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THE  
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READERS  
FOR  
GIRLS' SCHOOLS  
BOOK FOUR

広島大学図書  
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1923

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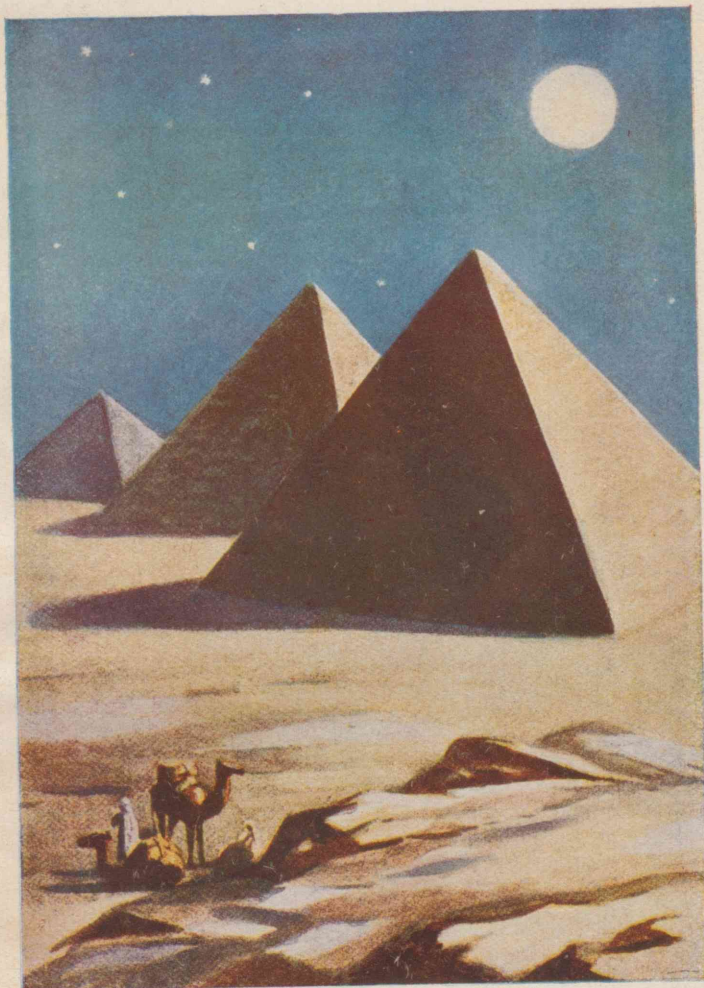
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PYRAMIDS (LESSON 14)

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大正十二年一月二十六日高等女學校用

THE  
ROSE READERS

FOR  
GIRLS' SCHOOLS

BY

M. TOYODA

Professor of English in the Tokyo Women's Higher Normal School  
Lecturer on English in the Tokyo Imperial University

BOOK FOUR

広島大学図書

2000026469



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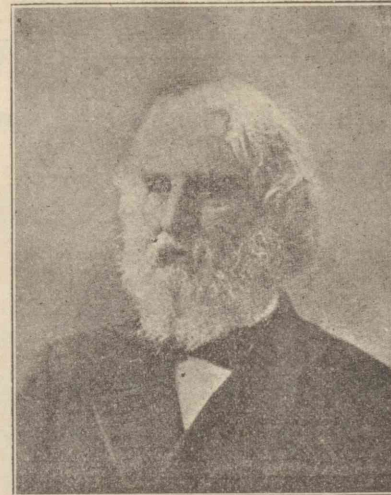
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# BOOK FOUR

## LESSON I

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "the children's poet," is the best loved of all American poets.

Henry

Wadsworth

Longfellow

He was born in the old town of Portland, Maine, and there spent his early years.

Portland is by the sea, and in those days was a small town of wooden houses and many shade trees.

Longfellow loved this home. In after years he speaks of it in this way :

Often I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea ;  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
And my youth comes back to me.

As a boy he was full of life and fun. In winter he skated with the other boys, and in summer he played ball.

He was a good swimmer and rower, and was fond of all out-of-door sports.

When very young he was sent to the

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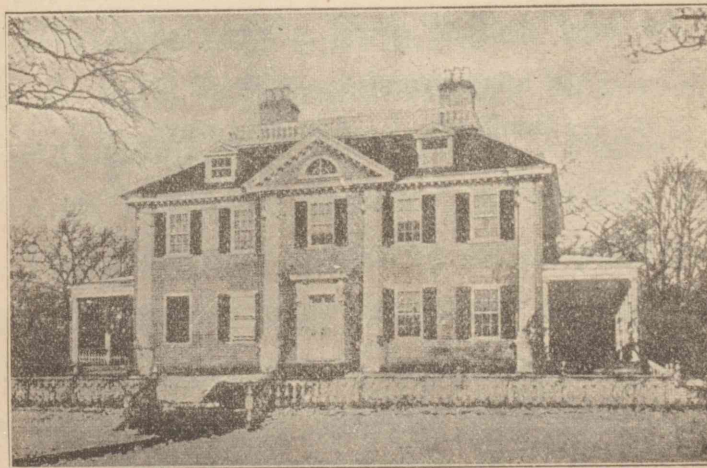
Portland	Maine	youth	swimmer
rower	out-of-door	sport	

village schools, and at fourteen years of age was ready for college.

Afterward he became a teacher and moved to the beautiful city of Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he taught in Harvard College.

In Cambridge he lived in the grand old house that had once been the home of Washington.

Here he wrote many of his poems,




---

college	afterward	Cambridge
Harvard	Washington	

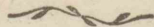
the greatest of which, perhaps, is  
"Hiawatha."

"Hiawatha" is a poem of the forests,  
and tells of the happy life the Indian  
led before the white man came here.

Years after Longfellow's death an old  
Indian chief came from the far West,  
just to see the home of the poet who  
wrote the beautiful story of his people.

*From The Blodgett Readers.*

in after years      speak of  
think of            in this way




---

Hiawatha      forest      Indian      chief



## LESSON 2

### HIAWATHA—I

Hiawatha was a little Indian boy who  
lived with his grandmother, Nokomis.  
Their home was beside the "Big-Sea-  
Water," or Lake Superior, as we call it.

The clear and sparkling water stretch-  
ed out before their wigwam as far as  
the eye could reach, while behind was  
a great forest of singing pine trees that  
softly sighed in the breeze.

---

Nokomis	superior	sparkling	stretch
wigwam	pine	sigh	breeze

In the forest grew delicate ferns and mosses and wild flowers.

Here in the tree tops the birds built their nests and sang their sweetest songs, while squirrels barked among the branches.

It is said that ages ago, when Nokomis was young and beautiful, she fell from the moon.

The people cried, "See! a star falls! A star is falling from the skies!" But it was only the beautiful Nokomis who dropped down softly among the ferns and flowers.

Nokomis had a daughter, the fair Wenonah, whose form was tall and graceful like a prairie lily. But she died when her baby, Hiawatha, was very small.

---

delicate	fern	moss	wild
Wenonah	graceful	prairie	

Nokomis loved the little Hiawatha dearly and was always kind to him.

She rocked him in his linden cradle, which hung on the branch of a tree, and sang him to sleep.

As he grew older, she taught him many things. She told him about the stars that shine in the heavens, and at midnight showed him the flaming Northern Lights.

---

as far as the eye could reach

sing (one) to sleep    tell (one) about.....  
in the heavens    at midnight

---

linden	heavens	midnight
flaming	Northern Lights	



LESSON 3

HIAWATHA-II

One evening, just before sunset, Hiawatha saw the rainbow. He ran to his grandmother and whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"

And the good Nokomis answered, "It is the heaven of the flowers. When the wild flowers of the forest, and the lilies of the prairies, fade and wither here on earth, they go to heaven and bloom again in the rainbow."

Sometimes in the night Hiawatha would wake up and hear

Tu-whit, to-whoo,  
Tu-whit, to-whoo,  
Who-who-who-oo-oo!

This frightened him, and he would creep up close to his grandmother and

---

fade	wither	tu-whit	to-who
	frighten	creep	close

say, "What is that, Nokomis?"

And she would answer, "That is only the big owl and the little owls talking together; perhaps the big one is scolding the little ones."

Hiawatha loved every living thing, and even the little firefly was his friend.

When he walked in the forest, he listened to the thrushes and bluebirds and orioles, singing over his head.

As he grew older he learned the language of the birds; learned their names and where they built their nests.

He knew where they went in winter, and how they taught their little ones to fly and hunt for food. He called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

He learned, too, the names of all the animals and how they lived. He watched the beaver build his lodge and the

---

scold	firefly	listen	thrush	bluebird
oriole	language	beaver	lodge	

squirrel hide his store of nuts. He knew how the reindeer ran so swiftly, and why the rabbit was so timid.

He talked with all the animals, and called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Mr. Longfellow tells the story in the following beautiful lines:

When he heard the owls at midnight,  
Hooting, laughing in the forest,  
"What is that?" he cried in terror;  
"What is that?" he said, "Nokomis?"  
And the good Nokomis answered:—  
"That is but the owl and owlet,  
Talking in their native language,  
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha  
Learned of every bird its language,  
Learned their names and all their secrets,  
How they built their nests in summer,

---

store	reindeer	swiftly	timid	hoot
	owlet	native	secret	

Where they hid themselves in winter,  
Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,  
Learned their names and all their secrets,  
How the beavers built their lodges,  
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,  
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,  
Why the rabbit was so timid;  
Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

MARY HALL HUSTED.

creep up	close to	talk together
listen to	over one's head	talk with

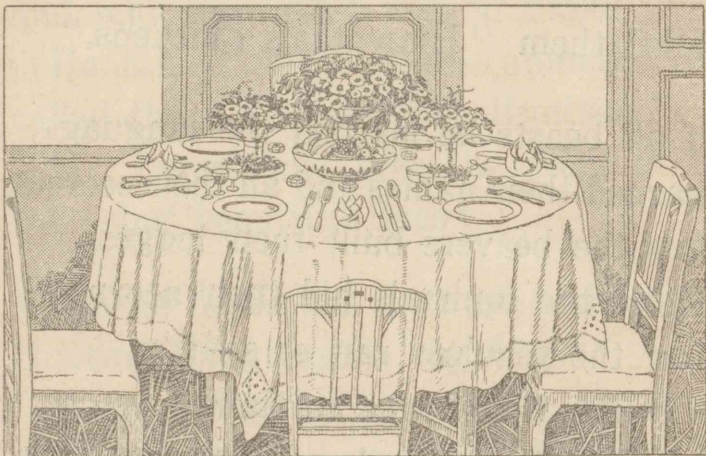



---

whene'er

beast

## THE COURSES AT DINNER—I



*Hanako.* How shall I behave at dinner?  
It is the first time I have ever been invited out.

*Mrs. White.* Foreign rules of etiquette differ much from Japanese rules.

*Hanako.* Please explain to me how the different dishes are served.

*Mrs. White.* With pleasure. Soup comes first.

behave rule etiquette explain serve

*Hanako.* Do I drink the soup?

*Mrs. White.* No, you sip the soup, using the largest spoon laid beside your plate, either in front or at the right.

*Hanako.* Are there other spoons?

*Mrs. White.* Yes, you will notice a smaller spoon in front of your plate. Do not use this spoon until afterwards.

*Hanako.* Is it easy to take soup properly?

*Mrs. White.* Yes, but some people, taking their soup, make a noise by drawing in their breath. You must be careful not to make a noise.

*Hanako.* Tell me how to hold the spoon.

*Mrs. White.* You will see how the others hold theirs. Watch them attentively.

*Hanako.* Must I wait till all the others have begun?

*Mrs. White.* No, this is not considered necessary in polite society.

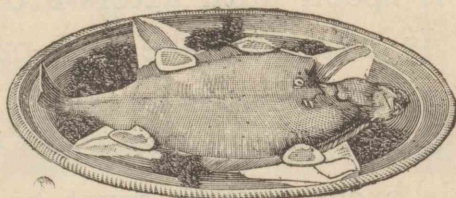
sip plate notice breath  
attentively consider necessary

*Hanako.* What follows the soup?

*Mrs. White.* Fish.

*Hanako.* How ought I to eat the fish?

*Mrs. White.* You will notice a pretty knife on the right side of your plate, with a corresponding fork on the left; you must use these.



*Hanako.* I shall try to remember what you say.

*Mrs. White.* Bread is generally used with fish. It is right to break your bread at dinner.

*Hanako.* Where shall I put the bread?

*Mrs. White.* Put it on the small plate at the left, and use it as you need it.

*Hanako.* Only with the fish?

---

corresponding

generally

*Mrs. White.* No, whenever you like. People are accustomed to eat their bread between the courses.

*Hanako.* Shall I get only one piece? Is it impolite to ask for more bread?

*Mrs. White.* We are usually supplied with extra pieces of bread during dinner. Break the bread with your fingers; do not cut it into small pieces with your knife.




---

accustomed

impolite

usually

supplied (<supply)

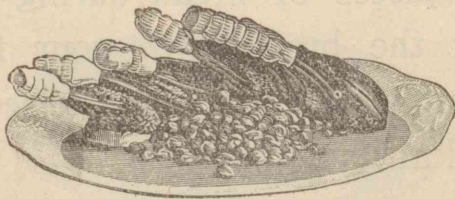
extra

## THE COURSES AT DINNER—II

*Hanako.* What course comes after the fish?

*Mrs. White.* Frequently what is called an *entrée* follows. This is usually eaten with a fork only.

*Hanako.* What is an *entrée*?



*Mrs. White.* It is a made-up dish, and consists of a cutlet, stew, or small pie known as a *pâté*.

*Hanako.* Must I eat of every course? Is it impolite to refuse?

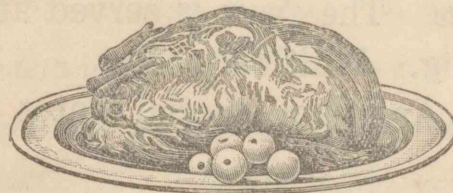
*Mrs. White.* By no means. Few people eat of every course; you eat what suits you.

*Hanako.* What follows next?

---

frequently	<i>entrée</i>	made-up	cutlet
stew	<i>pâté</i>	refuse	suit

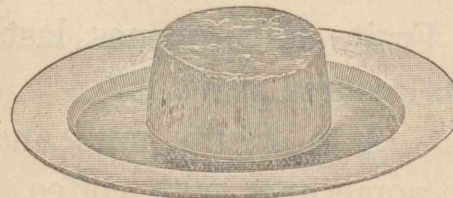
*Mrs. White.* Generally the principal dish, a turkey or a roast of beef.



*Hanako.* Must I use both knife and fork for that?

*Mrs. White.* Yes. And before eating the meat you must wait till the potatoes are handed round.

*Hanako.* I think the pudding follows next.



*Mrs. White.* Yes. But sometimes salad is served.

*Hanako.* How do I eat it?

*Mrs. White.* With knife and fork.

---

principal	turkey	pudding	salad
-----------	--------	---------	-------

*Chiyo.* May I eat of the fruit on the table when I wish?

*Mrs. White.* The fruit is served after the pudding. Wait till then.

*Hanako.* Are there special plates for the fruit?

*Mrs. White.* Fruit plates are often of glass, and are always more ornamental than other plates.

*Hanako.* Are steel knives used with fruit?

*Mrs. White.* No, steel knives are apt to discolour fruits like the apple or pear. Silver knives and forks are used.

*Hanako.* Fruit, then, comes last. It is the final course, isn't it?

*Mrs. White.* Yes. Fruits, nuts, and sweetmeats, sometimes with coffee, are the last.

J. M. DIXON (*Adapted*).

be invited out    rules of etiquette    differ from  
be supplied with    consist of    hand round  
be apt to

special    discolour    final    sweetmeat

## 1.

*Mr. and Mrs. Clement request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Yamada's company at dinner, on Tuesday, May 8th, at half past six o'clock.*

*45 Fuiimicho, Azabu,*

*May 2nd*

*R. S. V. P*

## 2.

*Mr. and Mrs. Yamada have much pleasure in accepting Mr and Mrs. Clement's kind invitation to dinner on the 8th inst., at half past six o'clock.*

*146 Nakashibuya, May 3rd.*

Clement    request    company    accept  
invitation    inst. (<instant)

## 3.

*Mr. and Mrs. Yamada regret that a previous engagement prevents them from accepting Mr. and Mrs. Clement's kind invitation to dinner on Tuesday next.*

*146 Nakashibuya, May 3rd.*




---

regret    previous    engagement    prevent

## LESSON 6

## THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN-I

Hamelin was a pretty little German town.

Many years ago Hamelin was overrun with rats, which annoyed the people very much. The rats were everywhere, —in the houses, on the streets, in the stores.

The people went to the mayor to ask for help. He did not know what to do for them, so he called the great men of the city together to ask their advice.

As they were talking they heard a gentle tap at the door.

“Come in,” cried the mayor. In came the queerest looking man you ever saw.

He was tall and thin. He had bright blue eyes and light hair.

---

German	Hamelin	overrun	annoy
mayor	advice	tan	queerest

He wore a long coat made of red and yellow cloth. No one knew him.

He said to the mayor: "I am called the Pied Piper. I can clear your town of rats by a certain charm which I have. I will do this for a thousand guilders."

The mayor was delighted at this. "We will give you much more, if you will rid our town of rats," he said.

The piper went out into the street, and taking up his pipe began to play.

As soon as the first notes were heard the rats came running out from the cellars and stores.

They came alone and in numbers,—old rats, young rats, brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, cousins, followed the piper through the town.

Wherever the merry notes of the pipe

---

Pied Piper    charm    guilder    delight  
cellar    number    wherever    note





were heard the rats came forth. They ran and danced after the piper, who went on till he came to the banks of a river.

All the rats were drowned in this river except one that swam to the other shore.

The people were happy again now that the town was free from rats. They rang the church bells and sang aloud in their joy.

The piper went to the mayor to ask for his pay.




---

forth      drown      except      free  
                 aloud

### THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN—II

“You promised me a thousand guilders,” he said.

“A thousand guilders! We cannot give you so much. Your work was very easy; it ended at the river. We will give you something for your trouble. Here are fifty guilders.”

The piper grew angry. “You must give me all you promised. If you do not keep your word, I will pipe you another tune.”

“Very well,” said the mayor.

The piper began to play again more sweetly than ever; and now from every house came the children of the town. They followed the piper as he played.

As they walked on others joined them, until all the children of Hamelin were following the player.

---

trouble

tune

The mayor and his wise men were so startled that they did not know what to do. They watched the piper and the long line of children walking on and on. At last they saw the piper turn toward a great mountain near the town.

"Now," said they, "he can go no further. Our children will return to us"

But when the piper reached the mountain, a great door was opened in its side.

The piper entered, and all the children followed. When all were inside, the door swung to, and the mountain looked as before.

One poor little boy was left in Hamelin. He was lame and could not hurry on with the others.

The mayor and the wise men tried to find the piper and the children, but they could not.

---

startle

reach

Long after the lame boy told what the piper had promised the children.

He said: "It is lonely for me now. My playmates are all gone. The piper took them to a land where there is no sorrow. He told them that they would always be happy."

It was a sad time for Hamelin. The mayor and the wise men had learned a lesson. They should have kept their promise to the piper.

(come) in numbers    come forth    now that  
free from    keep (one's) word or promise

He said to the mayor: "I am called the Pied Piper."

=He said to the mayor that he was called the Pied Piper.

I can clear your town of rats.  
They did not know what to do.

---

playmate

## TREES

I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast ;

A tree that looks at God all day,  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray ;

A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair ;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain ;  
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.

JOYCE KILMER

---

lovely	prest	against	flowing
breast	leafy	bosom	intimately

## CLARA AND CARITA

Clara was a very careless child. She was always forgetting something. She often forgot which lessons to learn, and so lost her place in her class. She forgot to close the garden gate, and the cows came in and ate up all her flowers. And once, when her father had given her a brood of chickens for her own, she forgot to feed them until some of them starved to death. But none of these things cured her of her habit of forgetting.

When her aunt came from Mexico and brought a fine gray parrot for her, Clara begged so hard to keep the bird that her mother at last gave her leave to do so. The parrot's name was Carita, and she was not only a very pretty bird, but a very wise one.

---

Clara	Carita	brood	cure	Mexico
-------	--------	-------	------	--------

It would take me a long time to tell you about all the cunning things that Carita would do and say. When she saw puss coming into the room she would mew just like a cat; and when she saw any one drinking she would make a noise in her throat as much as to say, "I am thirsty, too!" She could say "How d'ye do?" as well as anybody; and she always said it at the right time. Sometimes when she thought visitors had stayed long enough, she would give them a gentle hint by calling out "Good-bye! Good-bye, ladies!"

When the pleasant summer days came, Clara hung the cage in the garden under the trees, and Carita seemed as happy as if she were in her native woods. She would chatter and call, and hop about so merrily that it did one's heart good to see her.

---

cunning

d'ye

hint

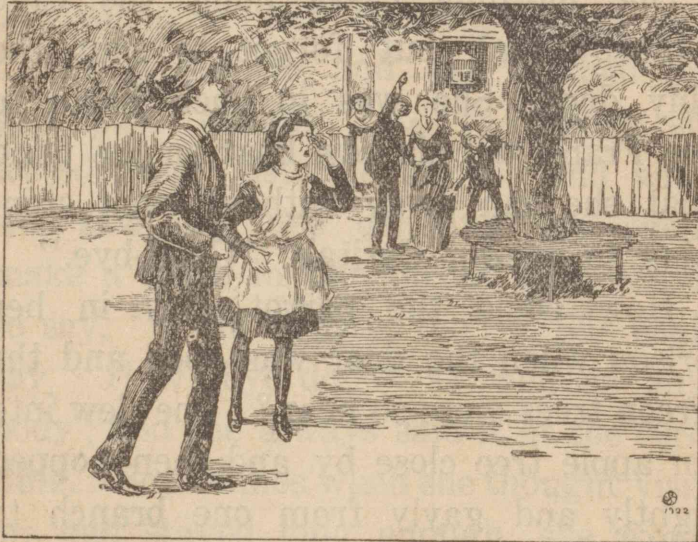
One morning Clara hung the cage out as usual, but forgot to shut the tiny door. She was in such haste to see Frank sail his new boat on the pond that she ran away without even stopping to answer Carita's "Good-bye."

How could the parrot stay in her prison when the door was open and the green trees were so near? She flew into an apple tree close by and then hopped lightly and gayly from one branch to another until she was at the very top. She could see Clara and Frank at the pond, and she called out, gayly, "How d'ye do? How d'ye do?" But the children were busy with their boat, and did not hear her.

All at once a sharp cry sounded through the air. It startled everybody about the house, and was heard by Frank and Clara at the pond.

---

prison



“What is it?” cried Clara.

“A hawk! a hawk!” shouted Frank.

“He is carrying off Carita!”

“Kill him! kill him!” called every voice.

“Oh dear! oh dear!” cried the parrot, in heart-rending tones, as the hawk carried her swiftly away.

“Carita! dear Carita!” sobbed Clara,

---

heart-rending

running quickly back to the garden.

But the hawk soared higher and higher with its helpless prey, and the pitiful cries of “Oh dear! oh dear!” grew fainter and fainter, and at last were heard no more.

“How could it have happened?” asked Frank, as he ran to the empty cage. The open door told the story.

“Oh, I forgot to fasten it, Frank, when you called me to see your boat. Poor Carita, I have killed you!” sobbed Clara, throwing herself upon the grass and weeping bitterly. “Oh, I shall always hear that pitiful cry!”

The child’s heart was almost broken, and for days she could not forget her grief. And long years afterwards a sharp pain seemed to run through her

---

soar  
empty

pitiful  
fasten

painter  
grief

heart whenever she saw a parrot, for she was reminded of Carita's last cry of "Oh dear!"

It was a sad lesson, but it cured Clara of her one great fault—that of forgetting.

*From The Harper's Readers.*

starve to death    cure (one) of  
 give (one) leave to    not only.....but (also)  
 do (one's) heart good    as usual  
 close by    busy with    for days



## LESSON 10

### CAUGHT BY THE TIDE—I

Those who have seen the sea know what the tides are. The water rises slowly, and flows higher and higher up on the land, until the beach is covered; then it turns, and flows out again as slowly as it came in. The coming in of the water is called the "flow of the tide"; the going out is called the "ebb of the tide."

One day, two boys—Robert, who was fourteen years of age, and Walter, a boy of twelve—took their little sister Ettie to the seabeach to gather shells. They walked up and down on the sand searching for shells, but they could not find any that were very pretty.

"It is too bad!" said Ettie; "some

---

tide    beach    Ettie    seabeach    search

one has been here before us and picked up all the prettiest shells. I think they ought to have left some of them for us."

"They had as much right to them as we have," said Walter. "We must try to find some that no one else has seen."

"That will be rather hard to do, unless we can find a place where no one else has been for some time," said Robert. "Now, if we could only go over to Rocky Islet, I am sure we should find as many as we could carry. It is low tide, and the rocks are all standing above the water."

"Let us go, then," said Walter. "There is Jonas the fisherman's boat, just ahead of us; we can borrow that, and row over to the islet easily enough. It is not very far."

---

right

Rocky Islet

Jonas

fisherman

ahead

Ettie was delighted, and Robert consented to go. They borrowed the fisherman's boat, and, as both of the boys could row very well, they soon reached Rocky Islet. Robert tied the boat to a large stone, and then they all began to search for shells.

They found many beautiful ones, which they placed in the boat. Little Ettie thought she had never seen such fine ones as some of these were. "Will not mother be pleased," she said, "when she sees how many we have?—and such beauties, too!"

There was a pool of water on the islet, and in it were two crabs, which had been left there by the tide. Walter found them, and called to his brother and sister to come and see them.

They watched the crabs for some

---

crab

time, and laughed at their comical looks and ways. At last Robert said : "Come, now ; the tide is rising, and we must start home." They walked to the water's edge, where they had left the boat, but it was not there. One of the oars lay on the rock, but the boat was gone.

flow of the tide    ebb of the tide    it is too bad  
for some time    I am sure    ahead of



---

comical

edge

LESSON 11

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE-II

Robert had not tied the boat securely, and the rising tide had carried it away. They could see it drifting toward the shore.

"What shall we do!" cried Walter, in alarm. "The tide will cover all these rocks. We must get to the shore, or we shall be drowned. Can you not swim to the boat, Robert?"

"It is too far off," said Robert, "and the wind is blowing it faster than I could swim. Perhaps some one will see us, and help us."

They were very much frightened. Ettie began to cry. The boys shouted as loud as they could, hoping that some one would hear them ; but it was of

---

securely

drift

alarm



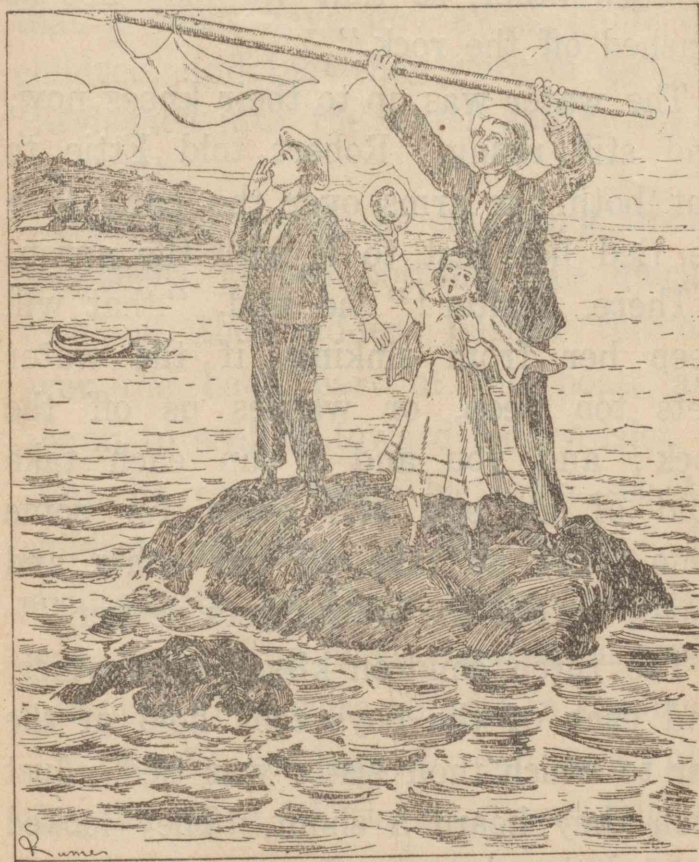
no use, for the shore was too far off, and there was no boat in sight except the empty one that was drifting away.

“Here is one of the oars,” said Robert, picking it up. “Let me take your apron, Ettie; I will tie it fast to the oar, and wave it, to let them know that we need help.”

He tied the apron fast to the oar and waved it, in the hope that some one would see it. Meanwhile the water was slowly rising, and they had to go back, step by step, to the middle of the islet. They climbed upon the highest rock they could find, and stood there, shouting, and waving the oar with Ettie’s apron tied to the end of it.

At last the water reached the rock on which they were standing. Little Ettie screamed, as a wave rippled over the rock and wet her feet.

wave (v.)    meanwhile    climb    ripple (v.)



“It is of no use,” said Robert; “no one hears or sees us. Perhaps, after all, the water will not rise high enough to cover our heads. Let us hold fast

to each other, so that we may not be washed off the rock."

The water was up to their knees now, and still rising. Robert told Ettie to put both her arms over the oar; then he tied her fast to it with the apron. "There, Walter!" he said, "that will keep her from sinking, if the water gets too deep, or washes us off the rock; and you and I can each take hold of an end and swim for some time. Let us take off our coats and shoes, before the water gets deeper."

The three children kissed each other, and each of the boys took hold of the oar to which their sister was tied. Just then they heard a shout. They looked toward the shore, and saw a boat coming out to them; Jonas the fisherman was in it.

The old man had seen the boat drifting toward the shore, and knew at once

that it must have got away from the children, and that they were in danger. He dashed into the water and swam to the boat.

He found one of the oars lying among the shells in the bottom. He quickly took off the rudder, pushed the oar over the back part of the boat, and began to scull it toward Rocky Islet.

As he came near, he could see the children standing in the water. He shouted, to let them know that help was near. The boys shouted in reply, and soon they were all safe in the boat.

It would be hard to tell how glad they all were. Ettie cried and laughed by turns; she threw her arms about Jonas, and kissed him again and again. It was not long before they were safe at home once more, and Ettie and Walter

were telling their father and mother all that had happened.

Robert was silent, for he felt that their danger had been caused by his carelessness in tying the boat; but it made him happy when his mother kissed him, and called him her brave boy.

From *The Appletons' Readers*.

be of no use    in sight    up to (one's knees)  
keep (one) from (sinking)    take hold of  
by turns

The water flows out again as slowly as it came in.

They had as much right to the prettiest shells as we have.

The boys shouted as loud as they could.

---

cause (v.)

carelessness

### HONESTY IS BEST

For four or five weeks Lewis had been bringing home very poor reports of his work at school. He had failed, day after day, in spelling. How he did wish that a word could always be spelled the way it sounded! Then, instead of writing the word *tough* with five letters, he might write it with three, thus: *tuf*. But his teacher only grew stricter and stricter every day, and his stock of demerits kept growing larger all the time.

"Too bad!" sighed his mother, as she looked over his reports.

"That will not do!" said his father. "No more pocket money, sir, until you can show something better than that!"

---

honesty  
tough

Lewis  
strict

report  
stock

fail  
demerit



## THE WATER LILIES



Beautiful white flowers with hearts of gold floated on the surface of the lily pond.

An Indian girl was paddling a canoe gently about among the lily pads. She reached out to pick one of the flowers. Suddenly there appeared before her a little man.

surface    paddling (<paddle)    canoe    pad

The little man sat upon a lily pad. He smiled at the girl and said, "Listen, and I will tell you the story of the water lilies."

This is the story the little man told :

Once there was a star in the heavens. It shone more brightly than any of the other stars. An Indian youth watched it for many nights. Each night it seemed to move nearer to the earth.

One night the young man had a strange dream. In his dream a beautiful maiden appeared before him and spoke to him. Her words were like music. She said that she was the star that shone so brightly in the heavens. She loved the birds and the flowers, and the people of the earth.

"I wish to leave my sister stars and

maiden

“dwell upon the earth,” said the Star Maiden. “What form is the best for me to take, to be loved by all?”

The young man awoke. At once he hastened to tell his dream to the wise men of the tribe.

“The beautiful maiden is the star that we have seen in the south,” said the wise men.

Again the Star Maiden appeared to the young man in a dream.

Once more she asked him where she might dwell in safety upon the earth, and what form she should take, to be loved by the Indians.

“Choose for yourself,” said the young man.

At first the Star Maiden chose to live in the heart of a white rose that grew

---

dwell awoke (<awake) hasten tribe safety



on a mountain side. But there she was hidden from sight, so that no one could enjoy her beauty.

Then she searched among the flowers

---

enjoy

of the prairie, until she found the blossom of a painted cup.

"I will rest here," thought the Star Maiden as she swung to and fro on the yellow cup.

Alas! She was not safe there, for a herd of buffaloes came rushing over the prairie.

Finally the Star Maiden thought of a place where she was sure she would be safe.

"I will live upon the lake," she said. "Canoes glide gently over the water, and I shall see the children at their play."

In the morning, hundreds of white flowers with hearts of gold floated upon the water.

The Star Maiden lived upon earth in the form of water lilies.

---

painted    herd    buffalo    glide

When the little man had finished telling the story of the lilies, he jumped into the water and disappeared.

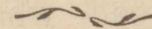
"I shall always love the water lilies," said the Indian girl as she paddled away.

*From The Story Hour Readers.*

in safety    choose for (one)self    to and fro

You must think for yourself.

I had to do all the cooking for myself.




---

disappear

## LESSON 14

## EGYPT

Egypt is one of the oldest countries in the world. There were large cities, fields, and roads there, when most of the other countries of the earth were wild.

We know much about the old times of Egypt, because the people had a habit of writing many things that happened on the walls of their temples, and palaces, and on the tombs of their kings.

As parts of these buildings are still found, scholars who know the Egyptian language can read what was written hundreds of years ago.

But this old way of writing was not like ours. The Egyptians had strange-looking letters, and they told many

---

Egypt wild habit temple palace tomb  
scholar Egyptian language strange-looking

stories by pictures painted on the walls. From these pictures we have learned how they used to live and dress.

Egypt is not a large country. The part which contains the great cities is in a long valley, on each side of the river Nile.

Here on the banks of the Nile is the city of Cairo, which is the capital of Egypt.

If you were standing on some high place in Cairo, and looking westward across the city, you would see first the gay streets and the green mulberry trees, then the Nile with its boats, and last the shining yellow sand of the desert.

There on the edge of the desert are the Pyramids, big and grand against the sky.

---

contain Nile Cairo westward  
mulberry Pyramid



The Pyramids are great pointed stone buildings which were used as tombs for kings.

Inside they are very dark, but after following many passages you come at last to the room where the body of the king was laid.

In all the world there is nothing else like the Pyramids. Built more than three thousand years ago, they still remain nearly perfect.

Three of the Pyramids are very large, but there are many smaller ones in that part of the country.

MARY L. HALL.

used to      hundreds of years

In all the world there is nothing (else) like the Pyramids.

pointed

passage

perfect

### THE KINGFISHER

It was the rainbow gave thee birth,  
And left thee all her lovely hues;  
And, as her mother's name was Tears,  
So runs it in thy blood to choose  
For haunts the lonely pools, and keep  
In company with trees that weep.

Go you and, with such glorious hues,  
Live with proud Peacocks in green parks;  
On lawns as smooth as shining glass,  
Let every feather show its marks;  
Get thee on boughs and clap thy wings  
Before the windows of proud kings.

Nay, lovely Bird, thou art not vain;  
Thou hast no proud, ambitious mind;  
I also love a quiet place  
That's green, away from all mankind;  
A lonely pool, and let a tree  
Sigh with her bosom over me.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

keep in company with

kingfisher    thee    hue    haunt    glorious    mark  
bough    thy    vain    ambitious    mankind

## BOYS AND GIRLS IN SPARTA—I

When the Spartans came into the part of Greece where they built their city, they had many wars with the people round about them.

Once it happened that their king was a boy, and could not defend them; so everything fell into confusion, and the people suffered much from their enemies. Then they called upon the king's uncle, Lycurgus, to help them out of their trouble.

Now, Lycurgus saw that while it would be very easy to drive off their enemies once, the only way to cure the trouble so that they would not come back again was by making the Spartans better soldiers. So he drew up a set of laws which would do this.

Then he called the people together

Sparta	Spartan	defend	confusion	suffer
enemies (<enemy)	Lycurgus	soldier	drew	

and explained the laws to them, and asked, "Will you agree to do what these laws demand?"

"Yes," shouted the Spartans, "we will."

Lycurgus made them promise that they would not change any of the laws until he came back from Delphi, where he was going to consult the oracle. The oracle at Delphi told him that Sparta would be free and happy as long as the people obeyed his laws.

When Lycurgus heard this, he determined never to go back home again; for he knew that the Spartans would obey the laws as long as he stayed away, but he was afraid if he went back, some of the people might want to change them. So all the rest of his life was spent far from the land he loved, and at last he died among strangers.

agree	demand	Delphi	consult
oracle	determine		

## BOYS AND GIRLS IN SPARTA-II

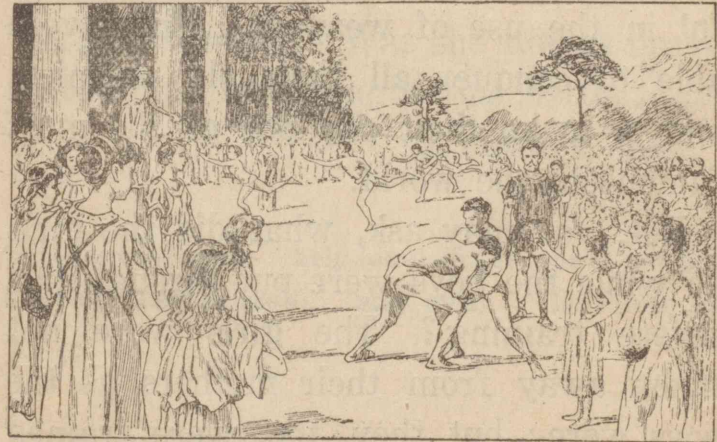
It was wise in Lycurgus not to return to Sparta, for the laws which he had made were very severe. When a boy reached the age of seven years he was taken from his parents, and placed with the other boys of his age in a great public training house. There he lived until he became a man.

The life which the boys led was very hard. Summer and winter they had to go barefooted, with only a thin shirt for clothing. At night they slept on beds of rushes which they had gathered from the river bed near by.

They had to do all the cooking and other work for themselves; and the food which was given them was never as much as hungry, growing boys needed,

severe      public      training      barefooted

so they were forced to hunt and fish to get food. They did not study books as you do; but they were taught running, wrestling, boxing, and the use of the spear and sword.



When the boys became men they left the training house, and were formed into soldier companies. But still they had to live together, eating at the same table and sleeping in the same building; and it was not until they had become

force      wrestling      boxing      spear

old men, and could no longer serve in war, that they were allowed to leave their companies and have homes of their own.

Thus the men of Sparta became strong in body, strict in their habits, and skilful in the use of weapons. They were able to conquer all their old enemies, and to make their city one of the most famous in the world.

But, you may ask, what did the girls do while the boys were put through this severe training? The girls were not taken away from their mothers as the boys were; but they, too, were trained in running, wrestling, and other sports, so they became the strongest and most beautiful women in all Greece.

Although they were not able to fight, they were just as brave as the men, and encouraged their brothers and sons

allow      weapon      conquer      encourage

in the wars. One brave Spartan mother had eight fine sons who were all killed in one terrible battle.

When the news was brought to her she shed no tears, but said only: "It is well. I bore them to die for Sparta, if there was need." Was she not as brave as the men who fought this battle?

MRS. CAROLINE H. HARDING.

fall into confusion      help (one) out of (one's) trouble  
draw up (a set of laws)      stay away      be forced to

## KEEPING SHOP-I

What shall we play at?" said May. "I know," said Kathleen. "Let's pretend to have a shop. I'll keep a draper's shop and you be a lady coming to buy."

"What is a draper's? Can you buy sweets at it?" asked May.

"Sweets? No, of course not," said Kathleen. "You are always thinking about sweets, May; I never saw such a greedy girl."

"Well, what sort of shop is a draper's? You like sweets too, just as much as me."

"A draper's is where you buy frocks and buttons and things."

Kathleen and May were sisters. Kathleen was the elder. She was nearly seven. It was she who generally

Kathleen

frock

decided what games they should play. She was quite ready to be fair and to 'take it in turns,' but May, who was only five, wasn't as quick in thinking of nice games, and she generally asked Kathleen to choose.

"Now let's get the shop ready," said Kathleen. "Here are these bits of dress patterns Mother said we might have. We'll pretend they are big pieces of stuff, and you must come to the shop and say you want to buy a frock for your little girl."

"Here are some buttons," said May.

"Oh, May, you mustn't get things out of Nurse's work-basket without asking."

Just at that moment Nurse came into the room.

"Please, Nursie, may we have some things from your work-basket to play shop with?"

decide game pattern Nurse work-basket

"Yes," said Nurse.

She let them have a yard measure, some tape, two reels of cotton, a packet of needles, and a box of pins.

"That's enough, I think," said Kathleen. "Thank you, Nursie."

They spread all the things out, and then the shop was ready.

Kathleen stood behind a little table, which they called the counter.

"Oh, Nursie, do give me some pennies. I won't lose them."

"I haven't my purse," said Nurse. "I'll cut you some little round pieces of paper and you can pretend it is money."

"All right. Thank you," said Kathleen.

Then May walked into the shop.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith," she said. "Please would you be kind enough

---

yard            measure            tape            reel  
                  counter            pennies (<penny)

to show me some stuff for frocks?"

"Yes, madam, certainly," said Mr. Smith. It was Kathleen *really* who answered, of course; but she was going to be 'Mr. Smith' now.

"Do you want it for ladies' dresses, madam, or for little girls'?"

"I want it for my little girl at home, please."

"Certainly, madam. Now here is some very pretty blue stuff. That would make a lovely frock for a little girl."

"Oh, but she has a blue frock. I want a green one, please."

"Then here is a pretty green," said Mr. Smith.

"Yes, that will do nicely, thank you. Could you send it up, please?"

"I am sorry, madam, but my boy is out just now; I will send it when he comes in."

---

. certainly

Then May pretended to go home. One corner of the nursery, just behind the door, was home. So she went and showed her little girl the green stuff for her new frock. The little girl was delighted. "Oh, dear, I forgot some things I wanted; I must go back again to the draper's."

play at (something)    keep a (draper's) shop  
a box of pins

Oh, Nursie, **do** give me some pennies.

**Do** sit down!    **Do** tell me!

Please, Nursie, may we have some things from your work-basket to play shop **with**?

Please give me some paper to write **on**.

They have no house to live **in**

I had enough money to buy **with**.




---

nursery

## LESSON 19

### KEEPING SHOP-II

She went back and said: "Please, Mr. Smith, I forgot to say I want some pins, please."

"Certainly, madam. I will show you some *very* good pins."

The box of pins was shown and a pennyworth bought.

"I'm afraid I forgot to pay you for the green stuff."

"Oh, don't mention it, madam. Yes, I think you did forget, though."

"How much was it?"

"Sixpence, madam."

"Here is the money. Please give me some change."

"The pins are a penny, madam."

"Oh, yes, here it is."

---

mention

change

"It is a very fine morning, isn't it, madam?"

"Yes, it is."

"What else can I show you to-day, madam?"

"I think I should like some buttons, please. My little girl is *always* losing buttons off her pinny."

"Here is a *very* good kind for not coming off."

"Then please give me a pennyworth."

Then Mr. Smith made a very neat parcel of the buttons and the pins.

"Shall I send them, madam?" he asked.

"Oh, no, thank you, I will take them. I am going straight home, and it's only a little parcel."

"It's a very fine day, madam." ("Oh,

---

pinny

parcel

no, I forgot we said that," said Kathleen.)

"I think we've had enough of the draper's shop," said May. "Let's have a toy-shop now."

"All right," said Kathleen.

"But it's time to get ready for dinner," said Nurse.

"Oh, Nursie!" said May, "we've hardly had *any* time for play."

"Now, Miss May, no grumbling. Look at Miss Kathleen, she always does at once so cheerfully what I tell her."

"Kathleen is nearly seven. She *ought* to do better than me."

"Yes, but you are quite old enough to be obedient," said Nurse.

Soon the two little girls were ready for dinner, with clean faces and hands and neat hair.

---

grumbling

cheerfully

obedient



"We can play the toy-shop another day," said Kathleen, as they went down to dinner.

"Yes, so we can," answered May.

MRS. H. C. CRADOCK.

don't mention it      come off

Thank you ever so much for your kindness.

Don't mention it, madam.



### MR. RAYMOND'S RIDDLE

Now if any of my readers want to know what a genius is—shall I try to tell them, or shall I not? I will give them one very short answer; it means one who understands things without any other body telling him what they mean. God makes a few such now and then to teach the rest of us.

"Do you like riddles?" asked Mr. Raymond, turning over the leaves of his own book.

"I don't know what a riddle is," said Diamond.

"It's something that means something else, and you've got to find out what that something else is."

Mr. Raymond liked the old-fashioned riddle best, and had written a few—one of which he now read.

---

genius      understand      rest      old-fashioned

“I have only one foot, but thousands  
of toes;

My one foot stands, but never goes.

I have many arms, and they're mighty  
all;

And hundreds of fingers large and small.

“From the ends of my fingers my beauty  
grows.

I breathe with my hair, and I drink with  
my toes.

I grow bigger and bigger about the waist,  
And yet I am always very tight laced.

“None e'er saw me eat—I've no mouth  
to bite;

Yet I eat all day in the full sunlight.

In the summer with song I shake and  
quiver,

But in winter I fast and groan and shiver.”

---

mighty	waist	tight	lace (v.)	e'er
quiver	fast (v.)	groan	shiver	

“Do you know what that means, Dia-  
mond?” he asked, when he had finished.

“No, indeed, I don't,” answered Dia-  
mond.

“Then you can read it for yourself,  
and think over it, and see if you can  
find it out,” said Mr. Raymond, giving  
him the book. “And now you had better  
go home to your mother. When you've  
found the riddle, you can come again.”

If Diamond had had to find out the  
riddle in order to see Mr. Raymond  
again, I doubt if he would ever have  
seen him.

“Oh, then,” I think I hear some little  
reader say, “he could not have been  
a genius, for a genius finds out things  
without being told.”

I answer, “Genius finds out truths,  
not tricks.” And if you do not under-  
stand that, I am afraid you must be

---

truth

trick

content to wait till you grow older and know more.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

turn over the leaves of a book  
had better

You **had better** stay at home.

You **had better** not go there.

I wish I were a bird.

If he **were** to come, I **should** be glad to see him.

If she **were** here now, what **would** she say?

If I **had** money enough, I **would** give you some.

If we **had** started a little earlier, we **should** have caught the train.

If you **had** not been there, I **should** have been drowned.

She **might** have succeeded, if she **had** studied a little harder.

---

content

A VERY OLD RIDDLE

When Æsop was writing his fables, the poets used to tell the people of a monster whom they called the sphinx. The sphinx made her home near Thebes, which was then one of the large cities of Greece.

At that time the people believed in many imaginary stories and myths; so the sphinx was thought by every one to be a very real thing, indeed.

The poets and story-tellers said that the sphinx had the face of a woman, the wings of a bird, and the breast, feet, and tail of a lion.

This monster, they said, sat on a high rock and watched for travellers. She gave a riddle to every person who passed that way. Every one who failed to

---

Æsop	fable	sphinx	Thebes
imaginary	myth	real	story-teller

answer the riddle was seized by the sphinx and destroyed.

For a long time no one gave the right answer. By and by Ædipus appeared.

This is the riddle that the sphinx gave him: "What animal is that which goes on four feet in the morning, on two feet at noon, and on three in the evening?"



Ædipus promptly answered: "That is man,—he creeps in infancy, walks on two feet in manhood, and uses a staff in old age."

At last her riddle was answered. To the great joy of the people of Thebes, the sphinx disappeared and never was seen again.

*From The Progressive Course in Reading.*

fail to (answer)    go on four feet

---

seize	destroy	Ædipus	promptly
infancy	manhood	staff	

### THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

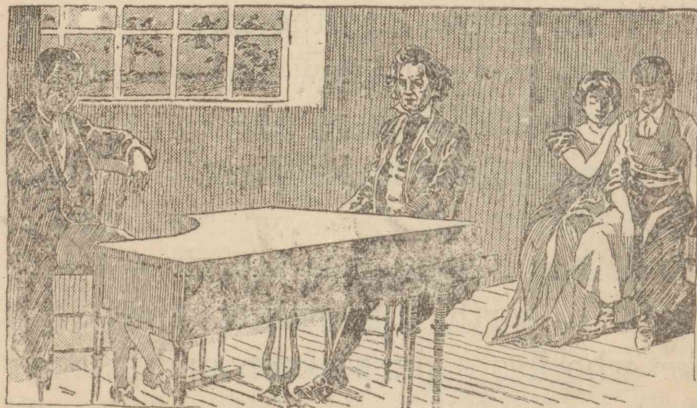
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

from beginning to end

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flight	keen	unbroke
--------	------	---------

## THE MOONLIGHT SONATA



Ludwig von Beethoven, a famous writer of music, was born in Germany in 1770.

One of his well-known compositions is called "The Moonlight Sonata." There is a pretty story telling how this sonata came to be written.\*

\* This story may not be strictly true, but it is worth remembering for its beauty's sake.

---

Sonata      Ludwig      von      Beethoven  
 well-known      composition

One evening Beethoven and a friend were passing the door of a little cottage. Sounds of music came from within, and Beethoven stopped to listen. The player was trying one of the great composer's most beautiful pieces.

○ Suddenly a voice said, "How I wish I could hear that piece played by one who could do it justice!"

Without a word Beethoven entered the house. It was the home of a poor shoemaker. At the piano sat a young girl.

"Pardon me," said the great composer; "I am a musician. I heard you say you wished to hear some one play. Will you permit me to play for you?"

"Thank you very much," answered the girl; "but our piano is very old, and we have no music."

"No music! How did you play, then?" The young girl turned her face towards

---

composer      justice      musician      permit

the great master. Looking at her more closely, he saw that she was blind.

“I play from memory,” she said.

“Where did you hear the piece that you were playing just now?”

“I have heard it played by the street musicians,” she answered.

Beethoven seated himself at the piano. The blind girl and her brother listened with rapture to the master's playing. At last the shoemaker came near and asked, “Who are you?”

Beethoven made no answer. The shoemaker repeated his question, and the master smiled as he began to play the piece which the young girl had been trying.

The listeners held their breath. When the playing ceased, they cried: “You are the master himself! You are Beethoven!”

master	memory	seat (v.)	rapture
	repeat	listener	

He arose and went towards the door; but they would not let him go.

“Play for us once more,” they pleaded. He seated himself again at the piano. The brilliant moonlight was streaming into the bare little room.

“I will compose a sonata to the moonlight,” he said. He looked intently for some time at the bright sky lit up by the moon and studded with the twinkling stars.

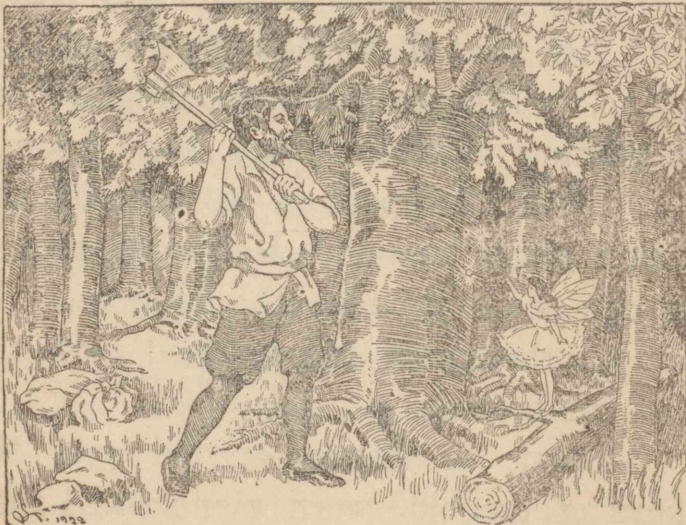
At last his fingers moved over the keys of the old, worn piano; and then in low, sad, sweet strains Beethoven played for the first time “The Moonlight Sonata.”

From *The Wade & Sylvester Readers*.

do justice	seat (one)self	hold (one's) breath
lit up by	studded with	

cease	plead	brilliant	stream (v.)	compose
	intently	lit	studded	strain

## THE THREE WISHES



Once upon a time, and be sure it was a long time ago, there lived a poor woodman in a great forest. Every day of his life he went out to cut timber.

One day, as he started out, the goodwife filled his wallet and slung his bottle on his back, that he might have meat

---

woodman	timber	goodwife
wallet	slung (<sling)	

and drink in the forest. He had marked out for his work this day a huge old oak, which, he thought, would furnish many and many a good plank.

When he came to the oak, he took his ax in his hands and swung it round his head as though he had a mind to fell the tree at one stroke. But he had not given one blow, when there stood before him a fairy, who prayed him to spare the tree.

The woodman was dazed, as you may fancy, with wonder and fright, and he could not open his mouth to utter a word. He found his tongue at last. "Well," said he, "I'll e'en do as thou wishest."

"You have done better for yourself than you know," said the fairy. "To

---

mark (v.)	furnish	plank	stroke	daze
fright	e'en (<even)	thou	wishest (<wish)	

show that I am grateful, I will grant your next three wishes, let them be what they may."

With that the fairy was no more to be seen, so the woodman slung his wallet over his shoulder and his bottle at his side, and off he started for home.

But the way was long, and the poor man was still dazed with the wonderful thing that had happened to him. When he got home there was nothing in his mind but the wish to sit down and rest.

Maybe, too, 'twas a trick of the fairy's. Who can tell? Anyhow, down he sat by the blazing fire; and as he sat, he became hungry, though it was a long way from supper-time.

"Hast thou naught for supper, dame?" said he to his wife.

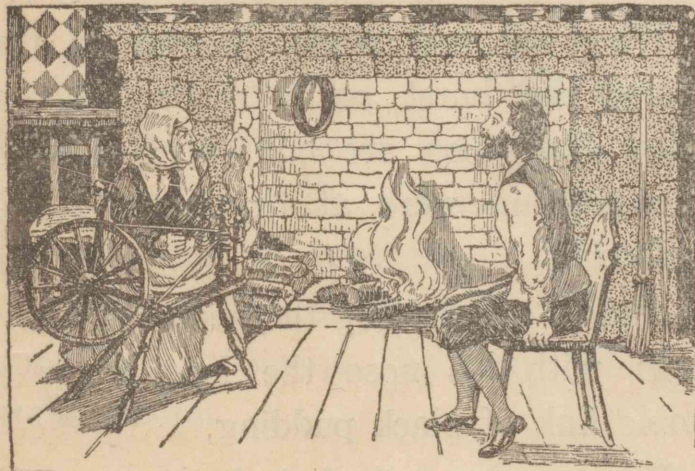
grateful            maybe  
naught

blazing (<blaze)  
dame

"Nay, not for two hours," said she.

"Ah!" groaned the woodman, "I wish I'd a good link of black pudding here before me."

No sooner had he said the word, when



clatter, clatter, rustle, rustle, what should come down the chimney but a link of the finest black pudding the heart of man could wish for?

If the woodman stared, the goodwife

nay

link

clatter



stared three times as much. "What's all this?" said she.

Then all the morning's work came back to the woodman, and he told his tale right out, from beginning to end. As he told it, the goodwife became angry.

When he had made an end of the story, she burst out, "Thou art but silly, Jan, thou art but silly! I wish the pudding were at thy nose, I do, indeed!"

And in a twinkling there sat the goodman with his nose the longer for a noble link of black pudding.

He gave a pull, but it stuck, and she gave a pull, but it stuck; and they both pulled till they had nigh pulled the nose off, but the pudding stuck and stuck.

right burst silly stuck (<stick) nigh

"What's to be done now?" said he.

"It does not look so very bad," said she, looking hard at him.

Then the woodman saw that if he wished, he must wish in a hurry, and so he wished that the black pudding might come off his nose.

Well!—there it lay in a dish on the table. So it happened that if the goodman and goodwife did not ride in a golden coach, or dress in silk and satin, they had at least as fine a black pudding for their supper as the heart of man could desire.

JOSEPH JACOBS (*Adapted*).

mark out have a mind to at one stroke  
 find (one's) tongue nothing...but no sooner...than  
 (three) times as much right out make an end of  
 give a pull in a hurry

hard coach satin desire

No sooner had I left my house than it began to rain.

There is about **three times (= thrice)** as much water as land.

You have **four times as many** books as she has.  
He worked **twice as hard** as others.

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#### WISDOM AND FOLLY

Better an empty purse than an empty head.

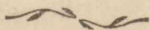
A flow of words is no proof of wisdom.

Where the river is deepest, it runneth quietest.

No one is so wise that he cannot become wiser.

A wise man thinks all he says, a fool says all that he thinks.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.




---

folly      empty      purse      runneth (run)

## LESSON 25

### THE STORY OF HELEN KELLER—I

Not many years ago, in a small village in the state of Alabama, a child was born who was named Helen.

The little house in which her parents lived was covered with roses and honeysuckle vines.

Lying in her crib, baby Helen could see the humming birds on the branches of the vines, and listen to the buzz of the bees as they gathered honey from the blossoms.

She was an intelligent little girl, who tried when very young to do all that she saw her father and mother do. At six months she began to talk, and when a year old she was able to walk.

Near Helen's home was her grand-

---

Helen	Keller	state	Alabama	honeysuckle
vine	crib	humming	intelligent	

## Helen Keller



father's house, surrounded by a beautiful garden. Here the child loved to play; she picked the flowers, chased the butterflies, and hid among the bushes.

Thus passed a year and a half of happy babyhood. Then suddenly she became very ill. For months it was thought that she would die; but at last the fever left her, and her parents were told that their little daughter would soon be well.

No one then knew that the dreadful disease had closed her eyes and ears, and that she would never see nor hear again.

Can you fancy what it would mean to you, if you should awaken some morning to find that you could not see your mother's face, nor hear your father's voice? if you could never see the sunshine, nor hear the song of birds again?

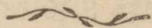
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surround chase fever dreadful disease.

This is what happened to little Helen Keller, and because she could not hear, she forgot how to speak ; and so became dumb, as well as deaf and blind.

To make herself understood, she soon learned to make signs. A shake of the head meant "No" and a nod "Yes." A pull meant "Come" and a push "Go." But as her wants became more numerous, it grew very difficult to express herself by these simple signs.

how to speak    make (one)self understood




---

dumb	deaf	numerous	express
	simple	sign	

### THE STORY OF HELEN KELLER-II

Helen's loss of sight and hearing was a terrible sorrow to her father and mother.

They longed to help her, and as she grew older, their great wish was that she might receive some sort of an education.

When the little girl was seven years old, she went with her father on a trip to the city of Washington ; and there Mr. Keller learned of a school for the deaf and blind in Boston.

On his return home he wrote to the principal of the school about a teacher for his child, and soon it was decided that Miss Sullivan should go to Alabama and teach Helen at home. What a glad day it was when Miss Sullivan arrived!

---

loss	long (v.)	education	trip	Washington
	principal	Sullivan	arrive	

The first lesson Helen learned from her teacher was that everything has a name.

Miss Sullivan gave her a doll; then placing her hand on Helen's she spelled with her fingers the letters d-o-l-l.

At once her pupil tried to imitate her and, after trying many times, succeeded.

When she had learned to spell a few words in this way, she was taught to read from pieces of cardboard, on which were printed words in raised letters.

It was slow work at first, for the child had to feel each letter with her fingers before she knew the word. But after a while she could put words together and make sentences, and then she was given a story book.

Helen did not sit at a desk and study as you do. She had most of her lessons

---

imitate	succeed	cardboard	printed
	raise	sentence	

out of doors, where she could touch, and taste, and smell the things she learned about.

If she wished to study about a tree, she found one in the garden, and learned from Miss Sullivan's hand the kind of tree it was.

In this way she was taught about the flowers, the grains, and different insects.

Once her teacher gave her a lily bulb. The child felt of it, then planted it carefully in the ground, where, after a few weeks, she found some tiny leaves. The leaves grew larger, and one day she felt a bud.

Every morning she touched the bud gently, until her fingers told her that it had become a beautiful blossom.

She could not see it, but she knew its delicate shape, and its fragrance was as sweet to her as to the child who sees.

---

grain	insect	bulb	fragrance
-------	--------	------	-----------

Thus Helen learned how plants grow. With Miss Sullivan she enjoyed long rides into the country.

Her uncle gave her a horse which she named Black Beauty, because she had read the book, and her horse looked like the one in the story.

On mornings when she did not wish to ride, she and her teacher would go for a walk in the woods.

Sometimes they would let themselves get lost among the trees, and vines, and bushes, with no road to follow except the narrow path made by the cows.

Often the child would fall, but she would never own that she was hurt. Where another could go, she could go; and what another could do, she wished to do also.

When eight years of age, she went

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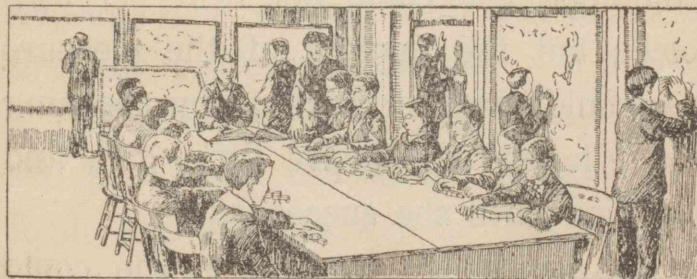
narrow

own

with her mother and teacher to the city of Boston, where she visited the school for the blind.

What a happy time she had, playing with the children who used the same sign language that she used!

She also enjoyed reading their books, which were printed with raised letters, like her own.



on a trip

put together

out of doors

on his return home

sit at a desk

get lost

---

visit

## THE STORY OF HELEN KELLER—III

When Helen was ten years old, she began making sounds with her lips. She had heard of children like herself, who had learned to speak, and she wished to make the trial.

It was very difficult, for, you must remember, she could not hear her own voice; but the thought of the pleasure she would give her parents by speaking aloud, helped the brave little girl, and she tried until she succeeded.

How happy she was when she could call her father and mother by name!

Ever since her first visit North, Helen had said that, when she was old enough, she should like to go to college.

She always kept this thought in mind,

---

trial

remember

and worked away at her studies cheerfully and patiently.

She was very glad to know that her wish might be granted.

When fifteen years of age she left her southern home and went to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where she began preparing for college.

Miss Sullivan went with her to her classes, and spelled into her hand all that the professors taught.

The other girls in the school could see and hear, but Helen always tried to do her work as well as they.

After five years of faithful study, she passed her examinations successfully.

Soon after her twentieth birthday she entered Radcliffe College, and four years afterward was graduated with honours,



patiently

professor

Radcliffe

graduate

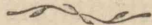
being the first deaf and blind girl to receive a college education.

During her life at Cambridge, she took long walks into the country, rode a bicycle, and rowed a boat, learning to guide the boat by the smell of the shore. She can also swim and dive.

To-day she is a happy, useful woman, beloved by all who know her.

*From The Blodgett Readers.*

call (one) by name    keep (something) in mind  
work away (at)    be graduated with honours




---

bicycle

guide

beloved

### WINDY NIGHTS

Whenever the moon and stars are set,

Whenever the wind is high,

All night long in the dark and wet,

A man goes riding by.

Late in the night when the fires are out,

Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,

And ships are tossed at sea,

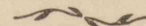
By, on the highway, low and loud,

By at the gallop goes he.

By at the gallop he goes, and then

By he comes back at the gallop again.

R L. STEVENSON.




---

gallop

toss

highway



## KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT-I

There was once a king of England whose name was John. He was a bad king; for he was harsh and cruel to his people, and so long as he could have his own way, he did not care what became of other folks. He was the worst king that England ever had.

Now, there was in the town of Canterbury a rich old abbot who lived in grand style in a great house called the Abbey. Every day a hundred noble men sat down with him to dine; and fifty brave knights, in fine velvet coats and gold chains, waited upon him at his table.

When King John heard of the way in which the abbot lived, he made up

abbot	harsh	Canterbury	style
	Abbey	knight	

his mind to put a stop to it. So he sent for the old man to come and see him.

"How now, my good abbot?" he said. "I hear that you keep a far better house than I. How dare you do such a thing? Don't you know that no man in the land ought to live better than the king? And I tell you that no man shall."

"O king!" said the abbot, "I beg to say that I am spending nothing but what is my own. I hope that you will not think ill of me for making things pleasant for my friends and the brave knights who are with me."

"Think ill of you?" said the king. "How can I help but think ill of you? All that there is in this broad land is mine by right; and how dare you to put me to shame by living in grander

*to take ill of (要る一解スル) 至ルル)*  
*to make things pleasant for (たれたれを楽しめし)*

style than I? One would think that you were trying to be king in my place."

"Oh, do not say so!" said the abbot.

"For I"—

"Not another word!" cried the king. "Your fault is plain, and unless you can answer me three questions, your head shall be cut off, and all your riches shall be mine."

"I will try to answer them, O king!" said the abbot.

"Well, then," said King John, "as I sit here with my crown of gold on my head, you must tell me to within a day just how long I shall live. Secondly, you must tell me how soon I shall ride round the whole world; and lastly, you shall tell me what I think."

"O king!" said the abbot, "these

---

riches

lastly

are deep, hard questions, and I cannot answer them just now. But if you will give me two weeks to think about them, I will do the best that I can."

"Two weeks you shall have," said the king; "but if then you fail to answer me, you shall lose your head, and all your lands shall be mine."

The abbot went away very sad and in great fear. He first rode to Oxford. Here was a great school, called a university, and he wanted to see if any of the wise professors could help him. But they shook their heads, and said that there was nothing about King John in any of their books.

Then the abbot rode down to Cambridge, where there was another university. But not one of the teachers in

---

Oxford

university

that great school could help him.

At last, sad and sorrowful, he rode toward home to bid his friends and his brave knights good-bye. For now he had not a week to live.

- |                              |                       |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| what becomes of              | (live) in grand style |
| wait upon (one)              | make up (one's) mind  |
| • put a stop to              | think ill of (one)    |
| • put (one) to shame         | to within a day       |
| • do the best that (one) can |                       |

Can help. --- 手伝はす

--- 手伝はす

I cannot help chiding all of you.

自分はお前を悉く叱るには手が足りない  
 手不足

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT-II

As the abbot was riding up the lane which led to his grand house, he met his shepherd going to the fields.

“Welcome home, good master!” cried the shepherd. “What news do you bring us from great King John?”

“Sad news, sad news,” said the abbot; and then he told him all that had happened.

“Cheer up, cheer up, good master,” said the shepherd. “Have you never yet heard that a fool may teach a wise man wit? I think I can help you out of your trouble.”

“You help me!” cried the abbot. “How? how?”

“Well,” answered the shepherd, “you know that everybody says that I look

lane

wit

just like you, and that I have sometimes been mistaken for you. So, lend me your servants and your horse and your gown, and I will go up to London and see the king. If nothing else can be done, I can at least die in your place."

"My good shepherd," said the abbot, "you are very; very kind; and I have a mind to let you try your plan. But if the worst comes to the worst, you shall not die for me. I will die for myself."

So the shepherd got ready to go at once. He dressed himself with great care. Over his shepherd's coat he threw the abbot's long gown, and he borrowed the abbot's cap and golden staff. When all was ready, no one in the world would have thought that he was not the great man himself. Then he mounted his horse,

gown

London

plan

mount

and with a great train of servants set out for London.

Of course the king did not know him.

"Welcome, Sir Abbot!" he said. "It is a good thing that you have come back. But, prompt as you are, if you fail to answer my three questions, you shall lose your head."

"I am ready to answer them, O king!" said the shepherd.

"Indeed, indeed!" said the king, and he laughed to himself. "Well, then, answer my first question: How long shall I live? Come, you must tell me to the very day."

"You shall live," said the shepherd, "until the day that you die, and not one day longer. And you shall die when you take your last breath, and not one moment before."

The king laughed.

train

Close as she is, she is kind to others.  
結核はかたしり 子に++とる 人々は 親に 敬む

I will call on you this evening.  
私は今夜にあなたに会いに来ます。  
夕方の晩にです。  
1. 牧師の言葉  
2. 牧師の言葉  
3. (A) 牧師の言葉  
4. 牧師の言葉

With as I am, I will to the feet.  
私は何があつても、いかに足踏はかたし  
... 敬む

"You are witty, I see," he said.  
 "But we will let that pass, and say that your answer is right. And now tell me how soon I may ride round the world."

"You must rise with the sun," said the shepherd, "and you must ride with the sun until it rises again the next morning. As soon as you do that, you will find that you have ridden round the world in twenty-four hours."

The king laughed again. "Indeed," he said, "I did not think that it could be done so soon. You are not only witty, but you are wise, and we will let this answer pass. And now comes my third and last question: What do I think?"

"That is an easy question," said the shepherd. "You think that I am the Abbot of Canterbury. But, to tell you the truth, I am only his poor shepherd,"

witty

pass



and I have come to beg your pardon for him and for me." And with that, he threw off his long gown.

The king laughed loud and long.

“A merry fellow you are,” said he,  
“and you shall be the Abbot of Canterbury in your master's place.”

“O king! that cannot be,” said the shepherd; “for I can neither read nor write.”

“Very well, then,” said the king, “I will give you something else to pay you for this merry joke. I will give you four pieces of silver every week as long as you live. And when you get home, you may tell the old abbot that you have brought him a free pardon from King John.”

*fundamental character of the state*  
cheer up be mistaken for.....  
if the worst comes to the worst  
set out for to the very day  
to tell you the truth

*dismounted horse (下馬ナ3)  
mounted horse (上馬ナ3)*

### THE TRAVELS OF TWO FROGS—I

In the good old days, long, long ago, there lived two frogs,—one in a well in Kioto, the other in a lotus pond at Osaka.

It is a proverb in Japan that “the frog in the well knows not the great ocean.” The Kioto frog had so often heard this sneer that he resolved to go abroad and see the world, and especially “the great ocean.”

“I'll see for myself,” said Mr. Frog, as he packed his wallet and wiped his spectacles, “what this great ocean is that they talk about. I don't believe it is half so deep as my well, where I can see the stars even in the daylight.”

Mr. Frog informed his family of his intentions. Mrs. Frog wept a great

lotus sneer resolve abroad spectacles  
believe inform family intention

*parents*

deal; but, drying her eyes with her paper handkerchief, she tied up a little box full of boiled rice and snails for his journey, wrapped a silk napkin around it, and putting his extra clothes in a bundle, slung it on his back. Tying it over his neck, he seized his staff and was ready to go.

“Good-bye,” cried he, as with a tear in his eye he walked away.

“Good-bye. Walk slowly,” croaked Mrs. Frog and the whole family of young Frogs in a chorus.

Old Mr. Frog, being now out of his well and on dry land, noticed that the other animals did not leap but walked. Not wishing to be laughed at, he likewise began briskly walking upright on his hind legs.

Now it happened that about this time

journey	wrap	bundle	croak
chorus	briskly	upright	hind

the frog of Osaka had become restless and displeased with his life on the edge of the lotus ditch.

“Alas, alas! this is a dull life,” said he. “If out of the mud can come the lovely lotus, why shouldn’t a frog become a man?”

“If my son should travel abroad, and see the world—go to Kioto, for instance—why shouldn’t he become as wise as anybody? I shall try it. I’ll send my son on a journey.”

in a chorus    send (one) on a journey

wrap 包む



restless

displeased





toes, propped each other up, rolled their goggle eyes, and looked steadily, as they supposed, on the places which they wished to see.

As every one knows, a frog's eyes are in front when he is down and at his back when he stands up. Long and steadily they gazed, until at last, their toes being tired, they came down again on all fours.

"I declare!" said the old frog, "Osaka looks just like Kioto; and, as for the great ocean, I don't see any. I don't believe there is any great ocean."

"For my part," said the youngster, "I am satisfied that it's all folly to go farther; for Kioto is as like Osaka as one grain of rice is like another."

Thereupon they congratulated them-

propped (<prop)    goggle    steadily    gaze  
declare    youngster    satisfied (<satisfy)  
thereupon    congratulate

selves on the lucky plan by which they had escaped so much weariness and danger, and, after exchanging many compliments, took leave of each other.

Dropping again into a frog's hop, they leaped back in half the time,—the one to his well and the other to his ditch.

There each told the story of the cities looking exactly alike. To this day the frog in the well of Kioto knows nothing about the great ocean, and does not believe in it, and the frog in the ditch of Osaka thinks all the world is exactly like his native city.

From The Jones Readers by Grades.

of importance    on all fours  
save (one)self or (one) the trouble of  
halfway between  
happy thought    as for    for my part  
congratulate (one)self or (one) on    take leave of

---

escape    exchange    compliments    exactly

## THE EARTHQUAKE AND THE GREAT WAVE

It was an autumn evening more than a hundred years ago. In a little village of Japan there was a great stir. The narrow streets were full of people who were getting ready for a merrymaking in the evening. Each was thinking how happy he should be in the gay throng.

The village was on the seashore. The waves breaking on the beach were only a few feet away. Above, on the high plain behind the village, an old man was watching from his house the merry crowd below.

Suddenly in the midst of the fun and laughter there came the shock of an earthquake. Japan is the land of earthquakes, and this was not enough to frighten any one.

stir merrymaking gay throng crowd  
laughter earthquake

to and for  
naive (おかしな)

The boys and girls ran up and down the streets as before. The old man could hear their gay, childish voices. He stood up and looked at the sea. The water was dark and acted strangely. It seemed to be moving against the wind. The sea was running away from the land. Below him, the people were wondering what that great ebb could mean. They were watching it from the beach.

The old man knew what it meant; he knew the danger that was coming. His one thought was to warn the people in the village.

"Bring me a torch! Make haste!" he called aloud to his servants. In the fields behind him lay his great crop of rice. It was piled up in stacks ready for the market. It was worth a fortune. The old man hurried out with his torch.

warn torch crop stack

In a moment the dry stalks were blazing. The big bell pealed from the temple.

Back from the beach, away from that strange sea, up the steep side of the cliff, came the people of the village. They were coming to try to save the crops of their rich neighbour.

"He is mad!" they said.

"Look!" shouted the old man at the top of his voice, as they reached the plain in safety.

They looked eastward through the twilight. At the edge of the horizon they saw a long, lean, dim line,—a line that thickened as they gazed. That line was the sea, rising up like a high wall, and coming more swiftly than a kite flies.

Then came a shock, heavier than thunder. The great swell struck the shore with a weight that sent a shudder

---

peal    horizon    dim    thicken    shudder

through the hills. There was a foam-burst like a blaze of sheet lightning.

When the people looked again, they saw a white horror of sea raging over the place of their homes. It drew back, roaring. Then it struck again, and again, and yet again. Once more it struck and ebbed; then it returned to its place.

On the plain no word was spoken. Of all the homes, only two straw roofs could be seen, tossing on the waves. Then the voice of the old man was heard, saying gently, "That is why I set fire to the rice."

He stood among them almost as poor as the poorest, for his wealth was gone;—but he had saved four hundred lives by the sacrifice.

LAFCADIO HEARN (*Adapted*).

get ready for    in the midst of  
crop of rice    set fire to

---

foam-burst    sheet    horror    sacrifice

## SOME WONDERFUL TREES

In this world there are some very strange flowering plants. In many parts of the world there are curious trees also, which are well worth learning about. Were we to take a journey into some foreign countries and observe the trees which grow in the great forests we should find very much that would be interesting and instructive. Some of these trees are wonderful on account of their size, shape, or beauty, and others because of the many uses to which their different parts may be put.

In some countries of South America there grows a large tree whose branches are so bare that it appears to be dead. But should we be near it very early some morning, we might see several of

flowering

curious

instructive

the people who live in the neighborhood coming to it with gourds and jars in their hands. They have come after some milk for their breakfast; for this dry looking tree is the cow tree. They cut notches in its trunk, and from these there flows a liquid which looks and tastes very much like milk. During a part of the year, these people depend upon the cow tree for a large share of their food.

To find one of the most useful of all trees, we must go to India or to some of the islands of the Pacific Ocean. Here there grows a tall tree with fifteen or twenty leaves at the top, and sometimes a cluster of nuts right under them. This is the cocoanut palm tree.

Should we ask one of the natives if the cocoanut palm is of any use, he

gourd  
Pacific Oceannotch  
clusterliquid  
cocoanutshare  
native

would tell us that he built his cabin of its wood, and thatched the roof with its leaves. He would show us his chairs and tables made of the same wood, and his dishes, which are the shells of the nuts.

Should we take dinner with him, he would give us cabbage from the tender tops of the tree, and pudding from the nuts. He would have wine from the flower stalk; and this wine soured would be vinegar, but boiled would be sugar. From the nut he obtains oil for use in his lamps and for cooking; this oil is used also for making soap and in dressing the hair.

From the leaves of the cocoanut palm tree is made a kind of thread which is woven into cloth; of them, also, are made paper, ropes, fans, combs, brushes,

---

cabin	thatch	sour (v.)	vinegar
obtain	woven (<weave)	comb	

mats, hats, and even fences. Do you wonder that the people of these countries think so highly of this tree?

In some parts of India, also, there grows a strange tree called the banyan or Indian fig. Its branches, after growing out from the trunk until they are nearly twenty feet long, bend downward and keep growing until they reach the ground. There they take root and put forth new branches, and at length the tree looks much like a tent with a green arching roof held up by many columns. Sometimes more than fifty trunks belong to the same tree, and from these grow thousands upon thousands of long branches.

One of the most wonderful of banyan trees is said to have three hundred and fifty trunks, each about the size of a common forest tree. Seven thousand

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fence	banyan	arching	column
-------	--------	---------	--------

people can sit together under the shadow of its branches. There are other banyan trees, almost as large, under which small armies have sometimes encamped or great public meetings have been held.

Sometimes a hermit makes his home under a banyan tree and spends his whole life beneath its branches. The tree shelters him from the heat of the sun and also from the rain and storms. The people bring him food. His wants are few and simple; and often he does not leave the place for many years. Imagine this strange man, dressed in a long white robe, sitting by a trunk of the great tree and eating his dinner off its leaves, which he uses as plates! Not a very useful kind of life, you would say.

Among the wonderful trees of the world none are more worthy of notice

---

encamp

hermit

than the big trees of California. They were discovered about forty years ago by a hunter named Dowd. He had wounded a bear, and was following its track through the forest, when he came in sight of these big trees. His surprise was so great that he forgot the bear and hurried back to the camp to tell his companions. They laughed at his story, but he persuaded them to go and see; they saw, and were as greatly surprised as himself.

There are ninety-two of these trees in a single grove. Some of them are more than three hundred feet in height and so large that many men might find shelter within their hollow trunks. For many thousands of years they have stood in their places, and they are now the largest trees in the world.

*From The Harper's Readers.*

---

California

companion

grove

height

be (well) worth learning    take a journey (into,  
 on account of    depend upon    be of some use  
                   think highly of    take root    put forth  
 thousands upon thousands    be worthy of notice

Should we be near it....., we might see.....  
 =If we **should** be near it....., we might see.....

Should we take dinner with him, he would  
 give us cabbage.....  
 =If we **should** take dinner with him, he would  
 give us cabbage.....

Had the ball **been** there, we should have  
 found it.  
 =If the ball **had been** there, we should have  
 found it.

Were I a bird I would fly round the world.  
 =If I **were** a bird I would fly round the world



### CORNELIA'S JEWELS

It was a bright morning in the old city of Rome many hundred years ago. In a vine-covered summer-house in a beautiful garden, two boys were standing. They were looking at their mother and her friend, who were walking among the flowers and trees.

“Did you ever see so handsome a lady as our mother’s friend?” asked the younger boy, holding his tall brother’s hand. “She looks like a queen.”

“Yet she is not so beautiful as our mother,” said the elder boy. “She has a fine dress, it is true; but her face is not so noble and kind. It is our mother who is like a queen.”

“That is true,” said the other. “There is no woman in Rome so much like a queen as our own dear mother.”

---

Cornelia    Rome    vine-covered    summer-house

Soon Cornelia, their mother, came down the walk to speak with them. She was simply dressed in a plain white robe. Her arms and feet were bare, as was the custom in those days; and no rings nor chains glittered about her hands and neck. For her only crown long braids of soft brown hair were coiled about her head; and a tender smile lit up her noble face as she looked into her son's proud eyes.

"Boys," she said, "I have something to tell you."

They bowed before her, as Roman lads were taught to do, and said, "What is it, mother?"

"You are to dine with us to-day, here in the garden; and then our friend is going to show us that wonderful casket of jewels which you have heard so much."

---

simply	robe	custom	crown	braid
	coil	Roman	casket	

The brothers looked shyly at their mother's friend. Was it possible that she had still other rings besides those on her fingers? Could she have other gems besides those which sparkled in the chains about her neck?

When the simple out-door meal was over, a servant brought the casket from the house. The lady opened it. Ah! how those jewels dazzled the eyes of the wondering boys! There were ropes of pearls, white as milk, and smooth as satin; heaps of shining rubies, red as the glowing coals; sapphires as blue as the sky of that summer day; and diamonds that flashed and sparkled like the sunlight.

The brothers looked at the gems.

"Ah!" whispered the younger; "if our mother could only have such beautiful things!"

---

shyly sparkle satin ruby sapphire whisper



At last, however, the casket was closed and carried carefully away.

“Is it true, Cornelia, that you have no jewels?” asked her friend. “Is it true, as I have heard it whispered, that you are poor?”

“No, I am not poor,” answered Cornelia, and as she spoke she drew her two boys to her side; “for here are my jewels. They are worth more than all your gems.”

I am sure that the boys never forgot their mother's pride and love and care; and in after years, when they had become great men in Rome, they often thought of this scene in the garden. And the world still likes to hear the story of Cornelia's jewels.

in those days

---

scene

## APPENDIX

### PHILEMON AND BAUCIS

On a certain hill in a far distant country there are two beautiful trees, a linden and an oak. At the foot of the hill there is an ugly marsh, and a little farther away there is a lake. A wonderful story is told about the trees and the lake.

A long, long time ago, Jupiter and Mercury were travelling through that country to see how the people lived and whether they were kind-hearted and brave and true as all people ought to be. The two travellers were dressed in coarse garb, and went from place to place on foot, and nobody guessed who they were.

Late one day they reached a thriving village in the midst of a beautiful plain. They were footsore and covered with dust, and no sooner had they entered the village than children and men began to hoot and throw stones at them.

They walked through the streets seeking some place of shelter for the night, but no one would show them the least kindness. Some of the people were so rude as to set dogs upon them, and they were finally driven out of the village.

As they walked sadly along in the deepening twilight they came to a humble thatched cottage by the side of the road. An old man whose name was Philemon was sitting by the door, and his wife Baucis was standing by his side. The house was a very poor one, but the two old people appeared to be contented and happy.

As soon as Philemon saw the travellers coming slowly up the hill, he ran out and greeted them with kindly words. "Come in, and rest yourselves," he said. "Come in, and my wife Baucis will give you some food, for I know that you are tired and hungry."

The strangers followed the old man into his hut. Philemon gave them seats just inside of the door, and Baucis hurried to prepare some food for them. The good woman raked out

the coals that lay among the ashes on the hearth; she laid some dry sticks upon them and soon had a blazing fire. Then she ran into the garden and gathered some fresh vegetables; she cut a slice of meat from the side of bacon that hung in the chimney corner; she filled the great dinner pot and swung it above the flames.

While the food was cooking, she drew out the little table and covered it with a snow-white cloth. On the bench where her guests were to sit, she placed a cushion filled with soft and fragrant seaweed. Then she placed on the table sweet-smelling herbs, and radishes, and cheese, and eggs cooked in the ashes.

When all was ready, the stew, smoking hot, was dipped from the kettle and served in coarse earthen dishes. Some milk was brought in a yellow pitcher; and apples and wild honey were added for dessert.

The guests sat down at the table, and the good old people stood behind them to see that all their wants were satisfied. When the milk was poured out, they were astonished to see

that the pitcher was still as full as ever.

"Wife," whispered Philemon, "these are no common men that have come to our poor house. They are Mighty Beings come down from above."

Then both fell upon their knees and begged pardon for the coarseness of the food and the rudeness of the table and the dishes. "They are the best that we have," they said. "Gladly would we give you something better, but we cannot."

Jupiter raised them to their feet and smiled upon them. "The richest man in all the land could not have done more than you have done for our comfort," said he. "But what shall we say for the people of the village who drove us from their doors and refused to give us shelter for the night?"

"I beg that you will not be too harsh with them," said Philemon. "They did not know who it was whom they treated so rudely."

"Nay," said Jupiter, "but people who show no acts of kindness to poor and needy strangers are not likely to have the right feelings toward even the Mighty Ones from whom they

receive all the good things of life. They shall be punished."

In the morning after the two noble guests had eaten their breakfast, they made ready to go on their way. "Walk with us to the stop of yonder hill," said Jupiter. Philemon and Baucis gladly obeyed.

When they had reached the top of the steep slope, Mercury bade them look around. To their great wonder they saw that the village had disappeared and that a broad lake had taken its place. No house had been left standing save their own humble cottage.

"My good friends," said Jupiter, "you shall be rewarded for your kindness to strangers. Is there not some favour that we can grant you?"

Then Philemon and Baucis both answered: "Let us finish our lives here where we have lived so long; and when the time comes for us to die, let us both pass from life together."

"You shall have your wish," said Jupiter.

Even while he spoke Philemon and Baucis saw a wonderful change come over their humble dwelling. Lofty columns took the place of the

corner posts, the thatch was changed to a gilded roof, and the doors were hung with ornaments of gold. The cottage was transformed into a beautiful temple.

For many years the two old people were the keepers of the temple. But one day as they were standing outside and looking up into the sky they felt themselves stiffen so they could not stir. They had hardly time to say, "Good-bye, dear Philemon," and "Good-bye, dear Baucis," when they were changed into two noble trees—he into an oak, and she into a linden.

Long, long ago, the temple fell in ruins and was forgotten; but the trees still stand side by side on the slope of the hill. When the wind rises, the poor people who pass that way hear the rustle of the leaves and see the branches caress each other; and they fancy that they hear the trees saying, "Dear Baucis!"  
Dear Philemon!"

From *The New McGuffey Readers*.



## INFANT JOY

"I have no name:

I am but two days old."

"What shall I call thee!"

"I happy am:

Joy is my name."

"Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!

Sweet joy but two days old!

Sweet joy I call thee.

Thou dost smile:

I sing the while—

Sweet joy befall thee!"

W. BLAKE.



## THE BLUE BIRD

The lake lay blue below the hill.  
 O'er it, as I looked, there flew  
 Across the waters, cold and still,  
 A bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,  
 The sky beneath me blue in blue.  
 A moment, ere the bird had passed,  
 It caught his image as he flew.

MARY E. COLERIDGE.



## LUCY GRAY

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray :  
 And, when I cross'd the wild,  
 I chanced to see at break of day  
 The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;  
 She dwelt on a wide moor,  
 —The sweetest thing that ever grew  
 Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
 The hare upon the green ;  
 But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
 Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night—  
 You to the town must go ;  
 And take a lantern, Child, to light  
 Your mother through the snow.”

“That, Father, will I gladly do :  
 'Tis scarcely afternoon—  
 The minster-clock has just struck two,  
 And yonder is the moon !”

At this the father raised his hook,  
 And snapp'd a faggot band ;  
 He plied his work ;—and Lucy took  
 The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :  
 With many a wanton stroke  
 Her feet disperse the powdery snow,  
 That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :  
 She wander'd up and down ;  
 And many a hill did Lucy climb :  
 But never reach'd the town.

The wretched parents all that night  
 Went shouting far and wide ;  
 But there was neither sound nor sight  
 To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood  
 That overlook'd the moor ;  
 And thence they saw the bridge of wood,  
 A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried  
 " In heaven we all shall meet !"  
 —When in the snow the mother spied  
 The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge  
 They track'd the footmarks small ;  
 And through the broken hawthorn hedge,  
 And by the long stone-wall :

And then an open field they cross'd :  
 The marks were still the same ;  
 They track'd them on, nor ever lost ;  
 And to the bridge they came.

They follow'd from the snowy bank  
 Those footmarks, one by one,  
 Into the middle of the plank ;  
 And further there were none !

—Yet some maintain that to this day  
 She is a living child ;  
 That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
 Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
 And never looks behind :  
 And sings a solitary song  
 That whistles in the wind.

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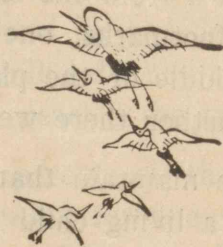
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