The Nightingale

Hans Christian Andersen

In China, as you know, the emperor is a Chinaman, and all the people around him are Chinamen too. It is many years since the story I am going to tell you happened, but that is all the more reason for telling it, lest it should be forgotten.

The emperor's palace was the most beautiful thing in the world; it was made entirely of the finest porcelain, very costly, but at the same time so fragile that it could only be touched with the very greatest care.

There were the most extraordinary flowers to be seen in the garden; the most beautiful ones had little silver bells tied to them, which tinkled perpetually, so that one should not pass the flowers without looking at them. Every little detail in the garden had been most carefully thought out, and it was so big that even the gardener himself did not know where it ended. If one went on walking, one came to the beautiful woods with lofty trees and deep lakes. The woods extended to the sea, which was deep and blue, deep enough for large ships to sail up right under the branches of the trees.

Among these trees lived a nightingale, which sang so deliciously that even the poor fisherman who had plenty of other things to do, lay still to listen to it, when he was out at night drawing in his nets. "Heavens, how beautiful it is!" he said, but then he had to attend to

his business and forgot it. The next night when he heard it again, he would again exclaim, "Heavens, how beautiful it is!"

Travelers came to the emperor's capital from every country in the world. They admired everything very much, especially the palace and the gardens, but when they heard the nightingale, they all said, "This is better than anything!"

When they got home, they described it, and learned ones wrote many books about the town, the palace, and the garden, but nobody forgot the nightingale; it was always put above everything else. Those who were poets wrote the most beautiful poem, all about the nightingale in the woods by the deep blue sea. These books went all over the world, and in course of time some of them reached the emperor. He sat in his golden chair reading and reading, and nodding his head, well pleased to hear such beautiful descriptions of the palace and the garden. "But the nightingale is the best of all," he read.

"What is this?" said the emperor. "The nightingale? Why I know nothing about it. Is there such a bird in my kingdom, and even in my own garden, and I have never heard of it? Imagine my having to discover this from a book!"

Then he called his gentleman-in-waiting, who was so grand that when any one of a lower rank dared to speak to him or to ask him a question, he only would answer "Poo," which means nothing at all.

"There is said to be a very wonderful bird called a nightingale here," said the emperor. "They say that it is better than anything else in all my kingdom! Why have I never been told anything about it?"

"I have never heard it mentioned," said the gentleman-in-waiting. "It has never been presented at court."

"I wish it to appear here this evening to sing to me," said the emperor. "The whole world knows what I have, and I know nothing about it!"

"I have never heard it mentioned before," said the gentleman-in-waiting. "I will seek it, and I will find it!"

But where was it to be found? The gentleman-in-waiting ran upstairs and downstairs and in and out of all the rooms and corridors.

Not one of all those he met had ever heard anything about the nightingale. So the gentleman-in-waiting ran back to the emperor and said that it must be a myth, invented by the writers of the books. "Your imperial majesty must not believe everything that is written; books are often mere inventions."

"But the book in which I read it was sent to me by the powerful Emperor of Japan, so it must be true. I will hear this nightingale; I insist upon its being here tonight. I extend my most gracious protection to it, and if it is not here, I will have the whole court trampled upon after supper!"

"Tsing-poo!" said the gentleman-in-waiting, and away he ran again, up and down all the stairs, in and out of all the rooms and corridors. Half the court ran with him, for none of them wished to be trampled on. There was much questioning about this nightingale, which was known to all the outside world, but to no one at court. At last they found a poor little maid in the kitchen. She said, "Oh, heavens, the nightingale? I know it very well. Yes, indeed it can sing. Every evening I am allowed to take broken meat to my poor sick mother; she lives down by the shore. On my way back when I am tired, I rest awhile in the wood, and then I hear the nightingale. Its song brings tears to my eyes; I feel as if my mother were kissing me!"

"Little kitchen-maid," said the gentleman-in-waiting, "I will let you have a permanent position in the kitchen and permission to see the emperor dining, if you will take us to the nightingale. It is commanded to appear at court tonight."

Then they all went into the wood where the nightingale usually sang. Half the court was there. As they were going along at their best pace, a cow began to bellow.

"O!" said a young courtier, "there we have it. What wonderful power for such a little creature; I have certainly heard it before."

"No, those are the cows bellowing; we are a long way yet from the place." Then the frogs began to croak in the marsh.

"Beautiful!" said the Chinese chaplain; "it is just like the tinkling of church bells."

"No, those are the frogs!" said the little kitchen-maid. "But I think we shall soon hear it now!"

Then the nightingale began to sing.

"There it is!" said the little girl. "Listen, listen, there it sits!" and she pointed to a little gray bird up among the branches.

"Is it possible?" said the gentleman-in-waiting. "I should never have thought it was like that. How common it looks! Seeing so many grand people must have frightened all its colors away."

"Little nightingale!" called the kitchen-maid quite loudly. "Our gracious emperor wishes you to sing to him!"

"With the greatest pleasure!" said the nightingale, warbling away in the most delightful fashion.

"It is just like crystal bells," said the gentleman-in-waiting. "Look at its little throat, how active it is. It is extraordinary that we have never heard it before! I am sure it will be a great success at court!"

"Shall I sing again to the emperor?" asked the nightingale.

"My precious little nightingale," said the gentleman-in-waiting, "I have the honor to command your attendance at a court festival tonight, where you will charm his gracious majesty the emperor with your fascinating singing."

"It sounds best among the trees," said the nightingale, but it went with them willingly when it heard that the emperor wished it.

The palace had been brightened up for the occasion. The walls and the floors, which were all of china, shone by the light of many thousand golden lamps. The most beautiful flowers, all of the tinkling kind, were arranged in the corridors. There was hurrying to and fro, and a great draft made the bells ring; one's ears were full of the tinkling.

In the middle of the large reception room where the emperor sat, a golden rod had been fixed, on which the nightingale was to perch. The whole court was assembled, and the little kitchen-maid had been permitted to stand behind the door, as she now had the actual title of cook. They were all dressed in their best; everybody's eyes were turned toward the little gray bird at which the emperor was nodding.

The nightingale sang delightfully, and the tears came into the emperor's eyes; nay, they rolled down his cheeks, and then the nightingale sang more beautifully than ever; its notes touched all hearts. The emperor was charmed and said the nightingale should have his gold slipper to wear round its neck. But the nightingale declined with thanks; it had already been sufficiently rewarded.

"I have seen tears in the eyes of the emperor; that is my richest reward. Tears of an emperor have a wonderful power! God knows I am sufficiently repaid!" and it again burst into its sweet heavenly song.

Yes, indeed, the nightingale was a sensation. It was to stay at court now and to have its own cage, as well as liberty to walk out twice a day, and once in the night. It always had twelve footmen with each one holding a ribbon which was tied round its leg. There was not much pleasure in an outing of that sort.

The whole town talked about the marvelous bird, and if two people met, one said to the other "Night," and the other answered "Gale," and then they sighed, perfectly understanding each other. Eleven cheesemongers' children were called after it, but they did not have a voice among them.

One day a large parcel came for the emperor.

"Here we have another new book about this celebrated bird," said the emperor. But it was no book. It was a little work of art in a box, an artificial nightingale, exactly like the living one, but it was studded all over with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires.

When the bird was wound up, it could sing one of the songs the real one sang, and it wagged its tail, which glittered with silver and gold. A ribbon was tied round its neck on which was written, "The Emperor of Japan's nightingale is very poor compared to the Emperor of China's."

Everybody said, "Oh, how beautiful!" And the person who brought the artificial bird immediately received the title of Imperial Nightingale-Carrier-in-Chief.

"Now, they must sing together; what a duet that will be!" said the emperor.

Then they had to sing together, but they did not get on very well, for the real nightingale sang in its own way, and the artificial one could only sing waltzes.

"There is no fault in that," said the music master; "it is perfectly in time and correct in every way!"

Then the artificial bird had to sing alone. It was just as great a success as the real one, and then it was so much prettier to look at; it glittered like bracelets and breast-pins.

It sang the same tune three and thirty times over, and yet is was not tired. People would willingly have heard it from the beginning again, but the emperor said that the real one must have a turn now—but where was it? No one had noticed that it had flown out of the open window, back to its own green woods.

"But what is the meaning of this?" asked the emperor.

All the courtiers scolded it and said it was a most ungrateful bird.

"We have the best bird though," said they, and then the artificial bird had to sing again, and this was the thirty-fourth time that

they had heard the same tune, but they did not know it thoroughly even yet, because it was so difficult.

The music master praised the bird tremendously and insisted that it was much better than the real nightingale, not only the outside with all the diamonds, but the inside too.

"Because you see, my ladies and gentlemen, and the emperor before all, in the real nightingale you never know what you will hear, but in the artificial one everything is decided beforehand! So it is, and so it must remain; it cannot be otherwise."

"Those are exactly my opinions," they all said, and the music master had leave to show the bird to the public next Sunday. They were also to hear it sing, said the emperor.

So they heard it, and all became as enthusiastic over it as if they had drunk themselves merry on tea, because that is a thoroughly Chinese habit.

Then they all said "Oh," and stuck their forefingers in the air and nodded their heads; but the poor fishermen who had heard the real nightingale said, "It sounds very nice, and it is very like the real one, but there is something wanting; we don't know what."

The real nightingale was banished from the kingdom.

The artificial bird had its place on a silken cushion, close to the emperor's bed; all the presents it had received of gold and precious jewels were scattered round it. Its title had risen to be "Chief Imperial Singer of the Bed-Chamber," in rank number one, on the left side; for the emperor reckoned that side the important one, where the heart was seated. And even an emperor's heart is on the left side. The music master wrote five and twenty volumes about the artificial bird. The work was very long, written in all the most difficult Chinese characters. All the people said they had read and understood it, for otherwise they would have been reckoned stupid, and then their bodies would have been trampled upon.

Things went on in this way for a whole year. The emperor, the court, and all the other Chinamen knew every little gurgle in the song of the artificial bird by heart; but they liked it all the better for this,

and they could all join in the song themselves. Even the young boys sang "zizizi" and "cluck, cluck, cluck," and the emperor sang it too.

But one evening when the bird was singing its best, and the emperor was lying in bed listening to it, something gave way inside the bird with a "whizz." Then a spring burst; "whirr" went all the wheels, and the music stopped.

The emperor jumped out of bed and sent for his private physicians, but what good could they do? Then he sent for the watchmaker, and after a good deal of talk and examination, he got the works to go again somehow; but he said it would have to be saved as much as possible, because it was so worn out, and he could not renew the works so as to be sure of the tune.

This was a great blow! They only dared to let the artificial bird sing once a year, and hardly that; but then the music master made a little speech using all the most difficult words. He said it was just as good as ever, and his saying it made it so.

Five years now passed, and then a great grief came upon the nation, for they were all very fond of their emperor, and he was ill and could not live, it was said. A new emperor was already chosen, and people stood about in the street and asked the gentleman-in-waiting how the emperor was getting on.

"Poo," answered he, shaking his head.

The emperor lay pale and cold in his gorgeous bed, the courtiers thought he was dead, and they all went off to pay their respects to their new emperor. The lackeys ran off to talk matters over, and the chambermaids gave a great coffee party. Cloth had been laid down in all the rooms and corridors so as to deaden the sound of footsteps, so it was very, very quiet.

But the emperor was not dead yet. He lay stiff and pale in the gorgeous bed with velvet hangings and heavy golden tassels. There was an open window high above him, and the moon streamed in upon the emperor and the artificial bird beside him.

The poor emperor could hardly breathe; he seemed to have a weight on his chest. He opened his eyes, and then he saw that it was

Death sitting upon his chest, wearing his golden crown. In one hand he held the emperor's golden sword, and in the other his imperial banner. Round about, from among the folds of the velvet hangings peered many curious faces; some were hideous, others gentle and pleasant. They were all the emperor's good and bad deeds, which now looked him in the face when Death was weighing him down.

"Do you remember that?" whispered one after the other. "Do you remember this?" and they told him so many things that the perspiration poured down his face.

"I never knew that," said the emperor. "Music, music! Sound the great Chinese drums," he cried, "that I may not hear what they are saying." But they went on and on, and Death sat nodding his head, just like a Chinaman, at everything that was said.

"Music, music!" shrieked the emperor. "You precious little golden bird, sing, sing! I have loaded you with precious stones, and even hung my own golden slipper round your neck. Sing I tell you, sing!"

But the bird stood silent; there was nobody to wind it up, so of course it could not go. Death continued to fix his great empty eye sockets upon him, and all was silent, so terribly silent.

Suddenly, close to the window, there was a burst of lovely song; it was the living nightingale, perched on a branch outside. It had heard of the emporer's need and had come to bring comfort and hope to

him. As it sang, the faces round became fainter and fainter, and the blood coursed with fresh vigor in the emperor's veins and through his feeble limbs. Even Death himself listened to the song and said, "Go on, little nightingale, go on!"

"Yes, if you give me the gorgeous golden sword; yes, if you give me the imperial banner; yes, if you give me the emperor's crown."

And Death gave back each of these treasures for a song, and the nightingale went on singing. It sang about the quiet churchyard, where the roses bloom, where the flowers scent the air, and where the fresh grass is ever moistened anew by the tears of the mourner. This song brought to Death a longing for his own garden, and like a cold gray mist, he passed out of the window .

"Thanks, thanks!" said the emperor; "you heavenly little bird, I know you! I banished you from my kingdom, and yet you have charmed the evil visions away from my bed by your song, and even Death away from my heart! How can I ever repay you?"

"You have rewarded me," said the nightingale. "I brought tears to your eyes the very first time I ever sang to you, and I shall never forget it! Those are the jewels which gladden the heart of a singer; but sleep now, and wake up fresh and strong; I will sing to you!"

Then it sang again, and the emperor fell into a sweet refreshing sleep. The sun shone in at his window, when he woke refreshed and well. None of his attendants had yet come back to him, for they thought he was dead, but the nightingale still sat there singing.

"You must always stay with me!" said the emperor. "You shall only sing when you like, and I will break the artificial bird into a thousand pieces!"

"Don't do that!" said the nightingale. "It did all the good it could! Keep it as you have always done! I can't build my nest and live in this palace, but let me come whenever I like; then I will sit on the branch in the evening, and sing to you. I will sing to cheer you and to make you thoughtful too; I will sing to you of the happy ones and of those that suffer too. I will sing about the good and the evil which are kept hidden from you. The little singing bird flies far and wide,

to the poor fisherman, and the peasant's home, to numbers who are far from you and your court. I love your heart more than your crown. I will come, and I will sing to you!—But you must promise me one thing!"—

"Everything!" said the emperor, who stood there in his imperial robes, which he had just put on, and he held the sword heavy with gold upon his heart.

"One thing I ask you! Tell no one that you have a little bird who tells you everything; it will be better so!"

Then the nightingale flew away. The attendants came in to see their dead emperor, and there he stood, bidding them "good-morning!"

WORDS TO WATCH

porcelain	common	reckoned	hideous
perpetually	declined	physicians	coursed
detail	enthusiastic	gorgeous	veins
presented	banished	lackeys	limbs
mere	cushion	imperial banner	mourner

QUESTIONS

1. If you could choose, which nightingale would you have sing for you? The artificial one or the real one? Why?
2. Why did the emperor get better after hearing the song of the true nightingale?
3. How did the emperor first learn that there was a nightingale in his garden?
4. Why did everyone think the artificial bird was so wonderful?
5. What happened to the real nightingale when the artificial bird was received by the emperor?
6. When the artificial bird wore out, who fixed it?
7. How often was the artificial bird wound up after it had been repaired?

Hans Christian Andersen

Do you know Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tale "The Ugly Duckling"? Read it, and you will learn something about Hans Christian's own life.

Poor, lonely, and ugly, he grew up in the little Danish town of Odense. There he lived with his father and mother in a small house of only one room. His father was a cobbler who loved to read and dream and walk in the woods. He gave Hans books to read, such as *The Arabian Nights,* and built him a little puppet theater.

When Hans was only eleven years old, his father died, leaving him alone with his poor, hardworking mother. Hans Christian did not want to go to school. He lived in his own world of make-believe, where strange and wonderful things happened to him. He wrote plays for his puppets; he dressed them in fanciful costumes; he danced and recited for his mother and neighbors. Was he not a great actor—a ballet dancer—a singer—an artist? Poor Hans Christian! Everybody made fun of him. He was much too tall for his age. He had outgrown his shabby clothes. His hands and feet were too big, and so was his nose. A mass of yellow hair hung over his eyes. Who wanted to have anything to do with this awkward, uneducated boy? But Hans Christian never doubted for a moment that great fame and fortune awaited him.

When he was fourteen, he left his home town to go to Copenhagen —the "ugly duckling" running away into the cruel world. His mother did not want to let him go. She even consulted a "wise woman," who told Hans Christian's fortune.

"Your son will become famous," she said. "Some day Odense will celebrate him."

Unbelievable hardships awaited Hans Christian in Copenhagen. People did not like the ugly, lanky boy who thought himself an actor and a dancer. When he performed for them, they only shrugged, thought him slightly mad, and tried to get rid of him. "You'd better go back to your mother and learn a trade," they advised.

Back to Odense? Hans Christian would not think of it. He would rather starve than give up his search for fame. He simply *had* to find people who would help him become an artist.

After years of searching and failures, hardships and hunger, he found his patron. Jonas Collin, director of the Royal Theatre of Copenhagen, gave Hans Christian what he needed more than anything else — an education. He sent him back to school — even though Hans Christian was now seventeen years old — and he did not let him leave school until he had received his high school diploma.

Those were difficult years, because the ugly duckling already had some white feathers; it was growing and wanted very much to use its wings.

Hans Christian wrote novels and stories. He traveled and visited many foreign countries. When he was thirty, his first book of fairy tales was published, to which he added one volume every year.

Slow recognition of these fairy tales changed soon into an unequaled fame in Denmark and abroad. Andersen's fairy tales were translated into almost every language. His friendship was sought by great artists all over the world. Wherever he went — and he traveled a great deal all his life — he had to tell his fairy tales. How well he must have told them! He carried happiness and joy to people of many lands, where his stories will always live.

One of Hans Christian's greatest triumphs was his return visit to his native Odense, where he was celebrated and carried on the shoulders of those who had once laughed at him.

Their "ugly duckling" had finally turned into a royal swan.

WORDS TO WATCH

cobbler	lanky	recognition
hardships	patron	unequaled

QUESTIONS

1. In which ways was young Hans Christian Andersen different from other children his age?
2. Why did he want to go to Copenhagen?
3. Why did he not give up and return to Odense?
4. Why did he become famous?
5. Which country did he live in?

Nothing is too high for a man to reach, but he must climb with care and confidence.

Andersen

A Fairy Tale

Helen Gray Cone

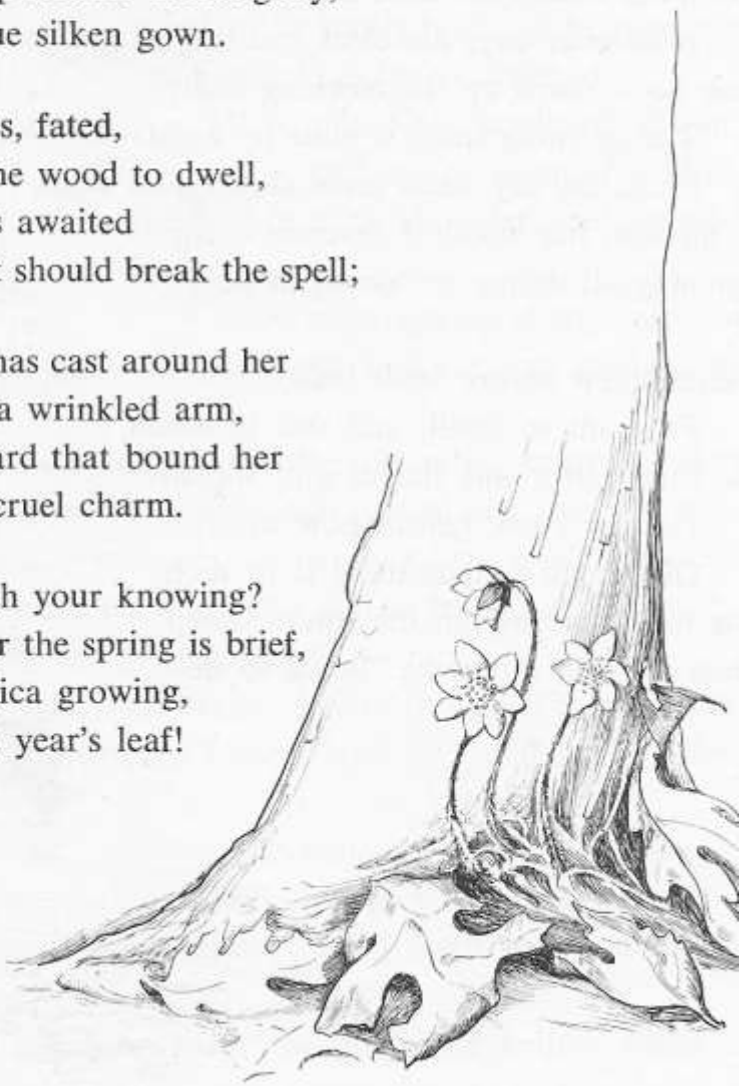
There stands by the wood path shaded
A meek little beggar maid;
Close under her mantle faded
She is hidden like one afraid.

Yet if you but lifted lightly
That mantle of russet brown,
She would spring up slender and slightly,
In a smoke-blue silken gown.

For she is a princess, fated,
Disguised in the wood to dwell,
And all her life has awaited
The touch that should break the spell;

And the Oak, that has cast around her
His root, like a wrinkled arm,
Is the wild old wizard that bound her
Fast with his cruel charm.

Is the princess worth your knowing?
Then haste, for the spring is brief,
And find the Hepatica growing,
Hid under last year's leaf!



Down to Sleep

Helen Hunt Jackson

November woods are bare and still;
November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning chill;
The morning snow is gone by night;
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie "down to sleep."

I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;
I never knew before how much
Of human sounds there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep
When all wild things lie "down to sleep."

Hans in Luck

Brothers Grimm

Hans had served his master seven years, and at the end of the seventh year, he said, "Master, my time is up; I want to go home and see my mother, so give me my wages."

"You have served me truly and faithfully," said the master. "As the service was, so must the wages be," and he gave him a lump of gold as big as his head.

Hans pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket, tied up the lump of gold in it, threw it over his shoulder, and set off for home.

As he was trudging along, there came in sight a man riding on a spirited horse, looking very gay and very lively.

"Oh!" cried Hans aloud, "how splendid riding must be! Sitting as much at one's ease as in an armchair, stumbling over no stones, saving one's shoes, and getting on one hardly knows how!"

The horseman heard Hans say this and called out to him,

"Well, Hans, why are you walking?"

"I can't help myself," said Hans. "I have this great lump to carry. To be sure, it is gold, but then I can't hold my head straight for it, and it hurts my shoulder."

"I'll tell you what," said the horseman; "why not exchange? I will give you my horse, and you shall give me your lump of gold!"

"With all my heart!" cried Hans, "but I warn you, you will find it heavy."

The horseman got down, took the gold, and helping Hans up, he gave the reins into his hand. "When you want to go fast," said he,

"you must click your tongue and cry 'Gee-up!' "

Hans was overjoyed as he sat on his horse, riding along so freely and gaily. After a while he wanted to ride a little faster, so he began to click his tongue and to cry, "Gee-up!" The horse began to trot, and before Hans knew what had happened, he was thrown off and lay in the ditch by the side of the road.

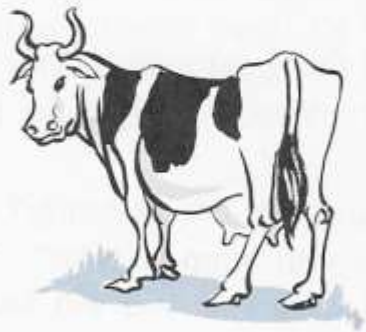
The horse would have got away if it had not been caught by a peasant who was passing that way, driving a cow before him.

Hans pulled himself together and got back on his feet, feeling very cross. "Bad sport, that riding," said he, "especially on a mare like this one, who starts off and throws you, nearly breaking your neck. Never again will I mount that horse!"

"Now, your cow is something worth having; you can jog along comfortably after her and also have her milk, butter, and cheese every day. What would I not give for such a cow!"

"Well now," said the peasant, "since it would be doing you such a favor, I don't mind exchanging my cow for your horse!"

Hans agreed most joyfully, and the peasant, swinging himself into the saddle, rode off in a hurry.



Hans went along driving his cow quietly before him, thinking all the while of the fine bargain he had made.

"I can eat butter and cheese with my bread as often as I want," said he, "and drink milk whenever I am thirsty! Oh, heart! What more could you wish for?"

When he came to an inn, he stopped, and in his great joy he ate up all the food he had brought with him, dinner and supper and all, and bought half a glass of beer with his last two pennies.

Then on he went again, driving his cow toward the village where his mother lived and looking forward to telling her about his rare bargains. It was now near the middle of the day, and the sun grew hotter and hotter. Hans found himself on a field which would take him an hour to cross. He began to feel very hot and so thirsty that his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth.

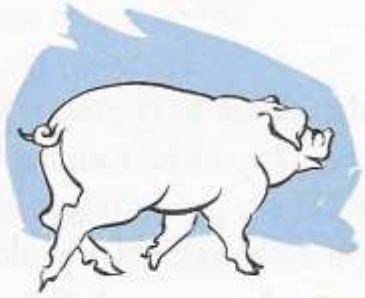
"Never mind," said Hans, "now I will milk my cow and refresh myself." He tied her to a dead tree, took off his leather cap to serve for a pail, and began to milk her. But not a drop came. As he kept trying rather awkwardly, the impatient beast gave him such a kick on the head with her hindfoot that he fell to the ground and for some time knew not where he was.

Luckily a butcher passed by just then, wheeling a young pig in a wheelbarrow.

"What kind of a joke is that?" asked he, helping poor Hans to his legs again. Hans told him all that had happened, and the butcher handed him his flask, saying,

"Here, have a drink; it will refresh you. That cow will never give any more milk. She is old and only fit to draw burdens or to be butchered."

"Well, to be sure!" cried Hans, scratching his head. "Who would have thought of that? Of course it is a very nice way of getting meat when a man has a beast of his own to kill, but for my part I do not care much for beef. It is not juicy enough for me. Now if only I had a young pig, that would taste much better, of course, not to mention the sausages!"



"Look here, Hans," said the butcher, "just to do you a favor, I will exchange my pig for your cow!"

"Heaven reward such kindness!" cried Hans, giving him his cow and smiling to himself at the thought of his good fortune. The butcher untied the pig from the wheelbarrow so that Hans could lead it by the string.

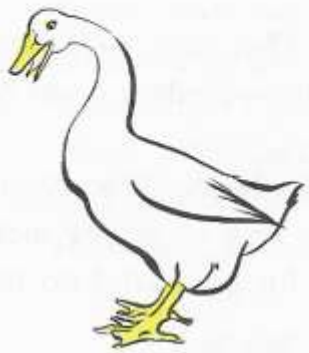
Hans walked on again, thinking how everything had turned out according to his wishes and how all his trouble had been set right. After a while he fell in with a boy who was carrying a fine white goose under his arms. They bid each other good-day, and Hans began to tell about his luck and how he had made so many good exchanges. The boy told him that he was taking the goose to a christening feast.

"Just feel how heavy it is," said he, holding it up by the wings. "It has been fattened for the last eight weeks. Whoever will bite into it when it is roasted, will have to wipe the fat from each side of his mouth."

"Yes, indeed," said Hans, weighing it in his hand, "very fine, to be sure, but my pig is not so small either."

Just then the boy glanced cautiously on all sides and shook his head.

"I am afraid," said he, "that there is something not quite right about your pig. In the village I have left, one had just been stolen from the mayor's own yard. I fear, I fear you have the pig there in your hand. They have sent people to look for the thief, and it would be a bad bargain for you if they would catch you with it. At the very least they would throw you into a dark hole."



Poor Hans grew pale with fright. "For heaven's sake," said he, "help me out of this scrape! You know your way around here better than I do; take my pig and let me have your goose."

"It will be running some risk," answered the boy, "but I will do it before you will get in trouble." Taking the rope in his hand, he drove the pig quickly along a small path, while Lucky Hans went on his way home with the goose under his arm.

"The more I think about it," said he to himself, "the better the bargain seems. First I get the roast goose, then all the drippings, and on top of that the beautiful white feathers with which I will stuff my pillow. How pleased my mother will be!"

When he came to the last village, Hans saw a knife-grinder with his cart. His wheel went whirring round, and he seemed very happy as he sang,

"My wheel I turn and all scissors I grind
And have not a care nor a worry in mind."

Hans stopped to watch him, and at last he spoke to him and said, "You seem content and merry with your grinding."

"Yes," answered the knife-grinder, "this business is a gold mine. A true grinder is a man who finds money in his pocket whenever he puts his hand into it. But where in the world did you buy that fine goose?"

"I did not buy it, but I exchanged it for my pig," said Hans.

"And the pig?"

"That I exchanged for a cow."

"And the cow?"

"I exchanged it for a horse."

"And the horse?"

"For the horse I gave a lump of gold as big as my head."

"And the gold?"

"Oh, that was my wage for seven years' service."

"You seem to have done well for yourself," said the knife-grinder. "Now if you could only manage to hear the money rattle in your pocket every time you get up, your fortune will be made."

"But how can I do that?" asked Hans.

"You must be a knife-grinder like me," said the man. "All you really need is a grindstone; the rest comes by itself. I have one here. To be sure, it has had a lot of good use and is a little damaged, but I don't mind letting you have it in exchange for your goose; what do you say?"

"How can you ask?" answered Hans. "I shall be the luckiest fellow in the world, for if I can find money whenever I put my hand in my pocket, what else is there to wish for?"

"Now," said the knife-grinder, picking up a heavy common stone that lay near him, "here is another proper sort of stone that will stand a good deal of wear. You can hammer out your old nails on it. Take it with you, and carry it carefully."

Hans lifted up the stone and carried it off with a happy heart. "I must have been born under a lucky star!" cried he, while his eyes sparkled with joy. "I have only to wish for a thing and it is mine."

After a while he began to feel rather tired, as he had been on his legs since daybreak. He also began to feel hungry, since he had eaten all he had. At last he could scarcely go on at all and had to stop every moment, for the stones weighed him down most unmercifully. He could not help wishing that he would not have to drag them along at all. At a snail's pace he came to a well, where he thought he would rest and take a drink of the fresh water. He placed the stones carefully by his side at the edge of the well. Then he sat down, and as he stooped to drink, he happened to give the stones a little push, and they both fell into the water with a splash.

When Hans saw them sink to the bottom with his own eyes, he jumped up with joy. Then he knelt down and thanked God with tears in his eyes that He had so mercifully freed him from the heavy stones, which had only been a bother to him. He thanked Him also, that He had freed him in so nice a way, that Hans would not have to blame himself at all.

"I am the luckiest man under the sun," he cried, and with a light heart, free from every burden, he skipped on, until he reached his mother's house.

WORDS TO WATCH

trudging	jog	butchered	scrape
spirited	pleasant	fell in	unmercifully
reins	flask	cautiously	stooped

QUESTIONS

1. Do you think Hans foolish or clever? Why?
2. Why is this story called "Hans in Luck"?
3. Why did Hans want to trade each time he got something new?
4. How did the peasant convince Hans that he should get rid of the pig?
5. How long had Hans worked to get the lump of gold he started with?

Extremes

James Whitcomb Riley

A little boy once played so loud
That the thunder, up in a thundercloud,
Said, "Since *I* can't be heard, why, then
I'll never, never thunder again!"

And a little girl once kept so still
That she heard a fly on the window sill
Whisper and say to a ladybird,
"She's the stillest child I ever heard!"

The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe

C. S. Lewis

Once there were four children whose names were Peter, Susan, Edmund, and Lucy. This story is about something that happened to them when they were sent away from London during the war because of the air raids. They were sent to the house of an old professor who lived in the heart of the country, ten miles from the nearest railway station and two miles from the nearest post office. He had no wife, and he lived in a very large house with a housekeeper called Mrs. Macready and three servants. (Their names were Ivy, Margaret, and Betty, but they do not come into the story much.) He himself was a very old man with shaggy white hair, which grew over most of his face as well as on his head, and they liked him almost at once; but on the first evening when he came out to meet them at the front door, he was so odd looking that Lucy (who was the youngest) was a little afraid of him, and Edmund (who was the next youngest) wanted to laugh and had to keep on pretending he was blowing his nose to hide his feelings.

As soon as they had said good night to the professor and gone upstairs on the first night, the boys came into the girls' room to talk.

"We've fallen on our feet and no mistake," said Peter. "This is going to be perfectly splendid. That old chap will let us do anything we like."

"I think he's an old dear," said Susan.

"Oh, come off it!" said Edmund, who was tired and pretending not to be tired, which always made him bad-tempered. "Don't go on talking like that."

"Like what?" said Susan; "and anyway, it's time you were in bed."

"Trying to talk like Mother," said Edmund. "And who are you to say when I'm to go to bed? Go to bed yourself."

"Hadn't we all better go to bed?" said Lucy. "There's sure to be a row if we're heard talking here."

"No there won't," said Peter. "I tell you this is the sort of house where no one's going to mind what we do. Anyway, they won't hear us. It's about ten minutes' walk from here down to that dining room, and any amount of stairs and passages in between."

"What's that noise?" said Lucy suddenly. It was a far larger house than she had ever been in before, and the thought of all those long passages and rows of doors leading into empty rooms was beginning to make her feel a little creepy.

"It's only a bird, silly," said Edmund.

"It's an owl," said Peter. "This is going to be a wonderful place for birds. I shall go to bed now. I say, let's go and explore tomorrow. You might find anything in a place like this. Did you see those mountains as we came along? And the woods? There might be eagles. There might be stags. There'll be hawks."

"Badgers!" said Lucy.

"Snakes!" said Edmund.

"Foxes!" said Susan.

But when next morning came, there was a steady rain falling, so thick that when you looked out of the window, you could see neither the mountains nor the woods nor even the stream in the garden.

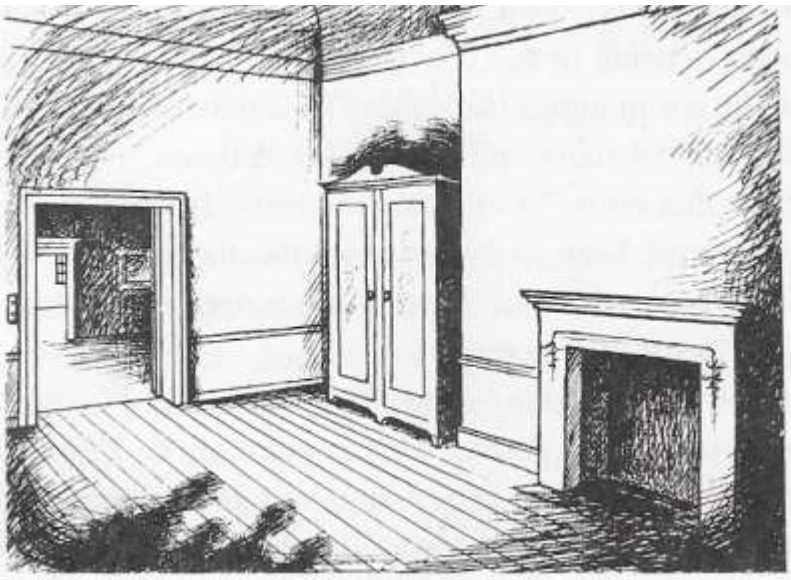
"Of course it *would* be raining!" said Edmund. They had just finished breakfast with the professor and were upstairs in the room he had set apart for them—a long, low room with two windows looking out in one direction and two in another.

"Do stop grumbling, Ed," said Susan. "Ten to one it'll clear up in an hour or so. And in the meantime we're pretty well off. There's a wireless and lots of books."

"Not for me," said Peter, "I'm going to explore in the house."

Everyone agreed to this, and that was how the adventures began.

It was the sort of house that you never seem to come to the end of, and it was full of unexpected places. The first few doors they tried led only into spare bedrooms, as everyone had expected that they would; but soon they came to a very long room full of pictures and there found a suit of armour; and after that was a room all



hung with green, with a harp in one corner; and then came three steps down and five steps up, and then a kind of little upstairs hall and a door that led out onto a balcony, and then a whole series of rooms that led into each other and were lined with books—most of them very old books and some bigger than a Bible in a church. And shortly after that they looked into a room that was quite empty except for one big wardrobe, the sort that has a looking glass in the door. There was nothing else in the room at all except a dead bluebottle on the window-sill.

"Nothing there!" said Peter, and they all trooped out again—all except Lucy. She stayed behind because she thought it would be worthwhile trying the door of the wardrobe, even though she felt almost sure that it would be locked. To her surprise it opened quite easily, and two moth balls dropped out.

Looking into the inside, she saw several coats hanging up—mostly long fur coats. There was nothing Lucy liked so much as the smell and feel of fur. She immediately stepped into the wardrobe and got in among the coats and rubbed her face against them, leaving the door open, of course, because she knew that it is very foolish to shut oneself into any wardrobe. Soon she went further in and found that there was a second row of coats hanging up behind the first one. It was almost

quite dark in there, and she kept her arms stretched out in front of her so as not to bump her face into the back of the wardrobe. She took a step further in—then two or three steps—always expecting to feel woodwork against the tips of her fingers. But she could not feel it.

"This must be a simply enormous wardrobe!" thought Lucy, going still further in and pushing the soft folds of the coats aside to make room for her. Then she noticed that there was something crunching under her feet. "I wonder, is that more moth balls?" she thought, stooping down to feel it with her hands. But instead of feeling the hard, smooth wood of the floor of the wardrobe, she felt something soft and powdery and extremely cold. "This is very queer," she said, and went on a step or two further.

Next moment she found that what was rubbing against her face and hands was no longer soft fur but something hard and rough and even prickly. "Why, it is just like branches of trees!" exclaimed Lucy. And then she saw that there was a light ahead of her, not a few inches away where the back of the wardrobe ought to have been, but a long way off. Something cold and soft was falling on her. A moment later she found that she was standing in the middle of a wood at night-time with snow under her feet and snowflakes falling through the air.

Lucy felt a little frightened, but she felt very inquisitive and excited as well. She looked back over her shoulder, and there, between the dark tree-trunks, she could still see the open doorway of the wardrobe and even catch a glimpse of the empty room from which she had set out. (She had, of course, left the door open, for she knew that it is a very silly thing to shut oneself into a wardrobe.) It seemed to be still daylight there. "I can always get back if anything goes wrong," thought Lucy. She began to walk forward, *crunch-crunch,* over the snow and through the wood towards the other light.

In about ten minutes she reached it and found that it was a lamppost. As she stood looking at it, wondering why there was a lamppost in the middle of a wood and wondering what to do next, she heard a pitter patter of feet coming towards her. Soon a very strange person stepped out from among the trees into the light of the lamppost.

He was only a little taller than Lucy herself, and he carried over his head an umbrella, white with snow. From the waist upwards he was like a man, but his legs were shaped like a goat's (the hair on them was glossy black), and instead of feet he had goat's hoofs. He also had a tail, but Lucy did not notice this at first because it was neatly caught up over the arm that held the umbrella so as to keep it from trailing in the snow. He had a red woollen muffler round his neck and his skin was rather reddish too. He had a strange, but pleasant little face with a short pointed beard and curly hair, and out of the hair there stuck two horns, one on each side of his forehead.

One of his hands, as I have said, held the umbrella; in the other arm he carried several brown paper parcels. What with the parcels and the snow it looked just as if he had been doing his Christmas shopping.

He was a Faun.

And when he saw Lucy, he gave such a start of surprise that he dropped all his parcels.

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed the Faun.

"Good evening," said Lucy. But the Faun was so busy picking up his parcels that at first he did not reply. When he had finished, he made her a little bow.

"Good evening, good evening," said the Faun. "Excuse me—I don't want to be inquisitive—but should I be right in thinking that you are a Daughter of Eve?"

"My name's Lucy," said she, not quite understanding him.

"But you are—forgive me—you are what they call a girl?" asked the Faun.

"Of course I'm a girl," said Lucy.

"You are in fact Human?"

"Of course I'm human," said Lucy, still a little puzzled by such questions.

"To be sure, to be sure," said the Faun. "How stupid of me! But I've never seen a Son of Adam or a Daughter of Eve before. I am delighted. That is to say—" and then he stopped as if he had been going to say something he had not intended but had remembered in time. "Delighted, delighted," he went on. "Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Tumnus."

"I am very pleased to meet you, Mr. Tumnus," said Lucy.

"And may I ask, O Lucy, Daughter of Eve," said Mr. Tumnus, "how you have come into Narnia?"

"Narnia? What's that?" said Lucy.

"This is the land of Narnia," said the Faun, "where we are now; all that lies between the lamppost and the great castle of Cair Paravel on the eastern sea. And you—you have come from the wild woods of the west?"

"I—I got in through the wardrobe in the spare room," said Lucy.

"Ah!" said Mr. Tumnus in a rather melancholy voice, "if only I had worked harder at geography when I was a little Faun, I should no doubt know all about those strange countries. It is too late now."

"But they aren't countries at all," said Lucy, almost laughing. "It's only just back there—at least—I'm not sure. It is summer there."

"Meanwhile," said Mr. Tumnus, "it is winter in Narnia, and has been for ever so long, and we shall both catch cold if we stand here talking in the snow. Daughter of Eve from the far land of Spare Oom where eternal summer reigns around the bright city of War Drobe, how would it be if you came and had tea with me?"

"Thank you very much, Mr. Tumnus," said Lucy. "But I was wondering whether I ought to be getting back."

"It's only just round the corner," said the Faun, "and there'll be a roaring fire—and toast—and sardines—and cake."

"Well, it's very kind of you," said Lucy. "But I shan't be able to stay long."

"If you will take my arm, Daughter of Eve," said Mr. Tumnus, "I shall be able to hold the umbrella over both of us. That's the way. Now—off we go."

And so Lucy found herself walking through the wood arm in arm with this strange creature as if they had known one another all their lives.

Lucy finds out most amazing things about Mr. Tumnus and the strange land she has come to. She returns to the old house through the wardrobe, joins her sisters and brothers, who had not even missed her, and who did not believe a word of her strange adventure. Eventually Lucy succeeds in bringing all her sisters and brothers to Narnia. The adventures they have there with a wicked witch, a wise and noble lion, and many other creatures you can read in THE LION, THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE, *the book from which this story is taken.*

WORDS TO WATCH

wardrobe	muffler	sardines	parcels
bad-tempered	balcony	inquisitive	Faun
wireless	enormous	glimpse	melancholy

QUESTIONS

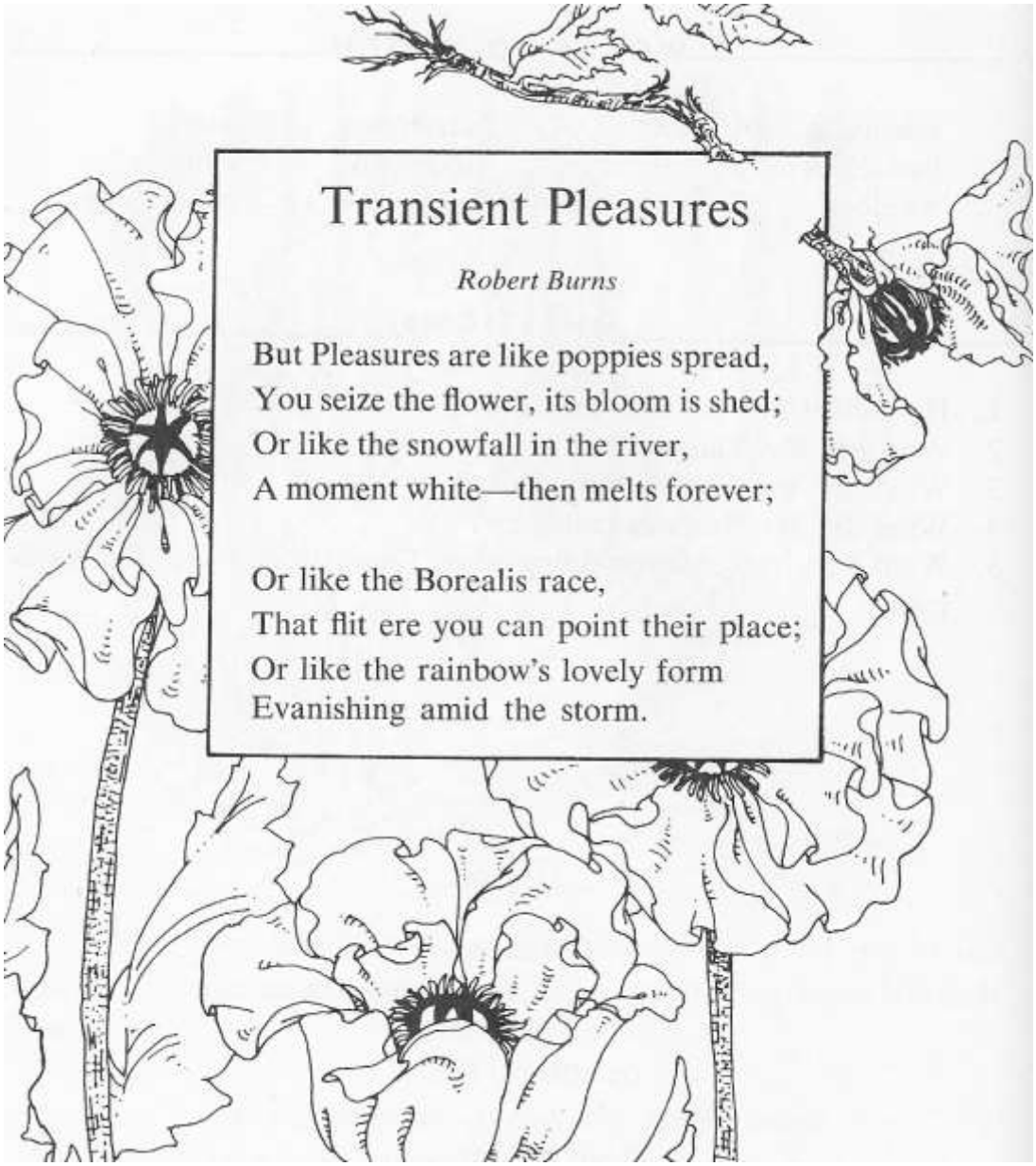
1. How did Lucy get into the land of Narnia?
2. Who was Mr. Tumnus?
3. What was the land of Narnia like?
4. What did Mr. Tumnus call Lucy?
5. What were the children doing when Lucy stepped into the w robe?

Fog

Carl Sandburg

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.



Transient Pleasures

Robert Burns

But Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever;

Or like the Borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

PART FOUR

Famous Men and Women

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But, they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward through the night.

Henry W. Longfellow

Michelangelo's Boyhood

Almost five hundred years ago, Michelangelo Buonarroti was a schoolboy in Florence, Italy. He began to draw as soon as he could use his hands.

Michelangelo's father, who despised all artists, wanted his son to become a merchant or enter the service of the state.

"I will not allow you to waste your life as a painter," he told his son one day. "No Buonarroti has ever had to work with his hands. You shall choose an honorable profession."

But Michelangelo made little progress in his school studies; he spent all his time drawing.

One day he visited the studio of Ghirlandaio, who at that time was Florence's foremost painter. Ghirlandaio liked Michelangelo's work and agreed to take him as an apprentice, but more important, he also agreed to ask permission from Michelangelo's father.

The father, who had already tried everything to crush the boy's love for art, finally gave his consent. The contract was made and Michelangelo was bound to the painter for three years. Contrary to custom, his father demanded pay for his son's time, and the master agreed to give him six gold florins for the first year, eight for the second, and ten for the third.

Michelangelo was thirteen years old when he received his first regular drawing lesson from Ghirlandaio. He loved his work, and his progress was so rapid that the other apprentices became jealous of him.

One day the master and his apprentices were working to restore some paintings in a church in Florence. Michelangelo drew the scaffolding and those working on it so perfectly that Ghirlandaio exclaimed, "Some things you understand better than I do."

Michelangelo's success was not only the result of his great talent, but also that of hard labor. He spared no pains to make his work as nearly perfect as possible. In order to paint a fish correctly, he visited the market and spent days in making drawings of all kinds of fish.

One day a friend took Michelangelo to the Gardens of Lorenzo de' Medici, the prince, who had started a school for sculptors there. The garden was filled with marble busts and statues, and many young sculptors were busily working under the direction of famous Master Bertoldo.

Michelangelo could hardly restrain his great excitement. This was where he belonged! This was what he wanted to do more than anything else! He wanted to carve marble—he wanted to be a sculptor.

Unhappily he returned to Ghirlandaio. Two more years before he could leave his studio! But luck was on his side. Soon afterward, the prince asked Ghirlandaio to let him have his two best apprentices for his new Medici school. Ghirlandaio could not refuse. Michelangelo was chosen as one of the two.

Hard work lay ahead of Michelangelo. He could not carve the white marble, as he longed to do. First he had to draw again, then learn to model in clay and wax. It was tedious work, and Lorenzo de' Medici did not seem to pay any attention to him at all. Also his father threatened to take him out of the garden, since he was not getting paid a single florin any longer.

One day Michelangelo found a piece of white marble in the garden. He knew that he was not allowed to take it, but he could resist no longer. He carried it away, and with a friend's tools, he set to work. To him this piece of white stone was alive! Lovingly he picked up the hammer and chisel, and from the moment he touched the marble, he forgot everything and everybody around him. He carved a Greek faun, a statue he had seen in the Medici palace.

Prince Lorenzo happened to see Michelangelo's faun on one of his visits to his sculpture garden. He was pleased with it and said to his young apprentice, "You have done well, but may I offer a criticism?"

"Yes," answered the boy, "if it is a just one."

"Of that you shall be the judge," said the prince. "You made your faun very old, but you have left him all his teeth!"

When Lorenzo left, Michelangelo picked up his chisel and started to work on the faun's mouth.

On his next visit the prince was still more pleased and surprised. Michelangelo had made the change so skillfully that the hand of a master could not have done better. Lorenzo ordered the boy to tell his father that he wished to see him.

The father came. He had been absolutely opposed to his son's wish to become a sculptor. But standing before Lorenzo, the prince, in his magnificent palace, the father became very humble. And when Lorenzo told him that he wanted Michelangelo to live with him in his palace like one of his own family and that he wanted him to become a sculptor, the father agreed. Lorenzo even saw to it that the father received a good position in the customhouse of Florence.

As for Michelangelo, he at once moved into the palace, where he sat at the prince's table, and favors of all kinds were showered upon him by his noble patron.

Most important to Michelangelo was that he could work in marble to his heart's content. All that Bertoldo could teach him he learned and soon far surpassed his master. Both Lorenzo and Bertoldo knew that here was one of the greatest artists that ever lived.

But Lorenzo and Bertoldo died not long after Michelangelo had come to live in the palace, and Michelangelo was on his own again. Now he had to prove himself as a sculptor so that he could get commissions and earn a living.

When he was only twenty-five he carved in marble his *Pietà*, the Madonna holding Christ on her lap, one of the masterpieces of sculpture. He soon became famous all over Italy. The Pope called him to Rome, and he not only carved for him, but later painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in Rome.

Michelangelo lived to be almost ninety years old. Just before his death he saw his latest work, the great dome of St. Peter's Church in Rome, partially completed.

WORDS TO WATCH

Michelangelo	scaffolding	faun	Rome
Florence	sculptors	customhouse	Sistine Chapel
apprentice	chisel	patron	St. Peter's Church

QUESTIONS

1. Why did Michelangelo become famous?
2. How did he spend his time as a child?
3. How did he become interested in being a stone mason?
4. Why did his father not want him to be an artist?
5. What fault did the prince find with Michelangelo's statue of the faun?

The Child of Urbino

Louise de la Ramée

Long ago in the city of Urbino lived a master potter named Benedetto. Benedetto had a daughter, Pacifica, whom he loved very much. But the dearest thing in the world to him—dearer even than Pacifica—was his pottery, and his greatest sorrow was that he had no son to carry on his art. This sorrow was the greater because across the mountains a younger man was gaining fame as a potter, and in time threatened to outdo Benedetto and the pottery of Urbino.

Benedetto had a neighbor, and his neighbor had a son, a little fair-haired, grave-eyed child of seven, named Raphael. Raphael's father was an artist, and very early the child began to learn from him to hold the brush and mix the colors. He was often seen, too, in the workshop of Benedetto, for the potter loved the boy dearly. For hours at a time Raphael would stand quietly beside the old man as he worked, noting each detail of the potter's skill and storing up in his little head the things he learned there.

He was a friend, too, of the tall, dark-eyed Pacifica, who was ever ready to stop her work to play with him. But best of all, he loved big, gentle Luca. Luca had come down from the hills to learn the potter's trade from Benedetto. He was tall and straight, and he loved Benedetto's daughter with all his heart.

But, alas, poor Luca, good and handsome though he was, would never be an artist! He knew it. He knew also that Benedetto would never look with favor upon any but a great artist as the husband of Pacifica, and he despaired of ever winning her. He often told his trouble to Raphael, who felt very sorry for the young man and comforted him as best he could.

One day Luca came to Raphael in deep trouble. An order had come from the duke for a great jar and platter. It was to be sent over the mountains as a gift to the duke's cousin. Every one in the potter's workshop must strive to fill the order in a way that would be pleasing

to the duke. Benedetto had let it be known that the man who was lucky enough to please the duke might become Benedetto's partner and likewise his son-in-law. Poor Luca was in despair. He knew very well that his chance of winning Pacifica was gone.

Raphael's tender heart was touched.

"How much time do you have, Luca?" he asked hopefully.

"Three months," answered Luca, "but it makes no difference. I could never do it in three years."

Raphael thought for a long while. At last, putting his hand in Luca's, he said, "Luca, let me try to paint a jar and platter."

If Luca had not been so miserable, the sight of the little fellow would have made him laugh.

"Please, Luca," pleaded the child. "I can paint, you know. I have learned from my father. And I have often watched Benedetto at work. Please, Luca. It can do no harm."

Finally, rather than hurt the boy's feelings, Luca agreed.

Day after day Raphael climbed the stairs to Luca's workroom. Pacifica, watching him, thought he went to watch and cheer Luca and was sad because she knew that his faithfulness could do nothing toward helping Luca win the prize.

But up in the bare garret the child was working hard. How thankful he was for the hours spent with Benedetto and for the lessons of his father, the painter! How anxiously he toiled, painting and rubbing out, and painting again! Not a word did he breathe about his work, nor would he even allow Luca to look at what he did. Each night he covered it carefully so that no one might catch a glimpse of it. Meantime Luca was working away hopelessly, too sad to notice his little friend.

At last, the day before the end of the three months, Raphael called Luca to see his work. Trembling with eagerness, he uncovered his jar and platter and showed them to his friend.

One glance was enough. The astonished youth fell on his knees, crying out in wonder at the beauty of the child's work.

Raphael danced up and down with joy.

"But, Raphael," cried poor Luca, "it can do me no good. This is your work. It would be cheating for me to win Pacifica that way. I could not do it."

"Wait," said the child. "I have a plan."

The next day was the time set for the duke to come to choose his pottery. From all the country round the youth had gathered, bringing their work to be judged. The pottery was placed on benches in the great workroom, each piece being marked with a number instead of a name, in order that the judges might not know whose work it was and that the judgment should be quite fair.

In the outer room Benedetto and a few friends waited for the duke to come. Little Raphael was there, very pale, clinging to his father's hand.

When the duke appeared, Benedetto led the way to his workroom. The duke passed along the rows of jars and platters, praising each. At last he stopped.

"This is beyond all comparison," he said, turning to the potter. "Master Benedetto, whose work is this?"

Benedetto stepped forward and looked at the pottery. "It can be none of my people," he said. "I have no one in my workshop who could do work such as that. Number eleven," he added, looking at the gathering of potters, "step forward. The duke has chosen your work."

In the hush that followed, the child Raphael stepped out.

"I painted it," he said with a pleased smile. "I, Raphael."

Immediately the room was in confusion. The astonished potters gathered about the child, while Benedetto and Raphael's father looked on in amazement.

With tears in his eyes, the duke took a jewel that hung on a gold chain about his neck and placed it over Raphael's shoulders. "This is your first reward," he said. "You will have many, O wondrous child, who shall live when we are dust!"

Raphael kissed the duke's hand. Then he turned to his father. "Is it true," he asked, "that my jar and platter have been chosen?"

His father could only bow his head.

"Then," Raphael, looking up bravely at Benedetto, "Master, I claim the prize."

There was a little ripple of laughter.

"I am your pupil," said the child. "If you had not taught me your secrets, I could never have painted these. Now, dear Master, I give my right to my friend Luca, who is the most honest man in all the world, and does love Pacifica as no other can do."

Benedetto burst into tears. "Indeed," he said, "I can refuse him nothing. He will give such glory to Urbino as the world has never seen."

And the words that Benedetto spoke were fulfilled in the years to come.

WORDS TO WATCH

Raphael	garret	comparison
pleaded	anxiously	wondrous

QUESTIONS

1. Why did Raphael enter the pottery painting contest?
2. Why was each man working so hard on the pottery for the Duke?
3. What did Raphael do for his friend Luca when the prize was announced?
4. What was the city of Urbino famous for?

Sir Isaac Newton and the Apple

James Baldwin

Sir Isaac Newton was a great thinker. No other man in England, in the early seventeen hundreds, knew so much about the laws of nature; no other man understood the reasons of things so well as he. He learned by looking closely at things and by hard study. He was always thinking, thinking.

Although he was one of the wisest men that ever lived, yet he felt that he knew but very little. The more he learned, the better he saw how much there was still to be learned.

When he was a very old man, he one day said, "I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore. I have amused myself by now and then finding a smooth pebble or a pretty shell, but the great ocean of truth still lies before me unknown and unexplored."

It is only the very ignorant who think themselves very wise.

One day in autumn Sir Isaac was lying on the grass under an apple tree and thinking, thinking, thinking. Suddenly an apple that had grown ripe on its branch fell to the ground by his side.

"What made that apple fall?" he asked himself.

"It fell because its stem would no longer hold it to its branch," was his first thought.

But Sir Isaac was not satisfied with this answer. "Why did it fall toward the ground? Why should it not fall some other way just as well?" he asked.

"All heavy things fall to the ground—but why do they? Because they are heavy. That is not a good reason. For then we may ask, why is anything heavy? Why is one thing heavier than another?"

When he had once begun to think about this, he did not stop until he had reasoned it all out.

Millions of people had seen apples fall, but it was left for Sir Isaac Newton to ask *why* they fall. He explained it in this way,

"Every object draws every other object toward it.

"The more matter an object contains the harder it draws.

"The nearer an object is to another the harder it draws.

"The harder an object draws other objects, the heavier it is said to be.

"The earth is many millions of times heavier than an apple, so it draws the apple toward it millions and millions of times harder than the apple can draw the other way.

"The earth is millions of times heavier than any object near to or upon its surface, so it draws every such object toward it.

"This is why things fall, as we say, toward the earth.

"While we know that every object draws every other object, we cannot know why it does so. We can only give a name to the force that causes this.

"We call that force GRAVITATION.

"It is gravitation that causes the apple to fall.

"It is gravitation that makes things have weight.

"It is gravitation that keeps all things in their proper places." Suppose there was no such force as gravitation; would an apple fall to the ground? Suppose that gravitation did not draw objects toward the earth; what would happen?

To you who, like Sir Isaac Newton, are always asking "Why?" and "How?" these questions will give something to think about.

WORDS TO WATCH

unexplored matter object gravitation

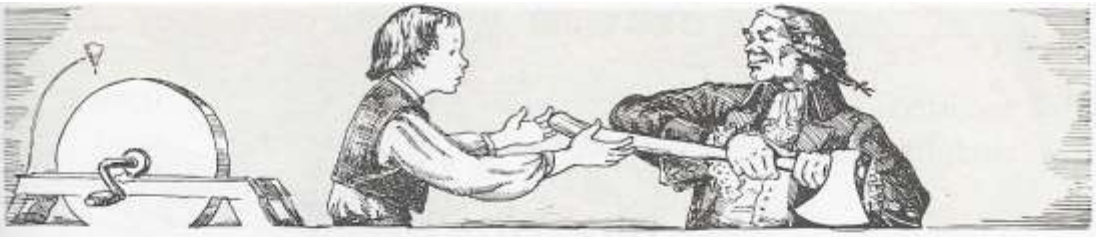
QUESTIONS

1. What makes a man a thinker or a scientist?
2. What did Isaac Newton ask himself when he saw the apple fall?
3. What were his answers to those questions?
4. What does the force do, which Newton called GRAVITATION?

The Falling Star

Sara Teasdale

I saw a star slide down the sky,
Blinding the north as it went by,
Too burning and too quick to hold,
Too lovely to be bought or sold,
Good only to make wishes on
And then forever to be gone.



An Ax to Grind

Benjamin Franklin

When I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow!" said he. "Will you let me grind my ax on it?"

Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered. "It is down in the shop."

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?"

How could I refuse? I ran, and soon brought a kettleful.

"How old are you?—and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply. "I'm sure you are one of the finest lads that I have ever seen. Will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new ax, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rang, and I could not get away. My hands were blistered, and the ax was not half ground.

At length, however, it was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant! Scud to school, or you'll rue it!"

"Alas!" thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but to be called a little rascal is too much."

It sank deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since.

WORDS TO WATCH

accosted	kettleful	truant
compliment	rue	scud

QUESTIONS

1. What lesson did the boy learn?
2. Why is it better not to listen to flattery?
3. How many things did the boy do for the man?
4. How do you know that the man was not truly kind?
5. What do we mean when we say of a person he has "an ax to grind"?

You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time.

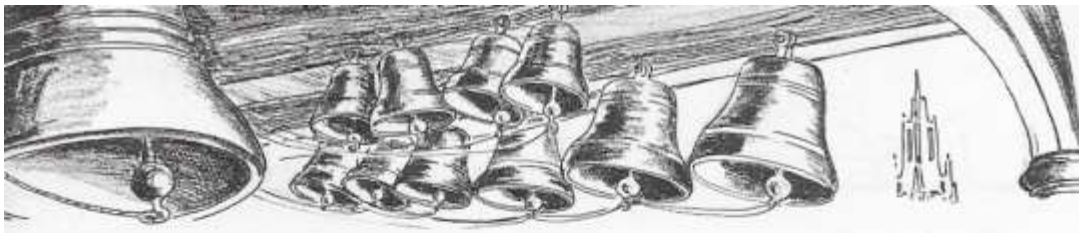
Abraham Lincoln

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
that flattery is the food of fools.

Swift

Flatterers are the worst kind of enemies.

Tacitus



Christmas Bells

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

What Have I?

Christina Rossetti

The Shepherds had an Angel,
The Wise Men had a Star,
But what have I, a little child,
To guide me home from far,
Where glad stars sing together
And singing angels are?

George Washington and his Hatchet

James Baldwin

When George Washington was quite a little boy, his father gave him a hatchet. It was bright and new, and George took great delight in going about and chopping things with it.

He ran into the garden, and there he saw a tree which seemed to say to him, "Come and cut me down!"

George had often seen his father's men chop down the great trees in the forest, and he thought that it would be fine sport to see this tree fall with a crash to the ground. So he set to work with his little hatchet, and as the tree was a very small one, it did not take long to lay it low.

Soon after that, his father came home.

"Who has been cutting my fine young cherry tree?" he cried. "It was the only tree of its kind in this country, and it cost me a great deal of money."

He was very angry when he came into the house.

"If I only knew who killed that cherry tree," he cried, "I would—yes, I would"—

"Father!" cried little George. "I will tell you the truth about it. I chopped the tree down with my hatchet."

His father forgot his anger.

"George," he said, and he took the little fellow in his arms, "George, I am glad that you told me about it. I would rather lose a dozen cherry trees than that you should tell one falsehood."

WORDS TO WATCH

hatchet falsehood

QUESTIONS

1. Why did George's father not punish his boy for chopping down a precious tree?
2. Why is it best to tell the truth even when it is difficult?

Truth is the most powerful thing in the world.

Shaftesbury

Keep conscience clear,
Then never fear.

Benjamin Franklin

Let honesty and industry be thy constant companions.

Benjamin Franklin

A child should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to
And behave mannerly at table,
At least as far as he is able.

Robert Louis Stevenson

General Washington and the Corporal

During the Revolutionary War George Washington was general and commander-in-chief. He was loved and respected by all soldiers for his understanding and kindness.

This story tells how one of his corporals learned a lesson of kindness from him.

It happened on a very cold morning. Washington went out to inspect a camp which he had ordered to be fortified. His coat and uniform were covered by a long cape, and a hood half hid his face. Nobody who saw him knew that the great general was passing by.

Washington soon came to a group of soldiers who were building a wall of logs. They were just about to raise a very heavy log to the top.

A corporal was supervising and giving orders.

"Up with it—now! All together—heave—ho!" he shouted.

The men lifted the log with all their might, but it was too heavy —they could not raise it quite high enough.

The corporal, without giving them any help himself, shouted again, "Further up, men, again now, heave up! H-e-a-v-e up!" The men struggled and strained and tried their best, but to no avail. The heavy log was about to sink back into their arms.

At this instant, Washington stepped over to them. With all his strength he helped them heave the log up and roll it into place.

The soldiers thanked the stranger enthusiastically, but the corporal ignored him.

"You should have helped your men with this heavy lifting," Washington said to him in a stern voice.

"So I should, should I?" answered the man. "Can't you see that I am the corporal?"

"Indeed!" replied Washington, throwing back his cape and showing his uniform. "So you are a corporal! Well, I am the commander-in-chief! Won't you send for me the next time a log proves too heavy to lift for your men?" With that he turned and walked away.

Do you think the corporal learned a lesson? Can you understand why the soldiers not only respected their general but loved him as well?

Very often in life a little act of kindness shows the true greatness of a man.

WORDS TO WATCH

fortified	cape	avail
corporal	heave	enthusiastically

QUESTIONS

1. What lesson did the corporal learn from General Washington?
2. Why did Washington help the men?
3. What were the men building?

Be gentle and loving,
Be kind and polite,
Be thoughtful of others,
Be sure to do right.

King Cotton

Robert Mackenzie

When Europeans first visited the southern parts of North America, they found there a plant destined to such importance in the history of the world as no other member of the vegetable family ever attained. It was an unimportant-looking plant, two or three feet in height, studded with pods somewhat larger than a walnut. In the appropriate season these pods opened, revealing a wealth of soft white fiber, in which lay the seeds of the plant. This was cotton.

The English began to cultivate a little cotton very soon after their settlement in America, but it was a difficult crop for them to handle. The plants grew luxuriantly. When autumn came, the opening pods revealed a most satisfactory growth. The quantity of cotton excited the wonder of the planters, but before the fiber could be used, the seeds had to be removed. This was a slow and therefore a costly process. It was as much as a man could do in a day to separate one pound of cotton from the seeds. As long as this was the case, cotton could never be abundant or cheap.

In course of time, things came to pass in England which made it necessary that cotton should be both abundant and cheap. In 1768 Richard Arkwright invented a machine for spinning cotton, vastly superior to anything in use.

The next year, a greater than he—James Watt—announced a greater invention, the engine that worked by steam. England was now ready to begin her work of weaving cotton for the world, but where was the cotton to be found?

Three or four years before Watt patented his engine and Arkwright his spinning-frame, there was born in a New England farmhouse a boy whose work was needed to complete theirs. His name was Eli Whitney. Eli was a born mechanic. As a mere boy he made nails, pins, and walking-canes in novel ways, and thus earned money to support himself at college.

In 1792 he went to Georgia to visit Mrs. Greene, the widow of that General Greene who so troubled Lord Cornwallis in the closing years of the Revolutionary War. In those early times, when few of the comforts of civilized life were yet enjoyed, no visitor was more welcome than a skillful mechanic. Eli made marvelous toys for the children and overcame household difficulties by clever devices. Mrs. Greene learned to wonder at him and to believe that nothing was impossible for him.

One day when Mrs. Greene was entertaining a party of her neighbors, the conversation turned upon the sorrows of the planter. They lamented the unfortunate way in which the seeds of the cotton stuck to the fiber. With an urgent demand from England for cotton, with boundless lands which grew nothing so well as cotton, it was hard to be stopped by those little cotton seeds.

Now Mrs. Greene believed that her friend Eli could do anything he undertook. She begged him to invent a machine which would separate the seeds of cotton from the fiber.

Eli was of Northern upbringing and had never even seen cotton in seed. He walked to Savannah, and there, with some trouble, obtained a quantity of uncleaned cotton. On his return, he shut himself in his room and brooded over the difficulty which he had undertaken to conquer.

All that winter Eli labored, hammering, building up, rejecting, beginning afresh. He had no help. He could not even buy tools, but had to make them with his own hands. At length his machine was completed—a queer, clumsy machine, but looking as if it could do the work that was needed.

Mrs. Greene then invited the leading men of Georgia to her house and conducted them in triumph to the building in which the machine stood. The owners of unprofitable cotton lands looked on, with a wild flash of hope lighting up their hearts. Possibilities of untold wealth to each of them lay in that clumsy structure. When the machine was put in motion, it became evident to all that it could perform the work of hundreds of men.

Eli Whitney had gained a great victory for mankind. In that crude log hut of Georgia, Cotton was crowned King, and a new era was opened for America and for the world.

WORDS TO WATCH

destined	fiber	Georgia	unprofitable
studded	abundant	civilized	structure
pods	patented	Savannah	era
luxuriantly	Eli Whitney	brooded	

QUESTIONS

1. What is the meaning of the title, "King Cotton"?
2. Why is cotton important?
3. What did Mrs. Green ask Eli Whitney to invent?
4. How long did Eli work on his machine?
5. Where did Eli Whitney invent the cotton gin?

Abraham Lincoln's Good Stepmother

Genevieve Foster

When Abe Lincoln was eight years old, his father moved the whole family to Indiana. Before he could finish the building of a cabin, Abe's mother fell sick and died. Abe, his father, and his sister were very lonesome and unhappy without her.

A whole year passed in misery and loneliness. Then Abe's father couldn't stand it any longer. He went back to Kentucky, leaving Abe and Sarah alone with Dennis Hanks. Dennis had come to live in their cabin after Aunt Betsy died.

One dismal December day, Abe sat by the fire, scratching all the letters he could remember in the ashes, wishing he knew how to read. Every day seemed like a week, waiting for his father to come back. Abe knew why he'd gone, but that didn't make waiting any easier. Dennis had just come in with his gun, bringing a squirrel for dinner. Sarah said she'd cook it and try to make it taste good. Abe said he couldn't eat. He couldn't even swallow.

What if nobody would come? he thought. Or what if somebody came, and she didn't like them—him and Sarah? What if . . . All of a sudden he heard horses' hooves. He ran outside. And almost before he knew it, *she* was there. His stepmother, Sarah Bush Lincoln. He saw her first, sitting beside his father on the seat of a big wagon, piled so high with furniture that it took four horses to pull it.

On top of the pile sat two girls and a boy. They jumped down as the wagon stopped and stood staring at Abe and Sarah in their dirty, ragged clothes. Then the tall, straight woman came and stood beside them.

"These are my children," she said. "John and Sarah and Matilda Johnston." Her voice was warm and friendly. "And I suppose you are Sarah Lincoln? And you," she added slowly, "you must be Abraham."

Abe looked up. Her eyes were as friendly as her voice. She didn't even seem to see that he was too tall or mind that he was homely. She just smiled, and so Abe smiled too. From then to the end of his life, this second mother was to be "the best friend he had."

"Wa-al now," she said briskly, stepping into the cabin. "Fust thing for me to do is to make something for us all to eat. Meantime you young-uns go out to the horse trough. Take this soft soap and wash up good, all over."

Wash up? thought Abe, all over? in the winter? That was a mighty queer notion. But he did it, and it felt good. It felt good, too, to have a comb run through his gritty black hair. And to put on a clean shirt of the Johnston boy's. And sit down to good, hot food with eight folks around the table to eat it.

After supper, his new mother swept up the dirty cabin. But to be halfway decent, she told Abe's father, it would have to have a wood floor and a door and windows. Then he could get some lime over to Gentryville and whitewash the walls. Right away, that night, everybody must help carry in the furniture and unroll the feather beds. Abe heard something bumping in the chest as they set it down.

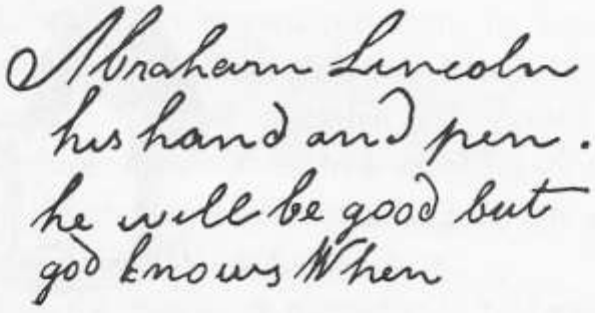
Next morning, when his stepmother opened it, there were two books. One was the Bible. And the other — he could hardly believe his eyes — the other was his beloved fable book.

It was *Aesop's Fables.*

"Kin you read?" his stepmother asked. Abe shook his head. "Nor kin I," she added quickly. "But you'd like to learn?" She knew the answer before he gave it. "Then I'll make sure that you git the chance, soon as there's enough settlers around here to have a school start up."

The winter Abe was thirteen, a school was started. All the children went for a few months. The others didn't half try, but Abe was different. He went over and over the words in the speller, and practiced writing everywhere, specially on the back of the big, wooden fire shovel.

Dennis got interested, and made a pen for him out of a turkey buzzard's quill, stirred up some ink, and brought back some paper from the store at Gentryville to make into a notebook. In it Abe wrote:



He was now fourteen. At last he could read and write!

WORDS TO WATCH

misery	homely	gritty
dismal	trough	buzzard

QUESTIONS

1. What great thing did Abe Lincoln's stepmother do for him?
2. What was the first thing the stepmother did when she arrived?
3. Which two books did the stepmother bring with her?

Lincoln Anecdotes

Some of Lincoln's friends were discussing the shortness of some people.

"How long should a man's legs be?" someone asked Lincoln.

"Well," he said, "they should be at least long enough to reach the floor."

A foreign diplomat saw Lincoln shining his own shoes.
"Well, Mr. President, do you shine your own shoes?"
"Yes," replied Lincoln. "Whose do you shine?"

Why Lincoln Grew Whiskers

Up until Lincoln was elected president, he kept his face clean shaven. A little school girl, Grace Bedell of Westfield, New York, saw his picture during the political campaign and decided his homely and bare face would look better if he had whiskers. She wrote a letter telling him she thought he would make a good president but would look better if he would let his whiskers grow.

Lincoln wrote the little girl a nice letter in reply. After the election when he was on his way to Washington to be inaugurated, his train stopped at Westfield.

There was a large gathering about the depot, and Lincoln asked Ex-Lieutenant Governor Patterson to find out if little Grace Bedell was present. She came forward, shyly pushing her way through the crowd.

The president caught her up and kissed her.

"Now you can see how I look with whiskers," he said. "I took your advice."

The multitude burst forth in a wild demonstration of cheering and waving hats as he held her up to be seen.

WORDS TO WATCH

inaugurated depot

Human Beings Should Be Able to Fly

Sterling North

In later years it always amused Edison to tell of his earliest and most childish experiments. He was a good storyteller, and perhaps he improved his tales for the sake of artistry. However, being an honest man, he never seriously altered the facts.

At an early age he became convinced that human beings should be able to fly. The method he used to give wings to mankind might have encouraged neighbors in their belief that Al was addled.

Balloons rise because they are filled with a gas lighter than air. Among the chemicals and drugs which Al had gathered in the basement was a big bottle of effervescent Seidlitz powder — a popular medicine of the period, and obviously an excellent source of gas lighter than air. Al was too shrewd to try the experiment on himself. Looking about for a victim, his eye lit upon his adoring friend, Michael Oates, the Dutch boy-of-all-work around the Edison home. Mike would do almost anything for Al, whom he rightly considered the smartest boy in Port Huron.

However, Mike was suspicious why Thomas Alva offered him an oversized dose of Seidlitz powder. Fly? Who wanted to fly? And besides, how could he ever get down if he started floating upward toward the clouds?

Al told him to grab the branches of the tree above him as he soared by. He would later be rescued with a ladder.

Shutting his eyes, Mike dutifully downed the enormous dose. Then he waved his arms as he had been told. But Mike showed no talent whatsoever for flying. Instead he soon lay groaning on the ground.

This time Nancy Edison used her willow switch in earnest. There were to be no more flying experiments around the Edison household. Al was persuaded that it might be wise to turn his talents in other directions.

WORDS TO WATCH

artistry	effervescent	shrewd
addled	Seidlitz powder	dose

QUESTIONS

1. How did Edison try to get Mike Oates to fly?
2. What happened to Edison as a result of his experiment?
3. What happened to Mike Oates?

He who would climb the ladder must begin at the bottom.

A Great Inventor

H. J. Alva

At Mt. Clemens, the train on which young Edison worked spent some time every day switching cars. One day while he was waiting for the train to make up, an incident happened which went far towards shaping the boy's future career. The station agent had a little son about two and one-half years old to whom it was a great delight to play about the railway station and watch the trains come and go.

On this particular day the little fellow had slipped out of the building and, unknown to anyone, began playing on the railway tracks behind the station. All of a sudden the child was missed. "Where's the baby?" shouted the father, as he heard some cars rumbling down the switch. Out of one door he ran, and Tom rushed out of the other in search of the missing child.

As Tom turned the corner of the station, he saw the child playing in the sand between the tracks, wholly unmindful of the approaching danger. Quick as a flash, nor heeding any danger to himself, Tom dashed forward and grabbed the little one almost from under the wheels of the cars. It was a close call, but the child and his rescuer both escaped unharmed.

The father came up just in time to see the rescue. "Oh," he cried, "you have saved my child!" and he grasped his young son in his strong arms. Then over and over he thanked Tom for his brave deed and praised his courage. "If ever I have an opportunity to repay you, Tom, I shall not forget my obligation."

A day or two afterwards Tom stepped into the station for his usual chat. "Have you ever thought of becoming a telegraph operator?" asked the agent.

"That's just what I want to be," came the prompt reply.

"Very well, then. I shall see if I cannot get you a place in this office at once. It will give me great pleasure to teach you all I know about telegraphy."

Two days later Tom entered upon his new work. So rapidly did he master the "key" that in ten days he had constructed a complete set of instruments of his own; and a little later the young operator surprised the villagers by sending messages between a downtown drug-store and the railway station over a new line of his own construction.

Within a very few years Edison became a swift and competent operator, as the following incident will show.

Edison had been promised employment in the Boston office. When he arrived, the weather was quite cold, and his peculiar dress, topped with a slouchy, broad-brimmed hat, made something of a sensation. He stalked into the superintendent's room and said,

"Here I am!"

The superintendent eyed him from head to foot and said,

"Who are you?"

"Tom Edison."

"And who on earth might Tom Edison be?"

The young man explained that he had been ordered to report at the Boston office. He was finally told to sit down in the operating room, where his arrival created much merriment. The operators made fun of him loudly enough for him to hear. He didn't care. A few minutes later a New York operator, noted for his swiftness, called up the Boston office. There was no one at liberty.

"Well," said the office chief, "let the new man try him."

Edison sat down and for four hours and a half wrote out messages in his clear, round hand, stuck a date and number on them, and threw them on the floor for the office boy to pick up. The time he took in numbering and dating the sheets was the only time he was not writing out transmitted words. Faster and faster ticked the instrument, and faster and faster went Edison's fingers, until the rapidity with which the messages came tumbling on the floor attracted the attention of the other operators, who, when their work was done, gathered around to witness the spectacle. At the close of the four and a half hours' work, there flashed from New York the salutation,

"Hello."

"Hello yourself!" ticked Edison.

"Who are you?" rattled into the Boston office.

"Tom Edison."

"You are the first man in the country," ticked in the instrument, "that could ever take me at my fastest, and the only one who could ever sit at the other end of my wire for more than two hours and a half. I'm proud to know you."

While he was employed as telegraph operator, Edison's inventive mind was hard at work. Accordingly, when but seventeen years of age, he invented the Duplex telegraph which made it possible "to send two messages in opposite directions on the same wire at the same time, without causing any confusion."

From the telegraph, young Edison turned his attention to other machines and instruments. Day and night he busied himself with experiments for improving old machines or making new ones. Today Mr. Edison is known as one of the world's greatest inventors. Over one thousand patents have been granted him on his inventions. Just the names of them would make a long list. Some of his most noted ones are the phonograph, the electric light, and moving pictures. Any one of these would have made the inventor famous; all of them have added immensely to the benefit of mankind.

WORDS TO WATCH

Edison	instruments	peculiar	confusion
unmindful	construction	liberty	phonograph
heeding	employment	inventive	immensely
telegraph			

QUESTIONS

1. What showed that Edison was master of many different situations?
2. Why did the station agent owe Edison a debt?
3. How did the station agent repay Tom Edison?
4. How did Edison prove that he was a good telegraph operator?
5. What did Edison invent when he was only seventeen years old?
6. What are some of the famous inventions of Thomas Edison?

Nothing is gained without work.

One thing each time and that done well,
Is a very good rule, as many can tell;
Moments are useless, trifled away;
So work while you work and play while you play.

Stoddart

It Will Burn

Sterling North

Francis Jehl, although he had been with Edison for less than a year, had swiftly become an important and dependable assistant. Occasionally his name was mentioned in the newspaper stories about Menlo Park. His most important duty was to handle the complicated mercury pumps which removed the air from the experimental light bulbs. More than half a century later Jehl could still remember exactly what happened on the historic October days of 1879 when the first practical electric lamp was born.

After experimenting with metals so rare and costly they were almost unobtainable, Edison had discovered that carbonized cotton thread, which cost virtually nothing, was far better for a filament than platinum or any other precious metal he had tried.

On October 18, Edison carefully carbonized a loop of thread in the furnace, and Charles Batchelor, the only man with enough skill to handle the delicate filament, placed it in the bulb. Now Francis began hours of labor (supervised by Edison), exhausting the air from the bulb. Finally Boehm was called to seal the bulb, which was now ready for its life test. The current was turned on, and the thread began to glow. But let Francis tell the story:

> That Sunday night, long after the other men had gone, Edison and I kept a death-watch to note any convulsions or other last symptoms the lamp might give when expiring.
>
> The lamp, however, did not expire! In the morning (after a not unusual day and night of continuous labor) we were relieved by Batchelor, Upton, and Force. The lamp continued to burn brilliantly all that day, passing the 24-hour mark. We were stirred with hope as each hour passed . . . General good humor existed all around.

> The night of the 20th of October again brought quiet to the laboratory as the watch continued, this time composed of Edison, Batchelor, and me. During the night between the 20th and the 21st, Edison, judging from the appearance of the lamp still burning without a flaw, seemed satisfied that the first solid foundation of the future of electric lighting had now been laid.
>
> The lamp held out heroically that night and the following day until, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, October 21st, 1879, it had attained more than forty hours of life — the longest existence yet achieved by an incandescent lamp. The "boys" from all departments came to take a squint at the little wonder and to express their joy.

Edison now increased the current higher and higher, "until, in a dazzle of brightness, it gave out."

"If it will burn that number of hours," said Edison, "I know I can make it burn a hundred." Indeed he soon had a bulb, made from a slender carbonized horseshoe of pasteboard, which burned for 170 hours. Success was at hand.

Francis Jehl was as elated as Edison himself. The Sorcerer's Apprentice had served his master well. From Menlo Park would spread the great white magic which soon would illuminate the entire world. October 21 would ever after be celebrated as Edison Lamp Day.

WORDS TO WATCH

Menlo Park	filament	symptoms	pasteboard
unobtainable	exhausting	expiring	sorcerer
carbonized	seal	incandescent	apprentice

QUESTIONS

1. What is this story about?
2. Why is the invention of the light bulb one of the most important ever made?
3. Who was an important assistant to Thomas Edison?
4. When did this experiment take place?
5. How long did Edison get his bulb to burn?

One generation plants the trees . . . another gets the shade.

Chinese Proverb

A work well begun is half ended.

Plato