BREAD FOR THE HOME

wheat. Here are to be found nine-tenths of the wheat fields of the British Isles. Certain towns in the east of England, such as Norwich, Peterborough, Lincoln, Ipswich and Bury St. Edmunds, have become important centres for the buying and selling of wheat, and for the making of farming machines.

Description of Picture No. 12.—This is a picture of the harvest field when the golden ears of wheat are ripe for harvesting. The most prominent figures to be seen are Peggy and John who are joyously engaged in helping to set up the bundles of cut wheat into stooks, where they will remain for a few days until the grain is further dried and ripened by the sun. In the middle distance is a tractor-drawn reaper of the type now generally used in England. The machine is a self-binder; it not only cuts the wheat, but by ingenious machinery also ties the stalks into bundles and tosses them on to the ground. Some children living in England will be familiar with the tractor-drawn reaper which also threshes out the grain and passes it into sacks.

The whole scene is sunny with a broad expanse of blue sky. We must imagine that several harvesters, both men and women, are engaged in setting up the stooks, but these have been purposely omitted from the picture so that the children will not have their attention distracted by too many objects. In the foreground a whippet is smelling out a wild rabbit.

The frieze for the classroom wall is made up of a stook and a loaf of bread. Outline sketches for tracing these shapes are given on page 326 and on the opposite page. A whole sheet of drawing paper will be required for one half the number of the children who are to colour the sheaves, and half sheets of paper will be needed by those who are to colour the loaves. The colours for these objects can be seen on the picture. The paper should first be moistened with a clean brush filled with water, and the colours applied with sweeping strokes. After colouring, as the outlines of these figures are easy and smooth, the older children may cut round the outlines of their shapes. The younger ones may cut along the guiding lines. The figures are then ready to mount on the back of a strip of wall paper.

LANGUAGE AND SPEECH TRAINING

Conversation on Picture No. 12.—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 man who is driving the tractor. Give one to the dog. 2. What are Peggy and John doing? 3. What is the dog doing? 4. Where do you think that the rabbit will go now that the wheat is cut? 5. Why is the wheat stood up in bundles? 6. What will happen to the bundles soon? 7. Name all the colours you can see in the picture. 8. Use these words in sentences: loaf, loaves; horse, horses; sheaf, sheaves. 9. Tell what Peggy told her mother about harvesting. 10. Tell what the rabbit told his friend when he got safely away from the dog.

During the conversation on the picture the leading words may be written on the blackboard; e.g., harvest, field, farmer, machine, reaping, stooks, whippet, rabbit, horses, wheat, ears, grain.

The older children can copy these words into a book as a writing exercise, and the more familiar of them may be learnt as an exercise in spelling. Some of the less familiar words can be added to the Scrapbook Dictionary.
FOR CHILDREN FROM FIVE TO SIX

"It should be borne in mind that words mean nothing to the young child unless they are definitely associated with active experience."

Purposive activities.—The children can prepare clay or plasticine models of loaves of bread, cakes, buns, jam rolls, tarts, etc., to stock a baker’s shop. They can cut out pictures of these things from catalogues and magazines, and paste them on cards and exhibit them in the shop window with the prices. The children can copy the names of the objects from a book or the blackboard, and put the names under the pictures.

At a later stage phrases and sentences can be written; e.g.—1. Home-made cakes. 2. Wholemeal bread. 3. Swiss roll 6d. lb. 4. Jam tarts 5 for 1s. 5. Best white flour.

With cardboard coins the children can go shopping, taking care to speak politely when asking for and receiving goods.

The children should discover for themselves how to make a baker’s hat and paper bags for the goods.

The baker and his assistants must have clean hands and keep their shop clean and tidy.

Play.—Let the children mime actions based on Picture No. 12, as follows:—1. Play at holding two sheaves. 2. Play at setting up sheaves in a stook. 3. Play at smelling out a rabbit. 4. Play at running away like a rabbit. 5. Play at walking with a “clop, clop,” like a horse. 6. Play at sowing sceds. 7. Play at “horses.” 8. Play at being Peggy and say what you are doing. 9. Play at being John and say what you are doing.
TRACE-OUT FOR FRIEZE—STOOK OF WHEAT

Trace this Drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 15.
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. 12.—Peggy’s red frock, John’s white clothes, the white whippet, the yellow corn, the blue sky, the green trees. Perhaps some of the dolls’ clothes match those in the picture. Let the children use paints or crayons and draw yellow corn, a blue sky, a red frock, a green tree, etc.

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

1. Peggy is holding two —— (sheaves).
2. John is piling sheaves in a —— (stook).
3. The dog is smelling a —— (rabbit).
4. A tractor draws the —— (machine).
5. The farmer drives the —— (tractor).
6. Bread is made from —— (flour).

Word building.—Where a phonic system of 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., wheat. The children then select from their boxes the letters to make wheat. Deal in the same way with such words as dog, rabbit, corn, stook, tractor, man, farmer, sky, tree.

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. 12.—1 dog; 1 rabbit; 1 boy; 1 girl; 1 farmer; 2 sheaves in Peggy’s arms; 6 stalks in the border, or 2 and 2 and 2, or 1 and 5, or 3 and 3, or 2 and 4; 6 loaves in the border; 4 legs of the dog. The children can make clay or plasticine loaves and sheaves and arrange them in groups. See also the number exercises on buns or cakes, page 330.

A “Yes and No” game.—In this game based on Picture No. 12, the children answer either Yes or No:—1. Has the dog caught the rabbit? No. 2. Can the dog see the rabbit? No. 3. Can the dog smell the rabbit? Yes. 4. Has the rabbit short ears? No. 5. Has the rabbit long ears? Yes. 6. Is John carrying sheaves? No. 7. Is John driving the tractor? No. 8. Is John setting up the sheaves? Yes. 9. Is Peggy setting up sheaves? No. 10. Is Peggy carrying sheaves? Yes. 11. Is the farmer cutting the corn? No. 12. Is the farmer driving the tractor? Yes.

FOR CHILDREN OVER SIX

Flash Cards.—The following sentences might be written on strips of card:—

1. Peggy is in the harvest field.
   John is in the harvest field.
   Peggy is holding two sheaves.
   John is setting up the sheaves.

2. The machine cuts down the wheat.
   The machine has sharp knives.
   A tractor draws the machine.
   The farmer drives the tractor.

3. The dog is smelling out a rabbit.
   The dog is called a whippet.
   The rabbit lived in the field.
   The rabbit will run away.

4. There are six stalks in the border.
   There are six loaves in the border.
   The wheat is ground into flour.
   Flour is made into bread.

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. 12:—

1. Peggy’s frock is (white, yellow, red).
2. The harvest field is (brown, yellow, green).
3. The dog is a (bulldog, terrier, whippet).
4. The rabbit has (short, long, small) ears.
5. A man who makes bread is a (grocer, chemist, baker).
6. Bread is made from (flour, straw, grass).

Picture cards and a scrapbook.—Let the children bring from catalogues and magazines pictures of all things relating to the making of bread; e.g., machines used in the field—plough, harrow, seeder, cutter, threshing, sickle, scythe, mill, sacks of flour, motor lorry, wagon, stack, baker’s shop, Swiss roll, cakes, pastries, bread. 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.

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. rabbit, dog, mouse, machine.
2. horse, sky, cow, pony.
3. grass, girl, boy, man.
4. corn, house, oats, hay.

Articulation—“ing.”—In connection with Picture No. 12, a list of action words can be prepared for the purpose of helping children to articulate the ing sound at the end of words:—ploughing, harrowing, rolling, seeding, growing, waving, cutting, reaping, standing, throwing, gleaning, threshing, milling, baking, selling.

Let the children come to the front of the class in turn and imitate the actions. Teacher or a child asks what each is doing, and the actor replies, “I am ploughing,”—and so forth.

Riddles.—On the blackboard draw outlines of the illustrations of objects shown on page 330. Let the children select the drawing which correctly answers the riddle.

1. I have two legs.
   I can pick up coal.
   I am made of steel.
   (Answer: Tongs.)

2. Clean boys like me.
   I slip in water.
   I make pretty bubbles.
   (Answer: Soap.)

3. I live in a hole.
   I like cheese.
   I do not like cats.
   (Answer: Mouse.)

4. I have a warm coat.
   I sit by the fire.
   I hum like a bee.
   (Answer: Cat.)

5. Up above the world so high,
   Like a diamond in the sky;
   I twinkle, twinkle in the night.
   (Answer: Star.)

6. I have many eyes.
   My skin is brown.
   I grow in the ground.
   I am good to eat.
   (Answer: Potato.)
USEFUL NUMBER EXERCISES

"Most young children are extraordinarily interested in number, and in schools where the teaching is based on this interest they do not find the study of arithmetic tedious or dull or useless."

For the Fives.—The aim of these exercises is to assist children to recognise groups of numbers and not to count individual counters longer than is necessary.

Repeat the rhyme:

Hot cross buns!
Hot cross buns!
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns!
Hot cross buns!
1. Let Betty buy 3 pink cakes from Tommy. At 1 a penny, how many pennies has she spent?
   2. At 2 a penny, how many pennies has she spent if she buys 8 cakes? (Let the children count in groups of 2.)
   3. Let us buy 9 cakes at 3 a penny.
   4. How many cakes will you get for 5d.?

In this way groups will be recognised and learned.

**For the Middle Group.**—The composition and decomposition of 10 can never be revised too often. Plastic cakes or coloured counters can be used.

**Addition.**—Let the children place out 10 counters.
   Now let each child do his own sum.
   Move some of your counters so that you have 2 lines.
   The teacher writes results on the blackboard:—

   \[ 9+1, \ 7+3, \ etc. \]

This exercise should be done repeatedly until the component parts of 10 are memorised.

**Subtraction.**—Each child gives his own answer:—

\[ 10-3=7; \]
\[ 10-8=2. \]

Having memorised the component parts of 10, the children should now do mental work, and so realise how closely allied subtraction and addition become.

**Multiplication.**—Use the same materials as before:—
   Let us buy buns at 2 a penny and spend 2 pennies.
   We now get 00
   or 4 buns. 00

Now buy 5 pennyworth of buns.
   00
   00
   Thus we get 10 buns.
   00
   00

Now spend 7d. on buns.
   00
   00
   00
   Thus we get 14 buns.
   00
   00
   00

In this way 2 times table is built up.
   In the same way 3 times table is built up by buying buns at 3 a penny; and 4 times table by buying buns at 4 a penny.

**Division.**—Lead up to division by asking the children if they get more or less if they share with a friend.
   Let us share 6 buns between Betty and Tommy.
   Give Betty and Tommy a bag each and let them share the buns.
   They will naturally take one each till they are all gone.
   How many people have shared the buns? (2 people.)
   How many did they have each? (3 each.)
   Other numbers of buns can be shared.
   Then 3 children can share buns—and so on.

Encourage children to take 2 or 3 at a time as soon as possible, and so profit by the multiplication tables of 2 and 3 they have just memorised.

Children can soon see that multiplication and division are linked, just as addition and subtraction are.

Revise the 10 again, and share 10 between 2, 3 or 4 children:—

\[ 10 \cdot 2=5 \text{ each} \]
\[ 10 \cdot 3=3 \text{ each and 1 over} \]
\[ 10 \cdot 4=2 \text{ each and 2 over.} \]
**Tens and units to be introduced next:**—
Raise the number to 12. Introduce the term 1 dozen, $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen and $\frac{1}{3}$ dozen. Little paper dishes or plates can be made by children for tens. Teach the numbers to 20 showing how each number has a relation to 10.

Let us place out 12 counters.
Now put 10 on your dish.
How many are over? (2 over.)
We now have 10 + 2 or 12.

Similarly it can be shown that:

\[15 = 10 + 5\]
\[18 = 10 + 8\] etc.

**To add up to 20.**—Let us place out our counters in lines.

We will have 4 pink iced buns
3 green
5 yellow

Now find your biggest number. (5)
What goes with 5 to make 10?
Then we must add 5 more on to that line.
That means we must put 4 pinks and 1 green one.

Let us put our 10 on to our dish.
How many over? (2 over.)

Now you see we get 1 ten and 2 over or 12.
Similarly other numbers to 20 can be taken.
Having reached this stage the children should have 10 beads strung on wire or string for tens, and not use 10 counters when adding up tens and units. (10 matches bound with a rubber band will serve instead of beads or counters.) This not only saves time, but teaches children to distinguish tens from units.

Thus we get:

\[13 + \]
\[24 - \]
\[12 - \]
\[49 - \]

Units should not be more than 9 at this stage.

**Subtraction of tens and units.**

\[37 - \]
\[23 - \]
\[14 - \]

In subtraction the top line only is placed out, as if the bottom line is placed out beneath, the sum is addition and not subtraction.

The children will take 3 units from 7 units.
.. .. .. .. 2 tens from 3 tens.

**Additions with carrying tens.**

\[16 + \]
\[23 - \]
\[17 - \]
\[56 - \]

What is your biggest number? (7)
What goes with 7 to make 10? (3)
Put your new ten on a dish with your other tens.
How many units are left over? (6 over.)
How many tens have you altogether? (5 tens.)
So our answer is 5 tens and 6 units over, or 56.

**Subtraction by decomposition.**

\[43 - \]
\[17 - \]
\[26 - \]

7 from 3 units we cannot take, so we must take one of our packets of tens and put it with our units so:
7 can now be taken away leaving 6 units in all. 1 ten from the remaining 3 tens leaves 2 tens. So our answer is 2 tens and 6 units, or 26.

Multiplication and division will be taken on the same lines as those already given, but with larger numbers.

To multiply and carry tens.—

\[
27 \times \begin{array}{c}
+ \\
+ \\
+ \\
+ \\
+ \\
+ \\
\end{array} \begin{array}{c}
0 \\
0 \\
0 \\
0 \\
0 \\
0 \\
\end{array}
\]

\[
2
\]

\[
\begin{array}{c}
+ \\
+ \\
+ \\
+ \\
+ \\
+ \\
\end{array} \begin{array}{c}
0 \\
0 \\
0 \\
0 \\
0 \\
0 \\
\end{array}
\]

54

Make 7 into 10.
Place the ten with the others.
How many units over? (4 units.)
Now what are two twos and one more ten? (5 tens.)
Thus our answer is 5 tens and 4 units, or 54.

Division.—

\[
2)56 \div \begin{array}{c}
+ \\
+ \\
+ \\
+ \\
+ \\
\end{array} \begin{array}{c}
+ \\
+ \\
+ \\
+ \\
+ \\
\end{array}
\]

\[
\begin{array}{c}
+ \\
+ \\
+ \\
+ \\
+ \\
\end{array} \begin{array}{c}
0 \\
0 \\
0 \\
0 \\
0 \\
\end{array}
\]

Place the 5 tens in as many groups of 2 as you can.
You get 2 groups of ten and 1 ten over.
Place the bar of ten with your 6 units like this.

\[
\begin{array}{c}
+ \\
+ \\
\end{array} \begin{array}{c}
0 \\
0 \\
0 \\
0 \\
0 \\
\end{array}
\]

How many units now have you? (16 units.)
How many twos in 16?

\[
\begin{array}{c}
++ \\
++ \\
++ \\
++ \\
++ \\
++ \\
+ \\
0 \\
0 \\
0 \\
0 \\
0 \\
0 \\
\end{array}
\]

There are eight twos in 16.
We will now write our answer out like this:

\[
2)56 \div \\
--- \\
28
\]

Shopping exercise for the Sevens.—The following are suggestions for individual cards. (On the blackboard draw a loaf of bread with the price 3d. on it; draw a plate with 4 buns on it marked 1d. each.)

1. Find the cost of 1 loaf and the dish of cakes.
2. How much change out of a shilling?
3. How much would you pay for 2 loaves and half as many cakes?
4. How many loaves can I get for 2s. 6d.?
5. How much money should I need to give 6 boys 3 cakes each?

Weighing.—The teacher can provide a loaf and let the children weigh it. She can next cut it into slices of varying thicknesses, and the children can weigh them and find the difference in weights. They can write in their books—16 oz. make 1 lb.

My slice weighs 3 oz.
Mary's slice weighs 5 oz.
Mary's weighs 2 oz. more than mine, etc.
Two or more children can put their slices together and weigh them, and then find how many more ounces are required to make 1 lb.

**ACTIVITIES AND CONSTRUCTIVE WORK**

**Game—"In the Wheatfield."**—This game is in the nature of a play in dumb show. Children take the following parts:—Sun. Wind. Wheat (several children standing in rows in a group). Reapers (several children). Farmer. Cart and Horse (eight
children holding hands in a ring. The Horse is one of the children with reins on his arms. Gleaners (several children).

The room is a wheatfield, and the children play the nine parts of the story as follows:

1. The sun rises.—Sun climbs on a chair and slowly stretches out his arms. He remains on the chair till the end of the game.
2. The wind blows.—Wind comes in, taking a zigzag course round the room, waving his arms and softly calling "Oh-00-00!"
3. The wheat sways.—The children who make up the Wheat sway slowly from side to side as Wind blows.
4. The reapers cut the wheat.—The Reapers come in and cut with imaginary scythes close to the feet of the Wheat. The Wheat children on being cut fall to the ground. The Farmer superintends the work.
5. The wheat is piled into stooks.—The Farmer and Reapers arrange the Wheat children on the ground so that three or four are sitting back to back, leaning against one another.
6. The sun dries the wheat.—Sun waves his arms over the piled-up Wheat children.
7. The reapers carry away the wheat.—The Farmer stands in the ring made by the Cart children and holds the Horse's reins. He drives the Cart near to the Wheat. The Reapers pretend to poke the Wheat with forks. The Wheat children get up and walk into the circle of the Cart children. When they are all in, the Farmer leads his Horse away with them in the Cart.
8. Gleaners gather the fallen ears.—The Gleaners come in and obtain permission from the Farmer to glean. They go round the room pretending to pick up fallen wheat.
9. The sun sets.—Sun gets slowly down from his chair. All the children go to sleep.

To assist the progress of the game, the teacher may say aloud the parts of the story (printed in italics) which the children are to play.


The children play the seven parts of the story as follows:

1. Men thresh the wheat.—Threshers pretend to beat wheat with a flail. They hold the flail high above their heads and beat the ground without bending their knees.
2. The grain is put into sacks.—Some of the Threshers pretend to hold sacks while the others pretend to pour in the beaten grain.
3. They carry the grain to the mill.—Windmill stands on a chair turning his arms while Wind blows from the side. Threshers carry their sacks of grain to Miller, who empties them under the chair on which Windmill is standing.
4. The baker buys flour.—Baker comes to Miller and buys some sacks of flour which he carries away.
5. The baker mixes the dough.—Baker pours the flour into a trough between two chairs. He pretends to add yeast and water, and to sprinkle salt over the mixture. Baker's Men come to the trough and pretend to knead the dough. Then they leave it to rise.
6. The loaves are baked.—Baker and his Men carry away the dough to a table and make it into cottage loaves or put pieces into tins. They put the loaves into a cupboard to bake.
7. The baker sells his bread.—Baker takes the loaves from the oven, puts them in a basket and goes round selling them to the Housewives.

To assist the progress of the game, the teacher may say aloud the parts of the
story (printed in italics) which the children are to play.

**Classroom project—baker’s shop and cart.** An illustrated description of a project of a baker’s cart with the contents of the baker’s shop is given in the article *Projects for Young Children*, by Hilda K. F. Gull. (See Index.)

**Stick laying—baker’s cart, etc.—** With kindergarten sticks of different lengths the Fives can make pictures of a sack of flour, a baker’s cart, a baker’s cap, and a windmill, two of which are shown in the sketch.

**Paper cutting—bread, etc.—** The children can cut or tear shapes of many articles connected with the subject of bread; e.g.,—baker’s hat, loaf, dish of cakes, a pie, a cake, a sack of flour, a windmill. A few of these cut-outs are shown in the sketch, mounted on paper with the name below.
Paper picture—cornfield.—For the background use a sheet of brown paper. Make the sky of a piece of blue paper pasted on, or colour it with blue crayon. The trees can be made in the free-cutting lesson. If possible, the children should be taken for a walk on the day previous to the lesson to study and sketch the contours of trees. When the trees are cut out and coloured, paste them on the skyline, and place over the trunks a long strip of paper coloured green and cut unevenly at the top, which serves the double purpose of a hedge and neatens the row of trunks. A sheet of yellow wall paper represents the uncut corn. Stick pieces of red paper or make dots with red crayon for poppies. Mark the stalks of the corn round the edges of the field with upright pencil lines. Cut the stooks of corn from yellow paper and paste them on at intervals. The ground where the corn has been cut can be coloured a lighter brown to represent stubble and earth.

Paper picture—mill.—As in the picture above, use brown paper for the background and blue for the sky. Cut the hills from paper coloured green and make the path from a strip of brown paper. The fence at the foot of a hill is cut from a long strip of...
brown or yellowish paper, folded up as shown at the bottom of the sketch. Let the children draw the cutting lines on the folded paper before cutting with the scissors. Paste the fence to the paper, leaving one section unstuck to fold back to represent a gate. Cut the trees out as in the picture above. Make the setting sun of a semi-circle of orange paper. For the mill use an oblong of white paper; fold it in half and cut out the body of the mill. Make the sails and stacks of corn from spare white paper. The miller is a stick figure drawn in crayon or pencil.

Plastic models—bread, etc.—The children can model in clay or plasticine the following articles connected with this subject:—ears of wheat, sickle, scythe, cakes and hot cross buns.

Model with odds and ends—windmill.—Take the cover of a match box or other small oblong box, and mark out its shape on a piece of stiff paper. Remove the box and draw out the shape of the windmill round the shape of the box as shown in the sketch. Paint the top of the mill brown and the rest red, mottled with blue and black, except the window and door which are green. Cut out the windmill shape and cut the door to open. Stick the shape to the bottom of the box, or to the side of the match box cover, and make a hole in the middle just below the roof for the sails.

For the sails cut two strips of stiff paper or thin card about 3 in. long. Make a hole in the middle of each and paste them together at right angles with the holes coinciding. Cut out four squares about 1 in. across, stripe them with brown paint and stick them to the arms, so that they all face the same way. Put a paper fastener through the hole in the arms and pass it through the hole in the match-box cover.
NATURE STORIES

THE HARVEST MOUSE

YOU all know how small the common mouse is, but her near neighbour the harvest mouse is still smaller, with a body no longer than a child's thumb and a thin tail about the length of a long finger.

Though the harvest mouse is tiny, yet she knows well how to get on in the world, and understands many tricks that would puzzle even a clever tumbler, running and jumping as quick as lightning, twisting and turning about so nimbly that it is a joy to watch her. In summer she carries on her happy games in the meadow or the wheat field, where she burrows a long passage underground to hide in if the cat comes prowling round or a hawk hovers overhead. When the danger has passed, she reappears and catches a grub here, or nibbles a grain of corn there, just like any sparrow. She climbs up a rocking wheat stalk with the ease of a tight-rope dancer swaying hither and thither by her own weight, and when she reaches the top she falls to and plunders the ripe ear, holding on meanwhile with her tail, like the monkeys do in hot countries when they wrap their tails round the branches of trees. Other mice provide a little house for their young down in the ground, lined with moss and grass, but the harvest mouse imitates the birds, and builds a nest like the reed warbler’s up amongst the cornstalks. She carries up leaves and fibres and weaves them skilfully in with blades of grass, and so, with immense industry, she fashions for herself a little, ball-shaped house, which looks like a bundle of faded grass on the outside, but is neat and smooth and soft within. At one side is a small hole, which is the door. When a heavy rainfall puts the young field mice hidden underground in great danger, and even drowns many of them, the young of the harvest mouse lie securely tucked up in their little house above, with the wind to rock them and, later, the sunshine to warm them.

When autumn brings the harvesters with their sickles and scythes, the little mouse escapes underground with her children, for they have grown up by that time, and learnt to run about as cleverly as their parents.

The farmer carries the corn sheaves to the barn, or builds a mighty stack in the field itself, to be borne away later when there is room inside. The harvest mouse, left behind on the stubble field, finds little to comfort her, so she secretly follows the cart load, and slips into the barn or into the stack in the field. When winter winds whistle and the storm rages, covering the earth with snow, she nestles cosily in the warm straw, and finds food enough for her little teeth to gnaw, till, presently, the spring sunshine thaws the hard ground, the seed is sown and the insects awake from their winter sleep.
So the tiny harvest mouse can teach us that it does not depend upon the size of your body whether you will do well in the world, but upon your wits and understanding.

Richard Wagner.

Playing the story.—In order to help children to appreciate the story let them mime actions based on it:—1. Run, jump as quick as lightning, twist, turn. 2. Play that you are burrowing in the ground like a harvest mouse. 3. Play at prowling like a cat. 4. Play at nibbling like a mouse. 5. Climb up a ladder, hang on with one hand and swing. (It may not be possible for a child to do this in the classroom.) 6. With a long wheat stalk or flower stalk show how it rocks. 7. Play at reaping with a sickle. 8. Play at walking secretly like the mouse, following the harvest cart. 9. Make a noise like the whistling wind. 10. Play at nestling close together.

Do you know?—Ask such questions as the following to ensure that the children know certain facts connected with the story: 1. How large is a harvest mouse? 2. Why does the harvest mouse burrow in the ground? 3. What does a harvest mouse eat? 4. In what way is a harvest mouse like a bird? 5. In what way is a harvest mouse like a monkey? 6. What happens to the nest of a field mouse when it rains heavily? 7. What does the harvest mouse do when the corn is cut? 8. In what season is the ground frozen? 9. What does the harvest mouse do during the winter? 10. In what season are seeds sown?

Drawing.—Let the children draw one or more of the following:—

1. A cat prowling after a mouse.
2. A monkey swinging from a branch by its tail.
3. Farmer’s men cutting wheat.
4. A loaded harvest cart.

What a good thing Mary came this week,” said Paul on Wednesday morning.

“Yes, we’re carting the last field of corn to-day,” said Mr. Maynard. “Mary can ride on top of the last load with you, Paul.”

“How lovely,” said Mary, “when shall we do it?”

“This afternoon,” answered her uncle.

So in the afternoon when Paul came home from school the little pony cart was loaded with a kettle, a large pot for tea, and good things to eat, and they drove round to the top field. All the wheat and barley had been carried already, but this field of oats still stood in pale yellow stooks. They spread a cloth on the ground between two stooks and had a picnic, leaning comfortably against them.

Lower down the field the men were loading the big cart, which had wide, flat boards at the sides so that it would carry a great deal. Mrs. Maynard and the children had finished tea and put everything away by the time the men and the cart reached them, for though they worked quickly, it took time to arrange all the sheaves neatly so that the cart could be piled high and firm. Each stook was made up of six or seven sheaves leaning against one another, so that they could all finish drying properly in the sun, and each sheaf was tied together with twisted straw. A man with a pitchfork took each sheaf and threw it up to another man on the top of the cart, who caught the bundles deftly and arranged them quickly side by side.

Three other children came running breathlessly up the lane and flung themselves down beside Mrs. Maynard. Their father was driving the cart and they had hurried over their tea so that they, too, could be in time to ride on the last load. A minute later Mr.
Maynard came, and with him was a little girl whose father was pitching the sheaves. All the children chattered like magpies while they waited for the last sheaf to be taken.

At last it was finished, and the whole field stood clear and gleaming with white stubble. Then the man on top leaned down, and Mr. Maynard lifted each of the children up to him in turn, and there they were, all six snugly settled amongst the sheaves. The stiff stalks pricked their legs, but they did not mind that, they were so happy. The big horse started, and the cart with its load went heaving out of the gate and along the ruts in the lane. The children were jogged first to one side and then to the other, and almost bounced on their thick, springy bed. They leaned over the edge and looked down through the stalks of oats at the lane below. The man with the pitchfork walked beside the cart with Mr. Maynard and they talked about what a good harvest it was. Behind the cart came Mrs. Maynard in the pony cart, ambling very slowly, and the pony stopped to pick up stray ears of oats that got caught in the hedge as the big load passed. And so they came at last to the stack yard, where the big barn had just room to receive the last load of the harvest.

In the evening Mr. Maynard told the children stories about harvest time in his young days. "Seedtime and harvest are the best times of the year," he said, "and the most important. When I was a boy we always had great doings when the last field was cut. Farmers employed more men then, and the women helped in the fields, too. When the last field was carried we had a grand supper in the biggest barn, and all the men's families came, even the little children and babies. Then the babies were put to sleep in the hay and the big cart lanterns were slung up to the beams, and we danced the old country dances and sang old songs. There was an old fiddler, called Ben Woodley, who went round to all the farms and we danced to his fiddle till nearly morning.

"In my grandfather's day they always took the last sheaf of corn and made a sort of doll of it. It was given to the farmer's wife and she kept it till after Christmas, then fed it to the beasts. It was supposed to bring good luck with the calves and lambs. They called it the Corn Maiden. I'll shew you one that my mother kept." He went away and returned with a little sheaf of corn, very brown and old. Its head was a bunch of ears of wheat, and the outer stalks were curiously plaited to make a long, thin body, ending in a curved tail.

Kate Harvey.

THE DORMICE

In the afternoon Mary and her aunt went to the church. Aunt Molly drove the pony cart, and they carried, besides their berries, apples and red and yellow plums. When they arrived people were already busy, and the church was full of beautiful fruits and flowers and vegetables.

After a little while Aunt Molly sent Mary to sit in the sun outside and wait for her. Mary found a little green mound near a hedge of hazel bushes to sit on, and listened to the birds and insects. There were grasshoppers chirping briskly in the grass, but everything else seemed lazy on that hot afternoon. Mary sat very still. Suddenly she saw two bright black eyes looking at her. They belonged to a little fat, yellowish-brown animal with bristly fur. He was squatting low in the grass, looking at her warily. He had a short snout and broad face, and very short ears. "Why, it's a dormouse," thought Mary, for she had seen them in pictures. In another moment he turned round and disappeared. Mary leaned forward and could just see the tip of his long tail sticking out of a hole in the side of the mound. She was just going to get up and look closer, when he reappeared.

A moment later he was followed by another, who popped out of the same hollow. "His wife," thought Mary. The
two dormice looked at her solemnly, then as she sat perfectly still, they decided that she would not harm them, and began to play. They chased each other round the mound and over it. Then they sat up and brushed their fur, first their faces by licking a paw and drawing it over ears and nose, then their backs and under parts, tails and legs. One of them found something to eat in the grass, Mary could not see what it was, but it sat up and nibbled it, holding the food daintily, just as a mouse or squirrel will, in its little hands.

Just then a footsteps was heard in the church porch, and as Aunt Molly came out, the two little creatures whisked out of sight, somewhere into the hedge.

At tea time Mary told Uncle Jim all about the dormice. "Well, that's curious," he said, "I've never seen two together myself. You don't often see them on the ground, either, unless they are trying to find a hole for the winter. But that's just the sort of place they would choose to hibernate, a nice warm bank."

"What is 'hibernate'?") asked Mary.

"Sleep for the winter," replied her uncle.

"Where do you usually see them, then?"

"In hazel bushes. They eat nuts, you know. I can find you some old nests, I expect."

A few days later Uncle Jim said to Mary, "Well, I've found you a dormouse's nest." He took her to some hazel bushes in a sheltered lane, and parted one of the bushes.

At about the height of her head Mary could see a round nest, about three inches across. It was carefully hidden among the leaves and twigs. It was empty, with a hole in the side, so Mary took it home with her. It seemed to be woven of fine shavings of some kind of thin bark, and inside there were a few dry leaves. "That is a summer nest," said her uncle. "By this time I suppose they are all safely asleep in nice, warm nests underground, and they won't wake up again, unless it is very warm, until the spring. The first frosts send them off to sleep.

"Do they have anything to eat?" asked Mary.

"No, I don't think they eat anything, though some people say they store nuts, like squirrels. They get very fat in the autumn and they just live on that till the spring. If it is very warm they may wake and come out, and then if it turns cold again it is said they die of the sudden cold."

Kate Harvey.

STORIES TO READ OR TELL

"Throughout the infant stage the child still requires occasions for rest when his limbs and his brain can recuperate. These quiet periods are the time for the teacher to tell stories and read aloud to the children... as a mother in a cultured home reads to her children."

LITTLE RED HEN

Once upon a time a little red hen found a grain of wheat. She went to the other animals and said, "Who will help me to plant it?" "Not I," said the rat. "Not I," said the cat. "Not I," said the pig. "Then I'll do it myself," said the little red hen. She did, and she watched it grow. When it was ripe the little red hen said, "Who will help me to gather it?" "Not I," said the rat. "Not I," said the cat. "Not I," said the pig. "Then I'll do it myself," said the little red hen, and she did.

When the wheat was ready to be ground the little red hen asked who would take it to the mill. "Not I," said the rat. "Not I,"
CHILDREN'S DRAWINGS OF THE LITTLE RED HEN
1. EAR OF WHEAT  2. HEN  3. CAT  4. PIG  5. SACK OF FLOUR  6. LOAF  
7. BAKER  8. RAT
said the cat. "Not I," said the pig. "Then I'll do it myself," said the little red hen, and she did. When the flour was ground the red hen asked who would take it to the bakehouse. "Not I," said the rat. "Not I," said the cat. "Not I," said the pig. "Then I'll do it myself," said the little red hen, and she did. When the bread was ready to eat the rat said, "I'll eat it," the cat said, "I'll eat it," and the greedy pig said, "I'll eat it," but the little red hen said, "No, I'll eat it myself," and she did.

Playing the story.—This story lends itself to dramatisation by the Fives. Let the children choose the actors—Hen, Cat, Rat, Miller, Baker, Pig. They can be distinguished by bib-labels made by themselves. The cat, rat and pig should be at home in various places in the classroom. The hen will go from one animal to the other and ask each in turn to assist her; they will reply in the words of the story. The hen can ask the miller to grind the wheat; he will consent and do the action of grinding in a hand mill. The baker must pretend to make the bread and bake it.

THE TALE OF TIMOTHY TIPPITYTAIL

Once upon a time a family of five young mice lived with their mother in a barn near a farmyard, and Timothy Tippitytail was the tiniest mouse of the family.

Now, the barn was big and filled with hay and potatoes and lots of other things, so the mice had plenty to eat, and a beautiful playground as well.

Mistress Mouse was always most careful to teach her little ones that there is "no place like home," and to warn them against such terrible dangers as the dog, the cat, and the man.

"Night time is play time," she said, "and if you stay in the barn, all will be well. Oh, dear, Timothy Tippitytail! Will you stop cleaning your whiskers and listen to me!"

But Timothy had heard all she had been saying.

"Silly old thing!" he thought to himself.

"I don't care for the dog, the cat, or the man! What I want is adventure, and to-morrow I'm off!"

Very early the next morning while his four little brothers were asleep, he slipped through a tiny hole in the side of the barn, and out into the farmyard. How wee he felt out in the big, blue open! And how excited!

Suddenly his little heart stopped beating with fright, for round the haystack came a strange creature much bigger than himself. Could it be the man? No, for his mother had told him that the man had only two legs, and this creature had four. Could it be the dog? No, for mother had said that the dog made terrifying noises, and this animal just made queer little grunting sounds, which did not worry Timothy in the least. Could it be the cat? No, for Timothy had heard that the cat had big, round eyes, and a long, straight tail, while this creature's eyes were quite small, and his tail was short and curly.
It was the sight of this tail that made the little mouse forget his fright. How he admired that tail!

"Hallo!" he said. "Who are you?"

"I'm Sammy Squiggles. Who are you?" answered the stranger.

"I'm Timothy Tippitytail, a baby mouse; but I'm a very brave fellow—I've come out all alone, even though I'm one of a family of five."

"Family of five!" exclaimed Sammy. "Why, I'm the smallest of a family of ten! I wanted to see the world, so I squeezed through a hole in the side of the sty, and came for a run."

"Have you seen the dog, or the cat, or the man? We must keep out of their way," cried Timothy.

"Pooh!" said Sammy. "I'm not afraid of them."

"Neither am I!" said Timothy. "This is a lovely adventure." Then, looking admiringly at Sammy's tail, he asked: "How do you make your tail curl like that?"

"I don't make it," said Sammy. "All pigs' tails grow like that."

All the way home Timothy thought about that wonderful tail, and he hardly listened to the scolding which his mother gave him for going out.

"I wish I had a curly tail!" he muttered. "Rubbish!" squeaked Mistress Mouse. "A mouse with a curly tail, indeed!"

But Timothy wanted a curly tail. He would look at his own, and wonder how he could give it a cunning little kink like Sammy Squiggles' tail.

"Dear Uncle Nibbles," said Timothy, to a wise old mouse, who had had many adventures. "You know everything. Do tell me how to make my tail curl."

"You're a foolish little mouse," said Uncle Nibbles. "But, now I come to think of it, I believe I can help you. One night I got into the farmer's bedroom, and had to hide in an old slipper until he and his wife were fast asleep. I watched them get ready for bed. When Mrs. Farmer took down her hair, it was as straight as your tail. I saw her twist a lot of strange things into it, and wondered why she did it. I heard her call them 'curling pins.' When I saw her in the yard next morning, her hair was in little curls just like Sammy's tail. It must have been those curling pins!"

"If only I could get one!" cried Timothy. "Why not try?" said Nibbles. "Go to-night, but beware of the cat, the dog, and the man."

"I'm not afraid of the cat, the dog, or the man!" boasted Timothy Tippitytail.

He set off at once. He ran through the little hole into the farmyard. Past the pigsty he crept, and round the haystack. Suddenly a terrible noise scared the breath out of him. There, right in his path, stood Rover, the yard dog, his fierce eyes gleaming in the moonlight.

"Dearie me!" cried Timothy Tippitytail. "I forgot to bid mother 'good-bye'."

And he turned and ran back home as fast as he could.

"Well?" said Nibbles. "Did you get the curling pin?"

"No," said Timothy. "I forgot to bid mother 'good-bye'; and, anyhow, I'll wait till to-morrow."

Uncle Nibbles smiled.

The next night Timothy set out again. How pleased he was to find that Rover was not on his chain to-night! On scurried the wee mouse, through the cowshed, across the yard, nearly to the door of the house.

Suddenly he saw two bright lights gleaming, and something inside him seemed to whisper that they were the eyes of his enemy the cat.

"Dearie me! I can't stop!" cried Timothy Tippitytail. "I forgot to bid father 'good-bye'."

And he turned and ran back home as fast as he could.

"Well," said Nibbles, "did you get the curling pin?"

"No," said Timothy. "I forgot to bid father 'good-bye.' And, anyhow, I'll wait till to-morrow."

Uncle Nibbles smiled.
The next night Timothy set out again. This time he was able to get quite safely into the house without any adventures.

He was just eating a crumb on the kitchen floor, when there was a loud clump! clump! clump! and, to Timothy’s horror, he saw two large feet coming towards him. He was sure it must be the man.

“Dearie me!” cried Timothy Tippitytail.

“I forgot to bid Uncle Nibbles ‘good-bye’.”

And he turned and ran back home as fast as he could.

“Well,” said Nibbles, “did you get the curling pin?”

“No,” said Timothy. “I forgot to bid you ‘good-bye’; and, anyway, I’ll wait till to-morrow.”

Uncle Nibbles smiled.

The next night Timothy set out again, and once more he was able to get safely into the house. Unfortunately, he smelt cheese. What little mouse could leave a piece of cheese? Timothy straightway forgot all about the curling pins, and began to sniff around to find the cheese. At last! There it was. Such a dainty morsel, perched on the top of a strange little shelf! Timothy nibbled away until it was all gone, then he turned to continue his search for the curling pins. There was a sudden crack! close behind him, and our little friend felt a heavy blow on his tail. Without waiting to see what was the matter, “Dearie me!” cried Timothy Tippitytail. “I forgot to bid everybody ‘good-bye’.”

And he turned and ran back home as fast as he could.

“Well,” said Nibbles, “did you get the curling pin?”

“No!” said Timothy. “I forgot to bid everybody ‘good-bye’; and, anyhow, I’ll wait till to-morrow.”

Uncle Nibbles smiled.

Timothy felt very tired, and something was hurting him very much. He bade Uncle Nibbles “good-night”, and turned to look for his mother. Suddenly there was a loud shout from the old mouse.

“Why, lad, what has happened to your tail?” he cried.

Timothy looked round. Then his little whiskers began to twitch, and his heady eyes filled with tears.

“Dearie me!” he cried. “Where can it be?”

His tail was missing—cut off close to his body.

“You’ve been in a trap!” exclaimed Nibbles.

Then Timothy Tippitytail told all his adventures.

The old mouse listened, then he said:

“Sure enough, it was a trap, and you are a lucky fellow to get away alive.”

“But my tail? Where is it?” whispered poor Timothy.

“Left behind in the trap, I should think,” said old Uncle Nibbles. “Now, take my advice, and stay at home with your mother.”

“I think I will,” said Timothy, for he was thoroughly frightened. “There is one thing, Uncle Nibbles,” he went on, “I shall never have to worry any more about my tail curling now, shall I?”

And he didn't. But really, you know, I think he grew to be as proud without a tail as if he had one that curled like Sammy Squiggles’.

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A drawing game.—On the blackboard draw an outline of a pig, and let several children go in turn to the blackboard and complete the drawing by adding the eyes, legs, ears and tail. An outline drawing of a mouse can be completed in a similar way. For blackboard drawings of many animals suitable for this game consult the Index.
"At it again!" cried Christopher Crankum, 
"at it again, I declare! Nothing will stop them!"

And sure enough there they were. Five of them this time, all flying their kites at once; or all except little Polly Tomkins, who could not get hers up properly.

Now if there was one thing that made old Crankum more crusty than another, and I am not sure that there was, for he seemed always about as crusty as he could be, but if there was one thing that made him more cantankerous than any other, it was to see boys and girls flying kites in the meadows round his mill. In the first place he considered it to be a waste of wind. The wind, he said, was meant to turn windmills, not to fly kites. And in the second place he considered that the wind belonged to him—at least, all the wind on Broadley Hill did. So whenever he saw Tom and Harry Johnson, or Fred and Willy Tomkins, flying their kites, forth he would rush from his mill, scolding and storming at them, and telling them to go home and mind their lessons.

Well, that was what he did this time. Out he came with a whip in his hand, cracking it at all the little boys, and threatening to lay it about their legs if they did not pack off at once.

"Go home!" he shouted; "go home, you naughty boys, and learn your lessons. What's the use of flying kites? Kites don't make any money. Go home and learn your pence table, and don't come here any more."

Now the solemn old mill, perched up there on Broadley Hill, heard all that the crusty miller said, and he turned and turned. He didn't like it, for though he was a hard worker himself, he loved to see little people at their play; and it had been a pleasure to him as he turned and turned, to see the kites flying so gaily in the breeze. So, as the west wind rushed among the sails, they
whispered and whispered; and what the wind whispered to the mill, and what the mill whispered to the wind, I cannot say; but I know very well what came of it, and so shall you.

When Christopher Crankum had driven all the children from his field he went back to the mill and sat down to enjoy his dinner. But he could not get comfortable. First, the window would not keep shut; as fast as he shut it the wind blew it open again. Then the cold air kept puffing up through the cracks of the boards, till he felt pains in his legs. Then the wind dropped and the mill stopped, and that was worst of all.

At last he left his dinner, clapped his hat upon his head, and started off with his cart to deliver some sacks of flour. The first was a very small sack for Widow Watkins. Miller Crankum took the widow’s pence and gave a cuff on the head to each of her two little boys, who “got in his way on purpose” he declared. Next, he delivered two sacks at Joseph Bradley’s, the village baker’s; and then there remained five which must be taken on to the little country town of Broadham Market, two or three miles distant.

Now, in that part of England, there are large and shallow sheets of water called “Broads.” The miller knew very well that the quickest way to reach Broadham Market was by sailing boat, and as the breeze, which had dropped, just then sprang up again, he put his sacks of flour on board the sailing boat which he kept at the water side for that purpose. All went well until he was nearing the middle of the Broad, when all on a sudden the wind began to shift. At length it blew so strongly that Miller Crankum could make no way at all, and he was just deciding to go back home, when, lo, he discovered that the boat was stuck in the mud.

Here was a pretty plight to be in!—the boat stuck, a keen north-easter blowing fit to skin him, and not a soul in sight! He clenched his teeth, and stamped his foot, and shook his fist at the wind, and would have torn his hair in his rage, only it happened that he wore a wig.

Evening at length was drawing on, and the miller was hungry as well as cold. He determined to make one more effort to float his boat, and clambered out upon the mud bank to push her off. Alas! the soft mass began to give way beneath him, and soon he had sunk to his knees. Deeper and deeper he felt himself sinking, and there would soon have been an end to my story, had not a brown-sailed wherry just then come gliding by. The men heard the miller’s cries, flung him a rope, and dragged him on board more dead than alive, and covered with mud and slime. The miller wanted to be carried back to his village, or, at least, to Broadham Market, but no, the wind was the wrong way and he had to go where the wherry could take him, and that was down the river away from his home.

It was midnight before the miller could be landed, and then only upon a bridge where the bare road crossed the stream. Not so much as a cottage was in sight. Poor miller! he trudged and trudged, till at length he could trudge no more, and as the wind had brought up the rain clouds, and heavy drops were already beginning to fall, he took shelter in an old thatched barn by the roadside. But the wind and rain had not yet done with the miller. As the night wore on the wind rose higher and higher; pieces of the rotten thatch were torn away and flung far and wide; and presently down came the whole roof, burying the poor miller in a mass of dirty straw.

At six o’clock the next morning the little town of Broadham Market was all astir. It was market day, and the farmers came jogging into town in their carts, with samples of corn which they had for sale. Full well was Miller Crankum known in Broadham Market, and many a hard bargain had he driven with those farmers. But who would have dreamt of finding Miller Crankum in that miserable figure who came crawling out of Farmer Wurzel’s wagon? Hatless, wigless, covered with mud
to which the dirty thatch of the old barn was sticking, he looked very different from the well-to-do miller whom everybody knew and nobody loved. And neither wind nor water had punished him so much as the loud laughter that greeted him when he was seen in Broadham Market.

Round about the back lanes and by-ways the poor miller crept from Broadham Market towards his own little village of Broadley. He would not go through the village, but took a lonely path which landed him at the foot of Broadley Hill, and just by Widow Watkins's cottage. And there was Widow Watkins standing at her door, but she did not laugh.

"Oh, Mr. Crankum! What can have happened? Come in! come in!" she cried.

And then she made him sit by the kitchen fire, and sent off her two boys, whom the miller had cuffed the day before, to fetch a hat and coat for the miller from his mill. And while they were gone she made him some comforting broth, and broke some bread in it. And the poor old miller's heart was softened. I can tell you this, too, that with all his whisperings, the wind was quite wrong, and though he might punish the miller he would never have done him any good; and the miller would have remained as hard and as crusty as ever to this very day if it had not been for Widow Watkins. He was never quite the same again. He used to let Tom and Harry Johnson and Fred and Willy Tomkins fly their kites on Broadley Hill, and once when Polly could not get her kite up, he even helped her himself—fancy that!

And next New Year's Day when the wind was whispering among the sails of the mill, this is what the miller heard it say over and over again—

"Speak to them kindly,
Give them a smile.
Speak to them kindly,
Give them a smile."

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**STORIES AND RHYMES**

**THE MUFFIN MAN**

When the nursery corners are creepy dim,
And it isn't quite time for tea,
And the shadows and things are very grim,
And there's nobody there but me,
I wait in the window to hear his feet
Come clackety, clackety down the street,
And I love the sound of his ding-dong bell
And his "Muffins, O, Muffins, O, Muffins to sell."

He always comes in the wind or wet
Or the fog or the bitterest cold,
He's my greatest friend, though we haven't met,
And he's ever so big and old,
For the dark is a little bit lonely sad

When you've no one else and you wish you had,
And I think he knows, for he rings his bell
And shouts to me, "Muffins, O, Muffins to sell."

_Madeleine Nightingale._

HOW lonely it was for May to be left
in the London house! Father and mother, brother Joe and little Robin-a-Robbin had all gone away for a fortnight, and only Mrs. Brown was left to mind the house and take care of May. And it was winter time too. Sometimes another little girl would come to play with May, and there was always Paddy, the white puppy, and Smut, the black kitten. But it got dark just before tea time, when Mrs. Brown was busy in the kitchen. It seemed lonely
in the nursery, the firelight shining through the fireguard made jumping shadows on the walls, and the corners grew darker and darker. Just at this time every day May loved to go to the window to watch and listen. "Ring-a-ling, ring-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling!" she heard from a bell a long way off.

"Here comes Old Bob the muffin man," said May to herself. Next she heard old Bob's feet sounding "Clackety, clackety clack," all down the street, and "Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling—" coming nearer and nearer. Then she heard old Bob cry "Muffins, O, Muffins, O, Muffins to sell!" And there he was! An old man, a big old man, ever so old. On his head was a wide wooden tray covered with a piece of green haize. Under the green haize lay the muffins nice and snug. Wet or fine, old Bob the muffin man came by May's window just before tea time; in the rain, or the snow, and even in the horrid fog he would come ringing his bell loudly. It was a lovely sound. May pressed her face close to the window.

"He's my greatest friend now I'm alone," said May to Smut, the kitten. "I've never met him, and never spoken to him, but I think he knows I'm lonely up here when it's getting dark, and I wish somebody was with me."

Just then old Bob the muffin man glanced up at May's window and rang his bell louder than ever. "Ting-ling-a-ling-a-ling." "Muffins, O, Muffins, O, Muffins to sell," he shouted in a loud friendly voice, and May could see that he was smiling at her. Down in the street old Bob thought to himself: "Poor little missie, every tea time she's up there alone. Bless her heart, and her little pale face looking out!"

Just then Mrs. Brown opened the street door, and beckoned old Bob across. "Muffins, O, Muffins, O, Muffins, O," shouted old Bob again as he came. After a minute or two, he went on down the street, "Clackety, clack, clack," and the "Ting-a-ling" of his bell ringing merrily grew fainter and fainter.

Mrs. Brown opened the nursery door. She carried a tray with May's tea on it.

"Look here, dearie," she said, "look what old Bob, the muffin man, has sent you." Mrs. Brown lifted a china lid from a plate and underneath May saw a hot toasted muffin nicely buttered.

"I was buying muffins for my old man's tea," went on Mrs. Brown, "and old Bob says to me, 'Give this muffin to the little missie all alone upstairs,' says he, 'we're friends, we are.' And he wouldn't take 'No' for an answer. So I took the muffin and toasted and buttered it for you, and here it is. Eat it, dearie, before it gets cold."

Well, that very evening there was a noise of wheels and a bumping of luggage, and the sound of people talking all at once. May ran downstairs. There were father and mother, and Joe, and Robin-a-Bobbin, taking off their hats and coats and saying, "Where's May? How is May?" and they were all very happy together again.

Next day May's father had a talk with old Bob, the muffin man.

"What do you do in summer when people don't want muffins?" asked May's father.

"Well, Guv'ner," said old Bob, "I does the best I can."

"Would you like to keep my garden tidy for me?" went on May's father.
"That I would," said old Bob, "and thank you kindly, Guv'ner."

So in the summer days old Bob weeded the garden and made it look nice. May would take Smut, the kitten, and Paddy, the puppy, to play in the garden and watch her old friend tie up the roses. And they were always friends, the children, and the muffin man.

J. Bone.

**BLOW, WIND, BLOW**

(This rhyme is set to music on page 360.)

Blow, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send them home hot in the morn.

Down in the old south country stood a mill. It was built on the top of a hill and could be seen for miles. Across the valley was another hill, and on that hill was a house among the trees, and at the top of that house there was a turret, and in that turret there was a room with six windows, and in that turret room peeping out among the tree tops were the three children, Joe, May, and Robin-a-Bobbin. The three children looked out of the windows at the old mill on the hill opposite.

"When will the sails begin to go round?" said Joe to his cousin Kate who had just brought the children upstairs.

"They will go round when the miller wants to grind his corn," answered Cousin Kate, taking Robin-a-Bobbin into her lap and beginning to take off the shoes from his tired little feet. The three children had come to spend a holiday in the country near the sea.

"I wish the mill would turn now," cried May.

"Tell it to go round," said Robin-a-Bobbin sleepily.

"Let's all tell it to go round," laughed Joe. So the three children and Cousin Kate all sang together:—

"Blow, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send them home hot in the morn."

By this time Robin-a-Bobbin was quite undressed. Cousin Kate put him into bed. He sat up and looked through the window at the old mill, and said in a drowsy voice:—

"Blow, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!"

and the next minute he was fast asleep.

But the mill sails did not move, and that was that.

Next morning the three children were up early. They looked to see if the mill sails were turning round. No, they did not move a bit. The children ran downstairs from the turret for breakfast, they were so hungry! Breakfast was ready on a table out-of-doors. Cousin Kate was just putting hot rolls on the table. And what a nice smell came from the breakfast table! There were honey and fresh farm butter to eat with the rolls. On the opposite hill across the valley the children could see the old mill clear and plain in the morning sunshine. The sails were just as still as ever.

Everyone had started on honey and rolls and hot milk, when Robin-a-Bobbin gave a shout and pointed to the mill. The sails were turning merrily! All the children stopped eating to look. Round and round went the mill sails! Once more the children burst forth with "Blow, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!" and the sails seemed to turn faster than ever.

"Cousin Kate," asked May, "did the mill really grind the flour in these rolls?"

"Very likely," answered Cousin Kate smiling, "we must ask the baker."

Breakfast was over, and the three children still watched the mill going round.
"Isn't the mill like a big giant standing up there!" said Joe suddenly. "A great hungry giant!"

Said May, "I think he's a nice kind giant though."

"What do they give him to eat?" asked Robin-a-Bobbin, who always wanted to know everything.

"They feed him with corn, of course," replied Joe. "And the mill giant eats it, and eats it, and grinds it and grinds it very very small, before he swallows it."

"Look at that cornfield over there," said Cousin Kate, "there is more breakfast and dinner and supper for him."

"But the miller is the giant's master," put in May, "and he gives the giant all his food."

Joe was still watching the giant's arms go round.

"It just looks," said Joe, "as if the giant was throwing his arms about because he is pleased to know all the corn is to be his."

The next morning was Sunday. The children looked across to see if the mill giant was still waving his arms about. No, he had stopped. The church bells were ringing. The giant was resting. His arms were crossed on his breast, the warm sun shone on him, and the larks sang overhead. How quiet and peaceful the giant looked!

J. Bone.

A PLAY

A LOAF OF BREAD

This play can be performed in the classroom without scenery or properties. The three children merely perform the actions of reaping, threshing, holding a sack, etc., without properties. The remainder of the children act as a Chorus, repeating the words and actions which the three children say together.


Scene.—A path through a wheat field.

[Old Woman sits on a stone, crying. The Three Children come in.


Old Woman. I have no money.

[Children feel in their pockets.]

Third Child (sadly). I have none to give you.

Second Child. Nor I.

Old Woman. Oh dear! What shall I do? First Child. I have no money, but I have something better.

Second Child. What is that? First Child. This field of wheat is mine. Third Child. Oh!

First Child. We will make you a loaf of bread.

Second Child. Yes, yes, we will! Third Child. Let me help too.

Old Woman. Dear children, you are very kind. But how will you make me a loaf of bread?

First Child. The wheat is tall and yellow. It is ready to be cut. Who will help me to cut it down?

Second Child. I will help you to cut it down.

Third Child. So will I.

[They reap the wheat.]
Children (together). Swish! swish! We reap the wheat.
Chorus (repeating the action). Swish! swish! We reap the wheat.
First Child. There, that is enough. Now it must be threshed. Who will help me to thresh the wheat?
Second Child. I will help you to thresh it.
Third Child. So will I.
[They thresh the wheat.]
Children (together). Smack! Smack! We thresh the wheat.
Chorus (repeating the action). Smack! Smack! We thresh the wheat.
First Child. That is enough. Now we must gather the grain.
Second Child. I will help you to gather the grain.
Third Child. I will hold the sack.
[They gather the grain and put it in a sack.]
First Child. Now the wheat must be ground into flour. Who will help me to grind the wheat?
Second Child. I will help you to grind the wheat.
Third Child. So will I.
[They kneel and grind wheat.]
Children (together). Chug! Chug! We grind the wheat.
Chorus (repeating the action). Chug! Chug! We grind the wheat.
First Child. Now we must make dough with the flour.
Second Child. Here is some water.
Third Child. Pour it slowly.
[They kneel and knead dough.]
Children (together). Thump! Thump! We mix the dough.
Chorus (repeating the action). Thump! Thump! We mix the dough.
First Child. Here, poor woman, take this dough to the baker. He is a friend of mine, he will bake it for nothing.
Old Woman. Thank you, thank you, kind children. A real loaf of bread!
[She hobbles off with the dough.]
Children (together). Good-bye!
Chorus. Good-bye!

KATE LAY

RHYMES AND POEMS

RIDDLE

Flour of England, fruit of Spain,
Met together in a shower of rain,
Put in a bag tied round with a string,
If you'll tell me this riddle,
I'll give you a ring.
(Answer: Christmas pudding.)

ROLY POLY

Roly Poly, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
When the girls came out to play,
Roly Poly ran away.

Old Rhyme.

Reading preparation.—This rhyme is suitable for reading preparation with the Fives, for the words and ideas are simple. Let the children act the rhyme. They can first choose a plump boy to act the part of Roly Poly. Let them make in clay or plasticine roly-poly puddings, puddings and pies.

Print the rhyme on the blackboard for the children to associate the written with the spoken words. Draw or cut out pictures of a Swiss roll, a pudding, a pie, a boy; print the names under the pictures and use them in a matching game, afterwards adding them to the Fives’ Card Dictionary.

The sound of “p.”—The first line of this rhyme gives useful practice in the sound
of $p$, — *Poly, pudding, pie.* Give practice with other lines and rhymes; e.g., —

P for Polly and Peter Piper
p for pen and pencil and paper.

**HOT CROSS BUNS**

Hot cross buns!
Hot cross buns!
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns!

Hot cross buns!
Hot cross buns!
If you have no daughters,
Give them to your sons.

*Old Rhyme.*

**Reading preparation.** — This is a particularly easy rhyme for the early stages of reading preparation, because the same words are repeated many times. Let the children make large penny cross buns in plasticine or clay, and small halfpenny cross buns. Let a child sell the buns for penny or halfpenny cardboard coins. Let the children act as mothers and send their “sons” and “daughters” to buy buns.

Print the rhyme on the blackboard for the children to associate the written with the spoken words. Draw or cut out pictures of a cross, bun, penny, daughter, son; print the names under the pictures and use the cards in a matching game, afterwards adding them to the Fives’ *Card Dictionary.*

**PAT-A-CAKE**

(This rhyme is set to music on page 362.)

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker’s man!
So I will, master, as fast as I can;
Pat it and prick it and mark it with T,
Put it in the oven for Tommy and me.

*Old Rhyme.*

**Note.** — This rhyme is not so useful as many for reading preparation in the early stages, but it makes a good song. Give attention to the sound of $p$ and the sound of $t$. Many children will have difficulty with the enunciation of *prick it* and *mark it* in the third line.

Draw or cut out a picture of a *baker* and an *oven* for the Fives’ *Card Dictionary.*

**LITTLE TOM TUCKER**

(This rhyme is set to music on page 364.)

1st group— Little Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper;
2nd group— What shall we give him?
3rd group— White bread and butter.
4th group— How can he cut it,
Without a knife?
5th group— How can he marry
Without a wife?

*Old Rhyme.*

**Reading preparation.** — This rhyme is suitable for reading preparation with the Fives, for the words and ideas are simple. Let the children act the rhyme. They can choose a boy who sings well for Tom Tucker. Let them make a paper hat for him or a bib-label. They can prepare a clay or plasticine plate with bread and butter. Print the rhyme on the blackboard for the children to associate the written with the spoken words.

Draw or cut out pictures of bread, butter, knife, wife, print the names under them.
and use the cards for a matching game, afterwards adding them to the Fives' Card Dictionary. When the song is well known, divide the class into five groups and let the groups sing the different lines as indicated on the previous page.

THE MUFFIN MAN

(This rhyme is set to music on page 365.)

Do you know the muffin man, the muffin man, the muffin man?
Do you know the muffin man that lives in Drury Lane? O!

Yes, we know the muffin man, the muffin man, the muffin man!
Yes, we know the muffin man that lives in Drury Lane! O! Old Rhyme.

Note. This song can be learned in connection with the story and poem of The Muffin Man on page 348. Divide the class into two groups, letting one group sing the first verse and the other group the second verse. Take care that the M of man is not slurred in the singing.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN

There was an old woman, as I’ve heard tell, She went to the market, her eggs to sell; She went to the market all on a market day, And she fell asleep on the king’s highway.

There came by a pedlar, whose name was Stout, He cut her petticoats all round about; He cut her petticoats up to the knees, Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When the little woman first did wake, She began to shiver and she began to shake, She began to wonder and she began to cry: “Oh, deary, deary me, this is none of I!

“But if it be I, as I do hope it be, I’ve a little dog at home and he’ll know me; If it be I, he’ll wag his little tail, And if it be not I, he’ll loudly bark and wail.”

Home went the little woman all in the dark, Up got the little dog, and he began to bark; He began to bark, so she began to cry: “Oh, deary, deary me, this is none of I!” Old Rhyme.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

There dwelt a miller, tall and bold, Beside the river Dee; He worked and sung from morn till night— No lark more blithe than he; And this the burden of his song Forever used to be:

“I envy nobody—no, not I— And nobody envies me!”

“Thou’rt wrong, my friend,” said good King Hal. “As wrong as wrong can be; For could my heart be light as thine, I’d gladly change with thee. And tell me now, what makes thee sing, With voice so loud and free, While I am sad, though I’m a king, Beside the river Dee?”

The miller smiled and doffed his cap, “I earn my bread,” quoth he; “I love my wife, I love my friend, I love my children three; I owe no penny I cannot pay, I thank the river Dee That turns the mill that grinds the corn That feeds my babes and me.”

“Good friend,” said Hal, and sighed the while, “Farewell, and happy be; But say no more, if thou’dst be true, That no one envies thee; Thy mealy cap is worth my crown, Thy mill my kingdom’s fee; Such men as thou are England’s boast O miller of the Dee!” Charles Mackay.
SONGS

JOLLY MILLER

Each boy takes a partner, and the couples form a ring, the boys outside and the girls inside. One child stands in the middle. The boys link arms with their partners and they all skip round in the ring, singing the song given below. On the word grab the girls unlink arms and pass on to the boy in front while the child in the middle tries to steal a partner. The one who loses his or her partner takes the place in the middle. The rhythm of the song must not be broken, and the children must repeat the song without a break.

Dob = B♭

There was a jolly miller and he lived by himself, As the

wheel went round he made his wealth, One hand in his hopper and the

other in his bag, As the wheel went round he made his grab.

ACTION SONG—HARVEST HOME

(One child leads the "Harvest Home," the others are arranged in 5 groups of 3 to 6 children each.)

1. Leading child stands alone, singing:

Harvest home! Harvest home!
Who will come to harvest home?

First group skips forward, singing:

We are reapers big and strong,
Big and strong,
Big and strong.

Making movement of reaping:

We gaily swish our scythes along!
We will come to harvest home.

Children stand in row facing leader.

2. Leader repeats:

Harvest home! Harvest home!
Who will come to harvest home?

Second group skips forward, singing:

We are threshers tall and stout,
Tall and stout,
Tall and stout.
Making movement of threshing:

We smartly beat the wheat about!
We will come to harvest home.

Children join row.

3. Leader repeats:

Harvest home! Harvest home!
Who will come to harvest home?

Third group skips forward, singing:

We are gleaners poor and shy,
    Poor and shy,
    Poor and shy.

Making movement of gleaning:

We gather wheat that's left to lie.
We will come to harvest home.

Children join row.

4. Leader repeats:

Harvest home! Harvest home!
Who will come to harvest home?

Fourth group skips forward, singing:

We are millers dressed in white,
    Dressed in white,
    Dressed in white.

Rubbing knuckles together:

We grind the grain to flour so light!
We will come to harvest home.

Children join row.

5. Leader repeats:

Harvest home! Harvest home!
Who will come to harvest home?

Fifth group skips forward, singing:

We are bakers clean and neat,
    Clean and neat,
    Clean and neat.

Making movement of smelling loaf:

We bake the bread that smells so sweet.
We will come to harvest home.

Children join row.

Children join hands making circle round leader, all singing:

Harvest home! Harvest home!
All have come to harvest home!

Kate Lay.

A Toy Miller of Ancient Egypt
HARVEST HOME
ACTION SONG

KATE LAY

LEADER

PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Har-vest home! Har-vest home! Who will come to Har-vest home?

1. We are rea-pers big and strong, Big and strong, Big and strong. We
gai-ly swish our seythes a-long! We will come to Har-vest home.

2. We are thresh-er-stall and stout, Tall and stout, Tall and stout. We
smart-ly beat the wheat a-bout! We will come to Har-vest home.

Last time All together

Har-vest home! Har-vest home! All have come to Har-vest home!

357
KITTY AND MOUSIE

PERCY G. SAUNDERS

1. Once there was a little kitty, White as the snow; In a barn she used to frolic Long time ago.

2. In a barn a little mousie Ran to and fro; For she heard the little kitty Long time ago.

3. Two black eyes had little kitty, Black as a sloe; And they spied the little mousie Long time ago.

4. Four soft paws had little kitty, Paws soft as snow; And they caught the little mousie Long time ago.

5. Nine pearl teeth had little kitty, All in a row; And they bit the little mousie Long time ago.

6. When the teeth bit little mousie, Mousie cried out "Oh!" But she slipped away from kitty Long time ago.
TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

JANE TAYLOR

PERCY G. SAUNDERS

1. Twinkle, twinkle little star, How I wonder what you are!
2. When the blazing sun is gone, When he nothing shines upon,

Up above the world so high Like a diamond in the sky.
Then you show your little light, Twinkle twinkle, all the night

3. Then the traveller in the dark
   Thanks you for your tiny spark.
   He could not see which way to go
   If you did not tremble so.
4. In the dark blue sky you keep,
   And often through your curtains peep,
   For you never shut your eye
   Till the sun is in the sky.

5. As your bright and tiny spark
   Lights the travellers in the dark,
   Though I know not what you are
   Twinkle, twinkle, little star.
BLOW, WIND, BLOW

PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Quickly

Blow, wind, and go, mill, go! That the miller may grind his corn;

That the
baker may take it, And into rolls

make it, And send them home hot in the

morn.
PAT-A-CAKE

OLD RHYME

PAT-a-cake, Pat-a-cake,
baker's man! So I will, master, as fast as I can;
Pat it and prick it and mark it with T.
Put it in the oven for Tommy and me.

Pat it and prick it and mark it with T.

Put it in the oven for Tommy and me.
LITTLE TOM TUCKER

OLD RHYME

PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Doh: G 

Little Tom Tucker

Sings for his supper: What shall we give him?

White bread and butter How can he cut it, Without a knife? How can he marry Without a wife?
THE MUFFIN MAN

OLD RHYME

Very quickly

Do you know the muffin man, the

muffin man, the muffin man? Do you know the muffin man that lives in Dru-ry

Lane? O! Yes, we know the muffin man, the muffin man, the muffin man!

Yes, we know the muffin man that lives in Dru-ry Lane! O!

365
BLACKBOARD DRAWINGS

HOW TO DRAW A MOUSE

Although such a destructive rascal, the mouse is a very pretty little creature, with soft, velvety fur, greyish brown on the back and grey at the throat and underside of the body. The half plate below shows various details in its appearance:

1. The large fragile ears, so thin that they seem almost transparent.
2. The very long, thin tail, almost the length of the body.
3. The pointed head with its bright bead-like eyes.
4. The long-fingered paw which resembles that of a squirrel.
5. A mouse nibbling at a cheese in the larder.

THE two drawings at the top of the full plate on the opposite page show an easy way to draw a mouse on a squared background. From a study of this sketch the more ambitious children should be able to improve their own crude drawings. The next drawing on the opposite page is that of a mousetrap with an unfortunate mouse inside, tempted by the piece of cheese which hangs from the wire. His long tail is all that is seen of the prisoner. Another mouse has come to investigate the tragedy, while a third scampers away. A mouse in a cloak, skirt and apron suggests how the little creatures may be dressed to illustrate certain stories.
How to Draw a Mouse

367
CENTRE OF INTEREST—
THE HOME

X. TEA AND RICE FOR THE HOME

PEGGY AND JOHN WATCH THE TEA PICKERS IN INDIA
Drawing in Outline of Picture No. 13 in the Portfolio

368
Description of Picture No. 13.—This picture shows a tea plantation on the slopes of the Himalayan mountains in the north of India. Peggy and John, the English children whose travels we are following, are watching from the road. Peggy is riding a hill pony, which John holds by the bridle. Other ponies follow bearing packets of tea. The slopes of the mountains are covered with tea bushes which stand in long, neat rows; each bush is trimmed to keep it broad and flat. With nimble fingers the native women pick off the young shoots, and when their baskets are full they carry the tea leaves to the factory to be weighed. Only the topmost leaves are used for the best tea. Most of the women carry their baskets on the back, supported by a wicker band passed over the head. The woman in the picture carries her baby by this means.

In preparing tea for the market the leaves are spread out to wither. After further processes of rolling and drying in the factory, the leaves are graded and packed. An abundance of cheap labour is required for picking the leaves, but in India the subsequent processes are all done by up-to-date machinery at the plantations. In the picture the factory can be seen at the bend of the road.

The frieze for the classroom wall is made up of a teapot alternating with two cups and saucers. Outline sketches for tracing these shapes are given. A third of the children, those colouring the teapot, will require a whole sheet of drawing paper, the other two-thirds, who are to colour the cups and saucers, will need half sheets of paper. The children should first moisten the paper with a brush filled with clean water and apply the colours in sweeping strokes. The colours for the frieze are shown in the picture. After colouring, the children may cut round their shapes or along the guiding lines so that the shapes may be mounted on the back of a strip of wall paper.

LANGUAGE AND SPEECH TRAINING

Conversation on Picture No. 13.—The children should freely discuss and describe 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. What colour are the faces and hands of these women? They are called Indians. 2. Tell how they are dressed. 3. Say: “Indians are clad in coloured cotton clothes.” (Practice in e.) 4. Tell what is growing in the field. These are tea bushes. 5. Tell what the women are doing. They pick the topmost leaves. 6. Tell how one woman carries her baby. 7. Tell what they are putting into the tall baskets. 8. Find Peggy and John. Tell what they are doing. 9. Tell what the ponies behind Peggy and John are carrying. 10. What do you think is in the boxes on these ponies? 11. Tell what you see at the bend of the road. This is a factory where the tea leaves are dried. 12. Tell what a tea leaf in your teacup is like. 13. Is the land in the picture flat or hilly? 14. Why do all the people in the picture wear hats or scarves over their heads? 15. Is the land in the picture England? It is the land of India. 16. Tell what you see in the border under the picture.

During the conversation on the picture the leading words may be written on the blackboard; e.g.,—dark, brown, black, Indian, coloured cotton clothes, bushes, tea, picking leaves, basket, strap, head, pony, box, factory, hilly land, India, teapot, cup, saucer.

The older children may copy these words into a book as a writing exercise, and the
more familiar of them may be learnt as an exercise in spelling.

Flash Cards.—The following sentences might be written on strips of card:—

1. Tea is made from the leaves of a plant.
   Tea plants grow in India.
   Tea plants like sunshine and rain.
   Tea plants grow on hillsides.

2. Women pick the tea leaves.
   They put the leaves into baskets.
   The women hang the baskets from their heads.
   Some women carry their babies in baskets.

3. Peggy and John rode on ponies.
   Ponies carry the tea chests.
   The tea chests are put on ships.
   The ships bring tea to England.

ACTIVITIES AND CONSTRUCTIVE WORK

Classroom project—a shop.—In connection with the talks on tea, sugar, cotton and cocoa let the children play at shop. Notice should be given some day or so before, in order that the children can bring pictures from catalogues and price lists, empty tins, boxes and cartons of various kinds. A supply of empty cartons for things sold in grocers' shops can sometimes be obtained from a local grocer. Let the "salesmen" arrange their shop and prepare their labels, correcting the spelling of them from the Scrapbook Dictionary. Where weaving is done some children can make an assortment of baskets both to hold things in the shop and for the purchasers. Other children can make paper bags of various sizes and shapes.

Illustrations of shop projects, together with further details, are given in the article Projects for Young Children, by Hilda K. F. Gull. (See Index.)
Exercises in weighing and number can be done in connection with the shopping. Sand can be used to represent tea, and quantities from 1 oz. to 1 lb. can be weighed. The prices can be determined from the packets. Children can buy various quantities and pay for the tea with cardboard or paper coins. The teacher can with the children's help prepare a price list of goods, and the children can have a certain sum to spend. They must check their change and make out a list of their purchases with prices. For the older children individual cards can be prepared:

1. Buy 1 lb. tea at 2s. 4d. per lb., and 1½ lb. at 1s. 6d.
2. How much change out of half-a-crown shall I have after buying 5 lb. rice at 4d. per lb.?
3. If a tea chest holds 3 lb. tea, how many ounces are left when half of it is used?
4. The best rice is 5d. per lb. How many pounds would there be in a sack which costs 3s. 4d.?

**Paper cutting—plates.**—For the plates take a square piece of paper and fold it into 16 squares. Nip up each corner (marked a, b, c, d, in the diagram) in turn, so that 1 lies on 1, 2 on 2, etc.

Another way to make a paper plate is to draw out a circle on paper from a box lid. Cut it out, fold it in four, and fold down the curved side as shown in the sketch. Turn up the same side again over the first fold, crease firmly, and open out the paper. Now fold up the sides of the plate along the inner crease, pinch the corners together and secure with paste. Press along the outer creases to make the rounded edges lie flat.

**Paper cutting—mats.**—Pretty mats can be made from coloured wall paper cut or torn round the edges to make a fringe.
Paper cutting—traycloth.—The Fives can make paper traycloths in the same way as the mats shown on the opposite page. Fold an oblong of white paper into four and then again diagonally. Tear or snip out shapes from the folds, and the paper when opened out will show an attractive pattern.

Raffia work—teapot stand.—From a circular box lid draw a circle on thin card. Cut out the circle and cut away a smaller circle from the middle of it. The Fives can cover the card with raffia, placing the strands closely together. Older children can snip out notches from the edge of the circle, making an uneven number of notches about \( \frac{1}{2} \) in. deep. Wind raffia round the card, placing one strand in each notch till all the notches are used. Weave a differently-coloured strand of raffia in and out of the radiating threads, beginning at the middle and working outwards. Fasten the ends of the weaving thread by a knot. When finished carefully tear or cut away the cardboard and slip off the teapot stand. The edge may be decorated with a plait of raffia stitched on.

Raffia work—plaited basket.—Plaiting is more easily mastered by little ones than is supposed, and when learned can be used for the handles of bags or baskets, decorating or strengthening the edges of mats, and lengths can be sewn together to make circular or oval mats, baskets and dolls' hats.

Take three strands of raffia of different colours and tie them in a knot at one end. Fasten the knot to a hook, or tie it to a support with a piece of string. To commence plaeting, hold the strands loosely in the left hand and with the right take strand 1 and pass it over 2 and under 3 (see sketch). Repeat this performance with the three strands as they now lie and continue till the required length is finished. Knot the end.

To make the basket, thread a needle with a narrow strand of raffia, make a knot in
the end and pass the needle through the knot in the plait. Coil the plait, laying it flat on the desk, and oversew it at intervals to keep it in place. The sewn side is the underside of the basket. When a shallow basket has been made, turn under the plait and oversew the fold firmly before cutting off the end, so that the plaiting will not come undone.

The woven baskets may be filled with plasticine fruits—oranges and bananas—and used as wares in the co-operative model of the Indian shop—page 376.

Raffia work—woven mat.—A loom for the mat may be made from a postcard. Mark a \( \frac{1}{4} \) in. margin all round the card, and pierce the two long sides with holes \( \frac{1}{4} \) in. apart along the margin lines. To stiffen the edges of the loom and to prevent the work from narrowing in the middle, push a steel knitting needle through the last holes at each end of the card, as shown in the sketch.

To make the warp threads, thread a needle with coloured raffia and make a knot at the end of the strand. Pass the needle through the hole at A from the back of the loom, out at C, and in at X and out again at Y. Finish the warp threads at B and tie a knot at the back. For the weft, take a shred of differently coloured raffia, tie a knot in it and thread it through the hole at B, and then over and under the warp threads from end to end of the card. Continue weaving till the threads are filled, pressing each row close to the preceding one. When the weaving is completed, knot the weft thread at the back. Tear off the edge of the card and slip off the mat. These mats can be used in the co-operative model of the Indian shop—page 376.

Plastic models—Indian pottery.—Bowls and pots of many shapes and sizes can be made in clay or plasticine, and used to stand in the co-operative model of the Indian shop.

Paper model—sunshade.—From a circular box lid mark in pencil a circle on drawing

To make stick, roll pasted paper diagonally.

rolled paper stick.

draw round a circular box lid on stiff paper cut out & decorate, then, mark out a segment, paste the two edges together, pierce hole in centre & push over paper stick.
paper. Cut out the circle, fold it in half and then in half again; decorate it, and then cut up one of the crease lines to the centre. Paste the inside of one of the cut edges and pull it over the other edge for about \( \frac{1}{2} \) in. along the circumference. The handle may be a wooden skewer or a paper stick made of a 4 in. square of thin brown paper, pasted and rolled diagonally. Pierce a hole in the centre of the parasol and gum the handle in position. The children may decorate the parasol with crayons, paints or stick printing.

**Paper model—tea tray.**—Take a square of stiff paper, fold down a margin all round of a suitable depth to make the sides of the tray, and crease the paper lightly into 4. Decorate the tray with cut-out paper shapes—squares, triangles, circles and oblongs. Let the children choose their own colours and shapes for decoration, which is best carried out in not more than 4 colours. The children can place the coloured shapes in various positions on the tray till an attractive pattern is made. They can then paste the pieces into position. The creases in the paper will help to keep the design symmetrical. Now fold up the edges of the tray at the dark dotted lines, cut down the thick lines and paste together. The older children can prepare a tray in the same way, making diagonal crease lines in addition, to guide them in composing a more elaborate style of decoration, which may be painted or coloured with crayons. Alternatively, they may use coloured paper shapes to make a picture on their tea tray.

**Paper model—Indian house.**—For the walls, take a strip of stiff brown paper about 8 times as long as its width and crease it into 8 sections. Cut off one section and draw the plan of the walls as shown in the sketch, Fig. 1. Cut out the door and windows and add a flap to the back for fixing. Cut out the shape and paste a paper tab to the bottom of each side. Bend the walls at the thick dotted lines and paste up.

Cut out a pattern in paper \( \frac{1}{2} \) in. larger on all sides than the back of the house. Use this pattern in planning the roof. For the top of the roof place the pattern on folded paper with one long side along the fold, draw round it and add a flap for fixing to each short side, Fig. 2. Cut out the shape and open it. For the sides of the roof, lay the pattern again on folded paper, this time with a short side to the fold. Draw round the pattern, and cut it out. Keeping the shape still folded once, fold it again lengthwise, and on it draw a line from the unfolded corner to the folded side, making the line the length of the short side of the pattern, \( x \) in Fig. 3. Cut down this line, giving two separate sides to the roof. Paste the sides to the flaps of the main part of the roof. Gum all the roof thoroughly on the outside and lay raffia and fine twigs on it to make a thatch.
For the stand of the house, draw an oblong \(\frac{3}{4}\) in. larger on all sides than the base of the house, add a margin and cut out the shape. Make up the stand in the same way as the tea tray already described. For each pillar, take a square of paper, paste the inside and roll it up from one corner, Fig. 5.

Bend up the fixing tabs on the sides of the house, paste them and fix the house to the middle of the stand. Make two holes for the pillars in the stand by the corners of the house and push the paper pillars through. Cut the pillars slightly shorter than the top of the walls, Fig. 6. Finally, place on the roof, Fig. 7.

**Co-operative group model—Indian village.**
The models of Indian houses already described may be grouped to make an Indian village like that shown in the sketch on page 377. Cut-out figures and an oxcart may be added to the street.

**Co-operative group model—Indian shop.**
For the shop itself an ordinary boot box is required. Take off the lid and slit down the corners of one long side of the box to about one-third of its height. Draw a line from the bottom of the slit to the back corner on each side and score along these lines on the outside with a penknife. Bend in the flaps, which are used to support the roof. The windows and door may be cut out from the front of the box, or a false door and windows of coloured paper may be stuck on. Make
a short coloured curtain to each window with a frill of crêpe paper stuck on.

Cut out a roof from cardboard measuring it by the box, and making it overlap slightly on all sides. Gum the roof thoroughly and lay strands of raffia across it to make the thatch. When the thatch is dry, gum the flaps of the box and stick on the roof. Trim the thatch with scissors, allowing it to hang over in front.

Stick the box to the lid of a larger box, and stand this on the lid of a still larger box. Make a narrow paper carpet to reach from the door to the ground, decorate it with cut-out shapes and stick it in place.

The best model of the parasol is stuck obliquely in a hole in the top step of the shop. The woven mats, described above, are laid on the steps and the woven baskets, filled with plasticine produce, are put on them, as well as the best models of pottery in plasticine.

**GEOGRAPHY TALKS**

**TEA**

Now that you have seen the picture of the *Tea Pickers in India* you might like to know a little more about the people who work so hard for us in India to send us tea. Do you think that you could point out on a map the way a ship goes from London to India? First point to London; then point to India. Now our ship wants to go the shortest way; let us find it. Here we go through the English Channel and down the coasts of France and Spain—and then where shall we go? Let us turn to the east and go through that narrow passage of water into the sea with

![Homes of Tea Pickers on a Tea Plantation](Reproduced by courtesy of The Indian Tea Association)
the long name—the Mediterranean Sea. On and on steadily eastwards we go, till we come to the end of the sea with the long name; now what are we going to do? Look very closely at the map. Can you find a thin blue line which is marked Suez Canal? A canal is a river made by men. This canal was cut through the land about sixty years ago, so that ships could go a short way to India. We will go through the Suez Canal into the Red Sea. On and on, to the south now, until we reach the end of that sea, and then once more we turn to the east and sail straight away over the Indian Ocean to the port of Bombay. How far do you think a ship has travelled when it has gone the way we found from London to Bombay?—7,000 miles! What a long way to be sure! It takes a big liner three weeks, twenty-one days, to travel all that distance. Do you know anything that can go faster than the steamer? Yes, the aeroplane. Men can fly from London to Bombay in less than a week, and they often do so now to carry the mail bags of letters. Do you know a very, very quick way of sending a message to India? Yes, by wireless. A message by wireless can be flashed to India almost as quickly as you can think.

Let us go back to our map, and now we will find the long sea route from London to Bombay. Do you remember telling you about the pepper trees of India? (See Index for story of Christopher Columbus.) When men wanted so much pepper for their salt meat, they sailed through the sea with the long name, but they had to take their bags of pepper out of the ships when they got to the eastern end of the sea, because men had not then cut the Suez Canal. They piled the bags on the backs of camels, and made part of the journey back from India on land. It was in the sea with the long name and on the land that pirates and robbers attacked the merchants, and that was why some sailors decided to find another way to India.

Instead of turning east when we come to the end of Spain, we will go right on southwards for hundreds of miles down the coast of Africa. On and on we go till we come to the extreme south. Here you will find a cape called the Cape of Good Hope, and near to it is a fine city called Cape Town. Now we will turn east again, and then, by keeping a bit to the north once more, we travel over the Indian Ocean to Bombay. But what a long way we have come this time! The voyage by the long route takes twice as long as the voyage by the short route. When in the pirate days sailors wanted to find this long way to India they had a very hard task. Sailor after sailor tried and tried again. At last a brave Portuguese man called Vasco da Gama took four tiny sailing ships and kept on and on till he did find the way. He was well rewarded for his bravery, for he filled his ship with peppercorns and other good things, and when he got home again he sold the goods for much money.

After that voyage of the Portuguese sailor, ships went every year by the long sea route to India, until clever men cut the Suez Canal. To-day the great steam ships go either way. Those that go through the canal have to pay toll, so ships that are heavily laden prefer to take longer on the journey and go by the long way, so that there is no toll to pay.

Having found out all this about the way ships go to and from England and India, you can see what a big business it is to bring our tea to us. Indeed, the ships have to go farther still, for the tea hills are in the far north-east corner of India, and the chests of tea are sent to Calcutta to be picked up by the ships.

Tea plants will grow only in a few, sunny, wet places. Stretching right across India are the most tremendous mountains in the world. There is one great giant so big and so high that no man has ever climbed to the top of it. Many brave men have tried, but the snow and the icy winds have always kept them back. The mountains begin rising with low hills, and it is on the hills of north-east India that the tea plants live. This is one of the wettest places in the
whole world. If all the rain that falls in one year on a small field in the tea plantation could be heaped up, it would cover a big church. Tea plants like rain, lots and lots of rain, but they do not like to swim in it, so they grow on hills where it quickly runs away.

Tea plants are grown from seeds, and are not ready for picking for three years. They are neatly planted in rows and are cut down to a height of about four feet, so that all the leaves can be easily reached. Only the young shoots are picked for tea making, and these are nipped off by hand. In a large tea estate, picking goes on all the year round. The land is divided into fields. Some fields will be in flower, snow-white, and sweetly scented; others will be shooting or producing fruit. There is always work to be done. When a field of plants has just been picked and needs a rest so that new shoots can grow, then is the time for weeding, or pruning. The workers on a tea plantation are called Indians. Most of the pickers are women, who have very clever fingers. They handle the tender shoots with dainty care. You can see them in the picture busily filling their baskets, which they take to the factory to be weighed. The women are paid a certain amount for every pound of tea leaves they pick.

Inside the factory, the leaves are spread on trays and left to wither for a day and a
night. They are next put into a rolling machine, and the juice is squeezed out of them. After that the dry leaves are spread on trays. Lastly they are rolled again, and dried by hot air which turns them black. The large leaves are sifted from the small ones, and all are packed in separate cases lined with lead to keep them air-tight. These tea chests are brought by ship to England. We can buy a pound of tea for about three shillings, but before India had her great plantations, a pound of tea in England cost twenty shillings and more!

When tea was new and strange to English people, they did not all know how to use it. The story is told of an old lady who had a pound of tea sent to her for a present. She was told to pour boiling water on it. She put the tea into a jug and poured on the boiling water, but thinking that the tea leaves were vegetables which would be cooked by the water, she threw away the water, and spread the leaves on bread and butter. Ugh! how nasty they were! "I do not care for tea at all," said the old lady, and she threw the leaves to her pig.

RICE

RICE PUDDING! Who likes rice pudding? Most boys and girls would be very sorry if there were no rice puddings to eat. We have to thank the Indians for our rice as well as for our tea. I will tell you something about the way the Indians grow rice.

India is a very large country, thirty-five times bigger than England. Most of the flat lands of India are very hot, but fortunately it rains every year for months at a time, so that plants grow well. There are millions of brown Indians who live on the warm, flat lands. The men work on the land, and most of them have small farms, where they grow food for their families. What food do you think they grow? Chiefly one kind, which supplies almost all their needs. That food is rice. They eat it at every meal, just as we eat bread. They eat their meat with rice, their vegetables and fish with rice, and when they have no meat or fish, they eat rice cooked alone.
Now rice is a very curious plant to grow. It likes to stand in cool water, with a burning sky above it. That is why it flourishes in lands with summer rain. Rice is called "paddy" while it is growing. At first, it is a tiny seed. When the rain comes, at the beginning of the summer, all the paddy fields are ploughed. Oxen, or sometimes water buffaloes, drag the ploughs. The patient animals walk up and down the fields all day long, in deep mud and water. The men or boys guiding the ploughs sometimes bind straw or cotton rags round their legs, so that they shall not be bitten by insects in the mud. In the warmest corners of the ploughed fields the tiny rice seeds are sown under six inches of water. They soon shoot up, and when the shoots are four or five inches high, they are planted out in rows in the paddy fields. If the rain should not be heavy enough to keep the paddy fields flooded, the farmers run in water from the nearest river, and bank up the fields so that no water can escape. The whole crop would be ruined if a field became dry.

Gradually the green shoots grow taller, and the paddy fields appear to be covered with waving grass. Towards the end of the summer, the rain grows less, and finally stops. The paddy turns yellow and ripens, and the fields are drained dry. Children are kept busy chasing away the birds which try to steal the rice grains. At last the crop is ready for harvesting. Men go into the fields of paddy and cut it all down. Then they hang it out on fences to dry. There is still more work to do before the grains are all sifted out and made shiny as we buy them for our puddings. When the paddy is gathered, the rice grains are hidden in husks, just as grains of wheat are hidden in the ears. To sift the rice grains from the husks, men drag the dry plants through iron teeth set in tree trunks. Then they beat the rice, and throw it against the wind in shovelfuls. The wind blows away the husks, leaving the grains behind in a heap on the ground.

Most of the rice grown is eaten by the people who grow it, but a great deal of rice is packed in large bags, and sent by ship to London.

AN INDIAN VILLAGE HOME

We will now have a talk about a boy who lives in India. His name is Mavati. Mavati lives in a large village. His home is made of mud, dug by his father from one of the shallow pits which lie around the village and are filled with water after the rains. From the mud of these pits all the villagers build their huts, and more mud is taken every time a new hut is built, so the pits gradually grow larger. Mavati's home has mud walls and a hard, mud floor, swept very clean by his mother. The roof is thatched, and in the one small room is a fireplace of mud bricks. There are no chairs or tables, for his father and mother, his little brother and himself sit on the floor and eat from it; there are no bedsteads, for at night they roll themselves in thick cotton sheets and sleep on the floor; and neither are there windows nor chimneys, for most of the cooking is done out of doors. When the rains do not allow this, Mavati's mother boils the rice or bakes the wheaten cakes at the fireplace, and the smoke floats about the room until it finds its way out at the door.

Mavati is clad in nothing but a cotton skirt reaching to his knees, for the rains are over and the hot season has begun. His father wears a white turban and a dhoti—a strip of fine cotton cloth wrapped round the waist and tucked up in front and behind. His mother has a long piece of blue cotton cloth called a sari draped about her body, with one end drawn over her head, and when she goes out to the village well she veils her face with a corner of her sari. The baby brother wears no clothes at all. They are poor people, but happy and
contended. After many years of hard work Mavati's father has saved enough rupees to melt down into two large silver bangles which his wife proudly wears on her wrists.

Mavati's father labours on the land every day of the week. He has a wooden plough which scratches the earth as the harnessed buffalo drags it along. He also has a rough spade, fork and pick, and with these tools he digs the soil and grows his crops. His day's work begins at sunrise, when he goes off to his field taking a little food with him. At midday his wife brings him his dinner. After dinner he sleeps in the shade for two or three hours and then works until sunset.

Mavati's mother keeps the house clean, fetches water and gathers wood. She milks the cow and goat, pounds the grain, grinds spiccs for curry powder, cooks the dinner and takes her husband's share in a pot to the field. After dinner she rests until the heat of noon has passed. Then she works in the garden growing vegetables, or busies herself with weaving or sewing, and finally, at about eight o'clock, she prepares supper. After supper bedtime ends the day.

The village school.—As soon as the morning star appears in the sky Mavati gets up. The priest of the temple in the village blows his holy shell. Numbers of men hurry down to the river to bathe. The peasants set out for the fields, and Mavati runs off to school. The school is a thatched mud building standing under a large tree. The floor of the schoolroom is strewn with sand and at one end is a bank of sand covered with a reed mat. Hanging on the walls are thirty or forty bookcases made of two pieces of wood bound together with cord. Inside each case are many palm leaves with Indian writing on them, and a small, sharpened stick. The teacher sits on the sandbank, and every boy, as he enters, takes his leaves from the bookcase and sits down on the floor to learn his lesson. Some boys write with their sticks in the sand on the floor, and a few older ones write on palm leaves with reed pens. One by one each boy is
called up to bring his lesson to the teacher.

At eight o'clock Mavati runs home to breakfast, and returns to school an hour later. At school he learns reading, writing and arithmetic, the way to write a letter and also many wise proverbs and verses. He has no geography, or history, or drill, or music lessons. At noon he goes home to dinner, and three hours later returns for afternoon school which lasts until six o'clock.

Mavati's father pays the teacher a little money for his son's education, and gives him a pot of grain at harvest time. The boys have two days' holiday at every new moon and every full moon, amounting to four days in a month, and for one week in each year they hold a school festival in honour of the goddess of learning. Then the boys wear their best robes and worship at the shrine of the goddess, afterwards going from house to house singing and reciting, and collecting money.

(In recent years many modern schools have been built in India with well-trained teachers and good equipment. In the state of Bungalow, for instance, not one old school remains.)

The village people.—On the first morning of the holiday of the new moon, Mavati and several other schoolboys have arranged to meet and fly their kites. Mavati has a square, green, paper kite brightly decorated with yellow. He sets out early with his kite under his arm, and walks along the narrow village streets winding between the closely packed rows of huts. Soon he passes a house with a high mud wall round it, entered by a gateway. This house belongs to a farmer and is built round an open space inside the wall. The house is of mud and thatch and has three rooms in it—a large living room, a storehouse and a kitchen. The living room is as bare as the one in Mavati's home excepting for a few bedsteads with bamboo frames joined by a network of grass fibres, and some bedding consisting of mats and pillows rolled up in a corner. The storehouse is filled with grain, and in the kitchen are many brass and earthen pots for cooking, eating and holding water. There are cattle sheds and barns close to the house, and a garden in which vegetables and kitchen herbs are growing.

Mavati does not linger here, however. He goes on towards the village well, beyond which stands the house of the carpenter, whose son is coming to the kite flying. The well is a busy spot where women are always coming and going, and laughing and talking as they fill their waterpots. Keeping their saris drawn like veils across their faces, the women balance the jars of water on their heads and move away gracefully down the street.

The carpenter's son is in his father's shed working on a piece of wood with a tool something like an axe. He is a thin little fellow of eleven, but already uses his father's tools cleverly. In India boys always follow their fathers' trades, and that is why Indian workmen are famous for their skill. The carpenter himself is making a new plough, and is wearing only his loincloth and turban. Across his shoulders runs a thread showing that he belongs to one of the five great orders of workmen in India. To the other orders belong the potter, the shoemaker, the weaver and the blacksmith. The carpenter is a busy man. He makes bullock carts, bedsteads, doors, yokes, rafters, tool handles and wooden spoons. He is paid for his work in money, food and household goods, and is very comfortably off.

The carpenter's son has a large red and blue kite, and he now joins Mavati in the street. The boys chatter and laugh merrily as they go on their way. They linger to look in at the blacksmith's shop and listen to the clang of his hammer. The blacksmith does all the iron work of the village with no tools other than some hammers, pincers and a pair of bellows. He makes spades, axes, reaping hooks, knives, locks, keys and a score of things besides. There is always someone waiting for him to mend a broken tool or make a new one.
Mavati and the carpenter’s son now go on past the goldsmith’s shop, from which comes a light tap-tap. The goldsmith is making a silver bangle for one of the villagers. As the boys go by the little shop two women approach and speak to the goldsmith. One hands him a small bag of coins which she wishes him to make into an anklet, and the other has an old silver ornament to be melted down and remade into a fresh shape.

Farther on they pass a man seated on the ground outside his hut while the barber trims his hair and beard. The barber has spread out a mat to sit on, and is telling the news from the bazaar in the town he has lately visited. He has given his customer a small mirror to hold in his hand and watch the work while it is done.

Here comes the dhobi or village washerman leading his donkey and followed by his wife and a small son. The donkey is carrying a load of soiled garments and the dhobi also has a bundle on his shoulders. His wife collects the soiled clothes from the women of the house, holding them at the end of a hooked stick. Their little son carries a large jar to hold the food which customers give them in part payment for their work. The dhobi is going down to the river. There he dips the clothes in the water and beats them on a stone to shake out the dirt. He then rinses and starches them and lays them out in the sun to dry. Last of all he folds and packs them ready for their owners.

On the edge of the village stands the potter’s house, and here Mavati and the carpenter’s son call for another schoolboy with a kite. His father, the potter, sits at the wheel outside his hut and rows of pots are ranged all round him on the ground. Mavati watches the potter’s brown fingers smoothing the clay while he spins the wheel with his foot.

At last the boys arrive on the plain for their kite flying. They have a jolly time and then go home to dinner and midday rest.

At sunset the mothers call their children indoors, in case wolves should be prowling around. The herd of buffaloes is brought back from pasture in charge of a small boy who sits astride one of them, wielding a stick and shouting shrill commands which are slowly obeyed by the great, shaggy beasts. When they reach the village street each buffalo goes off to his master’s shed for the night. Now the cows and goats come in to be milked by the women and fastened in their sheds. Mavati’s father returns from the field and soon the family sits down on the floor to a supper of rice cakes served with curry and pickles. Not long afterwards Mavati goes to bed. He wraps himself in his thick sheet, and is soon fast asleep.

(The story of Tea and Rice is continued in Volume II.)