THE STATELY LADY

FLORA SANDSTRÖM  PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Quickly

Doh-F

1. I saw a state-ly la - dy, In a green
gown, When the moon was shoot - ing Sil - ver ar-rows down.
Queen, In your yel - low sat - in And your gown of green!

And the state - ly la - dy, In her gown of green,
But the state - ly la - dy, Bow'd her grac - ious head.

Made the sweet-est curt - sey, I have ev - er seen.
"I was made a tu - lip, Not a Queen," she said.

"Little love - ly la - dy, You must be a
FLEMISH LULLABY

A. L. SALMON

Arranged by
PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Rocking

Doh = C

1. Sleep, little one,
2. Sleep, little one,

sleep, The stars from heav'n are peeping,

sleep, And may your life for ever Flow

lit - tle brook is creep - ing To watch my ba - by
gently as a riv - er, In light of God its
Sleeping, buds and birds and little lambs,
Giver, in the light of peace and love,

All are fast asleep.
Waking or asleep.

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A GAME OF CONSONANTS

Arranged by

PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Duh-G:

B-a, Bay; B-e, Bee; B-i, Bye; Bye, B-

-s, - -d: s, l:d - d: m: d: m: - b: s: d: l - l:

-bye. B-o, Bo; B-u, Boo; B-y, Bree, Bye, Bo, Boo

D-a, Day; D-e, Dee; D-i, Die; Die, D-die.
D-o, Doe; D-u, Don; Day, Dee, Die, Doe, Don.

Fay, Fee, Fie, Foe, Foo,
Kay, Key, Kye, Ko, Koo.
Lay, Lea, Lie, Low, Loo.
May, Me, My, Moe, Moo.
Nay, Knec, Nigh, No, Ncw.
Ray, Re, Rye, Roe, Rue.
Say, See, Sigh, Sow, Sue.
Tay, Tea, Tie, Toc, Too.
Vay, Vee, Vie, Voe, Voo.
Zay, Zee, Zye, Zoe, Zoo.
Jay, Jee, Jye, Joe, Joo.
Bray, Bree, Brie, Broe, Brew.
Play, Plee, Ply, Plo, Ploo.
Tray, Tree, Try, Truc, True.
Fray, Fleec, Fly, Fluc, Fluc.
CENTRE OF INTEREST-
THE HOME

IV. CARE OF LITTLE ONES

"Children can learn the royal road to lasting happiness by helping other children."

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Description of Picture No. 4.—In this picture we see two sisters at play in a meadow. A swing is set up from the stout branch of a tree, and one child is giving the younger a turn on the swing. The sunlit scene provides a delightful setting. The green grass, the leafy shade of the tree, the blue sky, the flock of birds and the view of distant hills all contribute to the beauty and joy of the summer day. A village near by is suggested by a church tower and a house in the background. Two puppies gambol at the foot of the tree, while their more sober mother stands by. A Japanese doll is propped up by the tree; a sun-bonnet hangs from a branch.

The frieze for the classroom wall shows a different example of the care of younger ones,—a bird is feeding her two chicks with a worm. Sketches in outline for tracing these figures are given. One third of the children, those colouring the mother bird, require whole sheets of drawing paper; half sheets will be needed by the other two-thirds who are to colour the chicks. The colours for the frieze are shown in the picture. The drawing paper should first be moistened with a clean brush filled with water and the colours applied with sweeping strokes. The children should cut round the dotted guiding lines after colouring, so that the segments of the frieze may be mounted, edge to edge, on the back of a strip of wall paper.

The Princess Elizabeth and her Cottage.—This picture, No. 5, in the portfolio, will be very interesting to the children, for
Trace-out for Frieze—Mother Hen
Trace this Drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 4
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here they will see a princess playing with her dog and a ball as many of themselves have played. The dog is a Cairn which was given to Princess Elizabeth by Lord Lambourne. Princess Elizabeth of York was born April 21, 1926, at No. 17 Bruton Street, the London house of her grandfather, the Earl of Strathmore. In April, three years before, Lady Elizabeth Bowes Lyon had driven from the door of that house to Westminster Abbey on the day of her marriage to H.R.H. the Duke of York. The baby princess was named Elizabeth Alexandra Mary—Elizabeth after her mother, Alexandra after her great-grandmother, Queen Alexandra, and Mary after her grandmother, Queen Mary. The Princess is first in succession to the crown of England. In November 1947, she was married at the age of twenty-one to Philip Mountbatten, Duke of Edinburgh.
On the sixth birthday of Princess Elizabeth (April 21, 1932) the people of Wales presented her with a real house. It is really a miniature house, a model two-fifths the size of an old Welsh thatched cottage. Its name is “The little cottage with the straw roof,” and the first three words of the Welsh name are inscribed over the front door—“Y Bwthyn Bach.” The cottage measures 22 ft. wide by 15 ft. high; inside it is beautifully furnished and decorated to scale, with every necessary appointment, including electric light and hot water supply. On the ground floor are a living room and a kitchen complete with gas cooker and refrigerator. Upstairs there is a bedroom and a bathroom fully furnished in charming colours and with every dainty accessory. Princess Elizabeth’s cottage was designed by Morgan Willmott, F.R.I.B.A., and was formally presented to the Duke and Duchess of York in March, 1932, after being exhibited in Cardiff. Unfortunately the cottage was damaged by fire while it was being taken by road to London to the “Ideal Homes Exhibition” of 1932. As the furniture and fittings were being conveyed in a separate lorry these were uninjured and the roof only was burnt. In a short time the damage was repaired. The cottage is now in the grounds of the country house of their Majesties the King and Queen at Royal Lodge in Windsor Great Park.

LANGUAGE AND SPEECH TRAINING

Conversation on Picture No. 4.—The children should freely describe and discuss the picture. To stimulate thought and observation, and to bring to the notice of the children any points overlooked, the teacher may make some of the following suggestions:—1. Give a name to the bigger child; e.g., Peggy. 2. Give a name to the smaller child; e.g., Molly. 3. Say which is the younger of these children. 4. Tell what the smaller child is doing. 5. Tell what the bigger child is doing. 6. Tell how to make a swing. 7. Say whether the season in the picture is winter or summer. 8. Say what day of the week you think is shown in the picture. 9. Name the things at the foot of the tree. 10. Which dogs do you think are baby dogs? 11. What is a baby dog called? 12. Say what the puppies are doing. 13. Say what the mother dog is doing. 14. Give names to the three dogs; e.g., Flo, Paddy, Tinker. 15. Tell how the doll is dressed. 16. In what country do ladies dress like that doll? 17. What hangs from the branch of the tree? 18. Name the things you can see at the back of the picture. 19. Name the things in the border under the picture. 20. Think of words with the same end-sound as swing; e.g., king.

FOR CHILDREN FROM FIVE TO SIX

Play.—Let the children imitate sounds based on Picture No. 4 as follows:—1. What does Flo say when she is hungry? 2. What do the puppies say? 3. What does mother hen say? 4. What do the chicks say? 5. What do rooks say? 6. What do little girls say to mother when they are hungry? 7. What do little boys say when they are thirsty?

Matching colours.—Let the children select from their boxes of beads, papers, silk, wool or other material, the colours to match some of those seen in Picture No. 4,—the blue sky, Molly’s yellow frock, Peggy’s green frock, the white dogs, the brown tree trunk, the yellow chicks, the pink bonnet, the green grass. Perhaps some of the dolls’ clothes match those in the picture. Let the children use paints or crayons to draw brown trees, green grass, yellow chicks, etc.
Missing words.—Say such sentences as the following for the children to supply the missing words:—

1. Molly is in the —— (swing).
2. The swing hangs from a —— (tree).
3. Peggy pushes the —— (swing).
4. The dogs are on the —— (grass).
5. The hen has got a —— (worm).
6. The doll is under the —— (tree).
7. From the tree hangs Molly’s —— (bonnet).

Number.—Let the children set out the correct number of counters, bricks, or sticks to correspond with the number of various things seen in Picture No. 4,—3 dogs; 2 children; 6 big chicks; 12 little chicks; 1 bonnet; 1 doll; 4 children’s legs; 4 children’s arms. The children can make clay or plasticine chicks and puppies and arrange them in groups.

FOR CHILDREN OVER SIX

Word building.—Where a phonic system of teaching reading is practised, word building can be done in connection with the picture. Print on the blackboard the name of a conspicuous object; e.g., dog. The children then select from their boxes the letters to make dog. Deal in the same way with such words as hen, chick, tree, wing, girl, doll, grass.

Flash Cards.—The use of these Cards is explained on page 14. The following sentences might be written on strips of card:—

1. Molly is a little girl.
   Molly is in the swing.
   The swing hangs from the tree.
   Molly likes to swing.

Trace-out for Frieze—A Ball
Trace this Drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 5
2. Peggy is a big girl.
Peggy pushes the swing.
She has a pink dress.
She has a pink bonnet.

3. Flo is a white dog.
Flo sits under the tree.
She has two white puppies.
One puppy is called Paddy.
One puppy is called Tinker.

4. The sky is blue.
The grass is green.
The chicks are yellow.
The tree is brown.

5. The rooks say, "Caw, caw."
Flo says, "Bow, wow."
Paddy and Tinker say, "Yap, yap."
The hen says, "Cluck, cluck."
The chicks say, "Peep, peep."

Flash Cards—questions.—Short questions
can be written on Flash Cards:—1. What
is Molly doing? 2. What is Peggy doing?
3. How many pups has Flo? 4. Where is
Molly’s bonnet? 5. Where is Peggy’s doll?
6. What colour is the sky? 7. What colour
is the tree trunk? 8. How many big hens
are there? 9. How many chicks are there?

Spelling.—During the study of the picture
the leading words may be written on the
blackboard, attention being given to the
proper names which begin with a capital
letter; e.g., Molly, Peggy, Flo, Paddy,
Tinker, Japan, swing, push, high, low,
wood, seat, rope, tie, branch, tree, green,
leaves, grass, blue, sky, Saturday, puppy,
puppies, sunbonnet, church, bird, worm.
The older children may copy some or all
of these words into a book as a writing
exercise, and the more familiar words may
be learnt as an exercise in spelling. Add
the principal words to the Scrapbook Dic-
tionary,—see page 78.

Rhyiming words.—Write on the black-
board the following words printed in italics,
and let the children suggest other words
having the same sound and end-form to add
to each:—

1. tree, bee, fee, knee, see, wee.
2. dog, bog, cog, fog, hog, jog, log.
3. swing, ding, fling, king, ping, ring, sing, wing.
4. rook, book, cook, hook, look, nook, took.
5. chick, kick, lick, nick, pick, sick, stick, thick.

Let the children write all the words in
their own Word Books.
Read aloud the following incomplete
rhymes and let the children suggest the
final words:—

1. Hush-a-bye, baby,
Up in a tree,
Hush-a-bye, bayby,
What can you — (see)?

2. Two little birds can build a fine nest;
Two little arms can love mother —
(best).

3. Running just in Johnny’s way
Came a little dog one — (day).

4. How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest —
(thing).
Ever a child can — (do).

Missing words.—Write several incomplete
sentences on the blackboard, or preferably
on cards, and let the children rewrite the
sentences adding the missing words:—

1. Molly is in the — (swing).
2. The — (swing) hangs from a tree.
3. Peggy is the elder — (girl).
4. Peggy — (pushed) the swing.
5. Flo is a white — (dog).
6. Flo has two white — (puppies).
7. The doll has — (black) hair.
8. The doll has a — (purple) frock.
9. The rooks say, — (“Caw”).
10. Flo says — (“Bow, wow”).
Choose the right word.—Write the following on the blackboard or on cards and let the children rewrite the sentences choosing the right word to complete each sentence by reference to Picture No. 4:—

1. Peggy’s frock is (red, green, pink).
2. Molly’s frock is (brown, yellow, blue).
3. There are (five, three, four) dogs.
4. The bonnet is on the (branch, ground, grass).
5. The rooks are in the (tree, sky, water).
6. Molly is (above, round, in) the swing.

Incorrect speech—“I have none.” — Regular drill is necessary in order to get the children to say “I have none,” or “I haven’t any,” instead of “I ain’t got none.”

Question.—“How many biscuits have you for the dogs, Kate?”
Answer.—(a) “I have none, teacher.”
(b) “I haven’t any, teacher.”

Further questions.—
“How many worms have you for the chicks?”
“How many seeds have you for the birds?”
“How much milk have you for the cat?”

The teacher secretly gives a child a small object such as a thimble, reel of cotton, penny, etc. The rest of the class take turns to ask questions of the child who has the hidden object:—

Question.—“Have you a pencil?”
Answer.—“I have none.”

Further questions are asked until the right object is named and the winner then comes to the front and receives an object to hide.

Polite terms.—When talking about Picture No. 4, opportunity can be taken to give a few exercises in polite speech:—

1. What does Molly say when she wants Peggy to give her a swing? (“Please, Peggy, will you give me a swing?”)

2. What does Flo mean when she says “Bow, wow,” at dinner time? (“Please give me a bone.”)

3. What do the chicks mean when they say “Peep, peep,” to their mother? (“Please give us that nice worm.”)

4. What do you say when you ask mother for a piece of cake?

5. What do you say when mother gives you a piece of cake?

6. (Teacher calls a child). Mary, come and ask me to lend you this book. Mary, give the book to Peter and hear what he says. Peter, please bring the book back to me.

Writing messages.—

1. The girls can write a letter to Peggy in Picture No. 4 asking her how much she paid for her Japanese doll.

2. The boys can write a letter to Peggy asking how much her father paid for Flo. Remind the children to speak of Peggy’s affairs first and last in their letters, and to finish the letter with the formal words I am, etc.,—see page 69.

Dear Peggy,

I was so pleased to see you enjoying yourself with Molly and the swing. I should like to have a doll like yours. Will you please tell me how much it cost? Perhaps mother will buy me one. It must be very nice for you and Molly to have three dogs.

I am,
Your loving friend,

Let the children make their own attempts to write the messages without any help from the teacher. It does not matter how many spelling or other mistakes the writers make, so long as they do something of their own, and make a real attempt. Afterwards, some of the letters should be read out by the children; members of the class should be called upon to criticise them, and gradually the class with the teacher’s help should frame a suitable letter or message which can be put on the blackboard.
**Reading and Drawing.**—Write on cards directions for drawing, and distribute the cards among the children:—

1. Draw a boy kicking a football.
   Colour the football brown.
   Colour the boy’s jersey light blue.
   Colour the boy’s knickers dark blue.
   Colour his hair and boots as you like.

2. Draw baby Ann with a doll.
   Give baby Ann a red sash.
   Give the doll a pink frock.
   Give baby Ann blue eyes and yellow hair.
   Baby Ann has no shoes or stockings.

3. Draw a boy tossing a ball to a dog.
   The dog is jumping to catch the ball.
   Colour the dog brown.
   Colour the ball red.
   Give the boy a green jersey.
   Put in any other colours you please.

4. Draw a girl skipping.
   Give her a yellow frock.
   Colour her shoes red.
   Give her a green hat.

**Picture cards and a scrapbook.**—Let the children bring pictures from catalogues and magazines of all things relating to health; e.g., soap, toothbrush, towel, bath. For the Fives the pictures are cut out and mounted on cards with the names printed under each object. The picture cards are kept together in a box. The teacher then prepares *Flash Cards* relating to the pictures. As each is exhibited a child is called upon to get the appropriate picture card from the box.

The Sixes and Sevens can make a scrapbook with their pictures. The teacher can write suitable slogans for the pictures and the children can copy them under the pictures; e.g., 1. Eat more fruit. 2. Chew your crusts. 3. Eat slowly. 4. Go to bed early.
What would you do?—On the blackboard draw the outline of one of the toys; e.g., the engine illustrated on the plate. Let the children tell what they would do if they were an engine.

The answers might be:—I would say “Puff, puff”; I would whistle; I would draw trains; I would run on rails; I would run very fast; I would draw trucks; I would have a man to stoke me with coal; I would drink a lot of water.

Proceed in a similar way with the drawings of the other toys.

ACTIVITIES AND CONSTRUCTIVE WORK

“Games of hunting, fishing, building shelters, nursing dolls, constructing things with the hands, imitating the activities of adult life, all these should be utilised in the infant school.”

Classroom project—care of little ones.—These notes are for the use of teachers desirous to employ the project method with their children.

Children delight to play at mothers and fathers. Every girl and most boys possess dolls, which may be brought to school and cared for. The day before, a notice may be put up, “BRING YOUR DOLLS TO SCHOOL TO-MORROW.”

Where possible, it is a good plan to allow the children to have a doll’s washing day. (See Picture No. 6 in the Portfolio.) If the clothes of a number of dolls are going to be washed, the best way is for the children first to sort the clothes into coloured, woollen and white articles, so that these may be washed separately, when there will be less danger of their being spoilt. The teacher may ask for suggestions and give advice upon how to get the best results with each group of articles. The coloured articles must be washed in cool water and rinsed in cold, the woollens must be washed and rinsed in warm water, and for the white clothes no particular precautions need be taken. The children may give further suggestions from their own observations; e.g., white clothes should be first soaked, soap or Lux flakes are used to make the water soapy, blue may be used for white clothes, some clothes are boiled, etc. The children may shred odd scraps of soap into soap flakes, or use a soap saver, to make a lather. They should put on aprons or have towels tied over their frocks before beginning to wash. Any water spilt must be wiped up immediately. If each child washes only one or two garments no one need remain long at a basin, nor get wet. If the children wish it, and it is possible to do so, the teacher may boil a few white garments in a saucepan.

The clothes should be pegged on a line within easy reach of the children and out of doors if weather permits. They may bring their clothes to the teacher to be ironed with a hot iron, if this is possible. The clothes must be aired before putting them on the dolls.

The older girls can mend the clothes and sew on tapes and buttons where necessary; they can knit or make fresh clothes to replace those that are worn out.

The boys can mend the dolls. Hair comes off and needs gluing, arms and legs sometimes need fastening.

When the children possess a doll’s house—see Picture No. 5—this should be their responsibility. It is surprising how carefully they handle the tiny furniture and crockery. They should take it in turns to dust the objects and re-arrange the rooms. The doll’s house will want decorating from time to time; the boys can do this. They can also paint the outside and make a garden
Washing Day.

Mother washes the clothes

Jane lifts them out of the copper

Mother and Jane hang them on the line

Dot helps Jane to fold the sheets.
round the house. Furniture, also, may need repairing with a brad or some glue.

The children may choose to hold tea parties with a doll’s tea set and visit one another. After use the tea set must be carefully washed and put away.

A simple doll’s bungalow which can be made in the classroom is described on page 17, and for the Constructive Work connected with it reference should be made to Activities and Constructive Work in the Index at the end of Volume IV.

**Game—musical flop.**—The teacher plays a tune while the children skip about. When the music stops the children sit down. The last one to sit down is “out,” and the game continues till only one child is left to dance. The tunes of The Crooked Man, page 58, and The Rose is Red, page 106, are easy to play and suitable for this purpose.

**Paper picture—washing day.**—This may be a group model, or each child may make his own picture, which is mounted on a rectangular piece of card. Measure a piece of blue paper against the card and paste it on the card to cover about half of it. Stick on the card a piece of green paper to cover the remaining portion, and put the card under a flat weight to dry. Make the posts of strips of brown paper, Fig. 5. Draw a line in pencil and stick on the line various articles of clothing cut from folded paper of different colours, Figs. 1, 2, 3. Cut the basket from folded brown paper, Fig. 4.

**Paper model—swing.**—Take a strip of paper about 1 in. wide and the length of a sheet of drawing paper. Fold the strip lightly in half, turn down the folded end about 1 in., and with a pencil mark a dot in the middle between the folds, on each side of the paper. Turn down the unfolded end about 1 in., and at the end make a cut from the edges to the fold. Open out the paper and make up the swing on the creased lines.
Press the feet of the swing alternate ways and stick them to a base of cardboard. Make a seat of paper and mark two points on it equally near each end, on the middle line. Make a knot in a length of wool, with a needle pass it through one of the points marked on the seat, through the two points in the top of the swing and back through the second point marked on the seat. Cut the thread to a convenient length and knot it at the end. The swing is now complete.

**Paper model—clothes horse.**—Cut a rectangle of paper, fold it in quarters and then in half again. Cut out a strip from the folded side as shown in the sketch, Fig. 1. Open out the paper, press out the folds and stand it upright, Fig. 2. Paper clothes may be hung or pasted on the horse.

[Diagram 1]

Paper model—copper.—Cut a strip of paper about 6 in. by 2 in., Fig 1. Cut out a fireplace from folded black or brown paper and two narrow strips for bars, as shown in the sketch, Fig. 2. Cut the flames from orange paper; stick on the flames, bars and fireplace to the lower edge of the paper strip. Alternatively, the fireplace may be drawn with crayons. Paste one end of the paper strip and stick the two ends together to make a short tube. Cut a square of paper a little larger than the end of the tube. Fold the paper in quarters and curve the corner of it with the scissors as shown in the sketch, Fig. 3. Open out the paper, make a handle from a narrow paper strip and stick it on the lid, Fig. 4.

[Diagram 2]
Plastic model—doll.—The Fives can make a simple doll of clay or plasticine, making the parts separately and joining them together.

Plastic models—washing day.—The Fives can make pictures of a mangle (A), basket (B), and rubbing board (C), with "worms" of clay, or plasticine in different colours, as shown in the sketch, laying the "worms" on a modelling board.

Model with odds and ends—doll.—An attractive doll can be made from an ordinary clothes peg with a round head. First draw or paint a face and hair on the side of the head directly above the slit. Cut a skirt reaching to the bottom of the clothes peg from coloured crêpe paper. Paste the top edge, gather it, and stick it round the waist of the peg. Cut a strip of paper for the blouse, paste the ends and wind it round, neatening the waist line. For the bonnet take a small square of paper, paste it on the inside and wrap it round the head. Make a cloak from a square of paper, paste it along the top edge and gather it round the neck of the doll over the edges of the bonnet. A narrow strip of paper makes a muffler.

A variety of costumes can be made to fit a clothes peg. Instead of paste, cotton or wire may be used to attach the garments to the peg, but the younger children will find the use of paste more convenient.

Model with odds and ends—cradle.—The tinies can make this simple rocking cradle
from two match-box trays. Stand one tray upright, and press the end of the other into it, so that they are at right angles. Cut the rockers from a piece of thin cardboard, measuring them against the ends of the box and giving them a curved base. Gum the rockers to the ends of the cradle and hold them in place by an elastic band or cotton till dry. Make a frill from a strip of coloured crêpe paper, pinch it into gathers and gum it all round the top edge of the match tray. Make the curtains from a long piece of crêpe paper, gather it in the middle and gum it at the top and down the back of the upright match tray. The curtains may be looped with strands of silk ribbon, or given false loops of crêpe paper.

STORIES TO READ OR TELL

HOW JACK WENT OUT TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE

ONCE upon a time there was a boy named Jack, who one morning started out to seek his fortune. He had not gone very far before he met a cat. “Where are you going, Jack?” said the cat.

“I am going to seek my fortune.”

“May I go with you?”

“Yes,” said Jack, “the more the merrier.”

So on they went, Jack and the cat. Jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt!
Children's Drawings—How Jack Went Out to Seek His Fortune


4. Table  8. Rocking Chair
They went a little farther and they met a dog.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the dog.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, Jack, the cat, and the dog! Jigglety-jolt, jigglety-jolt!

They went a little farther and they met a goat.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the goat.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, Jack, the cat, the dog, and the goat. Jigglety-jolt, jigglety-jolt, jigglety-jolt!

They went a little farther and they met a bull.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the bull.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, Jack, the cat, the dog, the goat, and the bull. Jigglety-jolt, jigglety-jolt, jigglety-jolt!

They went a little farther and they met a rooster.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the rooster.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, Jack, the cat, the dog, the goat, the bull, and the rooster. Jigglety-jolt, jigglety-jolt, jigglety-jolt!

And they went on jigglety-jolting till it was almost dark, and it was time to think of some place where they could spend the night. Now, after a time, they came in sight of a house, and Jack told his companions to keep still while he went up and looked in through the window to see if all were safe. And what did he see through the window but a band of robbers seated at a table counting over great bags of gold!

"That gold shall be mine," said Jack to himself. 'I have found my fortune already.'

Then he went back and told his companions to wait till he gave the word, and then to make all the noise they possibly could, each in his own fashion. So when they were all ready Jack gave the word, and the cat mewed, and the dog barked, and the goat bleated, and the bull bellowed, and the rooster crowed, and all together they made such a terrific hubbub that the robbers jumped up in a fright and ran away, leaving their gold on the table. So, after a good laugh, Jack and his companions went in and took possession of the house and the gold.

Now Jack was a wise boy, and he knew that the robbers would come back in the dead of the night to get their gold, and so when it was time to go to bed, he put the cat in the rocking-chair, and he put the dog under the table, and he put the goat upstairs, and he put the bull in the cellar, and bade the rooster fly up on to the roof.

Then he went to bed.

Now sure enough, in the dead of the night, the robbers sent one man back to the house to look after their money. But before long he came back in a great fright and told them a fearsome tale!

"I went back to the house," said he, "and I went in and tried to sit down in the rocking chair, and there was an old woman knitting there, and she—oh my!—stuck her knitting needles into me."

(That was the cat, you know.)

"Then I went to the table to look after the money, but there was a shoemaker under the table, and my! how he stuck his awl into me!"

(That was the dog, you know.)

"So I started to go upstairs, but there was a man up there threshing, and goody! how he knocked me down with the flail!"

(That was the goat, you know.)

"Then I started to go down to the cellar, but—oh dear me!—there was a man down there chopping wood, and he knocked me
up and he knocked me down terribly with his axe."

(That was the bull, you know.)

"But I should not have minded that if it had not been for a noisy little fellow on the top of the house by the kitchen chimney, who kept calling out, 'Cook him in a stew! Cook him in a stew! Cook him in a stew!''"

(And that, of course, was the cock-a-doodle-doo.)

Then the robbers agreed that they would rather lose their gold than meet with such a fate; so they made off, and Jack next morning went gaily home with his booty. And each of the animals carried a portion of it. The cat hung a bag on its tail (a cat when it walks always carries its tail stiff), the dog hung one on his collar, the goat and the bull hung theirs on their horns, but Jack made the rooster carry a golden guinea in its beak to prevent it from calling all the time:

"Cock-a-doodle-doo,
Cook him in a stew!"

Flora Annie Steel.

Do you know?—Ask such questions as the following to ensure that the children know certain facts connected with the story:—1. In what way is a goat like a bull? 2. What is the colour of gold? 3. What word do you give to start a race? 4. How does a rocking-chair rock? 5. Where is the cellar of a house? 6. Of what are knitting needles made? 7. For what is an awl used?

Put together.—Write the following lists on the blackboard; let the children write the first list and put the second list in order; e.g., the cat meowed.

- The cat bleated.
- The dog bellowed.
- The goat crowed.
- The bull meowed.
- The rooster barked.

Making sentences.—Let the children tell or write sentences telling:—1. Why Jack started out. 2. What Jack did when they first came to the house. 3. How Jack frightened the robbers. 4. Why the robbers sent one man back to the house. 5. Why the rest of the robbers did not come back.

Drawing.—Let the children draw one or more of the following:—1. A cat. 2. A cock. 3. A bag of gold. 4. An axe. 5. A chimney.

THE MAGIC PEPPER

(A Story of a Giant)

A long time ago, there lived an old woman called Martha Taggs, whose only companion was a black poodle, which could do all kinds of clever tricks. She lived in a little white cottage not far from the castle of Giant Gruffenuff, the greatest Giant that ever was. I wish I could tell you how big Giant Gruffenuff really was. It’s rather difficult. Anyhow, he was so big, that he could put a boy, a girl, and a fat pig, into one of his
vast pockets, and then he had plenty of room for more.

One day, as the Giant was striding down the road from his castle, he spied old Martha Taggs' black poodle walking towards him on his hind legs.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Giant (and when he laughed all the bedroom windows shook), "there's a funny looking black dog if ever there was one, just what I want for my dinner to-day," and stooping down, he snatched up the poor black poodle, pushed him far down in his great pocket, and strode off home again.

When he reached his castle, the Giant started shouting at the top of his voice. He was always shouting at somebody.

"Cook, cook, where are you? Ah, there you are. See, take this black poodle, and make me a pie for my dinner to-day, and be sure that you put plenty of black pepper into it, or you'll hear more about it."

Poor old Martha Taggs was very much upset when she heard that the terrible Giant Gruffenuff had stolen her dear black poodle, and that he was going to make a pie of him. She was far too frightened to go near the Giant, for she feared he might come roaring after her, put his huge foot on top of her little cottage and flatten it out. That would be the end of everything!

So Martha Taggs had a good cry (which is quite a nice thing to have when you are troubled), dried her eyes on her clean white hanky, and went into the wood behind her cottage to visit a witch who lived there in a little hut all by herself, unless you count the black cat with one green eye, who kept her company. She was very old, so old that she had almost forgotten how old she really was.

Now when the old witch (who must have been one hundred and three last Christmas), heard poor Martha Taggs' story, she said:
"Sit down, good woman, sit down, and do not weep so much. Rest you here by the fire, while I go to my cupboard and see what magic it contains to help you." The old witch now hobbled away to a big, black oak cupboard that stood in one corner of the room.

"Hubble bubble, hubble bubble,
All the world is full of trouble."

sang the witch in a high cracked voice, as she searched among strange looking bottles and jars that filled the cupboard.

"Ah, here's the stuff I'm looking for!" she cried, returning with a small white pot in her hand. Then, waving her stick in the air three times, she whispered mysteriously:

"Listen! and make no noise, but see;
Magic pepper this pepper be.
If sprinkled on a dog that's dead,
Once on his toes, twice on his head,
That dog to life shall surely come,
Before the set of this day's sun.
But he that sniffs this pepper up,
Be he a giant, be he a pup,
Shall, sure as two fives make a ten,
He turned into a fat red hen!"

With these truly terrible words, the old witch handed Martha Taggs a small white pepper pot, adding: "Return at once to the Giant's castle, and give that pepper pot to the cook. Tell her to mix plenty of the pepper into the pooodle pie she is making for the Giant's dinner to-day. Now, don't drop it, and be most careful that you do not sniff any of the pepper yourself, or you will most certainly turn into a red hen."

Old Martha Taggs did as the witch had told her. She went to the Giant's castle and knocked at the kitchen door, which was opened by the Giant's fat cook, Mrs. Jollypot.

"Well, I never," cried Mrs. Jollypot, "if this isn't a surprise! Come inside, Mrs. Taggs, and sit down, for you must be tired coming up the hill. Who would have thought of seeing you to-day? But what is this you've brought? Something for me? Well, bless me if that isn't a strange thing. A pot of black pepper! Now how did you know that I wanted a pot of black pepper to-day, of all days in the week? You see, Mrs. Taggs, Giant Gruffnuff came home this morning, bringing a black pooodle with him, and, says he to me, 'Make me a pooodle pie for my dinner to-day, and be sure you put plenty of black pepper into it,' and me with never a bit of black pepper in the house. Well, I went to the grocer's, and bought tea, sugar, butter and eggs, and quite forgot the black pepper. So, you see, you come at the right time. Goodness only knows what Giant Gruffnuff would have said if I had made his pie without any pepper in it!"

"Be careful how you use it, Cook," whispered Mrs. Taggs, rising to go. "Once on his toes, and twice on his head. It tastes better that way, and for goodness' sake, don't sniff any of the black pepper yourself, or you'll turn into a red hen."

"I'll turn into what?" cried the astonished cook.

"Into a red hen, if you sniff that black pepper."

"What nonsense," laughed the cook, her fat sides shaking. "As if I would believe such stupid tales! Now, I ask you, do I look like a red hen?" None the less, the cook was very careful not to sniff any of the witch's magic pepper.

As soon as Mrs. Taggs had gone, the cook began to make the pooodle pie. Into a nice, big, brown pie dish she put all that remained of the poor black pooodle, cut up into nice tasty pieces, with lots of thinly sliced onion, and salt, and plenty of the witch's black pepper; she rolled out the paste and covered the pie, made it pretty round the edge with a fork, and put a pastry rose bud in the middle; then she made a little hole for the steam to come out of, and stuck the pooodle's tail in the middle, to make it look pretty.

All this time, Giant Gruffnuff sat at his table in the great dining hall, with a
knife in one huge hand, a fork in the other, and his napkin under his chin, growing hungrier and hungrier.

"Come along, Cook, come along, I'm hungry," roared the Giant, thumping on the table with his big knife, until the room shook.

"Coming, master, coming," cried the cook, as she entered the dining hall, carrying a great steaming brown pie, which she placed in front of the Giant, and by its side the pot of magic pepper.

"Ho-he-fum, I'd like some," roared the Giant, as he grinned at the great pie that stood on the table.

"But, stay woman, what is this pot you've placed beside my knife?"

"Oh, that's just a little black pepper, master, as I know you like a lot," replied the cook, as she pushed the witch's pepper pot under the Giant's nose.

"Good, very good," said the Giant, "now be off with you, and leave me to have my dinner in peace."

Then Giant Gruffenuff sharpened his great knife, and cut himself a huge helping of the nice brown pie crust, when, suddenly, OUT OF THE STEAMING PIE LEAPT THE BLACK POODLE, and before you could say "bark," it had jumped through the open window, and had rushed down the road.

Roaring with fury to see his dinner disappearing through the window, the Giant seized the magic pepper pot, and dashed after the poodle. But run as he might, the poodle could not run as fast as the great Giant, and in another minute would most certainly have been caught, had not the giant put his foot into a big hole in the middle of the road, and crashed to the ground. The top of the pepper pot burst open, the magic pepper flew into the Giant's face, the Giant coughed, the Giant sneezed, the Giant sniffed, and believe it or believe it not, instantly turned into a fat red hen!

No sooner did the clever black poodle see what had happened, than he chased the hen, caught her, and carrying her in his mouth, arrived at the cottage of old Martha Taggs, who stood staring in astonishment, as well she might, for there stood her dear black poodle, wagging his silky tail, and holding in his mouth a big fat hen.

So Martha Taggs had roast fowl for her Sunday dinner, and lived ever afterwards very happily in her little white cottage with her dear old black poodle.

Frank W. Millar.
LITTLE JUMPING JOAN

Here am I, little Jumping Joan,  
When nobody's with me  
I'm always alone.

Old Dick lived in a pretty cottage in  
Devon, where the daffodils and  
primroses bloom on the hills and in  
the woods. He lived alone with his white  
dog, Paddy, and his black cat, Smut. Old  
Dick had planted out his young cabbages,  
and his back was aching, so he sat down  
on the seat of the porch by the cottage  
door. He had a mug of cider made from his  
own apples, and a hunk of bread and cheese.  
Paddy sat beside him watching for tit-bits,  
and Smut was curled up on the sunny  
window sill. All was warm and very  
quiet.

Suddenly Paddy sprang up with a loud  
"Bow, wow, wow!" He dashed away  
towards the newly-planted cabbages, followed  
by old Dick, who hobbled along as fast as  
his aches would let him. Before Paddy could  
get near the cabbages a round furry body  
bounded off through the hedge, a white tail  
showing up for a moment like a streak of  
snow against the dark ivy. Of course, it  
was Jumping Joan, the young lady rabbit,  
up to her tricks again. She had eaten two  
of the little cabbages before running away.

Safely hidden near her hole, she laughed all  
over her face, twitched her little nose and  
ears, and said to herself in rabbit language:

"Here am I, little Jumping Joan,  
When nobody's with me  
I'm always alone,

—and Paddy can't catch me!"

Next morning old Dick brought his  
breakfast into the porch and ate it there.  
Paddy had gone to the village to meet  
another dog and tell him all the doggy  
news. Smut lapped up his saucer of milk,  
and then followed old Dick down the garden  
path. Old Dick wanted to see how the  
young cabbages looked. A brown furry  
creature sprang up almost under his  
nose, and a white tail bobbed up and  
down across the garden and popped  
through the hedge. Poor old Dick! Only  
half a row of young cabbages was left;  
Jumping Joan had breakfasted on the  
other half.

"They datted rabbits!" muttered old  
Dick, and he went off to get more young  
cabbage plants. When he had filled up the  
row with new cabbages, he found some  
wire netting, and fastened it over the hole  
in the hedge. Jumping Joan watched him
from a safe little hidey hole, and once more said to herself in rabbit language:

"Here am I, little Jumping Joan,
When nobody's with me
I'm always alone."

Well, the cabbages stayed there for the next day and the day after; they looked green and fresh. Jumping Joan liked the look of them very much, but she found that she could not push through the wire netting, so she went round the hedge to find another way into the garden.

Old Dick stood at his garden gate, when his friend, old Bob, came along. Both the old men went into Dick's porch, leaving the gate open. No sooner were they seated in the porch with a mug of cider each, than naughty Jumping Joan ran in the open gate and down to the cabbages, and this time she ate the whole row of them! Old Dick was saying to old Bob, "A dratted rabbit did eat up my cabbages, but I put wire netting over thickly there 'ole in the 'edge, and the new cabbages look vitty and proper. Do'ee come and look at 'em, Bob."

Slowly they walked down the path, but when they came to the cabbage plot they gazed in horror—not a single green cabbage could be seen! Out of sight a fat little rabbit laughed to herself:

"Here am I, little Jumping Joan,
When nobody's with me
I'm always alone."

But Jumping Joan never had another cabbage out of old Dick's garden. That same day old Bob and old Dick filled up every hole in the hedge with wire netting, and put a piece along the bottom of the gate, which old Dick was very careful to shut tight from that time onward. A new row of cabbages grew to a fine size, and one day old Dick showed them to old Bob with great pride. Paddy stood beside old Dick, and at that moment Paddy heard a rustling on the other side of the hedge. He barked loudly: "Bow, wow, wow, Jumping Joan! No more cabbages for you! Now you can stay alone, outside! Bow, wow, wow!"

The green eyes of Smut, the cat, peered through the dark hedge. Two bright eyes above a twitching nose looked back at him among the leaves.

"Keep your old cabbages!" shouted naughty Jumping Joan.

"Here am I, little Jumping Joan,
When nobody's with me
I'm always alone."

J. Bone.

**RHYMES AND POEMS**

"The traditional nursery rhymes and game-songs should form the natural repertory for the younger children."

**SEE-SAW**

See, saw, Margery Daw,
Baby shall have a new master;
She shall have but a penny a day,
Because she can’t work any faster.

*Old Rhyme.*

**Reading preparation.**—This rhyme is suitable for reading preparation with the Fives, for the words and ideas are simple. Probably the children already know the traditional tune to which this rhyme is sung. Let the class choose a girl for Margery Daw and a boy for the master, and let them
play on the see-saw, trying to go up and
down in time with the music. If there is
no see-saw in the playground improvise
one for two dolls.

Print the rhyme on the blackboard for
the children to associate the written with
the spoken words. Draw pictures on cards
of a see-saw, baby, penny; print the names
under them and add the cards to the Fives'
Card Dictionary.

For a matching game print words on
cards; then print two sets of phrases for
matching. A further stage is to write
sentences on Flash Cards; e.g., 1. Margery
Daw has a see-saw. 2. The new master has
a baby. 3. The master gives her a penny
a day. 4. She can’t work fast. 5. I like to
go on a see-saw. 6. Margery will take me
on her see-saw.

HUSH-A-BYE, BABY

(This rhyme is set to music on page 201.)

Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, cradle and all.

Old Rhyme.

Action song.—Certain children stand before
the class and perform these actions to the
music, while the other children sing:

I. Hush-a-bye, baby,
... top,
Fold arms loosely
and rock them
gently from side
to side.

II. When the wind
rock;
Rock arms higher
and higher, sway-
ing the body as
well.

III. When the bough
... fall,
Suddenly open arms
and stretch them
upwards and out-
wards.

IV. Down will come
... all.
Let arms fall slowly
to sides fluttering
the hands.

Reading preparation.—The rhyme is suit-
able for reading preparation with the Fives,
for the words and ideas are simple. The
baby in the rhyme may be referred to as a
baby bird in the nest, and the teacher can
draw on the blackboard a tree with a nest,
and a bird on a branch. (There is a picture, *The Bird’s Nest*, No. 36 in the portfolio.) Children will like to nurse their dolls with a gentle swaying movement as they sing this song. Draw pictures on cards of a baby bird, a tree top, a bird’s nest (cradle), a broken branch, a nest on the ground; print the names under the drawings and use the cards in a matching game. The cards can be added to the Fives’ Card Dictionary.

For another matching game print two sets of phrases, and, later, write sentences on *Flash Cards*; e.g., 1. Baby is on the tree top. 2. We sing “Hush-a-bye” to the baby. 3. The wind blows the cradle. 4. The cradle will rock in the tree top. 5. The wind breaks the bough. 6. The baby and cradle will fall down.

**THE SWING**

(Written in blue ink)

Winter and Summer must soon begin,
What shall we dress our baby in?
What shall we dress her in, darling, say,
That will do for work and will do for play,
For Sundays and Mondays and every day,
What shall we dress her in, darling, say?

Winter and Summer must soon begin,
What shall we dress our baby in?
Softest silk for her tender skin,
Whitest linen all smooth and thin,
And a little striped jacket to button her in.

E. Rendall.

---

**Dolls.**—This is a capital poem for the girls, who will enter into the spirit of the words if they discuss how best to dress their dolls for “Winter, Summer, Sundays and Mondays.” The children can be divided into four groups, each group dressing a doll for one of the chosen seasons or days.

**Language training.**—In this poem there are many sibilant sounds which help to make the words run smoothly. The children can make a list of words containing sibilants; these words can be repeated by those children who do not articulate clearly; e.g., shadow, shoe, shop, shore, short, shut, shoot; see, saw, soft, snuggle, Sunday; miss, kiss, wish, fish, dish.

The following verse affords further practice:

“The time has come,” the Walrus said,
“To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sailing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.”

---

**THE SWING**

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside.

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

**Drawing.**—In this poem there are some good word pictures which the children will
like to express in drawing, preferably in colour:—

1. Rivers and trees and cattle.
2. Looking down on the garden green.
3. Looking down on the roof of a house.

Those children who have been to a fair can draw a swing-boat; if there is a swing in the playground some children will like to go out of doors and draw it with a child swinging.

Language training.—The use of the marks of interrogation and exclamation should be pointed out to the Sevens, in order to help them with their inflection of the lines.

Think of other words to rhyme with swing, wall, wide, green, brown.

Tell or write the plurals of other words besides rivers, trees and cattle; e.g., hours, flowers, sheep, children.

JOHNNY HEAD-IN-AIR

As he trudged along to school,
It was always Johnny's rule
To be looking at the sky
And the clouds that floated by;
But what just before him lay,
In his way,
Johnny never thought about;
So that everyone cried out:
"Look at little Johnny there,
Little Johnny Head-in-Air!"

Running just in Johnny's way,
Came a little dog one day;
Johnny's eyes were still astray
Up on high,
In the sky;
And he never heard them cry:
"Johnny, mind the dog is nigh!"
Bump!
Dump!
Down they fell with such a thump.
Dog and Johnny in a lump!

Once, with head as high as ever,
Johnny walked beside the river,
Johnny watched the swallows trying
Which was cleverest at flying.
Oh! what fun!
Johnny watched the bright round sun
Going in and coming out;
This was all he thought about.
So he strode on, only think!
To the river's very brink,
Where the bank was high and steep,
And the water very deep;
And the fishes, in a row,
Stared to see him coming so.

One step more! Oh! sad to tell!
Headlong in poor Johnny fell.
And the fishes, in dismay,
Wagged their tails and swam away.
There lay Johnny on his face,
With his nice red writing-case;
But, as they were passing by,
Two strong men had heard him cry;
And, with sticks, these two strong men
Hooked poor Johnny out again.

Oh! you should have seen him shiver
When they pulled him from the river.
He was in a sorry plight!
Dripping wet, and such a fright!
Wet all over, everywhere,
Clothes, and arms, and face, and hair;
Johnny never will forget
What it is to be so wet.

And the fishes, one, two, three,
Are come back again, you see;
Up they came the moment after,
To enjoy the fun and laughter.
Each popped out his little head,
And to tease poor Johnny, said:
"Silly little Johnny, look,
You have lost your writing-book!"

Heinrich Hoffman.

Note.—This poem is too long for most children in the infant school to learn, although there may be one or two who will like to attempt it. The poem is best recited
Johnny Head-in-Air.

Look at little Johnny there.

Down they fell
with such a thump!

And the fishes in a row,
Stared to see him coming so.

And, with sticks, these two strong men
Hooked poor Johnny out again.

Silly little Johnny, look,
You have lost your writing-book!
by the teacher, and the children will enjoy
the story of the boy who did not look where
he was going. There are many word pictures
in the poem which the children can illustrate
in line or in colour; e.g.,—

1. Johnny trudging to school.
2. Johnny tripping over the dog.
3. Johnny watching the swallows, and the
   fish watching Johnny.
5. Johnny pulled out of the water.
6. The fishes enjoying the fun.

SONG FOR A BALL-GAME

(This poem is set to music on page 204.)

Bounce ball! Bounce ball!
   One—two—three.
Underneath my right leg
   And round about my knee.
Bounce ball! Bounce ball!
   Bird—or—bee
Flying from the rose-bud
   Up into the tree.

Bounce ball! Bounce ball!
   Fast—you—go
Underneath my left leg
   And round about my toe.
Bounce ball! Bounce ball!
   Butt—er—fly
Flying from the rose-bud
   Up into the sky.

Bounce ball! Bounce ball!
   You—can’t—stop.
Right leg and left leg
   Round them both you hop.
Bounce ball! Bounce ball!
   Shy—white—dove,
Tell me how to find him,
   My own true love.

Wilfrid Thorley.

A game.—The day before the song is to
be learned put a notice on the board: BRING

BOUNCE BALLS TO-MORROW FOR A
GAME. The notice will arouse the children’s
curiosity and interest, besides encouraging
them to read. Practise first in the play-
ground bouncing balls “underneath my
right leg and round about my knee.” After-
wards learn the first verse, and when known
let a few children in turn bounce their balls
in time to the music while the others sing.

CHOOSING SHOES

(This poem is set to music on page 202.)

New shoes, new shoes,
Red and pink and blue shoes,
Tell me, what would you choose,
If they’d let us buy?

Buckle shoes, bow shoes,
Pretty pointy-toe shoes,
Strappy, cappy low shoes;
Let’s have some to try.

Bright shoes, white shoes,
Dandy-dance-by-night shoes—
Perhaps-a-little-tight shoes,
Like some? so would I.
BUT
Flat shoes, fat shoes,
Stump-along-like-that shoes,
Wipe-them-on-the-mat shoes,
That's the sort they'll buy.

Frida Wolfe.

Speech training.—This is a useful song for practice in articulation. Every line should be carefully studied; some of the lines will prove "tongue twisters" to the children; e.g.,—

1. "Dandy-dance-by-night shoes—
    Perhaps a little tight shoes."

2. "Stump-along-like-that shoes,
    Wipe-them-on-the-mat shoes."

The song is worth learning thoroughly, so that it can be sung or recited at odd times throughout the year.

ONE AND ONE

Two little girls are better than one;
Two little boys can double the fun;

Two little birds can build a fine nest;
Two little arms can love mother best;
Two little ponies must go to a span;
Two little pockets has my little man;
Two little eyes to open and close,
Two little ears and one little nose,
Two little elbows, dimpled and sweet,
Two little shoes on two little feet,
Two little lips and one little chin,
Two little cheeks with a rose shut in,
Two little shoulders, chubby and strong,
Two little legs running all day long.
Two little prayers does my darling say,
Twice does he kneel by my side each day,
Two little folded hands, soft and brown,
Two little eyelids cast meekly down,
And two little angels guard him in bed,
One at the foot and one at the head.

Old Rhyme.

Action rhyme.—This is a useful action rhyme for the Fives. The rhyme itself may be too difficult for the Fives to learn, but an older child can repeat the rhyme while the younger ones do the actions.
ROW of girls stand facing a row of boys.

Boys walk towards the girls, holding hands, and singing:

We've come to see poor Jenny Jones,
   Jenny Jones, Jenny Jones.
We've come to see poor Jenny Jones,
   And how is she to-day?

Girls walk towards boys, imitating the action:

Poor Jenny Jones is washing,
   Washing, washing.
Poor Jenny Jones is washing,
   And can't see you to-day.

Verses 1 and 2 are repeated several times, the girls substituting for "washing" the words "mangling," "rinsing," "ironing," etc.

Finally, the girls come forward, the girls and boys at the end of the lines join hands, and all skip round, hand in hand, singing:

Jenny Jones can come to play,
   Come to play, come to play,
Jenny Jones can come to play,
   You can see her to-day.

Doh = G

1. We've come to see poor Jenny Jones, Jenny Jones, Jenny Jones, We've

2. Poor Jenny Jones is washing, washing, washing, Poor

Last time, Jenny Jones can come to play Come to play come to play

come to see poor Jenny Jones, And how is she to-day?
Jenny Jones is washing, And can't see you to-day.
Jenny Jones can come to play, You can see her to-day.
THE SWING

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Doh = F

1. How do you like to go
2. Up in the air and
3. Till I look down on the

up in a swing, Up in the air so blue? Oh, I do think it the
over the wall, Till I can see so wide, Rivers and trees and
garden green, Down on the roof so brown Up in the air I go

pleasantest thing Ever a child can do!
cattle and all Over the country side.
flyling again, Up in the air and down.
HUSH-A-BYE, BABY

OLD RHYME

Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,

When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, cradle and all.
CHOOSING SHOES

FFRIDA WOLFE

Doh-G Fast

1. New shoes,
2. Buckle shoes,
3. Bright shoes,

Tell me, what would you choose, If they'd let us buy?
Strap-py, cap-py low shoes, Let's have some to try.
Haps a lit-tle tight shoes, Like some? so would I.

PERCY G. SAUNDERS
But, Flat shoes, fat shoes,
Stump-a-long-like-that shoes, Wipe-them-on-the-
mat shoes, That's the sort they'll buy.
SONG FOR A BALL GAME

WILFRID THORLEY

PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Doh$\begin{align*}
\text{Quickly} \\
\text{1. Bounce ball! Bounce ball!} \\
\text{2. Bounce ball! Bounce ball!} \\
\text{3. Bounce ball! Bounce ball!} \\
\text{One two three. Underneath my right leg} \\
\text{Fast you go. Underneath my left leg} \\
\text{You can't stop. Right leg and left leg} \\
\text{round about my knee. Bounce ball!} \\
\text{round about my toe. Bounce ball!} \\
\text{Round them both you hop. Bounce ball!}
\end{align*}$
Bounce ball! Bird or bee.  
Bounce ball! Butter fly.  
Bounce ball! Shy white dove.  

Flying from the rose-bud Up into the tree.  
Flying from the rose-bud Up into the sky.  
Tell me how to find him, My own true love.
CENTRE OF INTEREST—THE HOME

V. HEALTH IN THE HOME

The Sick Doll
Drawing in Outline of Picture No. 7 in the Portfolio

"Physical welfare is the foundation upon which mental training should be placed."

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HEALTH IN THE HOME

Description of Picture No. 7.—The picture shows the children’s nursery or playroom. Notice the pictures on the wall, illustrative of childish subjects, and the case of brightly coloured books. On the floor a cat is engaged in washing one of her kittens.

The two children, Peggy and John, have made a bed for their doll in the armchair. They have tied up her head and put her to bed, propped up by a pillow. Peggy is dressed as a nurse, with cap and apron. She has evidently been administering medicine from the bottle on the floor, for she holds a spoon in one hand and the doll’s wrist in the other. A cup and saucer by the bottle suggest that the patient is on a light diet. John is the doctor. He wears spectacles and is dressed in an overcoat and scarf. Laying his top hat upon the floor, he advances to the doll with a stethoscope.

The frieze for the classroom wall is made up of a cat and a kitten. Drawings in outline for tracing these figures are given. One half of the children will require whole sheets of drawing paper, each with a tracing of the cat, the others will need half sheets with a tracing of the kitten. Let the children make their own choice of colour for their cats and kittens. The children should first moisten the paper with a brush filled with clean water. After colouring, the children may cut out their sections along the guiding lines, so that they may be mounted on the back of a strip of wall paper.

LANGUAGE AND SPEECH TRAINING

Conversation on Picture No. 7.—The children should freely describe and discuss the picture. To stimulate thought and observation, and to bring to the notice of the children any points overlooked, the teacher may make some of the following suggestions:—1. Tell what is in the armchair. 2. Tell why the doll is put to bed. 3. Tell why you think her head is tied up. 4. Give a name to the doll. 5. Tell how Peggy is dressed. 6. Tell what Peggy pretends to be. 7. Tell how John is dressed. 8. Tell whom John pretends to be. 9. Tell where John has left his hat. 10. What is this kind of hat called? 11. Do doctors usually put their hats on the floor? Where do they put them? 12. John holds an instrument by which a doctor can hear a person’s heart beating. To whose heart does John pretend to listen? 13. Tell what is in the bottle on the floor. 14. Tell why Peggy holds a spoon. 15. Tell what may be in the cup on the floor. 16. What is the mother cat doing to her kitten? 17. Tell what the picture on the left of the wall shows. 18. Say the rhyme: Humpty Dumpty,—see Index. 19. Tell what the middle picture shows. 20. Say the rhyme: Sing a Song of Sixpence,—see Index. 21. Tell what the last picture shows. 22. Tell what you see in the border under the picture.

FOR CHILDREN FROM FIVE TO SIX

“The child’s interests appear first of all in the form of play.”

Play.—Let the children mime actions and imitate sounds based on the picture:—1. Play at nursing a sick doll. 2. Put dolly to bed. 3. Tie up dolly’s head. 4. Fetch dolly some nice medicine. 5. Play at being the doctor. 6. Play at listening to dolly’s breathing. 7. Feel dolly’s pulse. 8. Speak like pussy. 9. Speak like kitty. 10. Speak like the blackbirds in the pie.

Matching colours.—Let the children select from their boxes of beads, papers, wool, silk or other material, the colours to match some of those seen in Picture No. 7.—Peggy’s blue frock, John’s brown coat, the yellow
part of the wall, the green part of the wall, 
the red in the border, the white cats and 
kittens, the brown floor.

The children can paint a sheet of paper 
yellow to represent the wall, and when the 
colour is still moist add blue to one half of 
it and so make the lower part of the wall 
green. Such work on a big scale is well 
suited to the use of rag and colour,—see 
page 111. When the colour is dry let the 
children put a row of red spots across the 
top part of the wall.

**Missing words.**—Say such sentences as 
the following for the children to supply 
the missing words:

1. Peggy had a sick ——— (doll).
2. Peggy sent for the ——— (doctor).
3. Peggy put her doll to ——— (bed).
4. She made a bed in a ——— (chair).
5. She tied a handkerchief round dolly's ——— (head).
6. Peggy gave her some ——— (medicine)
7. The doctor's name was ——— (John).
8. The cat has two ——— (kittens).
9. The cat is washing one ——— (kitten).

**Word building.**—Where a phonic system 
of teaching reading is practised, word 
building can be done in connection with 
the picture. Print on the blackboard the 
name of a conspicuous object; e.g., cat. 
Let the children then select from their 
boxes the letters to make cat. They can 
then make other similar words; e.g., mat, 
sat, bat, fat, rat,—and so forth. Deal in 
the same way with other words; e.g., cup, kit, 
spoon, book, tail, doll, bed. Some of the 
name words which may be too difficult 
for the Fives at the moment, can be printed 
on cards with a suitable picture and put 
in the Card Dictionary: e.g., nurse, doctor, 
bottle, chair.

**A “Yes and No” game.**—Draw on the 
blackboard a jug with a fly on the top of 
it. In this game the children answer either 
Yes or No:—1. Is that a jug? Yes. 2. Is 
the fly in the jug? No. 3. Is the fly under 
the jug? No. 4. Is the fly on the jug? 
Yes. 5. Is the fly drinking milk? No. 
6. Does the fly drink milk? Yes. 7. Has 
the fly only two legs? No. 8. Has the fly 
only four legs? No. 9. Has the fly six legs? 
Yes. 10. Should the fly drink the milk? 
No. 11. Should we drink the milk? Yes.

**Number.**—The children can set out the 
correct number of counters, buttons, bricks, 
sticks, etc., to correspond with the number 
of various things seen in Picture No. 7, or 
with the number of objects obtained from 
the doll's house:—3 pictures on the wall; 
1 cat and 2 kittens in the picture; 3 and 3, 
or 2 and 2 and 2, or 1 and 5, or 2 and 4 cats 
in the border; 6 times 2 cats and kittens in 
the border; 1 cup, 1 saucer and 1 bottle. 
The 4 legs of the kittens can be plainly 
seen in the border, also the tails, ears, and 
eyes of the cats; all these can be utilised in 
the number lesson. Count out 6 children 
for cats and 6 for kittens; let them mew 
together, individually, in pairs and so on. 
The children can make 6 tiny plasticine 
balls, 1 for each kitten in the border. Set 
the balls out in a row; 1 ball rolls away; 
2 go away; 3 go away—and so on.

**FOR CHILDREN OVER SIX**

**Flash Cards.**—The use of these reading 
Cards is explained on page 14. The follow-
ing sentences might be written on strips 
of card:—

1. Peggy has a pretty doll.
   The doll is sick.
   Peggy puts dolly to bed.
   She makes a bed in a chair.

2. Peggy ties up dolly's head.
   Dolly has the toothache.
   Peggy sends for the doctor.
   John is the doctor.
3. The doctor orders medicine.
The medicine is in the bottle.
Peggy is the nurse.
Peggy gives the medicine in a spoon.

4. The cat has two kittens.
It is a tabby cat.
The tabby cat is washing one kitten.
The other kitten is looking at us.

is the doctor going to do? 10. What happened to Humpty Dumpty? 11. What happened when the king cut the pie?

Missing words.—Write several sentences on the blackboard or preferably on cards, and let the children rewrite the sentences adding the missing words:—

1. Peggy is dressed like a — (nurse).
2. John pretends to be the — (doctor).
3. Dolly is put to bed in the — (armchair).
4. Dolly’s head is tied with a — (handkerchief).
5. The nurse is going to give Dolly some — (medicine).
6. The cat has two — (kittens).
7. One of the kittens is being — (washed).
8. The cat washes her kitten with her — (tongue).

Children who are unable to spell the words required to fill the gaps should be allowed to look for them in the Scrapbook Dictionary.

Rhyming words.—Write on the blackboard the following words printed in italics, and let the children suggest other words having the same sound and end-form to add to each:—

1. kitten, mitten, bitten.
2. chair, pair, fair, hair.
3. wall, ball, stall, fall, call, hall.
4. nurse, purse, verse, worse.
5. floor, poor, door.

There are many easier words which can be used in the same way; e.g., cat, kit, book,
Trace-Out for Frieze—Cat
Trace this Drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 7.
pot. Let the children write all the words in their own Word Books.
Read aloud these incomplete rhymes and let the children suggest the final words:—

1. A birdie with a yellow bill
   Hopped upon a window —— (*sill*).

2. He comes with mother up the stair,
   And by my bed he takes a —— (*chair*).

3. I know a funny little man,
   As quiet as a mouse,
   Who does the mischief that is done
   In everybody’s —— (*house*).

**What is wrong in these groups?**—For this exercise write each group of words on the blackboard or on Flash Cards. The children write down (or name) the word that does not belong to its group:—

1. doctor, grocer, ship, sailor, policeman.
2. father, mother, sister, brother, kitten.
3. glass, iron, tin, lead, steel.
4. oak, holly, chestnut, butter, ivy.
5. tea, water, milk, cocoa, bread.

**Flash Cards—reading and doing.**—Print the following directions on strips of card; exhibit each card in turn for a few seconds to the class, and let the children take turns in carrying out the directions. Teacher draws on the blackboard an oval to represent a cat’s body when the cat is sitting upright:—

1. Draw a ring for the cat’s head.
2. Give the cat two ears.
3. Give the cat two eyes.
4. Give the cat a mouth and whiskers.
5. Give the cat a nose.
6. Give the cat a tail.

This is a capital game which rouses interest and induces children to read rapidly and accurately. Other creatures and objects can be treated in a similar way; e.g., mouse, horse, fowl, scooter, motor car, wheelbarrow, ship, etc.

**Incorrect speech—“doesn’t” and “isn’t.”**
In connection with Picture No. 7, sentences can be framed which require an answer including either *doesn’t* or *isn’t*.

The teacher asks, “Does your dolly come to school?”
The child replied, “My dolly doesn’t come to school.”
The teacher asks, “Is Humpty Dumpty a big boy?”
The child answers, “Humpty Dumpty isn’t a big boy.”

Exercises of this kind help children to avoid using *don’t* and *ain’t*:—


**Reading and drawing.**—Write on cards directions for drawing, and distribute the cards among the children:—

1. Draw a blue bottle.
   Make one half purple.
   Put in a red cork.

2. Colour all your paper yellow for a wall.
   Make one half green.
   Put red pictures on the wall.

3. Colour one half of your paper blue for the sky.
   Colour the other half red for a wall.
   Put a brown cat on the top of the wall.

**Writing messages.**—Let the Sevens write a letter to Doctor Smith asking him to come to their house because their doll or puppy is ill. Remind the children to finish the letter with the formal words *I am*, etc.,—see page 69. In an early lesson of this kind the teacher might, with the children’s help, write a model letter to Mr. Jones the plumber asking him to come to mend a burst water pipe:—
Dear Mr. Jones,

Will you please call at my house to see about a water pipe which has burst.

I am, 
Yours truly,

It should be remembered that children take great pleasure in writing short letters about things in which they are interested, and there is probably no better exercise in written composition that can be given to children than letter writing.

Things which help us to keep tidy.—On the blackboard draw outlines of the illustrations of objects shown below. Let the children tell how each thing is used to keep us tidy.

Comb
Soap
Blacking
Clothes Brush
Toothbrush
Bowl of Water
Hair Brush
Needle and Cotton
Scissors
Riddles—Who am I?—Write on cards or say:—

1. I am white.
   I am good to drink.
   Baby likes me.
   Who am I?
   (Answer—Milk.)

2. I am a tiny insect.
   I come into your house.
   I have six legs and two wings.
   I say “Buzz.”
   Who am I?
   (Answer—Fly.)

3. I live in a bottle.
   I make your skin brown.
   Mother puts me on a cut knee.
   Who am I?
   (Answer—Iodine.)

ACTIVITIES AND CONSTRUCTIVE WORK

Classroom project—Health and hygiene.—This project is a continuation of the one described in the previous Section on page 179. In connection with the care of dolls, children learn to appreciate the value of cleanliness, fresh air and rest for little ones. The children soon learn to talk to their dolls and enquire if they have washed their hands, faces and teeth. Generally, the child insists that the doll has not done so, and bowls of water and paper towels may be provided with which the children may wash their dolls, but care must be taken that the dolls are not spoilt by the use of too much water.

The dolls may be dressed in clean clothes, washed on the doll’s washing day, and their hair tidied. Their beds and perambulators may need repairing by the boys. Their bedding and cushions should be shaken, and the sheets and covers washed. The dolls may be put to rest in their beds or perambulators, or on chairs, with low pillows and light warm covering. The Fives may tear paper or rag to fill pillow cases made by the older ones. The dolls may be taken for an airing if weather permits.

Some children may wish to turn part of the classroom into a hospital or sick room. The girls can act as nurses, dressed as shown in Picture No. 7, and put their dolls to bed. The boys may act as doctors,—feel the patients’ pulses and affect to look at their tongues. Some dolls, supposed to be suffering from injuries, can be bandaged. When the dolls are supposed to be getting better, they can be dressed and propped up in a warm place.

Guessing games.—The children sit round in a ring with the teacher in the centre. The children are asked to think of all the things they need in order to be clean, and in turn to name one thing which has not been said before. If a child cannot think of the name of something before the teacher counts ten, he is out. The last one left in wins the game.

The game can be repeated for the names of foods good to eat.

Paper cutting—Doctor.—The Fives can tear or cut paper to make the doctor’s hat, his bag, a tumbler, a watch and an apple.

Stick laying—Health.—The Fives can make pictures of a brush and comb (Figs. 1a and 1b), a doctor’s bag (Fig. 2), a toothbrush (Fig. 3), and a bath and towel (Figs. 4a and 4b), with sticks of various lengths.

Paper picture—the Health Poster.—Several children can help to make a poster of this type, which is of fairly large size, mounted on a piece of cardboard. First paste on
the cardboard a plain coloured paper for the wall and a piece of wall paper for the floor. Draw a guiding line in pencil about 1 in. from the top of the wall and stick on alternate squares of white and coloured paper for the frieze. The teacher should draw out the child's head and shoulders on pink paper, as shown in the sketch. Cut out the head and stick it on, then add a triangle of red for the mouth, and the eyes and hair of brown paper. (Tiny children could make a pastel drawing of the child's head and shoulders, and cut it out complete.) Make the towel rack of four strips of brown paper, two strips being longer with little feet. Cut out the towel from white paper and paste it over the rack. Stick strips of dark paper round the edge of the card to make a border. The words MY BATH printed on white paper may be pasted on the wall of the bathroom.
Plastic model—brush and comb.—For the brush take two balls of clay or coloured plasticine. Make one into a roll for the handle and the other into an oval for the back of the brush. Take another ball of white or yellow plasticine and flatten it into an oval a little narrower than the back of the brush, but thicker. Join the parts, flatten the handle and pinch it where it joins to the back. Mark the bristles on the white plasticine with the point of a modelling tool.

For the comb take two “worms” of clay or plasticine, one a little longer and thicker than the other. Flatten the larger “worm” slightly to make the handle. Flatten the smaller “worm” and cut the teeth with the modelling tool. Join the parts together.

Paper model—mirror.—The Fives can make a mirror from a piece of tinfoil. Smooth out the tinfoil, fold it double and cut out the required shape—square or oblong. Open the tinfoil, seccotine it thickly on the dull side and stick it to a piece of brown paper. Seccotine or some other strong adhesive must always be used when sticking tinfoil. Cut the brown paper to leave a margin all round. The mirror is hung by wool stuck on the back by pieces of paper.

Plastic model—jug and bowl.—Make the bowl from a ball of clay or plasticine. Hollow the ball with the thumb and work up the sides with the fingers. Start the jug from a slightly larger ball. Roll it slightly, then pinch it in to make the neck.

In the same way as for the bowl, hollow the top of the jug and work up the rim and spout with the fingers. Add a “worm” for the handle.

Paper model—bed.—Take a strip of paper about 11 in. by 2 in. and fold into 8 sections. Open it out and number the sections 1 to 8.
To decorate the bed, the older children may paste a cut-out design, or make crayon drawings, on sections 2 and 7. To make up the bed, fold back the two ends on the same side along the creases marked by the heavy dotted lines in the diagram. Paste sections 2 and 3 and 6 and 7 together. Turn under a small flap for standing, and cut out the legs. Make a tissue paper pillow and a crépe paper coverlet, and paste these to the bed.

Push four skewers or kindergarten sticks through the holes and turn the lid so that the sides point downwards. Make the legs of even length and fix them in position by lumps of clay or plasticine underneath the bed. Make four little balls of clay or plasticine, fix them to the top of the bedposts and stretch a double piece of cotton or wool between them at the head and foot of the bed.

Cardboard model—wardrobe.—Take a rectangular box, remove the lid, and cover the outside with oak wall paper. Take the rim off the lid, cut it in half lengthways and cover both sides of each half with similar wall paper. Attach each half of the

Cardboard model—bed.—Take a shallow lid or box and pierce a hole at each corner,—the teacher or an older child may do this.
lid to one long front edge of the box by
3 strips of paper or passe-partout on the
inside. When sticking on the strips lay
the box sideways with the lid alongside,
and leave till the gum is dry before attaching
the other side. Push a shoe button in each
half of the door to serve as a handle and
fasten it on the inside with a piece of match
stick.

**Raffia work mat.**—Take three long
strands of differently coloured raffia or
thick wool and knot them together at one
end. One child can hold the knot while
another plaits the raffia tightly and evenly.
Lay it flat on the table, make up the raffia
into an oval shape and stitch it into position
with a needle and cotton. Press the mat
with the hand now and then to prevent its
cockling up. Pleasing combinations of colour
are green, fawn and black; or blue, mauve
and black. The children should be encour-
egaged to choose harmonious colours for their
mats.

**Model with odds and ends—washstand.**
A washstand may be made out of two
match boxes and some cardboard. Stick
the two match boxes together side by side.
Then draw out two squares of card, the
sides being the length of the boxes. Paste
the squares of card on each side to form
the side legs. Insert brown shoe buttons
or paper fasteners as handles to the drawers,
and if liked, cover the fronts with oak wall
paper. Now draw round the shape of the
top of the two match boxes on stiff paper.
Cut out the shape, allowing a narrow edge
at each side and a wider edge at the back.
Cut the corners as shown in the diagram.

**Model with odds and ends—chest of
drawers.**—Take six or nine match boxes
and gum them together as shown in the
diagram. Cover them with oak wall paper
and gum the whole to the lid of a box about
the same size as the base of the boxes.
Push the eye of a shoe button in the front
of each drawer and fasten it securely inside
with a piece of match stick.
Draw and paint small squares in the middle portion. Bend up the edges and paste. Then paste the top to the match boxes, and the washstand is complete.

Model with odds and ends—"Shock-Headed Peter."—An attractive "Shock-Headed Peter" (see page 233) can be made from an ordinary clothes peg, some wool and crêpe paper. Choose a peg with a round head and paint a face on the side of the head directly above the slit. Cut two long, narrow strips of coloured crêpe paper, paste the ends and wind one round each leg of the clothes peg. Cut a rectangle of paper for the tunic, paste one short end and gather it round the neck of the peg, making the opening at the back. Cut a square of differently coloured paper, paste along one edge and gather it up round the neck of the peg to form a cape. For the hair, wind a length of wool round two fingers, slip it off and cut the ends, thus making strands of equal length. Gum the head thickly at the back and top and lay the ends of the strands upon it, beginning low down at the back and working forward. Press the strands close to the head, adding more gum when necessary. Trim the ends of the wool when the gum is dry.

Co-operative group model—bedroom.—The furniture described in this section may be used to furnish a bedroom, made from a hat box in the same way as described on page 17. A door and window, as described for the kitchen, should be put in the bedroom, and the walls papered with floral wall paper, or with plain paper and a frieze. Plain wall paper to tone is required for the floor, to represent linoleum. The walls can be hung with a mirror and one or two cut-out pictures.

NATURE STORIES

THE SPONGE

The sponge is a right good fellow, so gentle and soft, and such a help to a child in his washing.

In the days when you were very little, the sponge lived down at the bottom of the deep blue sea. He was a very wonderful little creature, because he had no legs, and yet he could stand, for he grew on a stone. He had neither eyes nor ears, neither arms nor hands, and yet God knew how to feed him. For he had not one mouth, but many hundreds of mouths, and with these he swallowed the salt water. All day and all night he drank it in and spluttered it out again, and that was all he had to do.

From the very tiny animals in the sea water the sponge built up hundreds of little holes and threads arranged round many tubes, so that they could swallow the water
quickly. The little holes and threads grew together like a delicate web.

When the sponge had grown big enough, there came a fisherman in his boat, carrying a long pole with a fork at the end of it. With this he hooked the sponge and drew him up from the bottom of the sea. On shore he washed him well, and dried him in the sun.

When the sponge had been well cleaned himself he was fit to wash others, kings and queens, lords and ladies, and you children too.

Richard Wagner.

OUR DEADLY ENEMIES

(Life Story of the House Fly.)

If you were to meet a poisonous snake or a fierce lion, how quickly you would run away, or kill it if you could. You would not stop to wonder whether it was dangerous or not. Yet there are some creatures we meet every day, who are just as dangerous as a snake or a lion. Many people take little notice of them, because they do not believe that they are harmful. These enemies are flies.

Flies love dirt and everything that is evil-smelling and bad. They will settle on manure heaps, on the wounds of animals and in dustbins. Then from these horrid places the flies will come into our houses and walk over our food and clothes, bringing with them specks of filth, and germs of disease.

A fly's body, as you know, is covered with hairs which pick up dirt and germs. You have often seen a fly walk upside-down on a ceiling. Its feet are specially made so that it is able to do this. Each of its six feet have two little claws between which are two hairy pads. From the hairs comes out a sticky stuff, which is just strong enough to make the fly able to cling anywhere. These sticky feet also pick up the dirt on which the fly settles. You will often see a fly brushing its eyes and face with its legs, and smoothing its wings; but though it tries to be clean, it leaves the dirt behind on the place where it has stood.

A fly, too, has a dirty way of feeding. It cannot chew hard things, but can only suck up food through a tube which serves as a mouth, and which it keeps folded under its head. When a fly rests on a lump of sugar it pours out some watery stuff from its mouth. The watery stuff takes up some of the sugar, and then the fly can suck up the sweet juice.

It is difficult to know how to get rid of flies. They are very hard to catch. This is because they have huge eyes, like windows with thousands of panes each facing a slightly different way. With these big eyes a fly can see on all sides and be ready to escape from an enemy.

Country people catch flies on a sticky fly paper, which they hang from the ceiling of the kitchen. But besides being ugly things, with all the wriggling flies sticking to them, they rather attract flies to the room than keep them out.

Another way to kill flies is to spray them with some specially made stuff, which you can buy in bottles at the chemist's or grocer's shop. But you would need many
bottles if you set out to spray every fly in your house throughout the summer.

Even if you make up your mind to kill every fly you find in one of these ways, you will not have stopped the danger to your home, for the flies are sure to have settled and left their dirty footprints on something before you kill them, and their dead bodies are as dirty and dangerous as live ones.

The best way to get rid of flies is to stop them from laying eggs. Flies lay eggs in any sort of rubbish or filth. If you keep your house and yard swept and clean, if you cover your dustbin and keep your food in a safe, the flies will not be able to find places they like on which to lay eggs.

The eggs of a fly are laid in batches of many hundreds at a time. Each egg is whitish and oval, one-twentieth of an inch long. The egg hatches into a small white maggot with no legs. The maggot is very hungry and feeds greedily on the dirty matter on which the egg was laid. When it has eaten enough, the maggot changes into a pupa, as a caterpillar does. The pupa of a fly is a dark, red barrel about one half of an inch long. Inside the barrel the maggot changes into a fully grown fly, which, after some days, breaks off the end of the barrel and comes out. Flies do not like the cold, and many a fly lives through the winter as a pupa. A wise housewife will do her spring cleaning early in the year, so that she gets rid of all the resting flies before they come out in the warm weather.

All flies come out fully grown, so you must not think when you see a small fly that it is a baby one. There are many different kinds of flies, and they are of different sizes. You can always know a true fly because it has six legs like other insects, and only two wings, with no wing cases.

Kate Lay.

Flash Cards—flies.—Children cannot too early learn something of the danger of flies. They can learn a good deal about them from actual observation, and although little children should not be encouraged to kill flies, they can be told how to keep them from swarming about the house. The children who are told about the habits of flies are almost sure to tell their parents about them, and where parents are indifferent to the danger of flies, the children may help them to consider the matter. Prepare a set of Flash Cards dealing with flies, and from time to time use them for the children’s reading:

1. Flies are insects.
   Flies are covered with hairs.
   Flies are dirty creatures.
   Flies carry dust on their feet.

2. Flies lay eggs in dirty places.
   Flies like to live in dustbins.
   Flies hate clean places.
   We must sweep our yards clean.

3. Flies like milk.
   Flies leave dirt in the milk.
   The dirt may make us ill.
   We must cover up our milk jugs.

THE FLIES AND THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

This is the housewife well and sound,
That left the kitchen refuse upon the ground,
That attracted the fly a-buzzing round,
That laid her eggs in a little mound,
That hatched into maggots, all fat and round,
That fed on the filth their mother had found,
That sheltered the pupa,
That became the fly,
That carried the germs,
That poisoned the milk,
That killed the babe,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

Dr. Edmund Smith.
STORIES TO READ OR TELL

THE SUN AND THE ROSES

A LONG time ago there was a garden of beautiful white roses.

One day the sun looked down into the rose garden and said to himself, "Here is some work for me to do. Those roses are very beautiful flowers, but I can make them even more beautiful."

So he called out to the roses growing on their bushes: "Good morning, dear roses. You look very sweet and clean in your white dresses, but I will make you ever so much prettier. I will colour your dresses with my warm rays, if you will only lift up your faces so that I can shine on them."

Some little roses were far too shy to look up to the bright sunshine, and they kept their heads bowed low. Others lifted up their dear little faces, and soon felt the sunshine warming them, till they felt quite hot.

All day long the sun shone on the rose garden, and by the afternoon the sun smiled happily to see the result of his day’s work. The garden was now full of white, pink and red roses.

The white ones were those that had shyly kept their heads down; the pink ones were those that had been shaded a little by the others, and the red roses were those that the sun had shone on the most.

At sunset, when the sun began to sink in the west, he said, "Good night, dear little roses." And they softly replied, "Good night, dear sun. Thank you for giving us such beautiful dresses."

H. J. Tubbs.

NATURE’S BATH

A BIG cloud was sailing in the sky. He looked down on the earth and saw that everything was very dusty. All the flowers were drooping their heads. "I know what I will do," said the cloud. "I will give all the earth a good wash."

So the cloud sailed along looking for someone to turn him into raindrops. Presently he saw a little hillock. "Little hillock, do turn me into raindrops, please. I want to wash the flowers and animals, the houses and streets."

"I can’t," said the little hillock. "Go along to my big brother over there, he’ll do it for you."

So the cloud hurried along until he came to a high hill. "Please high hill, will you turn me into raindrops, if I come down lower? I want to wash the earth and make it fresh and clean."

"Yes," said the hill, "come along." The cloud dropped lower and the hill was kind enough to turn him into spattering raindrops.

"Oh, look!" said the thirsty flowers, "here come the raindrops. Let us hold up our heads and let them freshen us."

"Hurrah!" cried the leaves, "how clean we shall be after this shower."

"Moo, moo," said a cow in a field, "my coat will be nice after this lovely rain bath."

"Baa," said a little lamb to its mother, "this rain is making my coat very heavy."

"Never mind," said mother-sheep. "It will soon dry and you will feel ever so much cleaner."

Soon the rain stopped. A tiny robin flew down from a tree, and found a little pool that the rain had made in a garden. He splashed about in it and ruffled his feathers.

"Tweet, tweet, that was a lovely bath," said the robin.
"Come again another day, Mr. Rain, and give us all a good wash."

W. M. Fox.

TOO-TIMID AND HIS LITTLE MAT

TOO-TIMID was a little man who lived in a new little house in the Winkle-Tinkle Wood.

He had a mat which he laid down—one-two-three; a clock which he wound up—four-five-six; and a cap which he put upon his head whenever he went to market.

One night, as Too-Timid slept on his little mat in front of the fire, he had a perfectly horrid dream. The dream was all about having to work and work and work all the time, without ever having any fun. And when Too-Timid woke up in the morning he felt as tired as tired could be.

All day long he was sighing and yawning; and when he went to market he walked as slow as slow; and when he walked home again his head went nid-nid-nod as he went.

So when bed time came he was quite glad. And he lay down on his little mat, and quite soon fell asleep.

Alas, he had just the same kind of dream! All night long he dreamt of work, work, work, and never of having any fun. So when he woke in the morning he felt as tired as tired could be. And the third night
was just as bad; indeed, it was a little bit worse. Too-Timid was quite glad to wake up in the morning, so horrid had been his dreams.

"Alas!" cried Too-Timid, "I cannot think what has happened, that night after night I should have dreadful dreams as I lie asleep on my little mat."

Then his little mat spoke up and answered. And it said: "Master, I am tired of lying in front of the fire every day and every night. I want to have an adventure."

"Goodness, gracious me!" cried Too-Timid, with his eyes as round as round; "is it you who have made me dream so badly? And pray, how can an adventure come into my little house?"

"It never will," said the little mat. "So I must go away and seek for one. And when I have had an adventure I shall be quite happy."

Then Too-Timid considered and considered; and he saw that life would be dreadful without his little mat; but at the same time he felt that it ought to go.

So at last he said: "Very well; you may go away in search of adventure. But do not wander too far, lest you should never find your way back to my little house."

Then the little mat asked: "And how long may I be absent, master?"

"Until you have an adventure," said Too-Timid; "but do not stay away too long, lest you should forget the way back to my little house."

Then the little mat shot out two little brown legs and ran away. And in a moment it was gone.

So at night Too-Timid sat on the floor by the fire and looked up at his little clock, and thought about his little mat. And he sang this song:

"I plainly see it had to go,
And yet I miss it ever so."

I'll like to count up one-two-three,
And try to bring it back to me."

But the little mat didn't come back. And Too-Timid slept all night on the floor, and had just any kind of dream.

Now, the next day the little mat did not come back, nor the day after, nor the day after. And Too-Timid kept on sitting on the floor to eat his porridge, and sleeping on the floor o' nights. And he kept on having any kind of dream.

At last a whole week was past, and the little mat had not come back. When Too-Timid listened to his little clock it seemed to him that it said, "Tick-tock, tick-tick, where has it gone?" Too-Timid began to feel dreadfully frightened; and he looked out of the window, and he looked out from the door. But he could not see anything of his little mat.

Then one evening as he was bringing in some wood for the fire he heard something go slithery-slishy. And when he shut the door he saw that the little mat was lying in front of the fire.

"Hurrah, hurrah!" cried Too-Timid. And he asked, "Pray, have you had your adventure, my little mat?"

And the little mat replied, "Yes, master, I have had one, and I am quite happy to come home to this dear little house, for I have discovered that it is the nicest place in the whole world."

Then Too-Timid said, "Tell me your adventure."

But the little mat said, "As you sleep at night I will tell you about it in your dreams. And you will have the most wonderful dreams that were ever dreamt."

And that is just exactly what the little mat did. Too-Timid may be asleep now, for all I know, listening to the wonderful adventures of the little mat.

Agnes Grozier Herbertson.
MORE than a hundred years ago a little girl was born in the beautiful city of Florence in far-away Italy. She was named Florence because she was born in Florence. Her other name was Nightingale. You might have thought that Florence should have become a famous singer, as her name was Nightingale, but instead she became a fine nurse, the finest nurse England has ever known. All the world has heard of Florence Nightingale.

Florence was brought up in England in a lovely country house. Her father was a rich man, so little Florence had pretty clothes to wear, beautiful dolls and toys to play with, and all the nice things for which a little girl could wish. Then, as she grew older, Florence was taught by clever teachers. She learned to sing and play delightfully, to speak French and other languages, to ride a horse, and do everything that a rich lady can do.

Everybody expected that Florence would remain in her beautiful home, until she married some rich gentleman. But this was not Florence’s wish at all. She did not want to live like a fine lady and do no work. She did not want to marry a rich man,
While Florence was still a little girl, she had made up her mind to become a nurse and work hard for sick people. Little Florence started nursing with her dolls. Often the dolls fell ill. They had measles, scarlet fever, and bad colds. So Florence put her dolls to bed carefully, brought them beef tea, jellies, and hot milk. Accidents often happened to the unlucky dolls; sometimes a doll would break its leg or its arm, perhaps hot water would scald it, or it would get badly burned. Then Florence would tear up strips of linen and bandage the broken arm with a splint, and put the arm in a sling tied round the doll's neck. She would find out what ought to be done to make burns and scalds better, and then she would cure her dolls.

Once when Florence was riding her pony in the country she found a shepherd's dog that had hurt its leg badly. She was riding that day with a kind clergyman who showed her how to soak a cloth in hot water and put it on the dog's leg to make the pain better. Florence went on nursing the dog every day, till its leg was quite well. The dog knew that the little girl was making it better, and it would lick her hands to show how thankful it was. Florence loved all animals and would try to make friends with wild creatures in the woods. She tamed squirrels by dropping nuts behind her for them to eat.

It was not only dolls and animals that were nursed and loved. Above all things Florence liked to visit the sick and the poor people who lived near her beautiful home. She took them jellies, grapes and other nice things which people should have when they are ill. As she grew from a little girl to be a young lady, Florence would tell her father and mother that all she wished for was to become a nurse. Her father and mother were shocked. In those days rich young ladies were expected to stay at home, wear beautiful clothes, and do no work at all. It seemed to Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale a very dreadful thing that their dear child should see sad sights, and work hard with her soft white hands for poor sick people, and perhaps fall ill herself through nursing them. They could not bear to think that Florence should become tired with hard work, and that she should dress like a nurse instead of in pretty silk clothes. They did not want her to go away from them, and spend her life working day and night for poor creatures, suffering from all kinds of dreadful illnesses.

It was not until Florence was thirty-three years old, that at last her father and mother let her leave home and go to nurse sick people in London. Her relatives and friends were quite angry with Florence when she went to study nursing in hospitals in London and Paris. However, Florence went on learning more and more about nursing, and working harder and harder for the sick, until a dreadful war began.

This war was fought in a place called the Crimea, and was thus called the Crimean War. The British were fighting against the Russians. Dreadful things were happening to the wounded English soldiers. The wounded men were not being cared for, and many died because there was no one to nurse them. The English Government asked Florence to go to the Crimea to help the soldiers who were dying for want of nursing. At this time, no woman had ever been sent to nurse wounded soldiers. No one had ever thought of letting women care for the soldiers. The only nurses for soldiers had to be men, and there were not enough men nurses. Florence Nightingale took thirty-eight English nurses with her and went to the Crimea to help the wounded soldiers. Some people tried to stop her work. The doctors and army officers did not like women in the camp, and they did not wish her to do anything for the soldiers. Her relatives and friends tried to prevent her from going to the Crimea. But although Florence had such a tender heart for suffering, she was a woman with a strong will of her own. The soldiers wanted help very badly, and help them she would, no matter who tried to prevent it.
A STORY FROM HISTORY

Fortunately, Florence had a good deal of money of her own, and she spent it in buying things the soldiers wanted. She found the wounded soldiers were lying on the dirty floor because there were no beds for them; they had no suitable clothes, no soap, towels, or proper food. Florence not only spent her own money, but she wrote home to English ladies begging them to send food, clothes, medicines and other things. Day after day, week after week, and month after month this delicately brought up English lady worked long hours, even twenty hours a day, in caring for the wounded. She worked so hard and so long, that, when the war was over, Florence was never well again.

In London there is a statue of Florence Nightingale wearing her nurse’s dress and carrying a lamp in her hand. She has been called “The Lady of the Lamp,” and I will tell you why. When Florence was in hospital in the Crimea, at night after her long day of work was over, she would walk through the rows and rows of beds where the wounded soldiers lay, carrying a lamp in her hand. She went to see that the wounded men had all they needed. The soldiers were so thankful for her great goodness to them, that they would kiss her passing shadow as it fell on the pillow. They would most likely have had no bed and no pillow if the “Lady of the Lamp” had not worked with all her might to get them for the soldiers. They would have had no comfortable clothes, no fires, no hot water bottles, no care and no kindness if that brave lady had not set her strong will to make people obey her and give the wounded men the things they needed. Before Florence reached the hospital forty-two wounded men out of every hundred died, but after she had worked there for one winter, only two out of every hundred died.

When the war was over and the last wounded soldier had left the hospital, Florence came quietly back to England and reached home without being noticed on the journey. A special ship had been sent to bring her home, for everybody wished to show honour to the brave lady. But Florence did not wish to be thanked.

While she was taking a holiday rest in Scotland, Queen Victoria was also staying near her. The Queen invited Florence to come to see her. Then Florence told the Queen in what ways the soldiers could be better helped in times to come. Florence and the Queen were about the same age, and they talked about all that had been done so far, and how nurses and doctors might be trained, and hospitals built. A great deal of money was sent to Florence by people who admired her work. This money she used to build hospitals, and train nurses. She worked for the soldiers, too, so that they could be happy and healthy, and have clean and comfortable barracks, and proper rooms for games and amusements. Miss Florence Nightingale lived to be ninety years old. Her name will ever be remembered with thankfulness.

STORY AND RHYME

OUR HEN

Our hen went walking out one day,
With her tail perked up behind her,
A motor passed along that way.
And now we cannot find her.

NANCY was a black and white speckled hen, who lived on a green lawn in front of our house. Yellow railings and a yellow gate shut Nancy’s lawn from the road. There was a white lilac tree and a purple lilac tree by the lawn, and under
the lilac trees was Nancy’s house, painted yellow like the railings. A nice little bird bath stood near Nancy’s door, with fresh water in it for Nancy and any thirsty birds to drink. A leaden frog sat on the edge of the bird bath and from his mouth he threw up a sparkling jet of water which fell into the bath with a tinkling sound. Nancy belonged to two little girls, Ruth who was five years old, and Daisy who was six and a half.

“Where is our hen, Nancy?” said Ruth to Daisy one day.

“I can see her looking through the gate,” answered Daisy. “Now the naughty little thing is trying to get out under the gate.”

“Well,” cried Ruth, “if Nancy gets out in the road, she may be killed by a motor.”

Both little girls ran to the gate, and drew Nancy back.

“Squawk! Squawk! Squawk! Squawk!” shrieked Nancy, “I want to go out in the road!”

“Oh, you naughty Nancy,” said Daisy, “do you want to be killed?”

“Squawk! Squawk! Squawk!” screamed Nancy, “let me out!”

“You shall stop in your house for a bit, until you are good,” said Ruth.

So the two sisters put Nancy in her house and shut the door made of yellow railings. Nancy stuck her head through the bars, “Squawk! Squawk!” she shouted as loud as she could. “You go out in the road, and so will I. Squawk! Squawk!”

Now Nancy was a tame hen, and she played with the children every day. Ruth and Daisy were very kind and gentle with her, and so Nancy was like a spoiled child and wanted her own way. When the children brought Nancy her breakfast, her dinner, and her tea, Nancy did not always say “Thank you,” for she thought the children ought to bring her nice food. And sometimes Nancy scattered her dinner about with her feet and would not eat it.

“Come along, Ruth,” said Daisy, “let’s go to see if Nancy could push herself under the gate.”

So the children looked. There was rather a big space between the bottom of the gate and the ground.

“I know what to do,” said Ruth. “Let’s put bits of thorn bush along the bottom of the gate.” When this was done, Nancy could not possibly get underneath.

The children let Nancy out of her house again, and once more she set off for the gate, but now she could not push herself through the thorn branches.

“Now, Nancy, be a good hen, and we will bring your tea,” said Ruth. “You must never try to push under the gate again.”

Daisy shook her finger at Nancy. “Once you got out in the road,” she said, “you would soon be as dead as dead.” Nancy put her head on one side and looked at the children out of one small round eye.

“Cluck, cluck!” she said crossly. “I don’t believe it.”

The children ran off to get Nancy’s tea. Just then a postman came through the gate and pushed the thorn bushes out of the
way. Naughty Nancy at once ran to
the gate and began to push herself under it.
She wriggled and squirmed, and pushed and
pushed and pushed. At last she got through
into the road. Then she shook out her
feathers, and perked up her tail behind her,
and started walking up the road.

Ruth and Daisy came back with Nancy's
tea—little bits of lettuce, grains of barley,
and crumbs of cake. No Nancy on the
lawn! No Nancy in the little yellow house!
No Nancy drinking the water from the frog!
No Nancy anywhere! And the thorn bush
had been pushed back. The children looked
down the road. Just then a motor rushed
quickly by. Daisy and Ruth looked and
looked, but Nancy was never seen again.
When the children told their father about
it, he wrote these words on a piece of paper
with a black edge:

_In Memory of Our Hen Nancy_

"Our hen went walking out one day,
With her tail perked up behind her,
A motor passed along that way,
And now we cannot find her."

Sadly the children hung the black-edged
paper on the door of the little yellow house
that had been Nancy's.

_J. Bone._

## A PLAY

### THE DREAM

"Another basic interest of children for which
the school should provide an opening is the
love of acting."

This is a play for boys and girls of five
and six. It is particularly suitable for any
occasion connected with hygiene.

_People in the Play._—_The Boy. His Mother._
_Rabbit. Cat. Bird. Pig._
_Scene._—A bedroom.

_[Enter Mother dragging the boy who is
crying.]

_Boy._ I won't be washed, I won't be
washed, the soap gets in my eyes and the
towel is rough and hurts me.

_Mother._ You're a dirty little boy, and
the dream Fairies won't send you nice
dreams.

_[She puts him to bed and leaves him. He
goes to sleep and dreams. Enter
Rabbit and the boy sits up in bed.]

_Boy._ Hullo, little rabbit, do come and
play with me!

_Rabbit._ What! play with you? I wash
my fur every day, and I should get dirty
again if you come near me.

_Boy._ Oh! Do stay!

_Rabbit._ No, I'm off to my friends.
They're all clean.

_[Goes out. Enter Cat.]

_Boy._ Oh, pussy. I'm so lonely, will you
come and play with me?

_Cat._ I can't play with you. I wash my
face after my meals; you don't, because,
I can see some of your tea on your face
now. I don't want to play with you.

_[Goes out. Enter Bird.]

_Boy._ Oh dear! Little bird, nobody wants
to play with me, perhaps you will stay and
have a game.

_Bird._ Dear me, no! I'm in a hurry.
I've just seen a lovely little pool in
the garden and I am going to wash mys-
self all over in it. I can't stop another
minute.

_[Goes out. Enter Pig.]

_Boy._ What on earth are you doing
here?

_Pig._ I've come to have a game with
you.

_Boy._ But I don't want to play with
anyone as dirty as a pig.
**Pig.** Why not? You seem to like dirt. I thought we should get on very well together.

[The pig comes closer to the bed.]

**Boy.** Go away, go away. I don't like you!

[He begins to cry. The pig runs away. Enter Mother.]

**Mother.** Whatever's the matter, Tommy?

**Boy.** Oh, Mummy, I'm so frightened, I've had such a bad dream. A nasty old pig has been trying to make me play with him. NOW I see how horrid it is to be dirty. I will be washed before I go to bed to-morrow.

W. M. Fox.

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**SUGGESTIONS FOR A FULL PRODUCTION OF “THE DREAM”**

**Scenery and furniture.**—The permanent backcloth with door (see page 36), is required. A frieze pasted or sewn along the top of the backcloth and the addition of two or three paper pictures will suggest the interior of a room. The furniture required is a bed, made from two forms, and a chair.

**Costumes.**—The *Mother* wears a long apron with a bib. The *Boy* wears a pyjama suit. The animals all wear paper masks and bib-labels bearing their names. To make bib-labels see page 40.

The diagram opposite shows how to make the mask for the *Pig*; it is cut from stiff pink paper. The head (measuring 11 in. by 9 in.) is cut from folded paper to give two sides. The ears (measuring 5 in. in length) are cut out in the same way. The two head pieces are joined by a long strip of pink paper (17 in. by 5 in.). It is cut with notched edges. Cut out the various pieces of the mask and paint in the nostril with black paint; also sketch in the lines to mark the positions of the ear and eye.

Then cut the hole for the eye with a sharp knife. When this is done make up the mask as shown in the sketch. This shows the long strip of paper with the notched edges folded and smeared with gum. Measure the depth of the snout from the nostril end of the strip and fold it down at right angles. Press one side of the strip to one side of the paper head, beginning at the nose end,—note that the other end of the strip reaches a little way past the ears. When the gum is dry attach the other side of the paper head in the same way to the other side notches. Add the ears each side with gum. Lastly, add the tapes for tying the mask to the child's head. Two tapes are gummed at the back of the mask to tie behind, and two others are gummed under the pig's face to tie under the child's chin. These tapes are gummed on the inside of the mask and have extra small pieces of paper stuck over them to make the fastenings more secure. To make the pig's tail take a small piece of wire, bind it with pink paper and bend in a curl.
The mask for *Bird*, as shown in the plate *Costumes for “The Dream,”* is made from stiff brown paper. The height of the head is about 6 in., and the base, including the beak, 13½ in. Draw the head on double paper and cut it out. Stick the two sides together at the upper edge, leaving the base open to rest on the head. The tail is made from coloured paper, or newspaper coloured, folded like a fan. One end of the fan is closed and fixed with a fine wire loop at each end. Tape is passed through the loops and the tail is tied on round the waist. (See page 232.)

The mask for *Rabbit* is cut out of brown paper, as shown in Fig. G. The head (measuring 11 in. by 9 in.) and the ears (8 in. long) are cut on double paper. The long strip 15 in. long (5 in. wide at one end and 1 in. wide at the other) is cut out of single paper and notched at the edges.

![Mask for Rabbit](image)

The nose is then painted black and pieces of brown wool “whiskers” are gummed on each side of the face. The mask is now ready to make up as shown in Fig. H. The notched edges along one side of the long strip are folded and smeared with gum. The strip is then fixed to one side of the head, with the narrower end of the strip to the nose end. When the gum is dry, the other side of the head is attached in the same way. The ears are stuck on each side with gum, and the tapes for tying are gummed under the face to tie under the child’s chin. The attachment of the tape is strengthened by a piece of paper stuck over, as in Fig. L. The tail is made of cotton wool stuck to a string or tape tied round the waist.

The mask for *Cat* is made from a sheet of stiff black paper, about 11 in. by 9 in. If black paper cannot be obtained, heavy brown paper painted with black poster paint may be used; this is sold in jars, price from sixpence to one shilling, at all art dealers and some stationers. The cat mask is planned almost entirely in circular shapes, hence if the teacher uses a compass in drawing out the mask she will find her task simple. Fig. A shows the cat’s head drawn on the black paper—it is 10 in. wide and 8½ in. deep. Take the point of the compass a little to the right of the middle line to draw the right side of the face and a little to the left for the left side; then draw half a circle for the chin. Draw in the ears and complete the outline of the face. The details of the features are as follows: On the middle line 4½ in. down from the top of the head draw a triangle—this is pussy’s nose—and add two lines to suggest the bridge of it. The eyes are placed on a level
with the top of the bridge of the nose and are made with a compass each about 1 in. across; the outer corners are added in pencil. The upper lip of the mouth is based on two circles touching the middle line on each side. The lower part of the mouth is added in freehand. The drawing is now finished. It is folded down the middle line and cut out of double paper, to ensure that the two sides are alike. The eye holes, mouth, and triangle for the nose are carefully cut out, and the two lines making the bridge of the nose are snipped to give room for the child's nose when the mask is being worn. Pieces of black wool are gummed to the sides of the mouth to form whiskers. The inside of the ears and the lines round the mouth are painted with a grey water colour (mixed with Chinese white to give body to the paint). Finally, turn the mask face downwards and paste a little strip of green crêpe paper on each corner of the eyes (Fig. D), this will give a brilliant effect to the cat's eyes when the mask is worn. Fig. D also shows how to attach tapes to the mask. The tape is gummed inside the mask at the edge and a small piece of paper is gummed over the end to make it more secure.

The half plate shows the characters in the play in their costumes.

**Health slogans.**—The children may compose suitable health slogans to point the moral of this play; e.g.,—

1. **USE PLENTY OF SOAP AND WATER.**
2. **CLEAN TEETH ARE GOOD TEETH.**
3. **DO YOU WASH BEFORE YOU GO TO BED?**
4. **BRUSHED HAIR IS GLOSSY.**
5. **DO NOT BITE YOUR NAILS.**

These slogans may be boldly printed on cards, which are pasted or sewn to the backcloth.

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*Costumes for "The Dream"*
A RIDDLE

Thirty white horses upon a red hill,
Now they tramp, now they champ,
Now they stand still.

(Answer: Teeth.)

I use my head to stand upon,
And I use the ground to plant things on.
My raincoat's useful when it showers,
And my nose is good for smelling flowers.

Marchette Gaylord Chute.

EARLY TO BED

Early to bed,
Early to rise,
Makes a man healthy,
Wealthy and wise.

Old Rhyme.

USEFULNESS

I use my feet a lot for walking,
And I use my tongue a lot for talking.

SHOCK-HEADED PETER

Behold Shock-headed Peter,
This dreadful-looking creature!
He wouldn't let them cut his hair,
Or nails from off his fingers pare,
For nigh the span of one full year.
His friends, whene'er his name they hear,
Cry: "Ugh! You dirty creature!
Horrid Shock-headed Peter!"

Heinrich Hoffmann.

Note.—This rhyme will amuse the Sevens.
The teacher can read it to the class and
then let them draw their own picture of Peter. They will like to repeat the two last lines of the verse. The rhyme is useful for the practice of inflection. There is a model of Shock-headed Peter in the handwork section—page 219.

WHAT EVERY WISE CHILD SHOULD DO

If I want to be happy
And quick on my toes,
I must bite my food slowly
And breathe through my nose.

I must press back my shoulders,
And hold up my head,
And not close my window
When going to bed.

I must soap my bath-flannel,
And scrub all I know;
I must then take a towel
And rub till I glow.

I must never be idle,
And loll in my chair;
Or shout like a savage,
And act like a bear.

I must play and not fidget,
Read books and not flop;
Begin all with a purpose,
And know when to stop.

I must love what is noble,
And do what is kind;
I must strengthen my body
And tidy my mind.

Yes, if I would be healthy
And free from all cares,
I must do all I’ve told you,
And mean all my prayers.

Old Rhyme.

Play.—Let the children mime the actions connected with the rhyme:—1. Look happy. 2. Run on your toes. 3. Play at eating slowly. 4. Breathe through your nose. 5. Press back your shoulders. 6. Hold up your head. 7. Pretend to soap your flannel. 8. Pretend to wash your face. 9. Pretend to dry your face with a towel. 10. Loll in a chair. 11. Sit upright. 12. Fidget. 13. Sit still and read a book.

GRANNIE

When I fall and hurt my knee,
Then my mother says to me:
“Nothing much; it might be worse;
What a dreadful darn for nurse!
Let us wash it nice and clean,
Then we’ll get the iodine.”

But my Grannie says: “O, dear,
This is rather bad, I fear.
Does it hurt? Well, never mind,
I must see if I can find
Something that will do it good.
Do you think a sweetie would?”

Rose Fyleman.

Note.—This poem can be used as a basis for a useful talk on the care of cuts and bruises. Teacher might give directions and ask questions:—Fetch the iodine bottle. What colour is iodine? Put a drop on your finger. Does it hurt? What is it for? Why must you wash a cut knee? Is it better to have a sweetie or iodine for a cut knee? Is iodine good to drink? Why must you put a rag round a cut knee. Pretend dolly has cut her knee.

The poem is useful for the practice of inflection.

THE DOCTOR

He comes with mother up the stair.
And by my bed he takes a chair,
And says in such a twinkly way,  
"And how’s the invalid to-day?"

He sees my tongue, he sees my throat,  
He has a thing inside his coat  
With which he listens at my chest,  
And that is what I like the best.

He often makes me stay in bed  
When I would rather play instead;  
And gives me horrid things to take  
In bottles that you have to shake.

And yet I never really mind  
Because he is so very kind.  
Rose Fyleman.

Note.—This poem is specially suitable for reading with Picture No. 7. One child can pretend to be ill and another can act the part of the doctor. It is not advisable to teach children that medicine is horrid, for some medicine is pleasant, hence the word horrid in the poem can be altered to pleasant if the teacher wishes.

Tell all the things that doctor does when he comes to see you.

Rhyming words.—Let the children help to prepare lists of words that rhyme with stair, throat, chest, bed, take, mind.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

When I was sick and lay a-bed,  
I had two pillows at my head,  
And all my toys beside me lay  
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so  
I watched my leaden soldiers go,  
With different uniforms and drills,  
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets  
All up and down among the sheets;  
Or brought my trees and houses out,  
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still  
That sits upon the pillow-hill,  
And sees before him, dale and plain,  
The pleasant land of counterpane.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Reading preparation.—The first verse of this poem is suitable for reading preparation. The teacher can read the verse and the children can then arrange a sick doll in bed with toys laid about it. Print the verses in phrases on the blackboard and write word cards for a matching game. Next prepare two sets of cards with phrases for matching and later, write sentences on Flash Cards; e.g.,—1. I went to bed when I was sick. 2. At my head were two pillows. 3. On the bed mother put my toys. 4. I played with my toys. 5. The toys made me happy. 6. I was happy all the day.

JACK AND JILL

(This rhyme is set to music on page 239.)

Jack and Jill went up the hill  
To fetch a pail of water.  
Jack fell down and broke his crown,  
And Jill came tumbling after.

Up Jack got and home did trot,  
As fast as he could caper.  
He went to bed to mend his head,  
With vinegar and brown paper.

Jill came in and she did grin,  
To see Jack’s paper plaster.  
Her mother, vexed, did scold her next,  
For laughing at Jack’s disaster.

Old Rhyme.
Reading preparation.—The first two verses of this rhyme are well suited to reading preparation with the Fives. Let three children play the rhyme—Jack, Jill and mother. A waste-paper basket will do for a pail. Let the children select one or more of the scenes for drawing.

Print the first verse in phrases on the blackboard. Write word cards for a matching game, and, later, prepare two sets of cards with phrases for matching. A further stage is to write sentences on Flash Cards; e.g.,—
1. Up the hill went Jack. 2. Up the hill went Jill. 3. Both went up the hill. 4. They were told to fetch a pail of water. 5. Jack broke his crown when he fell down. 6. Jill fell down. 7. She came tumbling after Jack.

CURLY LOCKS

(This rhyme is set to music on page 241.)

Curly Locks! Curly Locks! Will thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes nor yet feed the swine;
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream.

THE GREEDY PIG

In a farmyard old there lived a pig,
With bristles as black as ink;
And all the day, so I’ve heard say,
He did nothing but eat and drink.

O fat pig! O black pig!
And pig with the curly tail—
Why, why did you stuff when you’d had quite enough,
And leave me your fate to bewail?

At length he ate so very much
That he grew remarkably stout;
And there he would lie in front of the sty,
Too lazy to waddle about.

O fat pig! O black pig!
And pig with the curly tail—
Why, why did you stuff when you’d had quite enough,
And leave me your fate to bewail?

One day the farmer spied him out,
And piggy was straightway taken;
And soon, alas! it came to pass,
He was turned into streaky bacon.

O fat pig! O black pig!
And pig with the curly tail—
Why, why did you stuff when you’d had quite enough,
And leave me your fate to bewail?

What are little boys made of?
Made of?
Snaps and snails, and puppy dogs’ tails;
And that’s what little boys are made of.

What are little girls made of, made of,
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that’s nice;
And that’s what little girls are made of.

Mansell Ramsey.
FACE WASHING

It seems to me, the world would be
A very much nicer place,
If all of the boys and all of the girls
Would cheerfully wash their face.
Not to mention their hands and neck,
And oh! little dears! their ears,
Without salting the basin of water
With floods upon floods of tears.

The flowers all bathe every morning,
Before we are up, in the dew,
That’s why they’re so sweet and fragrant,
I would like to be sweet wouldn’t you?
The chickens all preen their feathers,
The pussy cat washes her face;
The little bird sings as she shakes out her
wings
And looks for a bathing place.

If I were a dear little girl like you,
Or a nice little boy like Billy,
I wouldn’t be beat by a pussy cat,
Or a bird, or a chick or a lily.

Anon.

LONDON BRIDGE IS BROKEN DOWN

(This rhyme is set to music on page 238.)

1. London Bridge is broken down,
   Dance over my Ladye Lea,
   London Bridge is broken down,
   With a gay Ladye.

2. Build it up with iron and steel, . . .

3. Iron and steel will bend and break, . . .

4. Build it up with wood and clay, . . .

5. Wood and clay will wash away, . . .

6. Build it up with silver and gold, . . .

7. Silver and gold will be stolen away, . . .

8. Build it up with stone so strong, . . .

9. Now it will last for ages long, . . .

Old Rhyme.

Musical game.—The boys and girls each
make a line facing one another. The lines
take it in turns to sing the verses, the boys
singing verses 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9, while the girls
sing verses 2, 4, 6 and 8, as follows:—

Verse 1.

A. London Bridge . . . Boys skip forward.
down.


down.


Verse 2.

A. Build it up . . . Girls skip forward.
steel.


C. Build it up . . . Girls skip back.
steel.

LONDON BRIDGE IS BROKEN DOWN

OLD RHYME

Arranged by
PERCY G. SAUNDERS

1. London Bridge is broken down,
Dance over my Ladye Lea,

2. Build it up with iron and steel,}{ Dance over my Ladye Lea,
Iron and steel will bend and break,)

3. London Bridge is broken down,
Build it up with iron and steel,}{ With a gay Ladye.
Iron and steel will bend and break,)

4. Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance over my Ladye Lea,
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay Ladye.

5. Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance over my Ladye Lea,
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay Ladye.

6. Build it up with silver and gold,
Dance over my Ladye Lea,
Build it up with silver and gold,
With a gay Ladye.

7. Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Dance over my Ladye Lea,
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
With a gay Ladye.

8. Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance over my Ladye Lea,
Build it up with stone so strong,
With a gay Ladye.

9. Now it will last for ages long,
Dance over my Ladye Lea,
Now it will last for ages long,
With a gay Ladye.
OLD RHYME
Quickly

1. Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water.
2. Up Jack got and home did trot as fast as he could caper.
3. Jill came in and she did grin, to see Jack's paper plaster.

Her mother vex'd, did broke his crown, And Jill came tumbling after.
Mend his head, With vinegar and brown paper.
Scold her next, For laughing at Jack's disaster.
WHAT ARE LITTLE BOYS MADE OF?

OLD RHYME

Quickly

Doh-G

1. What are little boys made of?
2. What are little girls made of,

made of, What are little boys made of? Snaps and snails, and
made of, What are little girls made of? Sugar and spice, and

puppy dogs' tails; And that's what little boys are made of.
all that's nice, And that's what little girls are made of.

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CURLY LOCKS

OLD RHYME


Cur-ly Locks!

Cur-ly Locks! Will thou be mine? Thou shalt not wash dishes nor

yet feed the swine; But sit on a cushion and sew a fine

seam, And feed up-on straw-ber-ries, su-gar, and cream.
YOU are interested in storytelling; otherwise you would not be reading this article. You are a bit puzzled, however, as to the type of story to use and the manner of telling it.

First, then, let me ask you a question. Why do you want to tell stories? It is imperative that you should be able to answer this question. It is of no use to reply that storytelling is part of the curriculum. That answer gets us nowhere. Why is storytelling part of the curriculum? What benefit is it to you to tell a story, or for fifty small children to sit before you listening to one? Probably, like many hundreds of others who have been telling stories for years, it has never occurred to you to ask yourself that question. Again, why?

I do not know what your answer may be, but I do know what I think it should be. First, and always, you tell a story to children to give joy. If joyousness and spontaneous happiness are not communicable from you to the children, then the most precious story that was ever written becomes so many idle words echoing through the empty air. Remember, too, that in the giving of joy, you become a partaker in that which you offer, and that is why storytelling must ever be one of the most agreeable arts that a teacher can practise, for it banishes sorrow, fear and doubt, and admits in their place happiness, love, and faith.

You will not, however, be able to tell a story joyously, until the bright eyes that watch you are agleam with excitement, the children are breathless with the thrill which you are imparting, and you are conscious of the beauty and wonder of the tale you are telling. There is only one way by which you can arrive at that joyous state,—by being perfectly natural. Cast off all pedantry, put aside your learnedness, and become a child among the children, partaking of their laughter and sharing in their smiles. This you can do, but not easily.

The essentials.—Certain qualities you will have to develop. First and foremost of these is imagination, without which all else is as nothing, you need an imagination that is sensitive and tender, quick and perceptive, that will allow of your instantly picturing, feeling, and living the scene you are endeavouring to paint in words.

Next comes forgetfulness of self. That is the power to sink your own personality into the story you are telling, so that you may sit down upon a school bench and forget that you are a grown-up woman, remembering only the childish loves and hates, sorrows and joys, that were once yours, recapturing for a few precious minutes the fleeting spirit of childhood.

The teacher's difficulty of forgetting oneself and merging one's personality into the tale, is the block over which so many stumble. Many storytellers are too self-conscious. They will not, or cannot, reach down to the children's level. The children are nervous and shy; they need the guiding hand, the comforting voice and the friendly manner, to lead them through the Gates of Enchantment.

Purpose.—There is a purpose, fixed and definite, behind all the glamour of the storyteller's art; for, while the children wander with you through the flowery fields of romance, you, the teller of tales, are teaching them the simple facts of life. Sometimes you may be using, though the
Choosing the story.—We must first arrive at some common understanding as to what kind of story is wanted in infant schools. There is no shortage of story matter, but rather there is such a superabundance, that the searchers are bewildered by the treasure store before them.

There is, however, no need for storytellers to seek far afield for material. The audience of small children to whom you will have to tell your stories, has only just arrived in a world full of interest, and heaped up with wonderful daily happenings and puzzling oddities. The infant child is a realist who is wholly absorbed in the daily events which occur within the limited circle of its own experience. All around are changing colour, unceasing movement and intriguing sound, which he encounters daily in his waking hours in the nursery, home and playfield. It is therefore essential that stories for young children should be of happenings within their experience, and possessing sound, colour, and movement within their structure. Moreover, the story must be short; not lingering on the way, or meandering up side paths, no matter how enticing they may be, but keeping directly on the road to a quick and exciting climax. The fugitive interest of young children cannot be held otherwise.

The length of a story naturally depends upon the age and intelligence of the children to whom it is told. A true storyteller will instinctively understand how long, or how short, a story should be for the children she has daily to teach.

To arrive successfully at the type of story most likely to grip the interest, and hold the attention of young children, it may be well to consider for a moment the stories written by acknowledged masters of children's literature; stories that have passed down the centuries with undiminished fame, and which are still enjoyed by children throughout the world of to-day as they were in the days of long ago.

It is upon the foundation made by many of these famous writers, that storytellers can model their own.

Rhymes and Jingles.—Among the oldest, quaintest, and most delightful stories for young children are the English Rhymes and Jingles. Many of these precious fragments, for they are often little more, can be traced back through dim centuries to the days of court musicians and strolling minstrels, by whom they have been handed down by word of mouth, decade after decade, to be crooned by nurses, and whispered by mothers to listening children. Short as they may be, they are perfect examples of story construction for little children. Take, for instance, the following well-known rhymes:

“Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep.”
“Ding, dong bell, pussy's in the well.”
“Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross.”

Each of its kind is a perfect example of a self-contained story, possessing direct interest and a quick climax. Being readily memorised, they are invaluable for speech training. Consider one of these old favourites for a moment:

“Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fair lady ride on a white horse,
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.”

Here is a story of adventure; a play in miniature. It attracts the child by its sound, action and colour.
1. Sound.—We catch the melodious jingle of simple well-chosen words, which are connected in the child’s imagination with the pretty tinkle of the bells upon the fair lady’s toes.

2. Action.—We see in our mind’s eye the dashing rider on the cock-horse wildly careering upon his adventurous ride over the hills and far away to Banbury Cross to see a fair lady.

3. Colour.—We like the white horse, and the golden rings flashing with deep-coloured jewels.

All this, and more, can a child be taught to appreciate by an imaginative storyteller. Note then the importance of the direct story interest, and use these old rhymes as models. Search out among the mountain of material similar stories, the best of which will probably be only elaborations of those simple themes.

Master Storytellers.—To the Brothers Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen the world owes a debt of gratitude. That they are the acknowledged master storytellers of the nursery has never been challenged. Wherein lies the magic of their telling? By what fairy piping have they drawn the children of the world into the enchanted land of their own imagination? If you could arrive at that secret, you would have in your possession the key to successful storytelling that all the textbooks ever written on the subject would fail to give you.

I earnestly ask you to study your Grimm and Andersen. Invest yourself with the manner of their story weaving, and, when you have done that, you will not only be able to tell stories well, but you will be in the happy position of being capable of adapting any tales to suit your childish listeners.

The Brothers Grimm perfected the art of concise writing for children. Brevity is an essential to success in children’s stories. Small people, as you know full well, are a tangle of nervous energy, curious to know, eager to be told, but impatient to be told quickly.

Opening my Grimm at random, I come across these lines:

“So the wolf went into the shop, and bought a great piece of chalk, which he ate, and by that means rendered his voice more gentle.”

All this in a single sentence, yet how packed with information:

1. Visits a shop.
2. Buys a piece of chalk.
3. Eats it.
4. Renders his voice more gentle.

Observe the action, the economy of words, and the speed.

Again:

“Once upon a time a father sent for his three sons, and gave to the eldest a cock, to the second a scythe, and to the third a cat.”

Note how the story begins. The opening words fix the attention. There is no wearisome overture, no waiting for the door to be opened while we beat impatiently on the panels. Curiosity is instantly awakened; everyone at once wants to know why these gifts were given, and to what use they were put. Wouldn’t you?

And again:

“A farmer had once a son, who was no bigger than my thumb, and for years did not grow a hair’s breadth taller.”

“Curiouser, and curiouser,” as Alice would have said. A funny sort of boy that, no bigger than one’s thumb! Everyone is alert to hear more.