Young Theodore Roosevelt's Struggle for Health

Little Theodore, called Teedy or Teddy by his family, was a sickly, timid child. He suffered from frequent headaches and spent many a sleepless night, fighting attacks of asthma. His ill health kept him out of school for years and years. He had a brilliant mind and read many books, but he had no friends, and outside of his family, books were his only companions.

One day his father took him aside and said to him, "Teedy, you have a good mind, but you have a sickly body. Doctors do not know how to cure you, but you can help yourself. You can build up your body. It is hard and tedious work. You need determination and courage. But it will be worthwhile to become a strong and healthy boy."

With that he handed the boy the key to a brand new gymnasium which he had built and fitted out for his son in one of the upstairs rooms in his house.

How young Theodore built his body until he was as strong and sturdy as other boys his age shows his determination, his pluck, and courage. He exercised faithfully, a few minutes more each day. He lifted weights, worked on parallel bars and swings, did push-ups and tumbling on the mat.

Progress was slow. Other boys still laughed at him when they saw him out alone. They teased him about his pipestem legs, called him a bookworm, a mama boy.

After another fierce attack of asthma, Teedy was sent off alone to the Maine woods so that he could recover in the clear mountain air. In his autobiography he later wrote,

"On the stagecoach ride there, I encountered a couple of other boys who were about my own age, but very much more competent and also much more mischievous. I have no doubt they were good-hearted boys, but they were boys! They found that I was a victim, and industriously proceeded to make life miserable for me."

When Teedy finally tried to fight them, he found to his great dismay that each one of the boys could easily handle him, but that *he* could not hurt either one of them at all.

"This experience," he later wrote, "taught me what probably no amount of good advice could have taught me. I made up my mind that I must try to learn so that I would not again be put in such a helpless position. Since I did not have the natural prowess to hold my own, I decided that I would supply its place by training."

And training he did! He took long hikes, climbing up and down mountain trails. He swam in the cold mountain streams every day. "Struggle and grow strong" was his motto.

When he returned home, he was stronger and huskier than ever before. He asked his father for wrestling and boxing lessons, and Mr. Roosevelt was only too glad to let him have his wish. After months the lessons with a former prize fighter paid off. Teedy could hold his own against the worst bully his size.

Later, when he went to college, he took up several other outdoor sports, such as football, baseball, rowing. He organized Harvard's first polo team and was its best player. He also became a good hunter and woodsman.

After college he lived almost two years on a ranch, leading the life of a cowboy. He spent hours in the saddle rounding up cattle, sleeping out under the stars, a beautiful life, but also a life of hardships.

Finally Teddy had won the struggle and had completely overcome his sickness. He had "built his body" until it had become as sound and strong as his mind.

WORDS TO WATCH

timid	pipestem	mischievous	prowess
asthma	competent	industriously	motto

QUESTIONS

1. What lesson can you learn from this story?
2. When and how did "Teedy" make up his mind to become a stro boy?
3. How did he go about reaching his goal?
4. How did his father help him in his struggle for health?

Always Finish

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

Letters of Theodore Roosevelt

Theodore Roosevelt had six children. Theodore, called Ted, was his oldest son. Quentin, called Quenty-Quee, was his youngest son. Miss Emily T. Carow was a sister of Mrs. Roosevelt.

Oyster Bay, August 6, 1903

TO EMILY T. CAROW

The children do have an ideal time out here, and it is an ideal place for them. The three sets of cousins are always together. I am rather disconcerted by the fact that they persist in regarding me as a playmate. This afternoon, for instance, was rainy, and all of them from George, Ted, Lorraine and Ethel down to Archibald, Nicholas and Quentin, with the addition of Aleck Russell and Ensign Hamner, came to get me to play with them in the old barn. They plead so hard that I finally gave in, but upon my word, I hardly knew whether it was quite right for the President to be engaged in such wild romping as the next two hours saw. The barn is filled with hay, and of course meets every requirement for the most active species of hide-and-seek and the like. Quentin enjoyed the game as much as any one, and would jump down from one hay level to another fifteen feet below with complete abandon.

I took Kermit and Archie, with Philip, Oliver and Nicholas out for a night's camping in the two rowboats last week. They enjoyed themselves heartily, as usual, each sleeping rolled up in his blanket, and all getting up at an unearthly hour. Also, as usual, they displayed a touching and firm conviction that my cooking is unequalled. It was of a simple character, consisting of frying beefsteak first and then potatoes in bacon fat, over the camp fire; but they certainly ate in a way that showed their words were not uttered in a spirit of empty compliment.

White House, May 28, 1904

DEAR TED:

I am having a reasonable amount of work and rather more than a reasonable amount of worry. But, after all, life is lovely here. The country is beautiful, and I do not think that any two people ever got more enjoyment out of the White House than Mother and I. We love the house itself, without and within, for its associations, for its stillness and its simplicity. We love the garden. And we like Washington. We almost always take our breakfast on the south portico now, Mother looking very pretty and dainty in her summer dresses. Then we stroll about the garden for fifteen or twenty minutes, looking at the flowers and the fountain and admiring the trees. Then I work until between four and five, usually having some official people to lunch—now a couple of Senators, now a couple of Ambassadors, now a literary man, now a capitalist or a labor leader, or a scientist, or a big-game hunter. If Mother wants to ride, we then spend a couple of hours on horseback. We had a lovely ride up on the Virginia shore since I came back, and yesterday went up Rock Creek and swung back home by the roads where the locust trees were most numerous—for they are now white with blossoms. It is the last great burst of bloom which we shall see this year except the laurels. But there are plenty of flowers in bloom or just coming out, the honeysuckle most conspicuously. The south portico is fragrant with that now. The jasmine will be out later. If we don't ride I walk or play tennis. But I am afraid Ted has gotten out of his father's class in tennis!

White House, April 1, 1906

DARLING QUENTY-QUEE:

Slipper and the kittens are doing finely. I think the kittens will be big enough for you to pet and have some satisfaction out of when you get home, although they will be pretty young still. I miss you all dreadfully, and the house feels big and lonely and full of echoes with nobody but me in it; and I do not hear any small scamps running up and down the hall just as hard as they can; or hear their voices while I am dressing; or suddenly look out through the windows of the office at the tennis ground and see them racing over it or playing in the sand-box. I love you very much.

WORDS TO WATCH

First Letter:

disconcerted species unearthly unequalled

Second Letter:

associations ambassadors capitalist conspicuously
portico literary

Third Letter:

satisfaction scamps

QUESTIONS

1. Why did the children like to play with their father, the president?
2. Why did Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt love the White House, and what did they enjoy most while there?
3. Judging from these three letters, what kind of a man was Theodore Roosevelt?

How Helen Keller Learned

Helen Keller

When Helen Keller was little more than a year old, a severe illness left her both blind and deaf. It is hard to imagine a more terrible affliction. Yet in spite of it she not only learned to read and speak, but acquired a college education. This selection from her book, THE STORY OF MY LIFE, *will give you some idea of how she overcame some of her difficulties.*

I cannot recall what happened during the first months after my illness. I only know that I sat in my mother's lap or clung to her dress as she went about her household duties. My hands felt every object and observed every motion, and in this way I learned to know many things. Soon I felt the need of some communication with others and began to make crude signs. A shake of the head meant "No" and a nod "Yes," a pull meant "Come" and a push "Go." Was it bread that I wanted? Then I would imitate the acts of cutting the slices and buttering them. If I wanted my mother to make ice cream for dinner, I made the sign for working the freezer and shivered as if cold.

My mother, moreover, succeeded in making me understand a good deal. I always knew when she wished me to bring her something, and I would run upstairs or anywhere else she indicated. Indeed, I owe to her loving wisdom all that was bright and good in my long night.

I understood a good deal of what was going on about me. At five I learned to fold and put away the clean clothes when they were brought in from the laundry, and I distinguished my own from the rest. I knew, by the way my mother and aunt dressed, when they were going out, and I invariably begged to go with them. I was always sent for when there was company, and when the guests took their leave, I waved my hand to them.

I do not remember when I first realized that I was different from other people, but I knew it before my teacher came to me. I had noticed that my mother and my friends did not use signs as I did when they wanted anything done, but talked with their mouths. Sometimes I stood between two persons who were conversing and touched their lips. I could not understand, and was vexed. I moved my lips, but without result. This made me so angry at times that I kicked and screamed until I was exhausted.

In those days a little colored girl, Martha Washington, the child of our cook, and Belle, an old setter and a great hunter in her day, were my constant companions. Martha Washington understood my signs, and I seldom had any difficulty in making her do just as I wished. We spent a great deal of time in the kitchen, kneading dough balls, helping make ice cream, grinding coffee, quarreling over the cake bowl, and feeding the hens and turkeys that swarmed about the kitchen steps. Many of the fowls were so tame that they would eat from my hand and let me feel them. One big gobbler snatched a tomato from me one day and ran away with it. Inspired, perhaps, by Master Gobbler's success, we carried off to the woodpile a cake which the cook had just frosted, and ate every bit of it. I was quite ill afterward, and I wondered if the turkey was too.

The most important day I remember in all my life is the one on which my teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan, came to me. It was the third of March, 1887, three months before I was seven years old.

From the beginning of my education, Miss Sullivan made it a practice to speak to me as she would speak to any hearing child; the only difference was that she spelled the sentences into my hand instead of speaking them. If I did not know the words necessary to express my thoughts, she supplied them, even suggesting conversation when I was unable to keep up my end of the dialogue. This process was continued for several years.

The next important step in my education was learning to read. As soon as I could spell a few words, my teacher gave me slips of cardboard on which were printed words in raised letters. I quickly

learned what each printed word stood for. I had a frame in which I could arrange the words in little sentences; but before I ever put sentences in the frame, I used to make them with objects. I found the slips of paper which represented, for example, "doll," "is," "on," "bed" and placed each name on its object; then I put my doll on the bed with the words *is, on, bed* arranged beside the doll, thus making a sentence of the words and at the same time carrying out the idea of the sentence with the things themselves.

One day, Miss Sullivan tells me, I pinned the word *girl* on my pinafore and stood in the wardrobe. On the shelf I arranged the words, *is, in, wardrobe*. Nothing delighted me so much as this game. My teacher and I played it for hours at a time.

From the printed slip it was but a step to the printed book. I took my *Reader for Beginners* in raised type (Braille) and hunted for the words I knew. When I found them my joy was like that in a game of hide-and-seek. Thus I began to read.

It was in the spring of 1890 that I learned to speak. The impulse to utter sounds had always been strong within me. I used to make noises, keeping one hand on my throat while the other hand felt the movements of my lips. I was pleased with anything that made a noise and liked to feel the cat purr and the dog bark. I also liked to keep my hand on a singer's throat, or on a piano when it was being played. Before I lost my sight and hearing, I was fast learning to talk, but after my illness it was found that I had ceased to speak because I could not hear. I used to sit in my mother's lap all day long and keep my hands on her face because it amused me to feel the motions of her lips; and I moved my lips, too, although I had forgotten what talking was. My friends say that I laughed and cried naturally, and for awhile I made many sounds, not because they were a means of communication, but because of the need of exercising my vocal organs. There was, however, one word the meaning of which I still remembered, *water*. I pronounced it "wa-wa." Even this became less and less intelligible until the time when Miss Sullivan began to teach me. I stopped using it only after I had learned to spell the word on my fingers.

In 1890 Mrs. Lamson, a teacher of the deaf, who had just returned from a visit to Norway and Sweden, came to see me and told me of Ragnhild Kaata, a deaf and blind girl in Norway who had been taught to speak. Mrs. Lamson had scarcely finished telling me about this girl's success before I was on fire with eagerness. I resolved that I, too, would learn to speak. I would not rest satisfied until my teacher took me, for advice and assistance, to Miss Sarah Fuller, principal of the Horace Mann School for deaf children, in Boston. This lovely, sweet-natured lady offered to teach me herself, and we began on the twenty-sixth of March, 1890.

Miss Fuller's method was this: she passed my hand lightly over her face, and let me feel the position of her tongue and lips when she made a sound. I was eager to imitate every motion and in an hour had learned six elements of speech: M, P, A, S, T, I. Miss Fuller gave me eleven lessons in all. I shall never forget the surprise and delight I felt when I uttered my first connected sentence, "It is warm." True, they were broken and stammering syllables; but they were human speech.

WORDS TO WATCH

crude	kneading	impulse	intelligible
invariably	inspired	ceased	syllables
vexed	pinafore		

QUESTIONS

1. Why is it so wonderful that Helen Keller learned to read and speak?
2. Do you admire Helen Keller for all she learned in spite of her handicap? Why?
3. How did Miss Sullivan teach Helen to spell?
4. How did Helen learn to speak?
5. What were some of the pleasures and amusements of Helen when she was a little girl?

A Smile

Let others cheer the winning man,
There's one I hold worthwhile;
'Tis he who does the best he can,
Then loses with a smile.
Beaten he is, but not to stay
Down with the rank and file;
That man will win some other day,
Who loses with a smile.

Church Bells

Albert Schweitzer

When I was seven or eight years old, I often played with a neighbor boy whose name was Heinrich Braesch. He taught me how to make a slingshot.

It was spring and just before Easter.

One Sunday morning Heinrich said, "Let's go up the mountain to shoot birds."

My heart started to pound. Shooting birds for the first time! Until now we had aimed at all kinds of things, but now it was getting serious. I was afraid. This was not right! And of all times on a Sunday morning!

But I did not dare to contradict Heinrich. He would have laughed at me. And then I would have been ashamed of myself.

We reached the fruit trees which were not yet in bloom. Everything was still bare. But a warm wind blew through the country, and here and there you could see anemones blooming in the grass.

"There—can you see—a finch!"

I looked up and saw a little bird joyfully singing out into the fine morning.

"Quiet," said Heinrich. He threw himself on the ground, crawled on hands and knees toward the tree, put a stone into the leather of his slingshot and aimed it at the bird. He gave me an angry look and I stared angrily back at him. My conscience bothered me. I knew I was not doing the right thing. But I did not have courage enough to contradict him and to leave.

All of a sudden the church bells started ringing down in the valley. They seemed to accompany the singing of the birds. It was as if a voice from heaven spoke to me. I did not keep still any longer. I jumped up and threw the slingshot far away, so that the little bird flew away frightened.

Heinrich turned around furiously.

"Stupid idiot!" he shouted. "Just wait and I'll teach you to spoil my fun!"

After that I was not afraid any more. Happily I listened to the sound of the bells.

"We shall not kill, Heinrich," I said quietly. "The birds love to live as much as we do."

He was dumfounded and listened with me to the rejoicing sound which reached us from the church bells.

From then on I never was afraid of being laughed at by my friends. I only asked myself whether they wanted me to do right or wrong. And this I am still doing today.

WORDS TO WATCH

anemones dumfounded rejoicing

QUESTIONS

1. Do you think that Albert did the right thing? Why?
2. What kind of a boy was Albert, judging from this story?
3. What bothered Albert when his friend asked him to go with him?
4. Why was it hard for Albert to speak up?

The Night Will Never Stay

Eleanor Farjeon

The night will never stay,
The night will still go by,
Though with a million stars
You pin it to the sky;
Though you bind it with the blowing wind
And buckle it with the moon,
The night will slip away
Like a sorrow or a tune.

PART FIVE

Favorite Stories

A single sunbeam is enough
To drive away many shadows.

Francis of Assisi

New Skates for Gretel and Hans

Mary Mapes Dodge

Hans Brinker and his sister Gretel were as fond of skating as any other Dutch children in Holland. But their skates were only pieces of wood which Hans had cut into shape and smoothed down as well as he could.

In the story of HANS BRINKER OR THE SILVER SKATES, *Mary Mapes Dodge tells us about these children and how they were able to join in the race for the silver skates. The winner of the race was not Hilda, nor Katrinka, nor Carl—perhaps you can guess who it was, without reading the whole book.*

"Oh, Katrinka!" cried all the girls in a breath, "have you heard of it? The race — we want you to join!"

"What race?" asked Katrinka, laughing. "Don't all talk at once, please. I don't understand."

"Why," said Rychie, "we are to have a grand skating-match on the twentieth. They will give a splendid prize to the best skater."

"Yes," chimed in half a dozen voices, "a beautiful pair of silver skates — perfectly magnificent! with oh, such straps and silver bells and buckles!"

Katrinka looked at them with bewildered eyes. "Who is to try?" she asked.

"All of us," answered Rychie. "It will be such fun! And you must, too, Katrinka. But it's schooltime now; we will talk it all over at noon. Oh, you will join, of course."

Katrinka, without replying, made a graceful pirouette, and laughed out, "Don't you hear the last bell? Catch me!" — and darted off toward the schoolhouse, standing half a mile away on the canal.

At noon the girls poured forth from the schoolhouse, intent upon having an hour's practicing upon the canal.

They had skated but a few moments, when Carl Schummel said mockingly to Hilda, "There's a pretty pair just coming upon the ice! The little rag pickers! Their skates must have been a present from the king direct."

"They are patient creatures," said Hilda gently. "It must have been hard to learn to skate upon such queer affairs. They are very poor peasants, you see. The boy has probably made the skates himself."

"Patient they may be," replied Carl, "but as for skating, they start off pretty well, only to finish with a jerk."

Hilda laughed pleasantly and left him. After joining a small detachment of the racers, and sailing past every one of them, she halted beside Gretel, who, with eager eyes, had been watching the sport.

"What is your name, little girl?"

"Gretel, my lady," answered the child, somewhat awed by Hilda's rank, though they were nearly of the same age; "and my brother is called Hans."

"Hans is a stout fellow" said Hilda cheerily, "and seems to have a warm stove somewhere within him; but *you* look cold. You should wear more clothing, little one."

Gretel, who had nothing else to wear, tried to laugh, as she answered, "I am not so very little. I am past twelve years old."

"Oh, I beg your pardon! You see, I am nearly fourteen, and so large for my age that other girls seem small to me. Perhaps you will shoot up far above me yet; not unless you dress more warmly, though: shivering girls never grow."

Hans flushed as he saw tears rising in Gretel's eyes. "My sister has not complained of the cold, but this is bitter weather," and he looked sadly upon Gretel.

"It is nothing," said Gretel. "I am often warm, too warm, when I am skating. You are good to think of it."

"No, no!" answered Hilda, quite angry at herself. "I am careless, cruel; but I meant no harm. I wanted to ask you — I mean — if —" And here Hilda, coming to the point of her errand, faltered before the children she wished to serve.

"What is it, my lady?" exclaimed Hans eagerly. "If there is any service I can do; any —"

"Oh, no, no!" laughed Hilda, shaking off her embarrassment. "I only wished to speak to you about the grand race. Why do you not join it? You both can skate well, and the ranks are free. Anyone may enter for the prize."

Gretel looked wistfully at Hans, who, tugging at his cap, answered respectfully, "Even if we could enter, we could skate only a few strokes with the rest. Our skates are hard wood, you see. They soon become damp, and then they stick and trip us."

Gretel blushed as she faltered out timidly, "Oh, no! we can't join; but may we be there on the great day, to look on?"

"Certainly," answered Hilda, looking kindly into the two earnest faces, and wishing from her heart that she had not spent so much of her monthly allowance for lace and finery. She had but eight coins left, and they would buy only one pair of skates, at the most.

Looking down with a sigh at the two pairs of feet so very different in size, she asked, "Which of you is the better skater?"

"Gretel," replied Hans promptly.

"Hans," answered Gretel, in the same breath.

Hilda smiled. "I cannot buy you each a pair of skates, or even one good pair; but here are a few coins. Decide between you which stands the better chance of winning the race, and buy the skates accordingly. I wish I had enough to buy better ones. Good-by!" And with a nod and a smile, Hilda, after handing the money to the electrified Hans, glided swiftly away to join her companions.

After a moment Hans called to her in a loud tone, and went stumbling after her as well as he could, for one of his skate-strings was untied. "We cannot take this money," he panted.

"Why not, indeed?" asked Hilda, flushing.

"Because," replied Hans, "we have not earned it."

Hilda was quick-witted. She had noticed a pretty wooden chain upon Gretel's neck.

"Carve me a chain, Hans, like the one your sister wears."

"That I will, lady, with all my heart. We have whitewood in the house, fine as ivory. You shall have one tomorrow," and Hans hastily tried to return the money.

"No, no!" said Hilda decidedly. "That sum will be but a poor price for the chain," and off she darted, outstripping the fleetest among the skaters.

Hans sent a long, bewildered gaze after her; it was useless, he felt, to make any further resistance.

"It is all right," muttered Hans, half to himself, half to his faithful shadow, Gretel. "I must work hard every minute and sit up half the night, if the mother will let me burn a candle; but a chain shall be finished. We may keep the money, Gretel."

"What a good young lady!" cried Gretel, clapping her hands with delight. "Oh, Hans! was it for nothing the stork settled on our roof last summer? Do you remember how the mother said it would bring us luck? The luck has come to us, at last. Now, Hans, if mother sends us to town tomorrow, you can buy the skates in the marketplace."

Hans shook his head. "The young lady would have given us the money to buy skates, but if I *earn* it, Gretel, it shall be spent for wool. You must have a warm jacket."

"Oh, Hans!" she continued, with something like a sob, "don't say you won't buy the skates; it makes me feel just like crying. Besides, I want to be cold—I mean I'm real warm—so now!"

Hans looked up hurriedly. He had a true Dutch horror of tears or emotion of any kind; and, most of all, he dreaded to see his sister's blue eyes overflowing.

"Now mind," cried Gretel, seeing her advantage, "I'll feel awful if you give up the skates. *I* don't want them: I'm not so stingy as that. But I want *you* to have them; and then, when I get bigger, they'll do for me. Oh-h! count the pieces, Hans. Did ever you see so many?"

Hans turned the money thoughtfully in his palm. Never in all his life had he longed so intensely for a pair of skates, for he had known of the race and had fairly ached for a chance to test his powers with the other children. He felt confident that, with a good pair of steel runners, he could readily outdistance most of the boys on the canal.

On the other hand, he knew that Gretel, with her strong little frame, needed but a week's practice on good runners to make her a better skater than Rychie Korbes, or even Katrinka Flack.

As soon as this last thought flashed upon him, his resolve was made. If Gretel would not have the jacket, she at least should have the skates.

"No, Gretel," he answered at last, "I can wait. Some day I may have enough saved to buy a fine pair. You shall have these."

Gretel's eyes sparkled, but in another instant she insisted rather faintly, "The young lady gave the money to *you*, Hans."

Hans shook his head resolutely as he trudged on, causing his sister to half skip and half walk in her effort to keep beside him. By this time they had taken off their wooden skates and were hastening home to tell their mother the good news.

On the following day there was not a prouder nor a happier boy in all Holland than Hans Brinker, as he watched his sister flying in and out among the skaters who at sundown thronged the canal. A warm jacket had been given her by the kind-hearted Hilda, and her burst-out shoes had been mended by Dame Brinker.

As the little girl darted backward and forward, flushed with enjoyment, she felt that the shining runners beneath her feet had suddenly turned earth into fairyland. Over and over again in her grateful heart echoed the words, "Hans, dear, good Hans!"

"By den donder!" exclaimed Peter van Holp to Carl Schummel, "but that little one in the red jacket and patched petticoat skates well. Gunst! she has toes on her heels and eyes in the back of her head. See her! It will be a joke if she gets in the race and beats Katrinka Flack after all."

"Hush! not so loud!" returned Carl, sneeringly. "That little lady in rags is the special pet of Hilda van Gleck. Those shining skates are her gift, if I make no mistake."

"So, so!" exclaimed Peter, with a bright smile, for Hilda was his best friend. "She has been at her good work there too!" And Peter, after cutting a double 8 on the ice, to say nothing of a huge P, then a jump, and an H, glided onward until he found himself beside Hilda.

Hand in hand, they skated together, laughingly at first, then talking in a low tone. Strange to say, Peter van Holp soon arrived at a sudden conviction that his little sister needed a wooden chain just like Hilda's.

Two days afterward, on St. Nicholas Eve, Hans having burned three candle-ends and cut his thumb into the bargain, stood in the market place at Amsterdam, buying another pair of skates.

WORDS TO WATCH

bewildered	wistfully	outstripping	thronged
pirouette	promptly	resolutely	sneeringly
embarrassment	electrified	trudged	Amsterdam

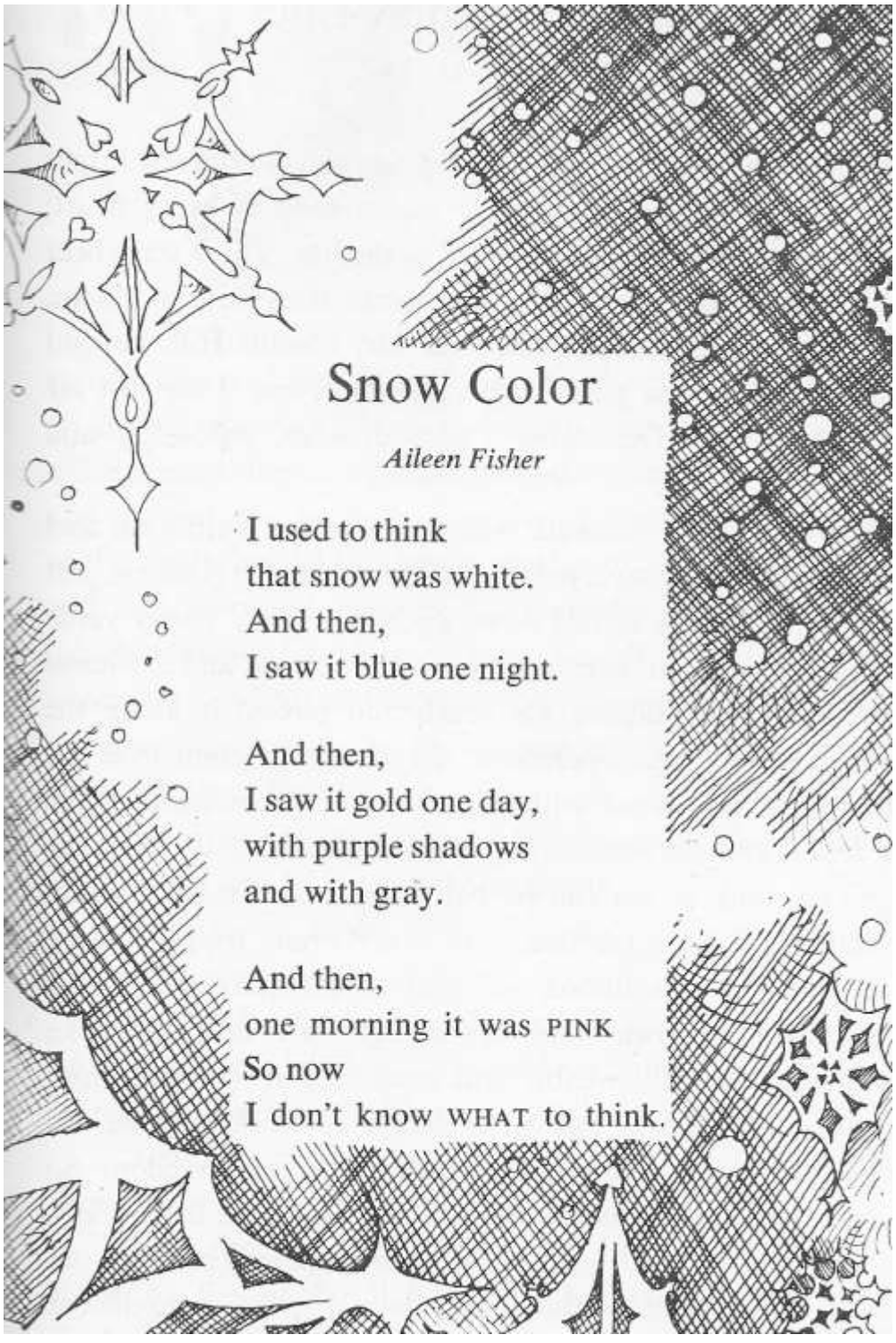
QUESTIONS

1. How did Hans and Gretel win their skates?
2. How did Hilda show that she was a kind girl?
3. Why did Hans refuse to take money from Hilda when she first offered it to him?
4. How did Gretel get a warm jacket?
5. Why did Peter von Holp decide that he needed a wooden chain like the one Hans had carved for Hilda?
6. Where did this story take place?

Skating Song

Christopher Morley

Swing! Swing! Swing!
Over the crystal ice!
Where the sunbeam flashes and falls apart
Into prisms of color that dance and dart,
And down below
The fishes go
As they see our skates gleam to and fro
Swinging, ringing, singing
Over the good green ice!



Snow Color

Aileen Fisher

I used to think
that snow was white.
And then,
I saw it blue one night.

And then,
I saw it gold one day,
with purple shadows
and with gray.

And then,
one morning it was PINK
So now
I don't know WHAT to think.

The Glorious Whitewasher

Mark Twain

Saturday morning had come, and all the summer world was bright and fresh and brimming with life. There was a song in every heart; and if the heart was young, the music issued at the lips. There was cheer in every face and a spring in every step. The locust trees were in bloom, and the fragrance of the blossoms filled the air. Cardiff Hill, beyond the village and above it, was green with vegetation; and it lay just far enough away to seem a Delectable Land, dreamy, reposeful, and inviting.

Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and all gladness left him, and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high. Life to him seemed hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of un-whitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged.

He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work—the very thought of it burnt him like fire. He got out his worldly wealth and examined it—bits of toys, marbles, and trash; enough to buy an exchange of *work,* maybe, but not half enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straightened means to his pocket and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him! Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration.

He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently—the very boy, of all boys, whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop-skip-and-jump—proof

enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He was eating an apple and giving a long, melodious whoop, at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding-dong-dong, ding-dong-dong, for he was personating a steamboat. As he drew near, he slackened speed, took the middle of the street, leaned far over to starboard, and rounded to ponderously and with laborious pomp and circumstance—for he was personating the *Big Missouri,* and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water. He was boat and captain and engine bells combined, so he had to imagine himself standing on his own hurricane deck giving the orders and executing them:

"Stop her, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling!" The headway ran almost out, and he drew up slowly toward the sidewalk.

"Ship up to back! Ting-a-ling-ling!" His arms straightened and stiffened down his sides.

"Set her back on the starboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow! Ch-chow-wow!" His right hand, meantime, describing stately circles—for it was representing a forty-foot wheel.

"Let her go back on the labboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ch-chow-chow!" The left hand began to describe circles.

"Stop the stabboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Stop the labboard! Come ahead on the stabbord! Stop her! Let your outside turn over slow! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ow-ow! Get out that head line! *Lively* now! Come—out with your spring line—what're you about there! Take a turn round that stump with the bight of it! Stand by that stage, now—let her go! Done with the engines, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling! *Sh't! sh't! sh't!*"

Tom went on whitewashing—paid no attention to the steamboat. Ben stared a moment and then said, "Hi-*yi! You're* up a stump, ain't you!"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with an eye of an artist; then he gave his brush another gentle sweep and surveyed the result, as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said, "Hello, old chap, you got to work, hey?"

Tom wheeled suddenly and said, "Why, it's you, Ben!"

"*Say*—*I*'m going in a-swimming, *I* am. Don't you wish you could? But of course you'd druther *work*—wouldn't you? Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said, "What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't *that* work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing and answered carelessly, "Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh come, now, you don't mean to let on that you *like* it?"

The brush continued to move.

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticized the effect again—Ben watching every move and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said, "Say, Tom let *me* whitewash a little."

Tom considered, was about to consent, but he altered his mind:

"No—no—I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind and *she* wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it the way it's got to be done."

"No—is that so? Oh come, now—lemme just try. Only just a little—I'd let *you* if you was me, Tom."

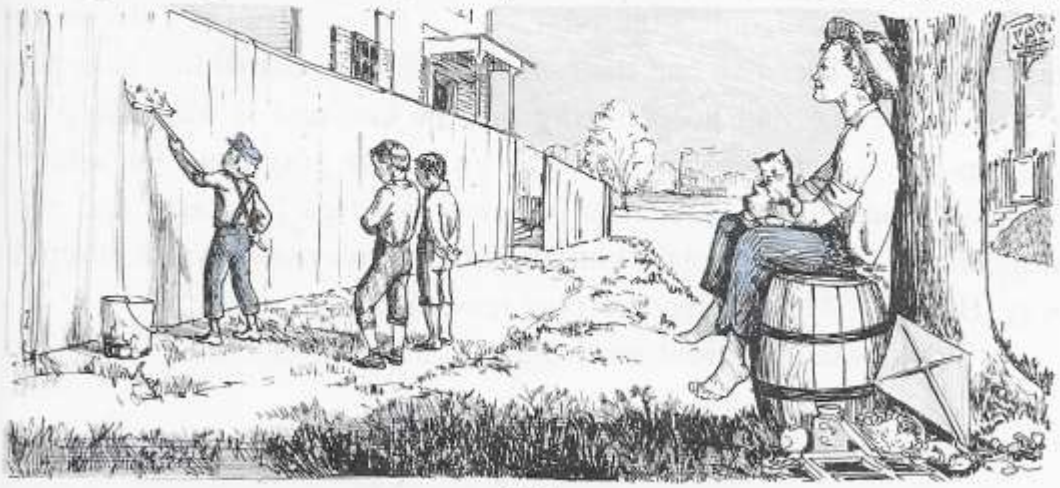
"Ben, I'd like to, honest Injun; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him; Sid wanted to do it, and she wouldn't let Sid. Now don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence and anything was to happen to it—"

"Oh, shucks, I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here— No, Ben, now don't. I'm afeared—"

"I'll give you *all* of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while the late steamer *Big Missouri* worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite, in good repair; and when *he* played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with—and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had besides the things before mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jew's-harp, a piece of blue bottle glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a



fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six firecrackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass doorknob, a dog collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange peel, and a dilapidated old window sash.

He had had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Tom said to himself that it was not such a hollow world, after all. He had discovered a great law of human action, without knowing it—namely, that in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain. If he had been a great and wise philosopher, like the writer of this book, he would now have comprehended that Work consists of whatever a body is *obliged* to do and that Play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do. And this would help him to understand why constructing artificial flowers or performing on a treadmill is work, while rolling tenpins or climbing Mont Blanc is only amusement.

The boy mused awhile over the substantial change which had taken place in his worldly circumstances and then wended toward headquarters to report.

Tom presented himself before Aunt Polly, who was sitting by an open window in a pleasant rearward apartment, which was bedroom, breakfast room, dining room, and library combined. The balmy summer air, the restful quiet, the odor of the flowers, and the drowsing murmur of the bees had had their effect, and she was nodding over her knitting—for she had no company but the cat, and it was asleep in her lap. Her spectacles were propped up on her gray head for safety. She had thought that of course Tom had deserted long ago, and she wondered at seeing him place himself in her power again in this intrepid way. He said, "Mayn't I go and play now, Aunt?"

"What, a'ready? How much have you done?"

"It's all done, Aunt."

"Tom, don't lie to me—I can't bear it."

"I ain't, Aunt; it *is* all done."

Aunt Polly placed small trust in such evidence. She went out to see for herself, and she would have been content to find twenty per cent of Tom's statement true. When she found the entire fence whitewashed, and not only whitewashed but elaborately coated and recoated, and even a streak added to the ground, her astonishment was almost unspeakable. She said, "Well, I never! There's no getting round it, you *can* work when you're a mind to, Tom." And then she diluted the compliment by adding, "But it's powerful seldom you're a mind to, I'm bound to say. Well, go 'long and play; but mind you get back sometime in a week, or I'll tan you."

She was so overcome by the splendor of his achievement that she took him into the closet and selected a choice apple and delivered it to him, along with an improving lecture upon the added value and flavor a treat took to itself when it came without sin through virtuous effort. And while she closed with a happy Scriptural flourish, he "hooked" a doughnut.

WORDS TO WATCH

glorious	ponderously	alacrity	spectacles
brimming	laborious	jeer	intrepid
insignificant	contemplated	obliged	tan
straightened	criticized	treadmill	achievement
inspiration	reluctance	mused	Scriptural
ridicule	personating	wended	flourish
anticipations			

QUESTIONS

1. How did Tom get other boys to do his work for him?
2. Which law of human action did Tom discover?
3. What is the difference between work and play?
4. What did the boys give Tom for the privilege of whitewashing the fence?
5. What did Aunt Polly think of Tom's work?
6. What did Aunt Polly give Tom as a reward?

Beauty

E-Yeh-Shure

Beauty is seen
In the sunlight,
The trees, the birds,
Corn growing and people working
Or dancing for their harvest.

Beauty is heard
In the night,
Wind sighing, rain falling,
Or a singer chanting
Anything in earnest.

Beauty is in yourself.
Good deeds, happy thoughts
That repeat themselves
In your dreams,
In your work,
And even in your rest.

Tom Sawyer or Mark Twain?

Catherine Owens Peare

Mark Twain's real name was Samuel Clemens. He grew up in a small town located on the Mississippi River. The story you just read about the "Glorious Whitewasher" was taken from Mark Twain's book TOM SAWYER. *In this book and in another one, named* HUCKLEBERRY FINN, *he describes part of his own boyhood. Sam worked several years as a river pilot, taking steamboats up and down the Mississippi River. Later he signed his newspaper articles, his stories, and books as "Mark Twain." Under this name we still know him now as one of America's most famous and beloved writers.*

By the time Sam was nine, Judge Clemens was able to build his family a new and large house in Hannibal on Hill Street, near Main Street. It was a two-story wooden house painted white, and it had a whitewashed fence running from the house toward Main. Sam's room was on the second floor in the rear. From that room Sam could crawl out of his window at night onto a porch roof and shinny down a drainpipe to meet Tom Blankenship and the other boys.

Sam Clemens was growing fast. His jacket sleeves seemed to shrink from one week to the next.

"Will I be very tall some day?" he would ask his mother.

"I don't think so," she told him. "You'll be tall enough, but not too tall."

Sam's hair should have been brown, but it was like straw from so much swimming and bleaching in the sun. He soaked it in water when he combed it so that it wouldn't curl up. His eyes were grayish blue.

His disposition was usually friendly and agreeable, and that won him friends wherever he went. But very early in life he showed

signs of having a temper that got away from him once in awhile. When it did, his mother just looked at him and sighed. Sam was troublesome to her in so many ways!

He gave her one of her hardest times when the measles began to go around Hannibal. Of course, Mrs. Clemens didn't want her children to catch the measles, so she said to all of them,

"Stay away from anybody who has the measles."

Sam went glumly to school. He was almost over being puny, and he hadn't been sick for a long time. That meant that he hadn't been getting so much of his mother's attention. He really didn't receive any more attention than anybody else around the house, and he didn't like it.

There were a lot of empty seats in the classroom, because so many Hannibal children had the measles. Some were never coming back, for they had died. Even Will Bowen had the measles! Sam really felt left out of things. Then he had an idea, a wonderful idea, a real inspiration. Why not have the measles too?

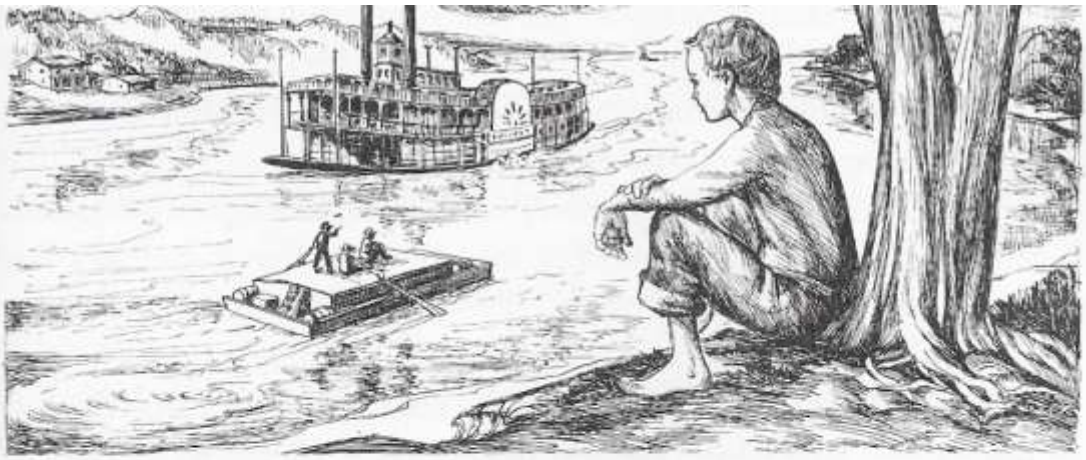
After school he ran to the Bowen house, slipped in the front door, and sneaked up to Will's room. But Mrs. Bowen caught him by the arm and marched him right out of the house.

"Go home, Sam! Do you want to catch the measles?"

Sam didn't answer her. He sneaked around to the back door and tiptoed up to Will's room again. He got right into bed with Will and under the same covers. Mrs. Bowen found him again and took him all the way home to Mrs. Clemens.

Sam's fond hope came true. In a few days *he* was sick in bed with the measles, and he came very close to dying. It was glorious! All the family gathered around his bed to watch him. His mother forgot everybody else. Even some relatives drove to Hannibal to be present in case Sam should die.

When he finally recovered, Mrs. Clemens just sighed another deep sigh. Sam was the least promising of all her children. He was a trial at home, a trial at school, and a trial around the town. That is, he was a trial to adults, but not to his friends.



Sam enjoyed his friends, but he liked to be alone too. He liked to dream, down by the river. He liked to sit on a bank and think about the river. On the river he had learned to paddle a canoe without tipping over. He and Tom Blankenship occasionally built a raft and went exploring.

The Mississippi was truly a great river, he thought. It was wide. When he was out in the middle on the raft, he could barely make himself heard on shore. And the Mississippi curved this way and that.

Sitting on the river bank, Sam wondered what it must be like to go to St. Louis on the steamboat that made the trip once a day.

He decided that he would simply have to know.

A great white boat stopped at Hannibal soon after, and Sam went down on the shore as close to her as he could get. He watched for awhile. When everyone else was busy with the bustle of loading and unloading cargo and people, he sneaked aboard. Sam ran along the lower deck to the companionway, up the companionway to the first passenger deck. There he dove underneath a lifeboat and hid. Soon he heard the bells jingle. The boatmen used bells to signal to one another. He felt the steam engine make the deck tremble. The steamboat backed away from the shore and soon had her bow pointed down river.

Sam crept out of his hiding place and stood at the rail, pretending to be a passenger. He watched the scenery go by. He recognized some of the islands he had explored with Will Bowen and Tom Blankenship.

On he traveled, listening to the bell signals and the language that the riverboatmen used.

"M-a-r-k three!" he heard the leadsman shout. "Quarter-less-three! Half twain! Quarter twain! M-a-r-k twain!"

Mark twain! That meant two fathoms. The leadsman was measuring the depth of the water, telling the pilot that the water was two fathoms, or twelve feet.

"This is the luckiest day of my life!" Sam thought.

Sam was mistaken; it was his unluckiest day. Just then it began to rain, a real cloudburst. He had to dive back under the lifeboat to keep dry. He left his legs sticking out, though, and a deckhand came along and found him and hauled him out by the feet.

"What are you doing here?"

Sam didn't say a word; he was too scared. The deckhand took him to the captain, who ordered him locked in a cabin for the time being. Sam was put ashore in Louisiana where he had relatives. They took him straight back to Hannibal and to John Clemens, who was waiting for him with a stout hickory switch.

The switch didn't cure Sam of his longing to work on a steamboat. He wanted to be a cabin boy, perhaps, or a deckhand, or anything—just to work on a steamboat, somehow. That was all he cared about.

Sam had the most imagination and the most nerve of any boy in Hannibal. That made him the leader of his gang. Sam's gang plagued the town. Afternoons after school, or on Saturdays and Sundays, they had nothing to do but roam around looking for adventure.

Sam often called his gang together for a secret meeting in the caves below Hannibal or in the woods. Nobody ever asked, "Who is going to be chief?" of the bandits, Indians, pirates, or whatever else they were going to be. Sam was always head man. Sam invented the plots. Sam gave the directions. Sam was the best pretender of them all.

"What are we going to do this time, Sam?"

"We're going to dig for treasure—real gold!"

"Real gold?"

"That's what I said."

And off they would go to a place under a special tree where Sam declared there was buried gold. Tom had dreamed it, he told them.

"What are we going to do this time, Sam?" they would ask on another day.

"We're dangerous pirates," he would tell them, and then give each member of the gang his instructions.

The Mississippi River could always tempt him to another adventure.

"Wonder how far across the Mississippi it is to Illinois?" asked Will Bowen one day.

"Oh, about half a mile, I guess," drawled Tom.

In another minute they were talking about swimming, and in another two minutes Sam was boasting that he could swim across. The other boys decided that Sam should. After all, Sam *was* the best swimmer of the crowd, just as he claimed.

"I'll show you," said Sam, as he peeled off his clothes. "I'll swim to Illinois and back without touching ground."

"Better head upstream going over," Tom advised. "The current is pretty swift."

In Sam plunged. The water felt good. It made him tingle all over.

"Easy does it," yelled Will.

Sam knew that. He knew how to swim. He struck out, relaxed and confident, taking his time but keeping at it. The river was his friend.

The other shore soon came close, and when Sam Clemens reached it he rested a moment, treading water, just floating lightly. Back he turned against the same strong current and began the second half of his journey.

A sudden sharp pain shot through his leg. The thing a swimmer fears most had happened to him: a cramp! There was nothing to do but keep going somehow, even though he couldn't move his legs. It was touch-and-go for a little while. At last he reached his own shore, gasping. Friends hauled him out, laid him on the ground, and massaged his muscles.

"Sam has more nerve than anybody I know!" said Tom Blankenship. And the others agreed.

WORDS TO WATCH

disposition	St. Louis	hauled	plagued
puny	cargo	Louisiana	treading

QUESTIONS

1. What kind of a boy was Samuel Clemens?
2. Would you have liked to have him as a friend? Why or why not?
3. What does "Mark Twain" mean in river boating?
4. What did Sam want to be when he grew up?
5. Explain the title of this story.

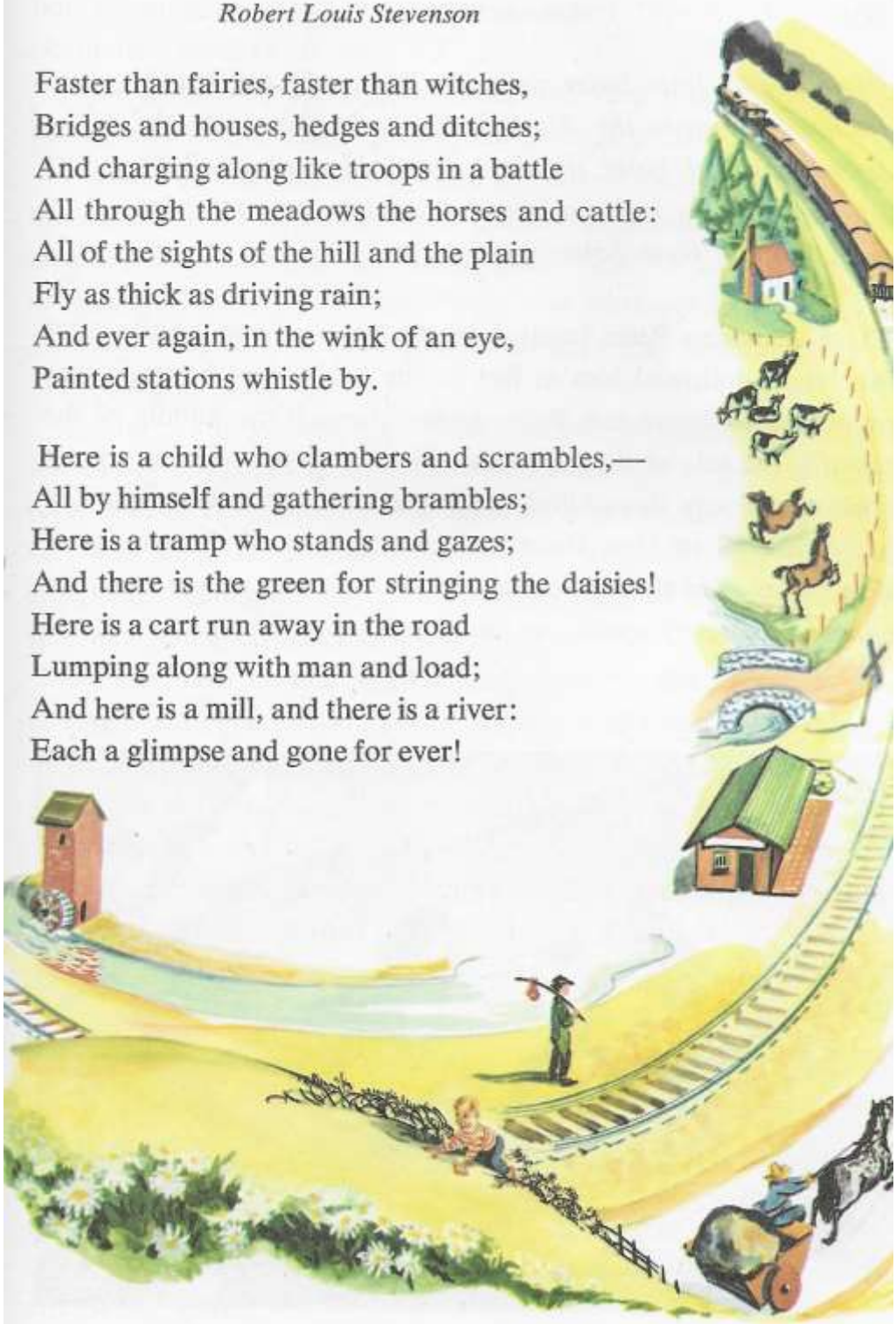
Twixt optimist and pessimist
The difference is droll:
The optimist sees the doughnut;
The pessimist sees the hole.

From A Railway Carriage

Robert Louis Stevenson

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,—
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!
Here is a cart run away in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill, and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone for ever!



Heidi's First Day on the Mountain

Johanna Spyri

Heidi was a little Swiss girl, who lived with her grandfather high up in the Alps. One day she went into the mountains with Peter, the eleven year old goatherd. Peter drove his goats high up into the pasture every morning and brought them home every night.

All of a sudden Peter jumped to his feet and ran hastily after the goats. Heidi followed him as fast as she could, for she was eager to know what had happened. Peter dashed through the middle of the flock towards the side of the mountain. There the rocks fell to a great depth below, and any thoughtless goat, if it went too near, might fall over and break all its legs. Peter had caught sight of the inquisitive Greenfinch leaping in that direction, and he was only just in time, for the animal had already sprung to the edge of the abyss.

Just when Peter wanted to seize her, he stumbled and fell. All he could do was to catch one of the goat's hind legs. He held it tightly, but Greenfinch, taken by surprise, began bleating furiously, and obstinately tried to go on.

Peter shouted to Heidi to come and help him, for he could not get up and was afraid of pulling the goat's leg off.

Heidi had already run up, and she saw at once that both Peter and the animal were in danger. She quickly gathered a bunch of sweet-smelling leaves, and then, holding them under Greenfinch's nose, said coaxingly, "Come, come Greenfinch, you must not be naughty! Look, you might fall down there and break your leg, and that would give you dreadful pain!"

The young goat turned quickly and began contentedly eating the leaves out of Heidi's hand. Meanwhile Peter got to his feet again and took hold of Greenfinch by the band around her neck from which her bell was hung. Heidi took hold of her in the same way on the other side, and together they led the runaway back to the rest of the flock that had remained peacefully feeding.

Peter, now that he had his goat in safety, lifted his stick in order to give her a good beating as punishment, and Greenfinch, seeing what was coming, shrank back in fear. But Heidi cried out, "No, no, Peter, you must not strike her; see how frightened she is!"

"She deserves it," growled Peter, and again lifted his stick. Then Heidi flung herself against him and cried indignantly, "You have no right to touch her. It will hurt her. Leave her alone!"

Peter looked with surprise at the commanding little figure, whose dark eyes were flashing, and slowly he let his stick drop. "Well, I will let her off if you will give me some more of your cheese tomorrow," he said, for he was determined to have something for his fright.

"You shall have it all, tomorrow and every day. I do not want it," replied Heidi, giving ready consent to his demand. "And I will give you bread as well, a large piece like the one you had today; but then you must promise never to beat Greenfinch, or Snowflake, or any of the goats."

"All right," said Peter, "I don't care," which meant that he would agree to the bargain. He now let go of Greenfinch, and she joyfully sprang to join her companions.

Thus the day had crept on to its close, and now the sun was on the point of sinking behind the high mountains. Heidi was again sitting on the ground, silently gazing at the blue bell-shaped flowers, as they glistened in the evening sun. A golden light lay on the grass and flowers, and the rocks above were beginning to shine and glow.

All at once she sprang to her feet, "Peter! Peter! Everything is on fire! All the rocks are burning, and the great snow mountain and the sky! Oh, look, look! The high rock up there is red with flame! Oh, the beautiful, fiery snow! Stand up, Peter! See, the fire has reached the great bird's nest! Look at the rocks! Look at the fir trees! Everything, everything is on fire!"

"It is always like that," said Peter, continuing to peel his stick; "but it is not really fire."

"What is it then?" cried Heidi, running backwards and forwards to look first on one side and then the other, for she felt she could not have enough of such a beautiful sight. "What is it, Peter, what is it?"

"It gets like that of itself," explained Peter.

"Look, look" cried Heidi in fresh excitement, "now they have turned all rose color! Look at that one covered with snow, and that with the high pointed rocks! Oh, how beautiful! Look at the crimson snow! And up there on the rocks there are ever so many roses! Oh, now they are turning gray! It's all gone, Peter." And Heidi sat down on the ground looking as full of distress as if everything had really come to an end.

"It will come again tomorrow," said Peter. "Get up, we must go home now." He whistled to his goats, and together they all started on their homeward way.

"Is it like that every day? Shall we see it every day when we bring the goats up here?" asked Heidi, as she trotted down the mountain at Peter's side. She waited eagerly for his answer, hoping that he would tell her it was so.

"It is like that most days," he replied.

"But will it be like that tomorrow for certain?" Heidi persisted.

"Yes, yes, tomorrow for certain," Peter assured her.

Heidi now felt quite happy again, and her little brain was so full of new thoughts that she did not speak any more until they had reached the hut. The grandfather was sitting under the fir trees, waiting as usual for his goats.

"Oh, Grandfather," Heidi cried, even before she had come up to him, "it was so beautiful! The fire, and the roses on the rocks, and the blue and yellow flowers, and look what I have brought you!" Opening her apron that held the flowers, she shook them all out at her grandfather's feet. But the poor flowers, how changed they were! Heidi hardly knew them. They looked like dried bits of hay; not a single little flower cup stood open.

"Oh, Grandfather, what is the matter with them?" exclaimed Heidi in shocked surprise. "They were not like that this morning. Why do they look so now?"

"They like to stand out there in the sun and not be shut up in an apron," said her grandfather.

"Then I will never gather any more."

Then Heidi gave him an account of the whole day, and of how delightful it had all been, and described the fire that had burst out everywhere in the evening. And she begged him to tell her how the fire came.

The grandfather explained to her that it was the sun that did it. "When it says good night to the mountains, it throws its most beautiful colors over them, so that they may not forget it before it comes again the next day."

Heidi was delighted with his explanation. She could hardly bear to wait for another day to come, so that she might once more climb up with the goats and see how the sun bade good night to the mountains.

WORDS TO WATCH

Alps	abyss	coaxingly	crimson
pasture	bleating	indignantly	distress
inquisitive			persisted

QUESTIONS

1. Why did Peter grab Greenfinch by the hind leg?
2. How did Heidi get Greenfinch to turn back to the rest of the flock?
3. How did Grandfather explain the fire on the mountains to Heidi?
4. What did Heidi promise to give to Peter if he did not beat the goats anymore?
5. Where did Heidi live?

Barefoot Days

Rachel Field

In the morning, very early,
That's the time I love to go
Barefoot where the fern grows curly
And grass is cool between each toe,
On a summer morning—O!
On a summer morning!

Rascal Learns A Lesson

Sterling North

This is a story from the book RASCAL, *in which Sterling North tells about his childhood adventures with his pet raccoon.*

I decided one day that Rascal was clean enough and bright enough to eat with us at the table. I went to the attic and brought down the family highchair, last used during my own infancy.

Next morning while my father was fixing eggs, toast, and coffee, I went out to get Rascal, and placed him in the highchair beside me at the table. On his tray I put a heavy earthenware bowl of warm milk.

Rascal could reach the milk easily by standing in the chair and placing his hands on the edge of the tray. He seemed to like the new arrangement and chirred and trilled his satisfaction. Except for dribbling a little milk, easily wiped from the tray of the highchair, his table manners proved excellent, much better than those of most children. My father was amused and permissive as usual, and even petted the raccoon as we finished our meal.

Breakfast-for-three became part of the daily ritual, and we had no trouble whatsoever until I had the idea of offering Rascal a sugar loaf. It is true we were at war, observing heatless, meatless, and wheatless days, and conserving sugar. But my father and I did no baking, and used almost none of our sugar ration, save for a lump or two in coffee. So I did not feel too unpatriotic when I gave Rascal his first sugar.

Rascal felt it, sniffed it, and then began his usual washing ceremony, swishing it back and forth through his bowl of milk. In a few moments, of course, it melted entirely away, and a more surprised little 'coon you have never seen in your life. He felt all over the bottom of the bowl to see if he had dropped it, then turned over his right hand to assure himself it was empty, then examined his left hand in the same manner. Finally he looked at me and trilled a shrill question: who had stolen his sugar lump?

Recovering from my laughter, I gave him a second sugar lump, which Rascal examined minutely. He started to wash it, but hesitated. A very shrewd look came into his bright black eyes, and instead of washing away a second treat, he took it directly to his mouth where he began to munch it with complete satisfaction. When Rascal had learned a lesson, he had learned it for life. Never again did he wash a lump of sugar.

His intelligence, however, created many problems. For instance, he had seen the source of the sugar—the covered bowl in the middle of the table. And whereas I had previously been able to confine him to his highchair, he now insisted upon walking across the tablecloth, lifting the lid of the sugar bowl, and helping himself to a lump. From

that day on, we had to keep the sugar bowl in the corner cupboard to avoid having a small raccoon constantly on the dining room table.

Another lesson he learned swiftly was how to open the back screen door. I purposely had not repaired the catch or replaced the weakened spring, because all of my cats liked to open the door and walk in, or push it from inside and let themselves out again. Rascal watched this performance several times. Obviously the trick was to hook your claws into the screen and pull. Feeling very pleased with himself, he showed the cats he was as smart as the oldest and wisest tom.

Several nights later I was startled and delighted to hear Rascal's trill from the pillow beside me, then to feel his little hands working all over my face. My raccoon baby had climbed from his hole, opened the back screen door, and with eyes that could see in the dark had found his way to my bed.

There were no strict rules in our house, as both Rascal and I realized. My raccoon had decided that the very best place to sleep was with me. He was as clean as any cat, housebroken immediately and without training, and he thought my bed was softer and more comfortable than his own in the oak tree. So from that night on we became bedfellows, and for many months we slept together. I felt less lonesome now when my father was away.

WORDS TO WATCH

raccoon	ritual	minutely	intelligence
permissive	ceremony	shrewd	confine

QUESTIONS

1. How did Rascal learn a lesson?
2. How did they keep Rascal away from the sugar?
3. Why was Rascal put into a highchair?
4. Why was Rascal allowed to live in the house?

The Night Wind

Eugene Field

Have you ever heard the wind go "Yooooo"?
'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to chill you through and through
With a strange and speechless fear.
'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside
When folks should be asleep,
And many and many's the time I've cried
To the darkness brooding far and wide
Over the land and the deep:
"Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wail the long hours through?"
And the night would say in its ghostly way:
"Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!"

My mother told me long ago
(When I was a little tad)
That when the wind went wailing so
Somebody had been bad;
And then, when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up round my head,
I'd think of what my mother'd said,
And wonder what boy she meant!
And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:
"Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!"

That this was true I must allow—
You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,
Suppose you make the test;
Suppose, when you've been bad some day
And up to bed are sent away
From mother and the rest—
Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
And then you'll hear what's true;
For the wind will moan in its ruefullest tone:
"Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!"

Down the Rabbit Hole

Lewis Carroll

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank and of having nothing to do; once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversation in it, "and what is the use of a book," thought Alice, "without pictures or conversations?"

So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid) whether the pleasure of making a daisy chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so *very* remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so *very* much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I shall be too late!" (when she thought it over afterward it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the Rabbit actually *took*

a watch out of its waistcoat pocket, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat pocket or a watch to take out of it, and, burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down what seemed to be a very deep well.

Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her, and to wonder what was going to happen next. First she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything; then she looked at the sides of the well and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and bookshelves; here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs. She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed; it was labeled "ORANGE MARMALADE," but to her great disappointment it was empty; she did not like to drop the jar for fear of killing somebody underneath, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

"Well!" thought Alice to herself, "after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs! How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it even if I fell off the top of the house!" (Which was very likely true.)

Down, down, down. Would the fall *never* come to an end? "I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?" she said aloud. "I must be getting somewhere near the center of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think" (for, you see, Alice had learned several things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and though this was not a *very* good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good

practice to say it over)—yes, that's about the right distance—but then I wonder what Latitude or Longitude I've got to?" (Alice had not the slightest idea what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but she thought they were nice grand words to say.)

Presently she began again. "I wonder if I shall fall right *through* the earth! How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downward! The Antipathies, I think" (she was rather glad there *was* no one listening this time, as it didn't sound at all the right word); "but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, ma'am, is this New Zealand or Australia?" (and she tried to curtsy as she spoke—fancy *curtsying* as you're falling through the air! Do you think you could manage it?) "And what an ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking! No, it'll never do to ask; perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere."

Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. "Dinah'll miss me very much tonight, I should think!" (Dinah was the cat.) "I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at teatime. Dinah, my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?" And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, "Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?" and sometimes, "Do bats eat cats?" for, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and was saying to herself very earnestly, "Now, Dinah, tell me the truth, did you ever eat a bat?" when suddenly, thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up onto her feet in a moment; she looked up, but it was dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, "Oh,

my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!" She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen: she found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked, and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.

Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing on it but a tiny golden key, and Alice's first idea was that this might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high; she tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!

Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat hole; she knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hole, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains. But she could not even get her head through the doorway. "And even if my head would go through," thought poor Alice, "it would be of very little use without my shoulders.

Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if only I knew how to begin." For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.

There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it ("which certainly was not here before," said Alice), and tied round the neck of the bottle was a paper label with the words "DRINK ME" beautifully printed on it in large letters.

It was all very well to say "Drink me," but the wise little Alice was not going to do *that* in a hurry. "No, I'll look first," she said, "and see whether it's marked *'poison'* or not," for she had read several nice little stories about children who had got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts, and other unpleasant things, all because they *would* not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them, such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and that if you cut your finger *very* deeply with a knife it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that if you drink much from a bottle marked "poison," it is almost certain to disagree with you sooner or later.

However, this bottle was *not* marked "poison," so Alice ventured to taste it, and finding it very nice (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavor of cherry tart, custard, pineapple, roast turkey, toffy, and hot buttered toast), she very soon finished it off.

"What a curious feeling!" said Alice. "I must be shutting up like a telescope."

And so it was, indeed; she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further; she felt a little nervous about this, "for it might end, you know," said Alice to herself, "in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?" And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle looks like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing.

After a while, finding that nothing more happened, she decided on going into the garden at once; but, alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for it, she found she could not possibly reach it. She could see quite plainly through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery, and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.

"Come, there's no use in crying like that!" said Alice to herself rather sharply; "I advise you to leave off this minute!" She generally gave herself very good advice (though she very seldom followed it), and sometimes she scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes, and once she remembered trying to box her own ears for having cheated herself in a game of croquet she was playing against herself; for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people.

"But it's no use now," thought poor Alice, "to pretend to be two people! Why, there's hardly enough of me left to make *one* respectable person!"

Soon her eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table: she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words "EAT ME" were beautifully marked in currants. "Well, I'll eat it," said Alice, "and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key; and if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door; so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens!"

She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself, "Which way? Which way?" holding her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing, and she was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size; to be sure, this is what generally happens when one eats cake, but Alice had got so much into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen that it seemed quite dull and stupid for life to go on in the common way.

So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.

If you want to learn more about Alice, the white rabbit, and many other unusual animals and people you should read Lewis Carroll's book ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

WORDS TO WATCH

waistcoat	longitude	curtsy	toffy
marmalade	antipathies	telescope	severely
latitude			croquet

QUESTIONS

1. What kind of girl was Alice? Do you like her? Why?
2. What did Alice learn about the land she had fallen into?
3. What happened to make Alice feel that she was shutting up like a telescope?
4. What did Alice expect to happen when she ate the small cake?
5. What did the rabbit do to make Alice follow him?

Flight

Armstrong Sperry

Now, once more, it was the beginning of the season of storms. Men scanned the skies anxiously, watching for the dreaded signs which might spell the destruction of their world. Soon the great bonitos would be swimming beyond the reef—hundreds, thousands of them—for they came each year at this time with the unfailing regularity of the tides. They were held to be the special property of young boys, since it was by killing them that a youth learned to kill the swordfishes and tiger-sharks, progressing from one stage to a higher. Every boy in the village sharpened his spear, tested the shaft, honed his shark knife. Every boy, that is, except Mafatu.

Kana stopped one afternoon to watch Mafatu at work on his nets. Of all the youths of his own age, Kana alone had been friendly. Sometimes he even stayed behind when the others were fishing to help the boy with his work.

"The bonitos have begun to run, Mafatu," Kana said quietly.

"Yes," the other returned, then fell silent. His fingers faltered as they flew among the sennit fibers of the net he was making.

"My father brought back word from the reef today," Kana went on. "Already there are many bonitos out there. Tomorrow we boys will go after them. That's our job. It will be fun, eh?"

Mafatu's knuckles whitened. His ears pounded with the swift fury of the sea. . . .

"That will be fun, won't it?" Kana insisted, watching Mafatu closely. But the boy made no answer. Kana started to speak; he stopped, turned impatiently, and walked away. Mafatu wanted to cry out after him, "Wait, Kana! I'll go! I'll try—" But the words would not come. Kana had gone. Tomorrow he and all the other boys would be taking their canoes out beyond the reef. They would return at sunset, loaded down with bonitos, their faces happy, their shouts filling the dusk. Their fathers would say, "See what a fine fisherman is my

son! He will be a Chief one of these days." Only Tavana Nui would be silent. *His* son had not gone.

That night a new moon rose above the edge of the sea, silvering the land with a bloom of magic. Wandering along the outer beach with Uri, Mafatu heard laughing voices and drew hastily into the black shadow of a pandanus. A group of boys were pulling their canoes above high watermark and laying their plans for the morrow. Their voices were shrill with eagerness. "Tomorrow at daybreak . . ." one was saying. "There'll be Timi and Tapu and Viri . . ."

"Auē!" another voice broke in. "It's work for us all. How else will we become fishermen and warriors? How else will we feed our families and keep the tribe alive?"

"True! Hikueru is too poor. There are only the fish from the sea. A man must be fearless to provide food. We will all go—every one of us!"

Mafatu, standing tense in the shadows, heard a scornful laugh. His heart contracted. "Not all of us will go," he heard Kana scoff. "Not Mafatu!"

"Ha! He is afraid."

"He makes good spears," offered Viri generously.

"Ho! That is woman's work. Mafatu is afraid of the sea. *He* will never be a warrior." Kana laughed again, and the scorn of his voice was like a spear thrust through Mafatu's heart. "*Aiā*!" Kana was saying. "I have tried to be friendly with him. But he is good only for making spears. Mafatu is a coward."

The boys disappeared down the moonlit beach. Their laughter floated back on the night air. Mafatu stood quite still. Kana had spoken; he had voiced, once for all, the feeling of the tribe. Mafatu—Stout Heart—was a coward. He was the Boy Who Was Afraid.

His hands were damp and cold. His nails dug into his palms. Suddenly a fierce resentment stormed through him. He knew in that instant what he must do: he must prove his courage to himself, and to the others, or he could no longer live in their midst. He must face Moana, the Sea God—face him and conquer him. He must.

The boy stood there taut as a drawn arrow awaiting its release. Off to the south somewhere there were other islands. . . . He drew a deep breath. If he could win his way to a distant island, he could make a place for himself among strangers. And he would never return

to Hikueru until he should have proven himself! He would come back with his head high-held in pride, and he would hear his father say, "Here is my son Stout Heart. A brave name for a brave boy." . . .

Standing there with clenched fists, Mafatu knew a smarting on his eyelids and shut his eyes tight and sank his teeth into his lower lip.

Far off in the *himené* house the Old Ones were singing. Their voices filled the night with rich sound. They sang of long voyages in open canoes, of hunger and thirst and battle. They sang the deeds of heroes. The hair on the boy's damp forehead stirred; the long-drawn mutter of the reef sounded its note of warning in his ears. At his side, Uri touched his master's hand with a cold nose. Mafatu pulled the dog close.

"We're going away, Uri," he whispered fiercely. "Off to the south there are other islands." . . .

The outrigger canoes lay drawn up on the beach like long slim fish. Silent as a shadow, the boy crossed the sand. His heart was hammering in his throat. Into the nearest canoe he flung half a dozen green drinking nuts, his fish spear. He gave his *pareu* a brave hitch. Then he picked up a paddle and called Uri. The dog leaped into the bow. There was only Kivi—Mafatu would miss his albatross. He scanned the dark sky for sight of the bird, then gave it up and turned away.

The lagoon was as untroubled as a mirror. Upon its black face the stars lay tracks of fire. The boy shoved off and climbed into the stern. Noiselessly he propelled the canoe forward, sending it half a length ahead with each thrust of his paddle. As he drew nearer to the barrier-reef, the thunder of the surf increased. The old, familiar dread of it struck at his stomach's pit, and made him falter in his paddling. The voices of the Old Ones were fainter and fainter now.

The reef thunder mounted: a long-drawn, hushed yet mighty sound that seemed to have its being not in the air above but in the very sea beneath. Out beyond lurked a terrifying world of water and wind. Out there lay everything most to be feared. The boy's hands tightened on his paddle. Behind him lay safety, security from the sea. What matter

if they jeered? For a second he almost turned back. Then he heard Kana's voice once more saying, "Mafatu is a coward."

The canoe entered the race formed by the ebbing tide. It caught up the small craft in its churn, swept it forward like a chip on a millrace. No turning back now. . . .

The boy was aware of a sudden whir and fury in the sky above, a beat of mighty wings. Startled, he glanced upward. There was Kivi, his albatross. Mafatu's heart lifted. The bird circled slowly in the moonlight, its wings edged with silver. It hovered for a moment just over the bow of the canoe, then it rose easily, lightly in its effortless flight. Out through the passage in the reef. Out into the open ocean.

Mafatu gripped the steering paddle and followed.

Mafatu, the boy who was afraid of the sea, lived a long time ago on one of the Polynesian Islands in the South Seas. How he braves a fierce storm at sea, finds an island, and slowly conquers his fear, you can read in Armstrong Sperry's book CALL IT COURAGE.

WORDS TO WATCH

bonitos	Hikueru	outrigger	barrier-reef
honed	taut	pareu	lurked
pandanus	smarting	lagoon	millrace

QUESTIONS

1. Why did Mafatu feel that he had to leave his home village?
2. Why was it important in Mafatu's village to learn to master the sea?
3. What does the name Mafatu mean?
4. How did Mafatu get away from the village?
5. Who was Kivi?

The Story of Joseph

From The Bible

Jacob loved Joseph more than all his other children, and he made him a coat of many colors. His brothers saw that their father loved him best, and they hated him and could not speak to him in a friendly way.

Joseph had a dream, and he told it to his brothers. He said to them, "Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed! Behold, we were binding sheaves in the field and, lo, my sheaf arose and stood upright; and your sheaves came round about and bowed down to my sheaf."

His brothers said to him, "Shalt thou indeed reign over us?" They hated him even more for his dream and for his words.

And his brothers went out to feed their father's flocks; and Jacob said to Joseph, "Go, now, and see whether all is well with thy brothers, and well with the flocks."

So Joseph went after his brothers and found them. They saw him from afar, and before he came near, they conspired to kill him. They said one to another, "Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now, therefore, and let us slay him, and throw him into one of the pits. We will say, 'An evil beast hath devoured him.' "

Reuben heard it and said, "Let us not take his life. Shed no blood. Throw him into this pit in the wilderness, but lay no hand upon him." He thought he might free Joseph and bring him back to his father.

It came to pass, when Joseph had come to his brothers, that they stripped him of his coat, the coat of many colors, and they threw him into the pit. The pit was empty; there was no water in it.

When they sat down to eat bread, they saw a traveling company with camels on the way to Egypt. And Judah said to his brothers, "What profit is it if we slay our brother?" And his brothers listened to him.

So they lifted Joseph out of the pit, and sold him to the merchants for twenty pieces of silver. Then they took Joseph's coat, killed a goat, and dipped the coat in the blood.

They brought the coat of many colors to their father and said, "We have found this. Thou wilt know whether it is thy son's coat or not."

Jacob knew it and said, "It is my son's coat. An evil beast hath devoured him. Joseph is without doubt torn to pieces." And he mourned for his son many days.

Joseph was brought down to Egypt, and the captain of the guard bought him from the merchants.

Joseph pleased his master, because he served him well. The captain made Joseph overseer over his house and all that he had.

But it came to pass, that his master's wrath was kindled against Joseph, and he put him into prison. But the Lord was with Joseph, and showed kindness to him, and gave him favor in the sight of the keeper of the prison. And the keeper of the prison committed all the prisoners to Joseph's care.

It came to pass that Pharaoh, King of Egypt, sent for Joseph. So they brought him hastily out of the dungeon and before Pharaoh.

Pharaoh said to Joseph, "I have dreamed, and there is no one that can interpret it. I have heard say of thee, that when thou hearest a dream, thou canst interpret it."

"Behold, in my dream seven ears of corn came upon one stalk, full and good: and behold, seven ears, withered, thin, and blasted with the east wind, sprang up after them. The thin ears swallowed up the seven good ears. I told it unto the magicians, but there was none that could explain it to me."

And Joseph said unto Pharaoh, "The seven good ears are seven years. The seven empty ears blasted with the east wind are also seven years; they shall be seven years of famine. Behold, there come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt, and there shall come after them seven years of famine.

"Now, therefore, let Pharaoh find a wise man and set him over the land of Egypt. Let him appoint overseers over the land. Let these overseers gather all the food of the good years and lay up corn in the cities. The food shall be for a store against the seven years of famine, so that the land may not perish."

These words of Joseph were good in the eyes of Pharaoh and in the eyes of all his servants. And he said to Joseph, "As God hath shown you all this, there is none so wise as thou. Thou shall rule over my house, and according to thy word shall all my people be governed. Only as Pharaoh shall I be greater than thou."

Joseph was thirty years old when he stood before Pharaoh, King of Egypt.

So Joseph left Pharaoh and went throughout all the land of Egypt. In the seven plentiful years the earth brought forth great crops. Joseph gathered up all the food of the seven years and stored it in the cities. He laid up corn like the sand of the sea.

Then the seven years of famine began, just as Joseph had said; and there was famine in all lands.

And when all the land of Egypt was famished, the people cried to Pharaoh for bread; and Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians, "Go to Joseph. What he saith to you, do."

The famine was over all the face of the earth; and Joseph opened the storehouses and sold to the Egyptians. And people from all countries came into Egypt to Joseph to buy corn.

Now Jacob said to his sons, "Behold, I have heard that there is corn in Egypt. Go you down, and buy for us so that we may live."

So Joseph's ten brothers went down to buy corn from Egypt. But Benjamin, the youngest son went not with the brothers, for Jacob feared that mischief might befall him.

Joseph was the governor over the land; and his brothers came and bowed low before him.

Joseph knew his brothers, but he did not make himself known to them, and spoke roughly. He said to them, "Where are ye from?" And they answered, "From the land of Canaan to buy food."

And Joseph said to them, "Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land ye have come."

And they said to him, "Nay, my lord, but to buy food did thy servants come. We are all one man's sons; we are honest men; thy servants are no spies. We are twelve brothers, the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not alive."

And Joseph said to them, "If ye be honest men, let one of your brothers be bound in prison. But go ye, carry corn for the famine of your houses, and bring your youngest brother to me."

Joseph turned away from them and wept. Then he returned to them, and spoke to them, and took Simeon from them, and bound him before their eyes.

Then Joseph commanded his servants to fill their sacks with corn, and to give them provisions for the way; and so they departed.

They came to Jacob, their father, in the land of Canaan, and told him all that had befallen them. And they said to him, "The man, the lord of the land, took us for spies. He said to us, 'Leave one of your brothers with me, and take corn for the famine of your houses, and go your way. And bring your youngest brother to me; then shall I know that ye are no spies.' "

Then Jacob their father said to them, "Ye have robbed me of my children: Joseph is gone, and Simeon is gone, and now ye will take Benjamin away. If mischief befall him, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

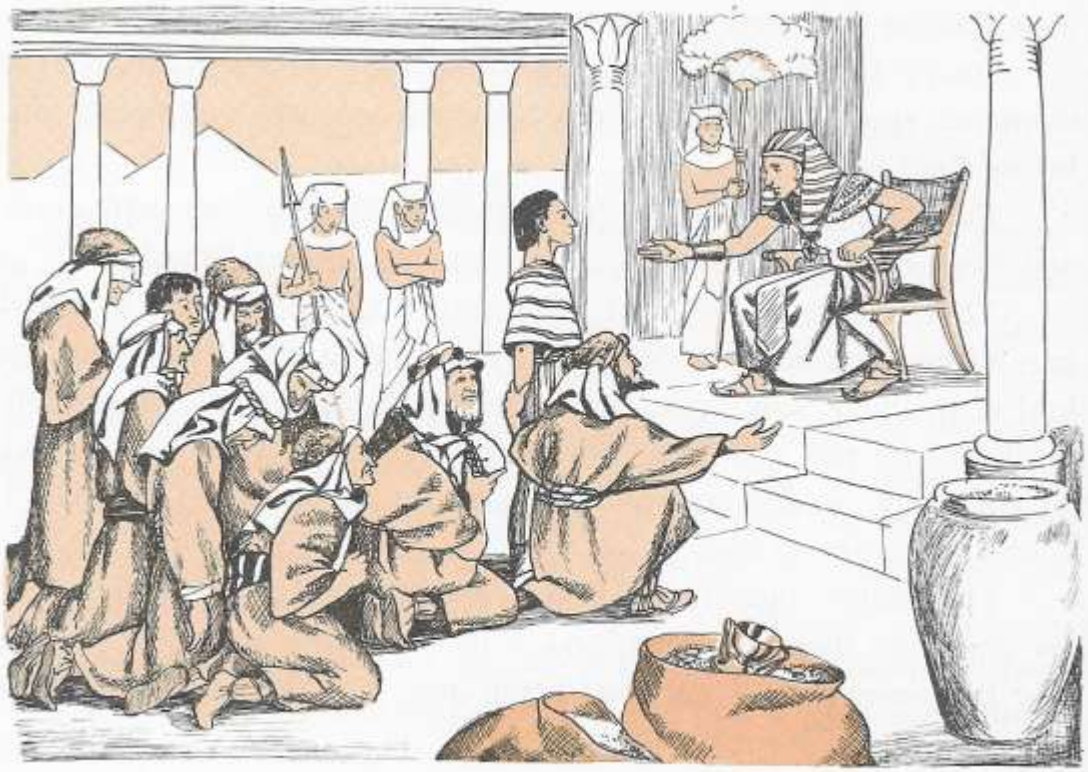
The famine was bad in all the land. And when they had eaten up the corn which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said to them, "Go again; buy us a little food."

And Judah spoke to him, saying, "The man solemnly protested, 'Ye shall not see my face, except your youngest brother is with you,' he said. If thou wilt send our brother with us, we will go down and buy."

And Jacob said, "Why did ye tell the man that ye had yet another brother?" And they said, "The man asked us about ourselves and about our kindred, and we told him. Could we know that he would say, 'Bring your brother down'?"

And Judah said to his father, "Send the lad with me. I will vouch for him. If I do not bring him back to thee, then let me bear the blame forever."

And their father Jacob said to them, "Take your brother, and go again to the man. May God Almighty give you mercy before him, so that he may release your other brother and Benjamin."



And the men took double money in their hand, and Benjamin; and they went down to Egypt and stood before Joseph.

When Joseph saw Benjamin with his brothers, he said to the steward of his house, "Bring the men into the house and make ready, for the men shall dine with me at noon."

The brothers brought their presents into the house and bowed down to the earth before him. And he asked them how they were and said, "Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spoke? Is he yet alive?" And they said, "Thy servant our father is well; he is yet alive."

They ate and drank and were merry with him.

And Joseph commanded the steward of his house, saying, "Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry; and put my cup, the silver cup in the sack's mouth of the youngest."

As soon as the morning was light, the men were sent away. When they were gone out of the city, Joseph said unto his steward, "Up, follow after the men, and say to them, 'Wherefore have ye done evil? Have ye not taken the cup from which my lord drinketh?' "

And the steward overtook them and spoke to them these words; and they said, "God forbid that we should do such a thing. Why should we steal silver or gold out of thy lord's house? With whom it will be found, let him die."

Then each man took down his sack and searched it; and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack.

They returned to the city to Joseph's house. And Joseph said, "The man in whose sack the cup is found shall stay with me; the others may go in peace unto your father."

Then Judah came near to him and said, "My father's life is bound up in the lad's life. When I come to my father and he seeth that the lad is not with us, he will surely die. For he said to us, 'If ye take Benjamin from me and mischief befall him, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.' Now, I pray thee, let me stay with thee instead of the lad, and let the lad go up with his brothers."

Then Joseph could not restrain himself before those who stood by, and he cried, "Cause every man to go out from me." And there

stood no others with him, while Joseph made himself known to his brothers.

And Joseph said to them, "I am Joseph"; and his brothers could not answer him, for they were troubled.

And Joseph said to his brothers, "Come near to me, I pray you."

They came near; and he said, "I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now be not grieved nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither, for God did send me before you to preserve life. The famine has been in the land these two years, and there are yet five years, in which there shall be neither plowing nor harvest. God sent me before you to save you.

"Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say to him, 'Thus saith thy son Joseph: God hath made me lord of all Egypt. Come down to me; tarry not. Thou shalt be near me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all that thou hast.' "

And the brothers went up out of Egypt, and came into the land of Canaan to Jacob their father. And they told him, saying, "Joseph is yet alive, and he is ruler over all the land of Egypt."

Jacob believed them not; and they told him all the words of Joseph, which he had said to them. But when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived, and he said, "It is enough. Joseph my son is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die."

WORDS TO WATCH

sheaves	Pharaoh	Canaan	hither
Egypt	dungeon	provisions	tarry
mourned	perish	kindred	revived

QUESTIONS

1. Why was Joseph not angry with his brothers?
2. Why did Joseph's brothers hate him?
3. How did Joseph interpret the Pharaoh's dream?
4. What position did the Pharaoh give Joseph?
5. Where did Joseph live when his brothers found him?

There Isn't Time

Eleanor Farjeon

There isn't time, there isn't time
To do the things I want to do,
With all the mountain-tops to climb,
And all the woods to wander through,
And all the seas to sail upon,
And everywhere there is to go,
And all the people, every one
Who lives upon the earth, to know.
There's only time, there's only time
To know a few, and do a few,
And then sit down and make a rhyme
About the rest I want to do.

A Wanderer's Song

John Masefield

A wind's in the heart of me, a fire's in my heels,
I am tired of brick and stone and rumbling wagon-wheels;
I hunger for the sea's edge, the limits of the land,
Where the wild old Atlantic is shouting on the sand.

Oh, I'll be going, leaving the noises of the street,
To where a lifting foresail-foot is yanking at the sheet;
To a windy, tossing anchorage where yawls and ketches ride,
Oh, I'll be going, going, until I meet the tide.

And first I'll hear the sea-wind, the mewing of the gulls,
The clucking, sucking of the sea about the rusty hulls,
The songs at the capstan in the hooker warping out,
And then the heart of me'll know I'm there or thereabout.

Oh, I am tired of brick and stone, the heart of me is sick,
For windy green, unquiet sea, the realm of Moby Dick;
And I'll be going, going, from the roaring of the wheels,
For a wind's in the heart of me, a fire's in my heels.

How Paddle-to-the-Sea Came to Be

Holling C. Holling

The Canadian wilderness was white with snow. From Lake Superior northward the evergreen trees wore hoods and coats of white. A heavy blanket of cloud hung low across the hills. There was no sound. Nothing moved. Even a thread of gray smoke stood up like a pole, keeping the sky from falling on a log cabin in the valley.

Then far off a sound began, grew louder, louder—and swept overhead in a wild cackle of honks and cries. "Geese!" cried the Indian boy standing in the door of the cabin. "They come back too soon. I must hurry to finish my Paddle Person!"

He returned to his bear robe by the fire where he had sat for many days whittling a piece of pine. Now he worked on in silence. He bent over the fire to melt lead in an iron spoon and poured it out to cool and harden in a hollow of the wood. He fastened a piece of tin to one end of the carving. Then he brought out oil paints and worked carefully with a brush.

Satisfied at last, the boy sat back on his heels. Before him lay a canoe one foot long. It looked like his father's big birchbark loaded with packs and supplies for a journey. Underneath was a tin rudder to keep it headed forward and a lump of lead for ballast. This would keep the canoe low in the water and turn it right side up after an upset. An Indian figure knelt just back of the middle, grasping a paddle. And along the bottom were carved these words:

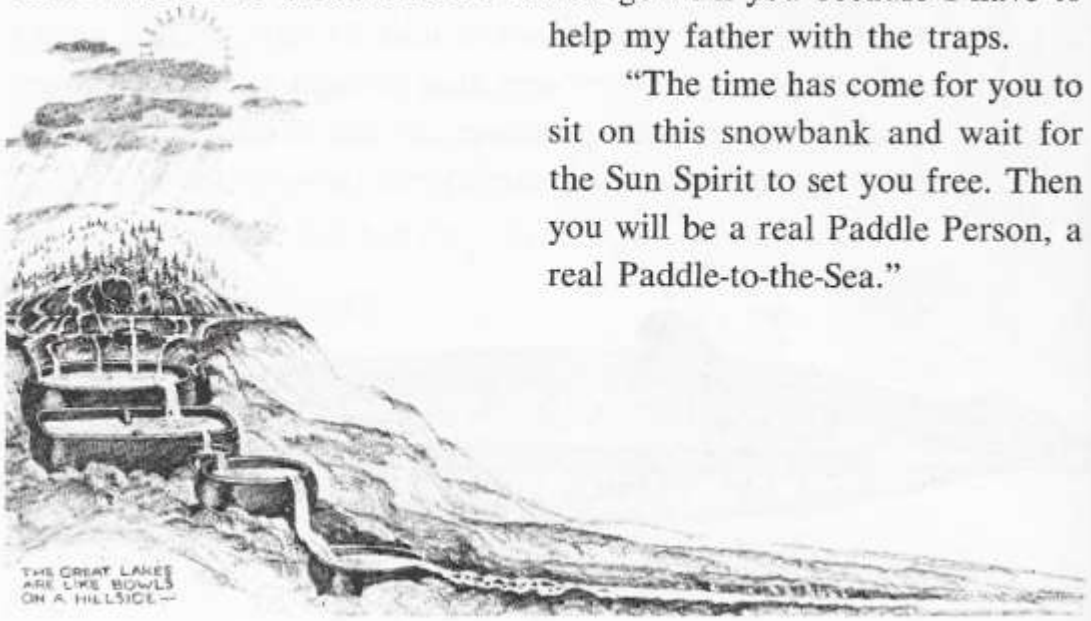
Long River Reaching to the Sea

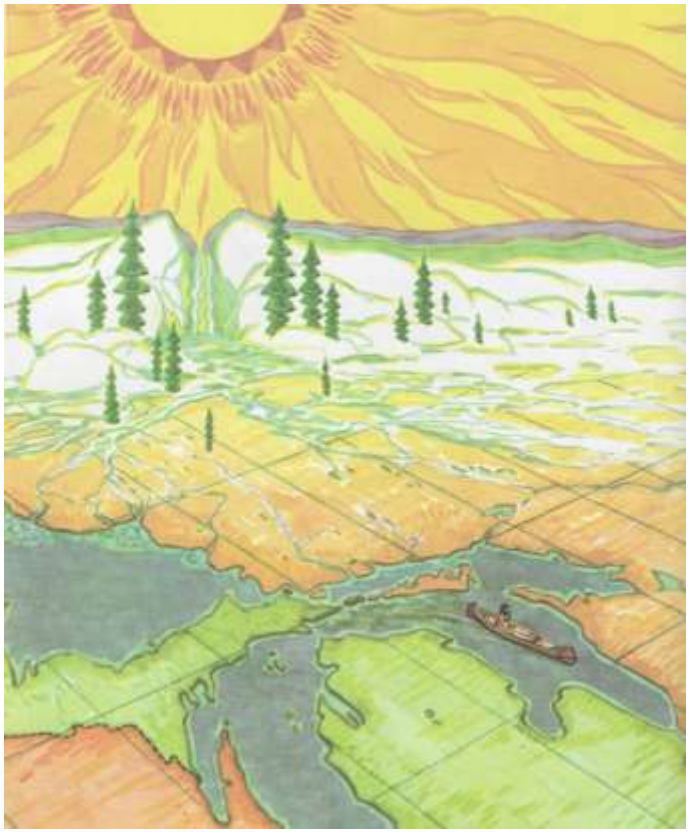
Next day the Indian boy climbed the hill back of his home. His snowshoes wide as shovels sank into the drifts at every step. When he reached the top he took from his coat the canoe he had made. He then set it in the snow facing southward where, far away, a river cut an icy path through the forest.

"Now I will tell you something!" said the boy to the little figure in the canoe. "I have learned in school that when this snow in our Nipigon country melts, the water flows to that river. The river flows into the Great Lakes, the biggest lakes in the world. They are set like bowls on a gentle slope. The water from our river flows into the top one, drops into the next, and on to the others. Then it makes a river again, a river that flows to the Big Salt Water.

"I made you, Paddle Person, because I had a dream. A little wooden man smiled at me. He sat in a canoe on a snowbank on this hill. Now the dream has begun to come true. The Sun Spirit will look down at the snow. The snow will melt and the water will run downhill to the river, on down to the Great Lakes, down again and on at last to the sea. You will go with the water, and you will have adventures that I would like to have. But I cannot go with you because I have to help my father with the traps.

"The time has come for you to sit on this snowbank and wait for the Sun Spirit to set you free. Then you will be a real Paddle Person, a real Paddle-to-the-Sea."





Paddle Starts on His Journey

At night wood mice crept over the little canoe. White owls swooped low just to look at it. Rabbits hopped near. Two wolves came to sniff at Paddle, then a wolverine and a weasel.

Each morning when the boy went to make certain that Paddle was safe, he found the tracks in the snow. But he knew that Paddle could not be eaten because he was only painted wood.

All this time the world was changing. The air grew warmer; the birch twigs swelled with new buds. A moose pawed the snow beside a log, uncovering green moss and arbutus like tiny stars. And then, one morning, the grey clouds drifted from the sky. The sun burst out warm and bright above the hills, and under its glare the snow blankets drooped on the fir trees. Everywhere the snow was melting. There was a steady tap-tap-tap of fat drops falling.

The snowbank began to settle under Paddle. Next morning it had split wide open. Across a narrow, deep canyon in the snow, the canoe made a little bridge. But hour by hour it tipped farther forward.

The boy came running over the slippery ground. He was just in time to see the canoe slide down into rushing water. It sank and came to the surface upside down. Then it righted itself, and the watching boy saw it plunge forward, leaping on the crest of a brook that dashed downhill.

"Ho!" he called. "You have started on your journey! Good-by, Paddle-to-the-Sea!"

Will Paddle-to-the-Sea reach his goal? Will he ever see the Big Salt Water? Read H. C. Holling's book to find out what happens to Paddle-to-the-Sea.

WORDS TO WATCH

whittling Nipigon arbutus

QUESTIONS

1. Why did the Indian boy make Paddle-to-the-Sea?
2. Where did the Indian boy expect the Paddle Person to go?
3. When did Paddle-to-the-Sea start on its journey?
4. What did the boy put on the bottom of the canoe to make sure it would turn right side up after an upset?

THINGS TO FIND OUT

1. Find on a map the way by which Paddle-to-the-Sea could reach the ocean.
2. Find out which ocean Paddle-to-the-Sea will reach.
3. Find out the name of each lake Paddle-to-the-Sea has to cross.
4. Find some important cities on or near these lakes.
5. Find out why these cities are important or famous.
6. Find out whether or not a steamship could reach the ocean by the same route Paddle-to-the-Sea took, and how many days it would take to get there.

Dust of Snow

Robert Frost

The way a crow
Shook down on me
The dust of snow
From a hemlock tree

Has given my heart
A change of mood
And saved some part
Of a day I had rued.