



Puss-in-Boots

Charles Perrault

There was once an old miller who had three sons. When the old miller died, he had nothing to give to his sons except his mill, his donkey, and his cat. The oldest son took the mill, the second son took the donkey, and the youngest son had to take the cat.

This made the youngest son feel very sad. “What am I to do?” he said. “My oldest brother can grind wheat with his windmill, and my other brother can carry sacks of flour from the mill on his donkey. But what can I do with a cat? I can eat him and sell his skin, but then what will I do? I shall die of hunger.”

WORDS TO WATCH

miller
reapers

mowers
Marquis of Carabas

ogre
partridges

The cat heard these words and looked up at his master. "Do not worry," he said. "You will not have to eat me. Only give me a bag and get me a pair of boots, and I will show you how we can live very well."

The young man did not see how the cat could help him to live, but he knew the cat was clever. Besides, what else could the young man do?

So he got the cat a bag and a pair of boots. Puss put on the boots and tied the bag around his neck. Then he set off for a place where there were some rabbits.

He filled the bag with grain and left the mouth of the bag open. Then he lay down and pretended to go to sleep. Soon a young rabbit smelled the grain and saw the open bag. He crawled into the bag to eat the grain. Quickly the cat drew the strings of the bag closed and caught the rabbit.

Puss now went to the palace and asked to speak to the king. The guards took him to the king. He made a low bow and said, "Sire, this is a rabbit which my master asked me to give to you."

"And who is your master?" said the king.

"He is the Marquis of Carabas," said the cat, bowing low.

"Tell your master that I gladly accept his gift," said the king with a smile. "Here are some coins for your master to show him that I like his gift. And before you go, get something for yourself in my kitchen."

Puss returned home and gave the coins to his master and said, "Now you need not go to bed hungry or sleep on the ground. And I have something else for you too."

"What can that be?" said the young man, amazed.

“A new name,” said the cat. “From now on you are to be the Marquis of Carabas.”

The young man thought this very amusing, and he burst out laughing.

The next day Puss took his bag and hid himself in a corn-field. This time he caught two partridges and took them to the king. The king thanked him as before and gave him more money.

Many times Puss caught birds and small animals, and each time he took them to the king, and the king gave him more money. And so Puss and his master always had plenty to eat and a good place to live.

One day Puss heard that the king and his daughter were going to take a drive along the banks of the river. Quickly he ran home to his master and said, “Do just as I tell you, and your fortune will be made. You need only go and bathe in the river at a certain spot and leave the rest to me.”

“Very well,” said his master. He did as the cat told him, but he did not understand what Puss was going to do.

While he was bathing in the river, the king and the princess



drove by. Puss jumped out of the bushes and cried, "Help! Help! The Marquis of Carabas is drowning! Save him!" The king heard the cry and looked out of his carriage. Then he saw the cat that had brought him so many birds and animals. The king ordered his men to run and help the Marquis. When he was out of the river, Puss explained to the king what had happened.

"My master was bathing, and some robbers came and stole his clothes. I ran after them and cried 'Stop thief!' but they got away. My master swam out into the deep water and would have drowned if you had not saved him."

The king felt sorry for the Marquis, and he ordered his servants to bring back a fine suit of clothes for him. The servants brought back a new suit, and soon the Marquis was dressed more finely than he had ever been before in his life. He looked so handsome that the king invited him to ride in his carriage beside the princess.

Puss-in-Boots ran on in front of the carriage and soon came to a meadow. Some men were mowing grass. Puss came up to them and said, "I say, good folks, the king is coming this way. Be good enough to tell him that these fields belong to the Marquis of Carabas."

The mowers agreed.

Soon the king's carriage came down the road. The king stuck his head out and said, "This is good grassland. Who owns it?"

"The Marquis of Carabas, sire," they all said.

"You have a fine estate, Marquis," said the king to the young man.

"Yes, sire," replied the Marquis, "it pays me well."

Puss ran on farther and soon came upon some reapers who were cutting grain.

"I say," he cried, "the king is coming this way. If he asks whose grain this is, be good enough to tell him that it belongs to the Marquis of Carabas." The reapers agreed.

Soon the king came by, and when he asked the reapers who owned the grain, they replied, "The Marquis of Carabas, sire."

The new Marquis liked to pretend that he owned all this land and grain, and the king and princess were amazed.

Soon the carriage came toward a large castle. In this castle lived an ogre, and this ogre was the real owner of all the land the carriage had been passing through.

Again Puss-in-Boots ran on ahead of the carriage. He asked to speak to the ogre. A servant led Puss into a large room where the ogre was sitting. Puss stood a safe distance away and said, "I have heard that you can change yourself into any kind of animal you wish. But I do not believe that you can do it. Can you change yourself into a lion?"

"Of course I can change myself into a lion," roared the ogre. "Just watch me."

In no time at all the ogre became a lion, and now he roared louder than ever.

When Puss saw the ogre become a lion, he almost jumped out of his boots.

"Wonderful! Marvelous!" he exclaimed. "But I do not think that you can change yourself into a mouse, for a mouse is very small."

The ogre changed himself back into his own ugly shape and said, "Just watch me. I can become a mouse as easily as I can become a lion."

And quick as a wink the ogre became a mouse, and quicker than a wink the cat gobbled up the mouse. And that was the end of the ogre.

By now the king's carriage was in front of the castle. When Puss-in-Boots heard the noise of the carriage wheels, he ran outside and met the king at the gate.

"Welcome, your majesty, to the castle of my master, the Marquis of Carabas," he said.

"What!" said the king, turning to the young man. "Does this castle also belong to you? I have never seen such a fine castle."

They all went inside and found that a great feast was waiting for them. The cat invited them to sit down, and they all ate until they could eat no more.



After the meal Puss whispered in his master's ear, "This castle really does belong to you. When your grandfather lived, he was the true Marquis of Carabas. He was driven from his castle and his lands by an ogre, but I am happy to say that the ogre will harm you no more. It is right that you be called the Marquis of Carabas from now on. You are the true owner of this castle and these lands."

When the young man heard these words, he jumped for joy. Soon afterward he asked the princess to marry him, and the princess accepted. Now everybody was happy, including Puss-in-Boots, who did not run after mice any more except for fun.

QUESTIONS

1. What did Puss-in-Boots's master have at the beginning of the story? What did he have at the end of the story? Why did he have more at the end of the story?
2. What are some of the things Puss-in-Boots did that show he was clever?
3. Why did the castle really belong to Puss-in-Boots's master?
4. Do you feel sorry for the ogre? Why?

Doña Felisa

On Wednesday mornings the city hall in San Juan, Puerto Rico, became the house of the people. Every week on that day, the mayor of San Juan, Felisa Rincón de Gautier, held open house. Wearing one of the astonishing hats that were her trademark, she came into the council room where hundreds of people waited. She wished a good day to these people, her friends—“*Buenos dias, amigos.*” They answered, “*Buenos dias, Doña Felisa.*” Then she took her seat at a simple table. One by one the people came up for a few moments of quiet talk. She helped them to get whatever it was they needed—school shoes, medical care, or a place to live. Perhaps just comfort and advice were needed. She would not leave the room until she had talked with everyone there.

The story of how Doña Felisa became mayor of the capital city of Puerto Rico is partly a story of changing ideas about the place of women in public life.

Felisa was the eldest of eight children in a well-to-do family. When she was twelve years old, her mother died. After a time, her father decided that he needed his eldest daughter to run the household. So Felisa, who had hoped to become a

WORDS TO WATCH

San Juan	<i>barrios</i>	Felisa Rincón de Gautier
<i>amigos</i>	poverty	Puerto Rico
Doña	population	<i>Bueno dias</i>
trademark	Don Jenaro	political party
reform	open house	Luis Muñoz Marín

doctor, had to leave high school. It would have been very hard for a young girl, brought up in the old Spanish way, to argue with her father. Even about her own future.

Felisa went on being an obedient daughter. Her father decided that he would move his family to the country and spend only weekends with them. Although she missed the city, Felisa had to go to the country to take care of her younger brothers and sisters and to run the family farm. She became an able manager.

At last a time came when Felisa could no longer bow to every wish of her father. In 1917, Congress had passed a law making Puerto Ricans citizens of the United States. In 1920, it had passed another law giving women on the mainland the right to vote. After some years, Puerto Rico also gave women that right. Felisa wanted to register to vote, but her father objected. This time, however, she would not give in. She won her father's consent and was proud to be among the first women to sign the voting register.

When she registered to vote, she joined the political party of Luis Muñoz Marín. From that day on, Felisa made herself useful to her political party. Her special job was to bring the party's promise of reform to the poor people of San Juan. She made friends with the people who lived in the *barrios*—the slums. She saw that poverty and hunger were growing in Puerto Rico, along with the growth in population. Luis Muñoz Marín was to become the governor of Puerto Rico for many years. His famous "Operation Bootstrap" was a program to build the wealth and independence of Puerto Rico. Felisa was determined to do whatever she could to help.

After years of party work, Doña Felisa was well-known and loved in the city. Her party then asked her to run for mayor. Now it was her husband, Don Jenaro, who objected. Once again, she bowed to the wish of a man she loved. But she was not happy about it. When she had a second chance to become mayor, she accepted. This time Don Jenaro agreed.

Doña Felisa was elected then and many other times. She was mayor of San Juan for twenty-two years in all. During that time she cleaned up the city. She built a chain of nursery schools and improved the hospitals. She made sure that the poor children of the city had shoes and clothes and toys at Christmas. And she encouraged Puerto Rican women to be active in public life. But perhaps she is best remembered for her Wednesdays—those days when she held open house and the city hall became the house of the people.

QUESTIONS

1. What did Doña Felisa do on Wednesdays when she was mayor?
2. In what ways did Doña Felisa help the people of San Juan?
3. How long did Doña Felisa serve as mayor of San Juan?
4. On a map, find Puerto Rico and San Juan.



Ludwig van Beethoven: A Song in a Silent World

Wherever he went, Ludwig van Beethoven heard music. He heard music when the wind whispered through the leaves, or went sssshh-sssshh-sssshh across the grass, or roared from the sky to bend trees and break branches.

Music filled Ludwig's home, too. His father was a singer in the royal choir that sang in the palace of the Elector (a German prince). Ludwig's neighbors played many instruments and every night they gave a concert, singing and playing music that could be heard for miles, all the way up to the sky.

In fact, Ludwig's whole life was music. When he was four years old, he began taking piano lessons from his father. Soon he played the violin. Outdoors, his friends played hide-and-seek, but Ludwig's father kept him indoors, practicing. "You will be a great musician," his father said. "You will give concerts and bring us extra money."

There was never enough money in Ludwig's house. His father did not earn enough to feed Ludwig and his brothers and mother, or to buy wood for the fireplace and clothes for

WORDS TO WATCH

Ludwig van Beethoven		concertos
Elector	violin	symphonies
concert	viola	orchestra
Herr Pfeiffer	cello	quartets
musicians	chorale	Vienna



everyone to wear. Ludwig's mother sold their silver and even some of their furniture to get money for food.

So Ludwig knew he had to do something to help his family, and to fill his own empty stomach.

When he was seven, Ludwig gave his first concert in the palace where his father was a singer. All the seats were filled with rich people. Ludwig looked at their waiting faces, took a deep breath, put his strong fingers on the piano keys, and began to play.

"Bravo! Bravo!" shouted the audience when he finished. "Again! Again!" So Ludwig played again. His father was

very proud. And Ludwig was given money by the Elector who lived in the palace.

But playing the piano and violin wasn't enough for Ludwig. There was different music inside his head. Sometimes it was so loud, it was all he could hear. He wanted to write it down, so a whole orchestra could play it.

Ludwig asked his new teacher, Herr (Mr.) Pfeiffer, to teach him to write music on paper. But as soon as Ludwig learned, he became so busy that he hardly had time to write any music.

Part of the time he was in school learning arithmetic and Latin. He practiced the piano, the violin, and now the organ, too, every day. He gave concerts at the palace. Soon he was playing the organ for church services every morning at six o'clock.

But Ludwig did write music, more and more each year. "I won't just play *other* people's music," he thought. "I want to write my own and play it. I want the whole world to be in my music."

And the whole world *was* in his music. Ludwig wrote music with thunderstorms, and music with dancing. Some of his music sounded like armies marching to war and fighting battles in ruined cities. Then his music sounded like funerals of men killed in fighting.

He wrote music for voices, for piano, for violin, for piano and violin together, for many violins, for whole orchestras. He tried every combination he could think of. He loved them all.

Soon Ludwig's music was played everywhere. He became

famous and moved to Vienna, a town filled with music-loving people and with musicians like himself.

He was grown up, but in many ways he was still a young boy, playing the piano all day and most of the night. His manners were rough, his clothes often untidy or dirty. But his wonderful music made him important friends—great musicians and great noblemen.

One day he heard a new sound—a strange sound. What was it? A buzzing, an odd buzzing in his ears. Ludwig frowned. The buzzing bothered the music in his head. He shook his head back and forth but the buzzing was still there.

The buzzing became such a roar that Ludwig was frightened. “I cannot hear my music!” he shouted. He went to his doctor. “My ears, my ears,” he said. “And my music.” He shook all over. He wanted to play music, but all he could hear was a buzzing and a roaring in his head.

The doctor looked into Ludwig’s ears and held Ludwig’s head and looked again into his ears. “Well?” said Ludwig. “Make the noise go away!”

Slowly, sadly, the doctor shook his head. “No, my friend,” he said. “Your ears are sick. The noise will stay for a while. But when it does go away, you will not hear anything.”

Ludwig stared at the doctor. “*Anything?*” he whispered. “You will be deaf,” said the doctor.

“But I can’t be deaf!” shouted Ludwig. “I must hear my music!” He ran from the doctor’s office. When he got home, he slammed the door and for days no one saw him. He sat in his room, his head in his hands, trying to think. “My music,” he said. Again and again, “My music, my music.”

But a strange thing happened. When the buzzing and roaring stopped, the music came back into Ludwig's head. The world was silent—he couldn't hear anything around him. He couldn't hear children shouting and people singing; he couldn't hear birds or the wind or the clatter of horses' hooves on the street. When people moved their lips, there were no voices for him to hear. But he heard all the music in his head.

He wrote and wrote. Eight symphonies for orchestra. Five concertos for piano, and one for the violin. An opera. Sixteen quartets for chamber group—two violins, a viola, and a cello. And hundreds of other works for all instruments.

One day Ludwig began a new symphony. When he came to the fourth part of the symphony (the fourth movement), the instruments were not enough for him. He added new "instruments"—people singing. The fourth movement of his symphony was a giant song. It was called the "Ode to Joy." He wrote it about friendship and joy in the world, no matter what problems people had, like his own deafness, or another person's blindness, or another's lameness, or even poverty or sickness.

The symphony was finished. Ludwig's friends played parts of it on the piano. Word of the symphony spread from town to town. "A great symphony," it was called. "So beautiful," people said. "No symphony like it has ever been heard." But some people hated it, because it was so huge and hard to play. It was called *The Choral*, or Beethoven's Ninth. Later it was known simply as the Ninth, for no other symphony was like it.

From the time he finished the Ninth Symphony until the end of his life four years later, Beethoven was troubled by sickness and worry. He was completely deaf and very poor. But in those years he wrote some of his greatest music. He seemed to enter a new world where no one had ever been before. His music was like none ever written. And every composer who came after Beethoven has looked up to him and learned from him.

QUESTIONS

1. Would it be hard to compose music if you were deaf? Why or why not?
2. Vienna is often called "the city of music." Find out the names of three other great composers who lived there.
3. Find out the name of the city Beethoven was born in.



Rachel Carson

When Rachel Carson was a little girl growing up in a small town in Pennsylvania, her mother taught her to take pleasure in the outdoors and in birds, insects, and fish. Young Rachel's two loves were nature and writing. It was no surprise to those who knew her that she grew up to be a scientist and a writer about nature.

Above all, she came to love the sea. She wanted to learn about the different kinds of living things that swim in the oceans, fly above them, and move on their shores. She studied marine biology, and worked during the summers at the Woods Hole Marine Biological Laboratory on Cape Cod. Finally, she went to work for the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Part of her job was to write about how to protect our country's birds, fish, and other forms of wildlife.

Then she began to write for the public. In her most famous book, *The Sea Around Us*, she tells of the gray beginnings of the sea and of its storms and tides. She writes about the many strange creatures that live in the sea. Her book was widely

WORDS TO WATCH

marine	eternal	environment
biology	effects	sprays
public	inherit	generation
ebb	fragile	balance of nature
marsh	creatures	Marine Biological Laboratory

enjoyed because she was able to make people understand both the science and poetry of the sea. In *The Sea Around Us*, she writes:

To stand at the edge of the sea, to sense the ebb and flow of the tides, to feel the breath of a mist over a great salt marsh, to watch the flight of shore birds that have swept up and down the surf lines of the continents for untold thousands of years, . . . is to have knowledge of things that are as nearly eternal as any life can be.

Later, Rachel Carson's interest in living things and their environments made her turn to a new subject. She wrote a book called *Silent Spring*, which many people read and talked about. In this book she told how certain chemicals used to kill insects could be unhealthy for other living things—including people. She called the spring "silent" because already, in some places in America, the birds which used to sing in the springtime were not returning to their nests. Their insect food had been poisoned by sprays meant only to protect crops for people. The birds that did come back laid fewer eggs. The eggshells were thin and broke easily. She wrote about the *balance of nature*—the way in which all living things depend on one another. She showed how important it is not to upset this balance.

The ideas in *Silent Spring* were questioned by other scientists. These people knew that some chemicals upset the balance of nature. But they also knew that today's growing population could not live unless chemicals were used to kill harmful insects and weeds. They believed that they could find new ways to kill these pests.



Even though she was very shy, Rachel Carson defended her ideas with spirit. She started many people thinking about how important it was not to damage nature, which is very delicately balanced by many unseen and unknown forces. "I deeply believe that this generation must come to terms with nature," she said. Rachel Carson worked very hard to protect the lives of many of earth's creatures. Her efforts led many others to work for the same ends. Her success must have given Rachel Carson a deep feeling of joy as she went about her quiet life among her friends and pets, which were not fish and birds, as one might think, but cats.

QUESTIONS

1. Why are plants and animals important to human life?
2. What is your environment?
3. Find out more about the sea and some of the plants and animals that live in it.

Margaret Bourke-White

Helen Webber

Margaret Bourke-White was a photographer who could tell an exciting story in pictures. She was a pioneer in the art of photojournalism. Some pictures she took while lying in the snow and others while hanging out the door of an airplane. Some she took from the top of freight cars and some from the rafters of buildings. She photographed everything from the rural South to the frozen Arctic, from gold mining in South Africa to the bombing of Moscow in the Second World War. No conditions were too hard or dangerous for her to work under, no place too far away to travel to. People said of her, "Maggie won't take no for an answer."

Some of the picture-stories that Margaret Bourke-White liked best to tell were about industry. When she was a girl, she often went with her father, an absent-minded inventor, to visit factories. These trips were great adventures for her. She said later that the sudden magic of flowing metal and flying sparks had shaped her life's work. Yet photography was not her first idea for a career. In college she studied snakes and

WORDS TO WATCH

photojournalism	torpedoed	fiery
rural	abilities	reptiles
studio	rafters	correspondent
industrial	career	crippling
furnace	factories	operation

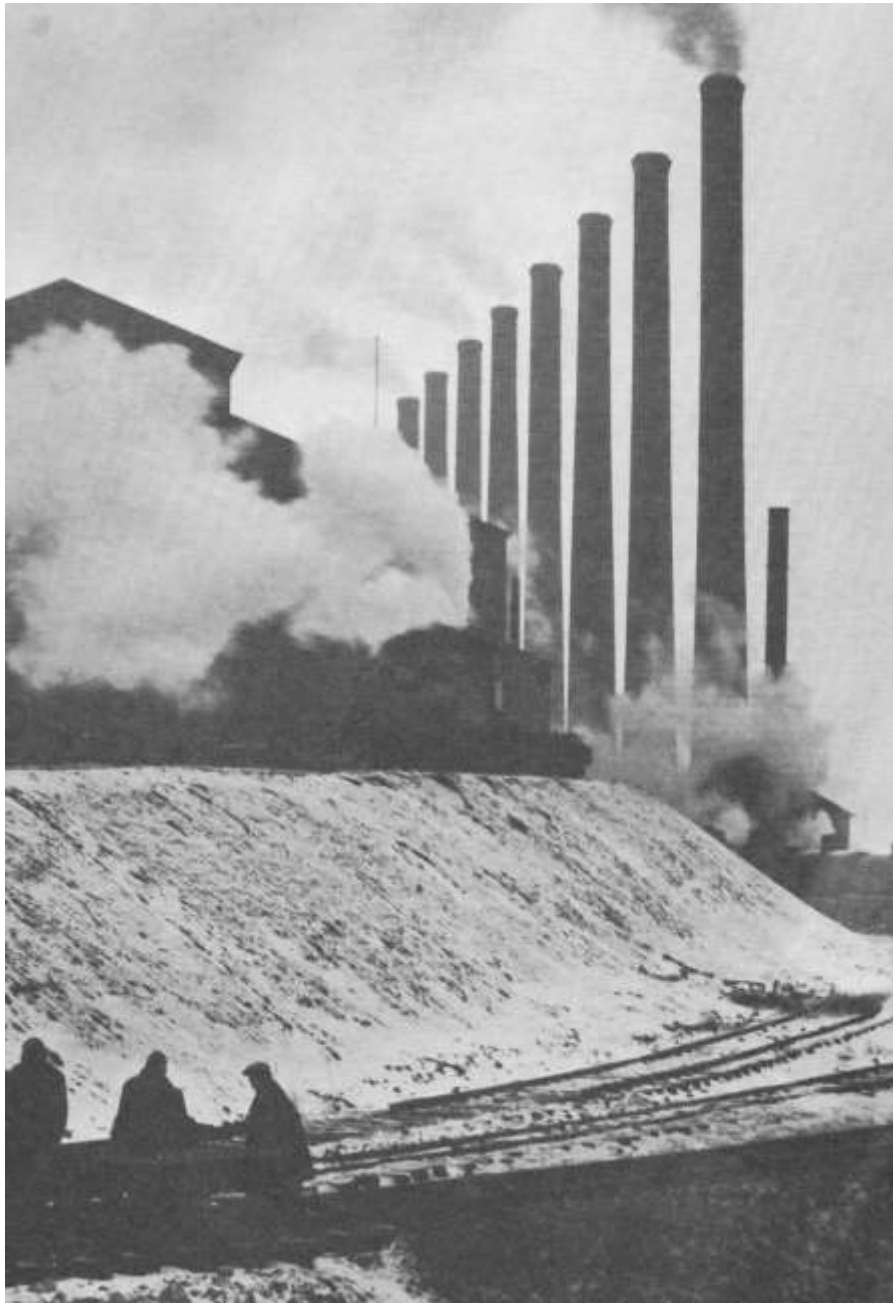
Margaret Bourke-White photographing New York City (facing)



other reptiles. Not until she began taking pictures of the college and selling them to pay for her schooling did she think of photography as a career. In later years, she kept two pet alligators in her studio on the sixty-first floor of a New York skyscraper as a reminder of her earlier studies.

Margaret Bourke-White's industrial photographs were of factories, smoke stacks, bridges, water tanks, mines, and dams. This part of her work began at steel mills in Cleveland, Ohio, when she was a beautiful young woman of twenty-one. She had to show the factory owners that her strange desire to photograph a steel furnace was in fact a serious business. The first night that she was allowed to take pictures inside the steel mill was heaven to her. She was not dressed for the task. She had on a pretty dress and high-heeled shoes. And there she was, dancing on the edge of a fiery furnace, taking picture after picture and singing for joy. Later, Maggie learned to dress to suit her task, but she never stopped singing for joy.

Her later career took her to dozens of countries. She photographed famous leaders all over the world. She was a war correspondent and often went along on bombing flights. Once she was on a ship that was torpedoed, and all the passengers had to take to the lifeboats. Another time, the little airplane in which she was traveling had to land in heavy fog on a tiny island in the Arctic Ocean. And always she kept her cameras ready to record whatever adventure came her way. Her pictures were printed in magazines and collected in books. As time went on, she also wrote about her work and made speeches. She often said in her speeches that a photographer needed to be healthy and strong and able to do hard work.







Fort Peck Dam, Montana, 1936

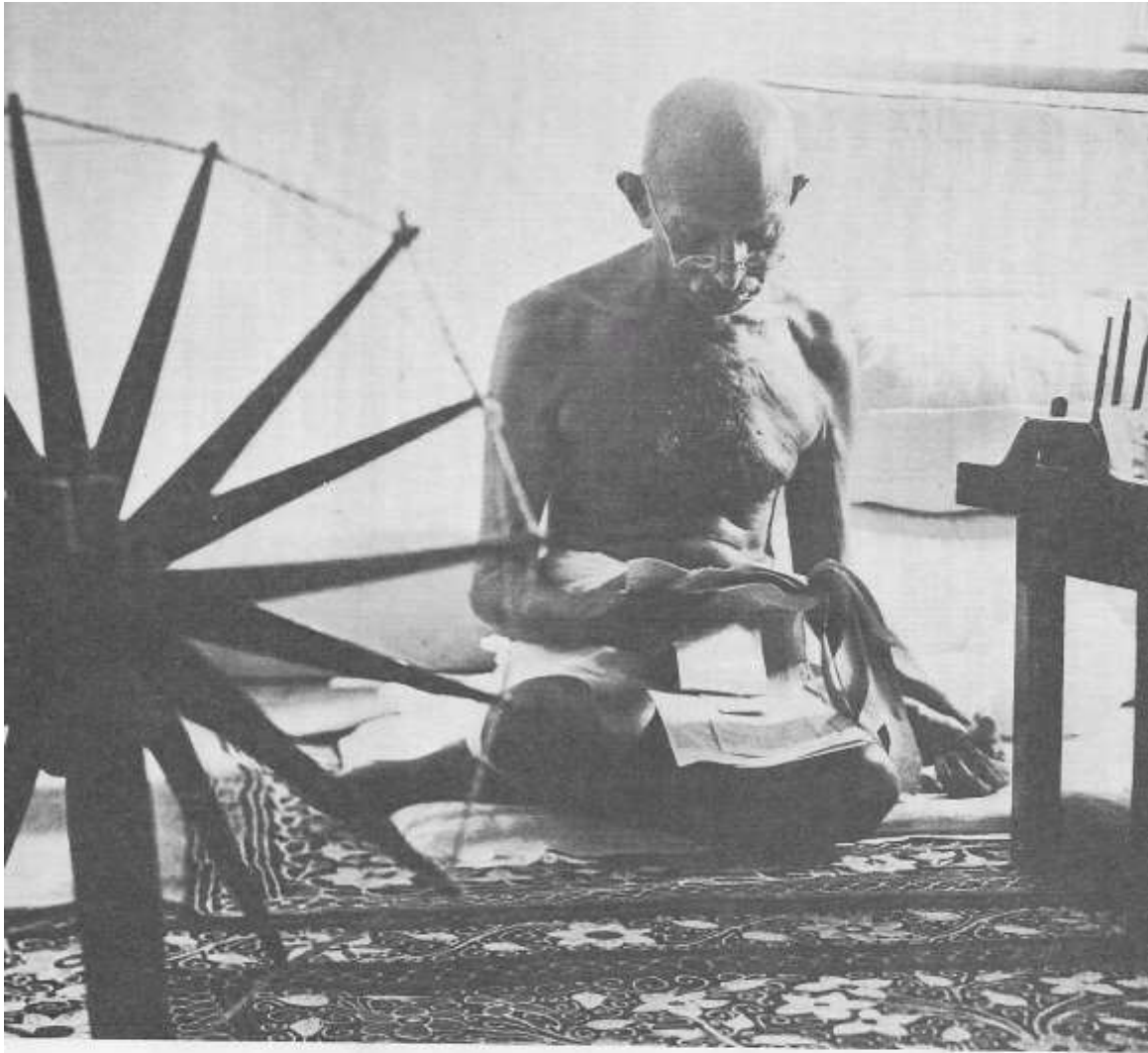
South African gold miners, 1950 (facing)

At the height of her powers, Margaret Bourke-White's health and strength failed her. A crippling illness struck her down and took from her the abilities she needed in her work.

But she was a fighter, and she fought back. After two brain operations and years of physical training, she was able to rise above her illness for a time. She took her usual keen interest in the war against her illness, and she allowed some of her photographer friends to record her progress in pictures. Margaret Bourke-White had once said, "I knew I would never run out of subjects that interested me while on this earth"—and she never did. She was a gifted and gallant woman who lived her life to the fullest.

QUESTIONS

1. If you were a photojournalist, what would you take pictures of?
2. Why is taking pictures hard work?
3. Where would you keep a pet alligator?
4. Find out about other photojournalists.
5. Find out about the development of the camera and photography.



Mahatma Gandhi, India, 1946

Steel worker and 200-ton ladle of molten steel, Otis Steel Mill (next page)

