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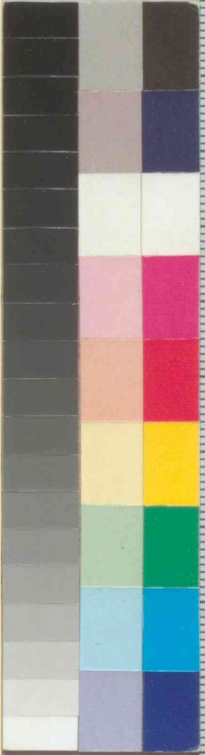
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THE
 DIADEM
 READERS

BOOK
 III

広島大学図書
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TOKYO & OSAKA
 SEKIZENKWAN

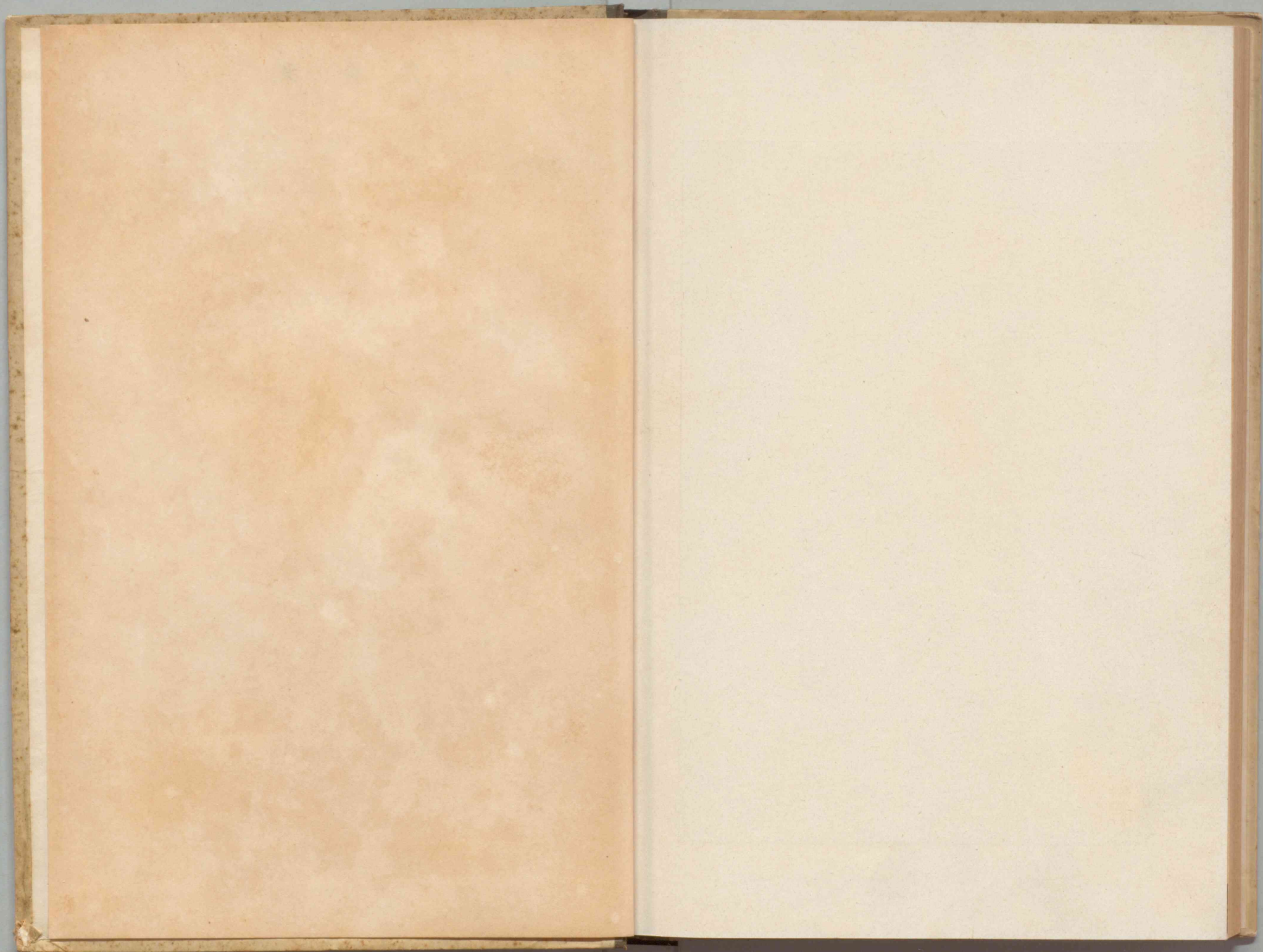


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大正十四年九月四日

文部省檢定濟

中學校外國語科及師範學校英語科用

THE DIADEM READERS

BOOK THREE

BY

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LITERATURE AND PHILOLOGY
IN THE HIROSHIMA NORMAL COLLEGE



広島大学図書

2000065518



THE SEKIZENKWAN
TOKYO & OSAKA



PREFACE

Each subject in the secondary school curriculum has or should have its own practical and educational aim and value. English as taught in our schools should be no exception. To make the branch of study fruitful, much depends upon the method of teaching it. Some advocate that foreign languages should be learned just as the vernacular is learned. It is all very well so far as the psychological side of the theory is concerned. But we must not forget the situation the average student is placed at in the study of a foreign language in this country.

The history of the language teaching in Japan is pretty full of failures that many an able teacher has made in the attempt.

I should think that time is now mature that a new ideal method in teaching English should be brought forth, so that "every effort may tell, that every period of time may be used to the best advantage, and that every faculty of each pupil may be called into service."

Perfect methods or ideal principles may prove of no use unless they go side by side with a good series of text books compiled with a definite aim in view.

I am fully aware with delight that there are a large number of much-improved text books of English now in use, but I must say that some of them do still disregard the life and likings of the pupil, thus making them unfit for the purpose they try to attain.

PREFACE

I have been fortunate enough to obtain, by my inspection of more than two hundred schools during these six or seven years, an insight into the position of English at the secondary school, and have been enabled to make inquiries concerning ways of teaching English.

Under these circumstances I was led to compile the present series of English readers, wherein special care has been taken to introduce my own ideals and meet the urgent demands of the day.

Here I want to express my deep thanks to Prof. K. Ueda of the Osaka School of Foreign Languages, whose help has been of great value to my compilation, and also I desire to acknowledge my indebtedness to a couple of middle school teachers for their kind and useful suggestions.

K. KANEKO.

Hiroshima, October, 1924.

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List of Important Words in Each Lesson

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	scale	coat
	dust	chrysalis
	hind	dull
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	place (v.)	LESSON III
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curiously
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Page 22 expose
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acid
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apply
cause
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member
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Page 38 crown
Page 39 harp
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Page 40 darling
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Page 41 coal-black
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food
blunder

LESSON XIV

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Page 43 eldest
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Page 44 maiden
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learned (*adj.*)

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	empty		disguise
	very (<i>adj.</i>)		convenient
	crevice		treat
Page 46	else		boost
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	squeeze	Page 53	oxygen
	escape		lung
	weight		receive
Page 47	motion		throat
	gentle		passage-way
	surround		windpipe
	root (<i>v.</i>)		material
	LESSON XVI	Page 54	furnace
Page 49	cobbler		ashes
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	contain		wicked
	alarm		stepsister
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	happiness		tidy (<i>v.</i>)
	LESSON XVII		patience
	(I)		worst
Page 51	smack		crossness
	window-pane		hustle
	dame	Page 56	speck
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Page 52	tempest		lining
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LESSON XVIII

(II)

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	princess
	fortune
	stranger
	wring
Page 59	offer
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	footman
	bedroom
	curtain
	footstool
	prince
	ordinary
Page 60	queen
	fan (<i>v.</i>)
	rush (<i>n.</i>)
	sprang
	cheek
	rosy
Page 61	theirs
	supper
	appetite
	grotesque
Page 62	briskly
	understood
Page 63	ventilate
	decide
	worse
Page 64	baroness
	actress

LESSON XIX

Page 65	champion
	court
Page 66	restrung

LESSON XX

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Page 69	whirl
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	swiftly
	frown
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	lane
	daylight

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(I)

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	vessel
	sail (<i>v.</i>)
Page 71	pet (<i>v.</i>)
	hammock
	rigging
	carpenter
	snatch
	friendly
Page 72	bowsprit
	spar

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Page 73	ugly
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	terrier
	lick
	cage
Page 74	paw
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	fellow
	anybody
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Page 79	floor
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	tremble
Page 80	moment
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	safety
	grain

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Page 82	eagle
	ant

	metal
Page 83	fate
	(II)
Page 84	rob
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	belong
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Page 86	kind-hearted
	everything
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Page 87	lump
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Page 88	outstretched
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Page 89	doorstep
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Page 90	rid
Page 92	lift

LESSON XXIV

Page 94	crush
Page 95	important

LESSON XXV

Page 96	sunset
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LESSON XXVI

Page 97	subject
	predicate

	proper
	particular
	regard
Page 93	view
	concrete
	abstract
	apprehend
	physical
	example
	action
	feeling
	existence
	transitive
	intransitive
	simple
	pronoun
Page 99	ship

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Page 100	outwit
	intently
	footpath
	potato
Page 101	remark (<i>v.</i>)
	beady
	glue
	mutter
Page 102	serious
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	sorrowfully
	perch
	edge
	fasten
	head-first

Page 103	doze
	kennel
	tile
	scene
	aggravate
	screech
	hurl
	shot
Page 104	frantic
Page 105	rumble
	approach
	flutter
	stockstill
	chuckle
	superstitious
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Page 106	stupid
	stroll
Page 107	fist
	fetch
	cackle
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Page 110	whistle
	lap
	(II)
Page 112	squeal
	kick
	overtake
	flock

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 gosling
 Page 113 scream
 Page 114 bask
 owl
 puss
 theatre

LESSON XXIX

Page 115 upward
 plainly

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 Page 113 count
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(II)

Page 119 price
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(III)

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Page 122 fortunate
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 pointed
 Page 123 shrunk
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 awhile
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 Page 124 dollar
 limp
 pain
 pair
 Page 125 creak
 perfect
 cost
 cent
 Page 126 bargain
 contentment

LESSON XXXII

Page 123 vinegar
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 stain
 Page 129 fat (*n.*)
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 Page 130 dairy
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 dairy-maid
 Page 131 newly-made
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 curd
 watery
 liquid
 whey
 press
 salt
 mix

wrap
 Page 132 proposal
 cruet-stand

LESSON XXXIII

Page 134 bill

LESSON XXXIV

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 Page 136 pound
 Page 137 goose
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LESSON XXXV

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 Page 139 straighten
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 stare
 puzzle
 scratch
 Page 140 satisfy
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 Page 141 finally
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 Page 143 squeak

according
 sentence
 scramble
 exclaim
 Page 144 race (*v.*)
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 lot
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 Page 145 bless
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 mummy
 breathlessly
 Page 146 sledge
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 nervously
 wife
 Page 147 tiptoe (*v.*)
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 folk
 Page 148 beggar
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 Page 149 odds
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 fair
 brush
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 Page 150 downstairs
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 Page 151 bulge

Page 152 dolly
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brian

LESSON XXXVII

Page 154 babe

LESSON XXXVIII

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Page 157 swamp

prairie

Page 158 welcome

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headdress

warrior

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(IV)

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generally

case

Page 165 confess
absurd

Page 166 convince
philosopher
luxury

Page 167 splendid
couch
laughter

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refined

unselfish

needlessly

remind

whatsoever

Page 170 good-breeding

ill-bred

heavily

slam

harshly

thoughtlessly

inquisitive

vulgar

affair

commit

fault

Page 171 earnestly

slang

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alike

aged

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force

Page 172 hasty

soften
virtue
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wrath
civil
attentive
playmate
practise

LESSON XLI

Page 173 shiftless

thrift

Page 174 plod

Page 175 saunter

stumble

scold

Page 176 tag

deserve

Page 177 bidding

earn

honour

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Page 178 hurry

LESSON XLIII

(I)

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trap

Page 182 crooked

moustache

jacket

leather

trousers

buckle
gypsy
main
(II)

Page 184 shrill

Page 185 bagpipe
withered
cunning
suare
mayor
(III)

Page 186 *grochen*
apiece
(IV)

Page 187 market
charm
lively
celler
nook
Page 188 whirlpool
Page 190 inn
(V)

Page 191 hall
reckon
agreement
final

Page 192 heir
(VI)

Page 193 deal (*v.*)
joke
trip (*v.*)
crippled
hobbling
crutch

might (*n.*)
 Page 194 sob
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 Page 197 blame
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 instrument
 musical

LESSON XLIV

Page 193 isolated
 volcano
 hoist
 visitor
 advertise
 successfully
 Page 199 volcanic
 creation
 probably
 unusual
 geologist
 inclined
 spout
 originate
 bowel
 compel
 outlet
 elsewhere
 transfer
 tremendous
 turtle

Page 200 circumference
 ray
 glitter
 clasp
 summit
 refresh
 view (*v.*)
 blister
 climate
 venerable
 vigorous
 prime
 loftly
 egress
 flank
 crater
 radiate
 spoke (*n.*)
 threaten
 bitter
 prevail
 section
 production
 thrive
 temperate
 zone
 Page 201 tufted
 species
 vegetation
 sultry
 atmosphere
 eternal
 clime

LESSON XLV

Page 202 radio
 innocently
 guileless
 conceal
 universe
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 expanse
 Page 203 preparation
 mysterious
 festival
 cabinet
 fashionable
 pulpit
 switch
 excitedly
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 lumberman
 atom
 invisible
 bond
 madness
 Page 204 white-washed
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 piano
 principal
 actor
 show (*n.*)
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 bustle
 suppress
 excitement
 buss
 company

warn
 disk
 address
 cylindrical
 object
 occasion
 entire
 theatrical
 performance
 Page 205 broadcast
 assume
 audience
 consist
 introduce
 transmitter
 titter
 expressless
 response
 recover
 aback
 overture
 announce
 invalid
 Page 206 comical
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 convulse
 background
 scenery
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 Page 207 forge
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entertain
royally
remote
Page 208 complicated
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medley
ether

LESSON XLVI

Page 209 medium-sized
photographer
familiar
character
influence
permanent
impression
hesitation

Page 210 dominant
conceive
gospel
obscure
contradictory
definite
personality
conviction
reality
invention
problem
accept
essential
element
Page 211 disregard
adhere

unchallenge
significant
spirit
theological
bias
portray
humanity
foremost
ignore
spread (*n.*)
apart
impress (*n.*)
record (*n.*)
Page 212 center (*v.*)
irresistibly
lovable
dogma
impose
religious
misinterpret
miraculous
incredible
magnetism
induce
authority
baffle
subtle
talent
Page 214 profound
doctrine
universal
revolutionary
partially
challenge

mankind
institution
preach
tolerance
brotherhood
proclaim
Page 215 accumulate
vitality
vigor
persist
disentangle
legend
prejudice
devout
myth
Page 216 limitation
harmony
discontent

misery
insatiable
fraught
sensuousness
crave
immortality
prosperity
worldliness
serene
reward
extinction
futile
serenity
self-forgetfulness
Page 217 penetrating
event
hinge

BOOK THREE

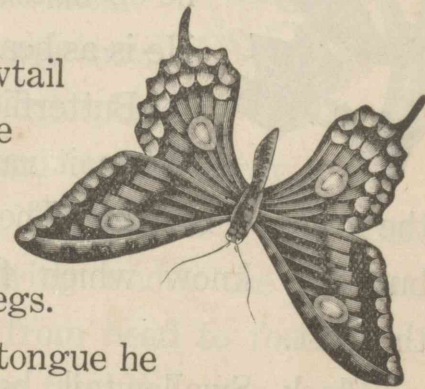
LESSON I

BLACK SWALLOWTAIL

I

As long as the sun shines Black Swallowtail is happy, and flies from flower to flower.

Black Swallowtail is not a bird. He is a butter-fly with four broad wings, and six legs.



With his long tongue he sips nectar from flowers very much as boys and girls sip lemonade through a straw.

Swallowtail's coat looks like black velvet.

It is trimmed with rows of yellow dots, and has spots of bright blue.

The real covering of his wings is made of tiny scales. These are black, yellow, and blue, and look like dust.



On the hind wings are little tails that give him his name.

As he rests on a flower, he opens and shuts his wings. He is as beautiful as a flower.

Butterflies love sunshine.

When it rains they hide in the grass or bushes. They have no homes, but they know which flowers they like the best.

Black Swallowtail began his life in August last year. At that time he came out of a tiny egg.

The mother butterfly had placed the egg on a carrot leaf.

He was then not a butterfly at all, but a tiny black caterpillar, with a white spot on his back. The baby caterpillar began at once to eat. When one leaf was gone, he went to another.

Before long this greedy little fellow's coat began to feel too tight.

All at once something gave way. The coat had split right down the back.

As this coat was now of no use, the caterpillar crept out of it, and walked away.

Strange to say, he had on a new coat. It had been growing under the old one, and covered him from head to foot.

It is no wonder that the young caterpillar ate so much. He had only a few weeks in which to grow up. Winter was coming. He must be ready for a long nap.



One day he ate so much that he grew twice as long as he had been the day before, and weighed ten times as much.

Whenever his coat became too tight, it split. He would then pull himself out of it. A new coat was always ready under it.

FOR STUDY

1. The floor gave way.
2. English is of great use to us.
3. What have they on?
4. Strange to say, a whale is not a fish.
5. He was armed from head to foot.
6. The doctor says that grandfather has but a few years to live.

LESSON II

BLACK SWALLOWTAIL

II

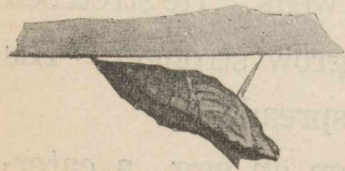
When October came, the Swallowtail caterpillar was nearly two inches long. The coat that he now wore was bright green with black stripes and rows of yellow dots.

The caterpillar was restless. He no longer held fast to a leaf, but started out to see the world.

Pretty soon he walked along the garden fence and crept under a board. Then he stood still, and began to wag his head from side to side. He was spinning.

First he made a silk rope, and fastened both ends to the board to form a loop. He then spun a tiny rug to rest his feet upon.

When these were done, he put his head



through the loop of silk, and clung fast to the little rug.

The next day he cast aside his bright green coat. He was not a caterpillar any longer. He was a chrysalis, and nearly the color of the fence.

A woodpecker looking for food in the winter might walk right by and never see the dull, brown chrysalis.

All winter Black Swallowtail's chrysalis hung there on the board. In May his covering was again too small for him.

The chrysalis moved. Pretty soon the winter coat split. The sleeper crept out.

At first he was very weak. He stretched himself, and began to grow stronger. His wings, too, began to spread.

Swallowtail had been an egg, a caterpillar, and a chrysalis. At last he was a full grown butterfly.

FOR STUDY

1. The airplane **looped the loop**.
 2. This is a good house **to live in**.
 3. Come **right** here, my boy.
 4. He used to lay **aside** part of his earnings.
 5. I laughed a **side-splitting** laugh.
 6. The dog **wagged** his tail **from side to side**.
 7. The farmer managed **to make both ends meet**.
 8. This cap is **too small for me**; show me another.
 9. One day a frog started out to **see the world**.
-

LESSON III

THE MAN WHO DID NOT LIKE TO WORK

I

Once upon a time there was a man who did not like to work.

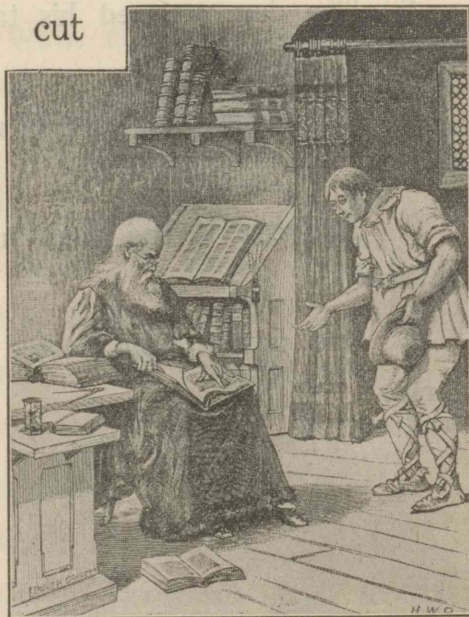
He lived in a great forest, and his work was to cut
5 down trees.

Every morning he wished that he had nothing to do.

10 One day a fine plan came into his head.

He went to a very wise
15 man and asked for a giant who should do his work for him.

“What is your work?” asked the wise



man.

“I am a woodcutter,” said the lazy man.

“I will give you a giant,” said the wise man; “but if you do not keep him busy,
he will kill you.” 5

“Oh, I can keep him busy,” said the lazy man. “That will not be hard to do. I can give him all the work he likes.”

So the wise man gave him the giant.

The giant was so tall that his head was 10 in the clouds; his voice was like a trumpet, and his eyes were like great lamps.

“What is there for me to do?” he roared.

“Cut down all this forest,” said the 15 lazy man. In five minutes it was done.

“What is there for me to do?” roared the giant again.

The lazy man was frightened.

“Build me a city where the forest 20 stood,” said he at last.

In five minutes the giant was back again.

“What more is there for me to do?” roared the giant again.

FOR STUDY

1. I have **something** to tell you.
 2. I have been **kept busy** all day long.
 3. I **wish** I were a bird.
 4. It is **for you** to guess.
 5. I **asked** him to come to-day.
 6. I have a favour to **ask** of you.
 7. I have a question to **ask** of you.
 8. All you have to do is **to try**.
 9. Father will be back **in a week**.
 10. What more is there for me to say?
-

LESSON IV

THE MAN WHO DID NOT LIKE TO WORK

II

The lazy man saw that it would be hard work to keep the giant busy.

It would be as hard as to cut down trees.

But he had one more plan.



“Go and find all the pearls in the sea,” he said to the giant. 5

Then the lazy man ran to the mountains as fast as he could go.

He hoped to hide from the giant.

In five minutes the giant was by his side. 10

“There are your pearls. What is there for me to do?” he roared.

The pearls were in great banks by the sea.

5 “Quick!” roared the giant. “What is there for me to do?”

The lazy man looked up and down and all around him. He could think of no more work.

10 He wished that he had never gone to the wise man.

Just then he saw his little dog near him. A ray of hope came to him.

15 “Giant,” said he, “take the curl out of my dog’s tail!”

The giant bound the dog’s tail to a stick till it was as straight as a string; but when he took the stick away, the tail was as curly as ever.

20 He worked a long time.

Then he said to the lazy man, “If you

will let me off this time, I will never trouble you again.”

So the lazy man went back to his work with a light heart.

FOR STUDY

1. It is **as** hard to keep the giant busy.
 2. The train ran **at full speed**.
 3. **Let** him alone.
 4. I walked **up and down** the room.
 5. They lay **in** a heap.
 6. I shall be glad, if you **will** but follow my advice.
 7. **Go and see** who it is.
 8. The way to success is **as straight as an** arrow.
 9. I **wish** that I **had never been** idle.
-

LESSON V
THE ARROW HUNT

I

“Now, Papa Brown,” said Grace, as her papa got off the train, “you must think of the very best game you ever knew for us to play this afternoon.”

5 “Yes, yes,” cried Carl, “something fine for us to play on our last Saturday in the country.”

“Very well,” said Mr. Brown, “I have thought of a fine game, and I will show
10 you how to play it.”

When he had rested, Mr. Brown called the children, and said, “The game that I have thought of is the ‘arrow hunt.’ It was the game that I liked best when I was a boy.”

15 “An arrow hunt! How do you play that game?” cried all the Brown children at once.

“This is the way. I shall take a piece

of chalk and make arrows on the walk, the fence, and the trees, or on anything that I please as I walk along. This is the way that the arrows will look,” and he drew an arrow on a piece of board. 5

“I shall go first, and in fifteen minutes you may come after me. Follow just as the arrows lead.

“At the end of the arrows, if you follow them right, you will find a big red
10 arrow, and you may have the thing that the arrow rests upon.”

The fifteen minutes seemed long to wait, but by and by they were past, and away ran the children. 15

FOR STUDY

1. We boarded the train at 3 p.m.
2. He is **the greatest** man **that** ever lived.
3. Tom waved his handkerchief **as** he turned the corner.
4. Off he ran!

LESSON VI

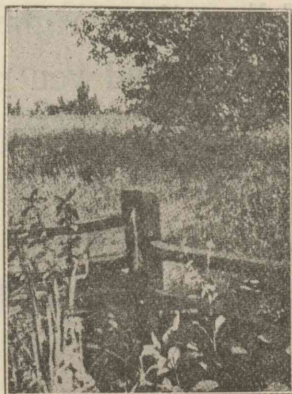
THE ARROW HUNT

II

The children followed the arrow marks with great care. They led down the board walk and along the fence, but at the turn in the road they stopped.

5 It was some minutes before any one could find the next arrow. It was on the fence and pointed straight into the air.

10 "Oh," said Grace, "it goes up into the sky, and we can't go up there."



"I think that it goes over the fence," said Rob, and he climbed up and shouted,

15 "Yes, here it is! Come on!"

The next arrow was on a round stone. Little Jane found it.

It was great fun hunting for the arrows. They led the children into all kinds of places. They led by the side of



a brook, and then across the brook on 5 stepping-stones.

They went through a meadow, and past a

field of corn. By and by they led into a 10 pretty wood along a path that wound in and out among the trees.

All at once the children came to an open place.

In the very center of the grass was spread a white cloth, and on it were cakes, and berries, and four



15 white boxes, which looked very much like 20 candy boxes.



In the center of the cloth were four pretty hoops and eight sticks, and on top of them was a big red arrow.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Brown stepped out of the bushes, and Mr. Brown said, “This is the end of the arrow hunt, and here we shall have our lunch.

Then, happy and hungry, they sat down to eat the good things. When the sun was almost down, they went home. As the children went to bed that night,

they said to one another, “This was the very best day of all.”

FOR STUDY

1. The street **leads to** the station.
2. It **was not long before** I came across another gentleman.
3. Here you are!
4. The river **winds in and out** among the fields.
5. It is the **very** watch that I have lost.
6. The train ran **through** fields, **over** rivers, and **past** farm-houses.

LESSON VII

PLANTS THAT IMITATE MAN

Boys, do you know that most plants can see, and at least one variety can cough? "We don't believe it; we never heard of it," you say. Very well, then, I have something new to tell you about plants. If you look carefully at the twigs of almost any tree, or still better, at the young shoots of some rapidly growing plant, you will surely discover that no two leaves occupy the same position.

The fact is, however, that a leaf does not always keep to one position. Everybody knows that they droop and stand erect again, and that some plants sleep at certain times of the day.

A house-plant, moreover, grows toward the light; and if the pots are turned about so that the leaves face away from the

window, it takes a day or two for them to screw themselves around once more into nearly their old positions.

If one looks carefully for the joints where this bending is done, he sees at once that nearly all stalks have two. At the bottom of each leaf-stalk, where it joins the twig, there is a spot of soft, bright-green tissue, which is one joint. Then, at the other end of the stalk, where it joins the leaf, there is likely to be still another. One sees this easily in the bean. The leaf, as a whole, has one of these joints between leaf-stalk and stem. Then each of the three leaflets has one of its own, between itself and the common leaf-stalk. So, too, the three leaflets of the clover move, each by itself, by means of such a joint.

Curiously, however, as has been discovered only recently, these bright green

spots are not simply the joints of the leaf. They are also its eyes.

It has been found that if the spots are covered with black paper, the plant becomes blind, so that it no longer turns its leaves toward the light. But if the rest of the leaf and its stalks are covered and only the joints left exposed, then the leaves turn as usual. Moreover, not only light, but also pin-pricks, acids, electric shocks, and heat, applied at these joints, will cause the leaf to move.

Another human habit in plant life is that of coughing. However, only one plant is known to cough; this is a certain bean that grows in tropical regions. The coughing-plant is a very cranky member of the vegetable kingdom, and has a very great dislike for dust. As soon as a few grains of it gather on its leaves, the air-chambers, that cover the faces of the leaves

and are the breathing-organs of the plant, become filled with gas and swell and swell until, with a slight explosion and a sound that resembles a human cough, the gas is expelled and blows away the troublesome dust.

FOR STUDY

1. No **two** boys are alike.
2. **Keep** to your bush.
3. The door opened **by itself**.
4. I did it **for myself**.
5. He would have the room **to himself**.
6. Our school **faces** the south.

by means of	no longer
as a whole	as usual

LESSON VIII

WHAT JACK DID

I

Tom Wood lived in a little house near some fields. He used to play in the fields every day with his dog, Jack. What fun they had!

5 His mother often said to him, 'Tom, you must not go far away from the house, or you may be lost.'

One day, Tom went out with his dog, as soon as tea was over. First, they ran
10 a race. Jack ran very fast, and got in front of Tom.

The boy fell over a stone, and was just going to cry, when Jack ran back to him.

The dog put his nose close to the boy,
15 and looked as if he wanted to say, 'I am so sorry for you.'

Tom began to laugh. 'Why, Jack, you

are kissing me,' he said. So up he jumped, and chased Jack all round the field.



After a time, they went out of the field, and walked along the road. But Tom forgot what his mother had told him.
5 He never thought how far he was going.

By-and-by, they came to a pond, and Tom began to throw sticks into the water. Jack jumped into the pond, and brought them to his little master.
10

FOR STUDY

1. I **used to be** idle while at school.
2. I **have lost** my way.
3. My house stands **close** by a big tree.
4. The bird can talk **as if he were** a man.
5. I will come to you, **as soon as** school is over.
6. I was going to give it up, **when** a bright idea occurred to me.
7. He put his mouth **close to** my ear.
8. Study hard, **or** you will fail.
9. Study hard, **and** you will succeed.

in front of

at the back of

LESSON IX

WHAT JACK DID

II

How proud the dog was! He wagged his tail, and shook the water off his coat.

'Don't do that,' cried Tom; 'you are making me quite wet.'

But Jack did not know any better, and ⁵ shook himself again.

Then Tom quite lost his temper. He picked up a stick, and hit the poor dog on the head.

'You are a bad dog. You may just go ¹⁰ home again, for I don't want you,' he said.

Then he chased poor Jack away. The dog put his tail between his legs, and went home feeling very sad.

But off went Tom down the road. By- ¹⁵ and-by, night came on, and the boy could not tell which way he had come.

He began to cry, but no one came near him. Feeling very tired, he sat down on some grass, and cried himself to sleep.

His mother did not know where he was. When Jack came home, she said. 'Where is Tom?'

But Jack could not tell her. He lay down beside the fire, and fell asleep. Tom had not been kind to him, and he was not pleased.

FOR STUDY

1. He easily loses his temper.
1. I usually read myself to sleep.
3. I struck him on the head.
4. He fell fast asleep.
5. We shook hands.

LESSON X

WHAT JACK DID

III

After a time, Tom's mother began to feel very sad.

'Oh, where is my boy?' she cried. 'I am sure he must be lost.'

She called Jack, and said to him, 'Good dog, find Tom.' So Jack jumped up, and went to the door.

'Wait a little,' said the poor woman, 'until I get a light.'

There were no street lamps near the house, so she got a lantern, and put a candle inside.

When she had lit the candle, she said, 'Now, Jack, find your little master.' Jack ran out of the house, and down the road.

On and on he went, and the poor mother went after him with her lantern.

They went past the pond where Tom had struck his good dog. Then Jack put his nose to the ground, and began to smell about.

5 He was trying to find out where the



boy had gone next. Away went the dog, and soon turned to the left, down a long road.

10 There they found the child fast asleep in the dark. His mother took him up in her arms, and carried him home.

‘Here, Jack,’ she cried, ‘you can carry the lantern.’ So the dog took the lantern in his mouth, and walked by her side.

Tom was put to bed at once, and did not know, until next morning, that he had been lost.

Never again, I am glad to say, was Tom unkind to his good dog.

FOR STUDY

1. The policeman **ran after** the thief.
2. **On and on** he rode.
3. The owl cannot see **in the light**.
4. Father **lit** a cigarette.
5. I feel **sick** and **dizzy**.
6. Walk down the street and turn to the right, **and** you will see the post office on your left hand.

LESSON XI

ARTHUR AND THE SWORD

I

This sword was found in a very strange place. It was sticking in an anvil.

The anvil was on a stone, and the stone was close beside a church. Just how it
5 happened to be there, no one knew.

One day as some men came out of the church, they saw the sword. It was not there when they went in. Where had it come from?

10 The men went up to look at the sword. They read these words on the anvil: "If any one can pull this sword out, he shall be the king."

After some days, all the brave knights
15 met to talk about this strange sword. One by one they tried to pull the sword out of the anvil, but no one could move it.

"Let us go home," they said, "and try again some other day." So they went away.

Some time after this, all the knights met at a place near by. But one of them had left his sword at home. 5

"Arthur, please go home and get my sword for me," this knight said to his young brother.

Arthur went home, but there was no one at home to get the sword for him. 10

"My brother must have a sword," said Arthur to himself. "I saw one in the anvil beside the church. I shall go and get that sword for him."

FOR STUDY

1. The lights went out **one by one**.
 2. I have a good **one** at home.
 3. I **happened** to find him at work.
-

LESSON XII

ARTHUR AND THE SWORD

II

Arthur rode at once to the church. When he came to the stone, he took hold of the sword, and pulled it out. This seemed easy work to him.

5 Then he carried the sword to his brother. The name of Arthur's brother was Sir Kay.

"This is not my sword, Arthur," said Sir Kay. "Where did you get this one?"

10 "I took it out of the anvil on the stone," said Arthur. "There was no one at home to give me your sword."

Arthur's brother quickly told their father what had happened. "That is very odd," 15 said their father. "Let us see about this thing."

When they came to the stone, Arthur's

father put the sword back where it had been before. Then he tried to pull it out. The sword did not move.

Next Sir Kay tried to pull it out, but the sword stuck fast in the anvil. 5

"Now, Arthur, it is your turn," said his father.



Arthur grasped the sword. It came right out in his hands. He put it back in the anvil, and took it out again and again. 10

Then all the other knights tried as before to pull out the sword. They could

not move it.

When all these men had failed a number of times, they gave up. They saw that Arthur was the only person that could pull
5 out this strange sword.

“Arthur shall be king! Arthur shall be king!” was the cry. The knights agreed to this.

So Arthur was soon made king, and
10 was ever brave, and wise, and good.

FOR STUDY

1. A stranger **caught hold** of me.
2. **Let me see**; what is his name?
3. That gentleman is **mayor of our city**.
4. **You shall** have this book.
5. Whose **turn** is it now?
6. I **agree with** you there.

LESSON XIII

THE GOLDEN HEART

I

A poor man and his wife sat at work late one night. As they had seven
sons and one daughter, they had
to work hard to get food enough
for them.



All at once there was a rap at
the door. “Come in!” cried the poor man.

The door opened, and there stood a
queer-looking little old man. He had sharp
eyes and a long snow-white beard.

“Can you give me some food and a
place to sleep?” asked the Little Man.

“We are sorry,” said the woman, “but
we have no bed, and there is nothing to
eat in the house. The children were so
hungry, that there was not a crumb left
after they had their supper.”

“Do not feel bad about it, I am not very hungry,” said the Little Man.

The good woman then brought the straw that she used for her own bed, and made a place on the floor for the Little Man to sleep.

Early the next morning the stranger arose and was about to go. “Show me your children,” he said to the poor man.

The father and mother led him into the little room where the seven boys were sleeping.

The Little Man put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a piece of gold. He broke off a bit, made a tiny crown of it, and put it into the hand of the first boy.

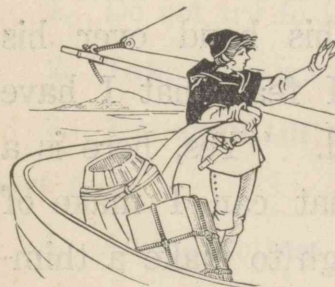
“You shall be a king,” said he, “but take care not to lose your crown.”



To the second he gave a sword. “You shall be a soldier,” he said.

He gave a ship to the third boy. “You shall be a sailor, and sail over the great sea,” he said.

To the fourth boy the Little Man gave a harp. “You shall go from land to land and sing,” he said.



To the fifth he gave a tiny piece of money. “You shall be a merchant,” he said, “and buy and sell.”

To the next he gave a small hammer. “You shall be a builder,” he said, “and make houses.”

To the youngest boy the Little Man gave a plow. “You shall be a farmer, and till the ground, that you and your brothers may have food,” he said to the child.



Then the queer Little Man turned to go.

5 "Oh, my little daughter!" cried the mother. "You must give something to Gertrude."



She led the Little Man to a corner where the darling little girl was sleeping.

10 The man passed his hand over his snow-white beard. "I fear that I have no more gold," he said. "Yes, here is a very small piece. What can I make of it? There is not enough [to make a thimble. Oh, I have it! I shall give the little
15 girl a tiny golden heart."



So the Little Man laid a golden heart in the hand of the sleeping child, and went away.

The children grew up, and all the brothers

became what the Little Man had said that they should.

The sister lived at home with her father and mother.

FOR STUDY

1. Do not try to look **what** you are not.
2. **Take care** not to make a blunder.
3. You **shall till** the ground, **that** we **may** have food.
4. All the brothers became **what the Little Man had said that they should**.

snow-white

rose-red

coal-black

sky-blue

LESSON XIV

THE GOLDEN HEART

II

At last the parents died, and Gertrude was left by herself. She still stayed in the old house, and was kind to every one that came to her for help.



One day there was a rap at the door, and when she opened it, she found her farmer brother there. He looked very sad.

“My barn has burned,” he said, “and I have also lost all my seed.”

The kind sister told him to come in. Then she went around among her neighbors, and got new seed for her brother.

“Thank you,” he said, and went away glad. Now he could sow and reap again.

So six of her brothers came in turn, and Gertrude helped every one of them. At last the eldest brother came. He was a king, but he had lost his crown. Gertrude felt sorry. She had no crown to give him, but she tried to cheer him. Then she set out to look for a crown.

After a long time she came to a fine garden, where there was a seat. As she was very tired, she went in and sat down. Soon she fell asleep. When she awoke, a king was standing before her.

“Who are you?” said the king.

“I am Gertrude, and I am looking for a crown for my poor brother,” she said. “Can you tell me where to find one?”

The king said, “What have you to give in return for a crown?”

“I have not much,” said Gertrude. “But I will give this pretty golden heart for a crown for my brother.” And she

held out the golden heart that the Little Man had given her.

“The golden heart!” cried the king.

“So you are the maiden with the golden heart. You shall have a crown for your brother, and you shall be my wife. I have long been seeking for the maiden with the golden heart.”

FOR STUDY

1. He goes to school **that** he **may** become learned.
2. He **passed** his hand **over** his beard.
3. He went away **sad**.
4. Six of them came **in turn**.
5. No one can tell me **where to find** one.
6. **You shall** be my servant.
7. He came all the way **by himself**.
8. I will do anything for you **in return**.
9. What have you to sell?
10. I went **happy** and returned **sad**.

Firmly in the act, gently in the manner.

LESSON XV

AIR

We say that a room with no furniture in it is empty. But this is not exactly true. There is one thing that the room is full of to its very top. It is something that you can not see. But it is as real a thing as the furniture. This thing is air.

If you take all of your books out of the box in which you keep them, you say there is nothing left in it. But the box is full of air. When you shut it up and put it away, you put away a box full of air. When the books were in it, it was full of books and air together. Now it is full of air alone.

The air is everywhere. It is always ready to go where there is a place for it. Every crack and crevice is filled with it.

You see a little boy playing with a ball.

What is it that he is throwing against the wall? It is a rubber ball, you say. But is this all? Is there not something else besides the rubber?

51 Suppose that you prick a hole in the ball and squeeze it. It is now good for nothing. But the rubber is all there. Why is the ball good for nothing?

10 It is because the air which filled the ball and made it round has escaped. The ball is of no use unless you can keep it full of air.

15 Perhaps you think that air does not weigh anything. But it does weigh something, though very little, and its weight is well known.

You can not see air, but you can sometimes feel it. You can not feel it while it is still if you are still at the same time.

20 You can feel it only when it is in motion. When the wind blows upon you, it is air

in motion that you feel.

When you fan yourself, the air strikes upon your face, and you feel it. When there is a gust of wind, the air comes against you just as a wave of water does. 5

Sometimes we say the wind blows very hard or very strong. This is when the air moves very fast. When there is only a gentle breeze, the air is moving very slowly. 10

When the air moves very fast, it sometimes does a great deal of harm. It roots up trees and blows down houses.

The air is clear like glass. That is, it lets you see through it. But when you look up through the air, you see that it is of a blue colour. You call the blue air sky. The sky is the blue air that surrounds the earth. 15

FOR STUDY

1. There is one thing **that** the room is full of to its very top.
2. It is **as** real a thing **as** the furniture.
3. He is **as** brave a soldier **as** ever shouldered a rifle.

to be in motion

to be in order

weigh	weight
high	height
long	length
strong	strength

root (n.)	to root (v.)
hand (n.)	to hand (v.)
taste (n.)	to taste (v.)
breast (n.)	to breast (v.)
face (n.)	to face (v.)

LESSON XVI

THE MAN WHO GAVE UP SINGING

A merry cobbler used to sing from morning to night.

Close by lived a rich man, who for a long time wondered how he could stop the singing, and at last he hit on a plan. He 5 asked the cobbler how much money he earned in a year.

“Oh,” said the cobbler, “not more than fifty crowns. But I am quite happy.”

“Very well,” replied the rich man, 10 “here is a present for you.” And he held out a bag containing a hundred crowns.

The cobbler was almost beside himself with delight. And the rest of the day he was wondering what he should do with so 15 much money. Then he began to fear that he might lose it; and soon his alarm became so great that he no longer sang at his

work, but became one of the most miserable men in the village.

Money does not always bring happiness.

FOR STUDY

1. At last he **hit on** a plan.
2. His alarm became so great that he **no longer** sang at his work.
3. The cobbler was almost **beside himself** with delight.
4. Money does **not always** bring happiness.
5. Here is a letter **for** you.
6. He is **not more than** forty years old.
7. He is **no less than** forty years old.

happy (a.)

happiness (n.)

miserable (a.)

misery (n.)

LESSON XVII

FRESH AIR AND ITS MAGIC GIFT

I

Smack! went the wind against the window-pane, leaving a rather breezy kiss. "It's Mr. Wind; he wants to come in," said Tom, looking up from a book.

"Wait just a minute, Mr. Wind," called 5 Sally. She opened the window and— whe-e-e-e, Mr. Wind leaped over the sill.

"All ready for lessons?" he asked, walking up and down the playroom. (He is a restless fellow and can never sit still.) 10

"Dame Nature tells me that you children want to be citizens of the Land of Health," he went on, "and she has sent me to teach you the first law."

"What is the first law, Mr. Wind?" 15 asked Tom.

"The first law is *Breathe plenty of fresh*

air. I move the air about, you know. I have a great many different names. When I stir the air gently, I'm called Breeze; and when I make it travel very fast indeed, my name is Tempest. When I take air in and out of buildings, I have a long name, Ventilation. This name comes from an old word meaning little wind." He nodded his head. "Yes, indeed, I have a great many disguises, and sometimes it's very convenient, I assure you.

"You see, air has to go everywhere or people couldn't live. And yet you have no idea how some people treat me. When they go to bed at night, they shut all the windows and doors so that I can't let any fresh air in. I have to boost it in through the keyhole. Imagine that!"

"Why can't people live long without air, Mr. Wind?" asked Sally.

"Because everything that lives must

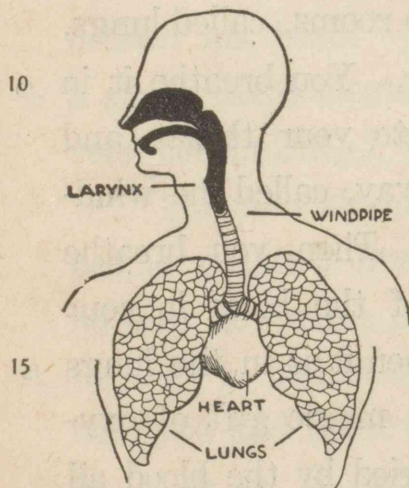
have the magic gift that air brings them. It is one of Dame Nature's laws. This gift is called oxygen. Whenever you look at a fire, you see oxygen at work, for that is what makes the fire burn. Your body must have oxygen to live, just as the fire must have it to keep burning.

"You and Tom and all other human beings have two little rooms, called lungs, in which to receive air. You breathe it in through your nose into your throat, and down a little passage-way, called the wind-pipe, into the lungs. Then you breathe it out again. Some of the blood in your body meets the air when it is in the lungs and takes from it the magic gift of oxygen. This gift is carried by the blood all over the body, so that every part of the living material that makes up your body, even to the tips of your fingers and toes, shall have the oxygen it needs.

“The blood also gives something to the air to take out of the body.”

“Tom, does your father have to do anything to the furnace fire, besides putting
5 coal on it?”

“Why, yes,” said Tom. “He has to shake down the ashes and take them out. Sometimes I help him,” he added proudly.



“Well,” said Mr. Wind, “your body has left-overs from living that it cannot use, just as the furnace fire has ashes left over from burning. Some of these left-overs pass from

the blood to the air when it is in the lungs. If your father never took out the ashes
20 from the furnace fire, the fire would go out. If the air never took waste from the

blood, the body would die. The air you breathe out is filled with this waste.

“When all the windows are shut in a room where people are, I can’t come in to move out the air that has come from the
5 lungs with its load of waste. I can’t bring in fresh air with its magic gift of oxygen. The air in such a room is stale and hot, and is full of the waste from people’s
10 lungs and the smell from their bodies.”

“Stale air is fresh air’s wicked step-sister. She steals the red from children’s cheeks. She makes them feel tired when they have been sitting in a hot, stuffy room instead of playing out of doors.
15 She makes it hard for them to learn their lessons. She puts a droop in their eyelids and, what is worst of all, she puts cross-ness in their hearts. I have no patience with stale air. I hustle her off to be tidied
20 up as soon as I come into a room.”

“But isn’t fresh air ever dirty?” asked Tom. “Sometimes when the window is wide open, I see little specks of dust floating in the sunlight.”

5 “The air is always full of bits of dust that I can’t help stirring up from the earth now and then,” explained Mr. Wind. “But Dame Nature has provided for that. When the air goes through the nose on
10 its way to the throat, the moist lining of the nose catches the dirt particles and holds them back. The nose passages are heated, so that the air is warmed before it reaches the throat and lungs. Cold air full
15 of dust is very bad for the throat. That is why you should always breathe through your nose and never through your mouth.

“And now,” said Mr. Wind smiling, “I’m going to tell you a story.” And this
20 was his story.

FOR STUDY

blood	bloody
breeze	breezy
haze	hazy
grass	grassy
stuff	stuffy

1. They shut all the windows and doors **so that** I can’t let any fresh air **in**.
2. I **hustle** her **off** to be tidied up **as soon** as I come into a room.
3. The nose passages are heated, **so that** the air is warmed before it reaches the throat and lungs.
4. The bees fly **in and out** of the hive.
5. You **have no idea** how pleasant one feels after taking exercise.
6. He is known **all over the world**.
7. I **can’t help stirring up** dust from the earth **now and then**.

LESSON XVIII

FRESH AIR AND ITS MAGIC GIFT

II

Once upon a time, Fresh Air lived at the end of the world with her stepsister, Stale Air, and her stepmother, Shut Windows. Her stepmother didn't love her at all and would never let her come into the house. She had to sleep in the garden. Of course, Fresh Air rather liked this arrangement.

One day Stale Air set out to seek her fortune. She walked along until she came to a town where all the people seemed in great distress. "Our little princess is very sick," they cried, wringing their hands. "Can you help her, oh, stranger? The king has offered a big reward to any one who can."

Stale Air went to the palace and

knocked at the door. When she told the footman her errand, she was taken to the bedroom of the princess immediately. "Ah-ha!" thought Stale Air, as she looked around, "this is just the sort of place I like." Heavy curtains were hung about the bed where the poor little princess lay. Not a window was open! Stale Air sat down on a footstool by the bed.

Just then a little prince came in with a golden ball in his hand. He had been crying. "My father gave me this for my birthday," he said, "but I cannot throw it high in the air, as the village boys do with their ordinary balls."

"I should sell it and buy something that I could play with in the house," replied Stale Air with a wicked laugh.

In the meantime, Fresh Air also set out to seek her fortune.

She soon came to the village where the

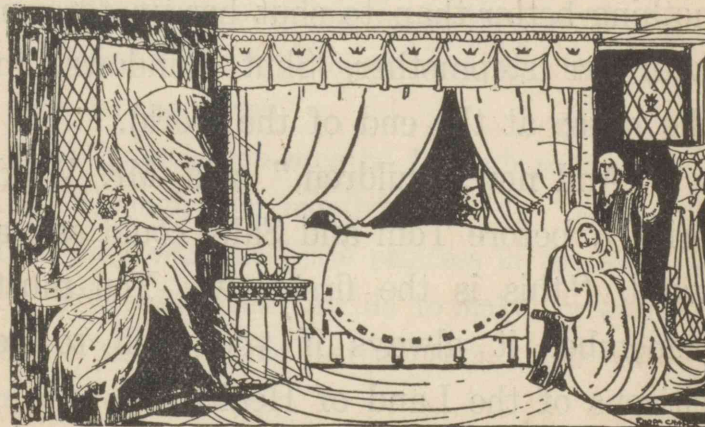
little princess lived. When she heard about the child's sickness, she went to the palace to offer her services. The king and queen took her to the room where the princess
5 lay, so pale and weak that she could hardly move. "And no wonder!" cried Fresh Air, when she saw the heavy curtains and the closed windows. Then she spied Stale Air sitting on a stool at the
10 foot of the bed, sulking as usual.

The first thing Fresh Air did was to run to a window and throw it open. "Mr. Wind," she called, "come quickly!" I came with a rush, and I hustled Stale
15 Air out of that room in a twinkling. Then Fresh Air sat by the bed and fanned the little princess until she sprang up as well as ever.

The little prince came in with his
20 golden ball and was much surprised to see his sister with such rosy cheeks. "I wish

some one could help me throw this ball as high as the boys in the village throw theirs," he said.

"Come out of doors, both of you," said Fresh Air, "and I'll teach you." So
5 they all ran out to the palace garden. They stayed there all the afternoon. When



it was time to go in for supper, the prince could throw his ball so high that it looked like a golden star. And my, what ap-
10 petites those children had!

The king and queen were more grateful than tongue can tell. They offered

Fresh Air half of their kingdom. But she only asked that all the bedroom windows in the palace be kept open at night, and that the prince and princess be allowed
5 to play with her every day in the palace garden. So they all lived happily ever after. As for Stale Air, I should like nothing better than to shut her up forever with her stepmother, Shut Windows, in
10 the house at the end of the world.

“And now, children,” said Mr. Wind briskly, before Tom and Sally could say a word, “this is the first law. You must remember it always if you wish to be
15 citizens of the Land of Health.

“I must always breathe fresh air
In rainy weather and in fair.”

Mr. Wind then asked Tom and Sally these questions to see if they understood
20 the first law :

1. What is my name when I move air in and

out of buildings?

2. Why is air necessary for every one?
3. How does air reach the lungs?
4. What does the air give to the blood that it meets in the lungs? 5
5. What does the blood give to the air to take out of the body?
6. What is stale air?
7. What does stale air do to the body?
8. What happens to the air on its way through
10 the nose to the throat?
9. Why must you breathe through your nose and not through your mouth?
10. Why was the little princess in the story sick? What did Fresh Air do to make her well? 15
11. What have you learned about your bedroom windows?
12. Why is it bad for people to sit or sleep in a room that is not well ventilated?
13. I know a little girl named Ellen who once
20 had a hard cold. She decided not to open her bedroom window at night. Why did Ellen feel worse instead of better in the morning?

FOR STUDY

1. And **my**, what appetites those children had!
2. They were **more** grateful **than** tongue can tell.
3. She asked that all the windows **be** kept open at night.
4. **As for** Stale Air, I **should like nothing better than** to shut her up forever.
5. Mr. Wind asked Tom and Sally these questions to see **if** they understood the first law.

step-sister
 [step, (A.S. *steóp*,) orphaned]
 step-brother
 step-son
 step-daughter
 step-father
 step-mother

prince	princess
lion	lioness
baron	baroness
actor	actress

lie	lay	lain
sit	sat	sat
wring	wrung	wrung

LESSON XIX

TENNIS

What are those boys doing? They are having a game of tennis. Yes, so they are. Who are they? They are the Smith girls and the Browns. Do you know them? No, I know who they are, but I have not met them. Do you play tennis? Yes, a little. Are you good at it? No, I only play a little. Ah, you play tennis very well, I suppose. No, not so very well. Do you play often? Yes, I play every evening. With whom do you play? I play with my father and my sisters. Are they good players? Yes, very good indeed. My father is a champion. O, indeed. Then I suppose you like to play with him. it is good practice. Have you a good tennis court at home? Yes, we have a very good one. What kind of tennis racket

have you? It is a very good one. It is an English racket, I think. O, is it? Mine is an old one. I must get a new one this season. Can you have it restrung? Perhaps I can, but I should like a new one better. Yes, of course. Where is the best place to buy a new one? You can get a good one at Matsuda's. They sell rackets at Maruzen's too. How much is a good racket? It will cost about five yen. Yes, I suppose so. But that is too high for me. I will get a three-yen racket. Yes, a three-yen racket would do for a while. Do you play as well as your younger brother? Yes, I think I do. Yesterday in a game with him I won two sets out of three. That was very good. I expect you could easily beat me. O, I don't know. We must have a game some time. Yes, I shall be glad to have a game with you. Let us play three sets. Yes, all right.

FOR STUDY

They **are** playing tennis.

Yes, **so** they **are**.

He is **good at** tennis.

Tom is **a good player** of tennis.

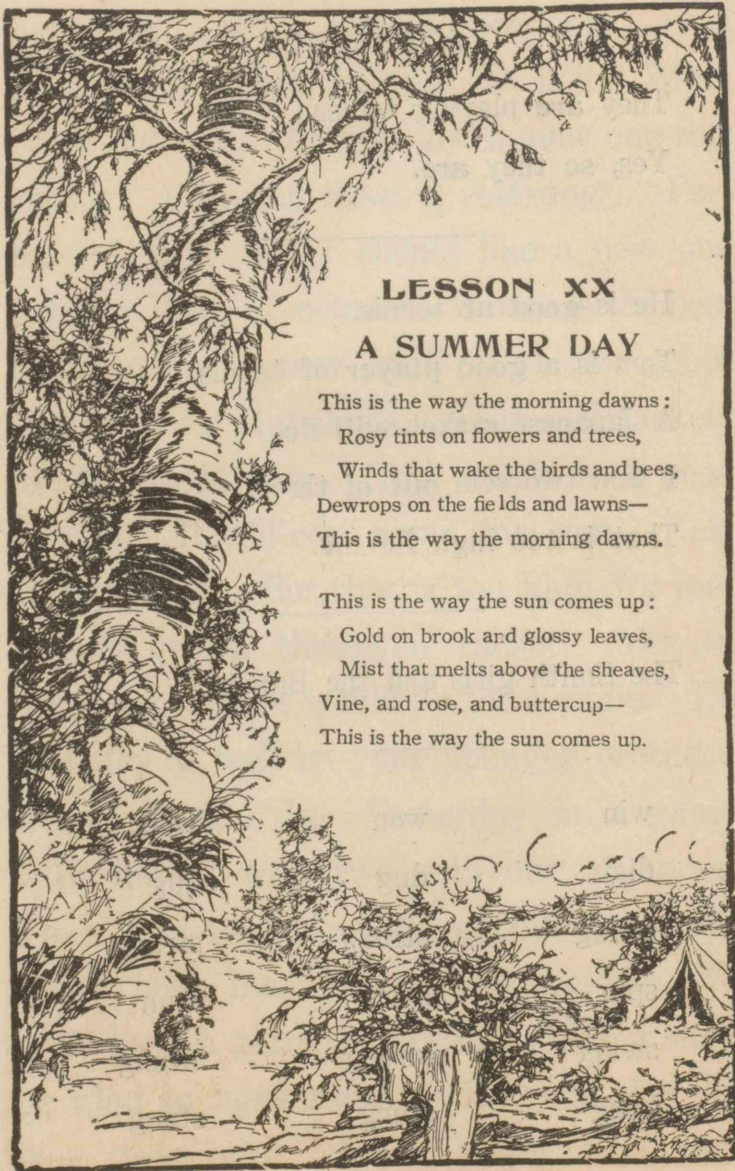
A Japanese racket **will do**.

I won two sets **out of** three.

That is **too** high for me.

The Smith girls and the Browns.

win	won	won
dig	dug	dug
string	strung	strung
spin	spun	spun
swing	swung	swung
sting	stung	stung

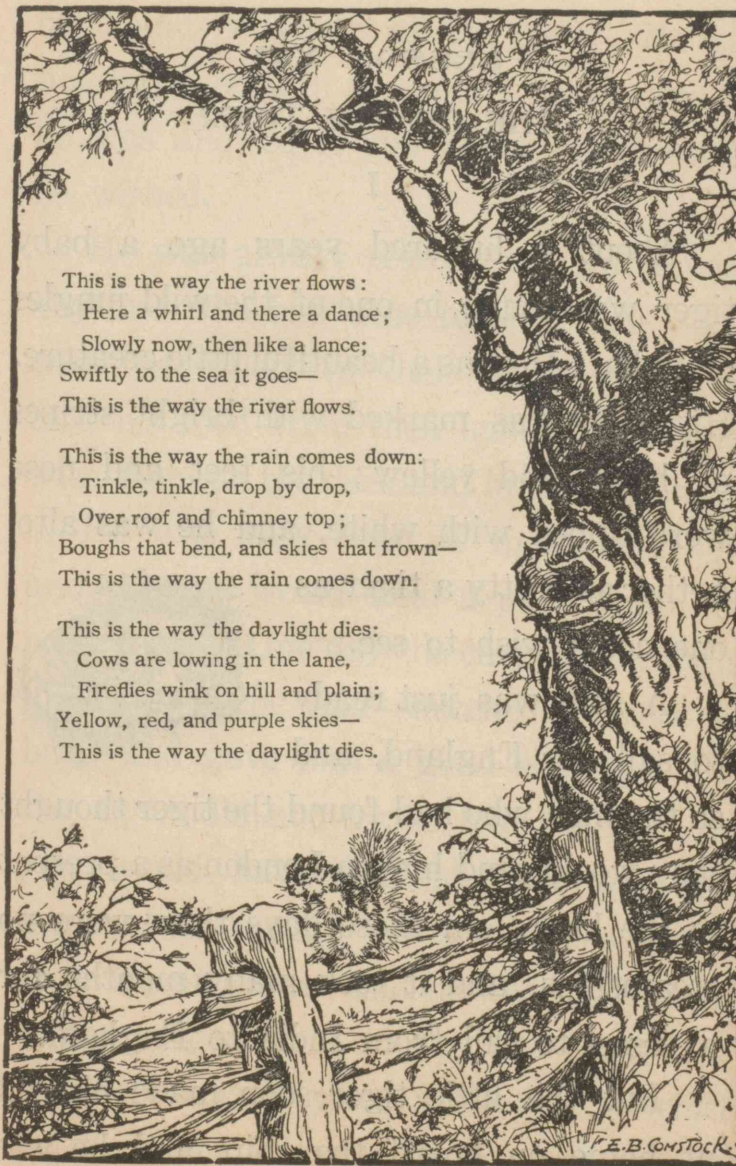


LESSON XX

A SUMMER DAY

This is the way the morning dawns :
Rosy tints on flowers and trees,
Winds that wake the birds and bees,
Dewdrops on the fields and lawns—
This is the way the morning dawns.

This is the way the sun comes up :
Gold on brook and glossy leaves,
Mist that melts above the sheaves,
Vine, and rose, and buttercup—
This is the way the sun comes up.



This is the way the river flows :
Here a whirl and there a dance ;
Slowly now, then like a lance ;
Swiftly to the sea it goes—
This is the way the river flows.

This is the way the rain comes down :
Tinkle, tinkle, drop by drop,
Over roof and chimney top ;
Boughs that bend, and skies that frown—
This is the way the rain comes down.

This is the way the daylight dies :
Cows are lowing in the lane,
Fireflies wink on hill and plain ;
Yellow, red, and purple skies—
This is the way the daylight dies.

LESSON XXI
THE GENTLE TIGER

I

About a hundred years ago a baby tiger was found in one of the wild jungles of India. He was a beautiful little creature. His body was marked with bright stripes
5 of black and yellow; his feet and nose were tipped with white, and he was altogether as pretty a tiger as one could wish to see.



A ship was just ready
10 to sail for England, and so the men who had found the tiger thought they would send him to London as a present to the king. In those days there were no steamships, and it took many months for
15 a vessel to sail from India to England.

But the little tiger soon made himself at home on board the ship, and he was

liked and petted by all the crew. He was not large enough to do any harm, and so he was allowed to run about the decks as he wished.

He was always ready for a game with
5 any one who had time to play. He slept with the sailors in their hammocks. He took his food from their hands. He raced with them on the deck and in the rigging.

He was very fond of meat, and now
10 and then he would steal a piece from the cook room. One day the carpenter caught him, just as he had snatched a piece of beef, and gave him a good beating. But the tiger did not try to bite the man, as
15 you would have thought. He took the beating as though he knew he ought to have it; and after that he was as friendly to the carpenter as to any one else.

There was no place on the ship to which
20 he would not climb. He liked to run out



on the bowsprit and lie there, looking down at the sea. He was as much at home among the ropes and spars as any sailor could be.

5 There were several dogs on board the ship, and the tiger made friends with them all. They would play together on the deck. They would chase one another about the ship.

II

10 At last, at the end of ten months, the

vessel reached London. The tiger had grown to be quite a large animal by this time, and he was taken to the Tower and shut up in a cage. No matter what was done with him, he was never cross or ugly, 5 and so his keepers became as fond of him as the sailors had been.

One day, just after he had had his dinner, a little terrier puppy was put into his cage. Any other tiger would have 10 eaten it at once; but what did this tiger do? He remembered his little friends on the ship, and seemed very glad to see the terrier. He licked it all over, and was careful not to hurt it in any way. 15

After that, he watched every day for the little dog. Sometimes the two animals were fed at the same hour, the terrier eating on the outside of the cage. Once it tried to reach through the bars and 20 snatch a piece of the tiger's meat; but the

tiger quickly gave it to understand that this was a thing which he would not put up with at all.

After several months, the terrior was
5 taken away, and one day when the tiger awoke from a nap, he found a young mastiff in its place. He was surprised, but began at once to make friends with the stranger. At first the mastiff was
10 much frightened; but in a few days it might be seen barking around the tiger, and rolling between his paws, not at all afraid of being hurt.

III

Two years passed, and the very same
15 carpenter that had beaten the tiger for stealing the beef came back to London. One of the first things that he did was to go and see his old friend in the Tower.

The tiger knew him and seemed very
20 glad, indeed. The carpenter wanted to go

inside of the cage, but the keepers were afraid. "He is an old friend of mine," said the carpenter. "He will not harm me."

At last the door was opened and he was
5 allowed to go in. The tiger was delighted. He rubbed against him, licked his hands, and tried in every way to show how glad he was. The carpenter staid for two or three hours. When he got up to go, the tiger
10 would hardly let him leave the cage. He wanted to keep him there all the time.

FOR STUDY

1. The men [who had found the tiger] **thought they would send** him to London.
2. In those days **it took many months** for a traveller to go from Kyoto to Kagoshima.
3. Please **make yourself at home**.
4. He was as friendly to the carpenter **as** to any one else.

5. He began to make friends with the stranger.

6. This was a thing which he would not put up with.

7. Our great-grand father would have thought such a thing a miracle.

as though
all over
now and then
to put up with
one another
by this time

creep	crept	crept
keep	kept	kept
sleep	slept	slept
sweep	swept	swept
weep	wept	wept

pay	paid	paid
stay	staid	staid
lay	laid	laid
[lie	lay	lain]

LESSON XXII

THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE

Once upon a time a Town Mouse went to visit his cousin in the country. The country cousin was a rough fellow, and his manners were not very fine. But he was glad 5 to see his town friend, and did all that he could to make things pleasant.



Beans and corn and dry roots were all that he could offer for dinner, but they were offered very freely. The Town Mouse 10 rather turned up his nose at this country fare. He said, "Cousin, I wonder how you can put up with such food as this every day."



The Country Mouse said, "I don't know 15 of anybody that has any better." "Perhaps not," said his cousin; "but if you

will go home with me, I will show you how to live. When you have been in town a week, you will wonder how any one can bear to stay in the country."

5 No sooner said than done. The two mice set off for town, and came to the home of the Town Mouse late at night.

The Town Mouse was very polite. After they had rested a little while, he took his
10 friend into the great dining room. He said, "We will have something to eat after our long walk."

On the table they found what had been left of a fine supper. Soon they were busy
15 eating cakes and all that was nice. "This is what I call living," said the Town Mouse.

Just then a noise was heard at the door.

"What is that?" said the Country Mouse.

20 "Oh, it's only the dogs barking," said his cousin.

"Do they keep dogs in this house?"

"Yes, and you must be careful to keep out of their way."

The next minute the door flew open, and two big dogs came

running in. The mice

jumped off the table

and ran into a

hole in the floor. But

they were none too quick.

"Oh, I am so frightened!" said the
10 Country Mouse, and he trembled like a leaf.

"That is nothing," said his cousin.

"The dogs cannot follow us."

Then they went into the kitchen. But while they were looking around and tasting
15 first of this thing and then of that, what did they see in a dark corner? They saw two bright eyes watching them, and they knew that the house cat was there.

20 "Run for your life!" cried the Town Mouse.



"This is what I call living."

In another moment the cat would have had them. The Country Mouse felt her claws touch his tail as he ran under the door. "That was a narrow escape!" said
 5 the Town Mouse.

But the Country Mouse did not stop to talk. "Good-by, cousin," he said.

"What, are you going so soon?"

"Yes, I must go home. A grain of
 10 corn in safety is better than fine cake in fear."

FOR STUDY

1. No sooner said **than** done.
2. This is **what I call** living.
3. They were **none too** quick.
4. He ran for **his** life.
5. That was a **narrow** escape.

cousin	pleasant
minute	kitchen
moment	

LESSON XXIII

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

I

In a far-away land there was once a king whose name was Midas.

When Midas was only a little child a very strange thing happened to him.

One day he was asleep on the floor, and
 5 his nurse left him alone for a little while. When she came back into the room she saw a wonderful sight. From the door to



the sleeping child there was a
 line of bright yellow dots on
 10 the floor. She thought that they were dots of sunshine, but she had never seen any sunshine like it before.

The little dots seemed to be chasing
 15 one another. All were running to the baby's mouth, where they hid themselves

from sight. Then out from the baby's mouth there came another line of dots running back to the door. But these dots were black and much smaller than the
5 others. They looked like dots of darkness. What could it all mean?

The nurse was so filled with wonder that she ran and called the child's mother to come and see the strange sight.

10 The mother came. Her eyes were sharp as an eagle's, and she saw at a glance what was going on.



The bright dots were grains
of gold which tiny ants were
15 carrying and putting into the child's mouth. The black dots were the ants that had thrown down their gold, and were now running back after another load of the yellow metal.

20 If little Midas had not opened his eyes and cried, no one knows how much gold

the ants would have given him. His mother could not rest until she knew what it all meant; for, in those times, every-
thing that happened to a child was thought
to be a sign of something else that would
5 be sure to happen when he became a man. Of course, people know better now.

She sent to all the wisest men in the country and asked them what would be
the fate of a child whose mouth had been
10 filled by ants with grains of gold. They knew no more about it than she; but they were too wise to say so. They said, "He will be the richest man in the world."
Anybody could have guessed as much. 15

II

When Midas became a man and was made king, there was nothing that he liked so much as gold. He liked to look
at the bright shining metal. He liked to
hold yellow pieces of money in his hand, 20

and let them slip through his fingers. He liked to hear them ring, sharp and clear, as he let them fall upon the table.

“If I only had all the gold that there is in the world!” he said. But he did not think of robbing other men to get it; and so he was not so bad as many a king that has lived since. And there were other things that he liked. He was fond of fine music. He took delight in pictures and flowers. He loved his family and his friends.

III

One day the servants of Midas found a strange man wandering in the rose garden that belonged to the king. He did not seem to be in his right mind. When they asked him his name he could not tell them. He acted so queerly that even the boys made sport of him. They put a crown of leaves on his head, and covered him with flowers, and led him to the king.

Midas was very kind to the man. He kept him in his house until he had come to his senses again. “Now tell me who you are,” he said, “and I will send you home.”

The man told him his name, and said that he was the friend and teacher of great Dionysus. “Send me home to Dionysus,” he said, “and he will give you that which you want most.”

Now Midas knew Dionysus very well. Dionysus was a much greater king than Midas. People said that he was always young and beautiful, and that there was nothing too hard for him to do. It was said, too, that he had been all over the world, and had seen many things.

When Midas heard that the strange man was the teacher of Dionysus, he was glad that he had been so kind to him. He took him by the hand and led him home.

Dionysus thanked Midas, and said, "You have shown yourself to be a gentle and kindhearted man. What shall I give you to reward you?" Midas thought of gold. But he was almost afraid to say what was in his mind.

"Ask for what you want most, and you shall have it," said Dionysus.

"Well, then," said Midas, "if it is not asking too much, let it be that everything I touch shall be turned into gold."

"Go home," said Dionysus. "As soon as you pass through your own gates it shall be as you wish."

IV

Midas was very happy. Now he would have all the gold that he wanted. He hurried home. He could hardly wait until he had passed through the gates into his own grounds.

"Now, let us see what I can do!" he

said. He broke a tiny twig from a tree. The twig became gold in his hands. He picked up a stone. The stone became a lump of gold.

As he passed through his garden he plucked a rose. He tried to smell of it, but it was gold. A ripe apple was hanging upon a tree close by. He pulled it from its branch and saw that it, too, was turned to gold.

"I shall soon be the richest man in the world!" he cried.

Then he called to his servants, and told them to make a great dinner for him and all his friends. "I have never had so great joy," he said. "My friends shall come and be glad with me."

As he drew near to the house, his dog ran out to meet him. He stopped, as he always did, to pat him kindly on the head. But his touch turned the dog to gold.



“Ah!” said Midas, “I did not think of that. I must be careful.”

Then who should come next to meet him but little Rosebud, his own dear child!

5 “O papa, how glad I am that you have come home!” She ran with outstretched arms. She put up her face to be kissed.

Midas held his hands behind him. Then he stooped, and touched the child’s
10 lips with his own. You can guess what happened.

When Midas set his foot inside his door, the very doorstep turned to gold. Then the floor, the walls, the ceiling of the room, all became bright yellow metal. “I have enough gold, and too much!” he
5 cried.

Soon his friends came in, and sat down to the table. They thought what a merry feast they would have! But when they saw the sad face of King Midas they wondered
10 what could have happened to him.

V

King Midas took his place at the head of the table. His friends sat before him. But he seemed so sad that no one spoke or dared to smile.
15

The cloth, the cups, the plates were turned to gold by the touch of Midas. He tried to eat; the food became gold before he could carry it to his lips. He tried to drink; the water became golden ice in
20

the cup.

What was to be done? Must everything be turned to yellow metal? Must he starve with plenty all around him? Of what good was all his gold? He hated the sight of it now.

There was only one thing to be done. He would go to Dionysus and ask him to take back the gift.

10 He rose from the table and went in great haste. He threw himself down at the feet of Dionysus. "O great Dionysus," he cried, "I pray you, take back your gift! Let all things be as they were before. I have too much gold."

Then Dionysus said, "I can not take the gift back, but if you will do as I say, you may get rid of it, and all things will be as they were before."

20 "I will do anything," said Midas.

"Then go and wash yourself in the

little river that rises in the mountains," said Dionysus.

Midas hurried away. When he came to the little river he leaped into the water. The sand that was touched by his feet was turned to grains of gold. He washed himself as Dionysus had told him; and when he came out of the water he was almost afraid to touch anything lest it should be turned to gold.

How glad he was, when he reached home, to find that all things were as they had been before! He plucked a rose, and found that it smelled as sweet as ever. He ate the mellow apple that he picked from the tree, and thought it the best fruit he had ever tasted.



His dog played before him as he walked toward the house. And when little Rosebud ran to greet him, he lifted her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

5 “There are many things that are better than gold,” he said.

FOR STUDY

1. She asked them what would be the fate of this child.
2. She thought that they were dots of sunshine.
3. They knew no more about it than she.
4. Anybody could have guessed as much.
5. There was nothing that he liked so much as gold.
6. If I only had all the gold in the world!
7. Many a battle has been fought since.
8. Ask for what you want most, and you shall have it.

9. The very doorstep turned to gold.
10. He was afraid to touch anything lest it should be turned to gold.
11. Who should come in but the very man we were talking of?
12. What can it be?
13. What was he to do?
14. There is nothing too difficult for him to do.
15. We must get rid of bad friends.

to take delight in

to take one by the hand

to hide oneself from sight

to make sport of one

to come to one's senses

in great haste

at a glance

to hear them ring

to let them fall

LESSON XXIV

THE PROUD FROG

An ox, grazing in the field, happened to put down his foot among a family of young frogs, and crushed one of them to death. The others told their mother what
 5 had happened, and said that the animal that did it was the biggest creature that they had ever seen.

“Was it as big as this?” said the old frog, swelling herself out in the curious
 10 way that frogs do.

“Oh, much bigger than that!” said the little frogs.

“As big as this?” she asked, straining herself still more.

15 “Indeed, Mother,” they said, “you would never be so big if you were to stretch till you burst.”

Then the foolish old frog made another

effort to make herself still bigger, and burst and died.

Never try to make yourself out to be more important than you are.

FOR STUDY

1. I have dropped in, as I **happened** to pass by your house.
2. They struck him **to death**.
3. **Were** you to **stretch** till you burst, you would never be so big.

Subject	Verb	Complement
The <u>animal</u> [that did it	was	the biggest <u>creature</u> [that they had ever seen.

LESSON XXV

SUNSETS AND SUNRISSES

Why are sunsets and sunrises red? It is the same sun at noon and at sunset, and the same sky; but sunsets are red, and the sky is never red at noon. There
5 are two main reasons. In the first place, we are looking at the sun through an air that is full of dust; and in the second place, the more dust you look through, the redder a thing looks that is beyond.
10 At sunset (and at sunrise) you see the sun through a greater thickness of air than you do at noon.

When the sun is nearly overhead at noon we see it through a less thickness
15 of air than when it is setting (or rising).

The greater the thickness of air, the more dust there is in it; and moreover, the more dust, the redder the sun looks.

LESSON XXVI

A PEEP AT ENGLISH GRAMMAR

A sentence is a complete thought put into words. It must contain a Subject, the thing spoken about, and a Predicate, a thing said about the subject.

Example: *A boy on a bicycle | passed* 5
the door an hour ago.

The upright line divides the Subject from the Predicate.

The word "boy" is known as the Simple Subject; the word "passed" as the
10 Simple Predicate.

The simple subject is usually a Noun or a Pronoun; the simple predicate a Verb.

The Noun. Names of things are called Nouns. A Noun may be Proper or Com- 15
mon. A Proper Noun is a particular name, as *John, London*; a Common Noun is a class name, as *boy, town*. Regarded

from another point of view, a noun may be concrete or abstract. A concrete noun is the name of something which we can apprehend by our physical senses, as
 5 *flower, house*; an abstract noun is the name of something which we can only think about; for example, *length, kindness*.

The Verb. The verb is the chief word in the sentence. It tells of an action, or
 10 feeling, or simple existence. It may be Transitive or Intransitive. A transitive verb speaks of an action which "passes over" from the doer to some person or thing, as: He *ate* his dinner. Other verbs
 15 are said to be intransitive—for example, The boy *ran* home. A transitive verb is followed by an object—for example, He ate three rosy *apples*. The word "apples" is known as the simple object. A

20 The Pronoun. A word used in place of a name, or noun, is called a Pronoun,

as: *She can skip; I know the number; He is my cousin.*

FOR STUDY

1. From this point of view, English may be regarded as the language of the world.
2. He is said to be well off.
3. Do you know who will take his place?

exist' (v.)	exist'ence (n.)
apprehend' (v.)	apprehen'sion (n.)

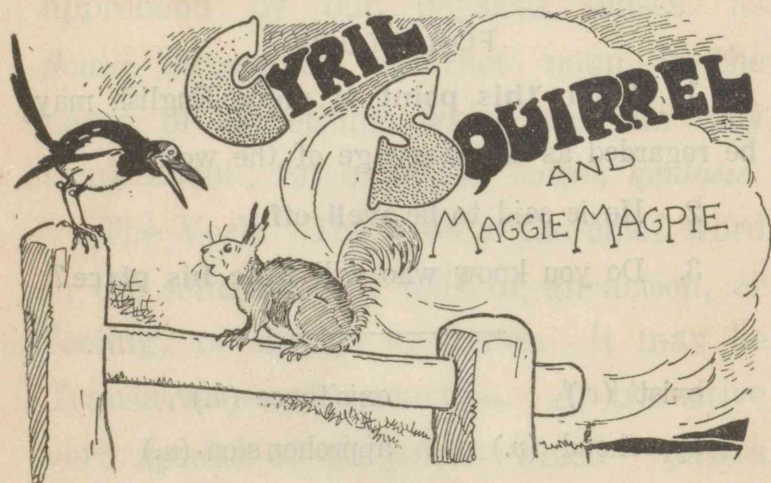
Subject	Predicate verb
Object	Complement

[v.t.] = verb transitive

[v.i.] = verb intransitive

LESSON XXVII

THE STORY OF HOW THEY OUTWITTED
THE FARMER'S BOY



On a fence at the top of a large meadow sat Cyril Squirrel and Maggie Magpie.

Both were gazing intently at someone walking along the footpath in the distance.

“That’s the farmer’s boy,” said Cyril. “I know him by the dog he’s got with him.”

“He’s got a sack of potatoes on his

back,” remarked Maggie. “Let’s watch him ; he might drop one or two.”

So Maggie Magpie and Cyril Squirrel kept their beady black eyes glued to the boy, and saw him reach an old well by the side of the path.

They saw him stop, drop his sack of potatoes to the ground, and tie the dog to it. Then he walked away in the direction of the farm.

“So-ho !” murmured Maggie, “he’s left the dog to guard the potatoes while he has his dinner at the farmhouse.”

“Do you like potatoes to eat ?” asked Cyril.

“It’s my favourite lunch,” replied Maggie.

“Mine, too !” said Cyril. And I’ve just thought of a way to get them.”

“Tell me your idea,” muttered Maggie, “and if there doesn’t appear to be any

serious trouble at the end of it, perhaps I'll help you. That dog has already had a mouthful of my tail feathers," he added sorrowfully.

5 "Now listen," smiled Cyril. "There won't be any trouble if you follow me closely. You just go and perch on the edge of the well and make faces at the dog and imitate his bark, while I climb
10 up on the sack behind him.

"Then," Cyril went on, "when he's pulling as hard as he can to reach you, I'll bite through the cord that fastens him to the sack, and he'll pitch head-first
15 into the well!"

"Well, well!" laughed Maggie. "That's clever! But I shall have to jump up in the air pretty quick, or he'll pitch head-first into me!"

20 "Yes, you'll have to be quick," said Cyril, as he and Maggie started off to

carry out their plan.

The dog was dozing—dreaming that he lived in a kennel made of bones, that had a roof made of slices of meat instead of tiles—when Cyril and Maggie arrived on
5 the scene.

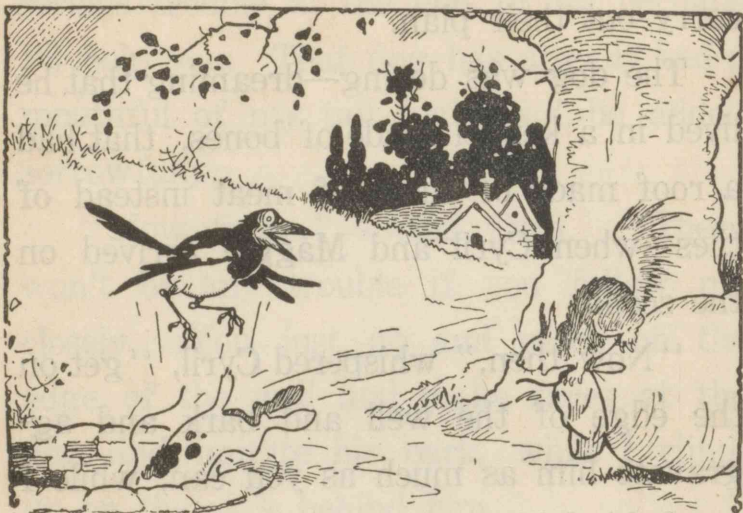
"Now then," whispered Cyril, "get on the edge of the well and bark and aggravate him as much as you can, while I get behind him on the sack!"
10

"Bow-wow-wow! Yap-yap-yap!"
screached Maggie.

The dog woke up with a start and looked round, then sprang into the air and hurled himself at the magpie, nearly pulling the
15 sack along with him.

Just as he was straining his hardest to reach Maggie, who was making her worst faces at him, Cyril bit through the cord with his strong teeth.
20

The dog shot forward and pitched head-



long down the well, just missing Maggie's tail as she made a frantic leap into the air.

“Ha, ha!” laughed Cyril. “That was neatly done!”

5 “Yes,” chuckled Maggie; “all's well that ends well! The dog will be quite comfortable down there while we pick out a few of the nicest potatoes!”

10 But just as they had opened the sack, Cyril happened to turn his head and look along the footpath.

“Oh, dear!” he grumbled. “Here's a man coming along the path!”

“You just stop where you are,” said Maggie. “I'll turn him back pretty quick! I'll show you a trick you've never 5 seen before!”

Up in the air went Maggie until she was nearly over the approaching man; then she swooped nearly to the ground and fluttered straight across the path in front of the inn. 10

For two seconds the man stood stock-still; then, shaking his fist at Maggie, he turned round and walked back the way he had come.

“However did you manage that?” 15 asked Cyril, as Maggie hopped back on to the sack.

“It was easy!” chuckled Maggie. “You see, these men are very super- 20 stitious; they think it's unlucky for a magpie to cross their path!”

“How stupid of them!” laughed Cyril as he dived into the sack. “We’d better hurry and get hold of some of these potatoes before the farmer’s boy comes
5 back!” he muttered.

A few minutes later the farmer’s boy strolled across the meadow after having had his dinner. He looked so astonished when he saw the open sack and the
10 potatoes scattered all over the ground, that Maggie nearly fell off the tree with laughing.

He picked up the nibbled end of the cord and looked at it.

15 “Why, where be the dog?” he said.

“Hi, Rover! Rover! Here, good dog!”

The dog heard him in the well and set up barking louder than ever, and the boy looked round and round, but it was some
20 few minutes before he thought of looking down the well.

There, at the bottom, was Rover.

“However did ’ee get down there, Rover?” asked the astonished boy.

“Yap! yap! yap!” imitated Maggie from the tree overhead, and then the boy
5 began to understand.

“I believe it is one of your tricks,” he cried. And he had no doubt about it when Maggie dropped one of the potatoes neatly on to his head. It broke into little
10 bits when it hit him, and he angrily shook his fist at magpie.

“This beats everything!” he muttered.

“I’ll run back and fetch the farmer or he won’t believe me without seeing it!”
15

And as he ran towards the farm, a cackle of laughter came from the old oak, where Maggie and Cyril were lunching off some very choice potatoes.

FOR STUDY

1. He **made** wry faces at me.
2. You **miss** my point.
3. The policeman **arrived** on the scene.
4. You **had better** be more careful.
5. He **managed** to keep his body and soul together.
6. Who is your **favourite** author?

-es

echo	echoes
hero	heroes
negro	negroes
volcano	volcanoes
potato	potatoes

LESSON XXVIII

TAMING ANIMALS

I

Tommy Merton lived on a farm where there were a great many horses and cattle and pigs and sheep. He had never seen any wild animals; but he had read about them, and he thought that it would be a good thing to catch some of them in the woods and tame them.



5

“If you want to tame animals,” said his friend Mr. Barlow, “you must be good to them. You must treat them kindly, and then they will not be afraid of you, but will come to you and love you.”

“Yes,” said Harry Sandford, “that is very true. I once heard of a little boy who took a great fancy to a snake that lived in his father’s garden.”

15

“Oh!” said Tommy.

“Yes, and when he was given milk for breakfast, he would carry the bowl into the garden and whistle; and the snake
5 would come to him, and lap the milk from the bowl.”

“Didn’t it bite him?” asked Tommy.

“No. Sometimes, when the snake lapped too fast, he would give it a little
10 tap with his spoon; but it never hurt him.”

“Well, I would rather have some other kind of pet,” said Tommy.

II

A few days after that, Tommy thought
15 he would try his skill in taming animals. He put some pieces of bread in his pocket and went out to find some animal that he might give them to.

As he was sitting on the gate by the
20 barn, he saw a pig which had run away

from its mother and was lying in the sun. Tommy called, “Pig, pig, pig! Come here, little pig! Come and get some bread!”

But the pig did not know what he 5



meant. It jumped up, looked at him, and ran away.

“You little ugly creature!” said Tommy.
“Do you treat me in that way when I am so kind to you and want to feed you? If
10 you don’t know your friends, I will teach

you.” Then he ran after the pig, and caught it by one of its legs.

The pig began to squeal so loudly that its mother came running as fast as she could to see what was the matter. Tommy was frightened, and quickly let the pig go. But as he was about to turn round, his foot slipped and he fell into the mud.

The pig’s mother came up just as Tommy was trying to rise. She was so angry that she rolled him back into the mud where it was very deep. But she did not hurt him. She left him there, kicking and crying, and ran on to overtake her little one.

A large flock of geese happened to be coming across the road just at that time. The young goslings were frightened and ran back, making a great noise. But the old gander, who was the leader of the flock, flew at Tommy’s legs and pecked

him several times with his bill.

Poor Tommy, although a brave boy, now began to scream with all his might. Mr. Barlow, who was at work in the next field, heard him and ran to his help. He lifted him out of the mud, and set him on his feet.

“What is the matter?” he asked.



“I was only doing what you told me,” said Tommy. “I wanted to make the animals tame and gentle.” And then he told the whole story.

“But I don’t remember,” said Mr. Barlow, “that I ever told you to catch little pigs by their legs.”

“No, sir,” said Tommy, “but I wanted to feed the pig. I wanted to be kind to it, and make it tame.”

“How was the pig to understand what you wanted?” said Mr. Barlow. “Before

you try to tame any animal, you must learn something about its nature and its ways."

FOR STUDY

1. He **takes a fancy** to music.
2. I **would rather lose** all my trees than have you tell a lie.
3. I know **what you mean**.
4. The policeman **caught him by** the collar.
5. I will **treat you to** a theatre.
6. I will **try my skill in** drawing pictures.
7. Puss is basking **in the sun**.
8. The owl cannot see **in the light**.

scream

squeal

squeak

slip

slide

LESSON XXIX
WHICH WAY DOES THE WIND BLOW?



Which way does the wind blow,
And where does he go?
He rides o'er the water,
He rides o'er the snow.

He blows and he tosses
The leaves from the tree,
As when you look upward,
You plainly can see.

From what place he comes,
To what place he goes,
There's no one can tell you,
There's no one who knows.

Lucy Aikin.

LESSON XXX

THE STORY OF A WHISTLE

I

On the day that Benjamin Franklin was seven years old, his mother and brothers gave him a few pennies.

“What shall I do with these coppers, mother?” he said. “Shall I keep them in my pocket?”

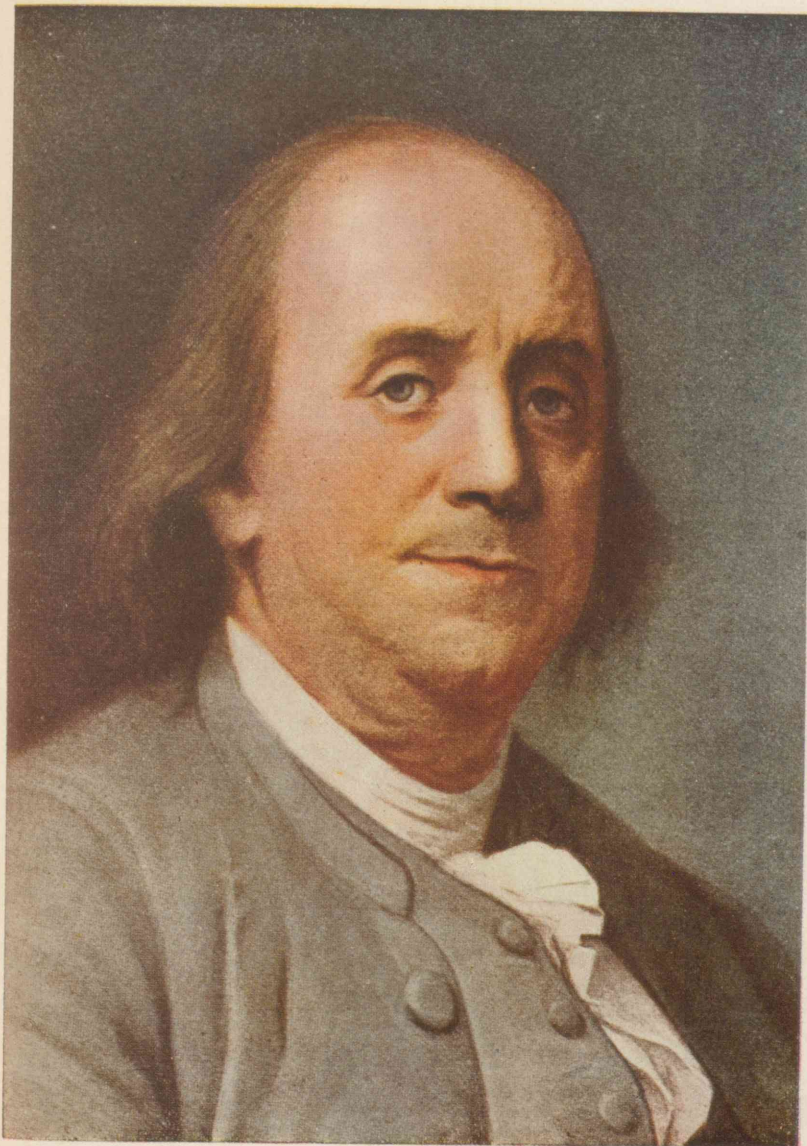
“You may spend them for something that you like,” said his mother.

“And may I have more when these are gone?” he asked.

His mother shook her head. “No, I cannot give you any more. So you must take care how you spend these.”

The little boy ran out into the street. The yellow pennies jingled in his pocket as he ran, and made pleasant music for him.

Should he buy candy or toys? He



liked them both. He had not tasted candy for a long time; and he could not remember that he had ever played with a toy of his own.

He thought that the pennies in his pocket kept saying, “Candy or toys! candy or toys!” And he could not make up his mind which he wanted most.

As he was running along, he met a boy blowing a whistle. “That is just what I want,” he said; and he hurried across the street to the place where whistles were sold.

“Have you any good whistles?” he asked. He felt as if he were almost a man.

“Yes, plenty of them,” said the shopkeeper. “Will you buy a whistle to-day?”

“I’ll give you all the money I have for one of them!” said Benjamin. He did not think to ask the price.

“How much money have you?” asked the man. “Let me see.”

Benjamin showed him the pennies. The man counted them, and then said, "It's all right, my little fellow." He put the bright coppers into his money drawer, and gave
5 one of the whistles to the little boy. "Here



is a whistle that will please you," he said.

II

Benjamin Franklin was very happy. He ran home as fast as he could, blowing
10 his whistle as he went.

"What have you there, my child?" asked his mother.

"A whistle! a whistle!" he cried. "Just hear me blow it."

"How much did you pay for it?"

"All the money I had!"

His brother, who was sitting in the door, laughed. "Well! well! Did you give all your pennies for that whistle?"

"Yes," said little Benjamin, and he
10 spoke very slowly, "I gave the man every one of them."

"You ought to have asked the price," said his mother, kindly. "You have paid four times what it is worth."

"Yes," said his brother. "That is a dear whistle, I think. You had enough money to buy a whistle and some candy too."

The little boy began to cry. But his
20 mother took him upon her lap and said,

“Never mind, my dear. We must all live and learn; and I think that, after this, my little boy will take care not to pay too much for his whistles.”

III

5 As long as Benjamin Franklin lived, he did not forget the lesson which he learned that day. He said, “If I am idle and spend my time for nothing, what is that but paying too much for a whistle?”

10 And so he was careful to make good use of every hour. He was always busy; he was always trying to learn something that would be useful to himself and to others.

15 He could not go to school as boys do now, but he read all the good books that he could get. And in time he became one of the greatest and wisest men that ever lived in our country.

20 When you are a little older, you will

read more about him, and about the many things which he did to make people happier and better. It is now more than a hundred years since he lived, but the name of Benjamin Franklin will never be forgotten. 5

FOR STUDY

1. I **kept standing** in the car all the way.
2. Washington **made up his mind never to tell** a lie.
3. The prospects are anything **but** bright.
4. **It is** more than ten years **since** I saw you last.
6. This is **the best book that I have**.

forget	forgot	forgot[ten]
get	got	got[ten]
break	broke	broken

LESSON XXXI

PETER JOHNSON'S BOOTS

Peter Johnson was a very fortunate man. He had a good home, a good wife, and a good pair of boots. He had worn these boots for years, yet there was not
5 a crack in them, and they were quite comfortable.

However, as time went on, Peter thought less and less of his boots. Sometimes they seemed to him too square at
10 the toes, and sometimes they seemed too pointed. At one time they looked too large, and again they looked as if they were too small.

“I think I shall sell these boots,” said
15 Peter one morning.

“And why should you do that?” asked his wife.

“Do you not see that the tops are too

short?” asked Peter in return.

“But you said that the tops were too long,” said the woman.

“Did I? Well, then, they have shrunk. I shall go to the city and trade them for
5 another pair.”

So Peter took ten shining silver coins from his chest and set out for the city. He met a man carrying a pair of boots.

“How fortunate I am!” said Peter.
10 “Shall we trade boots?”

The man looked at Peter's boots. “Yes, I will do it,” said he, “but I must have three dollars besides.”

So Peter paid him three dollars and
15 put on his new boots; but when he had walked awhile, they hurt his feet very much. Soon he met another man with a pair of boots, and again he proposed a
20 trade.

“Your boots are not worth very much;

you must give me three dollars besides," said the man.

Peter knew very well that the boots he wore were worth little, so he cheerfully
5 paid the three dollars, and took the new pair. But when he drew them on, they were worse than the others. He could scarcely walk in them.



10 "I shall be more careful when I trade again," thought Peter, as he limped slowly along.

Now he walked a long way before he met any one. The boots hurt him at every step, and poor Peter was almost wild with
15 the pain. At last he met a man with a

very fine pair of boots. "Will you trade boots with me?" asked Peter.

"I will sell you these boots," said the man.
5 Then Peter took out his four dollars. "Here is all the money I have," said he, "but I must have a comfortable pair of boots."

The man took the money, and Peter put
10 on the boots. Now, indeed, he could walk. How delightful it was to walk without being in pain. It was like flying.

When he was at home again, he walked up and down the room until the floor
15 creaked, and stuck out his feet as much as possible; but the old woman only sat and spun.

"Do you not see," said Peter Johnson, "that I have found a perfect pair of boots
20 at last?"

“And they are not too narrow, or too square at the toes, or too short in the legs?” asked his wife.

“Oh, what questions!” said Peter. “It is as if they had grown on my feet! To be sure, they have cost me ten dollars, but they are worth every cent of it.”

“Ten dollars!” cried the old woman.

“You have paid ten dollars for your old pair of boots!”

Then she turned down the top of one of the boots, and there was Peter Johnson’s name.

“H’m!” said Peter.

But since that day he has never found fault with his boots; and it is, indeed, a good bargain when one can buy contentment with ten dollars.

FOR STUDY

1. As I knew the gentleman, I **thought more and more** of him.
2. It **cost** him his life.
3. The book is **worth reading**.
4. I feel **like crying**.
5. He is on the alert to **find fault with** me.
6. Ten years **have passed since** we parted.
7. Are you **in pain**?
8. I am **in great trouble**.
9. I have made **a bad bargain**.
10. He studies **for hours** together.

shrink shrank shrunk

stick stuck stuck

hurt hurt hurt

LESSON XXXII

BUTTER AND CHEESE

“Well, Amy, what have you been doing at school to-day?” asked Mr. Lewis of his little girl, as they were sitting round the fire after tea.

5 “We have been making butter and cheese,” said the little girl. “It was so nice,” she went on to say, “and if mother will give me some milk and some vinegar, I should like to show you how it was done.”

10 Mrs. Lewis gave Amy some milk in a jug, and, after she had put tea things away, she sat down, with Amy’s brother Tom at her feet, to see what the little butter-maker was going to do.

15 First of all, Amy poured some of the milk on to some clean paper, and showed her father that the paper, when dried, had some grease stains on it.



“That shows that there is fat in milk,” said Amy, “and the fat,” she went on to say, “is the cream.”

“Butter is fat, isn’t it?” said Tom. “Yes,” replied Amy, “and now I will show 5 you how to get the butter from the cream.”

So saying, she poured some of the cream from the top of the milk in the saucer, into a bottle. She then shook the bottle, again and again, and, at last, 10

showed her parents and her brother, that there was now some butter in the bottle.

“That’s easy enough,” said Tom.
5 “We did that at school the other day, and our teacher told us that the little bits of fat in the cream, have thin skins on them.

“When we shake the bottle, we break
10 the skins, and the little bits of fat then stick together.”

“Here is the butter!” cried Amy, as she pointed out some little lumps in the bottle.

“Quite right,” said Mrs. Lewis, “and
15 what you have just done is what they do in the dairy. They put the cream in a barrel, and turn the barrel round, by means of a handle, until the skins of the fat are broken, just as you have broken them,
20 Amy.

“The dairy-maid then places the lumps

on the table, and, with her hands, squeezes out the milk from the newly-made butter.”

“What about the cheese, Amy?” asked Mr. Lewis.

In reply, Amy emptied a little vinegar
5 from the cruet into the milk, from which she had skimmed the cream.

The milk at once curdled, and Amy said that the lumps were called curds, and the watery liquid was called whey.
10

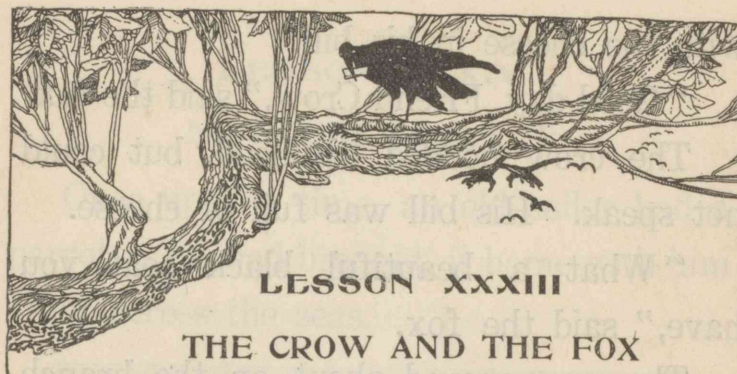
“The curds,” added the little girl, “are pressed together in a cheese press, and some salt is mixed with them, and the cheese is ready to be wrapped up into
15 cheese cloths for market.”

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were very pleased with Amy, for learning her lesson so well, and they agreed to take her, and her brother Tom, to a dairy, to see the dairy-maids making butter and cheese.
20

FOR STUDY

1. What **have** you been doing all this time?
2. I **have been** reading the book you have given me.
Have you finished it?
Yes, I have.
3. The **tea things** are laid out ready for us.
4. Work is a **means** to the end.
5. George **was** much **pleased with** the hatchet.
6. We **agree to** the proposal.
7. We **agree with** you.

newly-laid eggs
cruet-stand



LESSON XXXIII

THE CROW AND THE FOX

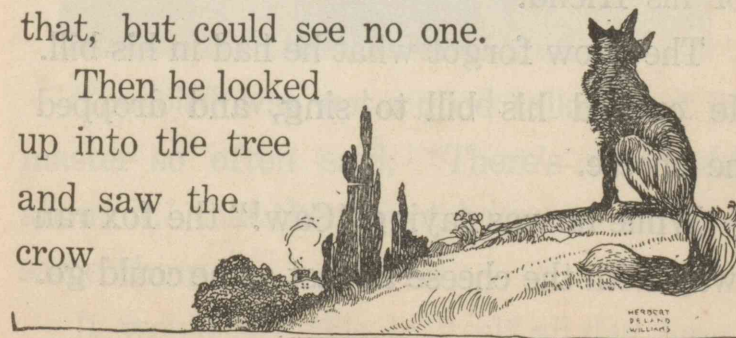
A crow sat on the branch of a tree.
In his bill was a fine piece of cheese.

He had stolen the cheese from the farmer's table. What a good dinner it would make!

A fox came out of the woods. He smelled the cheese, and it made him hungry.

He looked this way and that, but could see no one.

Then he looked up into the tree and saw the crow



5

10

15

with the cheese in his bill.

“Good day, Friend Crow,” said the fox.

The crow nodded his head, but could not speak. His bill was full of cheese.

5 “What a beautiful black coat you have,” said the fox.

The crow moved about on the branch so that the sun could shine on his feathers.

10 “My friend, the jay, says you have a fine voice, too,” said the fox. “Will you not sing me a song, dear Crow?”

The crow was pleased. What a good friend he had found in the fox!

15 A crow with a fine voice should sing for his friend.

The crow forgot what he had in his bill.

20 He opened his bill to sing, and dropped the cheese.

While he was saying “Caw!” the fox ran away with the cheese as fast as he could go.

LESSON XXXIV

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT

Once upon a time, an old sailor had a parrot. He had brought it home with him from across the seas.



The bird was not a good talker, but its master so often said, ‘There’s no doubt about it,’ that the parrot began to say the same thing.

It would say this to itself all day long,

for it could say nothing else.

The sailor kept his pet for many years, but he at last became so poor, that he wished to sell it.

5 So he stood in the street one day, crying, 'Who will buy my parrot? Who will buy my parrot?'

'How much do you want for it?' asked a man who was passing.

10 'Three pounds,' was the reply.

'Three pounds! Is it worth so much?'

'There's no doubt about it,' said the parrot.

The man was so pleased that he paid 15 the money at once, and took the parrot home.

But he soon found out that the bird was not so good a talker as he thought.

20 'What a goose I was to give three pounds for a bird like that!' he said one day, as he stood near the parrot's cage.

'There's no doubt about it! There's no doubt about it!' said the parrot.

FOR STUDY

1. I see a **true gentleman** in him.
2. The bird was a **good** talker.
3. The bird was not **so good a talker as** he thought.
4. The bird was not **such a good** talker.
5. **What a goose I was** to give so much for a thing like that!

nothing else

no other thing

to nod one's head

to shake one's head

to toss one's head

Don't cast your pearls before swine.

Don't kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

LESSON XXXV

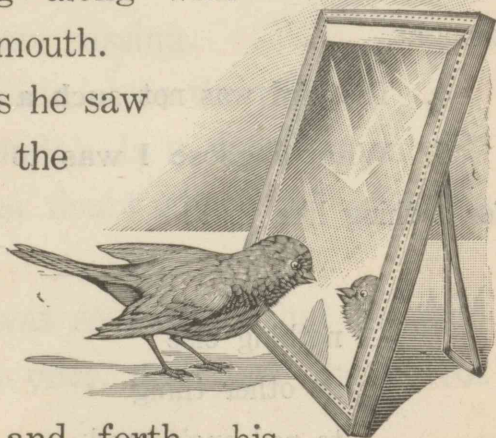
DON AND THE MIRROR

I once had a dear little pet bird whose name was Don.

One day I put a small mirror on my table. Pretty soon Don came hopping along with a pin in his mouth.

As soon as he saw his picture in the glass down went the pin. He began to dance back and forth, his wings drooping and his eyes shining.

How angry the other bird did make him! It mocked every motion he made. Once Don danced too far to one side and lost sight of the strange bird.



Then he suddenly straightened himself up in surprise. But he soon found the bird again, and then there was more fun for us.

At last Don grew so angry at the strange, silent bird that he could stand it no longer. He ran against the mirror with so much force that he upset himself. He got up, stood on tiptoe, and looked at the queer bird for a long time.

He next hopped slowly up to the glass and ran his tongue gently over it. Still he could not understand where that bird was.

All at once he seemed to have a new idea. He marched solemnly behind the glass and came out on the other side. There he found that queer bird again.

He was more than ever confused. He stood and stared, and finally scratched his head, as people do when they are puzzled.

He next flew on top of the glass and looked down in front and behind at the same time. This seemed to satisfy him that the other bird was not hiding behind
25 the mirror.

So down he came and stared at that bird. He seemed to be trying to make up his mind what to do next.

At last he decided to make friends with
10 the strange bird. He went up to the glass and ran his tongue all over the bird again, as if giving it the kiss of peace.

Then he whistled all his tunes one after the other, dancing and bowing all the time.

15 Then he ran off and picked up a bright pin and laid it before the stranger. He brought one after another till there was quite a pile of them.

At last I had to take the glass away
20 so that Don would settle down in his own home.

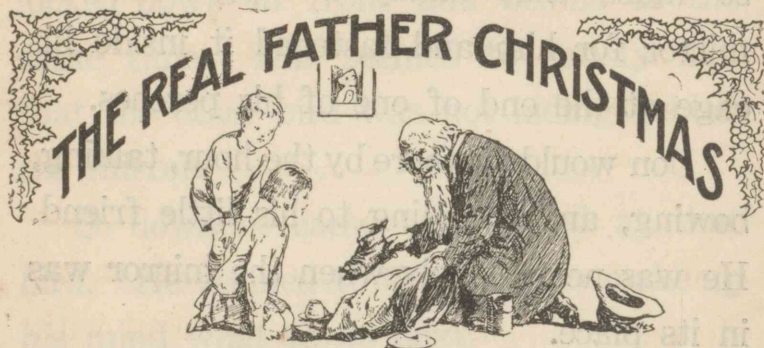
He grew to love his friend in the mirror so much that finally I bought a little mirror for him and fastened it inside his cage at the end of one of his perches.

Don would sit there by the hour, talking, 5 bowing, and whistling to his little friend. He was never lonely when the mirror was in its place.

FOR STUDY

1. We **have lost sight** of the aeroplane.
 2. He threw up his hands **in surprise**.
 3. I **have made up my mind** to realise my ideal.
 4. I **am puzzled** what to do.
 5. He **has made friends with** the stranger.
 6. I cannot **stand** it any longer.
-

LESSON XXXVI



“If it stops snowing soon, Molly, we might go out and have a snowball fight, eh?” said Paul.

It was Christmas Eve, and the two children were playing with their toys on the nursery floor.

Paul got up and looked out of the window.

“I believe it’s going to stop,” he murmured.

“I wonder what Father Christmas will bring us this year?” said Molly.

She was nursing a fat penguin, which

squeaked when you poked it.

“If only we could see him, and tell him all we want. Wouldn’t it be lovely!” she sighed.

“Just the sort of day for him, ’cording to the pictures,” mused Paul. “I wonder if it’s stopped snowing yet? Yes, it has stopped. Suppose——” He broke off without finishing the sentence. Then he cried, “Molly—quick! Look! Isn’t it? Yes, it is Father Christmas coming along the road!”

Molly scrambled to her feet, knocking over Teddy and Minnie, the Dutch dolls, and flew to the window.

“Paul!” she exclaimed. “Of course it’s Father Christmas! I’d know him anywhere! Look at his white beard and hair! Oh, Paul, and there’s his sack full of presents on his back!”

Molly and Paul just looked at each other for a moment, as much as to say,

“Dare we?” Then Paul seized Molly’s hand and dragged her out of the nursery and right down to the front door.

In a moment they were racing down
5 the garden path.

“Come on!” cried Paul. “We *must* catch him, Molly! We may never have the chance again!” And they ran, hand in hand, along the road.

10 “Father Christmas! Father Christmas! Stop! Please!” they called.

The old man hesitated, and then turned round to them.

“Well, bless me! And what’s all this
15 about? Who said I was Father Christmas?” he exclaimed.

“We did!” cried both the children at once. “Of course you are; we’ve seen you in pictures lots of times.”

20 The old man’s eyes sparkled, and he smiled kindly.

“Bless me!” he said again. “Who’d have thought it? Why, I’m just a poor old tramp! Bless your little hearts!”

“And please, Father Christmas, will you come back to our house and show us
5 what you’ve got in that bag? Mummy said you were sure to bring us some nice presents this Christmas, if we were good,” said Molly.

“And have you been good, my dears?”
10 said the old man gently.

“Oh, yes; of course we have!” cried Paul breathlessly. “And perhaps Mummy will give you some tea when we’ve looked at all the presents.”
15

A bright tear rolled down the old man’s cheek.

“And I’ve been all day walking here and never had a bite,” he said.

“Why, how tired you must be. But,”
20 asked Molly, “where have you left your

sledge and reindeers? Well, you see, my dears, those reindeers—. But hadn't you better ask Mother before I come in? These old boots and this patched old coat—it isn't quite a visiting coat," and he looked nervously back at the children's home.

"Oh, she won't mind, I'm sure!" exclaimed Molly. "I know she's expecting you." And they led the old man back along the road.

"This way," said Paul. "Close the door quietly, Molly. Mind the lamp with your sack, Father Christmas—the nursery's right at the top of the house."

"That's right," said Molly. "And when I've wiped the wet snow off your coat, will you show us all you have in your sack? And please, Father Christmas, may I give you a kiss? It's so jolly to have found you at last!"

The old man bent down his head, and



Molly tip-toed up to him and gently kissed his cheek.

"Thank you, my dear," said the old man quietly. "It's many a day since I've been kissed. You see, I most always comes at night, when all you little folk is in bed and asleep." And he pulled out a red handkerchief and wiped his eyes.

"And now can we see the presents, please?" said both the children together.

They knelt on the floor, and the old man began to open his sack.

“Now,” he said, “before I show you what’s in here, I wonder if either of you
5 remembers the story of the poor girl and the old beggar woman in the fairy book.”

“I do,” said Molly. “She gave the old woman some of her food and fetched her some water from the stream, and——”

10 “And then what did she do?” asked the old man.

“Why, then she kissed the poor old beggar woman, and all her rags vanished and she changed into a beautiful prince,
15 dressed in velvet and silk.”

“Well, don’t forget, my dears, what happened in the story.” And the old man thrust his hand into his sack and pulled out, one after the other, a broken plate, an
20 old, torn book, a cup and saucer, and two such worn, broken old boots. Then came

an old coat and various odds and ends such as tramps carry about with.

Then children’s faces showed more and more disappointment as one old thing after another appeared. 5

They were so near crying that they could only look and say nothing for several minutes.

“I—I—thought you’d have the airgun that Mummy promised me,” stammered
10 Paul.

“And—haven’t you brought—the big doll with the fair hair?” asked Molly; “or my—my—We thought you’d have all sorts
15 of nice things for us.”

The old man brushed his sleeve across his eyes and then, looking past the children, whose sad faces troubled him, he saw that the nursery door was open and a lady was
20 standing watching them.

She came in and knelt down beside them

on the nursery floor.

“Why, Molly—Paul—why such sad faces?” she said. “Have you forgotten the fairy story already? Well, just put
5 all these things back in the sack and Father Christmas will come with me and have some tea. And perhaps—mind, I say perhaps—they may change into all sorts of lovely presents.”

10 “Oh, of course, we forgot all about the fairy story! Of course they will!” laughed the children. And they helped the old man put everything back into the sack again.

15 Tea was over, and the children and their parents were downstairs waiting for the coming of Father Christmas.

“I hope he’ll soon come,” said Paul. “I feel so excited I can’t sit still much
20 longer.”

“I wonder if one of those old boots

will have changed into my beautiful dolly, Mummy?” whispered Molly. “Listen! I believe I hear him coming—yes!”

A loud rat, tat, tat sounded on the door.

“Come in!” called the children breath- 5 lessly.

The door opened slowly, and there stood a real Father Christmas, in red coat and cap, both trimmed with white fur. There were snowflakes all over him. And on his
10 back was the old sack, but it bulged more than ever.

“Hooray! Father Christmas!” cried the children, and they both ran to him and led him right into the room. 15

He rested his sack on the table, and began to open it.

“I believe I heard a little girl say that she wanted a big dolly with fair hair,” he said; “and—yes—why, here it is at the top
20 of my old sack. And here’s a fine airgun

for a boy, and a case of scissors for a lady, and a briar pipe for a gentleman." And then out came more presents for both the children.

5 "So the fairy tale came true a second time, didn't it Father Christmas?" said Molly quietly.

10 "Bless your little hearts! Of course it did!" replied the old man. And he bent down and kissed both of the children.

"And now a merry Christmas to you all, and good-bye till next year," he said. "I must be getting along, or my other little friends will think their Christmas
15 presents are never coming."

FOR STUDY

1. He used to spend **odds and ends** of his time in reading.

2. I am glad to **have met** you.

3. I **came near** being killed.
4. The pressure **changes** the snow into a sheet of ice.
5. I **helped** my sister (to) **lift** the bucket.
6. The dog barked at me, **as much as** to say, "I want something to eat."
7. I **don't mind** doing so.
8. I **don't care** to do so.
9. He was **so excited that** he could not utter a word.
10. **Good-bye till** to-morrow.

-ery

- | | |
|---------------|------------|
| 1. nursery | 2. bakery |
| 3. brewery | 4. fishery |
| 5. millinery | 6. pottery |
| 7. stationery | 8. hosiery |

LESSON XXXVII

SWEET AND LOW

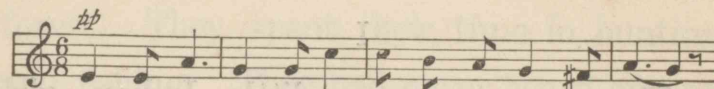
Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea;
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
 While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon:
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

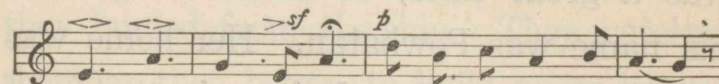
SWEET AND LOW

Alfred Tennyson

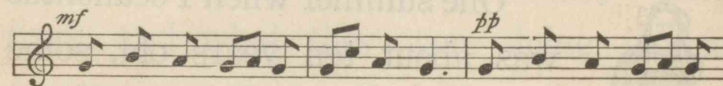
Joseph Barnby



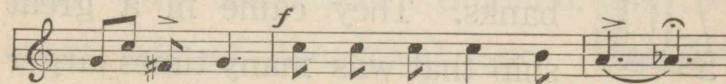
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea;
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;



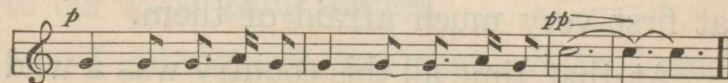
Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea!
 Rest, rest on mo - ther's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;



O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing
 Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all



moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me;
 out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon;



While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one, sleeps. . . .
 Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.

LESSON XXXVIII

THE STORY OF POCAHONTAS

I

There was once a little Indian girl whose name was Pocahontas. Her father was a great chief, or Indian king, and his name was Powhatan. Her home was not far from a broad river, in that part of our country which is now called Virginia.



One summer when Pocahontas was about ten years old, some white men came up the river and began to build a town on its banks. They came in a great ship that was many times larger than any canoe, and everything they did was so wonderful that the Indians were at first very much afraid of them.

At that time all this country was a wild land. There were no pleasant farms nor

busy cities, but only woods and swamps and lonely prairies. King Powhatan and his people had always lived in the great forest. They spent their time in hunting and fishing. They had never heard of any other way of living.

They watched the strange white men as they landed from the ship. They watched them as they began to build queer houses of logs on the shore. Then Powhatan grew bold, and asked them where they came from, and what they were doing in his country.

The strangers pointed to the east, and said, "We came from England, on the other side of the great sea. We are building homes for ourselves here in this country, which does not belong to you, but to our good King James."

"I do not see how that can be," said Powhatan. "My people have always lived

in this country, and it must be ours. Yet there is room here for you also, and you are welcome.”

Little by little the Indians made friends with their strange neighbors. On some days they carried them corn which they sold for beads and other trinkets; at other times they carried them game which they had killed in the woods.

Sometimes King Powhatan himself would visit the little town of the white men. Once or twice the little maiden Pocahontas went with him, and was filled with wonder at what she saw. The men were kind to her, and gave her some presents to carry home.



Soon, the white men began to treat the Indians badly. They were often unkind to them. They seemed to think that the red people had no rights. But Captain John

Smith, the leader of the Englishmen, was kind to them at all times. He never tried to cheat those who brought things to sell, and he punished some of his men who had done so.

He wanted to learn all about the country; and so, one day, he started with two men to explore the rivers and the woods.

“The white men are looking at our lands,” said the Indians. “Soon they will want to drive us away from them.”

“We must not let them,” said others. “We must drive them back to their own place.”

II

One day some Indians lay in wait in the woods for Captain Smith and the two men. They killed the two men, and took Smith prisoner. They tied Smith's hands behind him, and led him from one Indian town to another. They did not know what

to do with him. At last they took him to the great chief, King Powhatan.

Captain Smith was led into a long house built of the green boughs of trees. Two hundred Indians were there, and all wanted to see him put to death. King Powhatan stood at one end of the room. On his shoulders he wore a cape of raccoon skins, and he had a headdress of eagles' feathers.

The warriors stood in rows on each side, and they too were dressed in furs and feathers. Behind the warriors were the Indian women. Their necks were painted red; their heads were covered with the white down of birds; over their shoulders hung strings of beads.

All the Indians shouted when Smith was led into the room. The queen brought water for him to wash his hands. Another woman gave him a bundle of feathers to use as a towel. After this they brought

him food. They gave him such a dinner as he had not had for many a day. And then the warriors and the king talked about what they should do with him.

III

At last it was agreed that Captain Smith should die. Two large stones were rolled into the room and placed in front of King Powhatan. Then Smith, with his arms tied behind him, was led to them. His head was laid on one of them.

All at once a cry was heard among the Indian women. The little maiden Pocahontas ran across the room, and threw herself at her father's feet. She asked him to spare the white man's life.

The king looked very cross, and did not seem to hear the child. Two tall warriors stepped forward, each with a heavy club in his hand. Then Pocahontas threw herself down by the side of the prisoner. She took

his head in her arms. "You can not kill him without first killing me," she said.

The heart of the old king was touched, and he told his warriors to lay down their clubs. Smith was lifted from the ground, the cords were taken from his arms, and he was treated with great kindness. The next day he was given some presents and sent back to his people. "I and my warriors will always be your friends," said Powhatan.

IV

I cannot say that this story is all true, but I have told it to you as Captain Smith himself told it several years afterwards. We know that the Indian maiden, Pocahontas, was always a good friend to the white people who made the first homes in Virginia.

Often at the risk of her own life she would let them know if there was danger.

Often when her father wanted to make war upon them, she would say, "They are our friends. Let us live in peace with them."

Had it not been for Pocahontas, I doubt if these people could have staid in Virginia. Our country would then have had a very different history.

FOR STUDY

1. In the dark something terrible seems to lie in wait for me.
2. A good news is **in store** for you at home.
3. **Were it not** for you, I **should** lose my life.
4. **Had it not been** for you, I **should have** lost my life.
5. The Indians wanted to see him **put** to death.
6. The Indians wanted to see the king **put** him to death.

LESSON XXXIX

SINGING BEPPO

Beppo's father had given Beppo good advice before he went away to find work in the town. It was because of that advice that Beppo sang as he went out that
5 cold, frosty morning to collect firewood.

People generally sing because they feel merry, but that was not quite the case with Beppo. To begin with, it was cold; there were holes in his boots, too. He had
10 no winter coat, and he had no breakfast—because there was no breakfast to have!

But at least there was wood in the forest free for the gathering, and Beppo sang as he went on his errand. His father
15 had told him it was the brave way and the best way, for always to be sighing over one's troubles made them ten times bigger.

“Sing and make believe you have no troubles, little son,” said Big Beppo, “and you will soon believe the song is right.” So Beppo sang and gathered his wood,
5 never noticing the gentleman who stood by his sledge listening. Presently this gentleman called out: “Boy! Boy!”

And Beppo called back, “Yes, here I am!” and ran up, with the sack on his
10 back half full.

“Why are you singing?” asked the stranger, “Are you not cold?”

“I was,” confessed Beppo; “but I have been so busy I am warm.”

“Your clothes are rags; you are thin
15 and hungry,” said the stranger. “You can't feel very gay. Why do you sing? It is absurd!”

Beppo laughed. “Not at all,” he replied. “I have sung all my troubles
20 over my shoulder. When you called I had

convinced myself I was the happiest boy in the country.”

“You are a wonderful philosopher,” said the man. “Get in my sledge and come with me. I have a sick boy at home



who cries all day. I give him everything he asks for. He has every luxury, but he is unhappy. Come and sing him your brave song and teach him your secret.”

10 Beppo nodded.

“I will come,” said he, “when I have

taken home the wood. But I have no secret. I sing so that at last my heart sings too.”

So the stranger took Beppo back to the cottage in the forest, and after the fire-wood had been left there they drove on 5 again till they came to a splendid house. In a beautiful room lay a sick boy on a silken couch. He had been crying, and he turned away crossly from his father, but he stared hard at Beppo. 10

“That boy looks cold and hungry,” he said. “Why does he smile?”

Then the father told Beppo’s story, and Beppo sang. Such a gay little song it was, all laughter and hope, like a running stream 15 with the sun on it. Then Guido held out his hand. “Stay with me,” he pleaded “and teach me to sing even when I am sad.”

That is how Big Beppo, his wife, and 20 little Beppo came to live quite close to

Guido's home—for Guido's father found work for them all. And now Guido has forgotten *how* to cry, for Beppo has taught his voice to sing till his heart sings.

5 It was a wonderful secret to learn.

FOR STUDY

1. It is **the same case with** me.
2. I was quite willing to **go on an errand** for my mother.
3. **To begin with**, he is very diligent.
4. The best way to escape from bears is, I am told, to **make believe** that you are dead.
5. The boy **had been crying** when his father entered the room.
6. He **must** feel gay.
7. He **cannot** feel gay.
8. **It** makes your troubles ten times bigger **to be always sighing over them.**

LESSON XL

GENTLE MANNERS

What do we think of when we hear the word *gentleman*? We think of a man of gentle manners, a well-bred, refined man. And we know that a lady is a gentle, refined woman. 5

A good way to learn gentle manners is to watch what well-bred people say and do: but a better way, yes, the very best way, is this; to try to be kind and unselfish. If your heart is right, it will be your 10 teacher at all times.

I know that your heart will tell you to think of the pleasure of other people as well as your own. It will tell you never needlessly to hurt the feelings of any one. 15 Your heart will remind you of the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Quiet manners are everywhere a mark of good-breeding—at home, in the street, at school. It is ill-bred to walk heavily, to slam doors, to speak too loudly, or too fast, or too harshly.

Do not talk about *dress*—either your own or that of others. Perhaps you may see some boy or girl poorly dressed. What of it? Cotton may be clean as silk. Are your own clothes neat and tidy? That is the thing for you to think of. Do not talk about dress.

When any one is writing or reading, do not stand behind him or look over his shoulder. Even if you do it thoughtlessly, you will seem rude and inquisitive. Nothing is more vulgar than to pry into the affairs of others.

Never speak when another is speaking. To do so is to commit one of the commonest and very worst faults of manners.

If you have this bad habit, strive earnestly to shake it off.

Never soil your tongue with slang or with any evil words. If you hear them, try to forget them. If you cannot forget them, at least never let them cross your lips.

Boys, I am sure that each of you loves his mother and sisters, and I do not need to tell you to be kind for their sakes to all women.

And let all of you, boys and girls, alike, be very kind to the weak and helpless, to aged people, and to little children. You are not men and women yet; you may not yet be able to do great deeds of charity as you would like to do. But I will tell you what you *can* do. Every one of you can do *little* acts of kindness, and these make up the best part of life.

If you are forced to refuse a favour,

do so in gentle tones, and give your reasons whenever you can. There is no nature so harsh and rough, no temper so hot and hasty, that gentle words will not soften it.

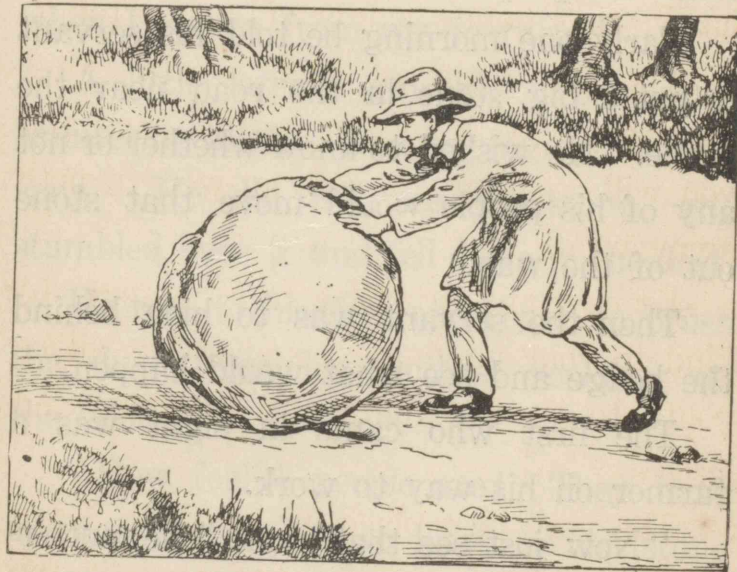
5 Try the virtue of such words. Meet an angry speech with a gentle one, and you will see that “a soft answer turneth away wrath.”

Be civil and attentive to strangers; be
10 kind to your playmates; and above all be polite to your parents and brothers and sisters.

The very best place in which to learn good manners is home,—and that is the
15 best place to practise them.

“Please” is a very little word, but it makes a good many requests sound pleasant that without it would sound harsh. So with “Thank you.” All of you know
20 when to say it.

LESSON XLI A WISE KING



There was a certain king who wished all his people to have good habits.

“It is the idle and shiftless,” he said, “who have what they call ‘bad luck.’ Those who are willing to work and to
5 spend wisely have ‘good luck.’ I want my people to learn thrift. And I want them to serve others as well as to work

for themselves.”

So this wise king thought he would teach the people a lesson.

Early one morning he told his servant
5 to put a big stone in the road near the castle. He wished to know whether or not any of his people would move that stone out of the way.

Then the servant was to hide behind
10 the hedge and see what would happen.

The first who came in sight was a farmer on his way to work.

“Now just see that stone,” he muttered.
15 “Nobody would take the trouble to move it. I shall have to turn out with my heavy load in order to get around it.

So he turned out with his heavy load.
2 Then he plodded along down the road.

Soon afterward a merchant came in
20 sight. He was just starting on a long journey.

“Oh, these shiftless people!” he cried.
“I suppose that stone will lie there for thirty days. I suppose I shall find it here when I return from my journey.”

A little later a gay sailor boy came
5 sauntering along. He was singing a merry song. He did not see the stone, and stumbled over it and fell down in the dust.

He rose to his feet and began to brush
the dust from his clothes, scolding all
10 the while.

“How foolish people are! They have
no more sense than to leave a big stone
in the road.”

Then the sailor boy went slowly on. He
15 was too cross to sing any more that day.
Just at night Peter, a farmer boy, came whistling along. He had been at work all day and he was tired. But when he saw the stone he stopped.

20 “Some one might stumble over that

stone," he said, "and be hurt. I must get it out of the way."

At first he could not stir it. But he pushed and pulled and tugged and at last he turned it over. Then he turned it over again, and then again. Finally he rolled it out of the road.

There on the ground lay a purse, which had been hidden under the stone. On the purse were written these words:

"For the one who moves the stone."
And in the purse were ten gold pieces which were worth many dollars.

Just then the king's servant came from his hiding place.

"The purse is yours," he said to Peter. "You have earned it and you deserve to have it."

Soon afterwards the king called his people to meet him at his castle gates on a certain day. The farmer, the merchant,

the sailor, and all who had seen the stone in the road came at the king's bidding. The king said:

"My good sirs, you all saw that stone in the road. You knew it was in everybody's way. But not one would take the trouble to move it."

Then he told Peter to step forward.

"Here is the lad who did take the trouble to move it."

"And here is the purse of gold which he earned so well. He deserves to have the purse and he deserves the honour which we give him. He tried to serve others and he has served himself."

"Go to your homes, my good people, and do not forget the lesson you have learned."

LESSON XLII

THE NEWSBOY

“Paper, sir? Paper?”

“What have you, my little man?”

“*Ledger, Herald, Times.*”

“Let me have one of each. You are
5 nearly sold out, I see.”

“Yes, sir; I have but one left. I must
10 hurry and sell that, as it is nearly nine
o’clock.”

“What have you to do at nine
10 o’clock?”

“I go to school; and if I’m late, I get
a bad mark. I haven’t had one so far,
and I don’t want to get one to-day.”

“Well, my boy, I’ll buy your last paper.
15 Now, if you have a few minutes left, tell
me how you manage to go to school and
to sell papers.”

“Well, sir, it keeps me busy. I study

my lessons at night, and get up very early
in the morning.

“After I buy my papers and get my
breakfast, I have nearly two hours before
school opens; which is time enough to sell 5
all the papers that I carry. After school

I find some time
to play.”

“But why
do you do this? 10
It’s no fun to get
up so early and
work as hard as
you do in order
to make a few 15
pennies.”



“I don’t do it for fun. My mother
tries hard to keep me at school, but she needs
all the money that I can make; and I try
to help her all that I can in this way.” 20

“You are a good boy, and I am sure

that you will do well. But don't let me keep you too long; it is five minutes to nine."

FOR STUDY

1. This is **what you call** 'perseverance.'
2. Perseverance, **as it is called**, is indispensable to success.
3. Let this be a **lesson** to you.
4. You are **in the way**.
5. Clear **the way**.
6. I hardly **deserve** your compliment.
7. Tell me how you **manage** to get your living.
8. Many foreigners visit Switzerland **in order to** pass there the summer months.
9. "Please" **makes** a good many requests **sound** pleasant. It is the same case with "Thank you."
10. Little things **make up** the best part of life.
11. That is the book **for you to read**.
12. It is **for you to decide**.
13. Do as you would be done by.

LESSON XLIII

THE WONDERFUL PIPER

I

A very long time ago a strange thing happened in the little town of Hamelin.

So many rats came into the town that the people did not know what to do. The rats were everywhere. They swarmed in the houses; they ran about in the streets, even in broad daylight; they ate up everything that came in their way.

The people tried every plan to get rid of them. They tried cats and dogs and traps and poisons; but none of them seemed to do any good. The rats became worse and worse every day. It was plain that if things kept on in this way, the people would soon have to move out of town.

One Friday, when matters were about

as bad as they could be, a stranger came into the town. He was a queer-looking fellow, with a crooked nose, a long moustache, and two great gray eyes that
5 twinkled and shone under the broad brim of his hat.

He was dressed in a green jacket with a leather belt and short red trousers that were buckled at the knee. Stuck in the top
10 of his hat was a long red feather; and on his feet were sandals fastened by
thongs round his legs, just as the gypsies used to wear them.



15 If you ever go to Hamelin you will see his picture painted on a window of the great church there; and in that picture he is dressed just as I have told you.

Nobody knew where this strange man
20 came from; nobody saw by what road he was walking down the main street, playing

the bagpipes, and singing this queer song:—

“Oh, don’t you see

That this is he

Who has come to free

Your town from rats?”

He walked on down the street till he came to the market place and the old town hall that stands by the market gate. There he stopped, while a crowd of boys and idle
10 men gathered around him to listen to his strange music.

He leaned up against the wall of the town hall, and kept on playing and
15 singing:—

“Ere another day,

If you will but say,

I’ll drive away

Your troublesome rats.”

II

Now it so happened that the Wise Men 20

of the town were at that very moment sitting in the town hall and trying to agree on some plan to save the town.

When the shrill tones of the bagpipes
5 grew louder and louder in the street below, they listened, and one of them said, "Do you hear that?"

"Oh, it's only some poor fellow who has lost his senses," said another. "But," said
10 a third, "he says that he has come to free the town from the rats. Wouldn't it be well for us to find out what he can do?"

So one of the men was sent down to talk with the stranger, and learn what he
15 meant by singing his queer song right before the doors of the town hall.

The stranger did not have much to say; but he sent word back to the Wise Men that, if they would make it worth his
20 while, he would drive every rat out of Hamelin before the dawning of another day.

"How will he do it?" cried some of the Wise Men. "Let him say how it can be done."

Others said, "If he can do such a thing as that, he is a wizard; and we must not
5 have anything to do with wizards."

The Mayor, who was thought to be wiser than all the rest, and as cunning as he was wise, now spoke up. "It is very plain to me," he said, "that this is the
10 wizard who sent us the rats; and now he wants to drive them away for money. Well, we must learn to catch a wizard in his own snares. If you will leave it to me, I think I can give him as good as he
15 takes."

"Leave it to the Mayor! Leave it to the Mayor!" cried all the Wise Men.

III

So the strange piper was brought into

the hall. He stood up before the Wise Men and said: "I will agree to rid the town of rats before another day has dawned, if you will promise to pay me a *groschen* a
5 head."

Now a *groschen* was not much. It was a piece of silver worth about five cents. But there were thousands and thousands of rats; and a *groschen* apiece would be a
10 great deal of money.

"You ask too much," said the Wise Men. "It will take all the silver we have." But the Mayor said: "All right,
15 my good man! We will pay you a *groschen* a head."

The stranger said that he would do his work in the evening as soon as the sun had gone down; and he asked the Mayor
20 to give orders to all the people to stay in their houses.



"I must have the streets free for the rats," he said; "and if the people will only stand at their windows and look out, I am sure they will see a pleasant sight."

IV

As soon as the sun had set, the piper
5 was again in the market place singing:—

"Oh, don't you see
That this is he
Who has come to free
Your town from rats?"

10

Then he began to play another tune, so sweet and low that it charmed every one who heard it. Little by little the tones became more and more lively; and at last they grew so loud and shrill that they were
15 heard in every part of the town.

Then from all the cellars and hidden nooks about the houses, the rats began to leap. They ran into the streets, they covered the roadway like waves of rushing
20

water, they ran as fast as they could toward the market place. They seemed to care for nothing but the piper and his strange music.

5 When the streets were quite full, the piper turned about and walked down to the river that flows close by the walls of the town. He kept playing sweetly on his pipes, and the great army of rats followed
10 him.

He stopped on the bank of the river. He pointed to the middle of the stream where the water was whirling round as though it were running through a funnel.

15 “Hop! hop!” he cried. And one after another the rats hopped into the stream. They swam straight to the whirlpool, and then were seen no more.

From early evening until midnight the
20 rats came crowding down to the river bank, only to jump into the water and be lost.

Last of all came a huge old fellow, white with age. It was Blanchet, the king of the rats.

“Friend Blanchet, have they all jumped in?” asked the piper. 5

Friend Blanchet looked up into his face and said, “Yes, master, all have jumped in.”

“How many are there?”

“Nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand
10 nine hundred and ninety-nine.”

“And how many will there be when you join them, friend Blanchet?”

“There will be one more,” said friend Blanchet, with something like a smile on
15 his funny little face.

“Then go and join them,” said the piper, waving his hand. The old king rat said not a word, but leaped into the river, swam to the whirlpool, and was gone. 20

Then the piper turned about and went

to the inn at the head of the street. Before the town clock struck one he was quietly asleep in his bed.

V

The next morning at nine o'clock the
5 Wise Men of Hamelin were sitting in the town hall. "There is no doubt about it," they said. "The rats are all gone, and the town is saved. But the worst of it is still to come, for we must pay the piper."

10 "You have already left that matter with me," said the Mayor; "and you will see that I know how to deal with wizards."

Just then the piper came into the hall. "All your rats," he said, "have jumped
15 into the river; and I promise you that not one of them shall ever come back. Now there were, by fair and true count, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine of the animals, to

say nothing of their leader. You can easily reckon how much you are to pay me."

"Let me see," said the Mayor. "What was the agreement?"

"The agreement, you well know, was
5 that I should receive one *groschen* a head," said the piper.

"That is right," said the Mayor; "and so, let us count the heads. Where are they?"
10

The piper saw now that a trick was being played upon him, and he cried out, "The heads! If you want the heads, go to the river and find them."

"Well, well!" said the Mayor. "It is
15 for you to show us the heads. We shall pay you nothing until we see them."

"Is that your final answer?" asked the piper.

"It is our final answer," said all the
20 Wise Men. "You must show us the heads."

“Then,” said the piper, “since you will not pay me, I will be paid by your heirs.” He pulled his hat down over his eyes, and left the hall.

5 “That is the way to deal with wizards,” said the Mayor. “Catch them in their own snares!”

“But what did he mean by saying that he would be paid by our heirs?” said some
10 of the Wise Men.

VI

When the people of the town heard how the Mayor had outwitted the strange piper, they rubbed their hands together and laughed. “That is the way to deal with
15 wizards!” they said.

The next day was Sunday, and all the men and women of Hamelin went to church. They felt happy, for they were thinking of the good dinners they would

eat that day without any fear of the rats.

When they started home they were all very gay, and they passed many a joke about the poor piper who had been caught so cleverly in his own trap. It was very
5 pleasant to walk along the streets without tripping over rats. But where were all the children that were commonly seen on the doorsteps and at the corners?

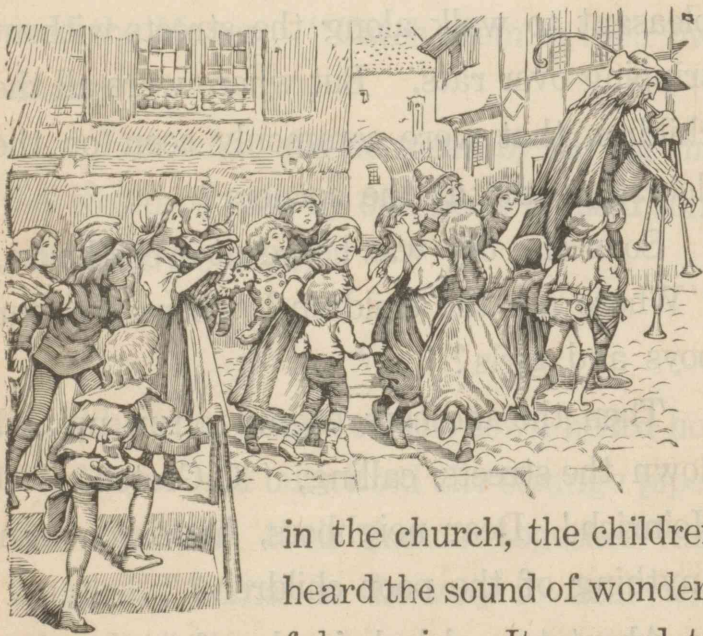
Soon the cry was heard at every house,
10 “Where are the children? where are our boys and girls?”

Then the mothers began to run up and down the streets, calling, “O Gretchen! O Heinrich! Dear neighbors, have you seen
15 anything of the poor children?”

About two o'clock in the afternoon one child was found. It was little Jacob, the tailor's crippled son. He came hobbling on his crutches through the east gate of
20 the town, and crying with all his might.

And everybody said: "Oh, where have you been? And where are the other children?"

Then, between his sobs, the little fellow told this story: While the older people were



in the church, the children heard the sound of wonderful music. It seemed to come from the market place; and soon every boy and every girl was running up the street to see who was making it.

Just in front of the market gate the

magic piper was playing the sweetest music that was ever heard. When the market place was full of children, the stranger began to walk slowly away; and the children followed him, for they could not help it.

They went, singing and dancing, through the east gate of the town and out into the open fields. The stranger led them to the foot of the great hill, which you may still see if you ever visit Hamelin.



A door opened in the side of the hill, and through it the piper went, still playing the most beautiful music in the world. The children followed him, and when they had gone in, the door closed, and there was only a huge rock where it had been.

But little Jacob had not been able to hobble as fast as the other children ran. He reached the foot of the hill just as the

big rock swung round upon the narrow door. All that he could do was to sit down on the ground, and weep because he had been left behind.

VII

5 When the people of Hamelin heard little Jacob's story they did not know what to do. Some mounted swift horses and rode across the country, looking for the piper; some sat in their houses and wept; but the greater number ran with spades and hoes to the hill, to see if they could find the door through which the children had passed. But when 15 night came, all went back to their homes. They had found no trace of the lost children.



Of all the unhappy parents in Hamelin, the most unhappy was the Mayor. He

had lost three brave boys and two pretty little girls; and to make the matter worse, the people blamed him for all the trouble.

“This is the way in which he catches wizards in their own traps!” they said, as 5 they pointed their fingers at him. “If he had been a man honest and true, this thing would not have happened.”

The people of Hamelin will tell you that this sad thing happened on a midsummer 10 day in the year 1284. The street through which the piper led the children is still pointed out to strangers; and on that street no one is permitted to play on any sort of musical instrument to this day. 15

FOR STUDY

1. I cannot **help** laughing.
2. I cannot **help** it.
3. **Leave** it to him; he will fix it up all right.
4. The merchant **deals in** earthen wares.
5. **Deal** squarely **with** others.

LESSON XLIV

MAUNA LOA

The Hawaiian Islands are the most isolated islands in the world, more than two thousand miles from their nearest neighbour California. On a map of the Pacific Ocean they look no larger than
5 as many pin pricks.

The important islands are eight in number. They have been built along a crack of the ocean bottom by a string of
10 volcanoes, some of which have hoisted themselves straight up from the ocean floor.

“Where are the volcanoes?” is the first question that every visitor asks as soon as he lands at Honolulu, for the fact
15 that in the Hawaiian Islands we may see the world in the making has been well and successfully advertised.



MAUNA LOA.

But the most interesting volcanic creations are on the island of Hawaii, a distance of a hundred and fifty miles across the sea from Honolulu. On this island there are four volcanoes, Hualalai 5
Mauna Kea, Kilauea, and Mauna Loa, forming the island—probably the most unusual group of volcanoes on earth.

From our present knowledge, geologists are inclined to believe that when the 10
spouting stream, which originated many miles down in the bowels of the earth, had raised Mauna Kea to its present height of thirteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-three feet, it could force it- 15
self no higher and being compelled to seek outlets elsewhere, formed Hualalai, eight thousand two hundred and sixty-nine feet, and Kilauea. Then it transferred its energies again and erected Mauna Loa, 20
the giant of them all—a tremendous turtle

back sixty miles across and two hundred miles in circumference at sea level. The rays of glittering snow and ice, that clasps its summit like a claw, looks refreshing
5 when viewed from the blistering climate below.

Mauna Loa is very venerable, but still probably in its vigorous prime. It has become so lofty that when the fires inside
10 would escape, the liquid now finds egress from the flanks rather than from the summit crater, and these flows radiate from the mountain like the spokes of a wheel and threaten to bury Kilauea. The
15 mountain is so high that one could look down from the top the long sweep of its sides and see spots where plants are growing that grow only where the bitter cold of winter prevails; lower down one
20 could see sections devoted to productions that thrive in the temperate zone alone;

and at the bottom of the mountain one could see the home of the tufted cocoa-palms and other species of vegetation that grow only in the sultry atmosphere of eternal summer. One could see all the
5 climes of the world at a single glance of the eye, and that glance would only pass over a distance of four or five miles as the bird flies!

FOR STUDY

Subject:

The fact

↳ that in the Hawaiian Islands we may see the world in the making

Predicate verb:

has been advertised.

↳ well and successfully.

LESSON XLV

THIS MAGIC CALLED RADIO

It was very quiet that Sunday night. As I stood on the roof of the big building of the Westinghouse Company in Newark, New Jersey, it seemed that the stars
5 were twinkling a bit *too* innocently; that the sky, which looked as guileless as a baby's eyes, was concealing a secret which it could tell if it would.

It was as if the Universe by its very
10 silence were saying, "Examine me closely, sir; see that I have nothing up my sleeve; things are no different in the air to-night than they have been since the creation."

15 I knew, of course, that it was not true; that somehow, somewhere in the great expanse between the roofs of the city and the stars, mad spirits were at

work. And that men and women in thousands of homes were making preparations for a mysterious festival.

At that very hour, a grayhaired woman, in a little house up the Hudson, sat at
5 her desk and, reaching across to a wooden cabinet, turned a round black knob. . . . In Pittsburgh, the rector of a fashionable church stepped up to the pulpit and touched an electric switch. . . . In a certain Western
10 city a man excitedly pressed a telephone receiver to his ear. . . . In a far-off camp in northern Ontario a group of lumbermen's wives crowded eagerly, almost fearfully, around a table on which was a queer-
15 looking square box. . . . Human atoms, separated by hundreds of miles, yet acting at that hour as if some invisible bond united them with a common expectation. What seeming madness!
20

Down-stairs in the big building, one

found a scene even more strange. At the end of a long room with whitewashed walls, twelve members of the orchestra of a Broadway theatre sat around a grand piano tuning their instruments. The principal actors and actresses of Ed Wynn's show, "The Perfect Fool," were gathered in little groups chatting aimlessly. There was the murmur and bustle of suppressed excitement. As the hands of the clock traveled on toward eight, a sudden hush fell on the company. We had been warned: we sat still in our chairs, watching a young man in shirt sleeves who stood facing that round white disk.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, addressing not us but a cylindrical object hanging in front of him, "this is an important occasion. For the first time in human history, an entire theatrical performance is to be sent out by radio through

the air. There are perhaps fifty thousand machines within receiving distance of this broadcasting station. If we may assume five listeners to each machine, our audience to-night consists of a quarter of a million people. I am glad to introduce the first actor whose performance has ever been listened to by such an audience: Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Ed Wynn."

"Can you see me?" shouted Ed Wynn, stepping up to the transmitter. A woman sitting in the back of the room tittered, but the expressionless cylinder made no response. Ed seemed just a little taken aback by the silence, but recovered himself at once and went on.

"We're going to start with the overture," he announced; "and if there are any invalids listening in, I hope they will go away from the machines; because, after that, the jokes begin."



The orchestra played for ten minutes and stopped. Again Ed stepped forward and began the long comical dialogue which for weeks had been convulsing his audiences at the theatre. It was hard going. There was no background of scenery, no colored lights, no pretty girls, no fat men rocking with laughter in the first row—none of the encouragements that are so
10 necessary to the actor's success. Yet Ed

forged courageously ahead ; while we, who had been warned that any sound from us would also be picked up and sent broadcast, tried by our smiles to do what we could to help him get his stuff across. 5

“That's an awful thing to pull fun out of!” he exclaimed when the first scene ended.

Yet he managed to squeeze a good amount of fun into it, none the less. 10 Several hundred persons from various parts of the United States and Canada wrote him the next day that they had listened to his jokes and songs, and had been royally entertained. Listened in their 15 own homes, in cities and towns and even remote farmhouses as far west as Nebraska and as far south as Cuba!

I slipped out after a while and made my way up-stairs to the sending-room at 20 the top of the building, where with the aid

of various complicated and expensive-looking machinery the “stuff” was “going out.” The door was open on to the roof and I looked up again at the stars, thinking
5 how strange a medley of music and words, of fact and jest and friendly talk, was whirling through the ether that night.

FOR STUDY

1. Japan proper **consists of** a few islands.
2. Happiness **consists in** contentment.
3. He was **listened to**.
4. I was **laughed at**.
5. I believe him **none the less** because he is spoken ill of.
6. One is sometimes **none the happier** for one's wealth.

LESSON XLVI

**THE TWO GREATEST MEN IN
THE WORLD**

One day I called on Mr. H. G. Wells. He got up from his seat by the window and came forward pleasantly, a medium-sized man, with the drooping moustache that his photographers have made familiar
5 to us all.

I brought my chair up closer, for he speaks rapidly and in very low tones.

“If you don't object, I'd like to start with my first question,” I said. “Now
10 that you've taken a good look at all the folks who have played this game of life, which is the greatest of all? Which one, in character and influence, has left the most permanent impression on the world?
15

There was no hesitation in his reply.

“You probably expect me to answer,

Jesus of Nazareth," he said. "There can be no other answer; his is easily the dominant figure in history. I am speaking of him, of course, as a man, for I conceive
5 that the historian must treat him as a man just as the painter must paint him as a man. We do not know as much about him as we would like to know. The accounts of his life and work as set down
10 in the four Gospels are sometimes obscure and contradictory; but all four of them agree in giving us a picture of a very definite personality; they carry a conviction of reality. To assume that he never lived,
15 that the accounts of his life are inventions, is more difficult and raises more problems in the path of the historian than to accept the essential elements of the Gospel stories as fact.

20 "Of course you and I live in countries where, to millions of men and women,

Jesus is more than a man. But the historian must disregard that fact; he must adhere to the evidence which would pass unchallenged if his book were to be read
5 in every nation under the sun. Now, it is interesting and significant—isn't it?—that a historian, setting forth in that spirit, without any theological bias whatever, should find that he simply cannot portray
10 the progress of humanity honestly without giving a foremost place to a penniless teacher from Nazareth. The old Roman
15 historians ignored Jesus entirely; they ignored the growth and spread of his teaching, regarding it as something apart from life, something, as it were, that
20 happened only on Sundays. He left no impress on the historical records of his time. Yet, more than nineteen hundred years later, a historian like myself, who does not even call himself a Christian,

finds the picture centering irresistibly around the life and character of this simple, lovable man.

“All sorts of dogma and tradition have
5 been imposed upon his personality, of course; it is the fate of all great religious leaders to be misinterpreted by their followers. But from underneath this mass of the miraculous and incredible, the man
10 himself keeps breaking through. We sense the magnetism that induced men who had seen him only once to leave their business and follow him. He filled them with love and courage. Weak and ailing
15 people were heartened by his presence. He spoke with a knowledge and authority that baffled the wise and subtle. But other teachers have done all this. These talents alone would not have given him the
20 permanent place of power which he occupies; that place is his by virtue of the



H. G. WELLS

new and simple and profound doctrine which he brought—the universal, loving Fatherhood of God and the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven.

5 “It is one of the most revolutionary doctrines that has ever stirred and changed human thought. His followers failed to grasp it; no age has even partially understood its tremendous challenge to the
10 established institutions of mankind. But the world began to be a different world from the day that doctrine was preached; and every step toward wider understanding and tolerance and good will is a step in
15 the direction of universal brotherhood, which he proclaimed.

“So the historian, disregarding the theological significance of his life, writes the name of Jesus of Nazareth at the top
20 of the list of the world’s great characters. For the historian’s test of greatness is not,

‘What did he accumulate for himself?’ or, ‘What did he build up, to tumble down at his death?’ Not that at all, but this: ‘Was the world different because he lived? Did he start men to thinking along fresh
5 lines with a vigor and vitality that persisted after him? By this test Jesus stands first; and if you ask for another name to write under his, there is Buddha.

10 “Here again it is difficult to disentangle the man himself from the mass of accumulated legend. Of course, any portrayal of his lays itself open to the charge of representing one man’s prejudice and judgment. But as with Jesus, so with
15 Buddha, you sense the reality: you see clearly a man, simple, devout, lonely, battling for light—a vivid human personality, not a myth.

20 “He, too, brought a message universal in its character. It knows no limitations

of time or of place ; many of our best and most modern ideas are in closest harmony with it. All the miseries and discontents of life are due to insatiable selfishness, he
5 taught. Selfishness takes three principal forms, and all are fraught with sorrow : The first is the desire to satisfy the senses, sensuousness ; the second is the craving for personal immortality ; and the third is the
10 desire for prosperity, worldliness. All these must be overcome—that is to say, a man must be no longer living for himself before he can be serene. And his reward is Nirvana ; which is not oblivion, as we
15 have wrongly assumed, but the extinction of futile personal aims, whose going lets serenity into the soul.

“ Jesus said, ‘ See ye *first* the Kingdom of God,’ and, ‘ Whosoever will save his life
20 shall lose it.’ Buddha in different language had called men to self-forgetfulness five

hundred years before. There comes to you from reading his life, as from the life of Jesus, the impression of a mind so powerful, so penetrating, that after him things
make a fresh start. He stands on one of 5 the corners of history ; events hinge upon him ; his influence persists.”

FOR STUDY

1. Now **that** you have read through the book, you ought to have a pretty good command of English.
2. You **never** can bring up a child **without** love.
3. We are, **as it were**, marooned at the place.
4. I awoke **to find** the sun already high up in the sky.
5. The matter is **open to** question.
6. The library is **open to** the public.
7. His success is **due** to his diligence.
8. The train is **due** at 5 p.m.
9. The bill is **due** in 90 days.
10. Our thanks **are due** to you.

LIST OF SOUNDS WITH KEY WORDS

發音記號表

CONSONANTS			VOWELS			
Phonetic Symbol	Ordinary Spelling of Key Word	Phonetic Transcription of Key Word	Phonetic Symbol	Ordinary Spelling of Key Word	Phonetic Transcription of Key Word	
p	pipe	paip	Simple Vowels	i:	see si:	
b	bite	bait		i	it it	
t	time	taim		e	net net	
d	die	dai		æ	cat kæt	
k	kid	kid		ɑ:	arm ɑ:m	
g	give	giv		ɒ	box bɒks	
m	men	men		ɔ:	all ɔ:l	
n	nine	nain		u	put put	
ŋ	sing	siŋ		u:	fool fu:l	
l	lily	lili		ʌ	cup kʌp	
w	will	wil		ə:	bird bɜ:d	
f	fill	fil		ə	ago ə'gou	
v	visit	'vizit		Diphthongs	ei	day dei
θ	thin	θin			ou	go gou
ð	this	ðis			ai	ice ais
s	sick	sik			au	how hau
z	zink	ziŋk	ɔi		oil ɔil	
ʃ	ship	ʃip	iə		here hiə	
ʒ	vision	'viʒən	ɛə		air ɛə	
r	risk	risk	uə		poor puə	
j	yes	jes				
h	hill	hil				
tʃ	chick	tʃik				
dʒ	gem	dʒem				
ç	ich	iç				
x	loch	lɔx				

1. 一子音がしるぶる (syllable) ナナストキ
 ハソノ子音字ノ下ニ (i) ヲ附シテリ。例ヘバ:—
 'næʃnl (national).
 2. 綴ノ切リ方ノ曖昧ニ陥ル處アルトキハ萬國
 音標文字ニ依ル綴ニ於テはいへん (-) ヲ挿入シ
 タリ。例ヘバ:—'poust-feiz (post-chaise).

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

I Vowels

ā as in nāme	ẽ as in hẽr	ũ as in ũse
ã „ villāge	ĩ „ ĩce	ũ̇ „ Jũly
ǎ „ cǎt	ĩ̇ „ ĩt	ũ̇ „ ũp
a „ aaway	ĩ̇ „ sĭr	u „ circũs
ǎ „ ǎrm	ō „ ōld	ũ̇ „ tũrn
a „ ǎll	ō̇ „ ōbey	ew = ũ „ new
à „ àsk	ō̇ „ bŏx	oi „ oil
â „ âir	ò „ sŏn	oy = oi „ boy
ē „ hē	ô „ fôr	ou „ house
ẽ „ bẽfore	o „ develoꝑ	ow = ou „ owl
ě „ bẽd	oo „ tŏo	
e „ paymẽnt	oo „ bŏok	

II Equivalent Vowels

a = ă as in what	ĩ = ẽ as in police	u = oo as in rude
a = u „ Christmas	o = oo „ do	u = oo „ put
e = ă „ they	o = oo „ wŏlf	ũ = ẽ „ chũrch
ê = â „ thêre	o = a „ seldŏm	ỹ = ĩ „ fly
ê = a „ paymẽnt	ô = ũ „ sŏn	ỹ = ĩ „ sũsystem
ĩ = ẽ „ bĩrd	ô = a „ hŏrse	

III Consonants

e = k as in call	n = ng as in ĩnk	th as in thick
ç = s „ miçe	ph = f „ phŏ'to	th „ this
ch „ child	qu = kw „ quite	ti = sh „ mo'tion
g „ get	ç = z „ iç	x = ks „ box
ğ = j „ cagẽ	si = sh „ ten'sion	ç = gz „ ex-ist'
gh = f „ laugh	çi = zh „ oc-ca'sion	

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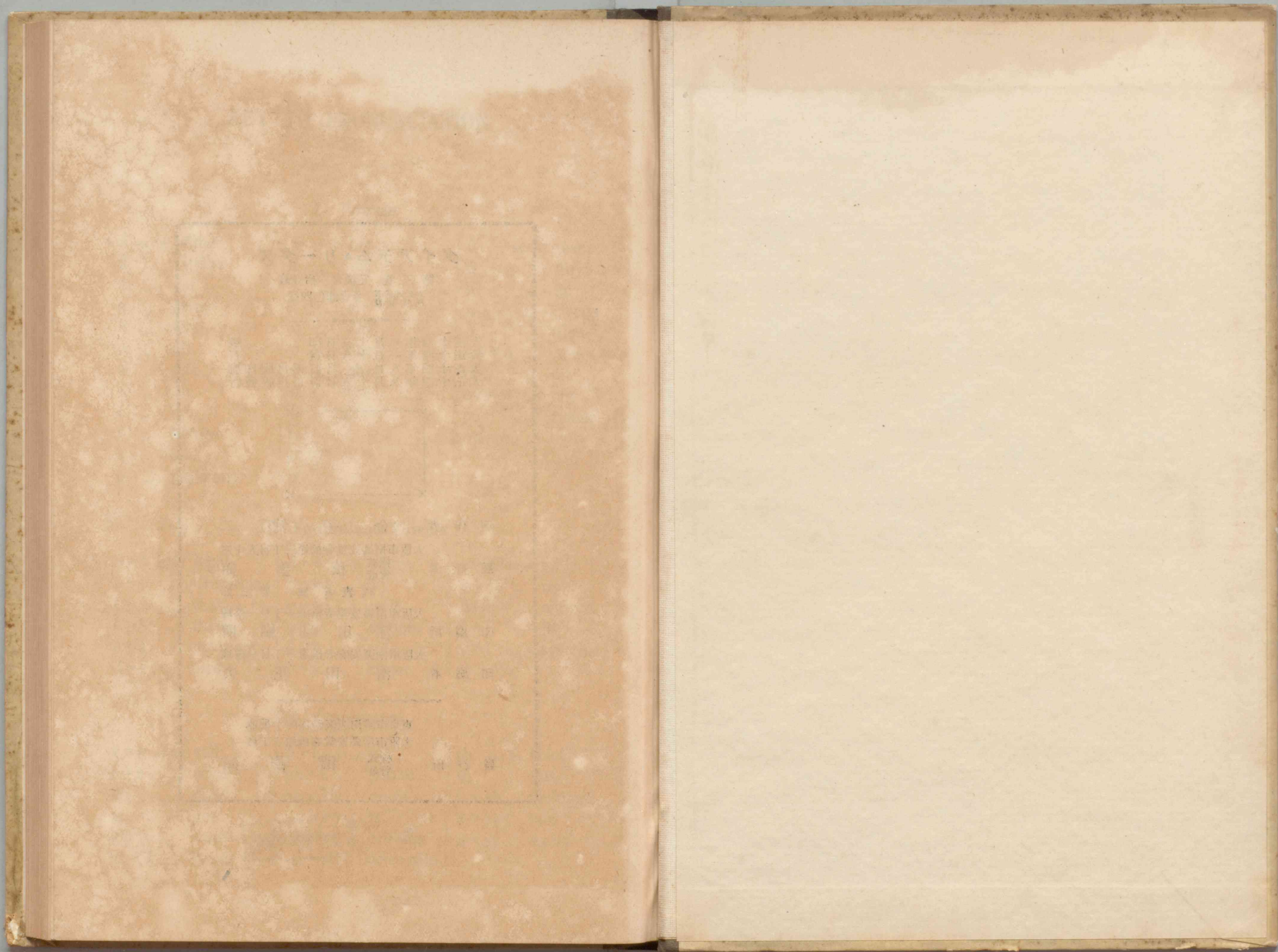


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