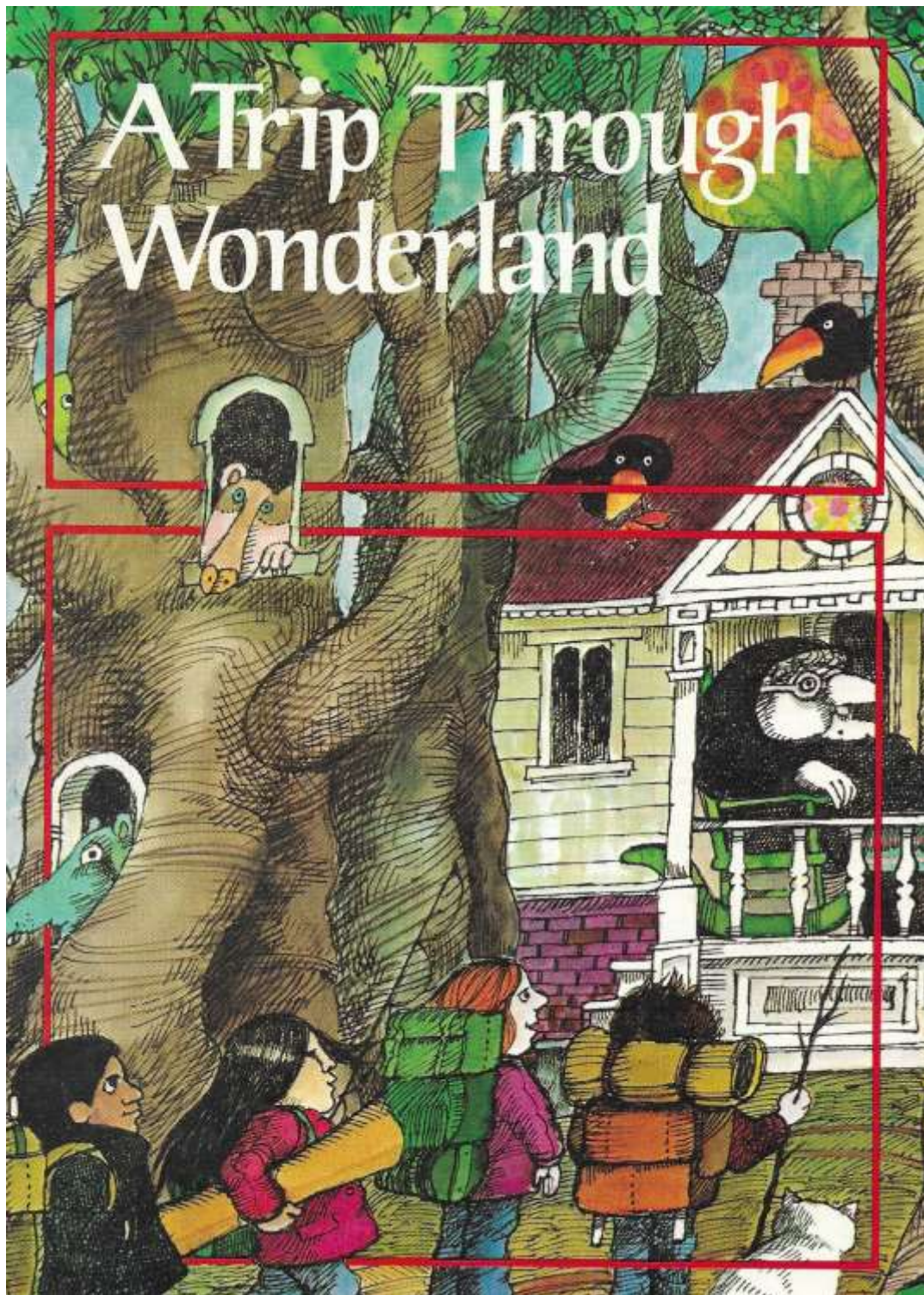


A Trip Through Wonderland



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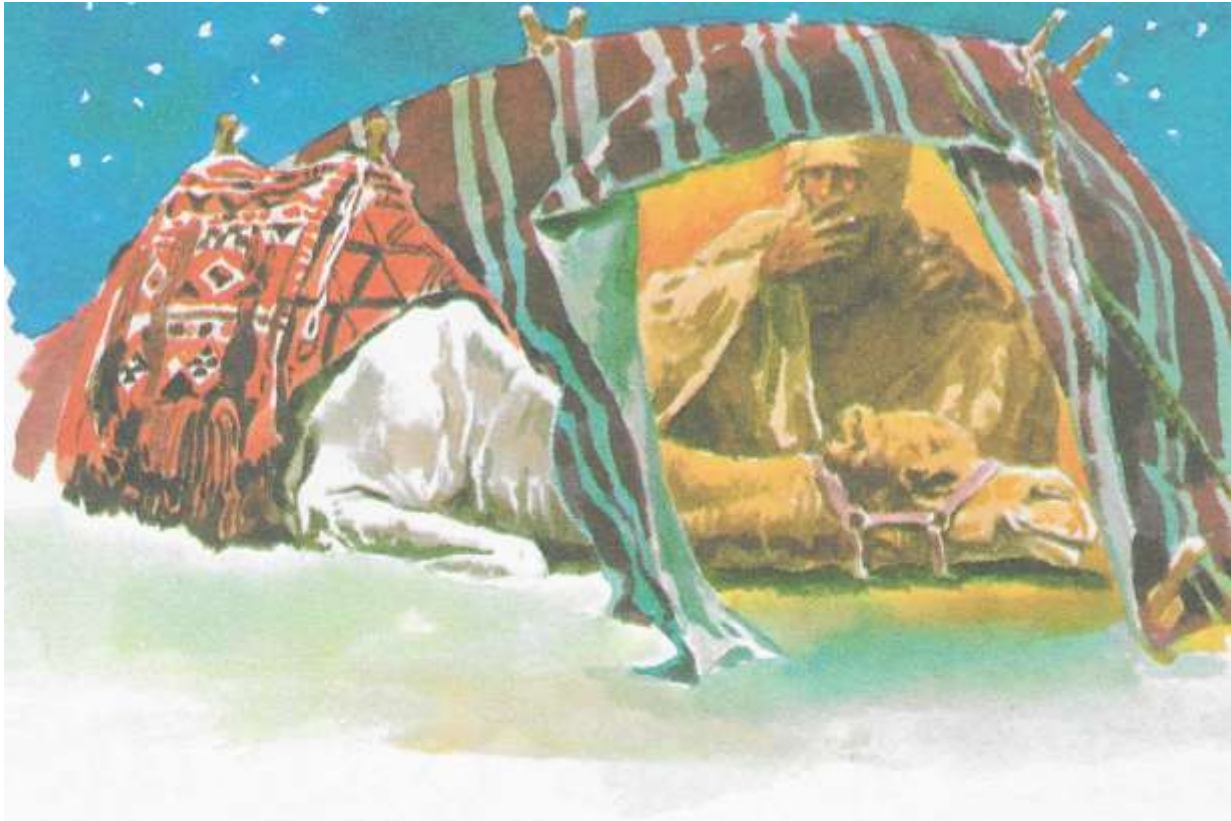
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Part One

Stories and Poems Everyone Likes

A book is a pleasure;
A book is a treasure;
A book means much to me.

A book is a joy
To a girl or a boy
As only a book can be.



The Camel's Nose

Old Fable

One cold night an Arab was sitting inside his tent. Suddenly a camel stuck his nose under the flap of the tent and said, "Master, be good enough to let me put my head inside the tent, for it is cold outside."

"Very well," said the Arab, "you may put your head inside my tent."

So the camel put his head into the tent. Then in a little while the camel said, "Good master, pray let me put my neck

in the tent also. I may catch cold if my head is warm and my neck is cold."

"Very well," replied the Arab, "you may put your neck in the tent, too."

After a little while the camel said again, "Kind master, allow me to put my forelegs in the tent. They take up only a little room, and it is uncomfortable standing this way."

"Very well," said the Arab, "you may do so." The Arab moved over to make room for the camel, for the tent was very small.

Then in a little while the camel said, "Generous master, permit me to stand all the way in the tent. I keep the flap of the tent open standing this way, and the cold air rushes inside."

"Very well, then," said the Arab. "You may come all the way inside."

The camel crowded his way into the tent, but the tent was too small for both.



“I think that there is not room for both of us in the tent,” said the camel. “Since you are smaller than I, it would be better if you stood outside.”

With these words the camel gave the Arab a little push. Soon the Arab found himself standing outside in the cold, while the camel was enjoying the warmth of the tent.

As the Arab stood shivering from the cold, he said to himself, “I can see now that it is better to stop bad things before they get started.”

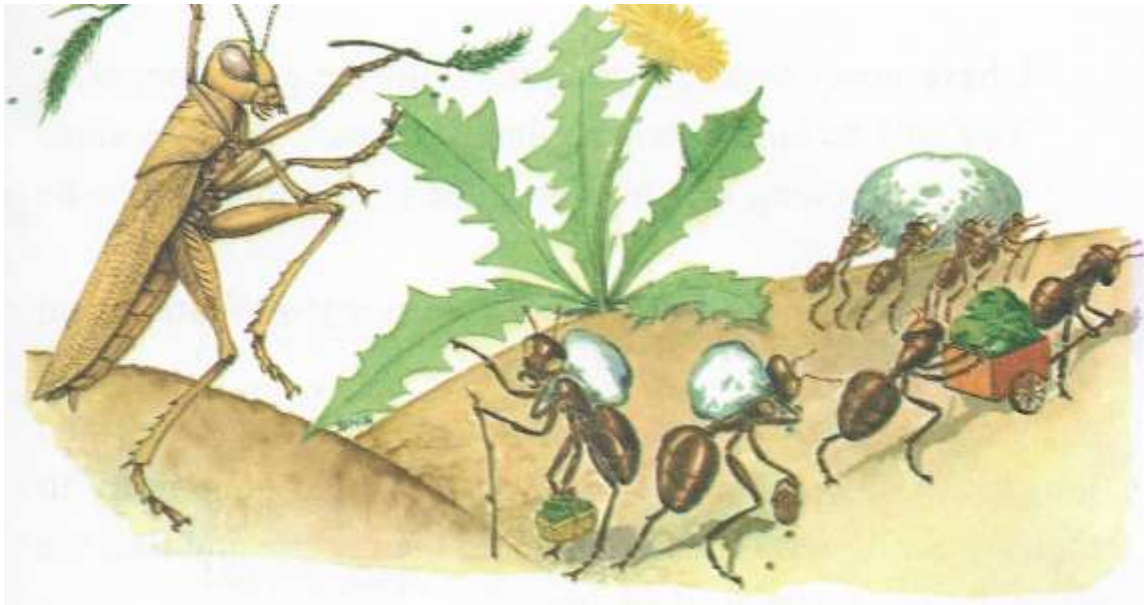
QUESTIONS

1. Why do you think this story is called *The Camel's Nose*?
2. What reasons did the camel give for wanting to come farther into the tent each time? Do they seem like good reasons?
3. What did the Arab learn from his adventure with the camel?
4. Can you think of other bad things which should be stopped before they get started?

Say Well and Do Well

Anonymous

Say well and do well
End with one letter;
Say well is good,
Do well is better.



The Ants and the Grasshopper

Aesop

Once a family of ants lived on a hillside. They were very busy ants. They took good care of the baby ants, and they stored up food for the winter.

In a field nearby lived a grasshopper. He did not work. All day long he danced and sang. When he saw the ants hard at work, he said, “Why do you work so hard?”

“We must work,” said the ants. “We must get ready for winter. We cannot find food then.”

WORDS TO WATCH

stored
ready

gathering
through

grasshopper
covered

“I have never been hungry yet,” said the grasshopper.

“You will be hungry when winter comes,” said the ants.

“Winter is a long way off,” said the grasshopper. Then he danced away.

“That grasshopper will be sorry when it is too late,” said the ants.

By and by winter came. How cold the mornings were! The long grass was stiff with frost. The birds had gone away to their winter homes. The ants ran into their house and shut the door. It was warm in their house.

But where was the grasshopper? He had no home, and he could find nothing to eat. The ground was covered with snow. His legs were stiff with cold. He could not dance any more, and he did not feel like singing. He went to the ants’ house.

“Please give me some food, dear ants,” he said. “I am very hungry.”

“But we have only enough food for ourselves,” said the ants. “While we were working and gathering food, you were dancing and singing. Now see if your dancing and singing will get you through the winter.”

And so the grasshopper was turned away. The ants never saw him again.

QUESTIONS

1. Why was the grasshopper hungry when winter came?
2. Do you feel sorry for the grasshopper? Why or why not?

The Squirrel

Anonymous

Whisky, frisky,
Hippity hop,
Up he goes
To the tree top!

Whirly, twirly,
Round and round,
Down he scampers
To the ground.

Furly, curly,
What a tail!
Tall as a feather,
Broad as a sail!

Where's his supper?
In the shell,
Snappity, crackity,
Out it fell!



Rhyming Words (All Kinds)

I. Read and Spell

<i>bake</i>	<i>flower</i>	<i>toe</i>	<i>girl</i>
rake	sour	go	curl
steak	tower	slow	twirl
make	shower	row	pearl
take	power	mow	whirl
<i>clock</i>	<i>tumble</i>	<i>thumb</i>	<i>fought</i>
block	rumble	some	bought
rock	stumble	dumb	taught
sock	fumble	crumb	caught
flock	mumble	come	brought

II. Read and Answer

1. Add more words to the lists in Part I.
2. Find three words that rhyme with each of these words:
table thing school drinking

III. Write

Write five sentences. In each sentence use two or three words that rhyme. Here is an example to help you: Dick threw the pie high in the sky.



The Tale of Peter Rabbit

Beatrix Potter

Once upon a time there were four little Rabbits, and their names were—Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail, and Peter.

They lived with their Mother in a sandbank, under the root of a very big fir tree.

“Now, my dears,” said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, “you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don’t go into Mr. McGregor’s garden. Your Father had an accident there: he was put in a pie by Mrs. McGregor. Now run along, and don’t get into mischief. I am going out.”

Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella and went through the wood to the baker’s. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.



Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail, who were good little bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries, but Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight away to Mr. McGregor's garden and squeezed under the gate!



First he ate some lettuce and some French beans, and then he ate some radishes, and then feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley.

But around the end of a cucumber frame, whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor!



Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees planting young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, "Stop, thief!"

Peter was most dreadfully frightened; he rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate.

He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages and the other shoe among the potatoes.



After losing them, he ran on four legs and went faster, so that I think he might have got away altogether if he had not unfortunately run into a gooseberry net and

got caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new.

Peter gave himself up for lost and shed big tears, but his sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows, who flew to him in great excitement and implored him to exert himself.

Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve, which he intended to pop upon the top of Peter, but Peter wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him, and rushed into the toolshed, and jumped into a can. It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in if it had not had so much water in it.

Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the toolshed, perhaps hidden underneath a flowerpot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each one.

Presently Peter sneezed: "Kerty-schoo!" Mr. McGregor was after him in no time and tried to put his foot upon Peter, who jumped out the window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr. McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to work.





Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to go. Also he was very damp with sitting in the can.

After a time Peter began to wander about, going lippity—lippity—not very fast, and looking all around.

He found a door in a wall, but it was locked, and there was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze beneath.



An old mouse was running in and out over the stone doorstep, carrying peas and beans to her family in the wood. Peter asked her the way to the gate, but she had such a large pea in her mouth that she could not answer. She only shook her head at him. Peter began to cry.



Then he tried to find his way straight across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water can. A white cat was staring at some goldfish; she sat very, very still, but now and then the tip of her tail twitched as if it were alive. Peter thought it best to go away

without speaking to her; he had heard about cats from his cousin, little Benjamin Bunny.

He went back toward the toolshed, but suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe—scr-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scritch. Peter scuttered under the bushes. But presently, as nothing happened, he came out, and climbed upon a wheelbarrow, and peeped over. The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor hoeing onions. His back was turned towards Peter, and beyond him was the gate!

Peter got down very quietly off the wheelbarrow and started running as fast as he could go, along a straight walk behind some black-currant bushes.

Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped under the gate, and was safe at last in the wood outside the garden.

Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes for a scarecrow to frighten the blackbirds.

Peter never stopped running or looked behind him till he got home to the big fir tree.





He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit hole and shut his eyes. His mother was busy cooking; she wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had lost in a fortnight!

I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening.

His mother put him to bed and made some camomile tea, and she gave a dose of it to Peter!

“One tablespoonful to be taken at bedtime.”

But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.





THE BUNDLE OF STICKS

Aesop

A certain father had a family of sons, who were forever quarreling among themselves. No words he could say did the least good. He tried to think of a way to show them that quarreling would lead them to misfortunes.

One day the quarreling was much more violent than usual. Each of the sons became gloomy and cross. The father asked one of his sons to bring him a bundle of sticks. Then, handing

the bundle to each of his sons in turn, he told them to try to break it. But although each one tried his best, none was able to do so.

The father then untied the bundle and gave the sticks to his sons to break one by one. This they did very easily.

“My sons,” said the father, “do you not see how certain it is that if you agree with each other and help each other, it will be impossible for your enemies to injure you? But if you are divided among yourselves, you will be no stronger than a single stick in that bundle.”

QUESTIONS

1. What were the sons doing among themselves?
2. What did the father want to do with the bundle of sticks?
Why?
3. Why couldn't each son break the bundle of sticks?
4. Why could they break each stick one by one?
5. Explain the main point of this story.

Poor Old Lady

Mother Goose

Poor old lady, she swallowed a fly.
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.



Poor old lady, she swallowed a spider.
It squirmed and wriggled and turned inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly.
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.



Poor old lady, she swallowed a bird.
How absurd! She swallowed a bird.
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly.
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.



Poor old lady, she swallowed a cat.
Think of that! She swallowed a cat.



She swallowed the cat to catch the bird.
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly.
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.



Poor old lady, she swallowed a dog.
She went the whole hog when she swallowed the dog.
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat.
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird.
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly.
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.



Poor old lady, she swallowed a cow.
I don't know how she swallowed the cow.
She swallowed the cow to catch the dog.
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat.
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird.
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly.
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.



Poor old lady, she swallowed a horse.
She died, of course.

Flowers

I. Read and Pronounce

rose	tulip	larkspur
daisy	violet	snapdragon
daffodil	carnation	zinnia
lilac	petunia	lily
marigold	crocus	orchid
dahlia	forget-me-not	pansy
poppy	geranium	buttercup

II. Read and Answer

1. Which flowers in Part I appear very early in the spring?
2. Name some other flowers.
3. Which flowers have you seen?
4. Have you ever grown flowers?
5. What flower do you like best?
6. Why do you think people grow flowers?
7. How many words in Part I can you spell?

III. Write

1. Write five sentences. In each one, use a word from Part I.
2. Write a little story about some flowers in your garden or house.



GIACCO AND HIS BEAN

Italian Folk Tale

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Giacco, who had no father or mother. The only food he had was a cup of beans. Each day he ate a bean, until finally there was only one left. So he put this bean into his pocket and walked until night. He saw a little house under a mulberry tree. Giacco knocked at the door. An old man came out and asked what he wanted.

“I have no father or mother,” said Giacco. “And I have no food except this one bean.”

WORDS TO WATCH

Giacco

mulberry

knock

kennel

brute

disgusting

creature

worthless

majesty

"Poor boy," said the kind old man. He gave Giacco four mulberries to eat and let him sleep by the fire. During the night the bean rolled out of Giacco's pocket, and the cat ate it. When Giacco awoke, he cried, "Kind old man, your cat has eaten my bean. What shall I do?"

"You may take the cat," said the kind old man. "I do not want to keep such a wicked animal."

So Giacco took the cat and walked all day until he came to a little house under a walnut tree. He knocked at the door. An old man came out and asked what he wanted.

"I have no father or mother," said Giacco. "And I have only this cat that ate the bean."

"Too bad!" said the kind old man. He gave Giacco three walnuts to eat and let him sleep in the dog kennel. During the night the dog ate up the cat. When Giacco awoke, he cried, "Kind old man, your dog has eaten my cat!"

"You may take the dog," said the kind old man. "I do not want to keep such a mean brute."

So Giacco took the dog and walked all day until he came to a little house under a fig tree. He knocked at the door. An old man came out and asked what he wanted.

"I have no father or mother," said Giacco. "I have only this dog that ate the cat that ate the bean."

"How very sad!" said the kind old man. He gave Giacco two figs to eat and let him sleep in the pig sty.

That night the pig ate the dog. When Giacco awoke, he cried, "Kind old man, your pig has eaten my dog!"

"You may take the pig," said the kind old man. "I do not care to keep such a disgusting creature."

So Giacco took the pig and walked all day until he came to a little house under a chestnut tree. He knocked at the door. An old man came out and asked what he wanted.

"I have no father or mother and only this pig that ate the dog that ate the cat that ate the bean," said Giacco.

"How pitiful!" said the kind old man. He gave Giacco one chestnut to eat and let him sleep in the stable. During the night the horse ate the pig. When Giacco awoke, he cried, "Kind old man, your horse has eaten my pig!"

"You may take the horse," said the kind old man. "I do not want to keep such a worthless beast." So Giacco rode away on the horse.

He rode all day until he came to a castle. He knocked at the gate, and a voice cried, "Who is there?"

"It is Giacco. I have no father or mother, and I have only this horse that ate the pig that ate the dog that ate the cat that ate the bean."

"Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!" laughed the king. "Whoever heard of a bean that ate the cat that ate the dog that ate the pig that ate the horse?"

"Excuse me, Your Majesty; it is just the other way around," said Giacco. "It was the horse that ate the pig that ate the dog that ate the cat that ate the bean."

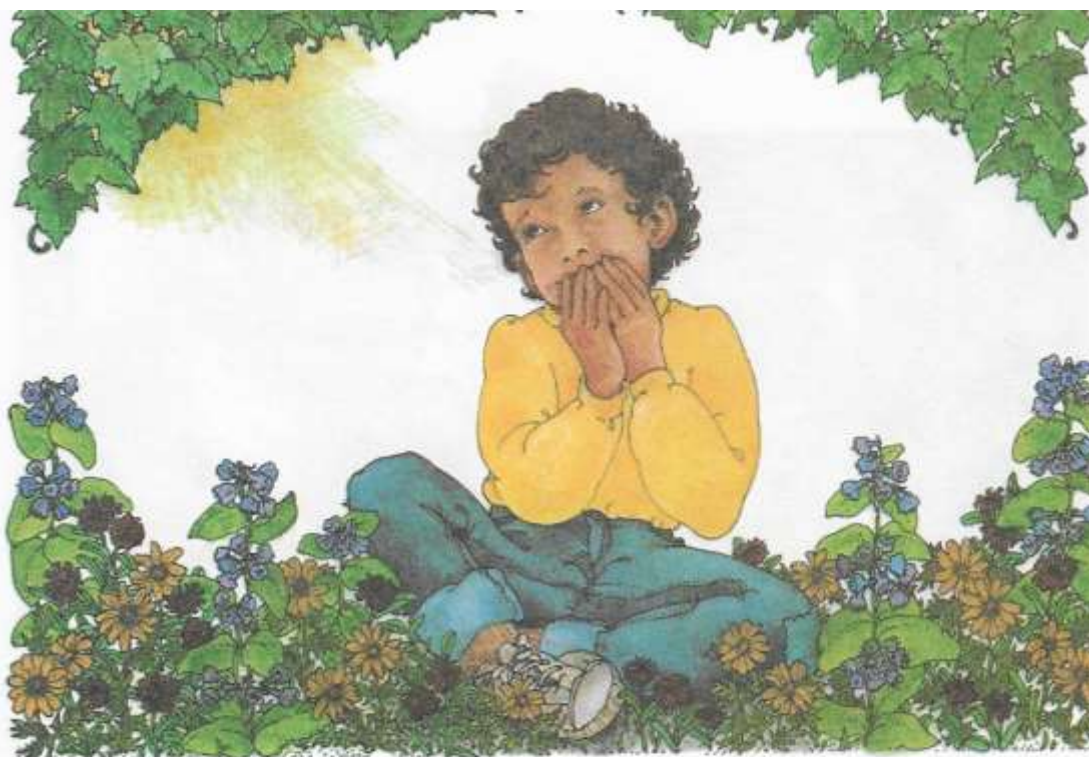
"Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!" laughed the king. "My mistake! Of course, it was the bean that ate the horse; no, I mean the



horse that ate the bean; no, I mean—Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!” laughed the king, and the knights began to laugh, and the ladies began to laugh, and the maids began to laugh, and the cooks began to laugh, and the bells began to ring, and the birds began to sing, and all the people in the kingdom laughed and sang.

The king came to the gate and said, “Giacco, if you will tell me every day about the bean that ate the horse; I mean the horse that ate the bean; no, I mean the horse that ate the pig that ate the dog that ate the cat that ate the bean—Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!—you shall sit on the throne beside me!”

So Giacco put on a golden crown and sat upon the throne, and every day he told about the horse that ate the pig that ate the dog that ate the cat that ate the bean, and everybody laughed and sang and lived happily ever after.



Happiness

Anonymous

What are you thinking of, my pretty maid?

“I’m thinking how happy I am,” she said.

And what is your happiness, my pretty maid?

“Oh, flowers, and summer, and sunshine,” she said.

And what will you do, when the flowers are dead?

“I’ll try to be happy without them,” she said.

QUESTIONS

1. Could you be happy without flowers and sunshine and summer? Why or why not?
2. What are the things that make you the happiest?



A Starry Night

Anonymous

One summer evening Juanita and her little sister Rosa sat down on the grass to rest. It began to grow dark. One by one the stars came out. At last it was quite dark. The sky was dotted with bright stars.

Rosa watched the stars quietly for some time. Then she said, "Where are the stars in the daytime?"

"They are shining just as they are now," said Juanita.

"Are they always shining, day and night?" asked Rosa.

"Yes, they are like the sun; they shine all the time."

"Then why can't we see them during the day?"

"Because the sun gives much more light than the stars," said Juanita. "You know that if you turn the porch light on in the daytime, you can hardly see it. When we first sat down

here, we could not see even one star. But then it grew dark enough to see the brightest stars. As it grew darker still, we saw other stars. If something should happen at noon to make it quite dark, then we could see the stars.”

“How strange that seems!” said Rosa. “I did not know before that the stars were up in the sky in the daytime.”

“Did you know that you can tell which way is north by looking at the stars?” said Juanita.

“How is that done?” asked Rosa.

“All you have to do is to find the North Star,” said Juanita.

“Look where I am pointing. Do you see seven stars in a group? They seem to make the shape of a dipper. Four of these stars make the bowl of the Dipper. The other three bend away and make the handle. The two bright stars at the front of the bowl are called the Pointers. They point toward the North Star.

“The Dipper moves about, but these two stars always point to the North Star. People long ago thought that these stars made the shape of a bear, so they called this group the Big Bear.

“There is a Little Bear too. It looks like a little dipper to us. The North Star is at the end of this handle.”

“Why should I know where the North Star is?” asked Rosa.

“Because you will be able to tell directions at night. If you’re ever lost at night, that star tells you where north is. If



you know where north is and in which direction your house is, you can find your way home again.”

“It is fun to lie here and study the stars,” said Rosa.

“Yes,” said Juanita. “And some people study about suns and stars and outer space all their lives. These people are called astronomers. It is very exciting to study about the sun and stars and outer space because there is so much to learn.”

QUESTIONS

1. Why can't we see the stars in the daytime?
2. How can you find the North Star?
3. How many stars are in the Big Dipper?
4. What is another name for the Big Dipper and the Little Dipper?
5. On the next clear night, see if you can find the North Star, the Big Dipper, and the Little Dipper.

Numbers (10 to 100)

I. Read and Spell

eleven	seventeen	fifty
twelve	eighteen	sixty
thirteen	nineteen	seventy
fourteen	twenty	eighty
fifteen	thirty	ninety
sixteen	forty	one hundred

II. Read

twenty-four	sixty-one	thirty-one
thirty-six	eighty-nine	twenty-six
seventy-five	ninety-three	forty-nine
forty-five	fifty-two	seventy-eight

III. Write

Write the words for these numbers:

17	27	18
20	56	69
34	100	42



A Story of a Turnip

Old Folk Tale

One day a poor farmer found a large turnip in his garden.

“I will take this turnip to the king,” he said, “and offer it to him as a gift. He is always glad when we have good crops in our gardens and fields.”

So the farmer carried the turnip to the castle. The king took it and admired its great size and beauty. Then he said some kind words to the poor man and gave him three gold pieces.

Near the village where the poor farmer lived was another farmer. He was very rich, and he always wanted to be richer. He heard about the kindness which the king had shown to the poor farmer and about the money he had given him.

“I have a big calf,” said he, “the largest and finest calf in the country. I will take it to the king and offer it as a gift. If

WORDS TO WATCH

brought

offering

calf

he gave three gold pieces for a turnip, how much more will he give for a beautiful calf!"

So he tied a rope around the calf's neck and led it to the castle.

"My good king," he said, "here is a calf which I have fed and brought up with great care. I want to show my love for you by offering it to you as a gift. Please take it with my best wishes."

But the king understood what was in the mind of the farmer, and he said that he did not want the calf. The man begged the king very hard to take the gift. He would never be happy, he said, if he should have to take the calf back home.

"Very well," said the wise king, "since you wish me to do so, I will take it. And in order that you may know how well I think of you, I will give you a present which cost me at least three times as much as your calf is worth."

Saying these words, he gave the farmer the big turnip which had led to this gift-making. And the farmer, as he went sadly home, thought to himself that he had done a very foolish thing.

QUESTIONS

1. Why did the poor farmer give the king a turnip?
2. Why did the rich farmer give the king a calf?
3. Why didn't the king want to take the calf?



A Bird Came Down the Walk

Emily Dickinson

A bird came down the walk:
He did not know I saw,
He bit an angle-worm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew
From a convenient grass,
And then hopped sidewise to the wall
To let a beetle pass.

QUESTIONS

1. What did the bird do when he saw the angle-worm?
2. What did he do when he saw the beetle?
3. Why do you think he did not do the same thing to both the worm and the beetle?



The Happy Robin and the Gloomy Raven

Fidelia Bridges

One morning in the early spring a raven was sitting on one of the branches of an old oak tree. He felt very ugly and cross and could only say, "Ugh! Ugh!"

Soon a little robin flew into the same tree. She was looking for a place to build her nest. "Good morning," she said to the raven in a cheery voice.

But the raven did not answer; he only looked at the clouds and muttered something about the cold wind.

WORDS TO WATCH

raven

muttered

complaining

"I said good morning to you," said the robin as she hopped from branch to branch.

"You seem very merry this morning about nothing," said the raven.

"Why shouldn't I be merry?" said the robin. "Spring has come, and everybody should be glad and happy."

"I am not happy," said the raven. "Don't you see those black clouds above us? It is going to snow."

"Very well," answered the robin, "but I shall keep on singing until the snow comes. A merry song will not make the weather any colder."

"You are very silly," said the raven.

The robin flew to another tree and kept on singing, but the raven sat still and made himself very unhappy. "The wind is cold and it always blows the wrong way for me," said he.

Soon the sun came out warm and bright, and the clouds went away. But the raven was as sad as ever.

The grass began to spring up in the meadows. Green leaves and flowers were seen in the woods. Birds and bees flew here and there in the glad sunshine. But the raven just sat on the branch of the old oak.

"It is always too warm or too cold," he said. "True, it is just right now, but I know that the sun will soon shine hot enough to burn me up. Then, tomorrow, it will be colder than ever before. I do not see how anyone can sing at a time like this."

The robin came back to the tree carrying a straw in her mouth. "Well, my friend," said the robin, "where is your snow?"

"Don't say anything," replied the raven. "It will snow all the harder because of this sunshine."

"Snow or sunshine," said the robin, "you will always be complaining. I think it is better to look on the bright side of everything. I have a song for every day in the year."

QUESTIONS

1. Why wasn't the raven happy?
2. Why was the robin happy?
3. When the weather is gloomy or sunny, is it better to be more like the raven or the robin? Why?



Birdwatching

Arther S. Trace, Jr.

Do you know what a birdwatcher is? Of course, you do. A birdwatcher watches birds. If you have sharp eyes, you can be one too!

If you watch birds on the way to school or to the library or even in your own yard, you can learn much about the world of birds. You will have a lot of fun too.

In the springtime you may see a baby robin learning to fly. You will know it is a baby robin because he wears a spotted vest.

WORDS TO WATCH

library	accusing	search	hummingbird
woodpecker	soaring	guard	fiery
chickadee	suet	penguin	ostrich

You may see a blue jay stealing an egg from the nest of a smaller bird. His cry sounds like "Thief! Thief!" as if he were accusing some other bird of stealing the egg. Blue jays may not be very nice, but they are pretty.

You may see or hear a red-headed woodpecker drilling holes in a tree or telephone pole in search of a bug breakfast.

If you are lucky, you may even see a hummingbird as he flits from flower to flower. He is the smallest of all the birds. He is the only bird that can fly backwards, and he can move his wings so fast that you cannot see them.

Once you see a cardinal, you will never forget him. He is fiery red all over and wears a fine red crest on his head. He has a song as gay as can be when he sings "what-cheer, what-cheer." The female cardinal has brown feathers and is not nearly so brightly colored. She is harder to find.



If you go for a walk in the country, you may see and hear many birds that you do not often see in the city. You may see a hawk soaring high in the sky as he searches the earth below for a dinner of fresh mice or tender chicken.

You may see an owl sleeping high in a tree and waiting for night to come because he doesn't like the daylight.

Or you may see a lone crow perched on the branch of a tall tree. She may be a guard on the lookout for Farmer Brown, for she often has crow friends feasting in the cornfield. If you hear her cry, "Caw! Caw! Caw!" it may be that she sees Farmer Brown coming and is signaling her fellow corn stealers to fly to safety.

When it gets cold in the winter, many of the birds fly south to warmer weather. But if you take a walk in the woods in the wintertime, you can see many birds that did not fly south. You can see sparrows everywhere. They are used to snow and



cold weather. You may also see some playful chickadees. Chickadees like cold weather too, and you may hear one chirping gaily “Chick-a-dee-dee-dee,” or see one eating upside down in a tree branch. If you have a piece of suet for him, he might even come down and take it from your fingers.

If you want to see an ostrich or a penguin, you will probably have to go to the zoo. But there are enough birds all about us in the fields and woods to give birdwatchers a lifetime of fun.

QUESTIONS

1. Which birds does “Birdwatching” tell about? What does it tell about them?
2. What kind of bird would you best like to watch? Why?
3. Be a birdwatcher after school or on the way to school in the morning and tell the class about the birds you saw and what they were doing.

Birds

I. Read and Spell

robin	cardinal	ostrich
sparrow	hummingbird	owl
bluebird	penguin	eagle
hawk	woodpecker	crow
parrot	duck	swan
goose	pigeon	peacock
canary	parakeet	stork

II. Read and Answer

1. Which of these birds is the largest? The smallest?
2. Which of these birds have you seen? Heard?
3. Which birds make good pets?
4. Which birds can be taught to talk?
5. Which birds cannot fly?
6. Which birds will eat small animals?
7. Which birds can you see only at the zoo?
8. Name some other birds.

III. Write

1. Write five sentences. In each one, use a word from Part I.
2. Write a little story about your favorite kind of bird.



Norma the Caterpillar

Joan Elma Rahn

One hot summer day, Ann helped her mother pull weeds between the tomato plants in their vegetable garden.

"There's a big green worm!" she cried.

"No, it's a caterpillar," said her mother. "After a moth lays eggs, each egg hatches into a larva that looks a little like a worm. Many insects produce larvae, but we call the larva of moths and butterflies a caterpillar.

"We must look to see if there are more of them and pick them. If we don't, they will harm the tomato plants."

WORDS TO WATCH

vegetable

pupa

proboscis

larva

abdomen

nectar

cocoons

antennae

pollen

They looked a long time and found only a few caterpillars, for the caterpillars hid under the leaves. Ann's mother let one caterpillar stay on the plants so that Ann could watch it every day.

"I think I'll call her Norma," said Ann.

Ann held Norma in her hand. Along Norma's sides were several spots and some white lines, but mostly she was about the same shade of green as the tomato plant leaves. Her color protected her from birds that would like to catch and eat her. Ann put her back on a leaf. Norma moved under the leaf and began to eat it.



Ann went to the garden every day. Norma seemed to be getting bigger each time Ann saw her. That was not surprising, because Norma spent most of her time eating. She had strong jaws with which she bit off pieces of leaf and chewed them.

One day Ann found another caterpillar. It was covered by tiny white bumps. A wasp had laid her eggs in this caterpillar,

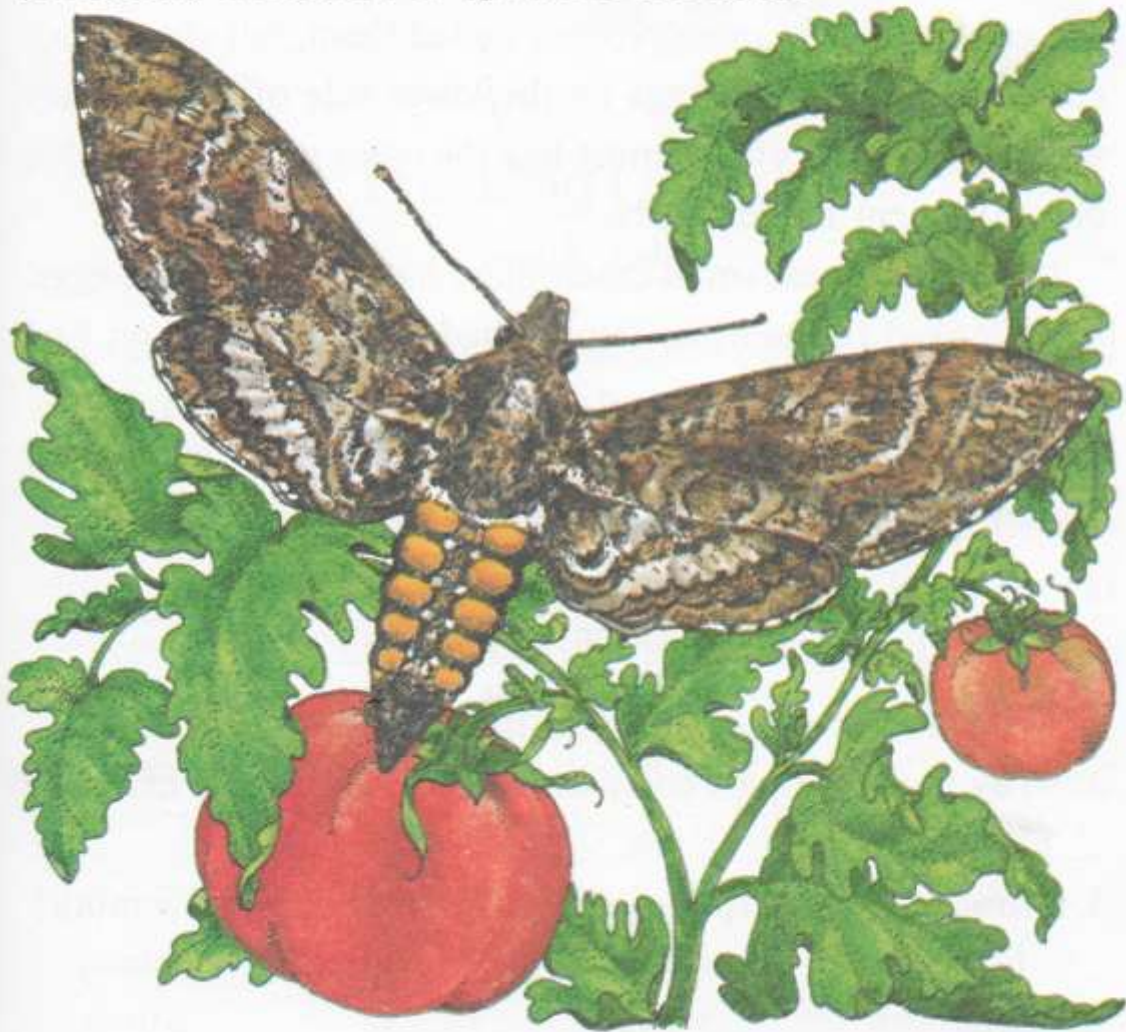
and the eggs had grown into larvae that used the caterpillar as their food. Now they had changed into cocoons that looked like grains of puffed rice. Every day this caterpillar grew weaker. He did not move around as much as Norma did. He ate very little. Soon he would die. The wasp did not know it, but she had helped Ann's mother, for if there were too many caterpillars, they might eat all the tomato plants.

No wasp laid any eggs in Norma, however. No birds caught her either. She just continued to eat and grow.

Then one day in autumn, Norma burrowed into the ground. Here she became a hard, dry, brown pupa. As a pupa, Norma lay still. She did not eat. She looked dead. But Norma was alive. Slowly her body changed into a moth. She was no longer Norma the caterpillar, but Norma the hawkmoth.



In spring, Norma came out of the ground. She had four large, brown wings with beautiful markings. There were five orange spots on either side of her abdomen. On her head were two long antennae. Her mouth was different, too. Instead of having strong jaws that chewed leaves, Norma had a long, hollow proboscis. She used it to sip nectar from flowers just as you drink through a straw. When she wasn't using her proboscis, she rolled it up under her head.



Norma ate mostly at dusk. In the dim light it was difficult to see her, but every evening Norma flew from flower to

flower. At each flower, a little pollen stuck to her body. At the next flower, some of the pollen brushed off her and landed on the flower. Then she picked up more pollen. In this way, without even knowing that she was doing it, Norma carried pollen from flower to flower. This helped the flowers to get seed. Next year, these seeds would grow into new plants, and they would provide nectar for more hawkmoths.

That spring, Ann's mother planted more tomato plants in her garden. One evening Norma visited them, but she did not come to eat. She laid eggs on the lower side of a leaf. They were greenish in color, almost like the color of the leaves. No one saw them hidden there.

In about a week, small caterpillars hatched out of the eggs. They looked the same as Norma had looked when Ann first found her.

Norma grew old, and one day she died. But every year there will be more caterpillars and more hawkmoths like her.

QUESTIONS

1. What are the four stages in the life of a moth?
2. Why does Norma's color as a caterpillar protect her from birds?
3. How does a caterpillar's life differ from that of a moth?



The Dog Gellert

Welsh Tale

In the mountains of Wales there was once a king who lived in a fine castle. The king had a little son whom he loved very dearly.

The servants loved the little boy very much, too. But his closest friend and playmate was his dog, whose name was Gellert. Gellert was a large and powerful hound. The king kept him there to protect his son from the wolves and other wild beasts that lived in the forest near the castle.

WORDS TO WATCH

slain	Wales	Gellert	monument
protect	horrified	faithless	powerful
sword	shaggy	grave	approached
guardian	perhaps		

The king trusted the dog completely. One day when he went hunting, he told Gellert to stay home and take care of his little master. So Gellert lay down beside the little boy's bed and stretched his huge paws out as if to say, "No one shall come near my little master."

Late in the afternoon when the hunt was over, the king returned to his castle. As he approached the gate, Gellert bounded out to meet him. But the king was horrified to see blood around Gellert's mouth and on his body.

"O faithless hound!" he cried. "Is this the way you guard your little master?" And he drew his sword and with one blow laid the hound dead at his feet. Then he rushed into the castle and into his little son's room. The little boy's bed was empty, and clothes were thrown all about.

The king was terrified. Suddenly he heard a sound. Perhaps his son still lived. He went to the bed, and there behind it was his little boy, laughing and pulling the hair of a great shaggy wolf that lay dead beside him.

Then the king understood everything. The wolf had come in through the open door and had approached the little boy's bed. Gellert had sprung upon the wolf, fought with him, and slain him.

O happy father! To have his child back again! Oh unhappy king! To have slain the child's faithful guardian! He could not bring Gellert back to life, but he dug his grave and built about it a beautiful monument, which still stands today.

Dogs

I. Read and Pronounce

fox terrier	Great Dane	Chihuahua
poodle	Scotch terrier	Pekingese
English bulldog	collie	pointer
cocker spaniel	Saint Bernard	dachshund
mongrel	German shepherd	Old English sheepdog
Dalmatian	Alaskan husky	Boston terrier

II. Read and Answer

1. Which of these is the largest dog?
2. Which is the smallest?
3. Which dogs are the most useful to people? What do they do?
4. Tell what each of these dogs looks like.
5. Name some other kinds of dogs.
6. What kind of dog do you like best? Why?

III. Write

1. Write: A dog is a man's best friend.
2. Write five sentences, each one telling something about a kind of dog.
3. Write about your dog or about a dog you know.

REVIEW QUESTIONS

I. A. You have read these stories in Part One of your book.

Tell what each one is about.

The Camel's Nose

The Ants and the Grasshopper

The Tale of Peter Rabbit

The Bundle of Sticks

Giacco and His Bean

A Starry Night

A Story of a Turnip

The Happy Robin and the Gloomy Raven

Birdwatching

Norma the Caterpillar

The Dog Gellert

B. Which of these stories did you like best? Why?

II. A. Memorize a poem you read in Part One of your book and recite it to the class.

B. Copy the poem you like best in Part One. Copy it carefully.

Part Two

Folk Tales from Many Lands

I'm glad the sky is painted blue
And the earth is painted green,
With such a lot of nice fresh air
All sandwiched in between.

A Parakeet Named Dreidel

Isaac B. Singer

It happened on Chanukkah about ten years ago. All day long a heavy snow was falling. Towards evening the sky cleared and a few stars appeared. A frost set in. The snow on the street sparkled like diamonds. It was the eighth day of Chanukkah, and my silver Chanukkah lamp stood on the window sill with eight candles burning. It was mirrored in the windowpane, and I imagined another lamp outside.

My wife Esther was frying potato pancakes, which are a Chanukkah treat. I sat with my son David at a table and played Dreidel with him. Suddenly David cried out: "Papa, look!" And he pointed to the window.

I looked up. I could hardly believe what I saw! Outside on the window sill stood a yellow-green bird watching the Chanukkah candles. In a moment I understood what had happened. A parakeet had escaped from its home. It had flown out into the cold street and had landed on my window sill, perhaps attracted by the light.

WORDS TO WATCH

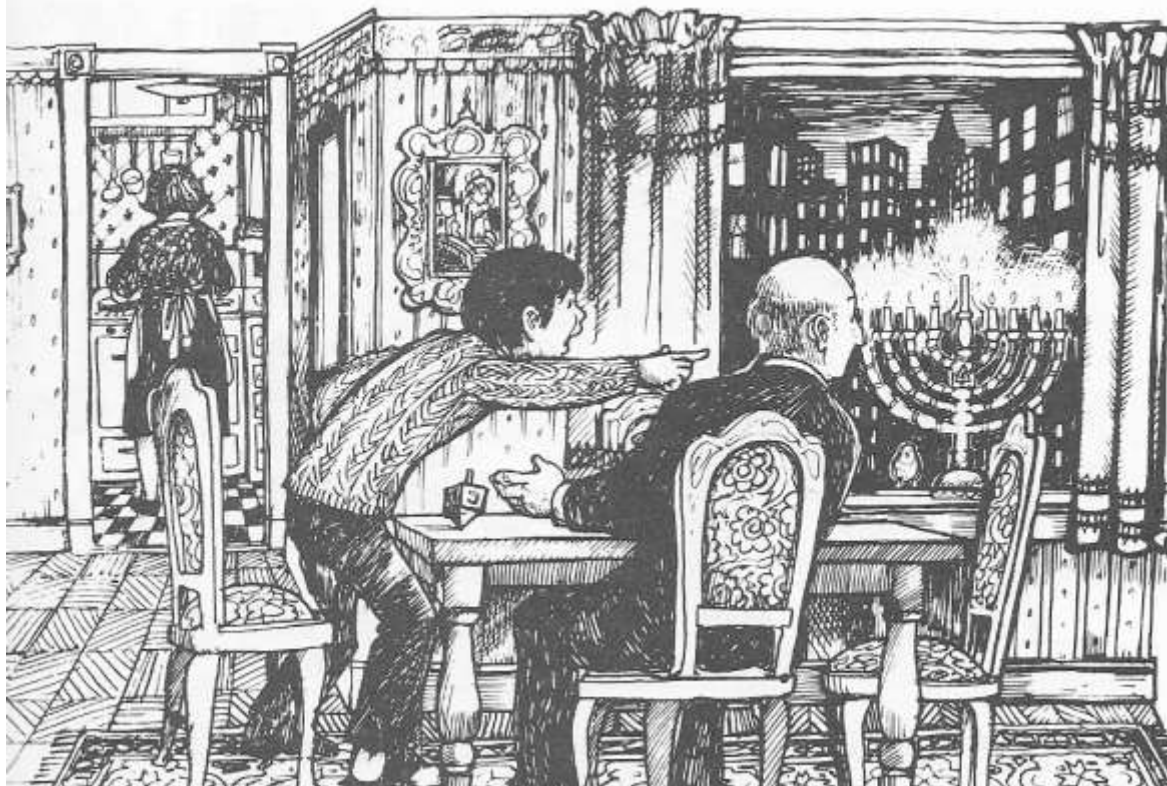
Chanukkah
windowpane
Yiddish
advertised

Dreidel
parakeet
attracted
notice

ceiling
miracle
millet
elevator
festival

A parakeet comes from warmer countries. It cannot stand the cold and frost for very long. At once I set out to save the bird from freezing. First I carried away the Chanukkah lamp so that the bird should not burn itself when it came in. Then I opened the window and with a quick wave of my hand shooed the parakeet inside. The whole thing took only a few seconds.

In the beginning the frightened bird flew from wall to wall. It hit itself against the ceiling. David tried to calm it. "Don't be afraid, little bird, we are your friends." Presently the bird flew towards David and landed on his head, as though it had been trained and was used to people. David began to dance and laugh from joy. My wife in the kitchen heard the noise and came out to see what had happened. When she saw the bird on David's head, she asked: "Where did you get a bird all of a sudden?"



“Mama, it just came to our window.”

“To the window in the middle of winter?”

“Papa saved its life. It’s a Chanukkah miracle!”

Soon the bird was not afraid of us. David lifted his hand to his forehead, and the bird settled on his finger. Esther placed a saucer of millet and a dish with water on the table, and the parakeet ate and drank. Then it saw the dreidel and began to push it with its beak. David exclaimed: “Look, the bird plays Dreidel.”

David soon began to talk about buying a cage for the bird and also about giving it a name. Esther and I reminded him that the bird was not ours. We would try to find the owners, who probably missed the parakeet and worried about what had happened to it in the icy weather. David said, “Meanwhile, let’s call it Dreidel.”



That night Dreidel slept on a picture frame. In the morning it woke us with its singing and talking in Yiddish. We were filled with wonder and delight to hear a tiny parakeet talk!

The next day I posted a notice in the elevators of the neighborhood houses. It said that we had found a Yiddish-speaking parakeet. When a few days passed and no one called, I advertised in the newspaper for which I wrote. A week went by and no one claimed the bird. Only then did Dreidel become ours. We bought a large cage with all the toys that a bird might want. Because Chanukkah is a festival of freedom, we decided never to lock the cage. Dreidel was free to fly around the house whenever *he* pleased. (The man at the pet shop had told us that the bird was male.)

Dreidel is still with us, always eager to learn new words and new games. On Chanukkah he always gets a gift—a mirror, a ladder, a bathtub, a swing, or a jingle-bell. He even likes potato pancakes, as a parakeet named Dreidel should.

QUESTIONS

1. In what three ways is the family in this story celebrating Chanukkah?
2. Why did David name the parakeet “Dreidel”?
3. Find out more about the Chanukkah festival.



Who Has Seen the Wind?

Christina Rossetti

Who has seen the wind?

Neither I nor you:

But when the leaves hang trembling,

The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?

Neither you nor I:

But when the trees bow down their heads,

The wind is passing by.

QUESTIONS

1. What are some of the other things that wind does besides shake the leaves and bend the trees?
2. Write or tell about when you like the wind and when you don't like it.

The Tale of the Clever Deer

Chinese Folk Tale

A little deer was quietly nibbling some grass, when suddenly a tiger jumped out of the bushes. At the sight of the fierce tiger, the little deer's heart stood still with fear. But since there was no way to escape, he bravely stood his ground.

Now, ordinarily, the tiger would have eaten so small and tender an animal. But this tiger had never seen a deer before.

"What are those things growing out of your head?" asked the tiger.

"Those are horns," said the little deer.

"Of what use are horns?" asked the tiger.

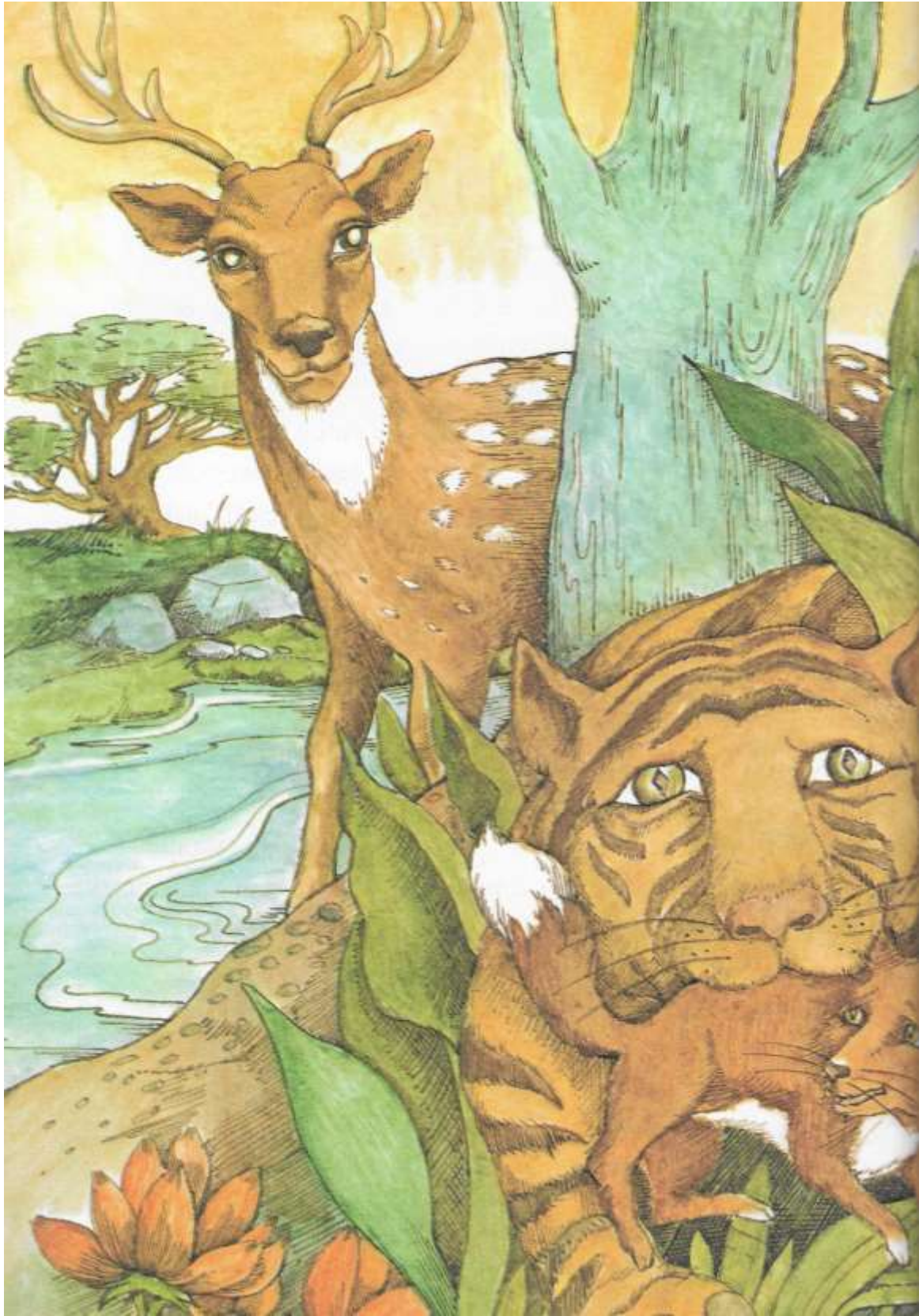
"Why, they are especially used to fork tigers," said the clever little deer.

"Really?" replied the tiger. "And what are all those white spots on your body for?"

"Don't you know?" said the little deer. "I thought everybody knew that. Every time I eat a tiger, a spot appears on my body. As you can see, I've eaten so many tigers that I'm practically covered with spots."

When the tiger heard this, he was so frightened that he bounded into the forest.

Pretty soon he met a fox. He told the fox of the fearsome animal he had just met—the animal who forked tigers with his horns and who had eaten so many tigers.



“A little deer forking and eating tigers!” laughed the fox. “Oh, what a trick he has played on you!”

The tiger couldn't believe that the little deer had fooled him so completely. But the fox said, “If you don't believe me, I'll show you myself. Just let me ride on your back and lead me to the deer. You'll soon see.”

So they set out. When the little deer saw the tiger returning with the fox on his back, he knew at once that the fox had told the tiger the truth. He had to think fast to save himself, and think fast he did.

“Ho, there, friend fox!” he called. “I see you have kept your promise. You told me that you would bring a fine tiger for me to eat, and that surely is a beauty you're bringing me now!”

When the tiger heard this, he needed no more convincing. He darted back into the forest—with the fox in his mouth! And the clever little deer was saved!

QUESTIONS

1. What did the deer tell the tiger his horns and his spots were for?
2. Why did the deer have to think fast when he saw the tiger coming with the fox on his back?
3. Why did the tiger grab the fox in his mouth?

The Weather

I. Read and Spell

rain	rainbow	mist
snow	clouds	thunder
hail	tornado	sunshine
sleet	fog	cloudburst
wind	hurricane	lightning
blizzard	whirlwind	typhoon

II. Read and Answer

1. How does the wind help? How does it do harm?
2. How does rain help? How does it do harm?
3. Does thunder come before lightning or after? Why?
4. What is the difference between a hurricane and a tornado?
5. Have you ever seen a blizzard? A cloudburst? A hailstorm? A tornado? A hurricane? A whirlwind?

III. Write

1. Write five sentences. In each one, use a word from Part I.
2. Write a little story about the kind of weather you like best or least.



The Wolf and the Seven Kids

Brothers Grimm

Once upon a time a mother goat lived in a cozy little house with her seven little kids. Every day she went out to get food for them, and every day she told them to stay indoors because a great, ugly wolf was near who liked to eat little goats.

And every morning the little kids would say, “Yes, mother, we will do what you say. Don’t worry about us.” One morning when the mother goat was in the woods getting tender

WORDS TO WATCH

fetch	stomach	dough	cottage	cupboard
gobbled	disorder	china	scissors	thread

leaves and green buds for her family, there came a knock at the door. "Open the door, children. Your mother is here with food."

But the voice was deep and gruff. The little kids knew it was not their mother, so they said, "You aren't our mother, and we won't open the door. You have a gruff voice, and we know you are the wolf."

So the wolf ran off to a shop and bought some honey, which he ate to make his voice soft and gentle. Then he came back and said, "Open the door, my dear children. It is your mother with something to eat."

But the wolf put his black paws on the window sill, so the kids said, "No, we won't open the door. You are not our mother. She doesn't have black feet. You are the wolf."

So the wolf ran off to a baker. "Put some dough and flour on my feet, Mr. Baker Man," he said. "I hurt both my front paws this morning." So the baker put some dough on the wolf's forepaws and sprinkled them with flour. Then back the wolf went to the cottage.

He rapped on the door. "Open the door, children," he said. "Here is your mother with something for all of you to eat, so open the door at once."

"Let us see your feet," said the little kids. The wolf put his white forepaws on the window sill. So the kids opened the door, and in ran the wolf.

The little kids were very frightened! They ran every which way trying to hide from the wolf. One ran under the kitchen



table, the second climbed into bed, the third got into the oven, the fourth under the kitchen sink, the fifth into the cupboard, the sixth under a chair. The seventh couldn't find any place to hide at first, but then he opened the little door of the big clock and hid inside, far back in a dark corner.

The wolf found them all but the youngest one, who was hidden in the clock. He gobbled them up and went out into a meadow. There he lay down under a tree and fell fast asleep.

When the mother goat came home, what a sight the house was! She found chairs and tables overturned, the bed in disorder, and china broken. She called for her children one after the other, but no one answered. Finally she called the youngest. A wee voice answered from the big clock, "Here I am, dear Mother." The goat took the kid out and heard how the wolf had come and eaten all the other children. The poor mother goat wept, but soon she and the little kid went outdoors and down into the meadow. There they saw the old wolf asleep, and as they watched him, they saw something move inside him.

“Are my children alive?” cried the mother goat. And quickly she ran back for a pair of scissors and a needle and thread. Quietly she cut open the wolf. Out popped one little kid, then the next, and the next, until all six were dancing around on the ground. The wolf had been so greedy that he had swallowed them whole. How happy they were! But there was no time to lose.

“Go and fetch some large stones,” said the mother goat, “and we will put them in the wolf’s stomach.” So each little goat got a large stone, and the mother goat put the seven stones where the little kids had been and sewed them up. Then the goat and her children all ran away and hid.

Soon the wolf woke up, and he was very thirsty. He found a well and leaned over to drink, but the stones made him top-heavy, and in he tumbled. So the wicked wolf was drowned. The seven little kids and the mother danced joyfully around the well, and they lived happily ever after in their little cottage on the edge of the wood.

QUESTIONS

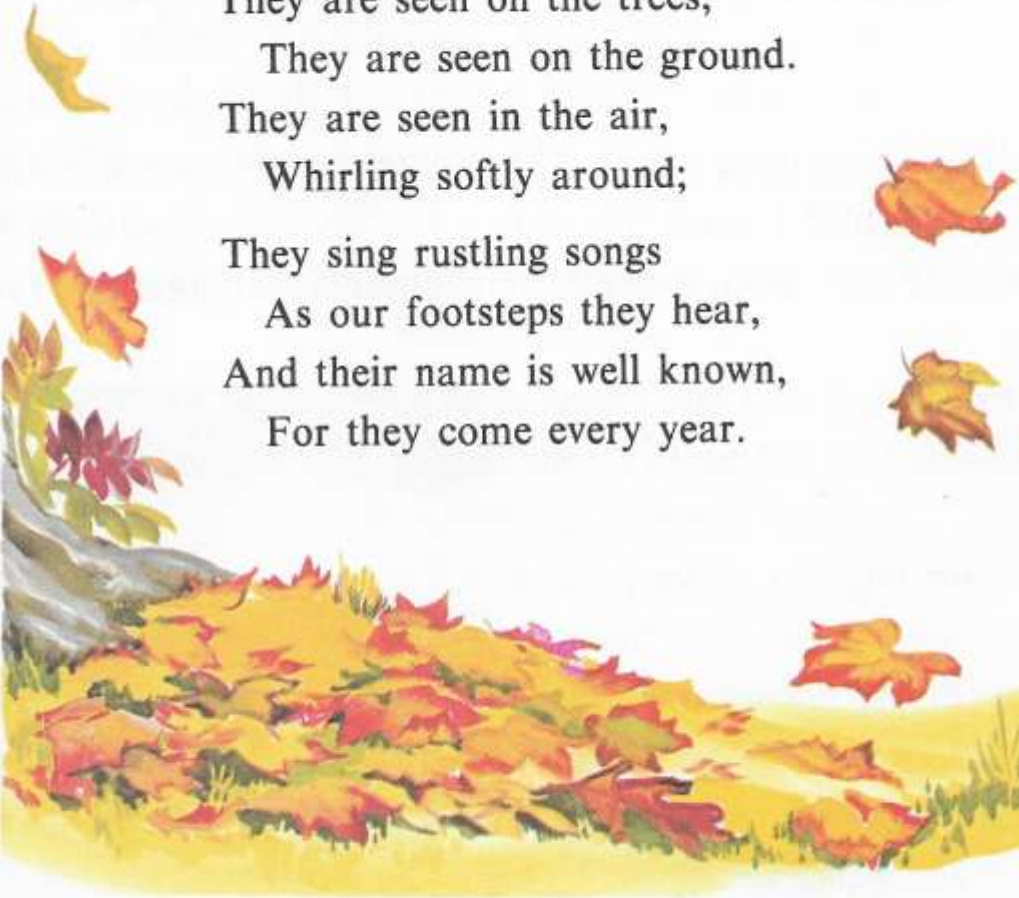
1. How did the wolf make the kids think he was their mother?
2. Do you think the kids disobeyed their mother when they opened the door and let the wolf in?
3. How did the mother goat save her children?
4. What did the mother goat do to the wolf?
5. What happened to the wolf?



AN AUTUMN RIDDLE

Anonymous

They are seen on the trees,
They are seen on the ground.
They are seen in the air,
Whirling softly around;
They sing rustling songs
As our footsteps they hear,
And their name is well known,
For they come every year.





Seeds and Civilization

Joan Elma Rahn

How long can we keep a ripe, juicy tomato or peach on the kitchen table? Usually for only a few days, because soon it becomes soft. Then it begins to rot and is no longer good to eat.

Fresh fruit will last longer in a refrigerator, but in a few weeks it too will begin to rot. If we wish to keep fruit still longer, we must freeze it, can it, or dry it.

How long can we keep dried beans or popping corn in the kitchen? We can keep them for many months or even a few years if the mice do not find them. As long as they do not become wet, beans and popping corn will remain good to eat. In the history of man, such seeds became very important as a source of food.

A long time ago—more than 10,000 years ago—there were no cities. There were no supermarkets in which to buy food. When fruit was ripe, people had to gather it and eat it within a few days. The same was true of vegetables. To get meat, people had to kill wild animals. Because meat could not be kept, it too had to be eaten within a few days.

All this meant that people had to go wherever fruits and vegetables were ripe, and they had to go where wild animals lived. They had to spend most of their time searching for food.

One of the foods people ate was the kernels of wild wheat plants. These kernels are fruits—not juicy fruits like peaches—but small, hard fruits. Each kernel contains one dry seed. The kernels can be stored for a long time, just like dried beans or popping corn.

Then one springtime someone dropped a few wheat kernels



on the ground. The kernels started growing. In a few days, the seeds inside the kernels sprouted into wheat plants. The plants grew, and in a few months they produced many new kernels. Someone else found that the wheat kernels could be stored over the winter and the seeds inside would sprout the following year.

People learned that if they planted seeds, they would later get much more food than if they searched for it in the forests and fields. So they planted beans, peas, and many other kinds of seeds. Each year they saved some of the seeds to plant the next year. Soon people learned to capture wild animals and feed them some of the kernels. They no longer had to hunt for fresh meat. For the first time, people had learned to be farmers.

Farmers must tend their plants. They must water them when the weather is dry, and must pull out weeds growing between the plants. Animals, too, must be cared for. People



built homes near the plants and animals. They spent less time traveling and more time thinking and getting new ideas.

Groups of farmers began to live together in villages. When people lived near each other, they would talk to each other and exchange food and tools.

Some people thought of better ways to take care of their plants. Others made new tools, like the plow, which helped them to raise more food. Still others became good at making clothes, or wagons, or weapons. Each person would make one or two kinds of things, and then exchange what he produced for things other people made.

Without seeds that could be stored and then planted, civilization might never have started. There might be no houses or clothing, but just enough food to keep people alive. Instead of reading this book, you might be in a forest or field looking for food. If you found it, all would be well for another day. If you did not, you would be hungry tonight.



Insects

I. Read and Spell

ant	bug	butterfly
bee	mosquito	moth
fly	caterpillar	termite
beetle	grasshopper	dragonfly
wasp	cricket	gnat
flea	ladybug	locust

II. Read and Answer

1. Which of these insects could bite or sting you?
2. Which of these insects live together in insect cities?
3. Which of these insects are harmful to people?
4. Which of these insects cannot fly?
5. Which of these insects make a loud noise?
6. Which of these insects help people?
7. Name some other insects.
8. What is an insect?

III. Write

1. Write five sentences. Let each one tell something about one of the insects in Part I.
2. Write a little story about an insect named in Part I.



The Bird, the Mouse, and the Bat

Anonymous

Bird: What a strange mouse that is. It can fly.

Mouse: What a strange bird it is. It has fur.

Bird: Oh, no! That is not a bird. We never show our ears.

Mouse: I am sure that it is not a mouse. Mice cannot fly.

Bird: But look at its fur!

Mouse: But look at its wings!

Bird: But look at its ears!

Mouse: I think it is more like a mouse than a bird; but who ever heard of a mouse that could fly?

Bat: Are you talking about me?

Bird: Yes, please tell us who you are.

Bat: My name is Bat. I heard you talking about me, but you called me a bird.

Bird: Oh, no! I called you a mouse.

Bat: What can a mouse do best?

Mouse: I can run.

Bat: But I cannot run at all.

Mouse: Then you are a poor kind of mouse.

Bat: I will tell you what I can do. I can fly as well as a bird.

Bird: But do you lay eggs in a nest?

Bat: No indeed! I have no nest and no eggs.

Bird: Then you are a poor kind of bird.

Mouse: Where do you sleep?

Bat: Oh, I hang by my toes in some old barn.

Bird: What a way to sleep!

Mouse: Who takes care of your little ones?

Bat: I carry them about with me until they are old enough to care for themselves.

Mouse: What a way to keep house!

Bird: Your wings are not like mine.

Bat: No, my wings are my hands too. I feel my way with them.

Bird: You fly as if you could not see very well.

Bat: That's true, but I can fly by listening to the echoes of my sounds. This means that even though I can't see, I can fly at night and in the darkest caves. That's something no bird or mouse can do!

Bird: That's true. But what are you eating?

Bat: I am catching flies now for my supper.

Mouse: Your eyes are small, and your ears are large. Can you hear better than you can see?

Bat: Yes, but I can touch better than I can see or hear. I would not give my wings for pretty ones like Bird's, nor would I give them for feet like those of Mouse.

Bird: I would not give up my nest to hang by my toes.

Mouse: Are your teeth as sharp as mine?

Bat: I have sharp teeth.

Mouse: I am afraid that you will bite.

Bat: I do bite when anyone tries to hurt me.

Mouse: Good-by, Bat. See how fast I can run!

Bird: Good-by, Bat. I am going home to my nest and my little ones.

Bat: Good-by. Please don't think that I would bite you. Why is everyone afraid of me? I do not wish to hurt anyone.

QUESTIONS

1. Why did the bird think the bat was like a mouse?
2. Why did the mouse think the bat was like a bird?
3. How is a bat different from a mouse? How is it different from a bird?
4. Have you ever seen a bat? Find out more about bats.



The Fox and the Crow

Aesop

One time a sly fox saw a crow fly from a kitchen window to the branch of a tree. The crow was holding a big piece of cheese in her beak.

“How I would like to have that piece of cheese,” said the fox to himself. The fox thought and thought about how he could get the cheese. Then he went over to the foot of the tree and said, “Good morning, Mistress Crow. How pretty you look today. You are the most beautiful of all birds. And no bird in the world can sing more sweetly than you. How I would love to hear you sing!”

WORDS TO WATCH

beautiful

stretched

flatterer

The crow was very pleased to hear all these nice things said about her.

"I will be glad to sing you a little song," she said. She stretched out her neck, opened her beak wide, and sang at the top of her lungs, "Caw, caw, caw!"

At once the big piece of cheese fell to the ground, and the hungry fox gobbled it up.

"Thank you," said the fox. "That was very good cheese."

"Oh, what have I done!" said the crow to herself. "I will never trust a flatterer again."

QUESTIONS

1. Do you think the fox was clever? Why?
2. Do you think that the crow sang as sweetly as the fox said she could?
3. What did the crow learn from the fox?



Hot and Cold from One Mouth

Aesop

Once there lived a woman who cut wood in the forest. When winter came, her hands got very cold. She put down her ax and breathed into her hands to warm them. A dwarf who lived in the forest saw this and asked her, "Why do you do this?"

"My hands are cold, and I want to warm them with my breath," explained the woodcutter. This answer satisfied the dwarf.

Later in the day the woodcutter built a fire to warm her food. The dwarf was still watching her curiously. The woodcutter was very hungry. She did not want to wait until her food had cooled, and she ate right out of the pot. But as the soup was still rather hot, she blew on every spoonful she ate. That amazed the dwarf very much, and he asked, "Why do you blow on the spoon just as you breathed on your cold hands?"

The woodcutter answered, "I want to cool off my hot soup."

This was too much for the dwarf to understand. He said, "You are a strange creature. From your mouth you sometimes breathe warm, sometimes cold. I don't want to stay with you any longer." And he ran away as fast as his legs could carry him.



QUESTIONS

1. What was the woodcutter trying to do when she breathed on her hands?
2. What was she trying to do when she was blowing on her soup?
3. How can she breathe both warm and cold from her mouth?



Who Loves the Trees Best?

Alice May Douglas

Who loves the trees best? "I," said the Spring.
"Their leaves so beautiful to them I bring."

Who loves the trees best? "I," Summer said.
"I give them blossoms, white, yellow, red."

Who loves the trees best? "I," said the Fall.
"I give luscious fruits, bright tints to all."

Who loves the trees best? "I love them best,"
Harsh Winter answered. "I give them rest."

Trees

I. Read and Spell

pine	cherry	aspen
elm	maple	cedar
apple	fir	birch
oak	magnolia	walnut
palm	redwood	poplar
ash	spruce	beech
weeping willow	hickory	dogwood

II. Read and Answer

1. Which of the trees in Part I have leaves that look like needles?
2. Have you eaten the fruit of any trees? Which?
3. Which tree in Part I grows the tallest?
4. How are trees useful to human beings?

III. Write

1. Write five sentences. Use a word from Part I in each sentence.
2. Write a little story about why you like trees.