back, I say!" but the goats only ran the faster.

Through the wheat field they dashed, and on into his father's rye field, with Tommy after them.

Around and around the rye field the goats and Tommy ran, but Tommy could not catch up with the goats. All tired out, he sat down on a stone by the fence and began

to cry bitterly. After all, he was only a little boy, and he was tired.

"What 's the matter?" asked a voice. "What are you crying about, Tommy?"

Tommy looked up and saw Mr. Bear poking his great black head through the bars of the fence.

"O dear!" cried Tommy, "I'm crying because I can't drive the goats home. I have chased them from the pasture into the wheat field, and from the wheat field into the rye field, and I have n't caught them yet! Boo, hoo!"

"Don't cry," said Mr. Bear. "I'll drive them home for you. Just watch and see how I do it. It's an easy thing for me to do."

Mr. Bear jumped over the fence and into the rye field. He started on a run and a jump after the goats. Around and around the rye field he chased them, until he was all out of breath, but he could not catch up with them. Then he came and sat down beside Tommy.

"I can't do it!" cried he. "I can't catch them! O dear! O dear!" and then he too began to cry. Big round tears rolled down his face and fell upon his big black paws.

"Well, what's all this?" said a voice. "What is the matter?"

Mr. Bear looked up. Mr. Fox was on the other side of the fence.

"O dear!" cried Mr. Bear, "I am crying because Tommy cries because we can't drive the goats home to the barnyard. Boo, hoo!"

"Why didn't you come for me?" asked Mr. Fox. "I can drive them home in no time. Just watch and see how quickly I can do it!"

Mr. Fox jumped over the fence and into the rye field. Around and around the rye field Mr. Fox ran, but the goats were always ahead of him.

At last he could run no longer. He limped over to Tommy and Mr. Bear, all out of breath.

"I can't do it!" he cried. "I'm all out of breath! I can't do it! O dear!

O dear!" and he too sat down beside Tommy and began to cry.

He cried and he yelped, and he yelped and he cried.

"What's all this noise about?" asked a voice. "What in the world is the matter with you three?"

Mr. Fox looked up. Mr. Wolf was standing on the other side of the fence watching them.

"Matter enough!" cried Mr. Fox. "I'm crying because Mr. Bear cries because Tommy cries because we can't drive the goats home. Boo, hoo!"

"What a foolish thing to cry about!" said Mr. Wolf. "Why, I can drive them home in no time! Watch and see how easy it is for me to do it."

Mr. Wolf jumped over the fence and into the rye field. Around and around the rye field he chased the goats. The goats were always ahead of him. The faster Mr. Wolf ran, the faster the goats ran.

At last Mr. Wolf could run no

longer. He limped over to the other three, all out of breath.

"O dear! O dear! I can't do it!" cried he. "I've run till I'm all out of breath. O dear! What shall we do?" and he too sat down and began to cry. He cried and he howled, and he howled and he cried.

Little Honey Bee came buzzing along.

"What are you four crying about?" she buzzed. "You're making such a noise, I heard you over in the flower garden."

Mr. Wolf looked up, the great tears streaming down his face.

"O dear! O dear!" he howled. "I'm crying because Mr. Fox cries because Mr. Bear cries because

Tommy cries because we can't drive the goats home. Boo, hoo!"

"You great big baby!" said Honey Bee. "Crying about a little thing like that! Shame! shame! I'll drive them home for you. Just watch and see how quickly I can do it!"

Away went Honey Bee to
ggest goat in the rye field. She
ew into the goat's ear. "Buzz
uzz! buzz!" she said.

"Ouch!" said the biggest goat
and away he ran into the wheat
field as fast as he could go.

Then Honey Bee flew to the
other goats. "Buzz! buzz! buzz!"
she buzzed and hummed into the ear
of every goat.

"Ouch! ouch!" each goat said, and
ran into the wheat field after the
biggest goat.

Honey Bee drove the goats from
the wheat field and through a
broken fence into the pasture. Then
she drove them into the road that
led up to the barnyard.

Then Honey Bee flew back where Tommy and the others were.

"Now," said she, "you can easily drive your goats home."

Tommy jumped up and looked about.

"Where are the goats?" he cried.

"Yes, where are they?" cried the other three, jumping up.

"Over in the road, waiting for you to drive them up to the barnyard," answered Honey Bee as she flew away.

Tommy, Mr. Fox, Mr. Wolf, and Mr. Bear looked over toward the road that led to the barnyard.

"Sure enough!" cried they. "Sure enough! How did she do it?" and they wonder to this day.

Tommy ran through the rye field and into the wheat field, through the

THE HALF-CHICK

Out in the barnyard there was an old mother chick with her eight little chicks. They were all pretty little chicks except the youngest.

The youngest chick was not at all like his sisters and brothers. He had only one leg, and one wing, and one eye. Everybody called him Little Half-Chick.

Half-Chick was not a very good little chick. When Mother Hen took her little chicks out for a walk, he would always run away. Though she called and called, he would not come back until he was quite ready.

One day he hopped on his one leg up to his mother. "I'm tired of

this old barnyard, mother," said he. "I am going off to town to see the king and the king's palace!"

"No! no!" said his mother. "Stay at home with me now, and when you are bigger, we will all go to see the king. You are so little now that you will soon get tired with only your one leg to walk upon."

But Half-Chick would not listen to Mother Hen, and he ran off on his one leg as fast as he could go.

"Be sure that you are kind and polite to every one you meet!" she called after him.

Half-Chick ran on and on, down the road, across the fields, and through the woods. He ran on and on until he came to a stream.

This stream was so choked up with grasses and weeds that it could not run swiftly.

"O Little Half-Chick!" cried the stream, "do come and help me! Pull up these grasses and weeds so that I can run swiftly."

"Indeed, and I'll not help you!" said Half-Chick. "Do you think that I can

waste my time on you? I am off to town to see the king and the king's palace!" and hoppity skip, hoppity skip, away went Little Half-Chick!

By and by he came upon a fire in the woods that was burning very low. Indeed, it was almost out.

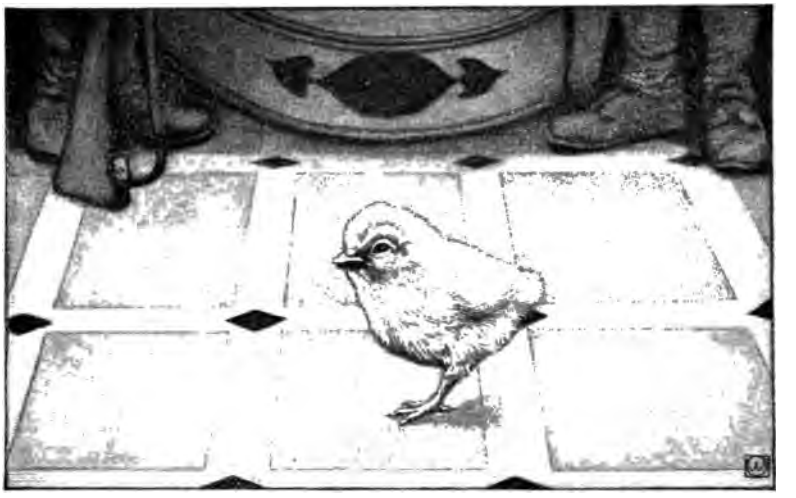
"O Little Half-Chick!" cried the fire, "do put some sticks and dry

leaves upon me or I shall go out! Won't you please help me!"

"Indeed, and I'll not help you!" said Half-Chick. "I am off to town to see the king and his palace. Do you think I can waste my time helping you?" and hoppity skip, hoppity skip, away went Little Half-Chick!

The next morning, as he was getting near the town, he came to a great oak tree. The wind was caught in the great oak tree's branches and could not get away.

"O Little Half-Chick!" cried the wind, "do hop up here and help me get out of these branches! I am caught fast in this oak tree, and I cannot get away to blow the other trees. Please hop up here and help me!"



"Indeed, and I'll not help you!" said Half-Chick. "I cannot waste my time helping you. I am off to town to see the king and the king's palace!" and hoppity skip, skippity hop, away went Little Half-Chick!

He could now see the town not far away, and he hurried toward it.

When he reached the town gates he walked boldly past the soldiers

standing there. Up to the biggest house in the town went Half-Chick.

"This must be the king's palace," thought he. "Now, at last, I see it! I will hop right up to the front door and wait until the king comes out."

As he was hopping by the basement window the king's cook saw him.

"Ah! this is just what I want!" said the king's cook, and he opened

the basement window and caught Half-Chick as he was hopping by.

"The king has just told me to make some soup for his dinner," said the cook. "This little chick will do very well for the soup."

Into the soup kettle that was standing over the fire went Half-Chick. Oh, how wet the water felt as it went over Half-Chick's head!

"Water, water!" cried Half-Chick, "do not wet me like this! I shall drown! Have pity on me!"

"But you did not have pity on me," said the water. "You would not help me when I was a little stream all choked up with grasses and weeds. No, I will not have pity on you. You must be punished!"

Then the fire began to burn and make the water boil.

"Fire, fire!" cried Half-Chick, "do not burn me so! Please have pity on me!"

"But you did not pity me," said the fire. "I asked you to help me when I was dying away in the woods, but you would not. No, I have no pity for you. You must be punished!" and the fire burned up brighter than before.

Just then the cook lifted up the lid of the kettle to see if the soup was ready for the king's dinner.

"O dear!" said he, "this chicken is burned to a cinder. It will never do to give it to the king." So the cook opened the basement window

and threw poor Little Half-Chick out into the street.

Then the wind came along and caught Half-Chick up and carried him away so quickly that he could hardly breathe.

"O wind!" cried Half-Chick, "if you carry me so swiftly, I shall die! Please have pity on me! I can hardly breathe!"

"But you did not have pity on me," answered the wind. "You would not help me when I was caught in the great oak tree's branches. No, I have no pity for you. You must be punished!"

The wind carried Half-Chick high up into the air,—so high and so fast that he could hardly breathe.

The wind carried him high up till they reached the highest church in the town. There the wind left Half-Chick, fastened to the steeple.

And there on the steeple of the highest church in the town, Half-Chick stands to this day. He stands upon his one leg, looking down over the town out of his one eye!

THE FIRST UMBRELLA

Out in the meadow grew a great white toadstool. And who do you think sat on top of it? A great, fat, brown hoptoad sat there, winking and blinking in the sun!

"Dear me! It is a warm day!" said she. "I wish I had a nice cool spot to rest in. Why, this is the very thing! I will sit under the toadstool instead of on top of it."

Mrs. Hoptoad jumped down and hopped under the toadstool.

"Why didn't I think of this before?" said she. "In the cool shade of this toadstool I shall take a good nap!" So she winked and she blinked until at last she blinked herself to sleep.

Patter! pitter! patter! down came the rain! It made a great noise upon the roof of the toadstool, but the great, fat, brown hoptoad never heard it. She was fast asleep!

The rain knocked in vain upon the roof of the toadstool. It could not get near Mrs. Hoptoad.

"Tweet! tweet! O dear! O dear!" cried a little voice. It came from a tiny sparrow. "O dear! I am all

wet through! I wish I could find a dry spot to hide in out of this dreadful rain!"

Just then she spied the great toadstool.

"The very thing!" she cried, and she flew over to it. She was just going to hop under it when, "Oh!" she cried, "some one is there! A great brown toad! I wonder if she

will let me stand under the great toadstool, too. I will ask her very politely."

In a sweet little voice the sparrow said, "Dear Mrs. Hoptoad, do you think that there is room for me under your stool? The rain has wet me all through. I am so afraid I shall catch cold!"

But no answer came from under the toadstool. The little bird peeped under it. She saw that Mrs. Hoptoad was fast asleep. She hopped softly under the toadstool and stood on the other side of its great stalk.

"Now, if Mrs. Hoptoad wakes up, I can fly away before she turns and sees me. She may be angry," thought the little sparrow. So there they were, Mrs. Hoptoad asleep on one side and the sparrow quietly sitting on the other side of the stalk of the great white toadstool.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! came some great feet over the meadow. A huge man came hurrying along. The rain was pouring down upon him. He was wet almost to the skin!

His great foot was about to step upon the toadstool when, just in time, he looked down.

"Well! well!" said the man, "if that does n't look funny!"

The little bird looked up at him, but she did not fly away. Mrs. Hoptoad slept on soundly.

"Well! well!" and the huge man laughed. "The next time it rains I shall have something like that to cover me!" And that is how umbrellas came to be made!

THE WOLF AND THE LAMBS

There was once an old mother sheep who had seven young ones. They all lived together in a tiny house in the woods.

One day Mother Sheep found that her flour was almost gone and that she would have to go into the town to get some more. She called all her little ones about her.

"The flour is almost gone," said she, "and I must go to town to get some more or we shall have no bread. Be very careful while I am away. Don't open the door to any one."

"We'll be careful, mother," said the little lambs.

"Be very careful! I saw an old

wolf prowling around the woods yesterday," said Mother Sheep. "He may see me going away and may try to get into the house. Don't open the door if any one knocks. It may be the wolf! You will know him by his rough voice and his black feet."

"We'll open the door to no one but you, mother dear," said the little lambs.

Then Mother Sheep took her flour bag and started off for the town. She did not see two sharp eyes that were watching her from behind a bush near the house.

Mother Sheep had not been gone very long when there came a knock at the door of the little house.

"Open the door, my dear children,"

a voice said. "I have brought something good from the town for each one of you." The wolf, for it was he, spoke in his own rough voice.

The lambs knew by the rough voice that it was the wolf and not their mother.

"We shall not open the door!" they cried. "You are not our mother.

You are the wolf. We know you by your rough voice. Our mother has a soft and gentle voice. Go away!"

"Ah!" thought the wolf, "so that is it! Well, I'll soon have a soft and gentle voice, too!" Away he ran to a chalk store and bought a great stick of white chalk.

"I have heard," said he, "that chalk will make the voice soft and gentle." He slowly ate the chalk and then went back to the little house.

He knocked at the door, and now his voice was soft and gentle just like that of the mother sheep.

"Open the door, my dear children. I have brought something good from the town for each one of you."

As he spoke the wolf put his fore feet up on the window sill and looked into the little room.

One of the little lambs saw his great black paws. "Oh, look! look!" she cried. "Don't open the door!"

Then the other lambs looked and saw the great black paws of the old wolf.

"We shall not open the door!" they cried. "You are not our mother. You are the wolf. We know you by your great black feet. Our mother has pretty white feet. Go away!"

"Ah!" thought the wolf, "so that is it! Very well, I'll soon have white feet!" and away he ran to a baker.

"Baker, I have hurt my foot," he

said. "Dip it in dough for me. That will soon heal it."

The baker was so afraid of the great wolf that he quickly did as he was told.

Then the wolf ran to a miller.

"Cover my foot with flour," said he, "or I shall eat you for my dinner!" And the miller was so afraid of the

great wolf that he quickly did as he was told.

Back to the little house in the woods went the wolf. He knocked at the door.

"Open the door, my dear children," said he. "I have brought something good from the town for each of you."

"Show us your feet!" cried the lambs, "and then we shall know if you really are our mother."

The old wolf put his foot all covered with dough and flour up on the window sill.

"Oh, this is our mother!" cried all the lambs when they saw the white foot. "This is our mother!" and they opened the door.

Into the little house rushed the

great black wolf. Too late the little lambs saw their mistake. They ran here and there, about the house, trying to hide from the great wolf.

One hid under the table, another hid under the bed, a third hid in the oven, a fourth hid behind the door, a fifth hid in the cupboard, a sixth hid under a chair, and the seventh little lamb hid in the clock case.

The wolf found all except the one in the clock case. He gobbled them down whole, one after the other. Then he went out near the house and lay down under a tree.

"I'll wait for the mother and get her too, when she comes," he thought, but he was soon fast asleep.

By and by, all tired out, poor old

Mother Sheep came home from the town, carrying the bag of flour.

What a sight met her eyes! The door was wide open, everything was upset, and not a lamb was in sight!

"Oh, where are my dear little children?" cried Mother Sheep.

"Here I am!" cried a tiny voice, "shut up in the great clock case!"

Mother Sheep opened the door of the clock case and helped out the seventh lamb. She listened while the little one told her how the old wolf had got into the house.

"Come," said Mother Sheep, "let us go and look for him. I don't know just what I can do if I find him, but perhaps I may think of something."

As they went through the door of the little house they spied the wolf out under the tree, asleep.

"There he is!" said Mother Sheep in a low voice. She went softly up to the old wolf. She looked down upon him. Then softly she put her ear close to the old wolf. She thought she heard a tiny bleat coming from the wolf's body.

"Your sisters and brothers may still be alive!" she whispered. "I'm almost sure I heard one of them bleat. Run quickly to the house and bring me the pair of great shears, a needle, and some thread."

The little lamb soon came running back with the great shears, the needle, and the thread.

Snip! snip! and Mother Sheep quickly cut open the body of the old wolf with her great shears.

Then what do you think happened? Out jumped the six little lambs, all alive but almost frightened to death! The wolf had gobbled them down so quickly that not a hair of them had been hurt.

"Now," said the happy mother, "go

and bring me some of the largest stones you can carry."

Away went the lambs, as quietly and as quickly as they could go. They soon came back carrying the largest stones they could find.

Mother Sheep softly dropped the stones into the body of the wolf and quickly sewed it up.

Then the little Sheep family ran into their house, locked the door, and waited to see what would happen.

The old wolf woke up.

"I wonder if that old sheep has come home yet," he thought. He got slowly up on his feet. Down he fell to the ground again.

"Who would ever think those little lambs would make me feel so heavy and thirsty? I'll go down to the brook and get a drink. Then I'll come back and get that old sheep."

Down to a brook near by the old wolf went. The Sheep family watched him from their window.

The old wolf leaned over the brook to take a drink and, splash! in he fell and was drowned!

CHRISTMAS EVE

Christmas Eve had come at last! The children had talked about it for weeks. It seemed to them as if the time would never come.

Now it was here, and the weather was beautiful. The air was clear and cold. The ground was covered with a soft white blanket of snow.

"Just the kind of weather for Santa Claus!" said little Marjorie Brown.

All day long the children waited for evening. It was the only evening in the whole year that they ever wanted to go to bed early.

At last the clock struck seven.

"Come, Marjorie, Jack, Fred!" said mother. "It's time for bed. Get your stockings ready!"

Father hammered three nails into the edge of the mantelpiece just above the fireplace.

Marjorie's nail was first, because she was the little lady of the family. Next came Jack's nail, because he was the baby. Then came Fred's nail. He was the oldest little man in the family, and of course had to

see that his little sister and brother were taken care of first.

They hung up their stockings on the right nails, kissed mother and father good night, and hurried off to bed.

"I'll wake up first!" cried Fred.

"Be sure you wake me right up!" cried Marjorie.

"Me too!" said little Jack, and soon the children were fast asleep.

"Well, mother," said father, "you have had a long, hard day, baking and cooking for Christmas. What do you say, — shall we go to bed, too?"

"Yes," said mother, "we'll go to bed. It's quite late now, and we must be up early to-morrow morning."

Father and mother went off to bed, and soon there was not a sound in the house.

The clock struck twelve!

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle! came the sound of sleigh bells through the snow. Yes! Santa Claus was coming with his sleigh full of toys!

By the window and up into the air, right up to the roof of the house went Santa Claus in his sleigh drawn by eight tiny reindeer.

Up to the chimney Santa drove his reindeer. Tap, tap, tap! went their tiny feet upon the roof.

Santa Claus jumped quickly down from the sleigh. Taking a big pack of toys upon his shoulder, he quickly climbed down the chimney and into the room where the stockings hung.

From the top of the pack he took a great red book.

"Let me see!" said Santa. "This is the Brown family," and he turned to the page of "B's."

"Here they are,—Fred, Marjorie, and Jack Brown! Now we'll see how old they are. It would never do for me to give a big boy a rocking-horse, and what would a little boy do with a pair of skates?

Marjorie is just eight years old!" Santa read from his book. "I'll know what to give Marjorie. I've the finest things in the world for a little girl eight years old."

Santa Claus opened his pack. What a wonderful sight there was! There were dolls and drums, and wagons and guns, and everything you could think of!

Santa went up to the first stocking. "Marjorie Brown!" he read from the slip of paper fastened to the stocking. "Marjorie shall have the best I've got!" said Santa, and he filled up the stocking to the very top. He could not put another thing into it.

"Marjorie will be a very happy little

girl when she sees this in the morning," said Santa. Peeping out of the top of the stocking was a beautiful doll with golden hair, the kind that Marjorie wanted.

"Now for the second stocking!" said Santa. "Little Jack Brown!" he read from the slip of paper. "Let me see

how old Jack is!" and Santa turned to his book again.

"Only five years old!" read Santa. "A very little boy, but big enough to like nice toys. I'll make him a happy little fellow!" Then Santa filled Jack's stocking up to the very top with toys that a very little boy would want to play with.

Then Santa went to the last stocking. "Fred Brown!" he read. "Let me see! Fred is twelve years old. He will surely be a happy boy when he sees the things I am going to put here for him!"

And Santa filled Fred's stocking so full that some of the things seemed ready to tumble out.

"Now I'll leave something nice for

father and mother on the mantelpiece," said Santa, "and then I'll be off for the next house.

How happy those children will be when they find their stockings in the morning! I've filled them all so full that I cannot put another thing into one of them!"

"I can!" said a wee voice that seemed to come from Santa's boots.

Santa looked down, and there at his feet sat a tiny mouse.

Santa laughed. "You can?" said he. "Let me see you do it!"

The little mouse jumped upon the mantelpiece, and before Santa could see what he was going to do, the little mouse had gnawed a tiny hole in Marjorie's stocking!

"There! did n't I put something more into the stocking?" asked the little mouse. "Now give me something for my little family for Christmas."

Santa laughed and took from his pack a handful of candy for the little mouse.

"You 're a bright little fellow!" said Santa. Then he quickly gathered his

pack together, put it over his shoulder, and climbed up the chimney.

Tap, tap, tap! went the tiny feet of the eight reindeer.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle! came the sound of sleigh bells through the snow. Santa was off to the next house!

REVIEW WORDS

NOTE. Many of the words in the following list have occurred in a different form either in this book or in Book One or Book Two. The unknown part of the word has been underlined here. For example, the word "sparrow" occurred in Book Two; the unknown part of the word, the final s, has been underlined in the list of Book Three.

Page 9
sparrows
pole
close

Page 10
Mrs.
Martin
Robin
kind
fields
low
sunny
shade

Page 11
begin
gather
straws
cloud
creep
pitter
patter
umbrellas
hats
coats

Page 12
cover
Pitter

Page 13
——

Page 14
Under

Page 15
dancing
Hoppity
skip
gayly
Black
Ant
Grasshopper

Page 16
dance
store
chance
later
wish
foolish
danced
merry

Page 17
grasshoppers
Ant's

Page 18
starving
Did
lovely
leaving

Page 19
Jenny Wren

Page 20
slip
birdies
babies
Breast

Our
Gone

Page 21

birdie
shame
stole
family

Page 22

Indeed
would n't
cruel

Page 23

stolen
Robin's
steal

Page 24

Quack
lamb

Page 25

Sheep
Is n't
wool
barking
wonder

Page 26

Speak

Page 27

Ask
sunning
doorstep
blinked

Page 28

punished

Page 29

Caw
caw
maid
throwing
scraps

Page 30

picked
snatched

Page 31

nodded

Page 32

says
lark
Try
squeaked
hills
streak
Foolish

Page 33

Cottontail
leaped
animals

Page 34

friends
Doc
farm
horse
feeding
stone
indeed
hounds
Cottontail's
tracks
Quick
backed
Go
Bull

Page 35

chestnut
drive

Page 36

really

Page 37

——

Page 38

saved
save

Page 39

worked
sand

Page 40

ant
leaned
dove
life

Page 41

against
flash
seemed
stung
paid

Page 42

cellar
sister
upstairs
kitchen
pantry
always
things
is n't

news
Page 43
cats
Cats
stop
Is
harm
Page 44
country
scampered
stairs
Page 45
lucky
shelves
easily
pans
Page 46
——
Page 47
cabbage
Rabbit
wife
cabbages
large
Page 48
Turtle
log
shell
Page 49
pleasant
past
Page 50
——
Page 51
nowhere
sight
lie
Page 52
Sure
slept
slow
Page 53
meet
waiting
straight
Page 54
Squirrel
Page 55
faster
Page 56
His
bushy
wonderful
squirrels
proudly
curled
Page 57
chattered
Show
these
ought
proud
Page 58
Squirrel's
nobody
stayed
Page 59
whole
leave
Page 60
dogs
Dogs
Page 61
Field
Mouse
Page 62
——
Page 63
Chipmunk
Page 64
Everybody
tells
cows
Page 65
——
Page 66
whenever
Page 67
——
Page 68
tip
held
higher
holding
tightly
Page 69
——
Page 70
——
Page 71
——
Page 72
——

Page 73

——

Page 74

——

Page 75

best
dressed
school
afternoon
ticket
which
read
nicely
Jocko
monkey
class

Page 76

Going
Let 's
truant

Page 77

became
pond
Off
truants
clothes
bank
ducked

Page 78

First
Lion's
Lion

Page 79

stones

Page 80

doorway
Alligator's
Alligator
awake
Softly
Bah

Page 81

Elephant

Page 82

teased
chased
trunk
air
tease
kerflop
bones

Page 83

we 're
feast
knows

Page 84

hoping
wishing
share
climbs
gets
Where 's

Page 85

twice
you 've
sweetest

Page 86

count
ten
Buzz

Page 87

swarming
hive
laughing
buzzed
everywhere
managed

Page 88

closely

Page 89

swollen
size
You 've
plastered
mud
sting

Page 90

pasture
Here
lunch
since
watch
passed
others

Page 91

instead
dash
fence
father's
wheat
Hi
Through
dashed

rye
Around
Page 92
bitterly
poking
bars
Page 93
easy
breath
Page 94
tears
Page 95
cries
ahead
limped
Page 96
yelped
Page 97
watching
Matter
Watch
Page 98
howled
Honey
Bee
making
streaming
Page 99
Crying
Shame
Page 100
ear
Ouch
hummed
ouch
Page 101
jumping
Page 102
——
Page 103
except
youngest
sisters
leg
wing
eye
Half-Chick
Though
Page 104
palace
Stay
listen
polite
Page 105
choked
grasses
weeds
swiftly
Pull
Page 106
waste
hoppity
burning
Page 107
helping
getting
Page 108
skippity
gates
boldly
soldiers
Page 109
basement
Page 110
soup
Water
pity
Page 111
boil
Fire
dying
brighter
lid
cinder
Page 112
street
breathe
Page 113
highest
church
fastened
steeple
stands
Page 114
meadow
toadstool
hoptoad
winking
spot
Page 115
Hoptoad
winked
Patter

vain

Page 116

dreadful

Page 117

stand
politely
stool

Page 118

answer
stalk
wakes
turns
sees
hurrying
pouring
skin

Page 119

step
funny
soundly
rains

Page 120

young
flour
careful
lambs

Page 121

prowling
yesterday
knocks
rough
bag
knock
Open

Page 122

spoke

Page 123

gentle
chalk
stick

Page 124

As
fore
sill
Baker

Page 125

Dip
dough
heal
Cover

Page 126

Back

Page 127

Too
mistake
oven
fourth
fifth
sixth
seventh
clock
case
gobbled

Page 128

carrying
upset

Page 129

helped
body

Page 130

whispered
shears
needle
thread
Snip
snip
death

Page 131

largest
sewed

Page 132

waited
happen
heavy

Page 133

Christmas
Eve
talked
weather
clear
blanket

Page 134

Santa Claus
Marjorie
year
struck
Jack
Fred
stockings
hammered
nails
mantelpiece
nail

lady
oldest
course

Page 135

Me

Page 136

baking
cooking
twelve
Tinkle
tinkle
sleigh
bells

toys
drawn
reindeer

Page 137

———

Page 138

Tap
tap
Taking
pack
book
page
rocking-horse

skates

Page 139

years
finest
dolls
drums
wagons
guns
stocking
paper

Page 140

Peeping
doll

Page 141

fellow
tumble

Page 142

boots
gnawed

Page 143

handful
candy

Page 144

———