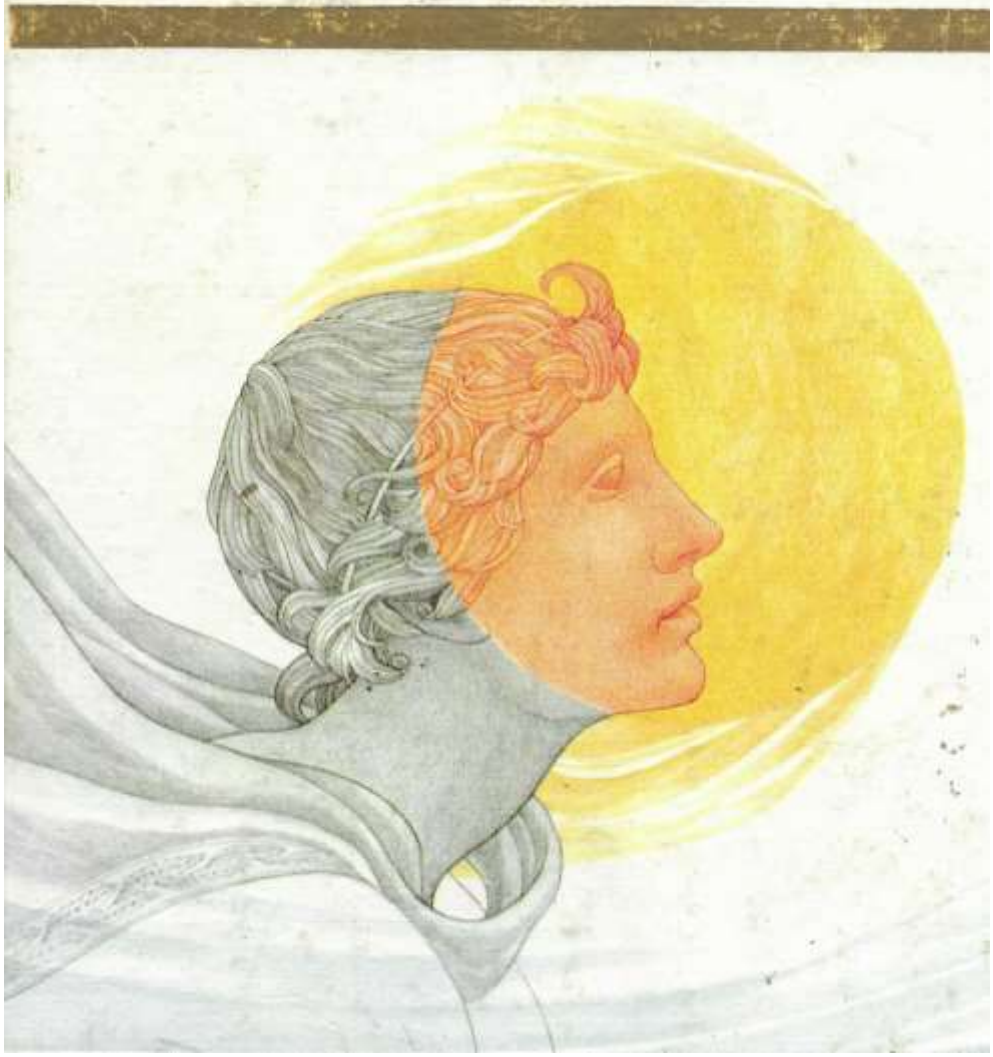
What Joy Awaits You

The RISE Program



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PART ONE

Legends, Fables, and Folk Tales

Oh, for a book and a shady nook,
  either in-a-door or out;
With the green leaves whispering overhead,
  or the street cries all about.
Where I may read all at my ease,
  both of the New and Old;
For a jolly good book whereon to look,
  is better to me than gold.

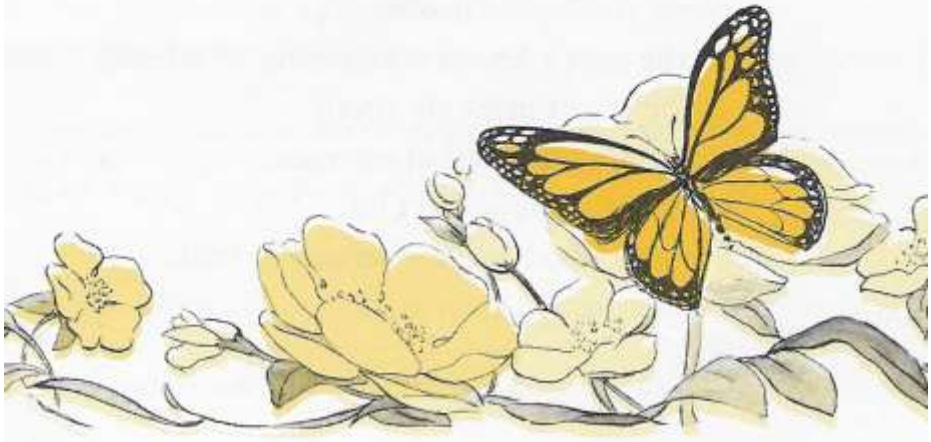
John Wilson

To a Butterfly

William Wordsworth

I've watched you now a full half hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little butterfly, indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless! — not frozen seas
More motionless! and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard ground is ours;
My trees they are, my sister's flowers;
Here rest your wings when they are weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us, on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song;
And summer days when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.



Gone Is Gone

Wanda Gág

This is an old, old story which my grandmother told me when I was a little girl. When she was a little girl, her grandfather had told it to her, and when he was a little peasant boy in Bohemia, his mother had told it to him. And where she heard it, I don't know, but you can see it is an old, old story, and here it is, the way my grandmother used to tell it.

This man, his name was Fritzl—his wife, her name was Liesi. They had a little baby, Kinndli by name, and Spitz who was a dog.

They had one cow, two goats, three pigs, and of geese they had a dozen. That's what they had.

They lived on a patch of land, and that's where they worked.

Fritzl had to plow the ground, sow the seeds, and hoe the weeds. He had to cut the hay and rake it too and stack it up in bunches in the sun. The man worked hard, you see, from day to day.

Liesi had the house to clean, the soup to cook, the butter to churn, the barn yard, and the baby to care for. She, too, worked hard each day as you can plainly see.

They both worked hard, but Fritzl always thought that he worked harder. Evenings when he came home from the field, he sat down, mopped his face with his big red handkerchief, and said, "Hu! How hot it was in the sun today, and how hard I did work. Little do you know, Liesi, what a man's work is like; little do you know! *Your* work now, 'tis nothing at all."

" 'Tis none too easy," said Liesi.

"None too easy!" cried Fritzl. "All you do is to putter and potter around the house a bit—surely there's nothing hard about such things."

"Nay, if you think so," said Liesi, "we'll take it turn and turn about tomorrow. I will do your work, you can do mine. I will go out in the fields and cut the hay; you can stay here at home and putter and potter around. You wish to try it—yes?"

Fritzl thought he would like that well enough—to lie on the grass and keep an eye on his Kinndli-girl, to sit in the cool shade and churn, to fry a bit of sausage and cook a little soup. Ho! that would be easy! Yes, yes, he'd try it.

Well, Liesi lost no time the next morning. There she was at peep of day, striding out across the fields with a jug of water in her hand and the scythe over her shoulder.

And Fritzl, where was he? He was in the kitchen, frying a string of juicy sausages for his breakfast. There he sat, holding the pan over the fire, and the sausage was sizzling and frizzling in the pan. Fritzl was lost in pleasant thoughts.

"A mug of cider now," that's what he was thinking. "A mug of apple cider with my sausage—that would be just the thing."

No sooner thought than done.

Fritzl set the pan on the edge of the fireplace and went down into the cellar

where there was a big barrel full of cider. He pulled the bung from the barrel and watched the cider spurt into his mug, sparkling and foaming so that it was a joy to see.

But hulla! What was that noise up in the kitchen—such a scuffle and clatter! Could it be that Spitz-dog after the sausages? Yes, that's what it was, and when Fritzl reached the top of the stairs, there he was, that dog, dashing out of the kitchen door with the string of juicy sausages flying after him.

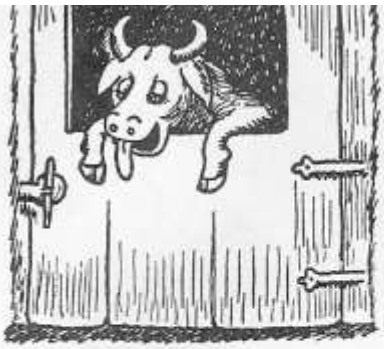
Fritzl made for him, crying, "Hulla! Hulla! Hey, hi, ho, hulla!" But the dog wouldn't stop. Fritzl ran, Spitz ran too. Fritzl ran fast, Spitz ran faster, and the end of it was that the dog got away and our Fritzl had to give up the chase.

"Na, na! What's gone is gone," said Fritzl, shrugging his shoulders. And so he turned back, puffing and panting, and mopping his face with his handkerchief.

But the cider, now! Had he put the bung back in the barrel? No, that he hadn't, for here he was still holding the bung in his fist.

With fast big steps Fritzl hurried home, but it was too late, for look! the cider had filled the mug and had run all over the cellar besides.

Fritzl looked at the cellar full of cider. Then he scratched his head and said, "Na, na! What's gone is gone."



Well, now it was high time to churn the butter. Fritzl filled the churn with good rich cream, took it under a tree, and began to churn with all his might. His little Kinndli was out there too, playing Moo-cow among the daisies. The sky was blue, the sun right gay and golden, and the flowers, they were like angels' eyes blinking in the grass.

"This is pleasant now," thought Fritzl, as he churned away. "At last I can rest my weary legs. But wait! What about the cow? I've forgotten all about her, and she hasn't had a drop of water all morning, poor thing."

With big fast steps Fritzl ran to the barn, carrying a bucket of cool fresh water for the cow. And high time it was, I can tell you, for the poor creature's tongue was hanging out of her mouth with the long thirst that was in her. She was hungry too, as a man could well see by the looks of her, so Fritzl took her from the barn and started off with her to the green grassy meadow.

But wait! There was that Kinndli to think of—she would surely get into trouble if he went out to the meadow. No, better not take the cow to the meadow at all. Better keep her nearby on the roof. The roof? Yes, the roof! Fritzl's house was not covered with shingles or tin or tile—it was covered with moss and sod, and a fine crop of grass and flowers grew there.

To take the cow up on the roof was not so hard as you might think, either. Fritzl's house was built into the side of a hill. Up the little hill, over a little shed, and from there to the green grassy roof. That was all there was to do, and it was soon done.

The cow liked it right well up there on the roof and was soon munching away with a will, so Fritzl hurried back to his churning.

But hulla! Hui! What did he see there under the tree? Kinndli was climbing up on the churn—the churn was tipping! spilling! falling! and now, there on the grass lay Kinndli, all covered with half-churned cream and butter.

"So that's the end of our butter," said Fritzl, and blinked and blinked his blue eyes. Then he shrugged his shoulders and said, "Na, na! What's gone is gone."

He picked up his dripping Kinndli and set her in the sun to dry. But the sun, now! It had climbed high up into the heavens. Noontime it was, no dinner made, and Liesi would soon be home for a bite to eat.

With big fast steps Fritzl hurried off to the garden. He gathered potatoes and onions, carrots and cabbages, beets and beans, turnips, parsley and celery.

"A little of everything, that will make a good soup," said Fritzl as he went back to the house, his arms so full of vegetables that he could not even close the garden gate behind him.

He sat on a bench in the kitchen and began cutting and paring away. How the man did work, and how the peelings and parings did fly!

But now there was a great noise above him. Fritzl jumped to his feet.

"That cow," he said, "she's sliding around right much up there on the roof. She might slip off and break her neck."

Up on the roof went Fritzl once more, this time with loops of heavy rope. Now listen carefully, and I will tell you what he did with it. He took one end of the rope and tied it around the cow's middle. The other end of the rope he dropped down the chimney, and this he pulled through the fireplace in the kitchen below.

And then? And then he took the end of the rope which was hanging out of the fireplace and tied it around his own middle with a good tight knot. That's what he did.

"Oh yo! Oh ho!" he chuckled. "That will keep the cow from falling off the roof." And he began to whistle as he went on with his work.

He heaped some sticks on the fireplace and set a big kettle of water over it.

"Na, na!" he said. "Things are going as they should at last, and we'll soon have a good big soup! Now I'll put the vegetables in the kettle—" And that he did.

"And now I'll put in the bacon—"

And that he did too.

"And now I'll light the fire—"

But that he never did, for just then, with a bump and a thump, the cow slipped over the edge of the roof after all; and Fritzl—well, he was whisked up into the chimney, and there he dangled, poor man, and couldn't get up and couldn't get down.

Before long, there came Liesi home from the fields with the water jug in her hand and the scythe over her shoulder.

But hulla! Hui! what was that hanging over the edge of the roof? The cow? Yes, the cow, and half-choked she was too, with her eyes bulging and her tongue hanging out.

Liesi lost no time. She took her scythe —and ritsch! rotsch!—the rope was cut, and there was the cow wobbling on her four legs, but alive and well, heaven be praised!

Now Liesi saw the garden with its gate wide open. There were the pigs and the goats and all the geese too. They were full to bursting, but the garden, alas! was empty.

Liesi walked on, and now what did she see? The churn upturned, and Kinndli there in the sun, stiff and sticky with dried cream and butter.

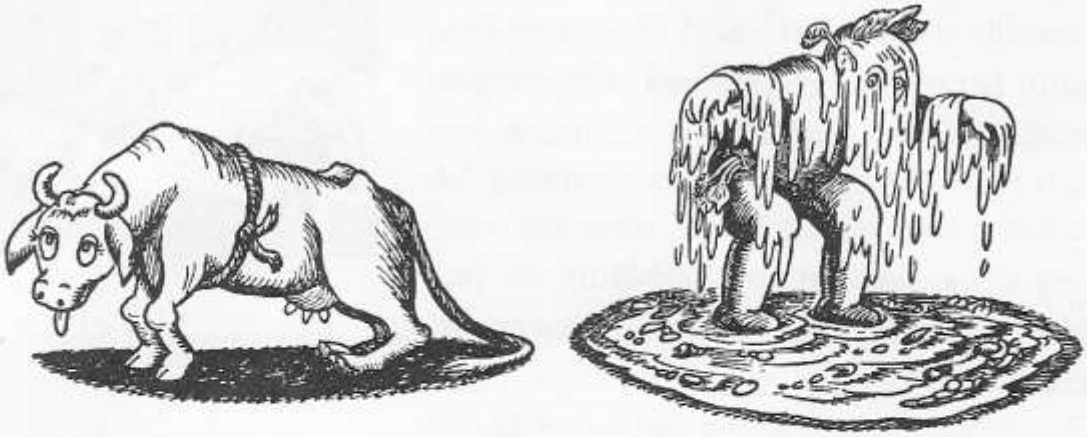
Liesi hurried on. There was Spitz-dog on the grass. He was full of sausages and looked none too well.

Liesi looked in the cellar. There was the cider all over the floor and halfway up the stairs besides.

Liesi looked in the kitchen. The floor! It was piled high with peelings and parings and littered with dishes and pans.

At last Liesi saw the fireplace. Hu! Hulla! Hui! What was that in the soup-kettle?

Two arms were waving, two legs were kicking, and a gurgle, bubbly and weak-like, was coming up out of the water.



"Na, na! What can this mean?" cried Liesi. She did not know (but we do—yes?) that when she saved the cow outside, something happened to Fritzl inside. Yes, yes, as soon as the cow's rope was cut, Fritzl, poor man, he dropped down the chimney and crash! splash! fell right into the kettle of soup in the fireplace.

Liesi lost no time. She pulled at the two arms and tugged at the two legs—and there, dripping and spluttering, with a cabbage-leaf in his hair, celery in his pocket, and a sprig of parsley over one ear, was her Fritzl.

"Na, na, my man!" said Liesi. "Is that the way you keep house—yes?"

"Oh Liesi, Liesi!" sputtered Fritzl. "You're right—that work of yours, 'tis none too easy."

" 'Tis a little hard at first," said Liesi, "but tomorrow, maybe, you'll do better."

"Nay, nay!" cried Fritzl. "What's gone is gone, and so is my housework from this day on. Please, please, my Liesi—let me go back to my work in the fields, and never more will I say that my work is harder than yours."

"Well then," said Liesi, "if that's how it is, we surely can live in peace and happiness for ever and ever."

And that they did.

WORDS TO WATCH

peasant	Spitz	scuffle	chuckled
Bohemia	churn	sod	dangled
Fritzl	striding	shrugging	littered
Liesi	scythe	paring	gurgle
Kinndli	bung		

QUESTIONS

1. Why did Liesi agree to work in the fields and let Fritzl work at home?
2. Why did Fritzl tie a rope around his waist?
3. How many problems did Liesi find when she got home?
4. Would your father do better than Fritzl if he did your mother's housework? Why or why not?

The King and the Shirt

Leo Tolstoy

A king once fell ill.

"I will give half my kingdom to the man who can cure me," he said.

All his wise men gathered to decide how the king could be cured. But no one knew. Only one of the wise men said what he thought would cure the king.

"If you can find a happy man, take his shirt, put it on the king—and the king will be cured."

The king sent his emissaries to search for a happy man. They traveled far and wide throughout his kingdom, but they could not find a happy man. There was no one who was completely satisfied: if a man was rich, he was ailing; if he was healthy, he was poor; if he was rich and healthy, he had a bad wife; or if he had children, they were bad—everyone had something to complain of.

Finally, late one night, the king's son was passing by a poor little hut and he heard someone say,

"Now, God be praised, I have finished my work, I have eaten my fill, and I can lie down and sleep! What more could I want?"

The king's son rejoiced and gave orders that the man's shirt be taken and carried to the king and that the man be given as much money as he wanted.

The emissaries went in to take off the man's shirt, but the happy man was so poor that he had no shirt.

QUESTIONS

1. Why was it so hard to find a happy man?
2. When a happy man was found, why was he unable to cure the ailing king?
3. What makes *you* happy?

How to Fool a Cat

Japanese Folk Tale

Once upon a time there was a rich lord who liked to collect carvings of animals. He had many kinds, but he had no carved mouse. So he called two skilled carvers to him and said,

"I want each of you to carve a mouse for me. I want them to be so lifelike that my cat will think they're real mice and pounce on them. We'll put them down together and see which mouse the cat pounces on first. To the carver of that mouse I shall give this bag of gold."

So the two carvers went back to their homes and set to work. After a time they came back. One had carved a wonderful mouse out of wood. It was done so well that it looked exactly like a mouse. The other, however, had done very badly. He had used some material that flaked and looked funny; it didn't look like a mouse at all.

"What's this?" said the lord. "This wooden mouse is a marvelous piece of carving, but this other mouse—if it is indeed supposed to be a mouse—wouldn't fool anyone, let alone a cat."

"Let the cat be brought in," said the second carver. "The cat can decide which is the better mouse."

The lord thought this was rather silly, but he ordered the cat to be brought in. No sooner had it come into the room than it pounced upon the badly carved mouse and paid no attention at all to the one that was carved so well.

There was nothing for the lord to do but give the gold to the unskillful carver, but as he did so he said, "Well, now that you have the gold, tell me how you did it?"

"It was easy, my lord," said the man. "I didn't carve my mouse from wood. I carved it from dried fish. That's why the cat pounced upon it so swiftly."

When the lord heard how the cat and everyone else had been fooled, he could not help laughing, and soon everyone in the entire court was holding his sides with laughter.

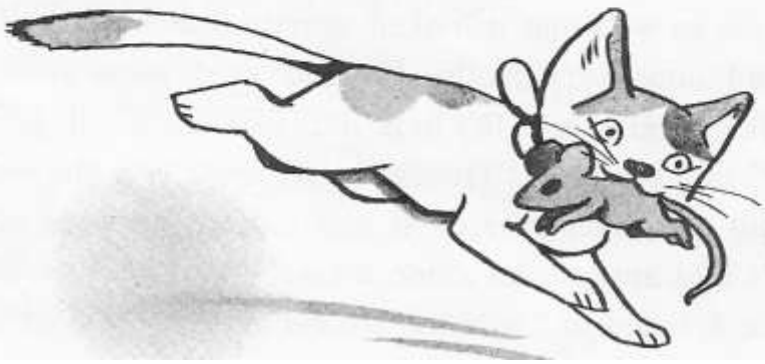
"Well," said the lord finally, "then I'll have to give two bags of gold. One to the workman who carved so well, and one to you who carved so cleverly. I'll keep the wooden mouse, and we'll let the cat have the other one."

WORDS TO WATCH

carving flaked cleverly marvelous

QUESTIONS

1. How did the clever carver fool the cat?
2. Why did the lord want a mouse to be carved?
3. Who got a prize for his work?
4. What prize did the lord offer for the best carved mouse?



The Frogs Who Wished for a King

Aesop

Some frogs once lived in a pond. They had a good home and all the food they wished, but they were not content.

"Oh, that we had a king!" they said. So they begged Jupiter to give them one.

"Well, here is a king," he said; "a good one for you." And he threw them a log.

Splish, splash! came King Log.

The frogs were frightened. They hid, some in the mud, some in the reeds. For a long time not one would even dare to look out from his hiding place. But nothing happened, nothing moved at all. King Log lay still.

At last the frogs said, "He is sleeping."

One by one they came out from the mud and reeds and went near him. One frog jumped on his back and said, "Oh, this king is only a log."

So they went back to Jupiter. "Give us a king that has life," they said.

Jupiter sent them an eel; it went in and out, and here and there. "It is too small and does not look like a king," said the frogs.

Again they went to Jupiter. "Give us another king," they said. "We wish one that can rule over us."

"Do you indeed wish someone to rule over you?" asked Jupiter. "That you shall have. Now go and bother me no more. I have listened to you for the last time."

He sent a stork to the pond.

"How great he is!" said the frogs. "How tall! This is a king indeed!"

King Stork stood still a little while. Then he put his long bill down into the water. Up it came with a frog, which he ate. He caught another and another.

The frogs tried in vain to get away. Go where they would, the stork came after them. For breakfast, dinner, and supper, he ate frogs, till there was not one left in the whole pond.

How much better it would have been for them if they had been content!

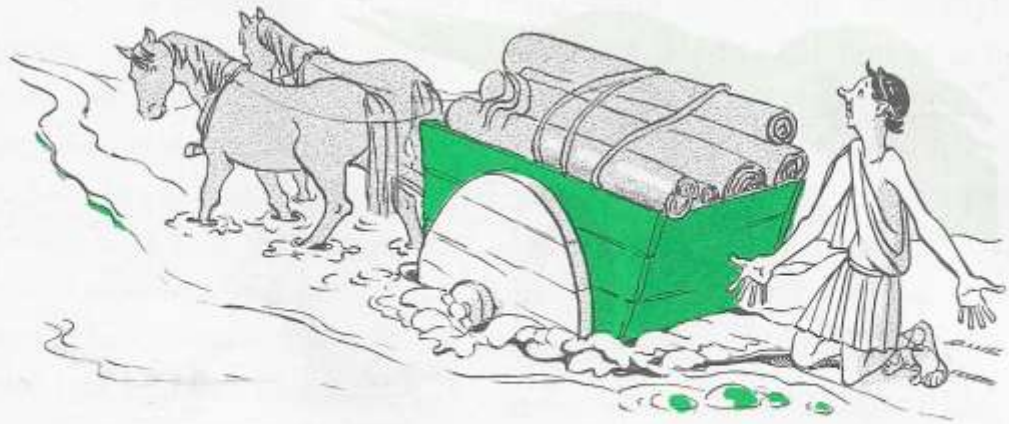
WORDS TO WATCH

content Jupiter

QUESTIONS

1. What can we learn from "The Frogs Who Wished for a King"?
2. Why did the frogs not like the eel?

He who is not contented with what he has,
would not be contented with what he would like to have.



Hercules and the Lazy Man

Aesop

A man was once driving a heavy load along a muddy road. The wheels sank into the mud, and the more the horses pulled, the deeper sank the wheels.

The man did not try to help the horses. He dropped on his knees and prayed to the mighty Hercules, son of Jupiter.

"Oh, Hercules," he cried, "look upon my trouble and help me."

Then Hercules spoke to him, saying, "Get up and put your shoulder to the wheel. Urge on your horses. *Heaven helps those who help themselves.*"

QUESTIONS

1. Why is it better to try to help yourself than to beg for help?
2. Who was Hercules?

Aesop and His Fables

Nobody really knows very much about Aesop. There is just one thing that we are sure of: he knew how to tell very good stories.

He is said to have been a slave who lived long ago in a far-off land. He was a short, ugly little man, with a dark face and sharp black eyes. Yet there was something about his face that made men like him.

The first story we know about Aesop shows how clever he was, even when he was young.

His master, having fallen into debt, had to sell some of his slaves. The slave market was in a distant city, and the slaves had to make the trip on foot, carrying with them such things as they needed on the road.

Several bundles were made up, including food, clothing, and wares for market, and just as the company was starting, the master bade each one choose a bundle. Aesop chose the largest. The other slaves laughed at him, but he picked up his bundle and set off cheerfully.

The next day the slaves did not laugh so loudly, and on the third day they scarcely laughed at all. The bundle that Aesop had chosen contained food, and although at first it was the largest, each day it became smaller. At the end of the journey, he walked merrily into town with an empty sack, while the other slaves toiled behind, with their bundles just as heavy as when they started.

A rich merchant who had heard some of Aesop's wise sayings became interested in the strange little slave. He bought him at a high price and never regretted the bargain.

Aesop delighted old and young, master and slaves, with his wonderful storytelling. I am sure that you have read some of his stories. People have told them again and again from that day to this.

Aesop's stories are called fables. A fable, you know, is a short story that teaches a lesson. Often fables are written about animals who talk and act like men.

It is interesting to know why old storytellers chose this form for their stories. In olden times people were not allowed to say what they pleased, as we are. It was very unwise for a man to say that he thought the king was a foolish person, unless he was willing to lose his head. So men sometimes made up stories in which animal people told animal kings that they were unwise and foolish. In this way the storyteller could say many things that he could not have said safely in any other way.

The people liked this way of telling stories. They liked to guess what the storyteller meant. If he was clever, he could tell them of their faults and show them what they ought to do.

Aesop's new master, who was just and good, thought that so wise a man should not be a slave, and he set Aesop free. From that time, Aesop became a friend of wise men and a welcome visitor at the court of kings. His sayings delighted and puzzled people. They soon saw that his stories were full of good advice. Evildoers feared him, and wise men admired and honored him.

Because of his good sense and quick wit, he was often sent by the king on missions to foreign cities. Wherever he went, men were interested in his stories. In one city he told the discontented people the story of the frogs who wished for a king. In that way he brought peace and order among those people.

It was on one of these missions for the king that Aesop lost his life. A quarrel arose between Aesop and the people of the city to which the king had sent him. Aesop believed that the people had not

acted fairly, so he refused to have any further dealings with them. He made ready to return home, taking with him the presents which the king had sent. The people were angry at this and were afraid of Aesop's honest and clever tongue. So they plotted against him. In his baggage they hid a golden cup from their temple and then let him depart. But when he was outside the city, they hurried after him and accused him of stealing the golden cup. Without allowing him to prove his innocence, they put him to death.

Many years afterward the city of Athens erected a monument to this wise storytelling slave. But the greatest monument to Aesop's fame is in the pages of thousands of storybooks from that day to this.

WORDS TO WATCH

Aesop wares toiled plotted

QUESTIONS

1. How did Aesop show that he was clever when he was young?
2. What is a fable?
3. Why did old storytellers tell fables?
4. Why did Aesop's master set him free?
5. Why and how did the people kill Aesop?
6. What did Aesop look like?

Peter the First and the Peasant

Leo Tolstoy

Tsar Peter one day came upon a peasant in the forest. The peasant was cutting wood.

"God's help, peasant!" said the tsar.

"It's God's help that I need," replied the peasant.

"Is your family a large one?" inquired the tsar.

"I have two sons and two daughters."

"Well, that is not a large family. What do you do with your money?"

"I divide my money into three parts," said the peasant. "The first part goes to pay a debt; the second part I give on loan; and the third part I throw away."

The tsar thought about this, but he did not understand what it meant.

"I pay a debt," said the peasant, "by feeding my parents; I give a loan by feeding my sons; and I throw away money by breeding daughters."

"You have a sharp wit, old man," said the tsar. "Now lead me out of the forest to the field; I have lost my way."

"Find the road yourself," replied the peasant. "Go straight, then turn right, then left, then right again."

"I don't understand such directions," said the tsar. "You guide me."

"I have no time, sir, to guide you. For us peasants, time is worth money."

"Well, if time is worth money, I shall pay you."

"Oh, if you are going to pay me, let's go!"

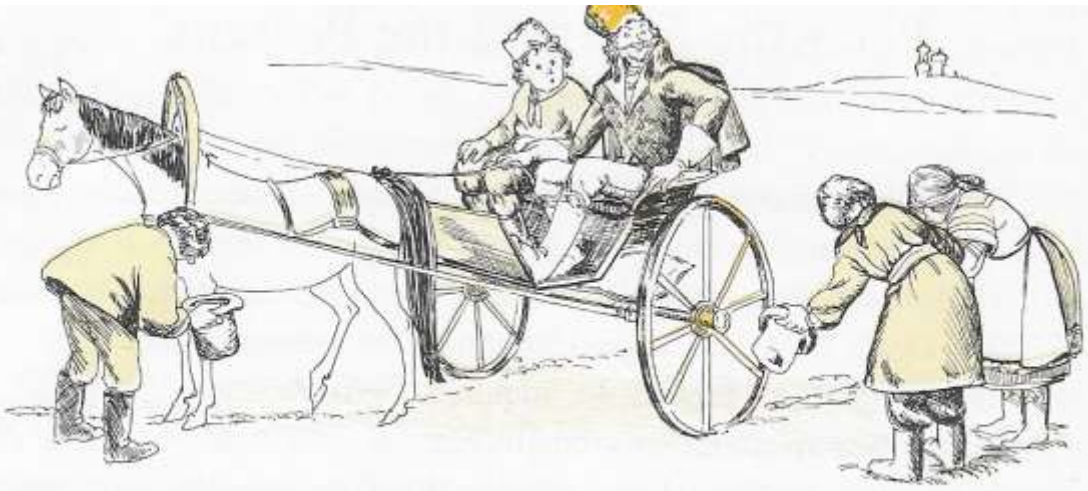
They climbed into the gig and drove off.

"Peasant, tell me, have you ever gone far from here?"

"Oh, yes, I've been here and there."

"And have you ever seen the tsar?"

"I have not seen the tsar, but I should like to have a look at him."



"When we come to the field, you will see the tsar."

"And how will I know him?"

"Everyone will be bareheaded except the tsar; he alone will keep on his hat."

They came to the field, and when the people saw the tsar, they all took off their hats. The peasant stared intently, but he was unable to find the tsar.

"But where is the tsar?" he asked.

And Peter the First said to him, "You and I seem to be the only ones who are wearing hats—one of us must be the tsar."

WORDS TO WATCH

tsar debt breeding gig

QUESTIONS

1. How was the peasant going to know who was the tsar?
2. Can you explain why the peasant was "paying a debt" in feeding his parents and "giving a loan" in feeding his sons?
3. How many children did the peasant have?
4. When the tsar and the peasant came to the field, who was wearing a hat?

Two Travelers

La Fontaine

Two men were going along a lonely road and talking of what they would do if attacked by robbers or wild beasts.

"Never fear," said the larger one, "I can protect myself and you too, so there will be no danger. I have fought three robbers at one time and mauled them until they cried 'enough'. Since that one encounter, robbers have left me entirely alone. It is not for nought, I tell you, these broad shoulders and brawny arms.

"As for wild beasts, there is nothing in these woods for any man to fear, except a hungry bear, and I should like to meet the bear that could be a match for me."

He had hardly spoken the last word when a huge bear appeared in the roadway and started for the travelers.

The two men ran for a tree. The one who had spoken so bravely reached it first and climbed to safety. The smaller man, being left to face the bear alone, threw himself on the ground and lay as if dead. When the bear came up, he sniffed the man on the ground and went away. Then the boastful companion came down out of the tree and said, "What did the bear whisper in your ear? You seemed like old friends."

"Oh," the other answered, "he told me never to trust the word of a coward or of a boaster."

QUESTIONS

1. What lesson can you learn from this story?
2. Compare the two men.
3. How does the little man save himself?
4. Find the clever speech in the story.
5. Did the bear really talk to the smaller man?

Three Rolls and a Pretzel

Leo Tolstoy

Feeling hungry one day, a peasant bought himself a large roll and ate it. But he was still hungry, so he bought another roll and ate it. Still hungry, he bought a third roll and ate it. When the three rolls failed to satisfy his hunger, he bought some pretzels. After eating one pretzel he no longer felt hungry.

Suddenly he clapped his hand to his head and cried,

"What a fool I am! Why did I waste all those rolls? I ought to have eaten a pretzel in the first place!"

QUESTIONS

1. Do you agree that the peasant is a fool? Why?
2. Why did the peasant think it would have satisfied his hunger to eat a pretzel first?
3. How many rolls did he eat?

Diogenes the Wise Man

James Baldwin

At Corinth, in Greece, there lived a very wise man whose name was Diogenes. Men came from all parts of the land to see him and hear him talk.

But wise as he was, he had some very queer ways. He did not believe that any man ought to have more things than he really needed, and he said that no man needed much. And so he did not live in a house, but slept in a tub or barrel, which he rolled about from place to place. He spent his days sitting in the sun and saying wise things to those who were around him.

At noon one day Diogenes was seen walking through the streets with a lighted lantern and looking all around as if in search of something.

"Why do you carry a lantern when the sun is shining?" someone said.

"I am looking for an honest man," answered Diogenes.

When Alexander the Great went to Corinth, all the foremost men in the city came out to see him and to praise him. But Diogenes did not come, and he was the only man for whose opinions Alexander cared.

And so, since the wise man would not come to see the king, the king went to see the wise man. He found Diogenes in an out-of-the-way place, lying on the ground by his tub. He was enjoying the heat and the light of the sun.

When he saw the king and a great many people coming, he sat up and looked at Alexander. Alexander greeted him and said,

"Diogenes, I have heard a great deal about your wisdom. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," said Diogenes. "You can stand a little on one side, so as not to keep the sunshine from me."

This answer was so different from what he expected that the king was much surprised. But it did not make him angry; it only made him admire the strange man all the more. When he turned to ride back, he said to his officers:

"Say what you will; if I were not Alexander, I would like to be Diogenes."

WORDS TO WATCH

Corinth Diogenes foremost

QUESTIONS

1. Why did Alexander want to see Diogenes?
2. Why did Diogenes carry a lighted lantern in the daytime?
3. What kind of man was Diogenes?
4. Where did Diogenes live?

Easy to know men's faces, not their hearts.

Chinese Proverb

Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none.

Shakespeare

No man is happy who does not think himself so.

Antoninus

Socrates and His House

James Baldwin

There once lived in Greece a very wise man whose name was Socrates. Young men from all parts of the land went to him to learn wisdom from him, and he said many wise things and said them in such a delightful way that no one ever grew tired of listening to him.

One summer he built himself a house, but it was so small that his neighbors wondered how he could be content with it.

"What is the reason," said they, "that you, who are so great a man, should build such a little box as this for your dwelling house?"

"Indeed, there may be little reason," said he; "but, small as the place is, I shall think myself happy if I can fill even it with true friends."

WORDS TO WATCH

Socrates dwelling

QUESTIONS

1. Why did Socrates feel that his house was large enough?
2. Do you think it hard to find a really true friend? Why?
3. What makes a true friend?
4. Who came to Socrates to learn wisdom?

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

Emerson

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

The Sword of Damocles

James Baldwin

There was once a king whose name was Dionysius. He was so unjust and cruel that he won for himself the name of *tyrant*. He knew that almost everybody hated him, and so he was always in dread lest someone should take his life.

But he was very rich, and he lived in a fine palace where there were many beautiful and costly things, and he was waited upon by a host of servants who were always ready to do his bidding. One day a friend of his, whose name was Damocles, said to him,

"How happy you must be! You have here everything that any man could wish."

"Perhaps you would like to change places with me," said the tyrant.

"No, not that, O King!" said Damocles; "but I think that if I could only have your riches and your pleasures for one day, I should not want any greater happiness."

"Very well," said the tyrant. "You shall have them."

And so, the next day, Damocles was led into the palace, and all the servants were bidden to treat him as their master. He sat down at a table in the banquet hall, and rich foods were placed before him. There were costly wines, and beautiful flowers, and rare perfumes, and delightful music. He rested himself among soft cushions and felt that he was the happiest man in all the world.

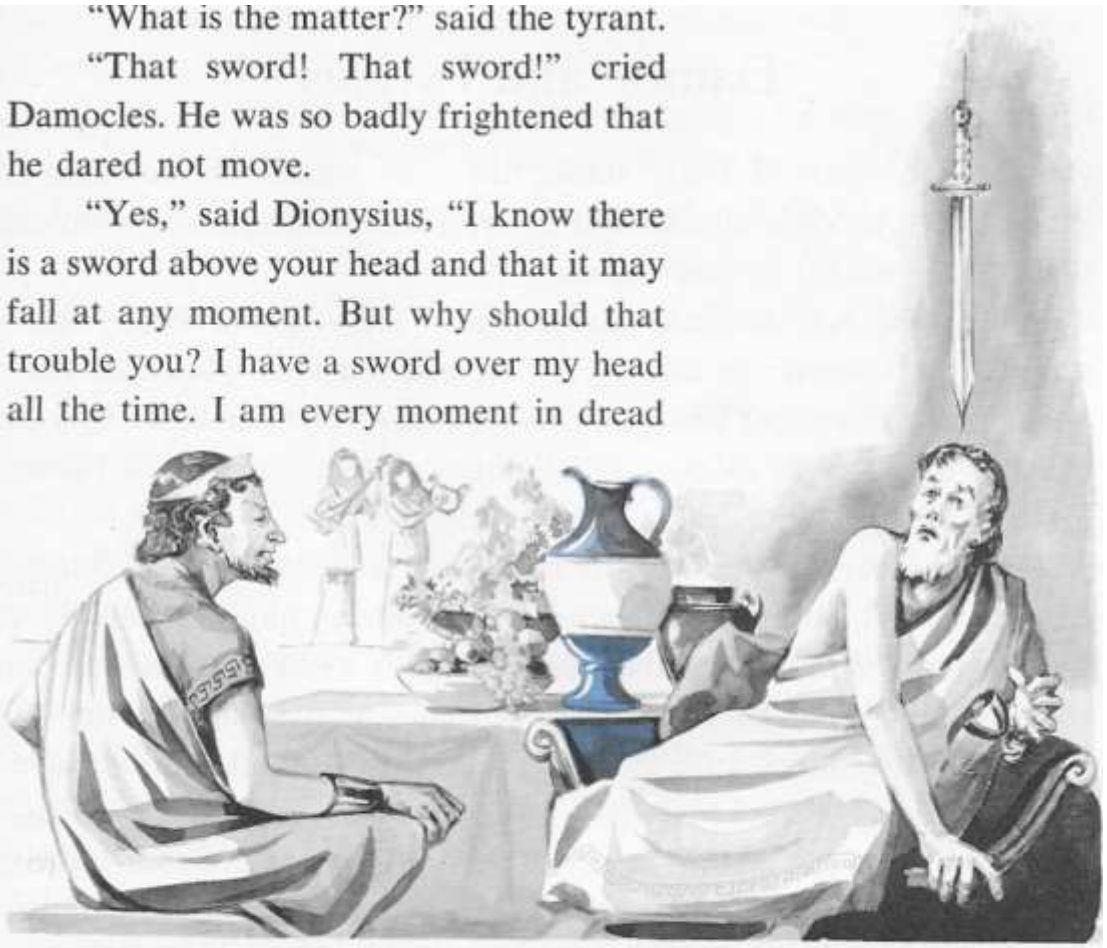
Then he chanced to raise his eyes toward the ceiling. What was it that was dangling above him, with its point almost touching his head? It was a sharp sword, and it was hung by only a single horse-hair. What if the hair should break? There was danger every moment that it would do so.

The smile faded from the lips of Damocles. His face became ashy pale. His hands trembled. He wanted no more food; he could drink no more wine; he took no more delight in the music. He longed to be out of the palace, and away, he cared not where.

"What is the matter?" said the tyrant.

"That sword! That sword!" cried Damocles. He was so badly frightened that he dared not move.

"Yes," said Dionysius, "I know there is a sword above your head and that it may fall at any moment. But why should that trouble you? I have a sword over my head all the time. I am every moment in dread



lest something may cause me to lose my life."

"Let me go," said Damocles. "I now see that I was mistaken and that the rich and powerful are not so happy as they seem. Let me go back to my old home in the poor little cottage among the mountains."

And so long as he lived, he never again wanted to be rich or to change places, even for a moment, with the king.

WORDS TO WATCH

dread	cushions	Damocles
Dionysius		tyrant

QUESTIONS

1. What lesson did Dionysius teach Damocles?
2. Why was Dionysius called a tyrant?
3. Why was Dionysius in danger of losing his life every moment?

Damon and Pythias

To the south of Italy, among the blue waters of the Mediterranean, lies the beautiful island of Sicily. There long ago the proud city of Syracuse sought to rule the seas.

Syracuse rose to great power under the reign of Dionysius, a tyrant who is known in history for his many acts of violence. There is one story told about him, however, that is of another kind. It is the story of two friends, Damon and Pythias, whose names have become symbols for loyal friendship.

Pythias was a stranger to Syracuse, a prisoner from another country, and it had pleased Dionysius to condemn him to death. From this decree Pythias knew that there was no escape. Dionysius was supreme, and what he willed was done. Yet the thought of his wife and children at home gave Pythias the courage to make an appeal to the tyrant.

"Grant me one boon," he said. "Permit me to return to my native city, to set my affairs in order and bid farewell to my family. I will then return, O King, to die."

Dionysius laughed. "You will return?" he said. "Ah, how can I be sure?"

Now in Syracuse with Pythias was a young man from his own city, a dear friend named Damon. Knowing that Pythias would never be able to convince the hard-hearted tyrant that he would keep his word, Damon made a supreme offer.

"I will become a prisoner in place of Pythias," he said. "Let him depart, O King. If he does not return on the appointed day, I will give my life in forfeit."

Dionysius heard his words with amazement. That any man should be willing to give his life for another was beyond his understanding. And that Pythias would never return, he felt certain. But he gave his consent to the plan with a scornful laugh, saying that if Damon was such a fool, he deserved to lose his head anyway. So the matter was

settled. Pythias departed with promise of speedy return, and Damon took up his abode in the Syracuse prison.

The days went by. Pythias, favored by good winds, reached his native city and attended to the settling of his business. Again and again his friends urged him to remain with them, but he would not listen to them. "Shall I be unfaithful to my friend?" he cried. "That were worthy of Dionysius himself!" So, very sorrowfully, he took leave of his dear ones and set out on his return.

But the winds now were unfriendly. Difficulties beset his path. He encountered wild beasts in the forest, was attacked by robbers, and suffered many delays. The day set for his execution was drawing near. With great anxiety he pressed forward, fearing that evil might befall his friend.

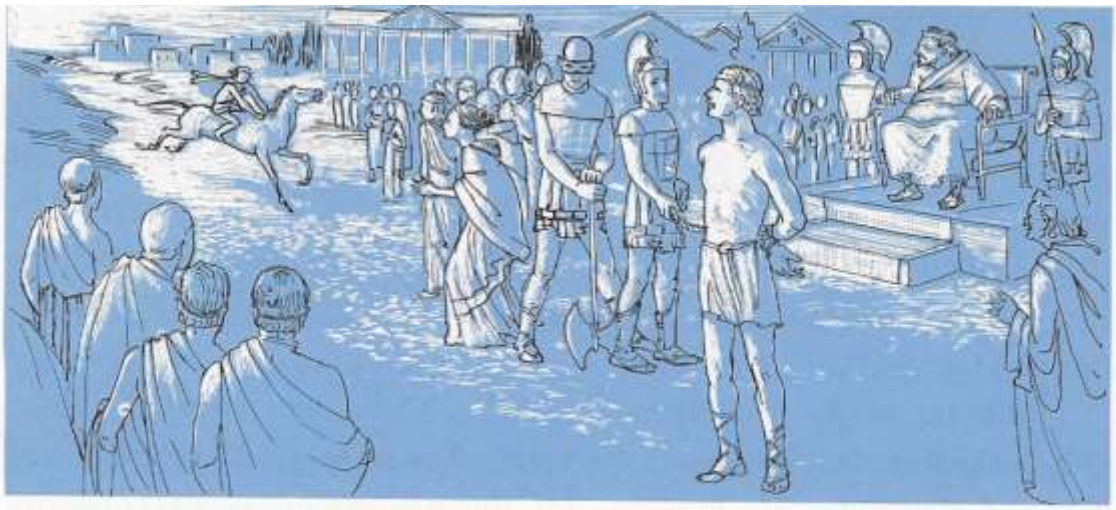
Meantime Damon, sitting in his prison, watched the days follow swiftly one upon another and listened for the sound of horse's hoofs that would mean the return of Pythias. But in his heart he hoped that he might be allowed to die for his friend. "He has dear ones who will grieve for him and to whom his life is precious," he said to himself. "I have none."

Dionysius visited him in prison and taunted him with his approaching fate, but Damon replied calmly, "My friend will return if it is possible. Otherwise I will die in his place."

The king heard these words scornfully. "We shall see," he said; and as the appointed day drew near, he gave orders to prepare for the execution.

The last morning dawned bright and clear, and the crowd gathered early. Damon, pale yet straight and fearless, was led forth into the square, while Dionysius from his high seat looked down with a mocking smile. There was a craning of necks, a flutter of silks, and a murmur of voices as fine ladies and gentlemen of Syracuse gathered to watch the show.

Suddenly above the voices of the crowd there came a sharp click, click of horse's hoofs. Someone was riding fast—riding on a desperate errand.



A hush fell upon the crowd. Then the sound of galloping hoofs grew louder, and a murmur of astonishment swept through the multitude. The murmur grew to a great cry, "Pythias!" and foam-flecked, weary, breathless, the rider flung himself from his horse.

The executioner stepped forward. "Hold!" cried Dionysius in a mighty voice. His face was pale, and the watching multitude stood silent.

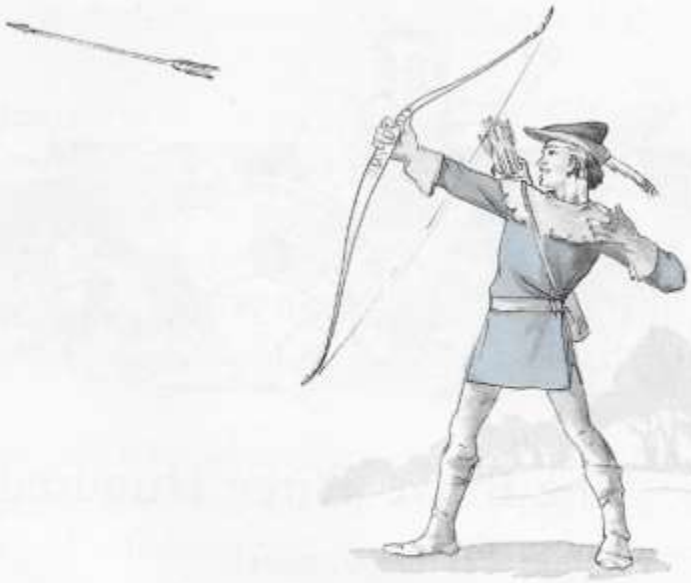
"They shall not die," the tyrant cried. "They have taught me a lesson in faithful friendship." And from the loneliness of his hard and cruel nature, he added sadly, "Would that I were worthy to become a third in this bond of friendship!"

WORDS TO WATCH

Damon	Pythias	Mediterranean	Syracuse
symbols	forfeit	abode	anxiety
grieve	taunted	foam-flecked	

QUESTIONS

1. Why is this story called Damon and Pythias?
2. How did both Damon and Pythias prove their friendship?
3. Why did Pythias want to go home?
4. Why did Dionysius let Pythias leave prison?
5. How did Dionysius taunt Damon?
6. What was Dionysius' final wish?
7. Where did this story take place?



The Arrow and the Song

Henry W. Longfellow

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 it 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 afterwards, 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.

The Brave Three Hundred

James Baldwin

All Greece was in danger. A mighty army, led by Xerxes, the great king of Persia, had come from the east. It was marching along the seashore and in a few days would be in Greece. The great king had sent messengers into every city and state, bidding them give him water and earth in token that the land and the sea were his. But they said,

"No! We will be free."

And so there was a great stir throughout the land. The men armed themselves and made haste to go out and drive back their foe, and the women stayed at home, weeping and waiting and trembling with fear.

There was only one way by which the Persian army could go into Greece on that side, and that was by a narrow pass between the mountains and the sea called Thermopylae. This pass was guarded by Leonidas, the king of the Spartans, with three hundred Spartan soldiers.

Soon the Persian soldiers were sighted. There were so many of them that no man could count them. How could a handful of men hope to stand against so great a multitude?

And yet Leonidas and his Spartans held their ground. They had made up their minds to die at their post. Someone brought them word that there were so many Persians that their arrows darkened the sun.

"So much the better," said the Spartans, "we shall fight in the shade."

Bravely they stood in the narrow pass. Bravely they faced their foes. To Spartans there was no such thing as fear. The Persians came forward only to meet death at the points of their spears.

But one by one the Spartans fell. At last their spears were broken; yet still they stood side by side, fighting to the last. They fought with their swords as long as they had them, and then only with their fists and teeth.

All day long the army of the Persians was kept at bay. But when the sun went down, there was not one Spartan left alive. Where they had stood was only a heap of the slain, all bristled over with broken spears and swords.

Twenty thousand Persian soldiers had fallen before that handful of men.

Thousands of years have passed since then, but men still like to tell the story of Leonidas and the brave three hundred who died to keep their country free.

WORDS TO WATCH

Xerxes	token	Leonidas	Spartans
multitude	bristled	Thermopylae	

QUESTIONS

1. Why is this story called "The Brave Three Hundred"?
2. How was it possible for three hundred soldiers to hold back an army of many, many thousands?
3. What token did Xerxes demand from the Spartans?
4. Where did this story take place?

The Faithful Minstrel

Richard the Lion-Hearted, the brave and daring king of England, spent many years far from home, traveling and fighting in foreign lands.

Now it happened one day that as he journeyed with a small band of followers, he came to the country of Duke Leopold. Though the duke was his bitter enemy, Richard found it necessary to pass through his country.

In order that no one should suspect that he was the king of England he dressed himself as a merchant and sent away all his attendants, except one servant. After traveling rapidly for three days and three nights, they stopped to rest at an inn.

The servant went out to the market place to buy food. He did not notice that in his belt he had stuck a pair of beautiful gloves, worked with gold thread. While he walked through the market place, a bystander saw the gloves and looked closely at them. He was sure that only a king or a great prince could wear gloves such as those, and he hastened to tell the duke's officers what he had seen.

The servant was promptly arrested and was forced to tell who his master was, and it was hardly an hour before Duke Leopold heard the great news.

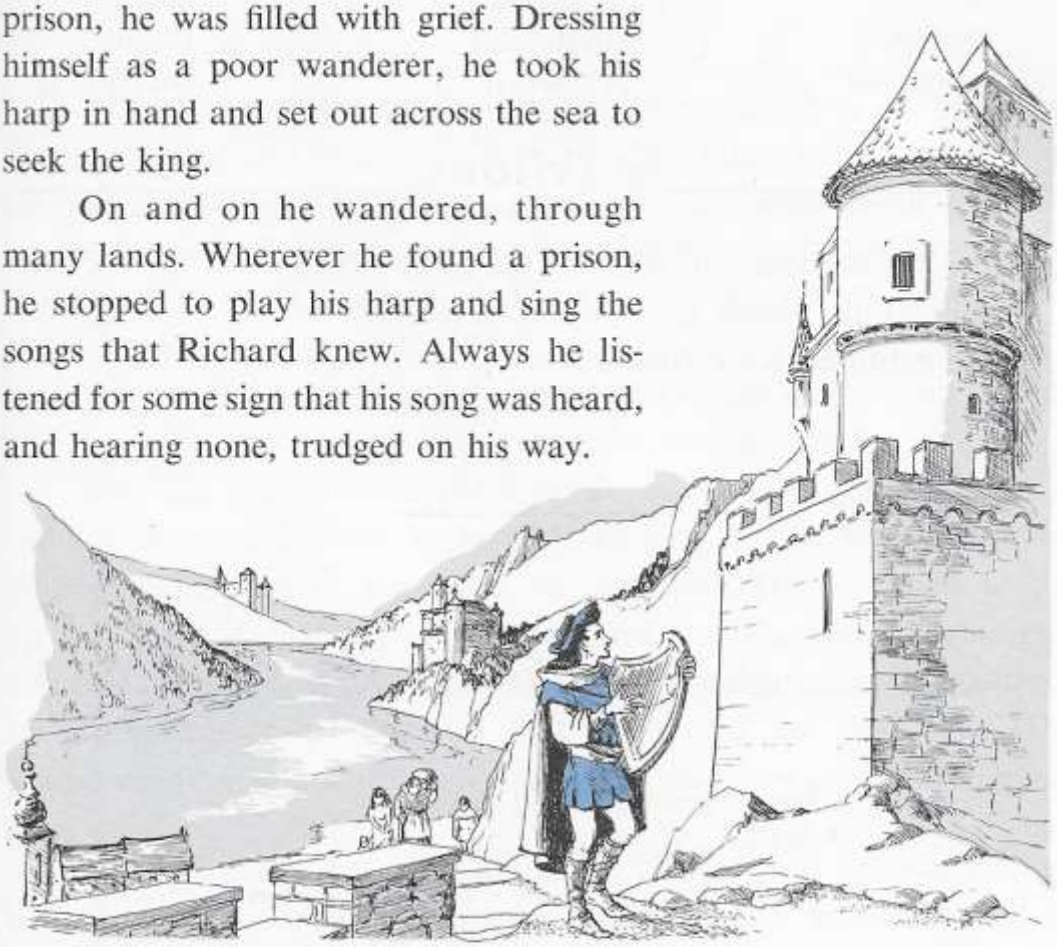
Richard knew nothing of all this. As he sat quietly in his room at the inn, the duke's soldiers came suddenly upon him. He had no chance to escape. He was quickly overpowered and borne away to prison.

Richard's friends in England soon learned that he was a captive somewhere in the land of their enemies. But there were many, many prisons there — and how could he be found?

The king had one faithful follower who was determined to rescue him. This was Blondel, a minstrel who played the harp and sang to the king. Richard was fond of music, and at home in England he had often written songs. He used to sing these songs while Blondel played the harp at his side.

Now when Blondel heard that his king was shut up in some dark foreign prison, he was filled with grief. Dressing himself as a poor wanderer, he took his harp in hand and set out across the sea to seek the king.

On and on he wandered, through many lands. Wherever he found a prison, he stopped to play his harp and sing the songs that Richard knew. Always he listened for some sign that his song was heard, and hearing none, trudged on his way.



At length one day, weary and almost hopeless, Blondel came to the prison where Richard lay. He was singing an old song that Richard knew. As he finished the verse, suddenly out from the barred window above him came an answering voice that took up the song. It was Richard, the king.

In great joy the faithful minstrel hurried back to England to tell the nobles where their king could be found. Money was collected, and plans were made to free him.

At last after many difficulties and delays, a large sum of money was paid to Duke Leopold, and Richard stepped out from his dark prison walls into the sunlight once more. He had been freed by the love of his faithful minstrel.

WORDS TO WATCH

minstrel	Leopold	borne
foreign	bystander	Blondel
journeyed	hastened	trudged

QUESTIONS

1. How did Blondel find Richard the Lion-Hearted?
2. How did his friends get him out of prison?
3. Who captured King Richard?

My friend is he who helps me in time of need.

German

A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad tires in a mile.

William Shakespeare

He can who believes he can.

Latin

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

Benjamin Franklin

The King and His Three Sons

Juan Manuel

There was a Moorish king who had three sons. It was in his power to appoint the one who should reign after him. Accordingly, when he had arrived at a good old age, the leading men of his kingdom waited upon him and prayed to be informed which of his sons he would choose as his successor. The king replied that he would give them an answer in a month.

After eight or ten days the king said to his eldest son, "I shall ride out tomorrow, and I wish you to accompany me."

The son waited upon the king as desired, but not so early as the time appointed. When he arrived, the king said he wished to dress, and requested him to bring him his garments. His son went to the lord of the bed chamber and ordered him to take the king his garments. The attendant inquired which suit he wished. The son returned to ask his father, who replied that he wanted his state robe. The young man went and told the attendant and servants to bring the state robe.

Now for every article of the king's attire it was necessary to go backwards and forwards, carrying questions and answers, until at length the attendant came to dress the king. The same repetition went on when the king called for his horse, spurs, bridle, saddle, and sword. When all had been prepared with some trouble and difficulty, the king changed his mind and said that he would not ride out. But he desired the prince, his son, to go through the city and observe carefully everything worthy of notice. Then, on his return, he should give his father an account of what he had seen.

The prince set out, accompanied by the royal attendants and the chief nobility. Trumpets, cymbals, and other instruments preceded this brilliant cavalcade. After passing through only a part of the city, he returned to the palace. The king at once asked him to tell what most attracted his attention.

"I observed nothing, sire," said he, "but the great noise made by the cymbals and trumpets, which confused me."

A few days later the king sent for his second son and commanded him to attend very early next day. He then subjected him to the same ordeal as his brother, but with a somewhat better result.

Again, after some days, he called for his youngest son. Now this young man came to the palace very early, long before his father was awake. He waited patiently until the king arose, when he entered his chamber with that respect which was fitting. The king then desired his son to bring his clothes, that he might dress. The young prince begged the king to specify which clothes and boots he desired so that he could bring all at the same time. He would not allow the attendant to help him, but said that if the king permitted him, he would feel highly honored to do all that was required.

When the king was dressed, he requested his son to bring his horse. Again the son asked what horse, saddle, spurs, sword, and other needful things he desired to have; and as the king commanded, so it was done, without trouble or annoyance.

Now when everything was ready, the king, as before, declined to go. But he requested his son to ride forth and to take notice of what he saw so that on his return he might relate to his father what he thought worthy of notice.

In obedience to the king's commands, the prince rode through the city, attended by the same escort that had accompanied his brothers. But neither the youngest son nor his followers knew the king's purpose in this.

As he rode along, he desired that they would show him the interior of the city and the streets and would tell him where the king kept his treasures and what was supposed to be the amount thereof. He inquired where the nobility and people of importance in the city lived. He desired also that they should present to him all the cavalry and infantry and make them go through their exercises. He afterwards visited the walls, towers, and fortresses of the city so that when he returned to the king it was very late.

The king directed his son to tell him what he had seen. The young prince replied that he feared giving offense if he stated all that he felt concerning those things which he had seen and observed. But the king commanded him to tell everything, as he hoped for his blessing. The young man said that although he was sure that his father was a very good king, yet it seemed to him he had not accomplished as much as he might, with such good troops, so much power, and so great resources; for he might have made himself master of the world.

Now the king felt much pleased at this wise remark. When the time came for him to give his decision to the people, he told them that he should appoint his youngest son for their king, on account of the proofs that he had given him of his ability and fitness to govern, in a test to which he had subjected all his sons. Although he could have wished to appoint his eldest son as his successor, yet he felt it his duty to select the one who appeared best qualified.

WORDS TO WATCH

Moorish	bridle	cavalcade	escort
attire	cymbals	ordeal	cavalry
spurs	preceded	annoyance	fortresses

QUESTIONS

1. What can you learn from the success of the youngest son?
2. Why did the king have his sons ride through the city?
3. What did the third son want to see in the city?
4. What confused the first son when he rode through the city?

September

Helen Hunt Jackson

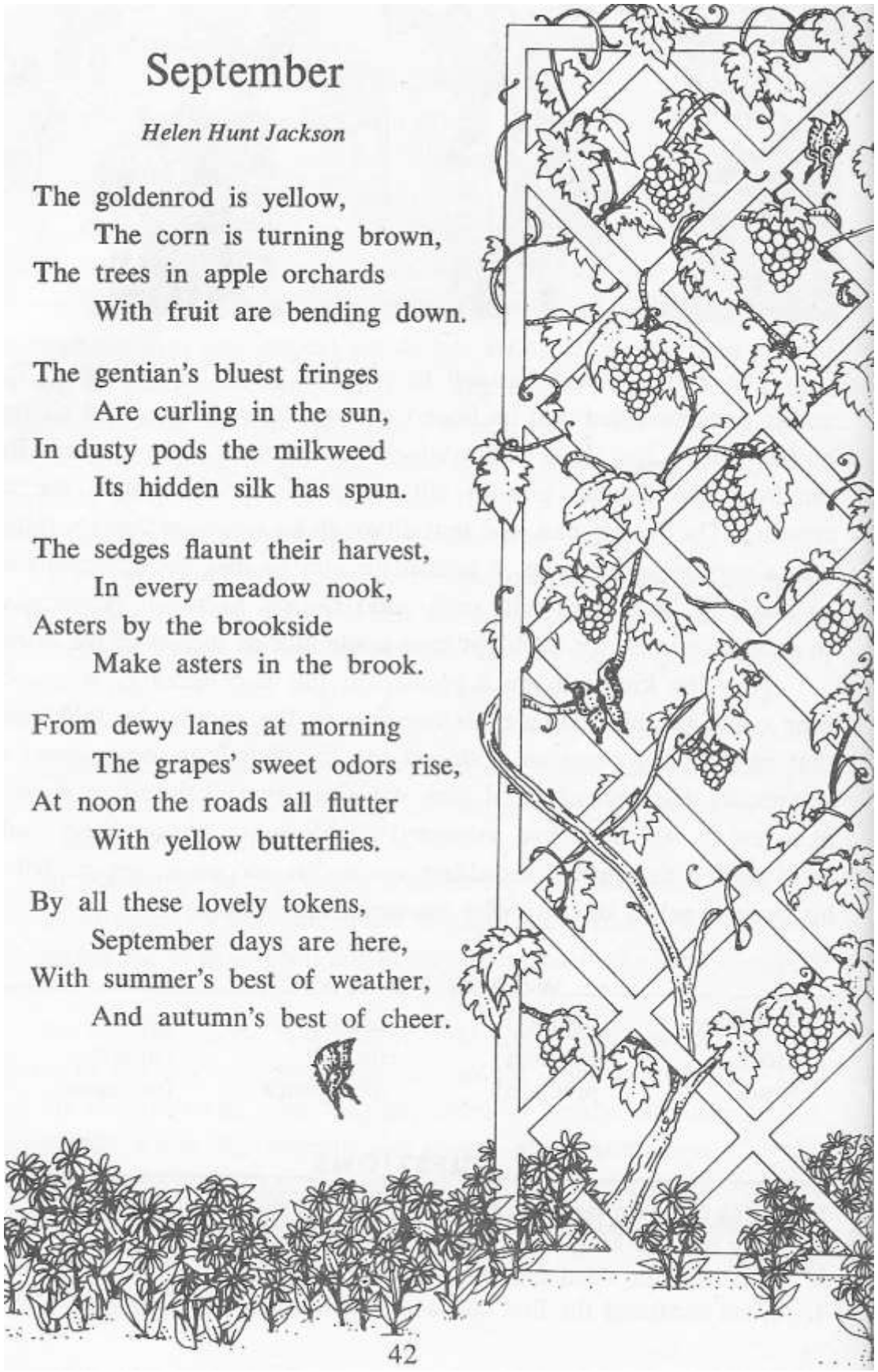
The goldenrod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown,
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

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

The sedges flaunt their harvest,
In every meadow nook,
Asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

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

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



A Just Judge

Leo Tolstoy

An Algerian king named Bauakas wanted to find out whether or not it was true, as he had been told, that in one of his cities there lived a just judge who could instantly discern the truth and from whom no rogue was ever able to conceal himself. Bauakas exchanged clothes with a merchant and went on horseback to the city where the judge lived.

At the entrance to the city a cripple approached the king and begged alms of him. Bauakas gave him money and was about to continue on his way, but the cripple clung to his clothing.

"What do you wish?" asked the king. "Haven't I given you money?"

"You gave me alms," said the cripple; "now grant me one favor. Let me ride with you as far as the city square; otherwise the horses and camels may trample me."

Bauakas set the cripple behind him on the horse and took him as far as the city square. There he halted his horse, but the cripple refused to dismount.

"We have arrived at the square; why don't you get off?" asked Bauakas.

"Why should I?" the beggar replied. "This horse belongs to me. If you are unwilling to return it, we shall have to go to court."

Hearing their quarrel, people gathered around them shouting, "Go to the judge! He will decide between you!"

Bauakas and the cripple went to the judge. There were others in court, and the judge called upon each one in turn. Before he came to Bauakas and the cripple, he heard a scholar and a peasant. They had come to court over a woman: the peasant said she was his wife, and the scholar said she was his. The judge heard them both, remained silent for a moment, and then said,

"Leave the woman here with me, and come back tomorrow."

When they had gone, a butcher and an oil merchant came before the judge. The butcher was covered with blood and the oil merchant with oil. In his hand the butcher held some money, and the oil merchant held onto the butcher's hand.

"I was buying oil from this man," the butcher said, "and when I took out my purse to pay him, he seized me by the hand and tried to take all my money away from me. That is why we have come to you —I holding onto my purse, and he holding onto my hand. But the money is mine, and he is a thief."

Then the oil merchant spoke. "That is not true," he said. "The butcher came to me to buy oil, and after I had poured him a full jug, he asked me to change a gold piece for him. When I took out my money and placed it upon a bench, he seized it and tried to run off. I caught him by the hand, as you see, and brought him here to you."

The judge remained silent for a moment, then said, "Leave the money here with me, and come back tomorrow."

When his turn came, Bauakas told what had happened. The judge listened to him and then asked the beggar to speak.

"All that he said is untrue," said the beggar. "He was sitting on the ground, and as I rode through the city, he asked me to let him ride with me. I set him behind me on my horse and took him where he wanted to go. But when we got there, he refused to get off and said that the horse was his, which is not true."

The judge thought for a moment, then said, "Leave the horse here with me, and come back tomorrow."

The following day many people gathered in court to hear the judge's decisions.

First came the scholar and the peasant.

"Take your wife," the judge said to the scholar, "and the peasant shall be given fifty strokes of the lash."

The scholar took his wife, and the peasant was punished.

Then the judge called the butcher.

"The money is yours," he said to him. And pointing to the oil merchant he said, "Give him fifty strokes of the lash."

He next called Bauakas and the cripple.

"Would you be able to recognize your horse among twenty others?" he asked Bauakas.

"I would," he replied.

"And you?" he asked the cripple.

"I would," said the cripple.

"Come with me," the judge said to Bauakas.

They went to the stable. Bauakas instantly pointed out his horse among the twenty others. Then the judge called the cripple to the stable and told him to point out the horse. The cripple recognized the horse and pointed to it. The judge then returned to his seat.

"Take the horse; it is yours," he said to Bauakas. "Give the beggar fifty strokes of the lash."

When the judge left the court and went home, Bauakas followed him.

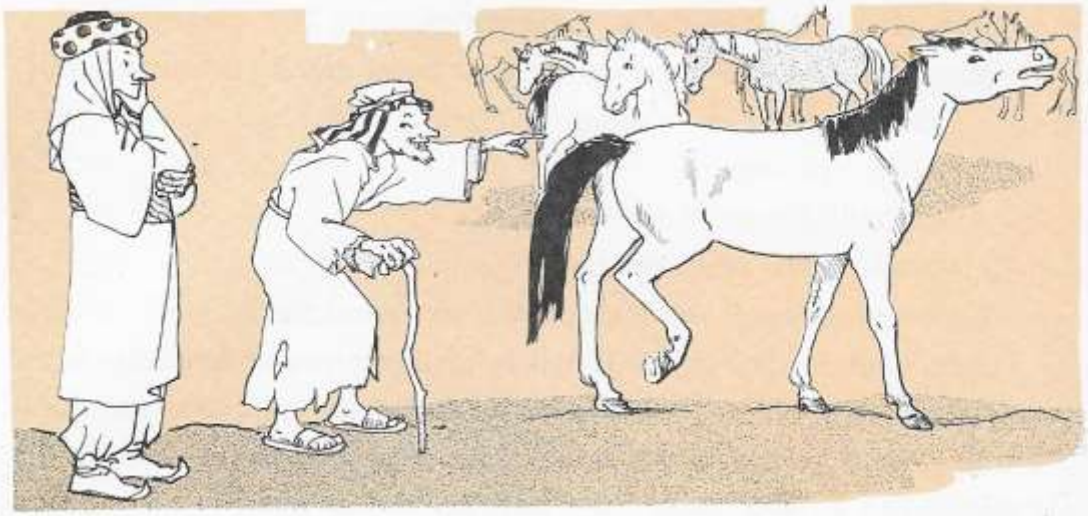
"What do you want?" asked the judge. "Are you not satisfied with my decision?"

"I am satisfied," said Bauakas. "But I should like to learn how you knew that the woman was the wife of the scholar, that the money belonged to the butcher, and that the horse was mine and not the beggar's."

"This is how I knew about the woman: in the morning I sent for her and said: 'Please fill my inkwell.' She took the inkwell, washed it quickly and deftly, and filled it with ink; therefore it was work she was accustomed to. If she had been the wife of the peasant, she would not have known how to do it. This showed me that the scholar was telling the truth.

"And this is how I knew about the money: I put it into a cup full of water, and in the morning I looked to see if any oil had risen to the surface. If the money had belonged to the oil merchant it would have been soiled by his oily hands. There was no oil on the water; therefore the butcher was telling the truth.

"It was more difficult to find out about the horse. The cripple recognized it among twenty others, even as you did. However, I did



not take you both to the stable to see which of you knew the horse, but to see which of you the horse knew. When you approached it, it turned its head and stretched its neck toward you; but when the cripple touched it, it laid back its ears and lifted one hoof. Therefore I knew that you were the horse's real master."

Then Bauakas said to the judge, "I am not a merchant, but King Bauakas. I came here in order to see if what is said of you is true. I see now that you are a wise judge. Ask whatever you wish of me, and you shall have it as a reward."

"I need no reward," replied the judge. "I am content that my king has praised me."

WORDS TO WATCH

Algerian	rogue	alms	deftly
discern	conceal	scholar	

QUESTIONS

1. What did King Bauakas learn about the judge he went to see?
2. Can you think of any other way in which the judge could have decided these cases?
3. Why did King Bauakas disguise himself as a merchant?
4. What reward did the judge want from King Bauakas?

The Blue Pig with a Black Tail

A Modern Fable

Once upon a time a certain king sent a message to another king, saying, "Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else — "

The other replied, "I haven't one; if I had — "

Both kings were so angry that they went to war with each other. They collected all their soldiers and fought many battles. The clash of arms sounded north and south, east and west, and sorrow and suffering followed in its wake. Lands were laid waste. Brave men were killed in battle, and women and children died because they could get nothing to eat.

When it seemed that neither side could overcome the other, the kings began to talk about peace. First of all, it was necessary to have the two messages explained. Each king was angry at what the other had said.

"What did you mean," asked the second king, "by saying, 'Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else — '?"

"Why," said the other king, "I could mean only one thing. I meant that I wanted you to send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else a pig of some other color."

"Oh, that was all, was it? What a pity I did not get the whole of your message," answered the second king.

"Ah, but I must know what you meant by your reply to my message," said the first king. "You said, 'I haven't one; if I had — ' "

"Why, my answer is as plain to me as your request is to you. I meant that I hadn't one; if I had, I should have sent it."

"Well, well!" said the first king, "we have been fighting about nothing. If we had only explained these things before a blow was struck, how much suffering might have been prevented!"

So the great war of the blue pig with the black tail was written down in the histories of the two countries, in order that they might never again be drawn into a foolish quarrel.

WORDS TO WATCH

wake quarrel

QUESTIONS

1. What would have prevented all the trouble that happened in this story?
2. Why did the two kings begin to talk peace?
3. What did the kings do to keep the same thing from happening in the future?

Never make a mountain out of a mole hill.

It is what we do that counts, not what we intend to do.

Take a second look . . . it costs you nothing.

Chinese Proverb

The Merchant and the Purse

Leo Tolstoy

A rich merchant once lost his purse, and he let it be known that the purse contained two thousand rubles, half of which he would give to whoever found it.

A workman found the purse and brought it to the merchant. Now the merchant began to feel that it would be a pity to give up the money he had promised, so he decided to pretend that, besides the money, there had been a precious stone in the purse.

"I will not give you the money," he said. "There was a precious stone in the purse. Give back the stone, and then I will give you the thousand rubles."

The workman went to court, and the judge reasoned thus, "You say that your purse contained two thousand rubles and a precious stone," he said to the merchant. "There is no precious stone in this purse, so it cannot be yours. Let the workman keep the purse until its owner is found, and you make known your loss and perhaps your purse will be found."

The merchant ceased arguing and gave the workman the thousand rubles.

QUESTIONS

1. Why did the judge say the purse did not belong to the merchant?
2. Why did the merchant stop arguing in the end?

Great is the truth, and mighty above all things.

The Bible

King John and the Abbot of Canterbury

English Folk Tale

In the reign of King John there lived an abbot of Canterbury who kept up grand state in his abbey. A hundred of the abbot's men dined each day with him, and fifty knights in velvet coats and gold chains waited upon him. Well, King John, as you know, was a very bad king, and he couldn't stand the idea of anyone in his kingdom, however holy, being honored more than he. So he summoned the abbot of Canterbury to his presence.

The abbot came with a goodly retinue, with his fifty knights-at-arms in velvet cloaks and gold chains. The king went to meet him, and said to him: "How now, Father Abbot? I hear it of thee, thou keepest far greater state than I. This becomes not our royal dignity and shows treason in thee."

"My liege," said the abbot, bending low, "I beg to say that all I spend has been freely given to the abbey out of the piety of the folk. I trust your Grace will not take it ill that I spend for the abbey's sake what is the abbey's."

"Nay, proud prelate," answered the king, "all that is in this fair realm of England is our own, and thou hast no right to put me to shame by holding such state. However, I will spare thee thy life and thy property if thou canst answer me but three questions."

"I will do so, my liege," said the Abbot, "so far as my poor wit can extend."

"Well, then," said the king, "tell me where is the center of all the round world; then let me know how soon can I ride the whole world about; and, lastly, tell me what I think."

"Your Majesty jesteth," stammered the abbot, thinking that the king could not possibly be serious.

"Thou wilt find it no jest," said the king. "Unless thou canst answer me these three questions before a week is out, thy head will leave thy body," and he turned away.

Well, the abbot rode off in fear and trembling, and first he went to Oxford to see if any learned doctor could tell him the answer to those three questions; but none could help him, and he went his way to Canterbury, sad and sorrowful, to take leave of his monks. But on the road he met his shepherd as he was going to the fold.

"Welcome home, Lord Abbot," said the shepherd; "what news from good King John?"

"Sad news, sad news, my shepherd," said the abbot and told him all that had happened.

"Now, cheer up, Sir Abbot," said the shepherd. "A fool may perhaps answer what a wise man knows not. I will go to London in your stead; grant me only your apparel and your retinue of knights. At the least I can die in your place."

"Nay, shepherd, not so," said the abbot; "it is kind of you to make such an offer, but I must meet the danger in my own person. And as to that, thou canst not pass for me."

"But I can and I will, Sir Abbot. In a cowl, who will know me for what I am?

So at last the abbot consented, and sent him to London in his own most splendid array. He approached King John with all the abbot's retinue, but dressed in his simple monk's dress, and with his cowl over his face.

"Now welcome, Sir Abbot," said King John; "thou art prepared for thy doom, I see."

"I am ready to answer your Majesty," said he.

"Well, then, question one: Where is the center of this round earth?" said the king.

"Here," said the shepherd Abbot, planting his staff in the ground. "And if your Majesty believe me not, go measure it and see."

"A merry answer and a shrewd one," said the king; "so to question two: How soon may I ride this round world about?"

"If your Majesty will graciously rise with the sun, and ride along with him until he rises the next morning, your Grace will surely have ridden it round."

"I did not think it could be done so soon," laughed King John. "But let that pass, and tell me question three and last, and that is: What do I think?"

"That is easy, your Grace," said he. "Your Majesty thinks I am my lord, the abbot of Canterbury; but as you may see" — and here he raised his cowl — "I am but his poor shepherd, that has come to ask your pardon for him and for me."

Loud laughed the king. "Well caught! Thou hast more wit than thy lord, and thou shalt be abbot in his place."

"Nay, that cannot be," said the shepherd; "I know not how to write nor to read."

"Well, then, four nobles a week thou shalt have for thy ready wit. And tell the abbot from me that he has my pardon." And with that King John sent away the shepherd with a right royal present, besides his pension.

WORDS TO WATCH

reign	treason	apparel	doom
abbot	piety	cowl	shrewd
abbey	jesteth	monk	nobles
retinue	stammered	array	pension

QUESTIONS

1. Why was the Abbot of Canterbury sad after first talking with King John?
2. Why was King John angry with the Abbot?
3. How did the shepherd fool King John?
4. Do you think the shepherd was a fool? Why or why not?
5. What was the shepherd's reward for his wit?

September

Edwina Fallis

A road like brown ribbon,
A sky that is blue,
A forest of green
With that sky peeping through.

Asters, deep purple,
A grasshopper's call,
Today it is summer,
Tomorrow is fall.

Evening

Harry Behn

Now the drowsy sunshine
Slides far away

Into the happy morning
Of someone else's day.

PART TWO

America Long Ago

It was worth the while of a boy to live
In the days when the prairie lay wide to the herds,
When the sod had a hundred joys to give
And the wind had a thousand words.

Hamlin Garland

Columbus at the Court of Spain

Alexander Vinet

ISABELLA, Queen of Spain.
DON GOMEZ, adviser to the king and queen.
COLUMBUS, a sea captain from Italy.

TIME: April, 1492.
PLACE: A room in the palace.

Columbus has been telling the queen of his belief that the earth is round and that he can reach India by sailing west. He has asked for help so that he can make the voyage to prove that he is right.

QUEEN: Don Gomez, you have heard what this stranger has said. Do you think we ought to help him?

DON GOMEZ: Indeed, your Majesty, his plan is all a wild dream. I am a plain matter-of-fact man and do not see such visions.

QUEEN: But Columbus has given us good reasons for his beliefs and plans.

DON GOMEZ: You surely know that the earth is flat. Even if it were round, as he thinks, how could he possibly return if he once went down the sides of the earth? Wouldn't he have to come uphill all the way? A ship could never do that! Oh no, he will only fall over the edge if he goes too far!

COLUMBUS: You know that men have sailed far out of sight upon the ocean and have come safely back. I, too, shall be able to bring my ship home.

DON GOMEZ: Your Majesty, this man would have us believe that people are living on the other side of the earth. Then they must be walking with their heads down, like flies on the ceiling. And I suppose he would have us believe that there the trees grow with their branches downward, and it rains and snows upwards. No, no! I am a plain matter-of-fact man. I cannot believe that.

COLUMBUS: But, your Majesty, there are things about the earth that men have not yet learned. I can explain to you why the people on the opposite side of the earth walk just as we do.

DON GOMEZ: Oh, very well! Very well! But I must believe what I can see. I know that I am not walking with my head downwards. And yet anyone living down there, as you say, with his feet opposite to mine, must be upside down.

QUEEN: Then you think that we should listen no longer to the words of Columbus?

DON GOMEZ: It is all folly, I am sure of it. Has your Majesty ever seen any person from this strange land that he wishes to find?

QUEEN: Don Gomez, have you ever seen any one from the unknown land to which we go after death?

DON GOMEZ: Certainly not, but I have faith that we shall go to such a place.

QUEEN: Columbus, too, has faith. It is by faith that he looks across the vast ocean to the distant land.

COLUMBUS: Your Majesty is right. But I have reasons too, strong reasons for the faith that is in me. I know that I can sail far to the west and find the new way to India.

DON GOMEZ: Oh yes, you can sail away, and we shall never hear of you again. You must give us facts, solid facts, before we plain matter-of-fact people will risk any money on your plans. Give no more heed to him, your Majesty. Why, even the boys on the street point to their foreheads as he passes.

QUEEN: Do you think the jeering of boys at what they do not understand can influence Isabella? I have faith in all that is spoken by this earnest man. I am ready to test his great and glorious plan, even though you call it folly.

DON GOMEZ: Your Majesty will pardon me if I remind you of what the king himself has said. He has no funds to help Columbus.

QUEEN: Then I will fit out the ships for him. I have jewels of great value, which I will use to raise the money. It shall be done without a moment's delay.

COLUMBUS: Your Majesty shall never regret this noble decision. I shall return. Be sure, your Majesty, that I shall return and lay at your feet such a jewel as never yet was worn by any queen. I have faith that I shall succeed and that men shall forever bless you for your services today.

The Return of Columbus to Spain

DON GOMEZ HIS SECRETARY

TIME: March, 1493.
PLACE: The office of Don Gomez.

DON GOMEZ: What! What is this you tell me? Columbus has returned? He crossed the western ocean and has returned alive? Impossible!

SECRETARY: It is even so, Don Gomez. A messenger arrived at the palace an hour ago. Columbus has landed, and the news is spreading. All Spain will soon be wild with excitement.

DON GOMEZ: Oh, it is a trick! It must be a trick!

SECRETARY: But Columbus has brought home the proofs of his visit—gold and precious stones, strange plants and animals. He has brought also some of the strange people that he found—copper-colored men with straight black hair.

DON GOMEZ: Still I say it is a trick. He has been sailing along the coast of Africa and has picked up a few things which he pretends are proofs of his discovery.

SECRETARY: But all his sailors tell the same story.

DON GOMEZ: We shall see, we shall see. A plain matter-of-fact man, such as I am, is not taken in by such a ridiculous story. We shall find out that Columbus has discovered nothing at all.

SECRETARY: The king and queen have given orders to receive him at court with the greatest honors.

DON GOMEZ: What a mistake! Her Majesty is too ready to believe whatever she is told.

SECRETARY: But think of the Indians whom he has brought back with him! We never saw men like them before.

DON GOMEZ: I am a matter-of-fact man. Mark my words; it will turn out a trick. We shall find that Columbus sailed south instead of west and didn't discover anything.

SECRETARY: The sailors all say they steered west.

DON GOMEZ: A trick! A trick! Would you have me believe that an unknown coast has been reached by sailing west? Impossible! You know that the earth can't be round, for men would be standing on their heads down on the other sides. Oh no! I'm a plain matter-of-fact man, sir. Call my carriage. I must go to the palace and show the king that Columbus is all wrong.

WORDS TO WATCH

Isabella	visions	secretary
Don Gomez	jeering	carriage

QUESTIONS

1. Why did Don Gomez not believe in the visions of Columbus?
2. Do you think that people on the other side of the earth walk with their heads down? Do you think that it rains and snows upwards on the other side of the earth? Why or why not?
3. How did Queen Isabella raise money for Columbus?
4. What did Columbus bring back to Spain to prove he had found another land?
5. In which direction did Columbus sail?

He alone is poor who does not possess knowledge.

The Talmud

Live to learn and you will learn to live.

Portuguese

A man in this world without learning is as a beast in the field.

Hitopadesa

Cheyenne Life in the Olden Time

Told by Chief Hiamovi (High Chief)

In the beginning our Father made the earth and gave to us all things. We had no such clothes as now, nor had we any metals. We wore the skins of beasts, for the Father gave to us the buffalo and all kinds of animals to meet our wants.

The bow we made ourselves and arrows, too, pointed with sharp stone. When we had made the bow and arrow, we began to hunt, and when we saw the buffalo, we would creep up to him on hands and knees, softly, softly, until we were within a hundred paces of him. Then we would rise on one knee and shoot him dead. We had knives made of the ribs of the buffalo and cut off the meat and carried it home on our backs. The women sliced the meat and then set up long poles supported on notched sticks, and on these poles they hung the meat to dry. They dried the hides, too, and then scraped them with sharp stones until they grew soft, and of these they made shirts and leggings.

We had no horses, but used big, shaggy dogs. When we journeyed, we packed the dried meat in satchels of painted hide. These were carried by the dogs. Two poles were bound together by a strip of hide and fastened to the neck of the dog, and the bundles were tied upon the poles. Each family had its own dogs. Sometimes on a long journey the dogs would grow tired and begin to droop and flag. Then the people would call to the dogs, "Hiya, go on, go on!" But no matter how we called, the dogs would hang their tongues and lag slower and slower.

Then some one would cry, "Buffalo ahead; fresh meat in plenty!" and then the dogs would bound forward as though they had just set out.

When we came to a camping-ground the women untied the bundles and put the meat in pots to boil. These pots were made of fine earth hardened in the fire.

When any one wanted to kindle a fire he would hold a piece of dry, rotten wood against a stone, and then strike the stone with flint so that the sparks would light upon the dry wood. Or he would take the stalk of the soapweed plant and rest one end in a socket bored in a stone. Then he would twirl the stalk between his hands, and twirl and twirl till at last smoke and fire came at the end. All this was long ago, before our people ever had seen the white man.

But one time a man was far away in Texas and there he saw a horse. He was frightened at first because he thought it must be a creature that would kill men and devour them. But he caught the horse and tied him fast and patted him, and when he found the horse did not bite he was glad and tried to tame him. When he had tamed him he harnessed him with poles, like a dog, and put his children on the horse's back and seated himself on the poles behind. Afterwards the people found other horses, and these had colts. So we came to have many horses. Nobody now remembers the time when we had no horses. Only the old people tell of it.

My mother told me all these things. She is over a hundred years old, and she learned these stories from her grandmother. This was the way we lived in the old, old time when all that we had was given to us by the Father or made by us ourselves.

WORDS TO WATCH

Cheyenne	satchels	socket	harnessed
hides		devour	

QUESTIONS

1. How did the Indians carry things before they found horses?
2. What did the Indians do with buffalo hides?
3. How did the Indians kill the buffalo?
4. Where did the Cheyenne get their first horse?

Puwuch Tawi

Hopi Lullaby

This lullaby is one of the oldest Hopi songs. It is sung in many of the Hopi villages, and there is perhaps scarcely a Hopi who has not been lulled to sleep with its refrain—"puva, puva! (sleep, sleep!)"

The mother binds her baby on a board to sleep. Then she fastens board and baby on her back, and, swaying to and fro, becomes herself a living cradle, gently rocking to sleep the little one. As she rocks, she sings this ancient crooning lullaby.

The song tells of the beetles asleep on the trail. In Hopi-land the beetles carry one another on their backs in the hot sun. The Hopis say, "The beetles are blind; the beetles are sleeping." So the child upon its mother's back must close its eyes, and like the beetle, see no more.

LULLABY

Puva, puva, puva,
In the trail the beetles
On each other's backs are sleeping,
So on mine, my baby, thou
Puva, puva, puva!

PUWUCH TAWI

Puva, puva, puva.
Hohoyawu
Shuhpo pave-e
Na-ikwiokiango,
Puva, puva, puva!

Hungry Days

Elvajean Hall

"Visitors, visitors, and still more visitors—and not a one of them brings a bite to eat!" Worried Mother Brewster paused as she measured a tiny drop of corn mush into each wooden bowl. "No wonder we are almost down to our last bite."

"Mother, you know what would have happened if the colony had not shared, don't you? What else could we do?" Elder Brewster looked around at the hungry faces of his own family and of the children he and his wife had taken in as they were orphaned. "But if I'm not mistaken, there may be some changes around here in a few weeks. Will tells me that he has listened to just about all the grumbling he can take."

Governor Bradford knew that many of the grumblers were telling the truth. There were many people in the colony—even some of the original settlers who had come in the *Mayflower*—who were not doing their fair share of the work. And yet these people were the first to come running when the daily food was issued.

Just as he had done so many times before, when there were serious problems, Bradford called the leaders together. Old Elder Brewster, Isaac Allerton, Edward Winslow, Stephen Hopkins, Myles Standish, and a few more were the men with whom he felt he could talk freely and discuss what should be done.

"It is not right for our wives and children to have to work like slaves in the fields, as they have for the past two years, so that we can take care of all these extra mouths," said Hopkins. "Why should some have to do more than their share to feed the lazy ones?"

"My wife says she is tired of washing clothes for this last batch of men and cooking their meals," spoke up another. "I think it is about time we made some changes around here. If we don't, the women will mutiny."

All the men laughed, but became serious again very quickly.

"We must not forget that we are still in debt to the London merchants who advanced us money to get here," Bradford reminded them, as soon as the laughter died down. "It was a hard bargain they forced on us, but we agreed to keep our property in common for seven years and then to settle with our backers."

"Our mistake was in thinking that all men would do their fair share of work," said Brewster. "We have too many loafers in our midst who know that we will not let them starve."

"I think you are right," said Winslow. "Our trouble is in sharing alike. We made a bad mistake, I fear, when we agreed to pool everything that we have."

The men all nodded in agreement.

"Then, as I see it, there is but one answer to our problem." The governor was speaking again. "We must stop farming the land together. If each person is given his own small plot of land, perhaps everyone will be happier."

"At least the hard workers will be!" said Standish, laughing. "Those who have always worked will now feel that they are fairly treated. And the lazybones who are willing to live off other men's efforts will work or eat weeds!"

And so it was decided in the spring of 1623 that the governor should allot a strip of land to each family. Single men and boys were told they would have to join with some family and would be given as much land as they could till.

Working under the new scheme, the Pilgrims eagerly planted crops. More corn was set out than ever before. Women and children went willingly into the fields now that they knew they were working for themselves. Even the "lazybones" suddenly decided they would plant a garden. They still did not like to work—but they liked to eat.

Each day, until the new crops could be harvested, there would have to be smaller and smaller rations. By June the food left from the year before was nearly gone. The men had become so weak that they staggered as they went to the fields. Their clothes hung on them like rags on a scarecrow.

Tired, hungry mothers wiped tears from their eyes when they thought no one was watching. They were worried most about their children whose little bodies had shrunk to skin and bones. Only their stomachs grew large, until it looked as if they would burst with the dreadful swelling that is a sign of starvation.

"If only we get a few good rains, we'll have nothing to worry about," the men who had once been Scrooby farmers told each other as they squinted up at the sky.

But the rains never came. Day after day the sun burned down from a cloudless sky, the leaves of the trees curled, and the grass turned brown. For six long weeks the parched earth felt scarcely a sprinkle.

The precious corn came up, then wilted. The stalks drooped and turned brown. Day after day the men scanned the horizon, praying for some sign of a storm. But no storm came.

A day of fasting and public prayer for rain was called for by the governor. That morning the sky was just as cloudless as it had been for many weeks.

Hobomok was surprised when he saw the Pilgrims setting out for their meeting house, for he knew it was not the Sabbath. He drew Myles Standish to one side. "Why is everyone going to the place where you talk with God?"

"To ask Him to give us rain," replied the captain.

Hobomok passed the word along that the Pilgrims were gathering to worship their Great Spirit and to ask Him to send rain.

The Indians watched and waited.

Hour after hour the Pilgrims prayed. Toward evening clouds began to gather on all sides, and the sky became overcast. By morning rain had come—soft, sweet, and gentle. For fourteen days and fourteen nights it rained, until the thirsty earth revived.

The Indians, watching the rain fall day after day, were sure, more than ever before, that the Pilgrims were under the special care of the Great Spirit who listened to their prayers.

WORDS TO WATCH

colony	backers	rations	fasting
mutiny	allot	scanned	Sabbath

QUESTIONS

1. Why did the Pilgrims stop farming the land together?
2. When the Pilgrims first came to Plymouth, why did they want to share everything they had?
3. Why did the new plan help the "lazybones"?
4. What did the Indians think when it finally rained?
5. What was the name of the governor?

Rain in Summer

Henry W. Longfellow

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river, down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

Hallowe'en

Harry Behn

Tonight is the night
When dead leaves fly
Like witches on switches
Across the sky,
When elf and sprite
Flit through the night
On a moony sheen.

Tonight is the night
When leaves make a sound
Like a gnome in his home
Under the ground,
When spooks and trolls
Creep out of holes
Mossy and green.

Tonight is the night
When pumpkins stare
Through sheaves and leaves
Everywhere,
When ghoul and ghost
And goblin host
Dance round their queen.
It's Hallowe'en.