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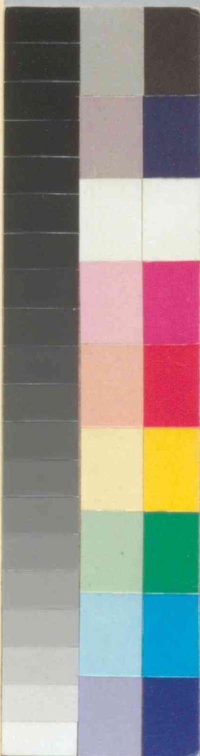

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THE TREASURE READERS

BOOK FOUR

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THE TREASURE READERS

BOOK FOUR

THE SANSEIDO CO., LTD.

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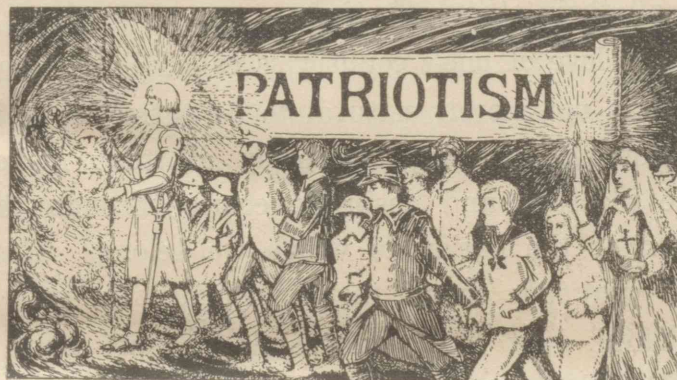
BOOK FOUR

LESSON I



As it is natural to love our home, it is also natural to love our country. As the poorest homes are sometimes most tenderly loved, so the poorest and barest country is sometimes held in most affection.

This affection is natural, because the town and the nation in which one has lived is, like the home, bound up with all the experiences to

---

patriotism (pǽtriətizm) **tenderly** (téndəli) **barest** (bɛ́ərist)
affection (əfékʃən) **experience** (ikspíəriəns)

one's life. The games of childhood, the affection of parents, the love of friends, all the joys, the sorrows, the activities of life, are bound up in the thought of one's native land; so that men have felt for their country an affection made up of all their other affections.

The love of one's country is called Patriotism.

It is not merely natural to be patriotic; it is reasonable and right. Nearly all that makes life pleasant and desirable comes through the town or the nation to which we belong. Thus our gratitude should make them dear to us.

Think how many thousands in our country have toiled for us! They have made roads and they have built churches and school houses. They have established mails and post-offices. They have cultivated farms to provide for our needs, and have built ships that cross the ocean to bring to us the good things which we could not produce at home. They have provided protection against wrong-doers. So if we sleep in peace,

---

childhood (tʃáildhud) **activies** (əktívitiz) **native** (néitiv)
patriotic (pætriɔ́tik) **reasonable** (rí:zn̩əbl) **desirable** (dizáiərəbl)
belong (bilɔ́ŋ) **provide** (prəváid) **cultivated** (kʌ́ltiveitid)
wrong-doers (rɔ́ŋdu:əz) **protection** (prətékʃən)

and work and study and play in safety, and are wise and trained in the various arts of life, it is to the town and the nation that we owe very much of all this.

Then, too, in every nation such good results have been produced at great cost of suffering and life. It is because there have been patriots who have loved their country better than they loved themselves, that we have a country that we can love.

FOR STUDY

When we look back at the history of the world, we see how much we owe to the heroes of the past. We owe to them our liberties, and indeed all that makes life really worth having.

'Tis sweet to die for one's country. —*Proverb.*

There is always a clinging to the land of one's birth. —*Hans Andersen.*

A brave and generous mind will shun no danger to save his prince and country. —*Proverb.*

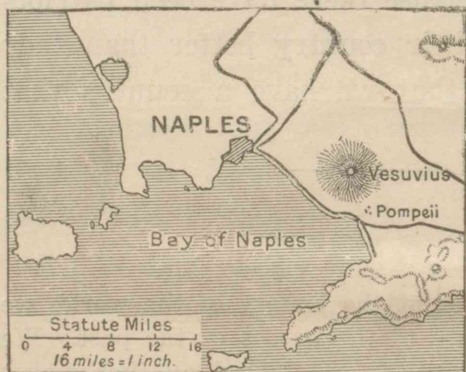
---

heroes (híərouz) **birth** (bə:θ) **generous** (dʒénərəs)
prince (prins)

LESSON II

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The city of Pompeii was situated on the Bay of Naples, in Italy. Little is known of its early history, except that it was a favourite resort for wealthy Romans. The city stood at the foot of Mount Vesuvius; but for many centuries that mountain had shown no signs of being a volcano: so that the people of Pompeii did not dream of the awful calamity that was about to befall them.



But one morning, more than eighteen hundred years ago, the mountain top burst open, and a

Pompeii (pɔmpi:ai) except (iksépt) favourite (féivərit)
wealthy (wélθi) Vesuvius (visú:viəs) volcano (vɔlkéinou)
calamity (kəlǽmiti) befall (bifɔ́:l)

column of steam and ashes hissed out. The opening grew wider and wider, and the column of dust grew larger and larger, till it spread over the mountain and all its sides.

At length the whole country around was enveloped in its terrible gloom. Suddenly the sky grew black. At midday the plains and the great city were plunged into midnight darkness, and all the people that lived there stood still, pale and terrified.

Then the mountain shot up flames of fire with the ashes, and the overhanging darkness quivered with flashes of lurid crimson. The volcano belched forth with vivid lightning and boomed like a million cannons.

The hills and the ground of the city trembled, and showers of hot ashes and glowing cinders fell on land and sea, driven by great winds. Streets were blocked, houses were buried, and the whole city, with its people and the

ashes (ǽʃiz) hissed (hist) length (leŋθ)
enveloped (invéləpt) terrible (térəbl) midday (míddei)
overhanging (óuvəhǽŋiŋ) quivered (kwívəd)
lurid (ljúərid) crimson (krímzn) vivid (vívid)
boomed (bu:md) cannons (kǽnənz) cinders (síndəz)

surrounding country, came suddenly to an end. Over them all were spread deep floods of melted lava for a thick and lasting covering.

It was a beautiful city, that city of Pompeii, that lay at the foot of the shapely, sunny mountain from which fell that sudden and awful storm of fire. It was a city foremost for the beauty of its dwellings and of its neighbouring sea and hills, for its costly comforts and indulgences, and for its gardens and public amusements.

Many stories are told of the incidents of that occasion. In one of the houses lived two people, a mother and her child, who were buried alive under that river of fire. How much pain and sorrow that mother had known in that wicked city, no one can tell; but she was found, a solitary woman with her child.

You can picture her standing in her doorway for shelter, her baby in her arms, half hesitating, and sheltering it from the shower of

surrounding [səráundiŋ] **lava** [lá:və]
dwellings [dwéliŋz] **neighbouring** [néibəriŋ]
comforts [kʌ́mfəts] **indulgence** [indʌ́ldʒəns]
amusements [əmjú:zmənts] **sheltering** [ʃéltəriŋ]

fine dust which is fast falling from the cloud above.

Shall she fly somewhere for a more secure shelter? The hot shadow above them deepens. It is the shadow of destruction and death. It seemed like the end of the world. "Perhaps the sky will soon clear," she hopefully thought to herself.

If it had not been for her child she would have fled long ago. How could it live in such a storm of ashes! But she must risk it. It was a terrible moment. Covering her child, she fled from her shelter, out into the burning, blinding street. She made her way as best she could to some place of safety, she knew not whither.

Never was there known such a scene as this, —rain of burning ashes and cinders. They seemed to come from the furnace of a burning world. Whither could she flee? She made straight for the country. It might be safer there. At every step her bare feet trod on

---

deepens (dí:pənz) **destruction** (distrʌ́kʃən) **hopefully** (hóupfuli)
fled (fled) **burning** (bə́:niŋ) **blinding** (bláindiŋ)
furnace (fə́:nis) **bare** (bɛə) **trod** (trɔd)

pavement as scorching hot as the bottom of a baking oven. Still she trod it, happy only if she could save her child.

Then the mountain poured out streams of boiling mud, which ran down into the streets. With a groan of despair she plunged along, struggling with the boiling stream. The soft, rising mud rose above her ankles up to her knees, and then her strength failed. Her struggles ceased, and she sank down into the thicker stream.

But her brave heart, her high courage, rose to the occasion. As she rapidly sank into the scalding mud she grasped her baby's dress with her left hand and held it aloft, so that the babe should be above the mud. Another moment, and out of that sky fell millions of tons of ashes, and the mother and babe and city were overwhelmed and bedded firm, many feet beneath the new surface. There, for eighteen hundred years, they remained.

---

pavement (péivmənt) **scorching** (skɔ́:tʃiŋ) **oven** (ʌ́vn)
groan (groun) **despair** (dispɛ́ə) **mud** (mʌd) **ankles** (ǽŋklz)
knees (ni:z) **failed** (feild) **sank** (sæŋk) **scalding** (skɔ́:ldiŋ)
aloft (əlɔ́:ft) **babe** (beib) **overwhelmed** (òuvə(h)wélmd)

A few years ago they were unburied. Hollow in the ashes still stood erect that arm above the mud,—a hollow; that was all. The flesh and blood had gone; only ashes, solid as a rock, surrounded it. In those ashes was shaped the hollow where that arm had been, and above the arm still stood the mould of a baby's body. Thus it was found. Some lime was poured into it, a cast was made, and the cast is now preserved in the British Museum, a memorial to this Roman Mother's love.

FOR STUDY

Every mother's child is handsome. —*Proverb.*

A mother's love the best love, God's love the highest love. —*Proverb.*

---

unburied (ʌ́nbérid) **hollw** (hɔ́lou) **erect** (irékt)
mould (mould) **lime** (laim) **cast** (kɑːst)
memorial (mimɔ́ːriəl)

LESSON III

FRUIT IS KING.

Fruit is now the King of California crops. This new industry began to develop when the first railroad from San Francisco to Omaha was completed, in 1869. Within a few years the people of California were sending packages of excellent fruit from their gardens to eastern markets. The fruit sold well and the people of the California Valleys planted more orchards, until, finally, the fruit trade was established. The chief wealth of the state is now neither in flocks and herds, nor in the gold and wheat of former days, but in oranges, lemons, raisins, prunes, pears, plums, apricots, peaches, cherries, and other fruits, and nuts.

California sends out enough oranges to make

---

crops (krɔps) **industry** (índəstri) **Omaha** (òuməhɑ́ː)
eastern (íːstən) **California Valleys** (kæ̀lifɔ́ːnjəvǽliz)
herds (həːdz) **former** (fɔ́ːmə) **oranges** (ɔ́rin`ʒiz)
lemons (lémənz) **raisins** (réiznz) **prunes** (pruːnz)
pears (pɛəz) **plums** (plʌmz) **apricots** (éiprikɔts)
peaches (píːtʃiz) **cherries** (tʃériz) **nuts** (nʌts)

twelve big train loads a day, for four months of the year, each train having thirty cars. In addition, many thousands of tons of canned fruit, vegetables, and dried fruit are shipped annually from California.

Not long ago the people of the eastern cities were buying prunes, raisins, oranges, and lemons from Spain, Italy, and Greece. Now they get what is needed from California, and sometimes there is some left to be exported to Europe. The trees and vines to start these crops were brought from Southern Europe, where the climate is mild and the summers are dry like those of California. Gardeners, familiar with the work, were also brought from Europe.

New crops are constantly being established. A few old trees of olives, almonds, figs, and English walnuts did so well that many more such trees are being planted. The English walnut industry of California has grown very

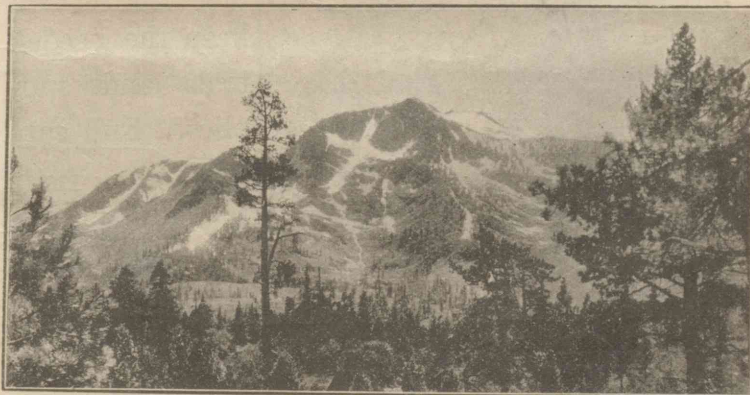
---

addition (ədíʃən) **canned** (kænd) **shipped** (ʃipt)
annually (ǽnjuəli) **Spain** (spein) **exported** (ékspɔːtid)
vines (vainz) **Southern** (sʌ́ðən) **climate** (kláimit)
mild (maild) **familiar** (fəmíljə) **almonds** (ɑ́ːməndz)
figs (figz) **walnuts** (wɔ́ːlnəts)

A CALIFORNIAN ORCHARD

rapidly, and the almond industry is steadily increasing.

Nothing can be more beautiful than these valleys in the spring of the year. The valley is then green with fields of alfalfa, wheat, and barley. On the lower slopes of the mountains the orchards are covered with pink and white blossoms. Their perfume fills the air, and bees and insects buzz and hum as they fly from flower to flower. On the higher slopes flocks of sheep and cattle graze on green, flower-decked pastures. Still higher on the mountains is the darker color of the evergreen forest, reaching



MOUNT TALLAC, CENTRAL CALIFORNIA.

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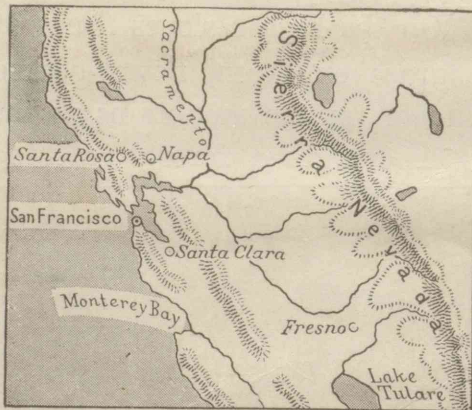
steadily (stédili) **increasing** (inkríːsiŋ) **alfalfa** (ælfǽlfə)
barley (báːli) **slopes** (sloups) **buzz** (bʌz)
flower-decked (fláuədekt) **evergreen** (évəgriːn)

upward toward the snow that glistens on the mountain tops. Many travelers visit the Valleys of Central California to enjoy their beauties and to escape the harsher winters of their home states.

It is a help to a fruit grower if his neighbors grow the same kind of fruit that he grows. One advantage is that everyone in the neighborhood



will then know how to do that kind of work. The stores will keep the needed tools and supplies. Full carloads of fruit can be shipped out because neighbors can send their fruit together. Another great advantage is gained when many growers join in the building of packing and storage houses for the use of all.

glistens (glísnz) **harsher** (há:ʃə) **advantage** (ədvá:ntidʒ)
neighborhood (néibəhud) **carloads** (ká:loudz)
storage (stɔ́:ridʒ)

To secure the advantages derived from co-operation, California fruit-growing is centered in spots to an unusual degree. For instance, nearly all of the plums and prunes, and many of the cherries and pears are grown in the Santa Clara Valley. There is a long belt of orange orchards on the sloping alluvial fans that spread out from the foot of the Sierra, south-east of Lake Tulare. North of Lake Tulare, around Fresno, nearly everyone raises grapes to be shipped fresh to eastern markets, or to be dried as raisins. In 1920, Fresno County alone grew over two pounds of raisins for each person in the United States.

A little farther north, one peach orchard joins another for miles and miles. Along the cool shores of Monterey Bay, the Santa Rosa and the Napa Valleys, there are many orchards of apples and pears, and also many vineyards. Co-operation has helped to make the fruit industry succeed and grow so large.

derived (diráivd) **co-operation** (kouɔ̀pəréiʃən)
unusual (ʌnjú:ʒuəl) **Santa Clara Valley** (sǽntə kléərə vǽli)
alluvial (əljú:viəl) **Sierra** (síərə) **Lake Tulare** (léik tu:léə)
Fresno County (fréznou káunti) **Monterey Bay** (mɔ̀ntirí: béi)
Santa Rosa (sǽntə róuzə) **Napa** (nǽpə) **vineyards** (vínjədz)

Fresh fruit that is sent to market is first taken to one of the co-operative packing houses. Through these community enterprises, or associations, thousands of farmers work together as one company or organization. The association buys its supplies wholesale, packs its fruit in uniform packages, sends it in carload lots to distant markets, sells it, and returns the money to the grower. The associations even advertise California fruit in other states, so that people will know about it and buy it.

Harvest is a very busy time for fruit growers. Fruits, such as apricots, peaches, plums, and grapes are spread on trays and put in the sun to dry. When dried, the fruit is sorted and packed in boxes. Many of the fresh fruits are taken to the canneries to be canned by thousands of women and girls.

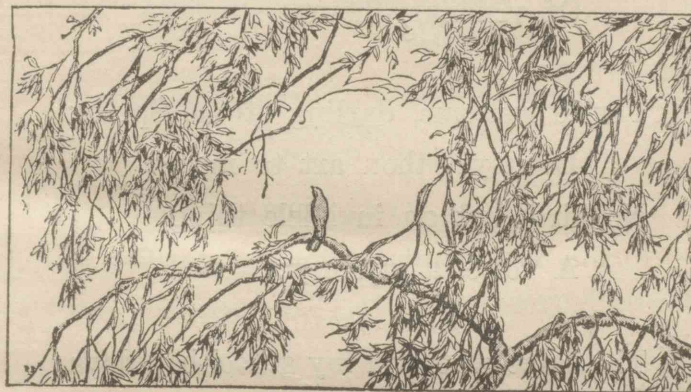
—From Human Geography by J. RUSSEL SMITH.

---

community [kəmjú:niti] **enterprises** [éntəpraiziz]
association [əsòusiéiʃən] **wholesale** [hóulseil]
uniform [jú:nifɔ:m] **advertise** [ǽdvətaiz]
trays [treiz] **sorted** [sɔ́:tid] **canneries** [kǽnəriz]

LESSON IV

TO THE CUCKOO.



O blithe Newcomer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

---

cuckoo [kúku:] **blithe** [blaið] **newcomer** [njú:kʌmə]
rejoice [ridʒɔ́is] **twofold** [tú:fould]

Though babbling only to the Vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

---

babbling (bǽbliŋ) **bringest** (bríŋist) **tale** (teil)
visionary (víʒṇəri) **thrice** (θrais) **art** (ɑːt)
invisible (inʌízəbl) **mystery** (místəri) **rove** (rouv)
wert (wəːt)

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial faery place,
That is fit home for Thee!

—William Wordsworth.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

---

beget (bigét) **blessed** (blésid) **pace** (peis)
unsubstantial (ʌ́nsəbstǽnʃəl) **faery** (fέəri)

LESSON V

HOW A BLIND MAN ENJOYS BASEBALL.

We will suppose, in order to show how I follow the game, that we are sitting in the grandstand immediately behind the home-plate. In that case the diamond and the field are a geometrical figure immediately in front of me. The player nearest to me, and immediately in front is the catcher. Then farther on, in the middle of the diamond, though still in line, is the pitcher; still farther away is the second baseman, and away beyond him the centre-fielder. To my right is the first baseman, and still farther away, but nearly in line with him, is the right-fielder. To my left are the shortstop and the third baseman, and farther away is the left-fielder. This is the picture that I always have in mind when play is called.

---

grandstand (grǽndstænd) **home-plate** (hóumpleit)
diamond (dáiəmənd) **geometrial** (dʒiométrikəl)
baseman (béismən) **centre-fielder** (séntəfi:ldə)
right-fielder (ráitfi:ldə) **shortstop** (ʃɔ́:tstɔp)
left-fielder (léftfi:ldə)

When the Umpire calls "Play ball," my nerves are strung up to the highest pitch.

"Ball," cries the umpire, and I hear the ball fall with a slight spat into the catcher's mitt. By the slight sound that it made I know that the ball pitched was a drop, for the force had nearly gone out of it.

"Ball," cries the umpire again. But this ball strikes the catcher's mitt with a vicious spat, so it was not a drop. Probably it was an out, or perhaps it was too high. Anyway it was a ball, and what sort of one does not much matter.

"Strike," calls the umpire. Now the question arises in my mind: Did the batter swing at the ball, or was the strike called on him? But a spectator near me sets me right by observing, "He ought to have offered at that one," so I know it was called.

"Strike," again calls the umpire, and again I am puzzled as to whether the strike was called or the batsman offered.

"Gee!" cries a small boy near me. "If he

---

nerves (nə:vz) **spat** (spæt) **vicious** (víʃəs) **batter** (bǽtə)
puzzled (pʌ́zld) **batsman** (bǽtsmən) **gee** (dʒi:)

had hit that one it would have gone over the fence." So I know he swung at it viciously.

Again the pitcher winds up and there is a loud crack from the bat. There is rather a long minute of suspense, and then I hear the ball strike in the shortstop's mitt. It was a pop fly, which went rather high, and that was why I waited so long to hear the catch. If the sound had come quickly, I should have known by the same reasoning that it was a hot drive, going low to the ground, and that the shortstop stabbed it, as they say.

Another batsman steps to the plate and hits the first ball pitched sharply. I hear the ball strike the shortstop's mitt again, and a second later it resounds in the mitt of the first baseman over at my right. It was a ground ball, and was fielded nicely and thrown accurately, and the umpire cries, "Out!"

Often when the decision is close I listen intently to see whether the feet of the base-runner strike the base or the ball the baseman's

---

fence (fens) **viciously** (víʃəsli) **pop** (pɔp)
stabbed (stæbd) **sharply** (ʃá:pli) **fielded** (fí:ldid)
accurately (ǽkjuritli) **intently** (inténtli) **base-runner** (béisrʌ́nə)

mitt first. If the base runner makes first and I hear soon after the ball spat in the baseman's mitt, I know the pitcher is throwing to first to catch him. As soon as the runner gets upon the base the coaching gives me a clue each time as to what happens on the base. Each time the coach cries sharply "Look out!" I imagine the runner pitching for the bag, and I hear the ball spat in the baseman's mitt, telling of the throw. The same rules apply to second base, and also to third. To any one familiar with the game every word of the coach means a corresponding motion on the field.

When a batted ball goes away out into the field I have to listen sharply to hear the fielder catch it, but my ear is so trained with attending many hundreds of games that I can usually hear the ball fall to the ground if it is muffed. If I did not the fate of the base-runner would give me the necessary clue. Very rarely, if I am paying attention, am I obliged to ask my companions where the ball went and what the

---

coaching (kóutʃiŋ) **clue** (klu:) **corresponding** (kɔ̀rispɔ́ndiŋ)
motion (móuʃən) **muffed** (mʌft) **fate** (feit)
rarely (rέəli)

play was. Grounders I usually hear skimming along the diamond, and very high flies I recognize by the time the ball stays in the air.

Thus the play goes on for nine exciting innings, and I am sure there is no one on the grounds more excited or interested than myself. Two or three times I have been hit by a batted or thrown ball while sitting in the bleachers or in an automobile, but have always come off with a whole skin.

There is something intoxicating and exhilarating in yelling in unison with several thousand people, just as you do when your pinch-hitter bangs out a hit and wins the game. The yell that goes up from that eager throng on such occasions is barbaric and grand, like the music of the sea.

I always go home from a game tired but happy, and sure of a better night's sleep for the thrilling afternoon's sport. My own restricted activities in athletics make me turn with even

grounders (gráundəz) **skimming** (skímiŋ) **bleachers** (blí:tʃəz)
intoxicating (intɔ́ksikeitiŋ) **exhilarating** (igzíləreitiŋ)
unison (jú:nizn) **barbaric** (bɑ:bǽrik) **thrilling** (θríliŋ)
restricted (ristríktid) **athletics** (æθlétiks)

more zest to the great American game, which does so much each year to tan the faces and harden the sinews of the American baseball public. So baseball will always find an ardent champion in myself and I know of hundreds of tired business men who turn to this clean, exciting game for recreation and pleasure, and to escape the grind of their daily business life. Long live the great American game!

—Charles Hawkes.

FOR STUDY

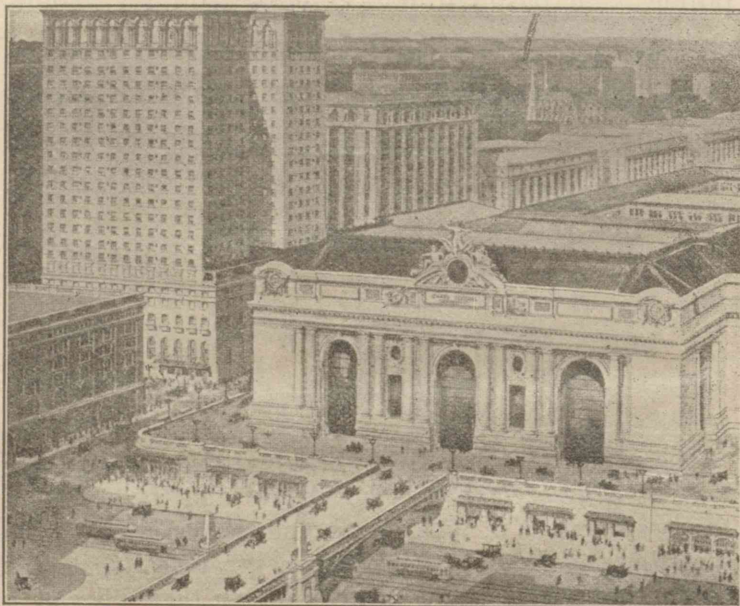
The playground is a little world by itself. On it there may be a great many of the virtues and the faults of the great world in which men and women live. I am sometimes tempted to think that a great deal that goes on in this larger world is little better than play of a very formal kind. It is certain that the great world is reflected in the little world where boys and girls are at their games.

---

zest (zest) **harden** (há:dn) **sinews** (sínju:z) **ardent** (á:dənt)
recreation (rèkriéiʃən) **grind** (graind) **virtues** (vә́:tju:z)
tempted (témptid) **formal** (fɔ́:məl)

LESSON VI

AT A NEW YORK HOTEL.



NEW YORK STATION.

The United States of America is famed for having some of the best hotels of the world.

Now let us suppose we have landed at New York Station and have ridden in an automobile to the front entrance of one of the largest hotels

hotel (houtél) **famed** (feimd) **entrance** (éntrəns)

in the city. It has twenty-five stories above the ground and five stories below it, and the area of its floor space is such that if it were all on one level, it would cover a good sized field. Its rooms are more than fifteen hundred in number, and when it is full, which is often the case, it contains, counting both servants and guests, more than three thousand people, its kitchens and dining-rooms being large enough to feed them all. This hotel has sufficient machinery in its basement to run a big factory.

At the entrance we are met by the porter. He wears a gorgeous livery with brass buttons and has a tall hat on his head. He takes care of our baggage and leads us into the office.

This is a great room like a bank with a counter at the rear, behind which stand the clerks. The messenger boys conduct us to the counter, and a clerk gives us the visitors' book in which we write our names and the towns from which we come. He then assigns each a room,

area (ɛ́əriə) **dining-rooms** (dáiniŋrumz) **sufficient** (səfíʃənt)
machinery (məʃínəri) **basement** (béismənt) **porter** (pɔ́:tə)
gorgeous (gɔ́:dʒəs) **livery** (láivli) **brass** (brɑ:s)
counter (káuntə) **conduct** (kəndʌ́kt) **assigns** (əsáinz)

saying that he will put us all on the twelfth floor.

After passing the post and telegraph offices of the hotel, we go up in one of the elevators to our rooms.

Each room has a telephone, so that we can talk to people in New York and, by being switched on to the long distance lines, can even chat with our friends at home. The telephone also connects us with the office of the hotel, and if we want pens and paper, or ice water, or almost anything else, we can call up the office and ask that it be sent to our rooms. Every floor has its own employees, and it will not be long before our orders are filled.

We shall now go out and take a stroll through the hotel. The elevator carries us up to the roof, which is far above the tallest church steeple. There is a great garden where one can sit among the flowers and trees and watch the fountain while one listens to the music of the band. We spend a while in this garden. After

---

twelfth [twelfθ] **elevators** [éliveitəz] **switched** [switʃt]
chat [tʃæt] **employees** [èmplɔiíːz] **stroll** [stroul]

that we go down from one floor to another, until at last we reach the one just over the office. This contains a great ballroom, an art gallery, and many parlors, as beautifully furnished as the palace of a king. It has the state banquet hall, a music room, and other gorgeous apartments.

Moving about through the hotel, we are more and more surprised at its wonders. It has a safe for valuables, a bank at which one can have one's checks cashed, barber shops for both men and women, and a photograph gallery. It has a news stand and a drug store, and places where they sell candy and flowers.

Descending to the main floor we stop to look into the dining-room, where hundreds of men, women, and children are eating their meals. They sit about little tables. We are shown the bill of fare. It contains almost every eatable under the sun, and it seems to us the whole world has been working to supply food for these

---

ballroom [bɔ́ːlrum] **banquet** [bǽŋkwit]
apartments [əpáːtmənts] **valuables** [vǽljuəblz]
cheques [tʃeks] **cashed** [kæʃt] **barber** [báːbə]
candy [kǽndi] **descending** [diséndiŋ] **eatable** [íːtəbl]

tables. After our meal, we go back to our rooms with great satisfaction.

FOR STUDY

I had two or three letters of introduction to people in New York, but as my time was so short and I had my good host to look after me, I decided to defer presenting them until my next visit and spend my time exploring New York, *which* I did with all the delight of a "hayseed" or what we call in Tokyo an "aka getto."

---

satisfaction 〔sæ̀tisfǽkʃən〕 **introduction** 〔ìntrədʌ́kʃən〕
defer 〔difə́ː〕 **exploring** 〔ikspl ɔ́ːriŋ〕 **hayseed** 〔héisiːd〕

LESSON VII

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND.

In Norman times, England began to trade with the continent, where King William had come from. Great fairs were held, especially at Winchester, at Smithfield in London, and Stourbridge, near Cambridge. Wool was sold at these fairs, which were really markets, and merchants from abroad sold woollen and cotton cloths, and wines and fruits.

Later on, weavers came from Flanders, which we now call Belgium, and taught our people how to make wool into cloth as good as foreign cloth, so that we were able to sell woollen cloth as well as wool.

Three hundred years after this, thousands of poor but clever workmen were expelled from France because of their religion, and came to

---

industrial 〔induʌ́striəl〕 **Norman** 〔nɔ́ːmən〕
continent 〔kɔ́ntinənt〕 **Winchester** 〔wíntʃistə〕
Smithfield 〔smíθfiːld〕 **Stourbridge** 〔stúəbridʒ〕
Cambridge 〔kéinbridʒ〕 **abroad** 〔əbrɔ́ːd〕 **woollen** 〔wúlin〕
cotton 〔kɔ́tn〕 **weavers** 〔wíːvəz〕 **Flandees** 〔flɑ́ːndəz〕
Belgium 〔béldʒiəm〕 **expelled** 〔ikspéld〕 **religion** 〔rilídʒən〕

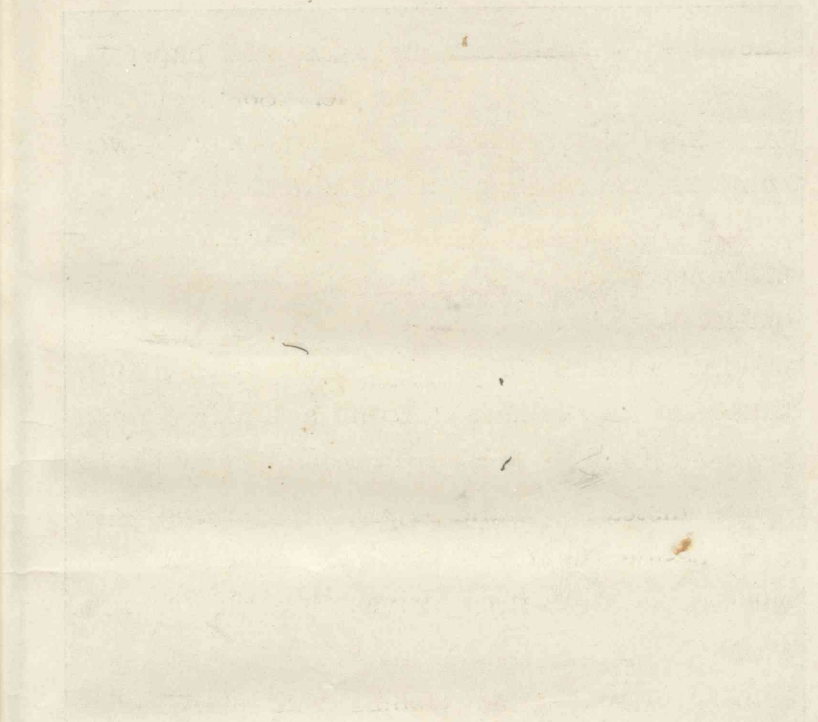
live in England. These men were a great loss to France, but a great gain to England, for they knew how to make silk and glass and paper far better than the English people. Some of these men also, who settled in Lancashire, were spinners and weavers of the finest cloths.

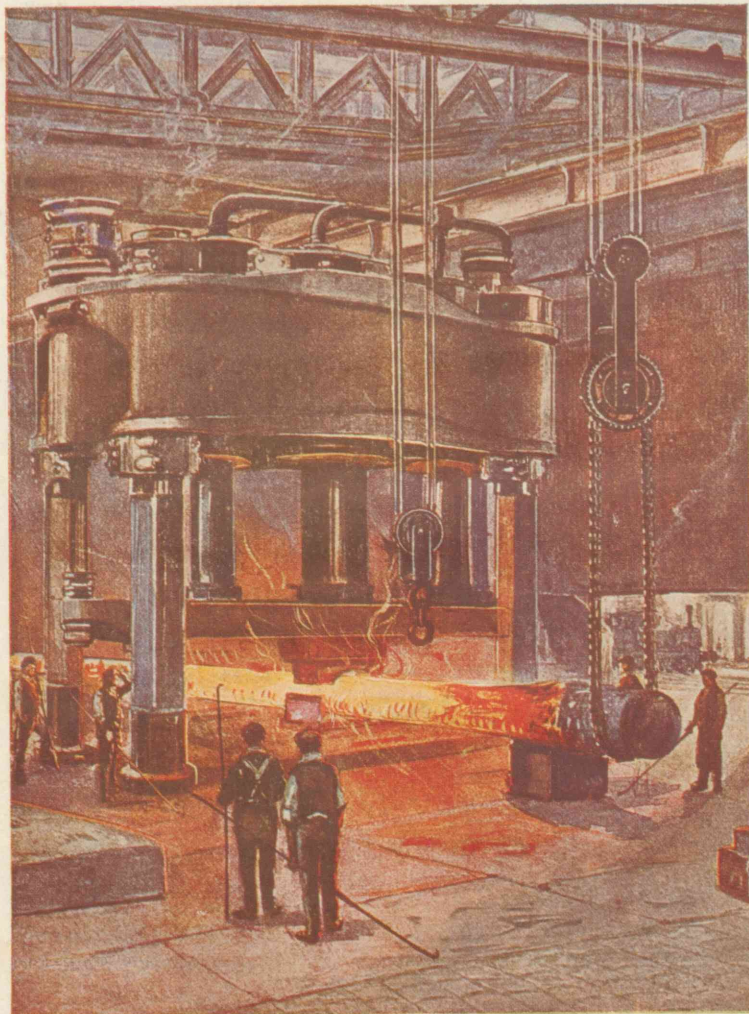
As time went on, men began to invent machines to do away with hand labour. These machines, however, such as the frames for making stockings and lace, were used in the houses of the people. About a hundred years ago men began to work these machines by water-power instead of hand-power. Watermills were built beside the rivers, and the machines were worked by a wheel driven by the running water.

Soon after another change took place. The change was so great that it is called the Industrial Revolution. Giant Steam was tamed and made to work for man.

Now, at that time, although coal was known

Lancashire 〔lǽŋkəʃiə〕 **spinners** 〔spínəz〕
waterpower 〔wɔ́:təpauə〕 **hand-power** 〔hǽn*d*pauə〕
watermills 〔wɔ́:təmilz〕 **tamed** 〔teimd〕





FORGING A PROPELLER SHAFT FOR A BIG LINER

and used, yet it was not mined in large quantities. The coal was deep down, as a rule, and difficult to get, on account of the danger of the mines flooding with water.

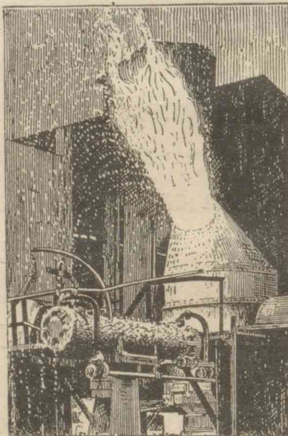
When, however, powerful pumps could be worked by steam-power, much more coal could be got. This made the greatest possible difference in the manufacture of iron and steel. Charcoal had hitherto been used for smelting the iron, and this charcoal was scarce, because many of the forests had been cut down. Before the time of steam, the iron trade had been carried on in places where there was fuel for the smelting. Now that coal could be obtained for fuel, the iron trade shifted to the coalfields, near which iron and limestone are usually to be found.

Iron is not found in a pure state, but combined with other matter of an earthy character, such as sand or clay. This is got rid of by smelting the ore in great blast furnaces. The limestone acts as a "flux" in the furnace, that is to say,

---

quantities (kwɔ́ntitiz) **steam-power** (stí:mpauə)
charcoal (tʃɑ́:koul) **hitherto** (híðətú:) **smelting** (sméltiŋ)
shifted (ʃíftid) **coalfields** (kóul-fi:ldz) **limestone** (láimstoun)
combined (kəmbáind) **earthy** (ə́:θi) **character** (kǽriktə)
ore (ɔ:) **blast-furnaces** (blɑ́:stʃə̀:nisiz) **flux** (flʌks)

it forms, with the sand and clay, a liquid called "slag," which is easily run off. Some ores are called self-smelting, because they are composed for the most part of iron and limestone. It is very important that iron and limestone are found so near the coalfields, for they are heavy and costly to carry from place to place.

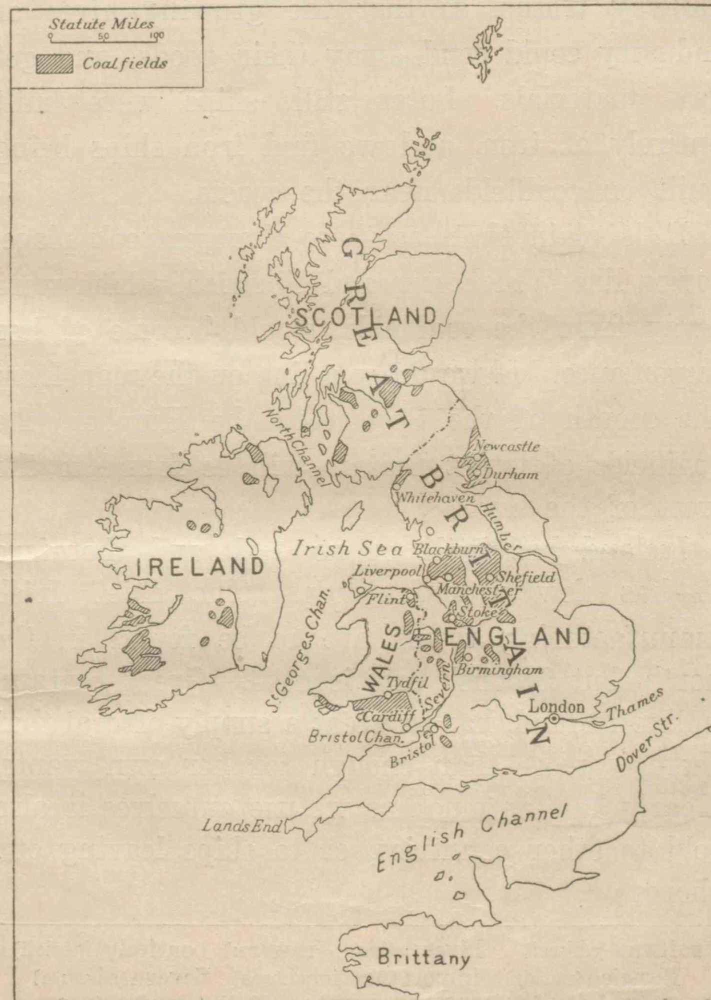


BESSEMER CONVERTER.

The first people to make use of the great change or revolution, in the method of working, were the makers of cotton goods. Water mills were now done away with, and great factories, with machines worked by steam-engines using coal, took their places. The makers of woollen cloth soon followed suit, and people flocked into the towns on the coalfields to earn the good wages which were to be had there. Many other trades also sprang up, which needed iron, or coal, or both.

---

liquid (líkwid) **slag** (slæg) **self-smelting** (sélfsmèltiŋ)
composed (kəmpóuzd) **method** (méθəd) **steam-engines** (stíːmèndʒinz)



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Steam-power was later applied to ships and railway trains, so that the growing hives of industry could send away their goods, and get raw materials. Later still, ships were built entirely of iron, and we find iron ships being built on coalfields near the coasts.

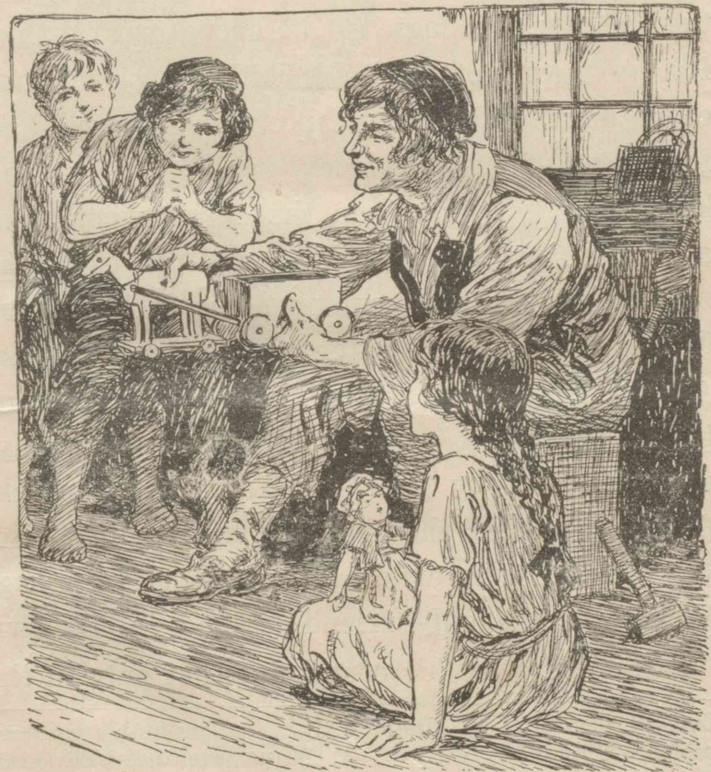
It is plain that, as these changes took place, towns like Winchester and Norwich, which were away from the coalfields, would become of less importance. If we draw a line on the map from the mouth of the Severn to the Humber, the coalfields of Great Britain will be found to the west of the line.

Ireland has little or no coal, and therefore it has few manufactures. The chief Irish manufacturing towns are to be found in the north, but Scottish coal is used. Great Britain, unlike Ireland, has so great a supply of coal that there is more than enough for her own wants. Nearly half as much as we use ourselves is also sold to other countries, or to ships leaving our shores.

railway (réilwei) **hives** (háivz) **raw** (rɔː) **entirely** (intáiəli) **Norwich** (nɔ́ridʒ) **importance** (impɔ́ːtəns) **Severn** (sévə(ː)n) **Humber** (hʌ́mbə) **Great Britain** (gréitbrítən) **Ireland** (áiələnd) **Irish** (áiəriʃ) **Scottish** (skɔ́tiʃ)

LESSON VIII

RIP VAN WINKLE.



Rip Van Winkle (rípvæn wíŋkl)

In a small cottage at the foot of one of the Catskill mountains lived Rip Van Winkle, a descendant of one of the old Dutch families of that region. He was a good-natured fellow, a favorite with every one in the village, especially the children and dogs, but he had a great dislike for every kind of profitable labor. Not for lack of patience and perseverance, for he would sit for hours upon a wet rock, fishing with a long heavy pole, without even the encouragement of a nibble, or trudge all day long over the mountains, with his gun upon his shoulder, for the sake of shooting a few pigeons or squirrels.

In consequence of his idleness and want of thrift, his estate, once a comfortable patrimony, dwindled year by year, and furnished a never-failing theme for the tongue of his scolding wife. His children were wild and ragged, and his dog, Wolf, was the only friend he had in his own home. Wolf was his companion, not only in the

Catskill (kǽ:tskil) **Dutch** (dʌtʃ) **profitable** (prɔ́fitəbl)
patience (péiʃəns) **perseverance** (pə̀:sivíərəns)
encouragement (inkʌ́ridʒmənt) **nibble** (níbl) **trudge** (trʌdʒ)
pigeons (pídʒinz) **squirrels** (skwírəlz) **consequence** (kɔ́nsikwəns)
thrift (θrift) **patrimony** (pǽtriməni)
dwindled (dwíndld) **theme** (θi:m) **Wolf** (wulf)

long tramps over the hills, but in the misery at home, for the good dame pronounced them alike in uselessness and shiftlessness.

One day Rip wandered far up the mountain side in search of game, and being tired, threw himself down to rest upon a green knoll over-looking the Hudson. After a time he heard someone call, "Rip Van Winkle!" He started up and looked about him. He could see nothing,

misery (mízəri) **dame** (deim) **pronounced** (prənáunst)
uselessness (jú:slisnis) **shiftlessness** (ʃíftlisnis)
knoll (noul) **over-looking** (òuvəlúkiŋ)

but presently heard again the cry, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" Then he saw, coming toward him, a very short, stout man, carrying on his shoulders a keg of liquor. The stranger called to him to help him to carry his burden. He hesitated at first, but finally, prompted by his good nature, he complied, and went to the man's assistance. Together they carried the keg up a ravine until they came to a sort of amphitheater formed by the rocks. Here they found a number of very strangely dressed people playing ten-pins. As they rolled the balls a noise resembling thunder echoed from the surrounding hills.

Rip was very much frightened, but after a while summoned courage to taste of the liquor in the keg he had helped to carry. It was so good that he kept on tasting until his senses left him, and he fell upon the ground asleep.

When he awoke he looked around him in astonishment; he was lying upon the same green knoll that had been his resting place before his

---

stout (staut) **keg** (keg) **liquor** (líkə) **burden** (bə́:dn)
ravine (rəví:n) **amphitheater** (ǽmfiθìətə) **summoned** (sʌ́mənd)

prompted

resembling

senses

strange adventure. "Can I have fallen asleep, and staid out all night? What will my wife say?" he asked himself anxiously. He got upon his feet after considerable effort, for his joints

were stiff, and found, instead of his own bright, well-oiled gun, one that had rusty locks and worm-eaten barrel.

His dog, too, had disappeared, and after a weary search for them, he turned his steps

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adventure (ədvéntʃə) **effort** (éfət) **joints** (dʒɔints) **well-oiled** (wélɔild)
rusty (rʌ́sti) **locks** (lɔks) **worm-eaten** (wə́:mi:tn)
barrel (bǽrəl) **disappeared** (dìsəpíəd) **weary** (wíəri)

homeward. His native village was so changed that he scarcely recognized it; new rows of houses appeared where there were none before, and old ones had disappeared. The children ran after him, hooting and laughing at his strange appearance, and the dogs barked at him. Not a single one of either did he know.

He made his way to the old home, and found it desolate. Only the most persistent inquiries procured any information of the state of affairs, for everyone thought him crazy.

At last he found his daughter, and with her help and that of an old friend or two who still survived, he realized that his nap on the mountain had lasted twenty years; that the Revolutionary War had come and gone, and that he was now a citizen of the United States instead of a subject of King George; that his wife was dead, and that all the changes that might be expected in twenty years' time had taken place in the village.

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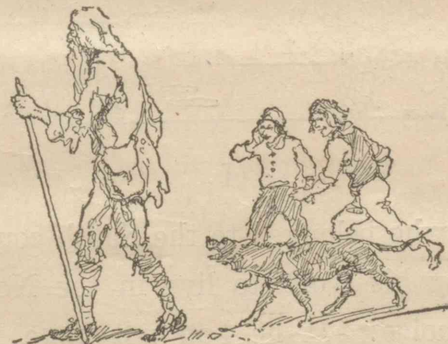
homeward (hóumwəd) **scarcely** (skέəsli) **hooting** (hú:tiŋ)
desolate (désolit) **persistent** (pəsístənt) **inquiries** (inkwáiəriz)
procured (prəkjúəd) **crazy** (kréizi) **survived** (səváivd)
Revolutionary War (rèvəlú:ʃṇəri wɔ́:) **subject** (sʌ́bdʒikt)

FOR STUDY

(1) The first point to be understood is that *not only* one man is unlike another, *but* every man is essentially different in every point, so that no training, no forming, nor informing will ever make two persons alike in thought or in power.

(2)

appear	appear**ance**
assist	assist**ance**
persist	persist**ence**
inform	inform**ation**
expect	expect**ation**
converse	convers**ation**
consider	consider**ation**



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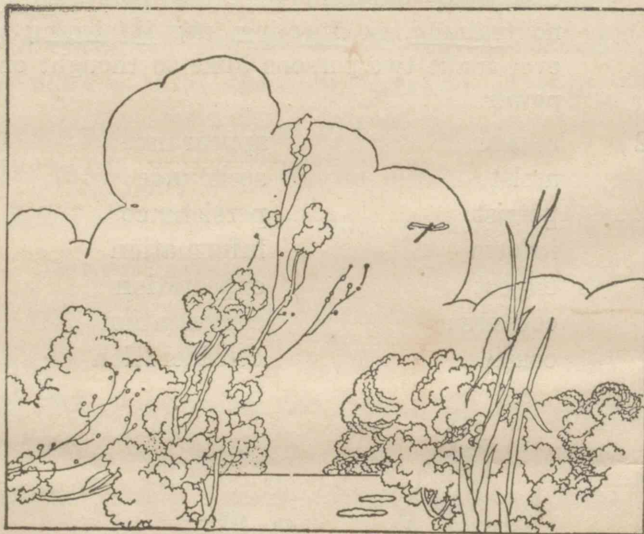
assist (əsíst) **persist** (pəsíst) **persistence** (pəsístəns)
inform (infɔ́:m) **information** (infəméiʃən)
expectation (èkspektéiʃən) **converse** (kənvə́:s)
converstion (kɔ̀nvəséiʃən)

LESSON IX

HOME.



I

A man who belonged to the South country was brought by his work to live in the North. He had no choice! If he had not gone where he could earn his bread, he would have had no bread to eat. But he left his heart behind him

choice (tʃɔis)

in the place which he loved, and he would often think of the clear air and the warm sunshine, the rich trees and bright flowers, and the clear streams and rivers which he had known when he was a boy. All these things, now that he was far away from them, seemed to call to him; they said, 'Come back to us, come back to us, your home is here.' And though, of course, there were no voices calling him that could be heard by other ears than his, sometimes he fancied that for him there was a real call; and he believed that he really heard voices.

Though he was a grown man, when his mind went back to the scenes in which his childhood had been spent, he became a child again, and the voices which he heard or believed he heard, were the voices of his mother and of his father and of all his kinsfolk, for all of them were South country folk, and he was the first who had ever gone away into the cold North. It was very hard for him to disobey their summons, for indeed he wished to go, and you may be sure he never learned to forget his people or

fancied (fǽnsid) **kinsfolk** (kínzfouk) **disobey** (dísobéi)

the place which was their home and his home, and the longer he stayed away from them the more bitterly he hungered for them.

II

But he had this comfort. When he came to the north he looked here and there in the town where his work was, for a house to live in; it was not an easy thing for him to get a house. Some houses were much too big and others much too small, and most of them cost too much for him to pay—and then these houses in the northern town were built close together in long streets and they had no gardens. He began to give up hope of finding a house in which he could live, when one day he turned down a road on the edge of the town which went towards the river, for this town, you must know, was not far from the seashore, and a great river made a curve like a bent arm and took the town on its southern side and then flowed away northward to the sea.

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northern (nɔ́:ðən) **curve** (kə:v) **northward** (nɔ́:θwəd)

When he turned down this road all that he had in mind was to walk, if he could, to the edge of the river and look across it. But near the bottom of the road, quite close to the river, he found a house, which was empty; it looked as if it had been forgotten. It was a lonely house, and he said, 'Perhaps a lonely house will do for a lonely man: I will take this house if I can.' Luckily, he was able to get it, the house turned its back to the city and to the north; and its windows faced the river and the south. And out of the windows, when his work was done at night, and in the morning before he went out to his work, he would gaze.

'Over there,' he said to himself, 'beyond the river, and over the hills, is home; there the sun is warm and the air clear, and the trees are rich and the flowers gay, and the streams are bright like polished glass.' But as we have all learned, though it is hard to believe, the earth is round, and though you try you cannot look very far along it; you look over its edge and into the sky, which people sometimes call heaven. And this man who tried to look towards his

home in the south, was all the while looking into the sky, and perhaps sky and heaven and south were all home to him.

III

Now it happened that when the man about whom we have been talking had to go, because of his work, from the south to the north, another man had to go, because of his work, which was of another kind, from the north to the south.

He had no choice; he was bound to go where he could make a living. But he left his heart behind him in the place which he loved, for he loved the north as much as the South-country man loved the south, though I think he loved it in a different way. In the south he was a stranger, and felt very lonely—and he would often think of the sharp north wind which gave him strength and freshness when he was a boy, and of the long streets crowded with laden wagons, and of the big horses clattering over the cobbled roadways, and of the factories buzzing and hissing and steaming, and he missed the speech of his own folk, which was not like the speech of the people of the south country, and he thought that the speech of his own people was far sweeter than theirs. And as he thought of these things they seemed to call to him, and they said, 'Come back, come back to the north, for the north is home, your home.'

There were no real voices, you know; no voices that any one else could hear; but his memory

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South-country (sáuθkʌntri) **lonely** (lóunli) **freshness** (fréʃnis)
laden (léidn) **clattering** (klǽtəriŋ) **cobbled** (kóbld)

of the north was so strong that he fancied that they were real voices calling him, and these voices were the voices of his father and his mother, and all his people; for he was the first of all of them to leave the north and follow his work to the south. 'Come back,' they said, 'come back'; and again they said, 'Come back.' But he had to answer, 'I cannot come back; I must stay here where my work is.' But there was this comfort for him. A window in his house looked northwards; and in the morning, before he went out to work, he would stand at that window, and gaze out and out towards the north. Now whichever way you look at it the earth is really round, and so this man could not look very far along it any more than the South-country man who was living in the north. He looked northwards as the other man had looked south, but over the edge of the earth into the sky, and I believe that sky and heaven and north were all home to him. —*E. T. Campagnac.*

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whichever [(h)witʃévə]

out and out. 十万=

FOR STUDY

A man wants something which belongs to another. He wants it very badly. He is poor, and the man who has it is *so* rich *that* he would never miss it. Or the chance to steal is *so* general *that* the man from whom he steals will not know that anything has been taken from him.

There is no place like home even if it is a cellar.
—*Hans Andersen.*

Without hearts there is no home. —*Byron.*

LESSON X

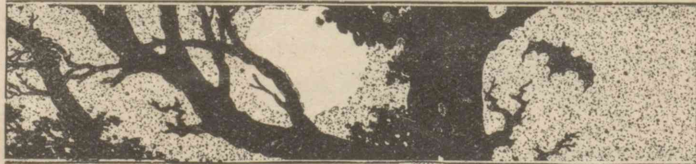
THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.

Tell me, thou star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and gray
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now?

Weary wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.



wanderers (wɔ́ndərəz) **fiery** (fáiəri) **cavern** (kǽvən)
pinions (pínjənz) **pilgrim** (pílgrim) **homeless** (hóumlis)
depth (depθ) **seekest** (sí:kist) **repose** (ripóuz)
wanderest (wɔ́ndərist) **rejected** (ridʒéktid) **billow** (bílou)

LESSON XI

A LITTLE SOLDIER OF THE AIR.

Cher Ami is his name, which in the French language means "Dear Friend." Well does this little homing pigeon deserve his name, since he proved himself to be a true friend in time of great need. He is only a small blue-gray and white bird, with a wound mark across his breast, and with only one leg. But he won the Distinguished Service Cross by saving the lives of one hundred and ninety-four American soldiers in the World War. And this is how he did it.

While our soldier boys were marching through France to bear America's part in the World War, thousands of homing pigeons, like little soldiers of the air, were making long, tiresome flights to carry messages for America and her Allies. Thus they were doing their part to help win the war.

Cher Ami (ʃɛ:ramí) **French** (frentʃ) **proved** (pru:vd)
blue-gray (blú:grei) **wound** (wu:nd) **tiresome** (táiəsəm)
Allies (əláiz) **win** (win)

With important messages placed inside of small metal tubes which were fastened to one leg, these strong birds flew for miles and miles over land and sea. There was a small army of many thousands of them flying up, up, up, day after day, far above the smoke of battle. Reaching the clear upper air, out of range of the sharp-shooters' guns, they quickly returned to their homes, which might be far, far away, or just a few miles behind the battle lines. There the messages were read and help sent where it was needed.

Plucky little Cher Ami, the hero of this story, belonged to Pigeon Company No. 1, which contained about one thousand birds. When the famous 77th Division of the American Army was ordered to the front, Cher Ami and a number of other soldier birds were ordered with it. Their big home-coop on wheels moved with the marching soldiers and went into camp with them, about thirty miles back of the battle lines.

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metal (métl) **range** (reindʒ) **shooters'** (ʃúːtəz)
plucky (plʌ́ki) **Pigeon Company** (pídʒin kʌ̀mpəni)
No. 1 (nʌ́mbə wʌ́n) **Division** (divíʒən) **ordered** (ɔ́ːdəd)
home-coop (hóum kuːp)

After a few days Cher Ami and his brother birds were given a little freedom, so that they could learn their way over the surrounding country. Straight as an arrow they would fly back to their home-coop in the big army camp.

One October day the 77th Division was ordered to advance to a certain point of the enemy's line. A few soldier birds were carried in baskets by the advancing soldiers. Among them was Cher Ami. The soldiers marched forward in the night, met the enemy, and after eighteen hours' fighting, reached the place in the Argonne woods to which they had been ordered.

Parts of two battalions, about four hundred and eighty soldiers in all, were a little in advance of the main body of troops. They reached a hillside thickly covered with trees, which gave them shelter, and a stream of water offered them cooling drink. Feeling protected by their comrades in the rear, the tired men dropped where they stood, and slept.

But in the morning they found to their

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freedom (fríːdəm) **Argonne** (àːgɔ́n) **battalions** (bətǽljənz)
cooling (kúːliŋ) **protected** (prətéktid) **Germans** (dʒə́ːmənz)

surprise that the Germans had surrounded them in the night, and cut them off from the main body of American troops. Knowing that on account of their small number they would not be able to break through the German lines, they protected themselves as best they could from the enemy's guns, and prepared to hold the hill.

For three days they held the hillside while their comrades in the rear tried to break through to help them. Their food gave out, and they became almost crazed for want of water, for the Germans had cut them off from the hillside stream. But when asked by the Germans to surrender, these gallant men steadfastly refused. They had sent up pigeons, one by one, asking for help, only to see them shot down by the German sharp-shooters. At last they were desperate indeed.

As nothing had been heard from them for several days, it was supposed at army headquarters that they had either all been killed, or

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account [əkáunt] **crazed** [kreizd] **surrender** [səréndə]
gallant [gǽlənt] **steadfastly** [stédfəstli]
desperate [déspərit] **quarters** [kwɔ́ːtəz]

that they had surrendered to the Germans. So they were given up for lost.

With no food, no water, and little ammunition, their condition seemed hopeless. At this critical moment little Cher Ami was lifted from his basket, a message tube was fastened to his left leg, and he was tossed high in the air.

Crack, crack! went the guns of the German sharp-shooters. Little Cher Ami paused in his flight, and fluttered a moment as if he would fall. "All is lost!" thought the men as they saw the soldier bird waver. But in a moment they watched the plucky little bird steady himself in the air and rise gradually higher and higher until he was lost in the distance.

Like a blue-gray streak he darted through the quiet upper air, and soon dropped down on the roof of his home-coop at army headquarters.

There the watchful sergeant picked him up, a poor wounded soldier bird with a bloody streak across his breast and his left leg shot nearly

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ammunition [æ̀mjuníʃən] **hopeless** [hóuplis] **critical** [krítikəl]
watchful [wɔ́tʃful] **sergeant** [sáːdʒənt] **bloody** [blʌ́di]

away. But the message tube was still clinging to the little broken leg.

And so Cher Ami saved what was left of the Lost Battalion, for fresh troops were quickly sent forward. Breaking through the German lines they rescued one hundred and ninety-four starving American soldiers. These were all that were left of the four hundred and eighty brave men who had advanced to the hill.

For this service plucky little Cher Ami was given the Distinguished Service Cross. He is the only pigeon in the American soldier-bird army that received this honor. But little does he know or care. He hobbles around on one leg, with his bullet scar across his breast, knowing or caring for nothing but home. For after all, it was Cher Ami's love of home that made him soar above German bullets into cloudland, and that guided him safely to his own home roof with his precious message.

Surely the love of home is a wonderful thing.

—Edna V. Riddleberger.

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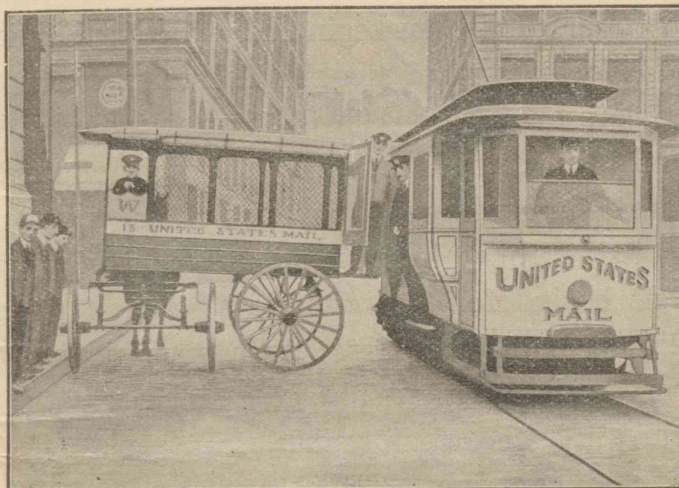
starving (stá:viŋ) **hobbles** (hɔ́blz) **scar** (skɑ:) **soar** (sɔ:)

LESSON XII

HOW THE RAILROADS CARRY MAIL.



Mail travels by railroad, steamboat, electric car, wagon, horseback, dog-team, pneumatic tube, and occasionally by aeroplane; but nine tenths of the hauling is done by the railroad. When a railroad undertakes the carrying of mail, it has to agree to a number of requirements. In the large cities the railway post-office cars, for

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dog-team (dɔ́gti:m) **pneumatic** (nju(:)mǽtik) **tenths** (tenθs) **undertakes** (ʌ̀ndətéiks) **requirements** (rikwáiəmənts)

several hours before starting, must stand in a place convenient for the postal clerks. This is not always an easy thing to arrange in a crowded terminal station, but it must be done so that the clerks can begin the assorting of the mail before the train moves. The railway post-office cars are attached to the fastest train, and a mail train must always have the right of way. No matter how large an amount of baggage or express there may be, not one sack of mail may be left behind for the next train, even if it is to follow in five minutes. As a general thing, whenever the usual weight of a single dispatch reaches fifty thousand pounds, trains are made up of mail cars only. The post-office must bring the mail to the cars, but the employees of the railroad must put it on board. In large cities the post-office teams or automobiles carry it from the train to the office; but at the small stations the railroad employees must do this work, provided the office is not more than eighty rods away. At small terminal stations, however, no

postal (póustəl) **terminal** (tə́:minl) **assorting** (əsɔ́:tiŋ)
sack (sæk) **dispatch** (dispǽtʃ) **rods** (rɔdz)

matter how distant the office may be, the railroad employees must deliver the mail.

In the mail service the saving of time is a most important matter. Half a century ago, mail bags were loaded into a baggage car, and at the end of the journey they were unloaded; but now a vast amount of work is done while the train is in motion. Postal cars are fitted up like small post-offices, and here the clerks assort the mails. They are required to work two or three days and may spend the following

unloaded (ʌnlóudid)

two or three at home; but most of them have "on six days, off six days." To have six days of rest out of every twelve sounds like an easy job; but the strain of the work is so great that longer hours would not be possible. One mail district—for instance, the one which includes the run from Chicago to St. Paul—covers more than twenty thousand post-offices, junctions, and railroad routes. The postal clerk must know all these; he must know the offices and all about the trains running to those districts. Even more than this, he must know the route of every mail carrier in the districts all along. Keeping these items in mind, he must distribute mail matter at such lightning speed that the car seems full of flying letters. He has little time to sleep or to eat. There are only so many minutes for the work, and the mail must be assorted whether it is heavy or light. The heaviest regular mails are on Tuesdays; and Christmas is simply a nightmare to the postal service. In all this wild whirl the postal clerk must be as accurate as

job (dʒɔb) **strain** (strein) **district** (dístrikt) **includes** (inklú:dz)
St. Paul (səntpɔ́:l) **junctions** (dʒʌ́ŋkʃənz) **items** (áitemz)
distribute (distríbju(:)t) **nightmare** (náitmɛə) **accurate** (ǽkjurit)

if he had all day to assort a handful of letters. Every bundle or sack of mail is marked with the name of the man who distributed it, the date, and the number of the train. If he makes a single mistake, it is set down against him. This record and the results of his examinations determine whether he is to be promoted or not; even if he is the only son of the Postmaster-General, he cannot continue to make mistakes and remain in the service. The Government tried to have the postal clerks wear uniforms; but with a train going fifty miles an hour, with the mercury at perhaps one hundred degrees in the shade, and with as much work as a man can do and live, the matter had to be dropped. The favorite "uniform" is a pair of overalls, some comfortable old shoes, and under-clothes to suit the weather.

The life of a railway postal clerk is not an easy one. Six days of such nerve-straining work as this well deserve six days at home; but even these six days are not by any means free for

bundle (bʌ́ndl) **date** (deit) **promoted** (prəmóutid)
Postmaster-General (póustmɑːstə dʒénərəl) **shade** (ʃeid)
overalls (óuvərɔːlz) **under-clothes** (ʌ́ndəklouðz)

rest. Railroads are constantly altering their time-tables; there are changes in post-offices and in the names of places; and there are often new routes. The clerk must learn all these; and this requires a good deal of study. He is not even free to leave his home, for a Government call may come at any moment, and he must be ready to answer it.

FOR STUDY

"What a dreary life we live!" said one bucket to the other. "I am quite sick of it. *No matter how* full we come up, we are always sent down empty. It is very hard!" The other bucket laughed. "We have nothing to grumble about," it said. "Don't you see that, *whenever* we are sent down empty, we always come up full?"

altering (ɔ́:ltəriŋ) **time-tables** (táimteiblz)
dreary (dríəri)

LESSON XIII

ATTACKED BY LIONS.

During our encampment in an African desert we had several adventures with the ravenous creatures of that country: and had not our fire been always kept burning, I question much whether all our fence, though we strengthened

encampment (inkǽmpmənt) **ravenous** (rǽvinəs)
strengthened (stréŋθənd)

it afterwards with twelve or fourteen rows of stakes or more, would have kept us secure. It was always in the night that we had the disturbance of them, and sometimes they came in such multitudes that we thought all the lions and tigers, and leopards and wolves of Africa were come together to attack us.

One night, being clear moonshine, one of our men who were upon the watch, told us, that he believed he saw ten thousand wild creatures of one sort or another pass by our little camp, and ever as they saw the fire they sheered off, but were sure to howl or roar, or whatever it was, when they were past.

The music of their voices was very far from being pleasant to us, and sometimes would be so very disturbing that we could not sleep for it; and often our sentinels would call us that were awake to come and look at them. It was one windy, tempestuous night, after a rainy day, that we were indeed called up; for such

disturbance〔distə́:bəns〕 multitudes〔mʌ́ltitju:dz〕 tigers〔táigəz〕
leopards〔lépədz〕 moonshine〔mú:nʃain〕 sheered〔ʃiəd〕
howl〔haul〕 tempestuous〔tempéstjuəs〕

innumerable numbers of devilish creatures came about us that our watch really thought they would attack us. They would not come on the side where the fire was; and though we thought ourselves secure everywhere else, yet we all got up and took to our arms.

The moon was near the full, but the air full of flying clouds, and a strange hurricane of wind to add to the terror of the night; when, looking on the back part of our camp, I thought I saw a creature within our fortification, and so indeed he was, except his haunches, for he had taken a running leap, I suppose, and with all his might had thrown himself clear over our palisades, except one strong pile, which stood higher than the rest, and which had caught hold of him, and by his weight he had hanged himself upon it, the spike of the pile running into his hinder haunch or thigh, on the inside; and by that he hung, growling and biting the wood for rage.

innumerable〔injú:mərəbl〕 devilish〔dévliʃ〕 hurricane〔hʌ́rikən〕
terror〔térə〕 fortification〔fɔ̀:tifikéiʃən〕 haunches〔hɔ́:ntʃiz〕
palisades〔pæ̀liséidz〕 spike〔spaik〕 hinder〔híndə〕
thigh〔θai〕 biting〔báitiŋ〕 rage〔reidʒ〕

I snatched up a lance from one of the negroes that stood just by me, and, running to him, struck it three or four times into him, and despatched him, being unwilling to shoot, because I had a mind to have a volley fired among the rest, whom I could see standing without, as thick as a drove of bullocks going to a fair. I immediately called our people out, and showed them the object of terror which I had seen, and, without any further consultation, fired a full volley among them, most of our pieces being loaded with two or three slugs or bullets apiece.

It made a horrible clutter among them, and in general they all took to their heels, only that we could observe that some walked off with more gravity and majesty than others, being not so much frighted at the noise and fire; and we could perceive that some were left upon the ground struggling as for life, but we durst not stir out to see what they were.

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negroes (ní:grouz) **despatched** (dispǽtʃt) **unwilling** (unwíliŋ)
volley (vɔ́li) **fired** (faiəd) **drove** (drouv) **bullocks** (búləks)
consultation (kɔ̀nsəltéiʃən) **slugs** (slʌgz) **apiece** (əpí:s)
horrible (hɔ́rəbl) **clutter** (klʌ́tə) **heels** (hi:lz)
gravity (grǽviti) **majesty** (mǽdʒisti) **durst** (də:st)

Indeed, they stood so thick, and were so near us, that we could not well miss killing or wounding some of them, and we believed they had certainly the smell of us, and our victuals we had been killing; for we had killed a deer, and three or four of those creatures like goats, the day before.

Though the creatures fled, yet we heard a frightful roaring all night at the place where they stood, which we supposed was from some that were wounded, and as soon as day came we went out to see what execution we had done. And indeed it was a strange sight; there were three tigers and two wolves quite killed, besides the creature I had killed within our palisade.

Besides this, there was a noble old lion alive, but with both his forelegs broken, so that he could not stir away, and he had almost beat himself to death with struggling all night, and we found that this was the wounded soldier that had roared so loud and given us so much

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victuals (vítlz) **frightful** (fráitful)
execution (èksikjú:ʃən) **forelegs** (fɔ́:legz)

disturbance. Our surgeon, looking at him, smiled.

"Now," says he, "if I could be sure this lion would be as grateful to me as one of his majesty's ancestors was to Androcles, the Roman slave, I would certainly set both his legs again and cure him."

FOR STUDY

As far as the eye could reach, there were unbroken stretches of sandy plains, *only that* to our right I could perceive a little hill covered with green bushes.

Lions in time of peace—deer in war. —*Proverb.*

'Tis better playing with the lion's whelp, than with an old one dying. —*Shakespeare.*

ancestors (ǽnsistəz) **Androcles** (ǽndrəklz) **slave** (sleiv)
cure (kjuə) **unbroken** (ʌnbróukən) **whelp** ((h)welp)

LESSON XIV

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 to us all.

H. G. WELLS.

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 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

Wells (welz) **medium-sized** (mí:diəmsaizd) **tones** (tounz)
object (əbdʒékt) **influence** (ínfluəns)

most permanent impression on the world?"

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 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 in the four Gospels are sometimes obscure and contradictory; but all four of them agree in giving us a picture

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permanent [pə́:mənənt] **impression** [impréʃən]
hesitation [hèzitéiʃən] **Jesus** [dʒí:zəs] **Nazareth** [nǽzəriθ]
dominant [dɔ́minənt] **conceive** [kənsí:v] **historian** [histɔ́:riən]
Gospels [gɔ́spəlz] **obscure** [əbskjúə]
contradictory [kɔ̀ntrədíktəri]

of a very definite personality; they carry a conviction of reality. To assume that he never lived, 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.

"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 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 the progress of humanity honestly without giving a foremost place to a penniless teacher from Nazareth. The old Roman historians ignored Jesus entirely; they ignored the growth and spread of his

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personality [pɔ̀:sənǽliti] **conviction** [kənvíkʃən] **assume** [əsjú:m]
essential [isénʃəl] **elements** [élimənts] **disregard** [dísrigά:d]
adhere [ədhíə] **evidence** [évidəns] **unchallenged** [ʌ́ntʃǽlindʒd]
significant [signífikənt] **theological** [θiəlɔ́dʒikəl] **bias** [báiəs]
portray [pɔ:tréi] **progress** [próugres] **humanity** [hju(: mǽniti]
penniless [pénilis]

teaching, regarding it as something apart from life, something, as it were, that 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 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 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 people were heartened by his presence. He spoke with a

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ignored (ignɔ́:d) **growth** (grouθ) **impress** (ímpres)
records (rékɔ:dz) **irresistibly** (ìrizístəbli) **dogma** (dɔ́gmə)
tradition (trədíʃən) **imposed** (impóuzd)
misinterpreted (mísintə́:pritid) **underneath** (ʌ́ndəní:θ)
miraculous (mirǽkjuləs) **incredible** (inkrédəbl)
magnetism (mǽgnitizm) **induced** (indjú:st) **ailing** (éiliŋ)
heartened (há:tnd)

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 permanent place of power which he occupies; that place is his by virtue of the new and simple and profound doctrine which he brought—the universal, loving Fatherhood of God and the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven.

"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 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 the direction of universal brotherhood, which he proclaimed.

"So the historian, disregarding the theological significance of his life, writes the name of Jesus

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knowledge (nɔ́lidʒ) **authority** (ɔ:θɔ́riti) **baffled** (bǽfld)
occupies (ɔ́kjupaiz) **profound** (prəfáund) **doctrine** (dɔ́ktrin)
universal (jù(:)nivə́:səl) **Fatherhoood** (fá:ðəhud)
Kingdom (kíŋdəm) **partially** (pá:ʃəli) **tremendous** (triméndəs)
challenge (tʃǽlindʒ) **mankind** (mǽnkaind) **preached** (pri:tʃt)
tolerance (tɔ́lərəns) **brotherhood** (brʌ́ðəhud) **prolaimed** (prəkléimd)

of Nazareth at the top 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 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.

"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

accumulate (əkjúːmjuleit) **vigor** (vígə) **vitality** (vaitǽliti)
Buddha (búdə) **disentangle** (dísintǽŋgl) **legend** (lédʒənd)
portrayal (pɔːtréiəl)

the charge of representing one man's prejudice and judgment. But as with Jesus, so with Buddha, you sense the reality: you see clearly a man, simple, devout, lonely, battling for light—a vivid human personality, not a myth.

"He, too, brought a message universal in its character. It knows no limitations of time or 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 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 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 have wrongly assumed, but the

prejudice (prédʒudis) **judgment** (dʒʌ́dʒmənt) **reality** (ri(:)ǽliti)
myth (miθ) **harmony** (háːməni) **discontents** (dískənténts)
insatiable (inséiʃiəbl) **fraught** (frɔːt) **sensuousness** (sénsjuəsnis)
immortality (ìmɔːtǽliti) **prosperity** (prɔspériti) **serene** (siríːn)
Nirvana (niəváːnə) **oblivion** (əblívjən)

extinction of futile personal aims, whose going lets serenity into the soul.

"Jesus said, 'Seek ye *first* the Kingdom of God,' and, 'Whosoever will save his life 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 the corners of history; events hinge upon him; his influence persists."

FOR STUDY

What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and loses his own soul? —*New Testament.*

If some of the rich of this world are also modest in their tastes, and gentle in their hearts, and open in their minds, and ready to be pleased with unbought pleasures, they simply share in the best things which are provided for all. —*Henry Van Dyke.*

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extinction (ikstíŋkʃən) **futile** (fjú:tail)
self-forgetfulness (sélffəgétfulnis) **penetrating** (pénitreitiŋ)
hinge (hindʒ) **profit** (prɔ́fit) **modest** (mɔ́dist) **unbought** (ʌ́nbɔ́:t)

LESSON XV

THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS.

Every person has the right to the protection of his property and his life. He also has the right to carry on his own occupation without interference from others. No man's property may be taken from him except for just cause by a court after a fair trial. If a man's property is needed for public use, as for the building of a road or street, it may be taken, but the owner must be paid the fair value of the property. In this way, the man is protected, but the rights of all the people are safeguarded against the selfishness of one man, who might otherwise stop public works which are for the benefit of all.

Another very important right is that which makes it impossible to send a man to prison without a fair trial. In some countries people are thrown into prison for pretended reasons,

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property (prɔ́pəti) **occupation** (ɔ̀kjupéiʃən) **interference** (ìntəfíərəns)
court (kɔ:t) **trial** (tráiəl) **value** (vǽlju:) **safeguarded** (séifgɑ̀:did)
otherwise (ʌ́ðəwaiz) **benefit** (bénifit) **impossible** (impɔ́səbl)
prison (prízn)

and are kept there at the whim of the officers. The right of *habeas corpus* protects the citizen against false imprisonment. By this right the prisoner may demand that he be brought at once before a court to see if he is lawfully held. If a man is arrested, he has the right to demand a trial at once and to have his own witnesses and the assistance of a lawyer. He also has the right to be released from prison on bail until his trial, except in serious crimes when the evidence is strongly against him. Even if he is found guilty he may take his case to the higher courts. Sometimes it happens that mistakes are made, but the number of mistakes is not large. The purpose of all fair-minded people is to prevent imprisonment by mistake, even for a single day. It is a serious injustice to any one to be charged with a crime, or to be sent to prison without cause.

No person may be put in prison for debt

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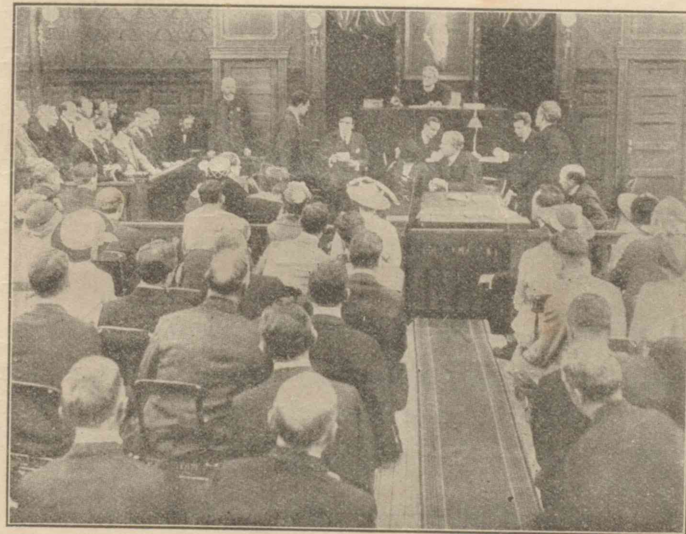
whim (ˈ(h)wim) **habeas-corpus** (héibiæskɔ́:pəs) **false** (fɔ:ls)
imprisonment (impríznmənt) **demand** (dimɑ́:nd)
lawfully (lɔ́:fuli) **arrested** (əréstid) **witnesses** (wítnisiz)
lawyer (lɔ́:jə) **released** (rilí:st) **bail** (beil)
crimes (kraimz) **guilty** (gílti) **fair-minded** (fέəmaindid)
injustice (indʒʌ́stis) **debt** (det)

unless he has committed fraud. This is a valuable right which saves people from being thrown into prison through no fault of their own. If a man were sent to prison for debt, he could not get out until the debt was paid. This would be impossible, because he could earn no money while in prison. Nowhere in America can a man be sent to prison, when, through misfortune or otherwise, he is unable to pay his debts.



TRIAL BY JURY.

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fraud (frɔ:d) **nowhere** (nóuˈ(h)wεə) **misfortune** (misfɔ́:tʃən)

One of the rights which people hold very dear is the right of trial by jury. It has been believed for centuries in many countries, and always in America, that a man would be more secure from injustice if his case were decided by a jury of his fellow men. A jury as a rule consists of twelve persons. The jury decides the facts of the case and, in criminal cases, determines whether a person charged with a crime is guilty or not. When a jury has decided a case it is usually final unless appealed. In the case of a person who is charged with a serious crime such as murder, once a jury has set him free he cannot be tried again for that same crime.

FOR STUDY

Some men think that one bad habit does not matter enough; but that is quite a mistake; one bad habit often is enough to spoil what *would otherwise* be a very good character.

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jury (dʒúəri) **consists** (kənsísts) **criminal** (kríminl̩) **appealed** (əpí:ld) **murder** (mə́:də) **tyranny** (tírəni)

LESSON XVI

ETON BOATING-SONG.

Jolly boating weather,
With a hay-harvest breeze;
Blade on the feather,
Shade off the trees.
Swing, swing together,
With our bodies between our knees.

Chorus—Swing, swing together,
With our bodies between our knees.

Rugby may be more clever,
Harrow may make more row;

---

boating-song (bóutiŋsɔŋ) **jolly** (dʒɔ́li) **hay-harvest** (héihá:vist) **blade** (bleid) **Rugby** (rʌ́gbi) **Harrow** (hærou)

But we'll row together,
Steady from stroke to bow,
And nothing in life shall sever
The charm that is round us now.

Chorus—Swing, swing, &c.

Others will fill our places,
Dressed in the old light-blue;
We'll recollect our races,
We'll to the flag prove true;
And youth will be still in our faces
When we cheer for an Eton crew.

Chorus—Swing, swing, &c.

Twenty years hence this weather
Will tempt us from office stools;
We may be slow on the feather,
And seem to the boys old fools;
But we'll still sing together,
And swear by the best of schools.

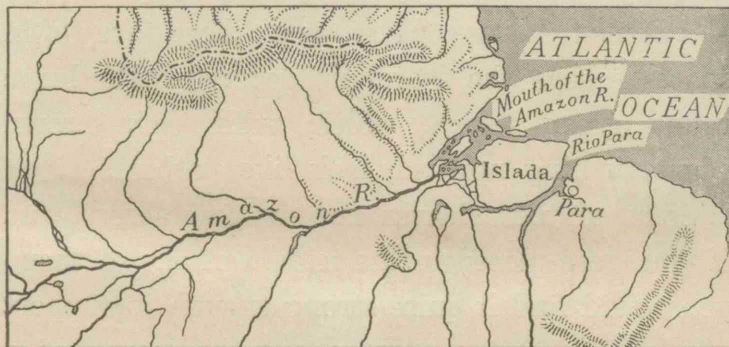
Chorus—Swing, swing, &c.

—William Cory.

sever (sévə) **light-blue** (láitblu:) **recollect** (rèkəlékt)
Eton (í:tn) **crew** (kru:) **hence** (hens) **stools** (stu:lz)
swear (swɛə)

LESSON XVII

SAILING UP A GREAT RIVER.



In the northern part of South America is an immense river, the largest in the world. It rises near the Pacific Ocean and flows eastward across the continent into the Atlantic. This is the Great Amazon River.

The mouth of the Amazon is so broad that it seems like a vast lake. The great mass of muddy yellow river water can be seen for many miles from shore, making its way through the clear blue sea.

immense (iméns) **Pacific Ocean** (pəsífikóuʃən)
eastward (í:stwəd) **Atlantic** (ətlǽntik) **Amazon** (ǽməzən)
muddy (mʌ́di)

Traveling by steamer up the Amazon we see the vast marshes which border the river on either side. These marshes are covered with a thick growth of reeds, often much higher than a common house. Here and there are open spaces where the water is covered with large round green leaves, which, with their brown edges turning upward, look like flatboats.

Some of these leaves are six feet across, and if you were placed in the middle of one of them, you would find it quite strong enough to support you on the water. These are the leaves of a very large and beautiful water-lily. Floating on the water among these great leaves are snowy white flowers shaped like roses, but larger than a common dinner plate. Their inner leaves are a pretty rose color, and in their center is a circle of bright gold. These and the many other beautiful plants that grow there make the marshes of the Amazon very wonderful to see.

But among all these pleasant things there are others which are not so attractive. Great

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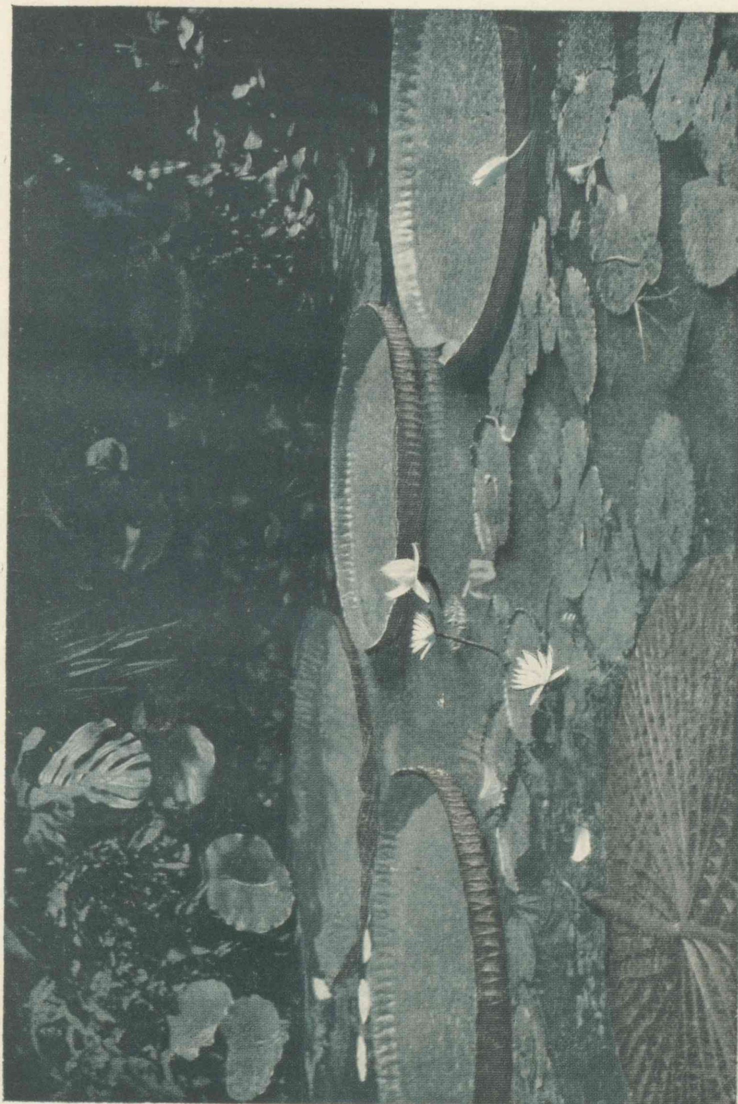
marshes (má:ʃiz) **border** (bɔ́:də) **reeds** (ri:dz)
flatboats (flǽtbouts) **support** (səpɔ́:t) **water-lily** (wɔ́:təlìli)
floating (flóutiŋ) **inner** (ínə) **circle** (sə́:kl)



THE GIANT WATER-LILIES OF THE AMAZON

scaly alligators lie asleep in the sunshine with their ugly red mouths wide open, or float like logs on the surface of the water.

Thousands of immense water snakes glide about among the reeds. Frogs and turtles larger than any you ever saw, and lizards a yard in length, are to be seen at every moment. And the air is filled with the hum of insects whose sting is poisonous.

Here and there long-legged swamp birds wade about darting their beaks into the water after the frogs and snakes which form their food; while whole flocks, which have finished their fishing, stand asleep on the shore.

The great noon sun, directly over our heads, pours down his burning rays, and almost blinds us by the dazzling light that is reflected from the water all around.

All the morning the whole sky has been perfectly clear and of the brightest and most beautiful blue. Now banks of white clouds are

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scaly [skéili] **alligators** [ǽligeitəz] **logs** [lɔgz] **snakes** [sneiks] **frogs** [frɔgz] **turtles** [tə́:tlz] **lizards** [lízədz] **poisonous** [pɔ́iznəs] **long-legged** [lɔ́ŋlegd] **swamp** [swɔmp] **beaks** [bi:ks] **rays** [reiz] **dazzling** [dǽzliŋ]

piled up here and there. They grow thick and dark and rapidly become larger; and soon the whole sky is black. The lightning darts in blinding flashes from one side of the heavens to the other. Terrible peals of thunder shake the earth, and the rain begins to fall. It is a light pattering rain like that of our northern summer showers; but it falls in torrents as though the whole sky were one overturned sea pouring down upon us. This continues nearly all the afternoon, then the thunder, lightning, and rain cease, the clouds disappear, and all night the heavens are bright with stars.

Every day for several months, the rain continues to fall; each day the rain commences a little earlier and ceases later than the day before, until at length it rains all day. Then it begins later each day, and ceases earlier, until at length, there comes a time during which for a number of months no rain falls.

As we journey on up the great river, we see vast forests stretching hundreds of miles in every

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peals (piːlz) **pattering** (pǽtəriŋ) **torrents** (tɔ́rənts)
commences (kəménsiz)

direction. The trees are not only of great size, but stand so closely together that their branches are interlocked, and form a dense roof of green through which the sun can hardly reach the earth. The whole space between the trees and beneath their branches is a mass of reeds and other tall plants. Thousands of vines climb about them, stretch from tree to tree, and hang down from the branches, binding all so firmly together that not even a footpath can be made through the forest without an ax to cut the way.

The low plants, the vines, and even many of the great trees, are covered with the most beautiful flowers, not only white, but crimson, purple, scarlet, and golden yellow. As there is no winter, the trees are at all times growing, blooming, and bearing fruit. On some kinds of trees you find buds, flowers, green fruit, and ripened fruit, all at the same time.

Living among the branches of the trees are multitudes of birds of such bright and beautiful colors that they seem like winged flowers.

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interlocked (ìntə(ː)lɔ́kt) **binding** (báindiŋ) **footpath** (fútpɑːθ)
scarlet (skɑ́ːlit) **ripened** (ráipnd) **winged** (wiŋd)

Thousands of monkeys of every size chase each other from tree to tree, swinging by their long tails from one branch to another.

Great snakes, called boa constrictors, some of them eight or ten feet in length, swing from the trees, watching for some animal to come within their reach, when they will quickly wind themselves about it, crushing it to death.

Still another terrible creature, called the jaguar, makes his home in the forests. The young ones look like little kittens, and playing about the trees are very pretty and harmless; but when grown large they are very fierce and dangerous. Thousands of animals of many other kinds fill every part of this great forest through which the rivers are the only paths, and where but few people have ever been.

Although there are such multitudes of birds and animals here, the forests all through the long, warm days are perfectly silent. There is not a sound of bird or beast; but as soon as the night comes, their voices are heard everywhere.

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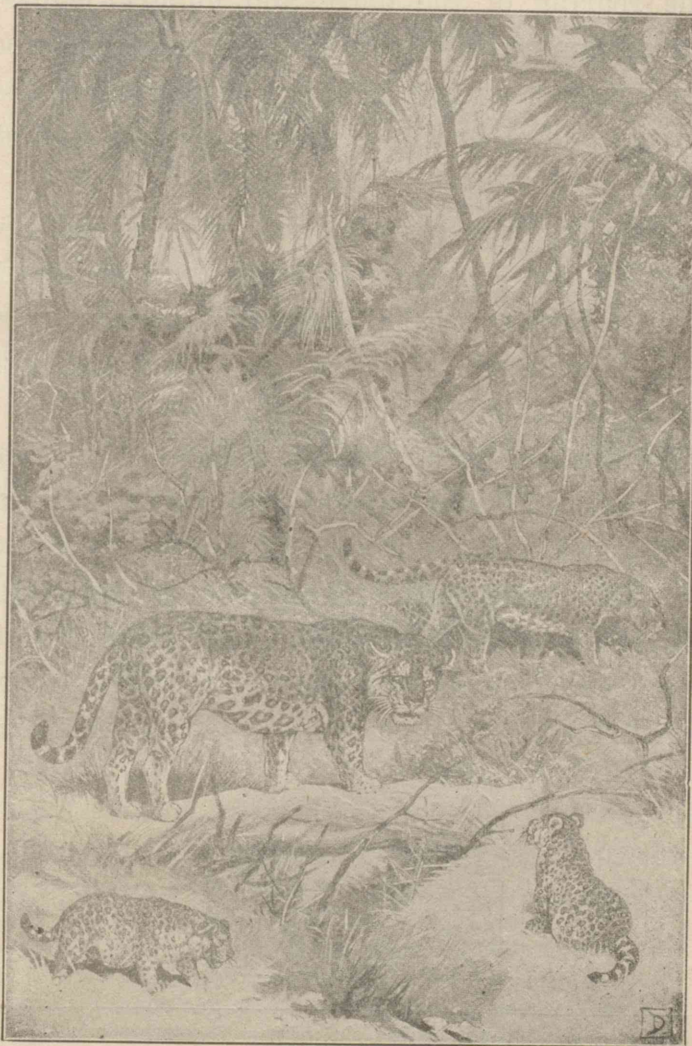
monkeys (mʌ́ŋkiz) **chase** (tʃeis) **boa** (bóuə)
constrictors (kənstríktəz) **jaguar** (dʒǽgə) **harmless** (há:mlis)



The roaring of the fierce and hungry jaguar, the screaming of the frightened monkeys who are trying to escape him, the chattering of the parrots and other birds, make a strange sort of music.

Travelers who may be obliged to spend the night in the forests must build fires all about them to keep away the dangerous animals. The wild animals are afraid of the flame and will not approach it.

We continue to sail up the Amazon day after day, and still find broad, level plains covered with great dense forests. Were we to leave the main river and sail up one of its large tributaries, we should also find great forest plains, or *silvas*, as they are called. These cover more than half the continent of South America.

fierce (fiəs) **screaming** (skrí:miŋ) **parrots** (pǽrəts)
adproach (əpróutʃ) **tributaries** (tríbjutəriz) **silvas** (sílvəz)

LESSON XVIII

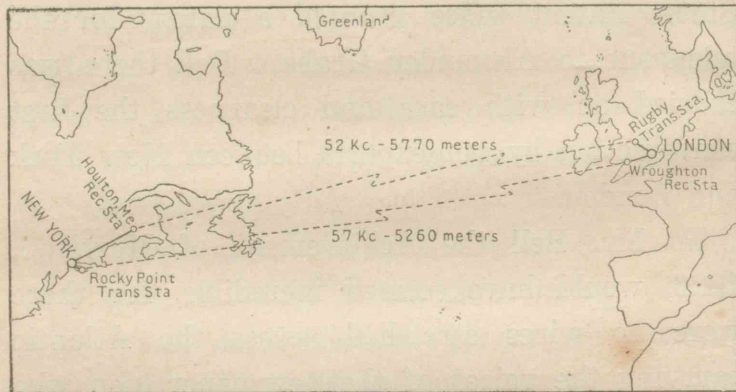
HELLO, LONDON!

Exactly fifty years to the day after the United States Patent Office granted a patent for the telephone to Alexander Graham Bell there was carried on with ease and clearness the first conversation by non-experts between New York and London.

To Mr. Bell the Achievement of March 8, 1926, would have seemed incredible, for there were no wires stretched across the Atlantic carrying the voices of the newspaper men who talked with one another on that day. For most of the distance the transmission of speech was by radio. The difference between ordinary broadcasting and this telephony is chiefly the difference of wave-length and power—that is, a difference of wave-length measured in hundreds of meters and wave-length measured in thousands.

Patent Office (péitəntɔ̀fis)
Alexander Graham Bell (æ̀ligzά:ndə gréimbél)
clearness (klíənis) **non-experts** (nɔ̀nékspə:ts)
achievement (ətʃí:vmənt) **transmission** (trænzmíʃən)
telephony (tiléfəni) **chiefly** (tʃí:fli) **wave-length** (wéivleŋθ)

From Rocky Point, on Long Island, the speech went on a wave-length of 5,260 meters, and from Rugby, England, on a wave-length of 5,770 meters. About 100 kilowatts were used. Experts say that under certain conditions in order to get



satisfactory transmission the power would have to be multiplied 100,000 times.

Naturally, satisfactory telephone service is not at present practicable at all hours of all seasons. Certain hours of the day, particularly during sunset, transmission becomes impossible, and at all hours during summer transmission becomes more difficult than in winter. The tests have

Rocky Point (rókipɔint) **kilowatts** (kílowəts)
experts (ékspəːts) **satisfactory** (sætisfǽktəri)
practicable (prǽktikəbl)

proved, however, that telephone service between London and New York, employing the radio for the greater part of the distance, is entirely practicable for a large part of the day.

This public proof of the possibility of trans-atlantic telephone service followed a long series of experiments. Speech was transmitted through the air from Arlington, Virginia, to Paris eleven years ago; but two-way transmission has only been proved practicable within comparatively recent months. There are problems yet to be solved before transatlantic communication can be provided by means of the ordinary telephone circuits; but that the time is coming when we shall be able to talk with London by means of the telephone in common use there is no manner of doubt.

—*The Outlook.*

Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers. —*Tennyson.*
The seeds of knowledge may be planted in solitude but must be cultivated in public. —*Dr. Johnson.*

possibility (pɔ̀səbíliti) **trans-atlantic** (trǽnzətlǽntik)
series (síəriz) **transmitted** (trænzmítid)
Arlington (áːliŋtən) **Virginia** (vədʒínjə)
comparatively (kəmpǽrətivli) **recent** (ríːsnt)
solved (sɔlvd) **circuits** (sə́ːkits)

LESSON XIX

COSETTE—I.

It was Christmas Eve, and Cosette was in her usual place, seated on the crossbar of the kitchen table, near the fireplace. She was nearly eight years old, but she was so thin and pale that she seemed to be barely six. She was dressed in rags; her bare feet were in wooden shoes; and by the light of the fire she was

Christmas Eve 〔krísməsí:v〕 **crossbar** 〔krɔ́sbɑ:〕
fireplace 〔fáiəpleis〕 **barely** 〔bɛ́əli〕

knitting woolen stockings for her mistress's little girls. In the next room could be heard the voices of the two children laughing and prattling.

On this Christmas Eve several men were seated at the table in a low bare room of the Thenardiers' Inn. Four new travelers had just arrived. Cosette was thinking sadly that it was evening and very dark, and that the pitchers in the rooms must be filled, and that there was no more water in the tank. From time to time one of the travelers would look out into the street and say, "It is as black as an oven outside!" or, "One would have to be a cat to go along the streets to-night without a lantern." And Cosette trembled with fear.

Suddenly a man came in from the yard and said in a harsh voice, "My horse has not been watered."

Cosette came out from under the table. "Oh, yes, sir!" she said, "the horse did have water. He drank a lot from the bucket. It was I who carried the water to him and talked to him."

knitting 〔nítiŋ〕 **prattling** 〔prǽtliŋ〕
Thenardiers' Inn 〔te:nɑ́:djəzín〕 **lantern** 〔lǽntən〕

This was not true, but Cosette was afraid, so she told a lie.

"Here is a girl as big as my fist who can tell a lie as big as a house," said the man. "I say that my horse has not had a bit of water."

Cosette crept back under the table, but Madame Thenardier called angrily to her, "Come out of there!" and when Cosette crawled out she said, throwing open the door of the house, "Here, go, and take some water to that horse."

"But Madame," said the child, timidly, "there is no water."

"Go and get some, then, there is plenty in the spring;" and as the landlady went back to the stove she continued, "She is the laziest girl that ever was." Then turning to Cosette she said: "On the way back you are to get a loaf of bread at the baker's. Here is the money."

Cosette went over to the fireplace for an empty bucket that stood there. The bucket was so large that she could have sat in it very easily. The child had a small pocket in the side of her apron.

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lie (lai) **fist** (fist) **crept** (krept) **angrily** (ǽŋgrili)
loaf (louf) **apron** (éiprən)

She took the money without saying a word, and dropped it into her pocket. But she did not seem to see the open door. "Get along with you!" cried Madame Thenardier. Cosette went out, and the door closed behind her.

Just opposite the inn was a toyshop all gay with Christmas toys. In the window was a large doll, nearly two feet high, dressed in a pink dress and with real hair and blue eyes. Cosette called it "the lady." All day this wonderful doll had stood there, for it seemed as if no mother was rich enough to buy it for her child. As Cosette went out into the street, very miserable and frightened, she could not help looking over toward this wonderful doll and saying to herself, "One would have to be a queen or at least a princess to have a doll like that!" She was not able to turn her eyes away. She forgot everything, even the errand on which she had been sent. Suddenly she heard a harsh voice screaming, "Haven't you gone yet? Be off with you!" Cosette fled with her bucket, running as fast as she could.

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toyshop (tɔ́iʃɔp) **doll** (dɔl) **princess** (princés) **errand** (érənd)

LESSON XX

COSETTE.—II

The spring was a small natural basin about two feet deep, and paved with several large stones. Cosette did not take time to breathe. She bent down and plunged the bucket into the water. She did not notice that something fell out of her pocket into the spring. She neither saw it nor heard it fall. She drew out the bucket nearly full, and set it on the grass. Then she sat down shivering. She had but one desire, which was to rush through this fearful darkness to the houses, the windows, the lighted candles. But she dared not go without the bucket of water. She grasped the handle with both her hands, but she could hardly lift the bucket. . . .

Suddenly she was conscious that the weight of the bucket was gone. A hand, which seemed to her very large, had taken hold of the handle and lifted it. Cosette raised her head. A large dark

basin (béisn) **paved** (peivd) **candles** (kǽndlz)
conscious (kɔ́nʃəs)

figure was walking beside her. It was a man who had come up behind her, though she had never heard him. But she was not afraid. The man spoke to her in a low voice. "My child," he said, "this is very heavy for you."

"Yes, sir," said Cosette.

"Give it to me," said the stranger, "and I will carry it for you."

Cosette let go of the handle, and the man walked along beside her.

"How old are you, little one?"

"Eight, sir."

"Are you going far with this?"

"About a quarter of an hour's walk from here."

The man said nothing for a moment, then he asked abruptly, "So you have no mother?"

"I don't know," answered the child. Then she added, "I don't think so. I don't know. Other children have mothers."

"Where do you live, little one?"

"At the inn, if you know where that is."

abruptly (əbrʌ́ptli)

"And who sent you at such an hour as this to get water in the forest?"

"My mistress, Madame Thenardier," said Cosette.

"And what does your mistress do?" asked the man.

"She keeps the inn," replied the child.

"The inn?" said the man. "Well, I am going to stay there to-night. Show me the way." . . . .

As they came near the inn, Cosette said timidly, "Will you let me take the bucket now, for if Madame sees that some one has carried it for me she will beat me?"

The man gave her the bucket, and in a moment they were at the door of the inn. Cosette knocked, and the landlady appeared with a candle in her hand. "So it's you, is it?" she cried angrily. "You seem to have taken your time."

"Madame," said Cosette trembling. "Here is a gentleman who wants a lodging."

"Come in, sir," said the landlady; and the man entered, and he seated himself at the table. Cosette took up her old place under the kitchen table and went on with her knitting. Wet and

though

cold as she was, she did not care to go near the fire. Suddenly Madame exclaimed: "Where's that bread?" Cosette thrust her hand into her pocket, and then turned white. The money was not there. "Have you lost it?" screamed the landlady, reaching out her hand toward a whip that hung on the wall. The man had been watching Cosette. "Here, Madame," he said. "Here is the money. It fell from the little girl's pocket."

"Yes, that is it," said the landlady. It was much more than she had given Cosette, but she put it in her pocket, and threw an ugly look at the child. . . . .

LESSON XXI

COSETTE.—III

Meantime the landlady's little girls had been playing with their doll, and had left it on the floor while they dressed up a kitten. Cosette now fixed up her little lead sword for a doll, and rocking it in her arms, she pretended to put it to sleep. Suddenly she paused and turned around, for she had caught sight of the doll which the landlady's children had left on the floor near the kitchen table. Cosette dropped the lead sword, and crept out from under the table on her hands and knees. She seized the doll, and in a moment was back in her place again.

This joy lasted about a quarter of an hour. Then Cosette let one of the doll's legs stick out so that the firelight shone on it. This caught the landlady's eye. "Cosette!" she screamed, in a terrible voice. Cosette started as if the ground were trembling beneath her. She laid the doll

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meantime (mí:ntáim) **rocking** (rókiŋ)

gently on the floor, then wringing her hands she burst into tears.

The traveler rose to his feet. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"Don't you see?" cried Madame. "She has dared to touch the children's doll."

"Well, what of it?" said the man.

"She touched it with her dirty hands, with her disgusting hands," almost screamed the landlady.

The man walked straight to the street door, opened it, and went out. Soon the door opened again, and in came the man carrying in his hands the beautiful doll of the toyshop. He walked over to Cosette, and placing the doll in front of her said, "This is for you." Cosette raised her eyes, and gazed at the man as she might have gazed at the sun coming near her. She stared at the man, then at the doll. Then she slowly crawled under the table and hid herself as far away as she could.

"Well, Cosette," said the landlady, in a voice that she tried to make sweet. "Aren't you going

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wringing (ríŋiŋ) **disgusting** (disgʌ́stiŋ)

to take your doll? The gentleman has given it to you."

Cosette gazed at the wonderful doll. Her face was wet with tears, but her smile was beautiful.

She felt as if some one had said to her:

"Little one, you are the Queen of France."

She went up timidly to the landlady. "May I really have it?" she asked.

"It is yours. The gentleman has given it to you," said Madame.

"Is it true, sir? Is it really true?" cried Cosette. "Is the lady mine?"

The stranger's eyes filled with tears. He nodded to Cosette, and placed "the lady's" tiny hand in hers. In a moment Cosette held the ribbons and fresh pink dress of the doll against her own rags. "I shall call her Catherine," she said. So Cosette went off to bed carrying Catherine in her arms.

Some time later, when the house was still and every one was asleep, the stranger passed through the rooms as if looking for something. Under the staircase, amidst all sorts of dust and rubbish and spiders' webs, there was a bed—if it could be called a bed. It was an old straw mattress full of holes, and on it were neither pillows nor sheets. In this bed, Cosette was sleeping. She was sleeping soundly, all dressed; and clasped tight in her arms was the doll, whose wide blue eyes shone in the darkness.

—Victor Hugo: Les Miserables (Adapted).

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nodded (nɔ́did) **ribbons** (ríbənz) **Catherine** (kǽθərin)
staircase (stέəkeis) **amidst** (əmídst) **spiders'** (spáidəz)
webs (webz) **straw** (strɔ:) **mattress** (mǽtris)
shone (ʃɔn)

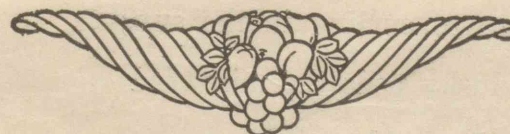
FOR STUDY

(1) I have neither riches, nor power, nor birth to recommend me; yet, if I live, I trust I shall not be of *less* service to mankind and to my friends *than if* I had been born with these advantages.

(2) It is a pleasant thing enough to be able to spend a little money without fear when the desire for some indulgence is strong upon one; but how much pleasanter the ability to give money away! Greatly *as* I relish the comforts of my wonderful new life, no joy it has brought me equals that of coming in aid to another's necessity. The man for ever pinched in circumstances can live only for himself. It is all very well to talk about doing moral good; in practice, there is little scope or hope for anything of that kind in a state of material hardship.

—Gissing.

Hearts alone buy hearts. *—Proverb.*



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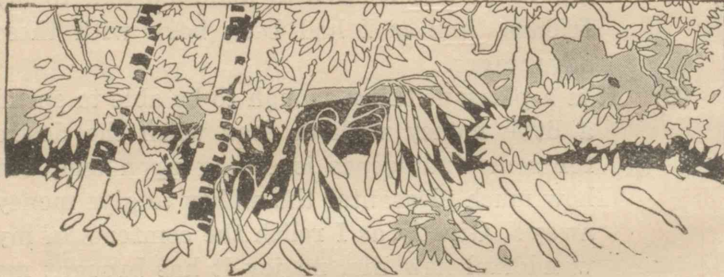
equals (í:kwəlz) **aid** (eid) **necessity** (nisésiti)
pinched (pintʃt) **circumstances** (sə́:kəmstənsiz)
moral (mɔ́rəl) **scope** (skoup)

LESSON XXII

SEPTEMBER.



The goldenrod is yellow;
  The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
  With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
  Are curling in the sun;
In dusky pods the milkweed
  Its hidden silk has spun.

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goldenrod (góuldnrɔd) **gentian's** (dʒénʃiənz)
fringes (fríndʒiz) **curling** (kə́:liŋ) **dusky** (dʌ́ski)
pods (pɔdz) **milkweed** (mílkwi:d) **spun** (spʌn)

The sedges flaunt their harvest
  In every meadow-nook;
And asters by the brookside
  Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
  The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
  With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
  September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
  And autumn's best of cheer.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

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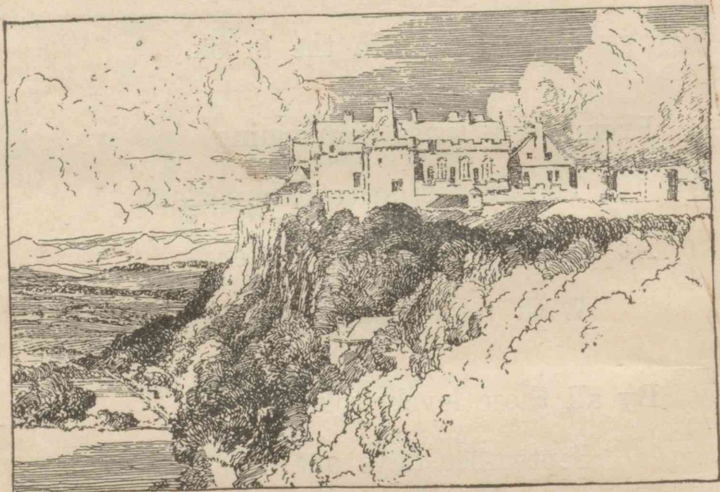
sedges (sédʒiz) **flaunt** (flɔ:nt) **meadow-nook** (médounuk)
asters (ǽstəz) **brookside** (brúksaid) **grapes'** (grəips)
tokens (tóuknz)

LESSON XXIII

FEUDALISM AND CHIVALRY.



During that period of the world's history known as the "Middle Ages," there existed in most of the nations of Europe a peculiar form of society called "Feudalism."

This system was distinguished by the great power exercised by the nobles: each lord or baron was like a petty king, owning great tracts of land and ruling all the people who dwelt thereon.

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feudalism 〔fjú:dəlizm〕 **chivalry** 〔ʃívəlri〕 **existed** 〔igzístid〕
petty 〔péti〕 **tracts** 〔trækts〕 **dwelt** 〔dwelt〕

Those who lived on the lands of a baron were called his "vassals" or "liegemen," and they were under oath to obey their liege lord in time of peace, and to follow him in time of war. Thus a baron, when he chose to fight, could summon his vassals round him and go out to battle leading a small army all his own.

As the vassals swore allegiance to their lords, so the lords in turn swore allegiance to the king; and they were under oath to assemble their liegemen and go to the aid of the king whenever he was attacked by an enemy, or whenever he himself chose to begin a war.

It was a common occurrence during feudal times for one baron to make war on another in the same kingdom; and it was sometimes the case that a faithless lord would take up arms against even the king himself.

Now these powerful nobles built great castles of stone and fortified them so strongly that they were all but impregnable. They were usually

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thereon 〔ðɛərɔ́n〕 **vassals** 〔vǽsəlz〕 **liegemen** 〔lí:dʒmən〕
oath 〔ouθ〕 **liege** 〔li:dʒ〕 **swore** 〔swɔ:〕 **allegiance** 〔əlí:dʒiəns〕
assemble 〔əsémbl〕 **occurrence** 〔ɔ́kərəns〕 **feudal** 〔fjú:dl〕
faithless 〔féiθlis〕 **fortified** 〔fɔ́:tifaid〕 **impregnable** 〔imprégnəbl〕

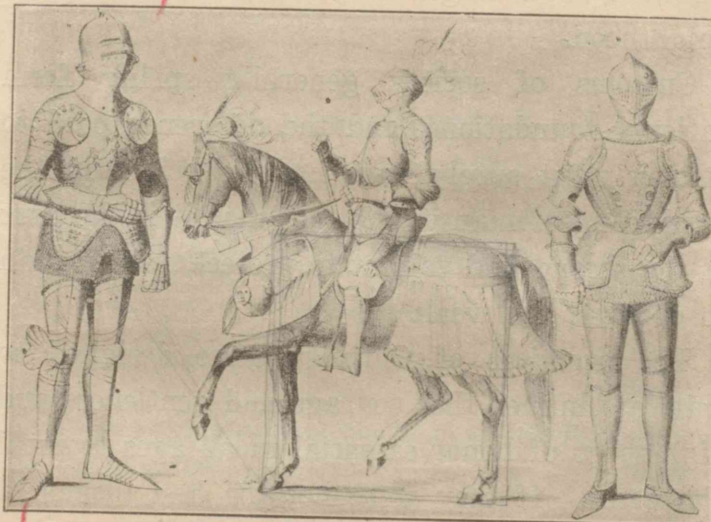
built on high, steep places, and were surrounded by massive walls with openings protected by heavy iron gates. As a further means of protection, wide ditches or "moats" were sometimes dug around the outer walls, and flooded with water. There were drawbridges held up against the walls by chains, and these could be lowered to give passage across the moat. When any one desired admission to one of these strongholds, he would "wind" or blow his horn at the gate; the watchman in the tower that crowned the wall would survey the newcomer critically, and send an account of him to the lord of the castle, who decided whether or not the stranger should be admitted.

These were the times also in which men encased themselves and their horses in armor, and fought hand-to-hand with spears and swords and battleaxes.

Although a bad system in many respects, feudalism had its place in the advancement of

massive (mǽsiv) **moats** (mouts) **drawbridges** (drɔ́ːbridʒiz)
admission (ədmíʃən) **strong-holds** (strɔ́ŋhowldz)
crowned (kraund) **survey** (səvéi) **critically** (krítikəli)
admitted (ədmítid) **encased** (inkéist) **armor** (ɑ́ːmə)
spears (spiəz) **battlexes** (bǽtlæksiz) **advancement** (ədvɑ́ːnsmənt)

civilization; for out of it sprang "Chivalry," that influence which, next to Christianity, has been the greatest factor in the development of true manhood.



Chivalry as an institution meant a certain system of knighthood. As a sentiment—or better still, an inspiration—it means a consecrated devotion to honor, courtesy, valor, gentleness and gallantry.

One of the principal features of Chivalry

civilization (sìvilaizéiʃən) **Christianity** (krìstiǽniti)
development (divéləpmənt) **knighthood** (náithud)
inspiration (ìnspəréiʃən) **consecrated** (kɔ́nsikreitid)
devotion (divóuʃən) **valor** (vǽlə) **gallantry** (gǽləntri)
features (fíːtʃəz)

was the great honor and conspicuous gallantry accorded the female sex. The historian Hallam says that "the love of God and the ladies was enjoined as a single duty" on the aspirant to knighthood.

Customs of society generally spring from rational foundations, and the deference paid to women must surely have had its origin in the awakening of man to the fact that it is the part of the strong and valiant to protect, rather than to oppress, the weak.

The practices of Chivalry were designed to cultivate in men that courage and gentleness and high sense of honor essential in all ages to ideal character. If they were not the *best* means of doing this, they were the best known in those days, and we should judge them only by their results.

The institution of Chivalry is dead; but its spirit is immortal, and makes its home in

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accorded (əkɔ́:did) **female** (fí:meil) **sex** (seks)
Hallam (hǽləm) **conspicuous** (kənspíkjuəs) **enjoined** (indʒɔ́ind)
aspirant (əspáirənt) **society** (səsáiəti) **rational** (rǽʃnl)
foundations (faundéiʃənz) **origin** (ɔ́ridʒin) **valiant** (vǽljənt)
oppess (əprés) **designed** (dizáind) **ideal** (aidíəl)
immortal (imɔ́:tl)

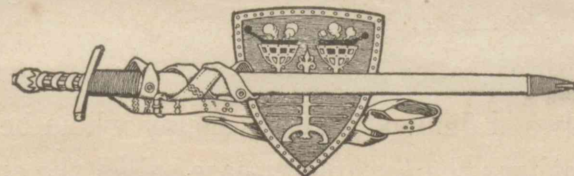
whatever heart is great and generous enough to harbor it. Its latest and best expression is the modern "gentleman"—not the imitation, but the *real* one.

FOR STUDY

A fine trait in his character was his generosity, which would not permit an attack to be made upon *the absent* or *the weak.*

The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring.
—*Proverb.*

A gentleman should be honest in his actions and refined in his language.
—*Spectator.*



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imitation (ìmitéiʃən) **trait** (trei) **generosity** (dʒènərɔ́siti)
permit (pəmít) **absent** (ǽbsnt) **actions** (ǽkʃənz)
refined (rifáind)

LESSON XXIV

FIGHTERS AGAINST DISEASES.—I

During the Great War, we were all thrilled by the newspaper accounts of bravery in battle and were justly proud of our brave soldiers and the fine men who led them to victory. We felt that they were saving us from an enemy who threatened the peace and freedom of the whole world.

But while we honor the army and navy, we are apt to forget that there is another army just as brave which fights to save us from just as dangerous an enemy. I mean the great army of doctors and scientists who spend their lives studying the causes of disease and finding out the best ways to fight it.

One of the best and bravest of this army was Dr. Edward Jenner, and the enemy whom he put to flight was the terrible disease called the small-pox.

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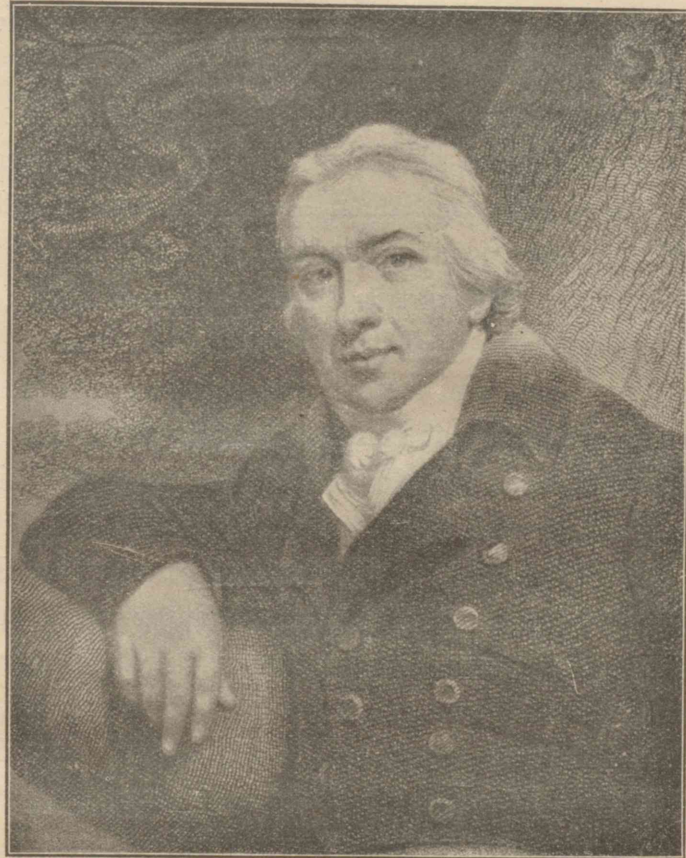
bravery (bréivəri) **justly** (dʒʌ́stli) **victory** (víktəri)
doctors (dɔ́ktəz) **Dr. Edward Jenner** (dɔ́ktə édwəd dʒénə)
small-pox (smɔ́:lpɔks)



DR. EDWARD JENNER.

I suppose that most people have seldom known anyone who had the small-pox, but in olden times it was as common as the measles. Everyone,

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seldom (séldəm) **olden** (óuldn) **measles** (mí:zlz)

almost, had it quite as a matter of course, and a lady whose face was not marked with its ugly traces was considered a beauty. But it not merely spoiled people's looks. Many were blinded by it, and thousands upon thousands were killed.

Dr. Jenner was a country doctor who lived about a century ago in the beautiful county of Gloucestershire, in England. He was something of a musician and a poet, too, and perhaps that is why he was not content to plod along doing as other country doctors did, but used his imagination and thought things out for himself.

He noticed that quite frequently dairy-maids had, on their hands, sores that came from milking cows who had the cow-pox and he heard fine ladies lamenting that they too could not have these sores, for they said that the dairy-maids who had the cow-pox never caught the small-pox.

Of course Dr. Jenner knew what we all have noticed, that there are a good many diseases that never trouble the same person twice. If you have had measles, you do not usually take it

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Gloucestershire [glóustəʃiə] **plod** [plɔd] **frequently** [frí:kwəntli]
doiry-maids [déərimeidz] **sores** [sɔ:z] **cow-pox** [káupɔks]
lamenting [ləméntiŋ]

again, and it is the same with whooping-cough, mumps and many other catching diseases. Doctors still disagree as to the exact reason for this, but they all agree that when a person "catches" a disease germ, his body sets to work at once to fight the germ. After such a fight with measles, for instance, the body seems to have succeeded in developing within itself a substance that actually kills the measles germ.

So when Dr. Jenner found that the dairy-maids who had had the cow-pox did not catch the small-pox, he thought that the cow-pox must really be a light form of small-pox. "If that is so," thought he, "if I can give people the cow-pox, I shall save them from having the small-pox."

So he found a dairy-maid named Sarah Nelmes who had cow-pox sores on her hand and from these sores he took some matter, with which he "vaccinated" a little boy eight years old called James Phipps. It was called "vaccination"

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whooping-cough [hú:piŋkɔ:f] **mumps** [mʌmps] **disagree** [dìsəgrí:]
germ [dʒə:m] **substance** [sʌ́bstəns] **Sarah Nelmes** [séərə nélmis]
vaccinated [vǽksineitid] **James Phipps** [dʒeimz fips]
vaccination [væ̀ksinéiʃən]

because "vacca" is Latin for cow. I imagine little James must have been very much frightened, for vaccination was an utterly new thing—not a matter of course as it is now when practically everyone has at least one vaccination scar. And James's fears were not lessened by the silly talk of some grown people who said that the vaccine would make patches of cow hair grow on his body, that it would make his face look like an animal—and all sorts of other ridiculous stories.

But about six weeks later, when Dr. Jenner put some matter from a real small-pox sore into a cut on James's arm, James did not show any sign of taking the small-pox at all.

After this, vaccination became quite the fashion. All the court ladies and gentlemen hurried to Dr. Jenner to be vaccinated. In Italy, the "blessed vaccine" was received with religious processions. The Indians in America sent a letter to Dr. Jenner, saying, "We shall not fail to teach our children to speak the name of Jenner and to thank the Great Spirit for

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vacca (vǽkə) **Latin** (lǽtin) **scar** (skɑː) **lessened** (lésnd)
silly (síli) **vaccine** (vǽksin) **patches** (pǽtʃiz)
ridiculous (ridíkjuləs) **processions** (prəséʃənz) **Indians** (índjənz)

bestowing upon him so much wisdom and so much benevolence." In Russia, the Empress Catherine II. ordered that the first child to be vaccinated should be named "Vaccinoff," should ride to Petrograd in her own royal coach, be educated free and given a pension for life.

And so the terrible enemy called small-pox, which had killed millions of innocent people, was overcome by a modest country doctor. To be sure, the disease has never been entirely stamped out, for there is no country where every man, woman and child is vaccinated. But if the whole world would do what Germany did in 1874 and require every child to be vaccinated at birth and again in his early teens, small-pox would cease. During the war between France and Prussia, in 1870, 25,000 unvaccinated French soldiers died. Of the Germans, although they lived right with the French prisoners, only about 350 out of a million died.

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wisdom (wízdəm) **benevolence** (binévələns) **Empress** (émpris)
Vaccinoff (vǽksinəf) **Petrograd** (pétrogræd) **pension** (pénʃən)
innocent (ínəsnt) **stamped** (stæmpt) **teens** (tiːnz)
Prussia (prʌ́ʃiə) **unvaccinated** (ʌnvǽksineitid)

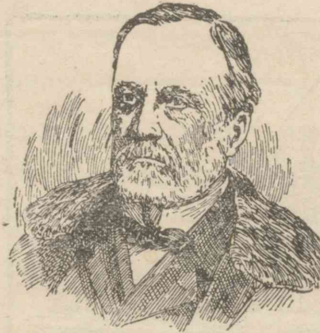
LESSON XXV

FIGHTERS AGAINST DISEASES.—II

It is alarming to think that we are surrounded by millions and millions of harmful microbes, and that they are not only in the air and in the water, but in our bodies too. But if we keep ourselves clean and healthy we need not be frightened, for our bodies will be able to defend themselves. We have in our blood little living cells which guard us. If poisonous microbes get in, these little guards surround and destroy them.

Another thing microbes do not like is sunlight. It stops them from multiplying, so you see how the sun helps us. Great heat kills them. That is why people often boil milk for children. It is not so nice to drink, but you have got rid of the risk of microbes. Of course the air is full of them; but it depends on what sort of air it is, how many microbes can live in it.

defend [difénd] ri! [rid]



LOUIS PASTEUR.

A great Frenchman, Louis Pasteur, made experiments to find out about this, and he discovered that the air high up on the Swiss mountains had no microbes in it. A little lower down he found a few, but when he made tests in a great town, where the air was not pure, there were thousands upon thousands.

Pasteur was a very clever man. When he was a young man and at college a fellow student used to say: "Pasteur worries me. The only things that interest him are the things that can't be found out." But in the end he did find out. He found out, for instance, that the reason of decay in animal or vegetable bodies is just these little microbes in the air. It is they that cause the decay.

Nothing in this world comes to an end. Out of dead things are built up new living forms,

Frenchman [fréntʃmən] **Louis Pasteur** [lú(:)i(*or* lú(:)is) pæstə́:]
Swiss [swis] **college** [kɔ́lidʒ] **worries** [wɔ́riz] **decay** [dikéi]

and the microbes help in the process. You see, some of these "little bits of life" are helpful to us; they are not all harmful. What the men of science do is to discover *which* are the harmful ones, and fight them. A good many have already been found out, those, for instance, that cause lockjaw, diphtheria, and typhoid; and those diseases can now be more easily cured because the doctors know what microbes they have to combat.

A Frenchman has said: The first step in civilization was taken when man learnt to protect himself from wild beasts. To-day he is learning how to protect himself from microbes. It is quite as important. A day will come when in Berlin, London, and Paris, man will not die of diphtheria, typhoid, or scarlet fever any more than he dies in those cities to-day from the bite of a wolf or the poison of a snake.

I cannot tell you all the things Pasteur discovered, so I will choose one. He found out how to save the lives of people who had been

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lockjaw (lɔ́kdʒɔː) **diphtheria** (difθíəriə) **typhoid** (táifɔid)
combat (kɔ́mbət) **scarlot fever** (skáːlit fíːvə)

bitten by a mad dog. In old times there was no cure for hydrophobia, as it is called. A person bitten by a mad dog did not always get hydrophobia, but if he did there was no escape for him. An old Encyclopaedia says: "We need say little about the treatment of hydrophobia, since there is no record we can trust of a recovery from it."

If any one is bitten now by a dog which is suspected of madness, he need not be anxious. He will, of course, hurry to his doctor, and the doctor, when he has examined the wound, will say: "Now you had better go off to Paris, to the Pasteur Institute, and have the treatment there."

There would be plenty of time even if the patient were a long way off, for hydrophobia does not show itself for a month. Before it shows itself there is time to protect him against it by strengthening his blood to fight and destroy the poison. It sounds rather an odd treatment,

mad (mæ:d) **hydrophobia** (háidrfóubiə)
Encyclopaedia (ènsaiklopí:diə) **treatment** (trí:tmənt)
recovery (rikʌ́vəri) **bitten** (bítn)
Pasteur Institute (pæstə́: ínstitju:t)

for what the surgeon does is to prick the skin and put in a little of the same sort of poison, and he repeats this for some days till the patient is safe. It is a little like vaccination, or the inoculation against different sorts of fever which soldiers were given in the War.

The first patient Pasteur had was a little boy from Alsace, who was covered all over with bites. How anxious he was about the child! How carefully he gave him the treatments, one every day! When the right number had been given the boy was sent back to his home, for the time to pass before the hydrophobia could show itself, and Pasteur impressed on him that

inoculation (inɔ̀kjuléiʃən) **Alsace** (ǽlsæs)

he must write to Paris every day, and say how he was.

You can imagine how Pasteur watched for those letters, which would tell him if he had been successful or not in finding a cure. But the little boy, when he got home and found everything as usual and felt quite well, sometimes forgot to write the daily letter. Then the doctors in Paris began to feel worried and to wonder if any sign of hydrophobia could be showing, and Pasteur would write at once and ask why he had not heard.

At last there was no letter for five days, and their hopes sank. But when the letter at last came it said: "I am indeed ungrateful not to let you hear about my health. I thank you a thousand times, and so do my father and mother. I am so happy, for I am well and eat well."

This boy was the first to be saved from a horrible death. Since him, about 30,000 people have had the treatment.

There is a large building in Paris to-day,

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ungrateful (ʌngréitf*u*l)

known as the Pasteur Institute, where Pasteur's work is carried on. It was built with the subscriptions of the grateful and admiring people of France, and offered to Pasteur, not only as a home for the discoveries he had already made, but as a place where further new methods of fighting disease could be studied and experiments carried out. It is sacred to the saving of life.

As long as he lived, Pasteur worked there, and he is buried in a little chapel adjoining the Institute. He was a great Frenchman, a great helper of mankind.

FOR STUDY

The men who have transformed the world for you and me—*what sort of* lives were theirs? They read their books by candle-light and lived in garrets, they toiled long hours *down* mines and rarely saw the sun, they prayed in vain *for* one word of sympathy; for the bold man with the new idea had all the world *against* him until these modern times.

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subscriptions (sʌbskrípʃənz) **discoveries** (diskʌ́vəriz)
sacred (séikrid) **chapel** (tʃǽpəl) **adjoining** (ədʒɔ́iniŋ)
transformed (trænsfɔ́:md) **candle-light** (kǽndllait)
garrets (gǽrits)

LESSON XXVI

NIAGARA FALLS.

Of all the sights on this earth of ours which tourists travel to see—at least of all those which I have seen—I am inclined to give the palm to the Falls of Niagara. I know no other one thing so beautiful, so glorious, so powerful.

I came across an artist at Niagara who was attempting to draw the spray of the waters.

"You have a difficult subject," said I.

"All subjects are difficult," he replied, "to a man who desires to do well."

"But yours, I fear, is impossible," I said.

"You have no right to say so till I have finished my picture," he replied. I acknowledged the justice of his words, and regretted that I could not remain till the work was completed. As I passed on I began to reflect whether I did not intend to try a task as difficult in describing the falls.

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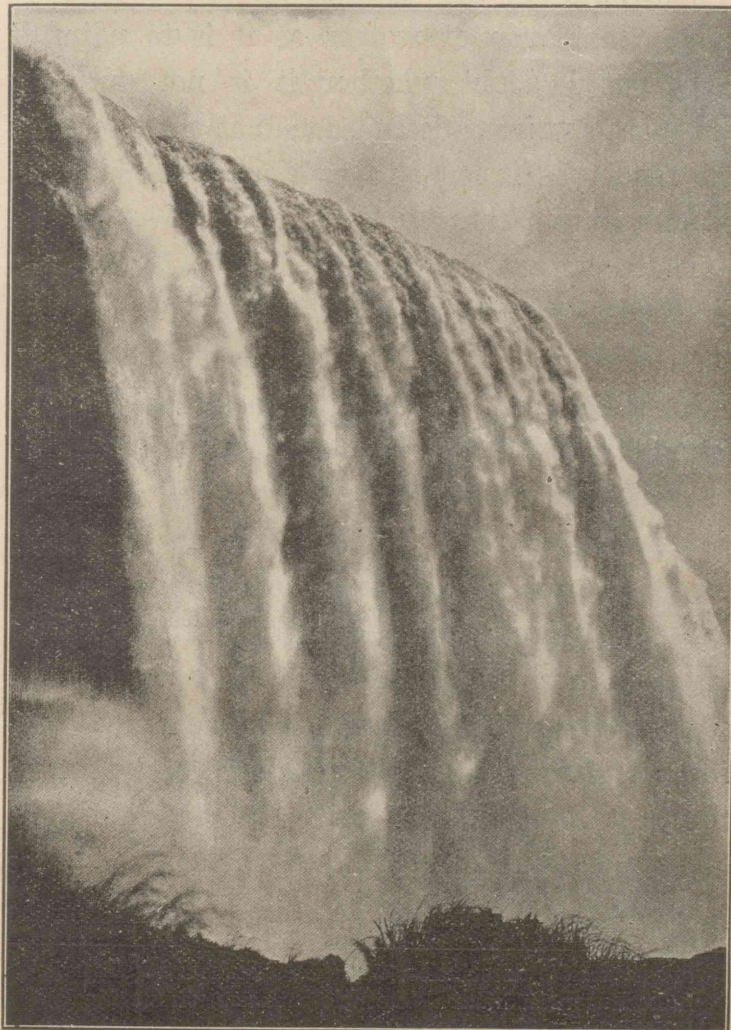
spray (sprei) **regretted** (rigrétid)



I will not say that it is as difficult to describe aright that rush of waters as it is to paint it well, but I doubt whether it is not quite as difficult to write a description that shall interest the reader as it is to paint a picture that shall be pleasant to the beholder.

That the waters of Lake Erie have come down in their courses from the broad basins of Lake Michigan, Lake Superior, and Lake Huron, that these waters fall into Lake Ontario by the short and rapid river of Niagara, and that the Falls of Niagara are caused by a sudden break in the level of this rapid river,—those facts are probably known to every one.

All the waters of those huge, northern inland seas run over that breach in the rocky bottom of the stream, and thence it comes that the flow is unceasing in its grandeur, and that no one can perceive a difference in the weight, or sound, or violence of the fall, whether it be visited in the drought of autumn, amidst the

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aright (əráit) **description** (diskrípʃən) **Lake Erie** (léik íəri)
Lake Huron (léikhjú:rən) **Ontario** (əntɛ́əriou) **huge** (hju:dʒ)
breach (bri:tʃ) **thence** (ðens) **unceasing** (ʌnsí:siŋ)
grandeur (grǽndʒə) **violence** (váiələns) **drought** (draut)

storms of winter, or after the melting of the upper worlds of ice in the days of the early summer.

The habitual tourist visits many a cataract at which the waters fail him. At Niagara the waters never fail. They thunder over the ledge in a volume that never ceases and is never diminished—as it has done for ages, and as it will do till time shall cease.

The falls are made, as I have said, by a sudden breach in the level of the river. All cataracts are caused by such breaches, I presume, but usually the waters do not fall precipitously as they do at Niagara.

For more than a mile above the falls the waters leap and burst over the rapids as though conscious of the destiny that awaits them. Here the river is very broad and comparatively shallow, but from shore to shore it frets itself into little torrents and begins to assume the majesty of its power.

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habitual (hæbítjuəl) **cataract** (kǽtərækt) **ledge** (ledʒ)
volume (vɔ́lju:m) **diminished** (dimíniʃt) **presume** (prizjú:m)
precipitously (prisípitəsli) **destiny** (déstini) **awaits** (əwéits)
shallow (ʃǽlou)

The waters, though so broken in their descent, are deliciously green. This colour, seen in the early morning or just as the sun has set, gives to the place one of its greatest charms.

Goat Island divides the river immediately above the falls. Indeed, the island is a part of that precipitously broken ledge over which the river tumbles. At the upper end of the island the waters are divided, and, coming down in two courses, each over its own rapids, form two separate falls. The bridge by which the island is reached is a hundred yards or more above the lesser fall.

We will go at once to the glory and the thunder and the majesty and the wrath of the larger fall. Advancing beyond the path leading down to the lesser fall, we come to that point of the island at which the waters of the main river begin to descend. From hence, across to the Canadian side, the cataract continues in one unabated line; but the line is very far from being direct or straight.

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descent (disént) **deliciously** (dilíʃəsli) **Canadian** (kənéidjən)
unabated (ʌ̀nəbéitid) **direct** (dirékt)

After stretching for some little way from the shore, the line of the ledge bends inwards against the floods—in, and in, till one is led to think that the depth of that horseshoe is immeasurable.

Go down to the end of the little wooden bridge, seat yourself on the rail, and there sit till all the outer world is lost to you. There is no grander spot about Niagara than this. The waters are absolutely around you. If you have that power of eye,—control,—which is so necessary to the full enjoyment of scenery, you will see nothing but the water.

You will certainly hear nothing else; the sound is not an ear-cracking, agonizing crash and clang of noises, but is melodious and soft withal, though loud as thunder. It fills your ears, and, as it were, envelops them; but at the same time you can speak to your neighbour without an effort.

There is no grander spot than this. Here,

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inward (ínwəd) **horseshoe** (hɔ́:sʃu:) **absolutely** (ǽbsəlu:tli)
enjoyment (indʒɔ́imənt) **scenery** (sí:nəri)
ear-cracking (íəkrǽkiŋ) **agonizing** (ǽgənaiziŋ) **clang** (klæŋ)
melodious (milóudjəs) **withal** (wiðɔ́:l)

seated on the rail of the bridge, you will not see the whole depth of the fall. In looking at the grandest works of nature and of art, too, I fancy it is never well to see all. There should be something left to the imagination, and much should be half concealed in mystery.

It is glorious to watch the waters in their first curve over the rocks. They come green as a bank of emeralds, but with a fitful, flying colour, as though conscious that in a moment they would be dashed into spray and rise into air, pale as driven snow.

The vapour rises high into the air and is gathered there, visible always as a permanent white cloud over the cataract; but the bulk of the spray which fills the lower hollow of that horseshoe is like a tumult of snow. This you will not see fully from your seat on the rail. The head of it rises ever and anon out of the caldron below, but the caldron itself is invisible. It is ever so far down,—as far as your imagination can sink it.

concealed (kənsíːld) **emeralds** (éməəldz) **fitful** (fítful)
vapour (véipə) **bulk** (bʌlk) **tumult** (tjúːməlt)
anon (ənɔ́n) **caldron** (kɔ́ːldrən)

But your eyes will rest full upon the curve of the waters. The shape at which you will be looking is that of a horseshoe, but of a horseshoe miraculously deep from toe to heel; and this depth becomes greater as you sit there. That which at first was only great and beautiful becomes gigantic and sublime, until the mind is at a loss to find an epithet to describe what it sees.

To realize Niagara you must sit there till you see nothing else but that which you have

miraculously (mirǽkjuləsli) **toe** (tou) **gigantic** (dʒaigǽntik)
sublime (səbláim) **epithet** (épiθet)

come to see. You will hear nothing else and think of nothing else. At length you will be one with the tumbling river before you.

The cool green liquid will run through your veins, and the voice of the cataract will be the expression of your own heart. You will fall as the bright waters fall, rushing down into your new world with no hesitation and with no dismay; and you will rise again as the spray rises,—bright, beautiful, and pure.

—Anthony Trollope.

FOR STUDY

(1) As you are, *we fear,* no great success will be yours. *So long as* you are not what we mean you to be, a useful, faithful, and truthful man, you can scarcely hope to make your way in the world.

(2) Some persons are pleasanter and more courteous anywhere else than they are at home. A voice that is very sweet when *addressed* to outside friends or acquaintances, becomes sometimes sharp when *addressed* to members of the family.

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veins (veinz) **dismay** (disméi)
pure (pjuə) **addressed** ədrést

LESSON XXVII

WINTER SPORTS IN NORWAY.

Cold it is, of course—bitterly cold and always freezing hard, but it is a dry cold and you hardly notice it. The streets are all one sheet of frozen snow, and great care is taken to keep them in good repair. Gangs of road menders are always at hand to fill up ruts by the simple process of picking up the hard snow of the road-way and then sprinkling a little water on the top, which at once produces a solid surface. No wheeled traffic is now to be seen; everything is on runners, from the carriage of the king to the doll's perambulator. One no longer hears the rumble of wheels over the rough flags, and the silence is broken only by the jingling of the sleigh bells.

It is a strange sight indeed, this winter city, with its fur-clad men and women, and snow-

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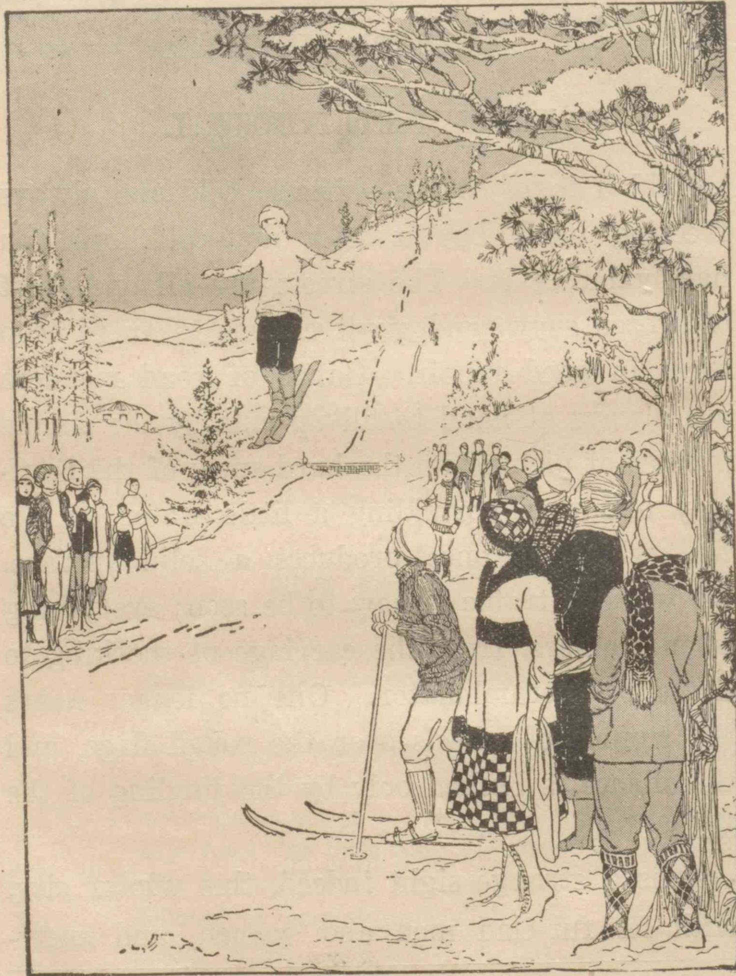
Norway (nɔ́:wei) **Gangs** (gæŋz) **road-way** (róudwei)
wheeled ((h)wi:ld) **traffic** (trǽfik)
perambulator (prǽmbjuleitə) **jingling** (dʒíŋgliŋ)
fur-clad (fə́:klæd)



covered houses and gardens, its keen, crisp air and pale blue sky.

Christiania is gay at this time of year, for it is "the season." The members of the Storthing, with their wives and families, are in town for the session, and all sorts of gayeties are in progress. But all the Norwegians who have leisure to enjoy themselves turn their attentions to the real pleasures of winter—sleighing, skiing, tobogganing, and skating.

The boys and girls are thoroughly happy. Directly school is over, away they go with their skates, snowshoes, or toboggans, to have a right good time in their different playgrounds. The hill on which the palace stands is given up to these little revelers, and in the evenings dozens of them of all ages may be seen descending the slopes face downwards on their toboggans or racing among the trees with their long ski on their feet. The public gardens also are flooded to form a rink for the sole use of the young

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crisp [krisp] **Christiania** [krìstiá:niə] **Storthing** [stɔ́:tiŋ]
session [séʃən] **Norwegians** [nɔ:wí:dʒənz] **leisure** [léʒə]
tobogganing [təbɔ́gəniŋ] **directly** [diréktli]
snowshoes [snóuʃu:z] **revelers** [révləz] **rink** [riŋk] **sole** [soul]

skaters, and judging by their rosy cheeks, the outdoor exercise in the cold, dry air makes them as healthy as any children in the world.

Grown-up people consider skating feeble sport in comparison with skiing, which may be called the national sport of Norway. Not so many years ago it was restricted to that country, but now the sport has become a favorite one in Sweden, Switzerland, and in other parts of Europe where the snow lies deep. Yet, to see perfection in the art, one must go to Norway, the real home of the great long wooden snowshoe.

From earliest youth the Norwegians of both sexes are accustomed to go about the country in the long winter months on these strange contrivances, for without them it would be absolutely impossible to move off the roads. Children are taught in the schools to use them; soldiers wear them at winter drill and manœuvers; farmers, milkmaids, cowboys, all may be seen daily in the country parts going from place

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grown-up [gróunʌp] **comparison** [kəmpǽrisn]
Switzerland [swítsələnd] **contrivances** [kəntráivənsiz]
manoeuvers [mənúːvəz] **cowboys** [káubɔiz]

to place on them. So keen are the young rustic lads on becoming proficient ski-runners that all over Norway are to be found ski clubs, formed for the purpose of encouraging snow-shoeing as a pastime and for sending competitors to the great annual meeting at Christiania.

These snowshoe competitions are most interesting and exciting, and the pluck, endurance, and daring which they bring out are remarkable. They take place on the hills just outside Christiania and are attended by every man, woman, and child who can reach the spot. On the first day is held the long-distance race, and on the second day the jumping competition, only winners in the former being allowed to enter for the latter.

Boys everywhere know what it is to take part in a cross-country run of half a dozen miles. The Norwegian test is something more formidable —about fifteen miles of rough mountainous

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keen [kiːn] **rustic** [rʌ́stik] **lads** [lædz] **proficient** [prəfíʃənt]
pastime [páːstaim] **competitirs** [kəmpétitəz]
annual [ǽnjuəl] **competitions** [kɔ̀mpitíʃənz]
endurance [indjúərəns] **remarkable** [rimáːkəbl]
cross-country [krɔ̀skʌ́ntri] **formidable** [fɔ́ːmidəbl]

country, over hill and dale, through forests, and as often as not down rocky precipices, all half buried in snow; in the runner's hand a staff, and on his feet his ski, six or eight feet long. The course is carefully marked out beforehand by tying pieces of colored rag to branches and rocks, and it is a point-to-point race throughout. Every district sends its champion, and there are frequently as many as eighty competitors, who are started one after another at intervals of a minute. Except, however, for expert ski-runners who can follow the course, it is not an interesting race to watch, as one sees only the start or the finish, to learn subsequently who covered the distance in the shortest time.

The appearance of the men as they come in is sufficient proof of the terrific nature of the test. So bathed in perspiration are they that they might have been running a Marathon race in the height of summer, and so parched are their tongues that they can scarcely speak.

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dale (deil) **precipices** (préspisiz) **beforehand** (bifɔ́:hænd)
point-to-point (pɔ́inttəpˊint) **ski-runners** (ʃí:rʌnəz)
subsevuently (sʌ́bsikwəntli) **terrific** (tərífik)
perspiration (pə̀:spəréiʃən)

Lucky the skier who, during his run, chances on an unfrozen forest pool whereat he may quench his thirst by deep draughts of what the Norwegian terms "goose-wine."

The second day's sport is of a different kind; the whole thing is visible to the spectators, who from first to last are subjected to thrills of excitement. The ground selected for the contest is the side of a somewhat steep hill, and the snow must be in proper condition—deep and not having a hard-frozen crust. The competitors assemble on the summit, and at the bottom of the slope—perhaps a hundred yards from the starting point—is a large inclosed space, around which stand the spectators. Halfway down the hillside a horizontal platform, well covered with hard snow, has been built out so as to form the taking-off point for the long jump, and close by it is the box for the judges and committee. The soldiers on ski, keeping the ground, give the

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Lucky (lʌ́ki) **pool** (pu:l) **quench** (kwentʃ) **thirst** (θə:st)
goose-wine (gú:swain) **visible** (vízəbl) **selected** (siléktid)
contest (kɔ́ntest) **somewhat** (sʌ́m(h)wɔt) **proper** (prɔ́pə)
hard-frozen (há:dfrouzn) **summit** (sʌ́mit) **inclosed** (inklóuzd)
horizontal (hɔ̀rizɔ́ntl) **taking-off** (téikiŋɔ:f) **committee** (kəmíti)

signal that all is ready; in another second a bugle call resounds from the top of the hill and the first man has started.

Down the slope he comes at the top of his speed, his fists clenched and determination in his face. Gathering himself together as he nears the take-off, he bends slightly on his ski and with a frantic bound flies forward into space. For an instant a breathless silence falls on the crowd, and then as the *ski-lober* lands at the bottom and struggles in vain to keep his feet, cheers mingled with laughter fill the air. Number two is no more successful than his predecessor; but Number three lands on both feet with much grace, continues his way on level ground, and wheeling round, receives the well-merited applause of the onlookers.

Others follow in quick succession, some making brilliant leaps, some having awkward spills; yet one and all racing down to the platform with

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bugle (bjú:gl) **resounds** (rizáundz) **clenchedd** (klentʃt)
etermination (ditə̀:minéiʃən) **frantic** (frǽntik)
breathless [bréθlis] **ski-lober** (ʃí:lóubə) **successful** (səksésfʊl)
predecessor (prí:disesə) **well-merited** (wélméritid)
applause (əplɔ́:z) **onlookers** (ɔ̀nlùkəz)
su.cession (səkséʃən) **brilliant** (bríljənt)

almost abandoned recklessness. What with delay caused by accidents and the time taken in measuring the successful jumps, the contest occupies some hours. Then the judges declare the names of the prize winners, together with the length of each man's leap; and prodigious as it may seem, it is no unusual thing for the champion to accomplish one hundred feet, measured on the slope from the take-off to the landing-point.

Such are some of the winter sports of Norway. Can any one wonder that the men who enter into them with so great a zest have earned for themselves the name of "Hardy Norsemen"?

—*A. F. Mockler-Ferryman.*

FOR STUDY

What with the hum of human voices, the lowing of cattle, and the laughter caused by the merry andrew, the market place was in very great confusion.

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abandoned (əbǽndənd) **recklessness** (réklisnis) **declar.** (dikléə)
prodigious (prədídʒəs) **accomplish** (əkɔ́mpliʃ)
landing-point (lǽndiŋpɔint) **Norsemen** (nɔ́:smən)
Andrew (ǽndru:)

LESSON XXVIII

MY DOVE.

I had a dove, and the sweet dove died;
  And I have thought it died of grieving:
Oh, what could it grieve for? Its feet were tied
  With a silken thread of my own hand's
    weaving;

dove (dʌv) **grieving** (grí:viŋ) **silken** (sílkən) **thread** (θred) **weaving** (wí:viŋ)

Sweet little red feet! Why should you die
  Why would you leave me, sweet bird, why?
You lived alone in the forest-tree,
  Why, pretty thing, would you not live with
    me?
I kissed you oft and gave you white peas,
  Why not live sweetly, as in the green trees?

—John Keats.

JOHN KEATS.

forest-tree (fóristtri:) **kissed** (kist) **oft** (ɔ:ft) **peas** (pi:z)

LESSON XXIX

DEALINGS WITH OTHER COUNTRIES.

The people of each country carry on trade with other countries. They sell goods to the people of other countries and they, in turn, sell goods to them. Many important industries are dependent upon supplies from distant lands. We should not be able to have many of the very simple things upon which we live, if we did not exchange goods with many countries. The people of each country also travel in other countries of the world. Some of this travel is for the purpose of sight-seeing and adventure, some of it for education, some to find work, and some to get trade. People of each country are in other countries at all times for one purpose or another.

It is necessary that the citizens of other countries shall be protected in our own country, and that our citizens shall be protected in other countries. It is necessary that all countries

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sight-seeing (sáitsi:iŋ)

should play fair with their neighbors. Nations as well as individuals depend upon each other for many of the things upon which they live. Fair dealing among nations is just as important as fair dealing among people and must be guided by the same moral principles.

It has not always been the case that fair dealing was found among nations. Many times wars have been brought on because of unfair dealing. Sometimes disputes arise which bring nations to the verge of war. Citizens of one country are thrown into prison unjustly, or have their property or their lives taken without cause and without a fair trial.

The principal reason why there is unfairness between people of different countries often arises from the fact that they do not know each other well enough. Very often those whom we do not know we do not trust. As people of one country meet the people of other countries and learn that all desire fair play, the quarrels which have been frequent are likely to disappear.

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individuals (ìndivídjuəlz) **principles** (prínsəplz)
disputes (dispjú:ts) **verge** (və:dʒ) **unjustly** (ʌndʒʌ́stli)
unfairness (ʌnfέənis) **quarrels** (kwɔ́rəlz)

It is always necessary for each country to have its representative in other countries to look after the interests of its own citizens and to act as an agent in presenting matters to foreign governments. The representatives in the most important countries are called ambassadors; in others they are called ministers. We have ambassadors or ministers in the capitals of all of the countries of the world. These men are friendly visitors who settle many of the differences which arise between the people of different nations. Whenever any differences arise respecting the rights of our country, or of its citizens in a foreign state, our ambassador or minister acts as the agent of our government to confer with the government of the foreign state in settling the matter. Ambassadors and ministers are very effective in promoting understanding and good feeling between nations.

We have also our representatives for commercial purposes not only at the capitals of the

representative (réprizéntətiv) **agent** (éidʒənt)
ambassadors (æmbǽsədəz) **ministers** (mínistəz)
capitals (kǽpitlz) **confer** (kənfə́:) **effective** (iféktiv)
commercial (kəmə́:ʃəl)

countries of the world, but also in the leading cities. These men help our own people in settling any differences which may arise in their daily life or trade in a foreign country. The other nations have their representatives in our leading cities for the same purpose. These representatives are called consuls. The citizens of any country who are in a foreign land and desire information or help of any sort, apply to the consul of their own country, whose duty it is to help them. By having these representatives at the capitals and the leading cities, it is possible to help people out of difficulties and at the same time to learn the facts in every case and thus prevent quarrels. Consuls and agents also furnish information about markets for goods to the manufacturers and merchants of their own lands.

It has long been the ideal of many people that quarrels between nations should always be settled by peaceable means. Tennyson wrote of the future time:

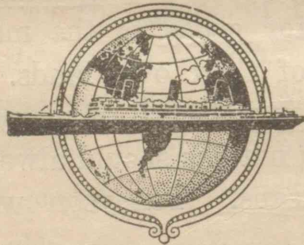
"Till the war drum throbb'd no longer, and
the battle flags were furl'd,

consuls (kɔ́nsəlz) **difficulties** (dífikəltiz) **peaceable** (pí:səbl)
future (fiú:tʃə) **throbb'd** (θrəbd) **furl'd** (fə:ld)

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of
the world."

FOR STUDY

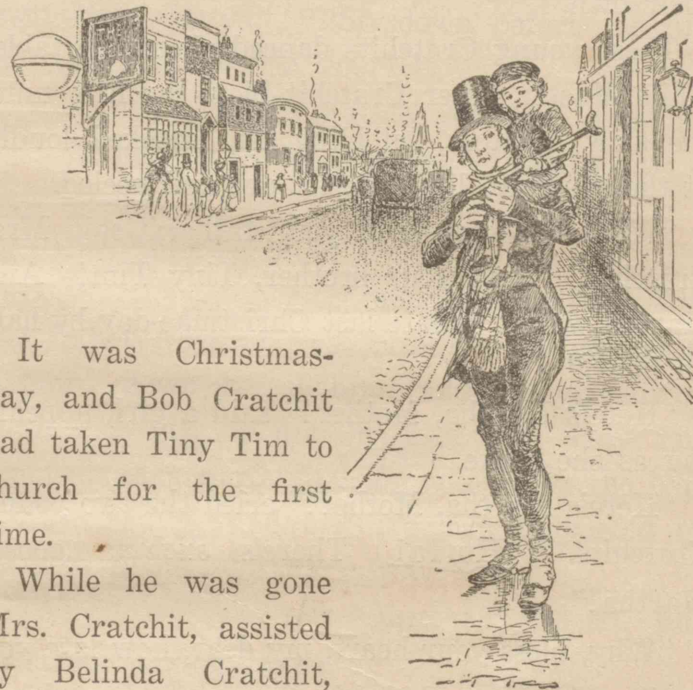
Is it I who used to drink the strong wind like wine, who ran exultingly along the wet sands and leapt from rock to rock, barefoot, on the slippery seaweed, who breasted the swelling breaker, and shouted with joy as it buried me in gleaming foam? At the seaside I knew no such thing as bad weather...... Now, if the breeze blow too roughly, if there come a pelting shower, I must look for shelter, and sit with my cloak about me. It is but a new reminder that I do best to stay at home, travelling in reminiscence. *—Gissing.*



Federation (fèdəréiʃən) **exultinglyl** (igzʌ́ltiŋli) **eaptbarefoot** (béəfut) **slippery** (slípəri) **seaweed** (sí:wi:d) **swelling** (swéliŋ) **breaker** (bréikə) **pelting** (péltiŋ) **reminiscence** (rèminísns)

LESSON XXX

TINY TIM'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.



It was Christmas-day, and Bob Cratchit had taken Tiny Tim to church for the first time.

While he was gone Mrs. Cratchit, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, had laid the cloth and set the table; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes.

Christmas-day (krísməsdei) **Bob Cratchit** (bɔ́bkrǽtʃit) **Tiny Tim** (táinitím) **Belinda** (bilíndə) **Peter** (pí:tə) **saucepan** (sɔ́:spən)

Now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came running in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelled the goose, and known it for their own.

These young Cratchits danced about the table, while Master Peter Cratchit blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has become of your father," said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas-day by half an hour."

"Here's Martha, Mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, Mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurra! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her.

"We had a great deal of work to finish up last

bubbbling [bʌ́bliŋ] **lid** [lid] **peeled** [pi:ld] **Hurra** [hurɑ́:]
Martha [mɑ́:θə] **shawl** [ʃɔ:l] **bonnet** [bɔ́nit]

night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, Mother!"

"Well, never mind, as long as you are here," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit down before the fire, my dear, and warm yourself."

"No, no! There's Father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once.

"Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his legs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob. "Not coming upon Christmas-day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if

theadbare [θrédbɛə] **darned** [dɑ:nd] **bore** [bɔ:]
frame [freim] **disappointed** [dìsəpɔ́intid]

it were only in joke; so she came out from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits caught up Tiny Tim and carried him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the kettle.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas-day, who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see."

Bob's voice trembled when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another

wash-house (wɔ́ʃhaus) **pudding** (púdiŋ) **behave** (bihéiv)
hugged (hʌgd) **daughter** (dɔ́:tə) **thoughtful** (θɔ́:tful)

word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire. Then Master Peter and the two young Cratchits went to bring the goose, with which they soon returned in high glee.

Such excitement followed that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot. Master Peter mashed the potatoes; Miss Belinda sweetened the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table.

The two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves. Then, climbing into their chairs, they held their fingers over their lips, lest they should call for goose before their turn came to be helped.

At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was followed by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the

escorted (iskɔ́:tid) **glee** (gli:) **gravy** (gréivi)
mashed (mæʃt) **sweetened** (swí:tnd)
apple-sauce (ǽplsɔ:s) **dusted** (dʌ́stid)

carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast. When she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board. Even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurra!"

They never saw such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness, flavor, and size were wonderful to think of. With apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was enough dinner for the whole family.

Indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (looking at one small bone upon the dish), they hadn't eaten all of it yet. But every one had had enough, even the youngest Cratchits. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose

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carving-knife (kɑ́:viŋnaif) **long-expected** (lɔ̀ŋikspéktid)
gush (gʌʃ) **issued** (ísju:d) **murmur** (mə́:mə)
feebly (fí:bli) **tenderness** (téndənis) **flavor** (fléivə)
bone (boun)

it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have climbed over the wall of the backyard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose!

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the kettle. A smell like a washing-day. That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a baker's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, and decked with Christmas holly.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said it was the best pudding he had ever seen. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family.

At last the dinner was all done, the hearth swept, and the fire made. All the Cratchit

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backyard (bǽkjɑ:d) **stolen** (stóulən) **washing-day** (wɔ́ʃiŋdei)
eating-house (í:tiŋhaus) **laundresses** (lɔ́:ndrisiz)
speckled (spékld) **cannon-ball** (kǽnənbɔ:l) **decked** (dekt)
holly (hɔ́li)

family drew round the hearth, and watched the chestnuts on the fire as they sputtered and cracked. Then Bob said, "Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

—Charles Dickens.

FOR STUDY

Darwin, who was one of the most famous students of nature, tells us that *it* was his sisters *who* made him humane; that is, who made him kind and thoughtful. He began his studies of nature when he was a boy. He made collections of birds' eggs. Through the influence of his sisters he became *so* thoughtful for the birds *that* he used to take only a single egg out of a nest, *so that* old birds *should* not be troubled because their little home had been broken up.

If all were wise the world would come to an end.
—Proverb.

Take the world as it is, not as it ought to be.
—Proverb.

Travel is the great source of true wisdom.
—Beaconsfield.

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hearth 〔hɑːθ〕 **chestnuts** 〔tʃésnʌts〕 **bless** 〔bles〕 **students** 〔stjúːdənts〕
humane 〔hju(ː)méin〕 **collections** 〔kəlékʃənz〕

LESSON XXXI

IN A THOUSAND YEARS.

The prosperity and the luxury of the world depend on power. The barbarian world had little or no power; today when we have reached a stage of luxury unimaginable a thousand years ago, we have put to the most practical use the power of coal, oil, and electricity. What is not possible in another thousand years, when the hidden powers of earth and air and sea will probably have been fully used?

We talk of the end of the Coal Age, but it will matter nothing in a thousand years, for there will remain the eternal energy of the waterfalls, the tides, the sun, and the wind.

What will have happened to wireless in a thousand years? It will have entirely replaced the wires of the telegraph and the telephone. It

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luxury 〔lʌ́kʃuri〕 **barbarian** 〔bɑːbɛ́əriən〕
unimaginable 〔ʌ́nimǽdʒinəbl〕 **practical** 〔prǽktikəl〕
Coal Age 〔kóul éidʒ〕 **eternal** 〔itə́ːnl〕 **waterfalls** 〔wɔ́ːtəfɔːlz〕
wireless 〔wáiəlis〕 **replaced** 〔riːpléist〕 **telephone** 〔télifoun〕

will transmit power and unite friends separated across the world as if in a room together. It will show us in natural colours just what is going on in another continent or another hemisphere. It will have annihilated space. We shall be able to see as well as to speak across the globe. The telegraph will be dead. Business men will sign documents a thousand miles away with a wireless pen.

One of the greatest wonders of those days will be the automatic nature of things. Cargo vessels will be driven across the sea with one or two men, or perhaps without any, directed by wireless from the land. The air will be alive with cargo-carrying aeroplanes and air vessels filled with helium, many of them directed by wireless. It is almost certain that electricity will hold the entire field of actual power. Men may use wind, water, alcohol, coal, natural gas, or even the heat from the interior of the Earth, but

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unite [ju:náit] **separated** [sépəreitid] **hemisphere** [hémisfiə]
annihilated [ənáihileitid] **documents** [dɔ́kjumənts]
automatic [ɔ̀:tomǽtik] **Cargo** [kɑ́:gou] **directed** [diréktid]
cargo-carrying [kɑ́:goukǽriiŋ] **entire** [intáiə] **actual** [ǽktʃuəl]
alcohol [ǽlkəhɔl] **interiors** [intíəriəz]

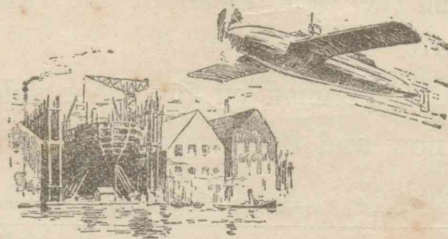
doubtless it will be turned into electricity, and distributed. New kinds of motors and dynamos will have been invented, but electricity will be the supreme form of power. Men will store it and carry it anywhere, and it will be a world of electrical engineers.

FOR STUDY

Iron is still the great necessity in an automobile; Mr. Ford thinks that aluminium will take its place in the future and when that occurs an automobile will be lighter by thirty pounds.

When you do not know what to do—wait. —*Proverb.*

One must not throw away the old until he has the new. —*Proverb.*



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doubtless [dáutlis] **dynamos** [dáinəmouz] **supreme** [sju(:)prí:m]
aluminium [æ̀ljumíniəm] **pounds** [paundz]

LESSON XXXII

THE EAGLE AND THE SWAN.

Imagine yourself, on a day early in November, floating slowly down the Mississippi River. The near approach of winter brings millions of water fowl on whistling wings from the countries of the North to seek a milder climate in which to sojourn for a season.

The eagle is seen perched on the highest branch of the tallest tree by the margin of the broad stream. His glistening but pitiless eye looks over water and land, and sees objects afar off. He listens to every sound that comes to his quick ear, glancing now and then to the earth beneath, lest the light tread of the rabbit may pass unheard.

His mate is perched on the other side of the river, and now and then warns him by a cry to continue patient. At this well-known call he

swan (swɔn) **Mississippi River** (mìsisípirívə)
sojourn (sɔ́dʒəːn) **perched** (pəːtʃt) **margin** (mɑ́ːdʒin)
pitiless (pítilis) **beneath** (biníːθ) **tread** (tred)
unheard (ʌnhə́ːd) **mate** (meit)

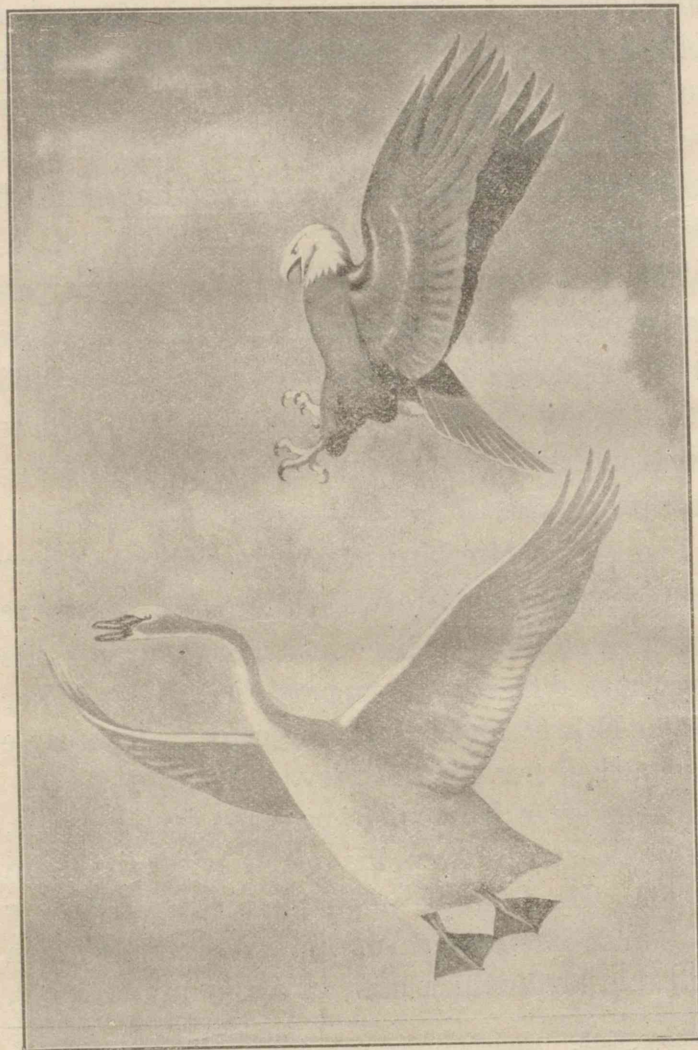
partly opens his broad wings and answers to her voice in tones not unlike the laugh of a madman. Ducks and many smaller waterfowl are seen passing rapidly towards the South; but the eagle heeds them not—they are for the time beneath his attention.

The next moment, however, the wild, trumpet-like sound of a distant swan is heard. The eagle suddenly shakes his body, raises his wings, and makes ready for flight. A shriek from his mate comes across the stream, for she is fully as watchful as he.

The snow-white bird is now in sight; her long neck is stretched forward; her eyes are as watchful as those of her enemy; her large wings seem with difficulty to support the weight of her body. Nearer and nearer she comes. The eagle has marked her for his prey.

As the swan is about to pass the dreaded pair, the eagle starts from his perch with an awful scream. He glides through the air like a falling star, and, like a flash of lightning, comes upon the timid bird, which now, in agony and despair,

partly (pɑ́ːtli) **madman** (mǽdmən) **trumpet-like** (trʌ́mpitlaik)
shriek (ʃriːk) **prey** (prei) **timid** (tímid)



seeks to escape the grasp of his cruel talons. She would plunge into the stream did not the eagle force her to remain in the air by striking at her from beneath.

The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. She has already become much weakened. She is about to gasp her last breath, when the eagle strikes with his talons the under side of her wing and forces the dying bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore.

The eagle's mate has watched every movement that he has made, and if she did not assist him in capturing the swan, it was because she felt sure that his power and courage were quite enough for the deed. She now sails to the spot where he is waiting for her, and both together turn the breast of the luckless swan upward and gorge themselves with gore.

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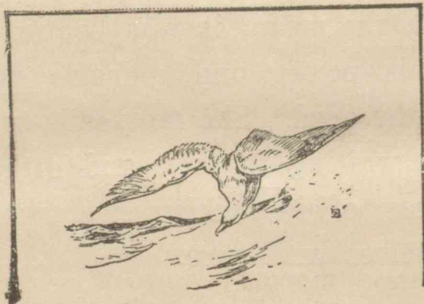
talons [tǽlənz] **weakened** [wíːkənd] **gasp** [gɑːsp]
breath [breθ] **slanting** [slǽntiŋ] **capturing** [kǽptʃəriŋ]
luckless [lʌ́klis] **upward** [ʌ́pwəd] **gorge** [gɔːdʒ] **gore** [gɔː]

FRAGMENT

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

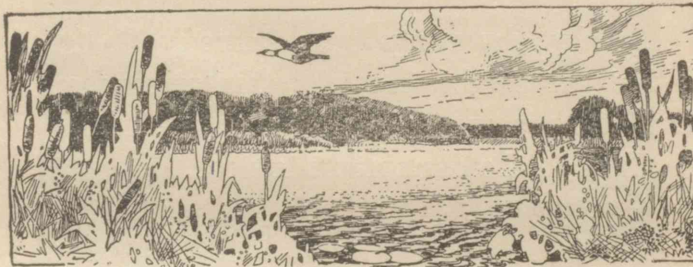
—Lord Tennyson.



fragment 〔frǽgmənt〕 **clasps** 〔klɑːsps〕 **crag** 〔krǽg〕
crooked 〔krúkid〕 **ring'd** 〔riŋd〕 **azure** 〔ǽʒə〕
wrinkled 〔ríŋkld〕 **thunderbolt** 〔θʌ́ndəboult〕

LESSON XXXIII

TO A WATERFOWL.



Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

dost 〔dʌst〕 **pursue** 〔pəsjúː〕 **solitary** 〔sɔ́litəri〕
vainly 〔véinli〕 **darkly** 〔dɑ́ːkli〕 **plashy** 〔plǽʃi〕
brink 〔briŋk〕 **weedy** 〔wíːdi〕 **marge** 〔mɑːdʒ〕
ocean-side 〔óuʃənsaid〕

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

—William Cullen Bryant.

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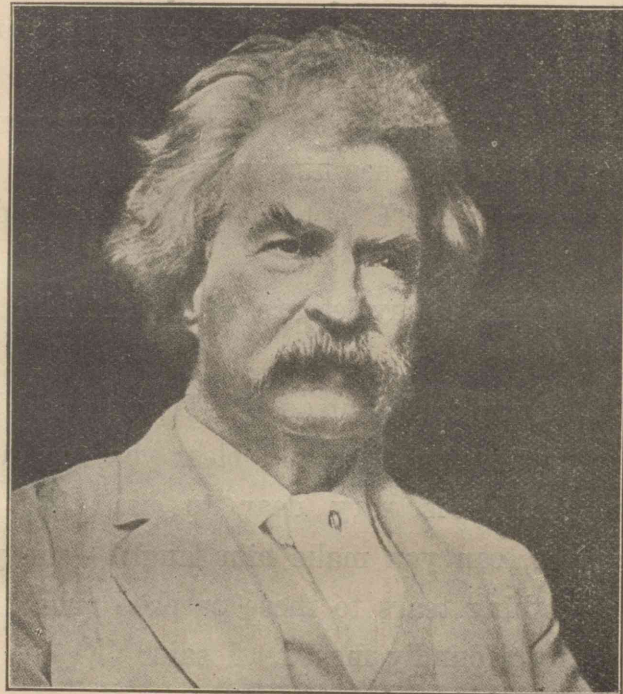
pathless 〔pá:θlis〕 **illimitable** 〔ilímitəbl〕
atmosphere 〔ǽtməsfiə〕 **stoop** 〔stu:p〕 **shalt** 〔ʃælt〕
o'er 〔oə〕 **Thou'rt** 〔ðauət〕 **abyss** 〔əbís〕 **depart** 〔dipá:t〕
zone 〔zoun〕

LESSON XXXIV

A DECEPTION.



MARK TWAIN.

You may remember that I lectured lately for the young gentlemen of the Clayonian Society?

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deception 〔disépʃən〕 **lectured** 〔léktʃəd〕
Clayonian Society 〔kleióunjənsəsáiəti〕

During the afternoon of that day I was talking with one of the young gentlemen, and he said he had an uncle who, from some cause or other, seemed to have grown permanently bereft of all emotion. And with tears in his eyes this young man said.

"Oh, if I could only see him laugh once more! Oh, if I could only see him weep!"

I was touched. I could never withstand distress. I said:

"Bring him to my lecture. I'll start him for you."

"Oh, if you could but do it! If you could but do it, all our family would bless you for evermore, for he is very dear to us. Oh, my benefactor, can you make him laugh?—can you bring soothing tears to those parched orbs?"

I was profoundly moved. I said:

"My son, bring the old party around. I have got some jokes in my lecture that will make him laugh if there is any laugh in him, and if they

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bereft [biréft] **emotion** [imóuʃən] **withstand** [wiðstǽnd]
distress [distrés] **benefactor** [bènifǽktə] **soothing** [súːðiŋ]
orbs [ɔːbz] **profoundly** [prəfáundli]

miss fire I have got some others that'll make him cry or kill him, one or the other."

Then the young man wept on my neck, and presently spread both hands on my head, and looked up toward heaven, mumbling something reverently, and then he went after his uncle. He placed him in full view, in the second row of benches, that night, and I began on him. I tried him with mild jokes; then with severe ones; I dosed him with bad jokes and riddled him with good ones; I fired old stale jokes into him, and peppered him fore and aft with redhot new ones. I warmed up to my work, and assaulted him on the right and left, in front and behind; I fumed and charged and shouted till I was hoarse and sick, and frantic and furious—but I never moved him once—I never started a smile or a tear! Never a ghost of a smile, and never a suspicion of moisture! I was astounded. I closed the lecture at last with one despairing shriek—with

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reverently [révərəntli] **severe** [sivíə] **dosed** [douzd]
aft [ɑːft] **redhot** [rédhɔt] **assaulted** [əsɔ́ːltid]
fumed [fjuːmd] **hoarse** [hɔːs] **ghost** [goust]
suspicion [səspíʃən] **moisture** [mɔ́istʃə] **astounded** [əstáundid]

one wild burst of humour—and hurled a joke of supernatural atrocity full at him. It never pleased him! Then I sat down bewildered and exhausted.

The president of the society came up and bathed my head with cold water, and said:

"What made you carry on so toward the last?"

I said: "I was trying to make that confounded old idiot laugh, in the second row."

And he said: "Well, you were wasting your time, because he is deaf and dumb, and as blind as a badger."

—Mark Twain.

FOR STUDY

as black as pitch
as firm as a rock
as brave as Hercules
as rich as Croesus
as cool as a cucumber
as poor as a church mouse.

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superdatural (sju(ː)pənǽtʃrəl) **atrocity** (ətrɔ́siti)
bewildered (biwíldəd) **exhausted** (igzɔ́ːstid) **bathed** (beiðd)
confounded kənfáundid) **idiot** (ídiət) **deaf** (def) **dumb** (dʌm)
badger (bǽdʒə) **Hercules** (hə́ːkjuliːz) **Croesus** (kríːsəs)
cucumber (kjúːkəmbə) **mouse** (maus)

LESSON XXXV

GOOD NEIGHBORS.

Every boy and girl loves the story of Robinson Crusoe. I used to think it would be the greatest fun in the world to be shipwrecked on a desert island. I longed to build a hut of palm-branches, to drink water from a cool spring, instead of a faucet, to have a clear pool for a bath-tub, and to pluck strange fruit and berries, instead of sitting down to a respectable dinner-table.

But you remember that Robinson Crusoe grew terribly lonely, and when he saw Friday's foot-prints, was ready to cry for joy to think that, at last, he had a companion.

This longing for company seems to be a part of our nature. Indeed it is a part of animal nature, too. The birds, overhead, fly past in flocks, the sheep and wild horses move in herds, the bees and ants live together in colonies. Even

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shipwrecked (ʃíprekt) **palm-branches** (páːmbráːntʃiz)
berries (bériz) **respectable** (rispéktəbl)
dinner-table (dínəteibl) **terribly** (térəbli)
overhead (óuvəhed)

the fish, if you look into the clear, golden-brown shallows of the brook, can be seen darting about in crowds.

So it is with men—they dread loneliness, they want to be together. But before they are, as we say, "civilized," they love to wander, like the wild animals, from place to place. Did you ever see a gipsy-camp? The gypsies are like Indians—they cannot endure city life. So they pack all their furniture into queer carts. When they decide to camp awhile, off comes the canvas top of the cart, and it is pegged down to form a tent. Usually, they camp near a stream where they can drink and bathe—though I don't think they bother much about bathing. They buy or steal food from the farmers and cook it over their camp-fire. As they have no bathroom but the brook, so also they have no garbage collector, or ashman. They dump their ashes and refuse all about the camp, and when it becomes too

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golden-brown (góuldnbráun) **loneliness** (lóunlinis)
civilized (sívilaizd) **gipsy-camp** (dʒípsikǽmp) **gypsies** (dʒípsiz)
endure (indjúə) **furniture** (fə́:nitʃə) **awhile** (əˊh wáil)
pegged (pegd) **bother** (bɔ́ðə) **camp-fire** (kǽmpfaiə)
garbage (gá:bidʒ) **ashman** (ǽʃmən) **dump** (dʌmp)

smelly for comfort, they pack their wagons, and off they go.

I suppose almost everyone would like to live in this care-free way for a while. It is great fun, in summer, to camp out, to paddle a canoe down a sunlit river, to sleep under the stars, to strap a satchel on one's back and tramp through the country lanes. But, for most of us, a few weeks of wandering is enough. We are glad to get back to our comfortable bed and warm bath and good meals. We are glad to see our friends and playmates, again. We want to know how our garden is getting on, whether our pets are all right, what has been happening while we were gone. We want to take up our work and play again. I've even known some children who were eager to get back to school again, after their summer in the country.

It is the desire to stop wandering and settle down that leads men to give up living in tents and to build cities of wood and stones.

If you could look down on a great city from

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smelly (sméli) **care-free** (kɛ́əfri:) **canoe** (kənú:)
sunlit (sʌ́nlit) **satchel** (sǽtʃəl) **playmates** (pléimeits)

an aeroplane, you would see thousands and thousands of houses, stretching in every direction, each house the home of perhaps one, perhaps a dozen families. And you would see, also, many stores and factories and schools and libraries and theaters and parks, where all these people work and learn and play together.

In the city, nobody is a Robinson Crusoe. Nobody has to draw his own water, raise his own vegetables and kill his own meat, like Robinson Crusoe, but neither can anyone be like Robinson in doing exactly as he pleases, without thinking of other people. City people cannot build a gipsy fire in the street. They must not bathe in the city reservoir. They must not keep cows and chickens in their backyards. They must not throw their ashes and garbage on the sidewalk. If people enjoy playing and working and living together, rather than alone, they must pay for having company by being good company themselves. Each one must be a good neighbor to the rest.

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nobody (nóubɔdi) **reservoir** (rézəvwɑː) **sidewalk** (sáidwɔːk)

FOR STUDY

(1) We should not be contented merely *to take* the good *that* others have won for us, doing nothing ourselves for the country *for which* they did so much.

(2) The true plan is *to spend* in proportion to what we gain, but *never to get rid of* all we come in possession of. We should always lay by something, *so that*, in the event of our being unable to work from unemployment, sickness, or old age, *we may* not starve nor be compelled to ask charity from others.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
  Our hearts in glad surprise
  To higher levels rise.

—*Longfellow.*

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unemployment (ʌ́nimplɔ́imənt) **compelled** (kəmpéld)
charity (tʃǽriti) **whene'er** ((h)wenɛ́ə)

LESSON XXXVI

BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, hark, oh, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

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splendor (spléndə) **glory** (glɔ́:ri) **Elfland** (élflənd) **glens** (glenz)

APPENDICES

I. Heidi's First Day on the Mountain.
II. List of New Words.
III. Key to Pronunciation.

HEIDI'S FIRST DAY ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Heidi is a little Swiss girl, whose father and mother are dead. She is brought to her old grandfather who is living alone up on the side of one of the mountains of the Alps. She has never been up on the mountains before, and the beauty of them is all new and wonderful to her. You will enjoy reading, some time, the whole book from which this story is taken. *Heidi* has been sleeping on the soft hay in the loft.

I

Early the next morning Heidi was awakened by a shrill whistle, and on opening her eyes saw the yellow sunlight shining through the loophole, full on her bed and on the hay beside it, turning it all to shimmering gold. Heidi looked about her in surprise, and wondered where she was.

But soon she heard her grandfather's deep voice outside, and then it all came back to her —where she had come from, and that now she was to live with him up on the Alm. And so Heidi was very glad when she awoke in her new home and thought of everything—all the new

things she had seen yesterday, and what she would see again today.

So she jumped quickly out of bed and was soon dressed. Then she climbed down the ladder and ran out through the open door. There stood Peter with his goats, and her grandfather was just opening the stable door to let Swanli and Bearli out to join the others. Heidi ran toward the old man to say good-morning to him and the goats.

"Would you like to go with them up to the pasture?" he asked. There was nothing that Heidi would have liked better, and she danced up and down for joy at the very thought.

"But first you must wash yourself and be tidy, else the sun that is always so shiny and bright up yonder, will laugh to see you look so black. See, everything is ready for you over there," said her grandfather, as he pointed to a large tub full of water standing in the sunshine before the door.

Heidi ran to it and splashed and rubbed until she was so clean that she shone. Meanwhile her

grandfather went into the hut and called to Peter.

"Come here, commander of goats, and bring your haversack with you."

In great surprise, Peter followed him into the house and held out the little bag in which he carried his meager dinner.

"Open it," was the old man's next order; then he put into it a huge slice of bread and an equally large piece of cheese. Peter looked on in round-eyed wonder, for the two pieces were each half again as large as those which had been put in for his dinner.

"There; now the bowl must go in," said the grandfather. "You are to fill the bowl twice for her dinner, for she is going with you and will stay until you come back. Take good care of her, and don't let her fall over the cliffs, do you hear?"

Heidi now came running up.

"Will the sun find anything to laugh at now, Grandfather?" she asked anxiously. In her fear of the sun's laughter she had rubbed her face, neck, and arms so vigorously with the coarse

towel that her grandfather had hung beside the tub, that she now stood before him as red as a lobster. The old man smiled as he looked at her.

"No, he'll find nothing to laugh at now. But I will tell you something; this evening, when you get home, you must jump into the water all over, just like a fish, for little folks that run about with the goats get black feet just like them. Now you can all be off."

Away they went, up the mountain, as merry as could be. The wind that had blown so hard all night had not left a cloud in the sky. From the deep blue overhead, the glorious sun poured its warmth and light down on the mountain side until all the blue and yellow flowers opened wide their cups and smiled back at it in gratitude. Heidi ran hither and thither, shouting for joy; for here were whole troops of delicate, pink primroses, and beyond them the ground was blue with gentians, while everywhere were nodding yellow rockroses dancing in the golden sunshine. So delighted was Heidi with all these nodding and shining blossoms that she quite forgot the goats, and even Peter himself. She ran far

ahead, and then off to one side, for here she saw a sheen of red, and yonder a glimmer of yellow which she could not resist. And wherever she went she gathered great bunches of the gay blossoms and stowed them away in her apron, for she meant to take them home with her and

set them all round in the hay up in her loft so that her sleeping room might be as beautiful as it was here.

"You have enough flowers now," said Peter as the two were again clambering upward together; "else you'll be stopping all along the way. And

besides, if you take them all today, there'll be none left for tomorrow."

The last reason appealed to Heidi. Moreover, her apron was already so full of flowers there was little room for more, and tomorrow she would come again to see them. So she trudged along at Peter's side; and the goats, too, were more tractable, for they sniffed from afar the tempting fragrance of the herbs that awaited them on the upper pastures, and so climbed on without delay.

II

The grazing place where Peter usually made a halt with his goats, and set up his quarters for the day, lay at the foot of great cliffs whose base was green with bushes and scrub pines, but whose jagged peaks towered bare and bleak into the heavens.

On one side the pasture lands fell away in sheer precipices to the valley below, and grandfather's warning with regard to them was not without reason.

Heidi looked so long and steadily at the high

mountain peaks, that at length they seemed all to have faces and to be looking back at her like good old friends.

Suddenly she heard loud, shrill cries above her in the air, and looking up beheld the largest bird she had ever seen, poised above her on wide

outstretched wings; then it soared about in great circles, returning again and again to a point just over her head.

"Peter, Peter, wake up!" cried Heidi as loud as she could. "See, the eagle has come! See, there, there!"

Peter roused himself at her cry of alarm, and the two children watched the bird as it rose higher and higher into the blue dome above and finally vanished behind the gray cliffs.

"Where has he gone?" asked Heidi, whose eyes had followed the bird with the deepest interest.

"Home, to his nest," was Peter's answer.

"Is his home away up yonder? Oh, how lovely to live so high up. Why does he scream so?" Heidi continued her questioning.

"Because he must," was Peter's explanation.

"Let us climb up there and see where he lives," proposed Heidi.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Peter broke forth, each exclamation marked by a tone of greater disapproval. "Why, even the goats can't get up there, and your grandfather said you were not to fall over the cliffs."

And now Peter set up such a tremendous shouting and whistling that Heidi wondered what was going to happen. But the goats must have understood it well enough, for they came jumping and running down the mountain side, one after the other, until the whole flock was

assembled on the green pasture, some nibbling away at the juicy stalks, others skipping hither and thither, while still others tried their horns on one another in playful combat.

Heidi had jumped to her feet and was soon in the midst of them, for to her it was a new and highly amusing sight to see the little creatures skip about and carry on their merry antics. She ran from one to the other, getting personally acquainted with each in turn, for no two were alike; each had its own peculiar appearance and ways.

Thus the day slipped by unnoticed, and already the sun was nearing the tops of the western mountains. Heidi was sitting very quietly on the ground looking at the bluebells and tender rock-roses glistening in the golden evening sunshine; even the grass had caught the golden light, and the cliffs above were beginning to gleam and glow, when suddenly the child sprang to her feet, crying:

"Peter! See! The fire, the fire, Peter! All the mountains are in flames, and the big snow field yonder is burning, and the sky! Oh, look,

look! The great rocks are all red! Oh, the beautiful burning snow! Peter, get up! See, the fire has reached the eagle's nest! Oh, do look at the rocks! Look at the pine trees! Every thing, everything is on fire!"

"It is always so," said Peter quite unmoved as he whittled away at his stick, "but it's no fire."

"What is it, then?" asked Heidi eagerly, and ran hither and thither to look in every direction, for she could not see enough, it was so beautiful on every side.

"What is it, Peter? What is it?" she asked again.

"Oh, it just comes so of itself," was Peter's explanation.

"Oh, see, see!" cried Heidi in great excitement, "all the mountains are turning rosy-red! Look at the one with the snow, and that one with the high, pointed cliffs! What are their names, Peter? What are their names?"

"Mountains have no names," was the reply.

"Oh, how beautiful! Look at the pink snow! And oh, see all the many, many roses up yonder

on the rocks! Oh, now they are turning gray! Oh, oh! Now it is all fading out! Now it is all gone, Peter!" And Heidi sat down on the grass looking as sad as though the world were coming to an end.

"Tomorrow it will be so again," said Peter. "Come, get up; we must go home now."

The boy shouted and whistled for his goats, and then the whole company started homeward.

"Will it be so every day, every day that we come up here?" asked Heidi, in eager hope of an assuring answer as she trudged along at Peter's side.

"Usually," was the answer.

"But tomorrow? Are you sure it will be so tomorrow?" she wanted to know.

"Yes, yes; tomorrow, of course;" Peter assured her, whereupon Heidi's good spirits returned.

But she had seen so much that was new, and had so many things to think about, that she was quite silent all the way down to her grandfather's cottage. *—Johanna Spyri: Heidi (Adapted).*

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

The system of notation adopted in the present series is that of the *International Phonetic Association.*

The primary and the secondary accent are shown by (´) (`) respectively, placed on the vowel of the stressed syllable.

A syllabic consonant is marked by (ˌ) underneath it where there might be ambiguity.

VOWELS

[iː]	*as in*	me	bee	seat
[i]	,,	pin	city	become
[e]	,,	bed	head	any
[æ]	,,	hat	bat	plait
[ɑː]	,,	pass	car	half
[ɔ]	,,	on	watch	swan
[ɔː]	,,	saw	autumn	storm
[o]	,,	obey	polite	proceed
[u]	,,	bush	wood	wolf
[uː]	,,	rule	boot	fruit
[ʌ]	,,	cup	love	young
[ə]	,,	among	China	father
[əː]	,,	her	girl	burn
[ei]	,,	name	maid	pay
[ou]	,,	no	home	coat
[ai]	,,	ice	tide	sky
[au]	,,	house	how	about
[ɔi]	,,	boil	toy	buoy
[iə]	,,	here	beer	near
[ɛə]	,,	care	pair	there
[uə]	,,	poor	moor	tour

CONSONANTS

[p]	*as in*	peg	ship	supper
[b]	,,	bed	tub	robber
[t]	,,	ten	pet	butter
[d]	,,	dog	lad	middle
[k]	,,	cat	pick	kite
[g]	,,	gun	pig	bigger
[m]	,,	mat	jam	summer
[n]	,,	note	ten	dinner
[ŋ]	,,	king	tongue	uncle
[l]	,,	long	hill	field
[r]	,,	rag	very	sorry
[f]	,,	fan	wife	photo
[v]	,,	vase	of	curve
[w]	,,	wind	sweet	queen
[s]	,,	sit	city	prince
[z]	,,	zoo	has	rose
[θ]	,,	thank	bath	tenth
[ð]	,,	this	bathe	father
[ʃ]	,,	ship	dish	nation
[ʒ]	,,	pleasure	vision	transition
[tʃ]	,,	chick	catch	teacher
[dʒ]	,,	jug	gem	large
[h]	,,	hen	house	heart
[j]	,,	you	yard	yacht
[ç]	,,	ich		
[x]	,,	loch		

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不許複製

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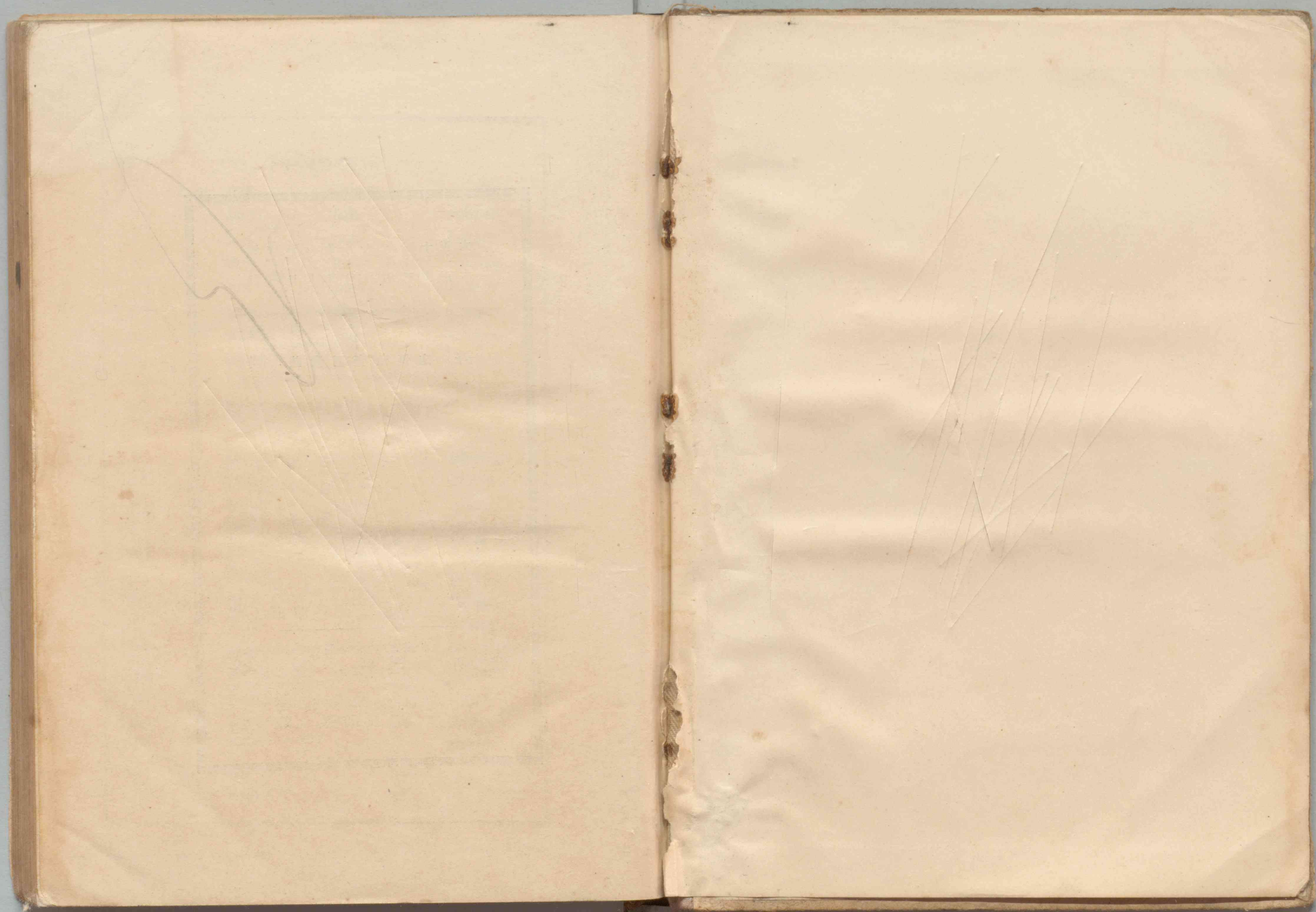

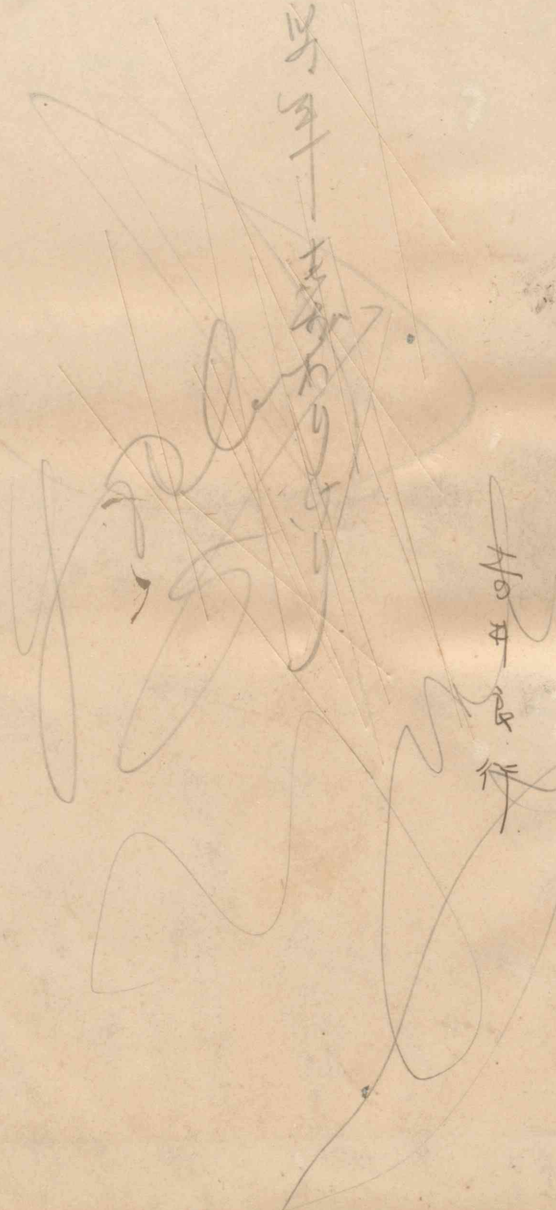

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