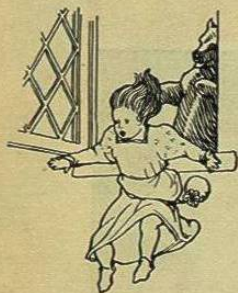


the great voice of the Great Huge Bear. But it was like the roar of wind or the rumble of thunder to her.

36. She had heard the voice of the Middle-sized Bear, too, but it was only as if she had heard some one speak in a dream.



She jumped out.

37. But the sharp, shrill voice of the Tiny Little Bear awoke her at once.

38. Up she started. When she saw the three bears close to the bed, she was much frightened. She ran to the window, which was open, and jumped out. Away she ran into the wood, and the three bears never saw her any more.

ROBERT SOUTHEY—ADAPTED

somebody anybody nobody

ā	ē	ī	ō
way	these	mind	door
wait	key	wild	bowl
great	dream	high	pour
eight	thief	cried	roar



"I see him jump before me."

fōol	dew	slēep'y-hēad	ār'rant
sōrt	nûrs'ie	in'di à-rüb'bēr	cow'ard
hēel	tal'ēr	fün'nī est	prōp'ēr
shāme	shōot	no'tion	

My Shadow

- I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.
- The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—

Not at all like proper children, which is
 always very slow;
 For he sometimes shoots up taller, like
 an india-rubber ball,
 And he sometimes gets so little that
 there's none of him at all.

3. He hasn't got a notion of how children
 ought to play,
 And can only make a fool of me in every
 sort of way.

He stays so close beside me, he's a
 coward you can see;
 I'd think shame to stick to nursie as
 that shadow sticks to me!

4. One morning, very early, before the sun
 was up,
 I rose and found the shining dew on
 every buttercup;
 But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant
 sleepy-head,
 Had stayed at home behind me and was
 fast asleep in bed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I wēb	squēze	nūm'bēr	çīr'cle
thrēad	hārd'en	joined	fāst'ened
bōd'ies	line	spōke	III dārt'ed
bāg	II strētched	spīn'ning	sāfe

The Garden Spider

I

1. Alfred likes to watch spiders. He has
 learned how they make their webs and catch
 flies. One day he was walking with his cousin
 Frank. They saw a
 spider just beginning
 to make its web, and
 they stopped to watch
 it.

2. "Why does a spi-
 der make a web?"
 asked Frank.

3. "So that flies may
 be caught in it," said
 Alfred. "The spider wants them for food."

4. "Where do spiders get the thread to
 make their webs?" asked Frank.

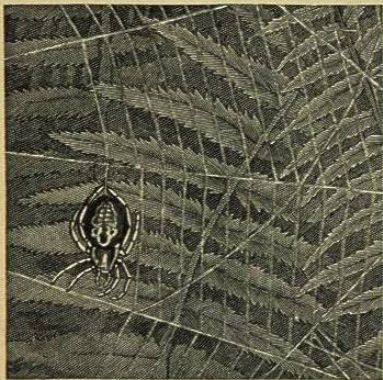
5. "They have little bags at the end of
 their bodies. These bags are full of some-



The boys stopped to watch it.

thing that looks like water, but is thicker. The spiders squeeze it out.

6. "As soon as it comes out into the air, it hardens and makes a little thread. The spiders put many of these threads together to make one strong line."



It went round and round.

7. While the boys were talking, they watched the spider. It was busy making its web.

8. First, it stretched some long threads from bough to bough. These were for the outside of its web.

9. Next, it made a number of other threads, which were joined to the outside threads. They met in the middle like the spokes of a wheel.

10. Then it went round and round the web, spinning all the time. It made a long thread which looked like many circles, one within another.

11. As it went, it fastened this thread to each of the spoke-like threads.

"It looks as if it were making the thread with its legs," said Frank.

12. "It uses its legs to put the thread in place," said Alfred. "Now the web is finished. The spider will hide and wait for a fly. Let us watch it."

III

13. Soon a fly came buzzing by and was caught in the web. The spider darted out and began to wrap fine threads around it.

14. These held it fast, so that it could not get away. Then the spider went away and waited for another fly.

15. "Why does it not eat the fly?" asked Frank.

"It is not hungry now," said Alfred.

16. Then Alfred told Frank more about spiders.

"The mother spider is larger than the father," he said. "The mother spider lays eggs in a little bag which she makes for them. She hides it away in a safe place."

17. "This spider which we have just been watching is called the garden spider. It likes to make its web in gardens. It will not harm us, but there are some spiders which would hurt us very much if they should bite us."

Use these words in sentences:

river	bridge	rainbow	earth
wasp	busy	paper	pick
bears	cool	porridge	taste
bowl	huge	breakfast	here

Copy the names of the days of the week:

Sunday Monday Tuesday
Wednesday Thursday Friday
Saturday

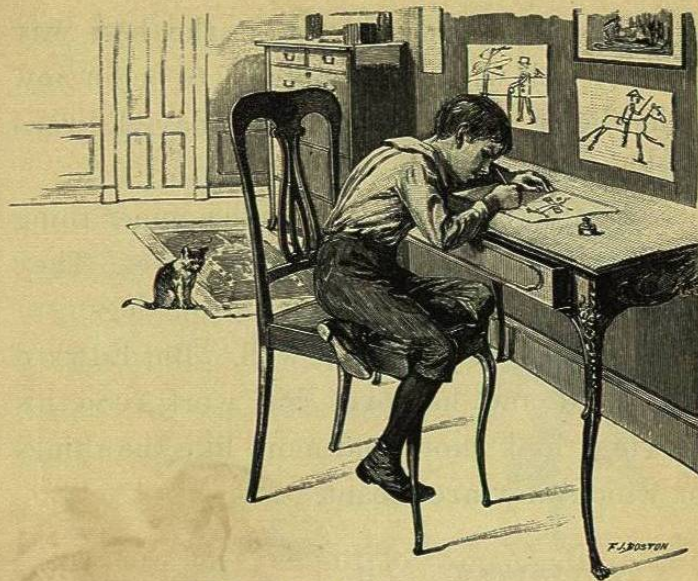
How many days are there in a week?

How many months are in a year?

Write the names of the four seasons.

Which one do you like best?

squeeze	straight	garden	number
squeak	stretch	harden	spider



Every day Edward works at his pictures.

cāne
 ĩnk
 move

Ĕd'ward
 bŭt'on
 yēs'tēr dāy

mēant
 ārt'ist
 ēas'ŷ

The Young Artist

I

1. Edward's father is an artist. He paints beautiful pictures. Edward says when he is a man he, too, will be an artist.

2. His father tells him that the best way to paint well when he is a man is to begin now while he is a boy. So every day Edward works at his pictures.

3. His pictures of horses have a queer thing about them. They are not like horses. They look more like large birds with four legs.

4. It is not easy to draw well. But Edward tries hard and he loves his work. So his drawings look more and more like the things for which they are meant.

II

5. Yesterday he made a large picture. It is of a man with a big cane in his hand, walking by the seaside. There are four buttons on his coat. Near him is a tree, and a ship is not far off.

6. To-day Edward finished a still larger picture. It had in it a windmill, ships, and a man and a woman.

7. It seemed to Edward that he could see the ships move over the water and the sails of the windmill turn.

8. "It is the best picture I have made," he said. "I will ask papa to come and see it."

9. He ran to call his father and left the kitten playing on the floor. While Edward was out of the room, the kitten jumped on the table and upset the ink.

10. When Edward came in with his father, he found his picture covered with ink.

He was very sorry, but he said, "I will draw another picture."

11. "Good, Edward!" said his father. "That is the way to become a true artist."



"It is the best picture I have made."

ANATOLE FRANCE—ADAPTED

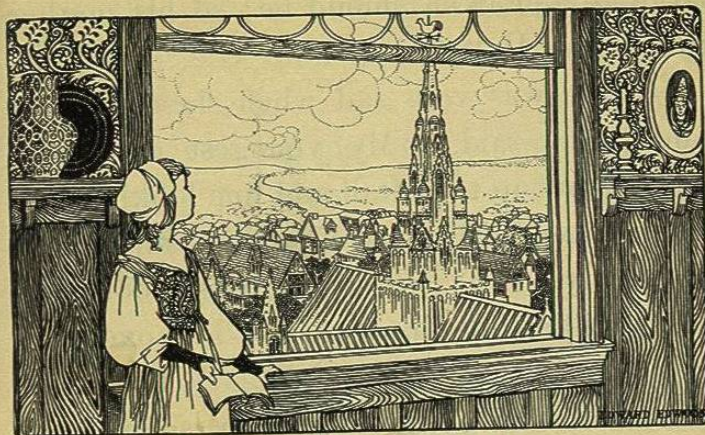
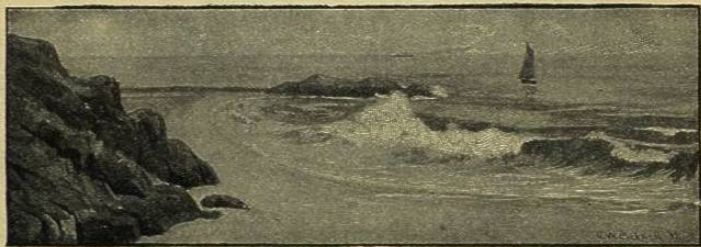
Copy and memorize:

'Tis a lesson you should heed:
 Try, try again;
 If at first you don't succeed
 Try, try again.

sănd	o'cean	mō'ment	mīght'ŷ
lănd	è tēr'nī tŷ	hŭm'ble	Ē'den

Little Things

1. Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.
2. And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.
3. Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.



There stands Half Chick to this day.

I	prè tēnd'	dŭll	in dēed'	v town
	Hălf Chĭck	pō lité'	bănk	pĭt'ŷ
II	worse	mĭnd	wăste	dŷ'ing
	bè cāmé'	ăn'swēr	flōw	rēad'ŷ
	rude	III frēe'lŷ	IV cōok	stēe'ple
	kĭck	trou'ble	brōth pōt	chŭrch
	păl'ăçe			

Half Chick

I

1. Once there was a hen which had ten chickens. Nine of them were fine little fellows.
2. But the youngest was not like his brothers and sisters. He was only half as

large as a chicken should be; so his mother called him Half Chick.

3. She was very sad when she looked at him. She said, "My youngest child can never grow up to be tall and fine looking like his brothers. They will go out and make their way in the world, but this poor little thing will always have to stay at home with me."

4. But Half Chick's mother soon found that he was not willing to stay at home under her wing.

5. He was as unlike his brothers and sisters in his ways as he was in his looks. They were good chickens. When their mother called them, they chirped and ran to her side.

6. But Half Chick would hop far away. When his mother called him home, he would pretend that he could not hear.

II

7. As he grew older, he became worse. He was often very rude to his mother and to the other chickens.

8. One day he went up to his mother with the queer little hop and kick which was his way of walking.

9. He cocked his eye at her and said, "Mother, I am tired of this dull life. I am off to the palace to see the king."

10. "To the palace, Half Chick!" said his mother. "Why, my dear, that would be a long way even for me to go. A poor little thing like you would be tired before you went half the way. Stay at home with me. Some day when you are bigger, we will take a nice long walk together."

11. But Half Chick had made up his mind to go, and he would not listen to his mother. So with a hop and a kick away he went.

12. "Be sure that you are kind and polite to everyone you meet," his mother called after him. But he was in such haste to be off that he did not stop to answer.

III

13. As he went through a field, he passed a stream. The stream was filled up with

weeds and water-plants, so that its water could not flow freely.

14. "O Half Chick," it cried, as Half Chick hopped along its banks, "do come and help me! Please take away these weeds that are so much in my way."

15. "Help you, indeed!" said Half Chick with a toss of his head. "Do you think I have nothing to do but to waste my time with you? Help yourself, and don't trouble me. I am off to the palace to see the king."

And with a hop and a kick on he went.

16. A little later he came to a fire, which some men had left in a wood. It was burning very low and would soon be out.

17. "O Half Chick," cried the fire as he came near, "in a little while I shall die if some one does not help me. Do give me some dry leaves and sticks."

18. "Help you, indeed!" said Half Chick. "I have other things to do. Get dry leaves and sticks for yourself, and don't trouble me. I am off to the palace to see the king." And with a hop and a kick on went Half Chick.

19. The next morning, as he was getting near the palace, he passed a big oak tree. The wind was caught in its branches.

20. "O Half Chick," cried the wind, "do hop up here and help me to get free from these branches. I cannot get away."

21. "Then you ought not to have gone there," said Half Chick. "I can't waste all my morning in helping you. Get yourself free the best way you can, and don't trouble me. I am off to the palace to see the king."

22. With a hop and a kick off went Half Chick faster than ever.

23. The king's palace was now in sight. Half Chick thought he would go to the door and wait there till the king came out.

24. But as he was hopping by one of the back windows, the king's cook saw him.

25. "Here is the very thing I want to make the king's broth," cried the cook. And he caught Half Chick by the leg and threw him into the broth pot.

26. Half Chick did not like this at all, and he cried, "Water, water! Have pity upon me. Do not wet me like this."

27. "Ah! Half Chick," said the water, "you would not help me when I was a little stream away in the field. Now I cannot help you."

28. Then the fire began to burn. Half Chick hopped from one side of the pot to the other, trying to get away from the heat.

29. "Fire, fire!" he cried. "Do not burn me like this. You don't know how it hurts."

30. "Half Chick," answered the fire, "you would not help me when I was dying in the wood. Now I cannot help you."

31. At last the cook came to see if the broth was ready for the king's dinner.

32. "Look here!" he cried. "This chicken is burnt up. It is not fit to eat." So he threw Half Chick out of the window.

33. The wind caught him and dashed him through the air so fast that he could hardly breathe.

34. "Oh! wind," he cried, "if you take me

along so fast you will kill me. Do let me rest a little while."

35. "Ah! Half Chick," said the wind, "when I was caught in the oak tree, you would not help me. Now I cannot help you."

36. And he carried Half Chick over the roofs of the houses till they came to the highest church in town.

37. Then he left him on the top of the steeple. And there stands Half Chick to this day.

—————
A SPANISH LEGEND

Find in this story a word that means *big*; one that means *small*.

What word means the opposite of *wet*; of *short*?

Write a sentence telling who asked Half Chick for help.

Make a drawing to show where Half Chick is now.

—————

*Politeness is to do or say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.*

fōam	ēž'thēr	cās'tle	pàst
for ěv'ēr	vāl'leŷ	à shōre'	därk

Where Go the Boats?

1. Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand,
It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand.
2. Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?
3. On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.
4. Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

a-floating

a-boating

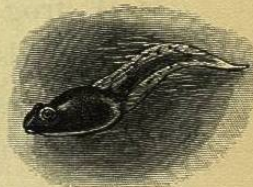
fish	jĕllŷ	bŭnch'ēs	crōak
jaw	flăt	tăd'pōle	frōnt
bēad	hīnd	băck'wardŝ	point'ing

Frogs

I

1. Children who walk in the country in the spring sometimes see frogs' eggs floating on the water in a ditch or pond. The eggs look very much like bunches of beads made of jelly.

2. After a while, tadpoles come from these eggs. Tadpoles are queer little water animals. They have big heads and long, flat tails. They swim about together and look like little fish.



A tadpole



A young frog

3. As the tadpole grows larger, he changes. His legs begin to grow, and his tail becomes shorter and shorter till there is no tail at all. Then he is no longer a tadpole; he has become a young frog.

4. He cannot live in the water any longer,

so he crawls out of the pond and makes his home in the wet grass. But he often goes back into the water for a swim.

II

5. The frog's hind legs are long and strong. Each of the hind feet has five toes, which are joined by a web like that of a duck's foot. It is by means of these webbed feet that a frog swims.

6. A frog feeds on flies, ants, spiders, worms, snails, and such things. He even eats bees and wasps. Their stings do not seem to hurt him at all.

7. A frog has a wide mouth and a long tongue. His tongue is joined to the jaw in front and not at the back as our tongues are.



Catching a fly

8. So it lies in the mouth pointing backwards. This is the way it looks when the frog darts it out to catch a fly.

9. All summer a frog feeds on insects, but in winter he cannot get these to eat.

10. What do you think he does then? He

finds a hole in the earth and buries himself there.

11. Then, like the snail, he sleeps all winter. In the spring when the sun shines warm and bright, he creeps out of his hole. We hear his "croak, croak," as he hops about the meadows.

Write answers to these questions:

What is a tadpole?

What can you tell about a frog's hind legs?

What have you learned in this lesson about a frog's tongue?

What do frogs do in winter?

Use these words in sentences:

drops

grains

ocean

land

paint

artist

picture

mill

grow

proper

shadow

early

toy

coin

look

moon

joy

join

foot

soon

1 *knōwn* à *līve'* īn *stēad'* ī *lōne'ly*
 mīss *Pīc'cō* *là* *lēath'ēr* *gīft*
 guēss īī *stōck'ing* *wōō'd'en* *hăp'pī nēss*
 Săn'tă Claus

Piccola

I

1. Piccola was a little girl who lived far across the sea. Her father was dead and her mother had to work very hard to buy food.

2. But little Piccola was as happy as the day is long. In summer she ran about in the fields and looked for flowers and berries. In winter when snow was on the ground, she had to stay indoors.



Piccola

3. She had no brothers nor sisters to play with her, and no toys nor picture books such as you have. But she had never known what it was to have play-things, and she did not miss them.

4. You could never guess what she had for a doll. It was a stick of wood! She made a dress for it and talked to it and petted it.

5. "If only you were alive, my baby," she said, "how nice it would be! Still, it is good to have you to talk to these long winter days. Winter would be a bad time if it were not for Christmas. How I wish it were Christmas now! I wonder what I shall find in my shoe!"

II

6. Where Piccola lived the children do not hang up their stockings. Instead, they put out their shoes for Santa Claus to fill.

7. And very queer shoes they are. They are not leather shoes like yours. They are made of wood and are hard and heavy.

8. How would you like to wear wooden shoes? Piccola liked it very well, for she had never seen any other kind.

9. As Christmas drew near, she often said to her mother, "I do wonder what I shall find in my shoe!"

10. Her mother looked sad when Piccola said this.

11. "You must not expect anything this year, my dear," she said. "It is a hard