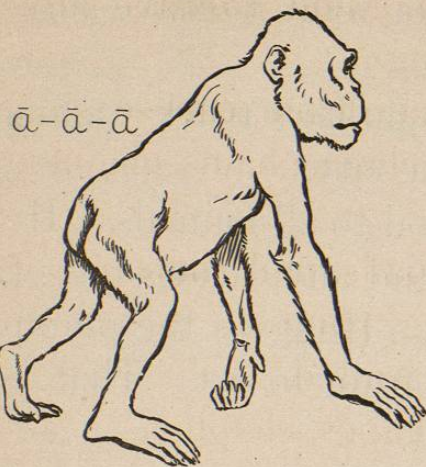


THIRTY-SECOND AND THIRTY-THIRD WEEKS' DRILL.

NEW VOWEL SOUND.



ā-ā-ā

(Use first sound in A-pe.)

ā

ITS FAMILY.

ade	ale	ail
aid	ame	ain
ake	aim	aint
age	ane	ait
ay	ave	ape

NEW BLEND WORDS.

wade, wades, wading, waded, shade, shades, shading, shaded, made, spade, spades, spading, spaded.

laid, maid, maids, braid, braids, braiding, braided, raid, laid.

sake, rake, rakes, raking, lake, lakes, snake, snakes, stake, stakes, staking, flake, flakes.

rage, raging, cage, gage, stage.

tale, tales, hale, bale, bales, baling, vale, vales, whale, whales, stale.

same, name, names, naming, lame, shame, shames, shaming, came, game, games.

claim, claims, claiming.

lane, lanes, vane, vanes, cane, canes.

pain, pains, paining, chain, chains, chaining, grain.

ail, ails, ailing, pail, pails, nail, nails.

paint, paints, painting, painted.

wait, waits, waiting, waited.

cape, capes, shape, shapes, shaping.

say, saying, ray, rays, gay, stay, stays, staying, tray, trays.

gray, spray, sprays, spraying, lay, lays, laying, pay, pays, paying.

wave, waves, waving, cave, caves, caving, gave, brave, braves, braving.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

If a task is once begun,  
 Never leave it till it's done;  
 Be the labor great or small,  
 Do it well or not at all.







The boys like to be on hand at lunch time. They will make a raid on the "good things."

After lunch they will have their games. The boys and girls are as gay as larks. They are having a good time at the lake.

HOW HAY IS MADE FROM GRASS.

Fred, where are you going this morning?

Grace, I am going to the hayfield to help the men rake hay.

I would like to go with you if you will only let me.

Grace, you may go and sit in the shade and look at us.

Is this a good day to make hay, Fred?

Yes, it is, for the wind is blowing from the west. You can tell that by the vane on the barn. You cannot make hay when it is raining. You cannot make hay when the snowflakes are falling. It must be a clear day like to-day.



This is a leaf of grass in my hand. It is very green. Lay this leaf of grass in the sun for a day. Then it will not look green and pretty. The sun's rays will soon dry it.

First, the men cut the tall grass. Then they let it dry on the ground. Then in a day or two, when it is dry, they rake it.

They rake it with a big hayrake into long windrows. From these windrows the hay is put on wagons and taken to the barn. Sometimes, instead of taking the hay to the



barn, it is put into haystacks in the field. The cows, the sheep, and the horse will want hay to eat when winter comes.

Some of the hay is made into bales. It is then in shape to ship to the market to sell.

Does it pay, Fred, to make hay?

Yes, it does. Sometimes hay brings a good price.

The men are now raking the hay. I must run and help them. You may sit under this old plum tree. The plums that grow on this tree are green. We call them the green gage plum.

Fred, I will stay under this tree and wait for you.

---

BE KIND TO THE BIRDS.

One day the milkmaid was coming down the lane. She was driving the cows to the barn. She was very happy. She was singing a gay song. Ned Brown was waiting for her.

He had a bird in a cage. The bird was

hanging its head and did not sing. It was not happy and could not sing. We do not sing when we are not happy.

When the milkmaid saw the bird she said, "Shame on you, Ned Brown. You are a bad boy to keep that bird in a cage."

That made Ned fly into a rage. Good boys do not fly into a rage. Ned did not look like the same boy. "I will not let the bird go," he said. "I have a claim on this bird. It was in my trap in the grainfield. The birds eat our grain. I shall keep this bird."

Then the milkmaid said, "I will pay you a good price for it."

"What will you do with the bird?" said Ned.

"I will let it fly to its nest in the tree. It pains me to see that little bird in a cage. It wants to be happy and sing all day long. Do you not want to be happy? Do you not like to go from place to place? The little birds like to fly from tree to tree. I like to hear them singing their happy songs.





Painting by M. Laux.  
86

BE KIND TO THE BIRDS.

“Would you like to have a strong man place you in a cage? Would you sing if you were in a cage?”

“Think of this little bird. Think of the little baby birds waiting for their mother. Would you be happy if you could not see your mother?”

“God made the birds to sing and to be happy. He it is who makes your grain grow. He it is who gives us everything.”

“Let us give the little birds some of the grain that God made to grow.”

Then Ned hung his head in shame. He said, “I thank you for what you have told me. I will be kind to all animals, big or little. I will let this bird go. I will let no harm come to the birds. I will not let any boy harm them.”

---

TO BE MEMORIZED.

Be you to others kind and true  
As you'd have others be to you.



DAN'S PET SQUIRRELS.

I will tell you about Dan's pet squirrels. They do not live in a cage. Their house is in a big chestnut tree.



They can run up a tree like a cat. They like to spring from tree to tree and from branch to branch.

Some squirrels are red, some are black; but Dan's pets are gray.

They like to eat nuts and corn. Sometimes they eat the bark of trees. Every morning Dan waits for his pets to come out. One morning

he saw five little squirrels come out of the house. The mother squirrel was with them. They were going to get some nuts for the winter. Then when the snow comes they will have something to eat.

One day in the fall Dan had some trays of nuts drying in the sun. When he came back to get his nuts he did not find any. He did not know what to say. He was thinking that some one had been playing a trick on him.

Then he saw his pets looking at him from their home in the tree. They were so very happy. They had a good stock of nuts for the winter. Dan said, "You may have the nuts. I can do without them."

---

heard      brook      Mary

THE BROOK.

"Stop, stop, pretty water!"  
Said Mary one day,  
To a bright, happy brook  
That was running away.

"You run on so fast!  
I wish you would stay;  
My boat and my flowers  
You will carry away.



“But I will run after:  
 Mother says that I may;  
 For I would know where  
 You are running away.”

So Mary ran on;  
 But I have heard say,  
 That she never could find  
 Where the brook ran away.

A QUESTION LESSON.

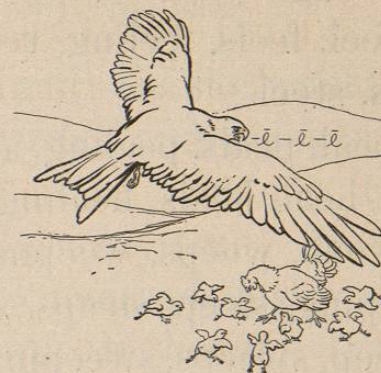
How is hay made from grass?  
 Why do ducks have flat bills?  
 What seeds do oaks bear?  
 Who gives us the fruit, the birds, and the  
 flowers?  
 What should we do on Thanksgiving Day?  
 What do we call the stem of a tree?  
 What do squirrels like to eat?  
 Why is the oak the king of all trees?  
 Why did Mary run after the brook?

THIRTY-FOURTH AND THIRTY-FIFTH WEEKS' DRILL.

NEW VOWEL SOUND.

ē

eed	eer	eap
ead	eet	eek
ere	eel	eak
een	eal	eam
ean	eep	eese



NEW BLEND WORDS.

reed, reeds, heed, heeds, heeding, weed,  
 weeds, weeding, weeded, deed, deeds, deed-  
 ing, deeded, indeed, bleed, bleeds, bleeding,  
 speed, speeds, speeding, tweed, tweeds, feed,  
 feeds, feeding, need, needs, needing.  
 bead, beads, plead, pleads, pleading, pleaded.  
 here, mere.  
 seen, keen.  
 mean, means, meaning, lean, leans, lean-  
 ing, bean, beans.  
 deer, jeer, jeers, jeering, cheer, cheers,  
 cheering, steer, steers, steering, peer, peering.



feet, fleet, fleeting, sweet, meet, meets, meeting.

feel, feels, feeling, reel, reels, reeling, eel, eels, steel.

peal, peals, pealing, appeal, appeals, appealing, heal, heals, healing, meal, meals.

weep, weeps, weeping, deep, keep, keeps, keeping, sleep, sleeps, sleeping, asleep, steep, sweep, sweeps, sweeping, creep, creeps, creeping, peep, peeps, peeping.

geese.

leap, leaps, leaping.

seek, seeks, seeking, cheek, cheeks, creek, creeks.

leak, leaks, leaking, sneak, sneaks, sneaking, speak, speaks, speaking.

beam, beams, beaming.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

Little children, you should seek  
Rather to be good than wise;  
For the thoughts you do not speak  
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

THIRTY-FOURTH AND THIRTY-FIFTH WEEKS' READING.

LITTLE EDITH AND THE BEES.

One morning a little girl said she would go into the garden and pluck some flowers. She wanted them for her playmate. He was sick and had to stay shut up in the house. It was a spring morning.



“Frank shall have the best flowers in the garden,” said Edith. Then she ran out of the house with her little basket.

On the way to the garden she made a stop at the park. She wanted to look at the tame deer that was feeding on the grass near the gate. This fleet animal at one time was wild.



Then he would sweep over the hills and leap from crag to crag. He could go with the speed of a railway train.

Edith went into the garden, stopping here and there to look at the plants and flowers. Her little face was like a sunbeam. As she was looking at the plants she said to herself, "I would like to make dear Frank happy." Then she sat down to rest by the deep tank. Two little birds came and sat in a tree near by. They were seeking their morning meal. They had come to feed on the bees and flies flitting around.

Having eaten their meal, they sat and sung their sweet song of cheer. Soon they were on the wing, and away they went.

When the birds had flown, little Edith saw a very pretty flower. "How sweet you are," she said; and, running to the plant, she took hold of the flower. Then from out of the flower came a small bee and stung her on the cheek. The little girl ran weeping. She went to her father, who was in another part

of the garden. He was weeding the flower beds. Looking at Edith, he said, "A bee has stung you." He took out the sting and told his little girl to weep no more. He said that he would tell her many things about the bees.

"If you will stop weeping, I will take you to see a man who keeps many bees."

"I thank you," said Edith. "I will be glad to go with you."

The man who had the bees was very happy to let little Edith see them. He told her all he could about them. He took her to the bee house.

In one of the little bee homes the bees could be seen.

"That large bee is the mother bee. She looks out for all the others. She does not often sting. The little bees go about the fields for honey and wax. They flit from

