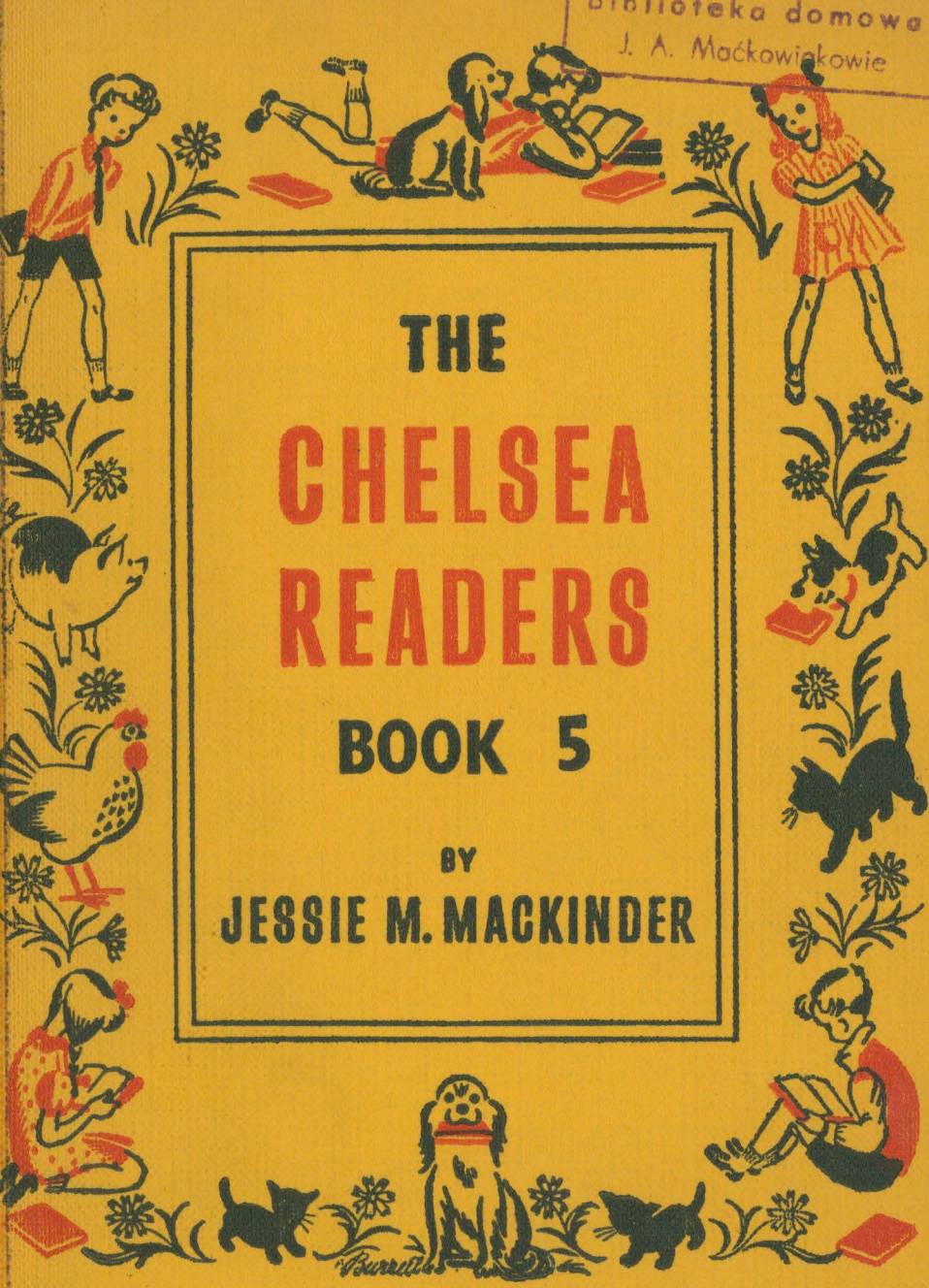


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THE
CHELSEA
READERS

BOOK 5

BY
JESSIE M. MACKINDER

A HARRAP BOOK

NOTE

This is the last of a series of five books which embody a carefully arranged and progressive scheme.

The omission of even one page will retard the progress of a child learning to read by this method. Therefore it is essential that Books, I, II, III, and IV shall have been mastered before the child begins to work with Book V.

The pages numbered in red are intended to be used as class lessons and introduce the new elements. The pages numbered in black are for the application of what was taught in the preceding class lesson. These pages should be prepared by the child alone and unaided except for the suggestions given in *The Teachers' Manual*, the use of which is essential to the successful application of the scheme. It is most important that the child should have no opportunity to hear anyone read a page he has not previously prepared by himself. If he is allowed to memorize any passage by hearing it read he will make but little progress in reading, and will be deprived of valuable training in self-reliance.

Book I Letters are taught in groups of six. Each group is immediately used for regular words.

Book II uses the words learned in Book I and adds new regular two- and three-letter words and the most common irregular words. Words with dr, tr, gr, cr, final y, sh, ch, th, nd, st.

Book III revises all the ground covered by Books I and II, adding words with ng, ar, or, ore, er, ir, ur, a-e (mate), i-e (pine), o-e (note), ind.

Book IV uses the above in new words to enlarge the reading vocabulary. Adds o-e (note), u-e (tune), ee (feet), ea (leaf), oo (book), ay, ai, oy, oi.

Book V completes the essential phonograms giving ou, ow (cow), ow (follow), oa, aw, au, le, ew, oo (spoon), ce, all, alk, wa, ea (feather), air (hair), are (square), ear (bear), ge, tion.

ou Scout

loud

out-side



This is the out-side of the house Father found.

The rent is a pound a week.

It has a lot of ground round it.

We like sprouts, so we set them round our house every year.

Sprouts do not make people stout, but they help to make people strong and well.

We have such a big fam-i-ly that our father was bound to look for a bigger house.

Every Saturday he went round about looking for a house, and yesterday he found the kind we need.

It costs a pound a week, but it has a lot of ground round it.

Father and the boys will dig this ground.

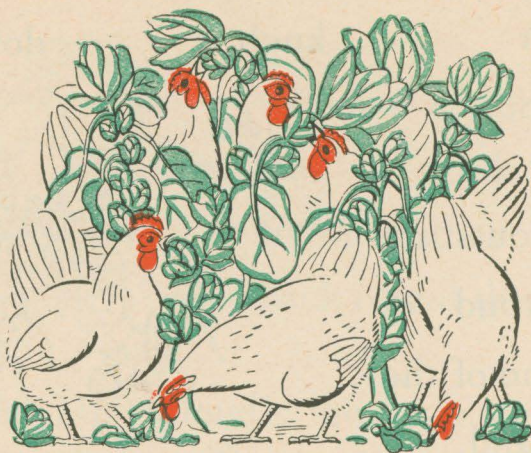
Father says it will be good for him to dig, for he is too stout and digging will make him thinner.

It was very hot work digging that hard ground.

It made the diggers very thirsty. Father said he wished we had a fount-ain.

Just then he dug deeper, and suddenly shouted loudly, "Look, boys, I have dug into an underground spring, so we can make a real fountain. I will fix a pipe so that the spring water will spout up high."

The boys and Father jumped around for joy.



Our family are very fond of sprouts for dinner, so we set a lot of them round the house.

They came up very well, and we said, "It will be grand to have plenty of sprouts without going to the shop for them."

Next day Jack shouted, "Dad! The hens from the next house are eating our sprouts."

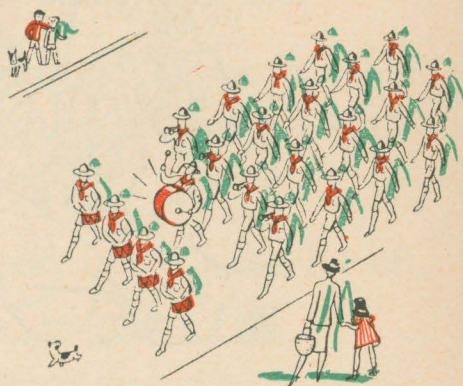
Father and Jack clapped loudly and shouted, "Be off! Be off!" This sound sent the hens cackling loudly back to the pen.

their

knob

don't

Our Scouts are
very proud of
the sound of the
Scout band.



When they have a rally they march round
the houses playing loudly.

They march very proudly.

They went to the play-ground for their
drill. Then each Scout had a drink from
the bubbly fountain.

They pressed the knob and let the water
spout into their mouths. They never put
their mouths to the pipe.



When every Scout had had a drink at the fountain they marched back round the houses.

Outside Mrs Cloud's house a Scout fell on the ground and hurt his leg.

Mrs Cloud said, "Come into my house."
The other Scouts waited outside.

Suddenly Mrs Cloud ran out of her house, shouting, "Oh, a mouse!

Oh, a mouse!

Don't come in!

There's a mouse in the house!"



A Scout ran to Mrs Cloud and said,
"What-ever is the matter, Mrs Cloud?"

She said, "Oh, a mouse ran into my house."

The Scout said, "Don't be so silly, Mrs Cloud. The mouse will not hurt you. It will run out of the house if you do not shout so loudly."

It was a tiny mouse that had been fright-en-ed by the loud banging of the Scouts' drum.

It really lived outside the house.

It had a neat round nest in Mrs Cloud's shed.

She kept potatoes in a sack in this shed.

The mouse had bitten a hole in the sack and made a nest with bits of sack frayed out.



This fat mouse lived
in a house in South
Street.

The thin mouse lived in a hole in the ground
at the foot of a mountain, in a wood.

In the day-time they both stay in their
homes, but at night they go out to look
around.

The mouse in the house in South Street
has a lot to eat. The mouse in the hole
at the foot of the mountain has much less.

When the fat mouse met the thin mouse
he said, "Would you like to live in our
house and have plenty to eat?"

The thin mouse said, "Thank you. I
should!"

So they both went back to the South Street house and had a good meal.

"Hush!" said the thin mouse, "I hear a creeping sound!"

The fat mouse said, "That is our cat. She lives in our house. She is a clever mouser. She has eaten up my family."

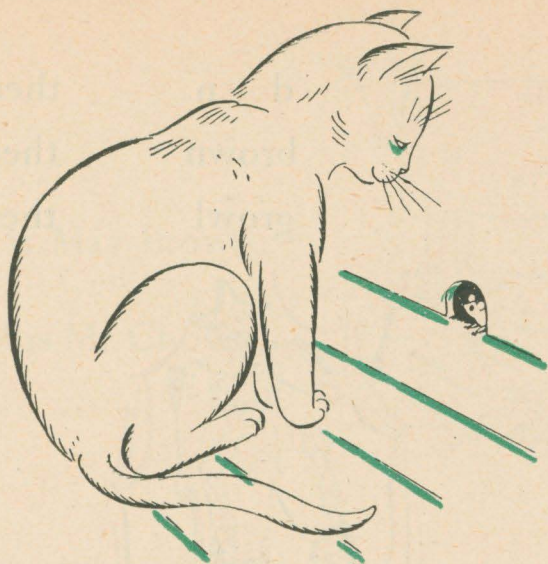
I am not as happy in this house as I was before she came.

When we had no cat we had such fun every night.

We were never afraid, and ran about the house just as we pleased.

When first the cat came we were not afraid, and ran about the house just as before.

But first Mother was eaten by this cat and the next night Father was eaten by her.



That made us very unhappy, and so we cannot run about the house unless she is outside.

“Good-bye,” said the thin mouse.

“I will go back to my hole in the ground under the mountain.

We have no mousers in our wood.

It would be of no use if I stayed with you in South Street and had plenty to eat if I was eaten up as soon as I got fat.”

ow

down

there is

brown

there are

cow

growl

there were



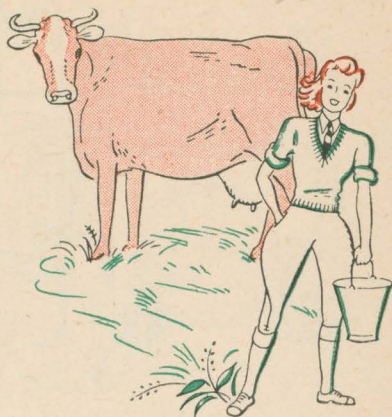
Mr Chown has been a clever clown in the pan-to-mime.

He went from town to town, and in every town crowds went to see his funny tricks.

Now he has left the towns and keeps cows and fowls. His legs are too stiff for clowning and he is too stout to run about quickly.

There is May Brown.

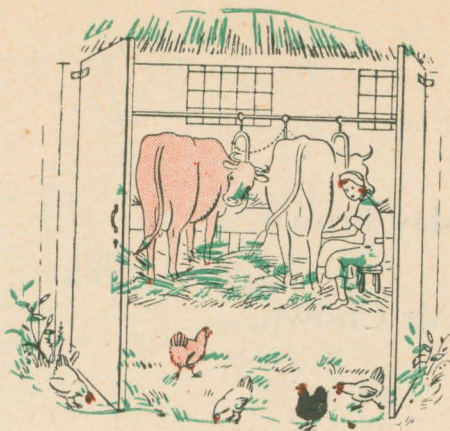
She helps Mr Chown.



There is Flower. You see she is a brown cow. Flower will not allow Mr Chown to milk her. If he tries to milk her she kicks the pail over.

If May Brown milks her she stands quite still.

Flower likes May Brown. She is very kind to the cows and the fowls.



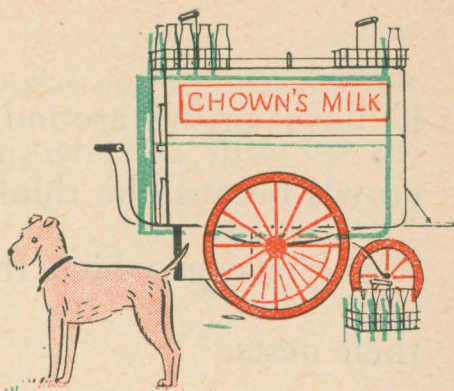
Flower, the brown cow, will not allow the fowls to peck inside the cow shed. She stamps on the ground till they fly off.

There is the brown hen. She is not afraid of Flower.

When-ever there is a shower this brown hen runs into the cow house to keep dry. She flies up on to a beam. She will flutter down when the shower is over and Flower will stamp.

because

who



May Brown lives at Mr Chown's house because she helps him with the fowls and the cows.

She milks the cows and Mr Chown takes the milk to the town to sell it.

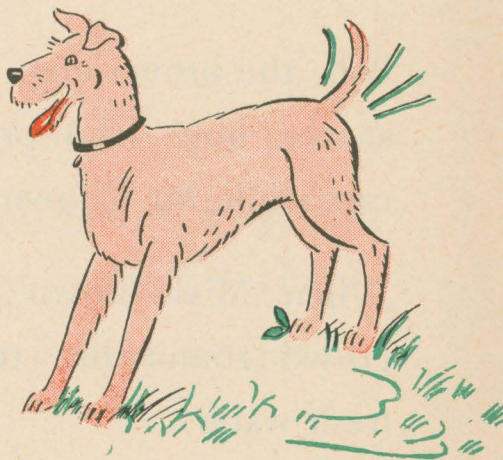
Bob, the brown dog, helps him by growling at the boys who prowl around the milk cart while Mr Chown is away from it.

When Miss Brown feeds the fowls they crowd round her to get their corn and fresh water.

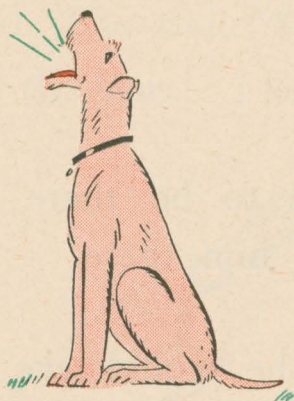
If boys prowl around the fowl pen Bob growls because he thinks they have come to steal the eggs which the fowls have laid in their nests.

When he growls Mr Chown says,
“Good dog, Bob.” Then Bob wags his tail and yaps, “Bow-wow-wow!” because he is glad.

This is how Bob looks when he is glad.



When the Scouts come round with their big drum Bob sits down and lifts up his neck and howls.



This is how
Bob looks
when he howls.

That is because he hates the sound of the drum.

You can tell what is happening if you hear Bob, because he howls at the drum, he growls at prowling boys, and he bow-wow-wows when he is glad.

heard



A brown owl had
got shut in the
fowl house.

The owl did not wish to be there and
the fowls did not like him there.

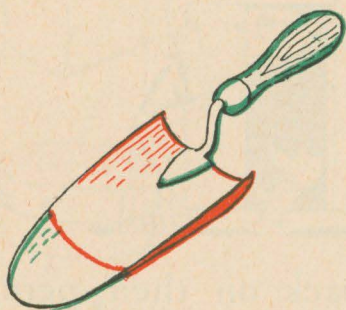
The fowls were afraid he would take the
chicks in his talons and eat them.

The owl wished to sleep, but he could
not because the hens kept on clucking at
him to make him go out of the fowl house.
The owl could not go out because the
house was shut up.

Bob heard this noise and was running
around outside growling because he could

not under-stand what the noise was about.

Miss Brown frowned when she heard Bob growl. She said, "Something is the matter with the hens. I heard Bob growl."



She put down
her trowel.

Then she went to the fowl house.

Bob was glad to hear her coming.

He barked his glad Bow-wow-wow to tell her he was glad she was coming to see what was the matter.

Lesson 90 (continued)

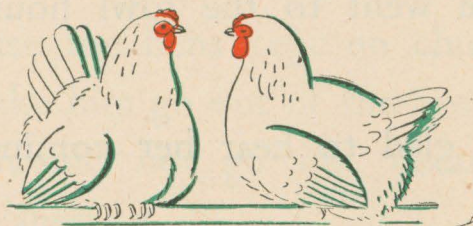


May Brown heard the noise in the fowl house and said, "Good dog, Bob. I will find out what is the matter."

She looked inside the fowl house, and the owl fluttered out.



Then the hens got back on their perches and the noise stopped.



May stayed to play with Bob for a short time, because he had been so clever. Then she finished setting her seeds.

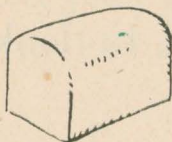
oa
loaf

boat
soap

coach
float



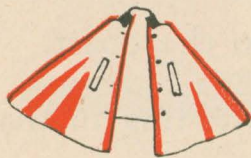
This is Joan.



Joan made this loaf.



She will roast this beef.



Joan will buy this mack-in-tosh cloak.



Then she will go in this coach.



The coach will take Joan to the coast.

Joan had been to cooking lessons.

She had got the best prize for cooking a loaf and roasting beef.

This prize was a pound note.

She had never seen the sea, so she said, she would buy a mackintosh cloak and go in a coach to the coast to look at the sea.

The ticket for the coach was five shillings.

The cloak was twelve shillings.

She had three shillings left.

Joan went in a green coach to the coast.

There were thirty persons travelling in that coach.

There were ten mothers, seven fathers, and thirteen children.

Out of the thirteen children six were girls with red mackintosh cloaks.

Five mothers had green mackintoshes.

Joan was the only girl travelling by herself to the coast.

The con-duct-or of the coach said, "Who is with you?"

Joan said, "I am going on this trip by myself." And she felt very im-port-ant.

When Joan got out of the coach she stood and looked at the sea.



It was so big, and the splashing waves made so much foam that she wished she could see it every day.

A boy said, "That is my Dad in that boat. He will unload his fish in a minute." There was a big load of herrings in the fishing-boat.

Joan got ten of them for a shilling.

Then Joan had to go home in the coach.

Tom went to Mr Chown's farm.

Mr Chown said, "If you would like to see my goat come across the road with me."

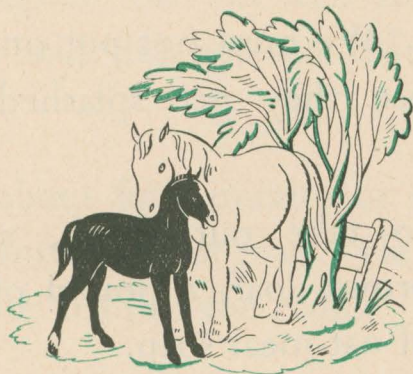
They went across the road.



Tom said, "Oh, what a dear little kid the mother goat has! May I stroke it?"

The farmer said, "You had better not, because if the goat should think you would hurt her kid she would butt you. Come back across the road and see the foal. It is as black as coal."

Mr Chown said, "Give the horse this loaf.
She will let you stroke her foal."



Tom and Mr Chown had to go back to the farm to tea. On the road they met such a big load of hay that there were three horses to drag it along the road.

The frogs in the farm pond had begun to croak. Mr Chown said, "Here is soap. When you have clean hands you can make toast and roast chestnuts for tea."

On Saturday Father took us to the coast. I did not think it was the seaside, but it was.

Mother said, "We must not put on our best coats, in case they get splashed by the sea-water."

We were to take our lunch, so I had to fetch a brown loaf, a pound of cheese, and a cake of oat-meal soap.

Then we started.

Suddenly Father waved his hand up and down.

I said, "Why are you going to stop just here, Father?"

"Have we reached the coast yet? I do not think we are there yet, for I cannot see the sea."

Father said, "Oh, no! The coast is quite twenty miles away still. I am going to stop so that you may see a very in-ter-est-ing thing."

I looked around, but did not see what was so interesting.

I looked up at the sky and around at the trees, but still did not see that interesting sight.

I looked about for a minute or so, and then Father pointed to the road. He said, "Look at that poor toad in the road.

Just see his load."



There was a toad with such a load of toad's eggs in a string of jelly.

He held them with his hind legs.

I said, "Whatever is he doing?"

Father said, "He is Mr Toad.

Mrs Toad laid the eggs, and he is taking them to the pond for her.

The jelly will make the eggs float and keep the birds from eating them."



We waited until the toad was safely across the road. Then we started again.

I said, "I am so glad you did not run over that toad, Father."

I kept on thinking about the toad taking the eggs to the pond.

Father said in three weeks' time he will take me to that pond, and I shall see that the eggs have hatched, and toad tad-poles will be swimming about.

aw

saw

paw

claw

straw

crawl

Paul

fault

August



The boy on the lawn is Paul Shaw.

He has a saw in his hand.

His sister is Pauline Shaw.

She has a shawl on.

Pauline is picking haws from the haw-thorn tree by the lawn.

It is autumn when the haws are on the hawthorn-trees.

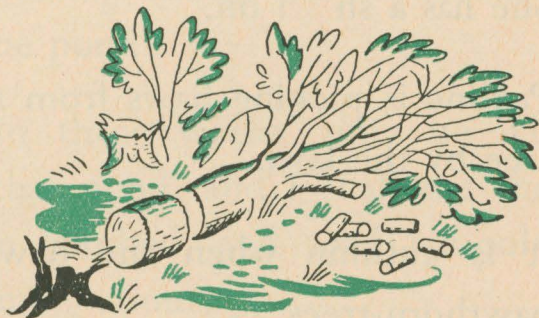
Paul said he would like to be taught to be a farmer this autumn.

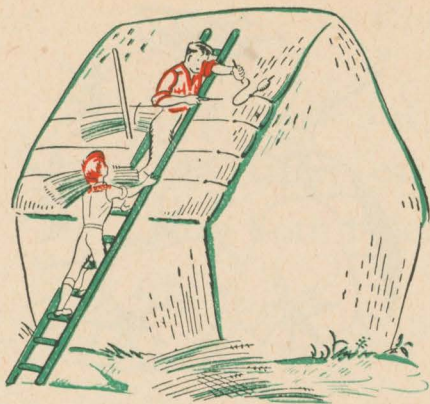


It is autumn now. You can tell, because the hawthorn-tree has red haws on it. In spring it has white may flowers.

First Paul was taught how to saw wood. He had to chop down a tree and saw it into logs.

He did that
in August.





The next thing he was taught was how to thatch a straw rick to keep the straw dry.

You can see how Paul had to crawl up to the man with the straw.

The man ties the straw into bunches and then ties the bunches side by side.

Paul and the thatch-er got very hot.

Father said they must rest on the lawn and he would pick some ripe straw-berries for them.



Pauline is not to sit on the lawn to-day. It is her fault, because she has been naughty.

Father caught her in the lane, dressed in a red shawl and bawling a silly song. Father said before that it was rude to bawl, so he sent her in.

She can see Paul eating strawberries on the lawn, and she wishes she had not been so naughty.

Paul has put six of his strawberries on a strawberry leaf to save them for her.

door

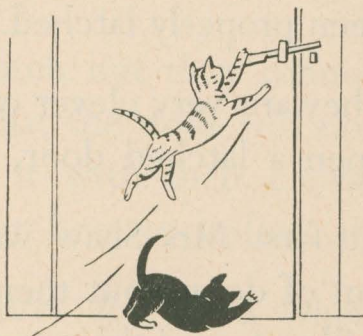
floor



This black cat is Peter.
This tabby cat is Paul.
They both belong to Mrs
Shaw.

Paul had taught Peter how to open the door of the larder.

Paul jumps up and hits the latch with his paw. Peter stops on the floor and sticks his claws in the bottom of the door and tugs.



Both Peter and Paul are fond of raw fish. They saw Mrs Shaw put some raw fish in the larder on a dish.

Then she shut the door.

Paul hit the latch with his paw.

Peter tugged at the door with his claws.

Then they both jumped on to the shelf, and the dish fell with a crash.

Mrs Shaw ran to see what was the matter. When she saw the dish on the floor she said, "How-ever did they open the door?

I think I shut the larder door quite safely. Perhaps I did not latch it quite prop-er-ly. I do not think they could have got in if it had been properly latched.

They are very clever cats, but they could not open a latched door, I think."

At first Mrs Shaw was going to send them out of doors, but then she said to herself: "I will not send them out until I have seen what happens."

Peter and Paul sat quite still. They could smell the fish, and felt very hungry.

Mrs Shaw said, "I will see what they do."

So she put the fish on another dish. Then she went out, but she peeped in at the kitchen door.

She saw how they could open the door.

She said, "What clever cats you are! I will give each of you a bit of raw fish, but then I shall lock the larder door, not just latch it."

Peter and Paul have not found out how to unlock the larder door.

They very often try.

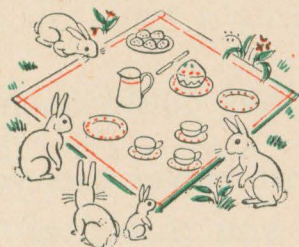
They jump up at the latch but they cannot un-der-stand how it is that the door will not open when they tug at it with their claws. They have not found out how to unlock it.

Mrs Shaw gets quite sorry for them when they have been trying for a long time. She gets a tit-bit and puts it on the mat outside the house. Then they forget that they cannot understand how to unlock the larder door.

little
middle
tickle

rattle
pickle
puddle

your
gentle



Ann Mickle was a little girl who went for a picnic on her birthday.

It was fun packing up the things for the picnic.



The kettle and the milk bottle went in a little box.

Father said, "Your things must not rattle, or the rabbits will scuttle off."

Mr Mickle said, "Ann, pick up a lot of little sticks to boil the kettle."

Ann had picked up a little pile when she began to cry.



She had picked a stinging nettle.

It had stung her hand.

Mr Mickle said, "Don't cry. I will put a dock-leaf on your hand. That will make it better."

But then Ann jumped over a puddle. She fell in the middle of the puddle.

She began to cry a little, but a gentle-man said, "See if your kettle boils."

The kettle was not yet boiling, so Ann and the gentleman sang :

"Hey, diddle diddle,

The cat and the fiddle."

Ann likes to sing, "Hey, diddle diddle," so she forgot she fell into the puddle, she

forgot the stinging nettle until Father said, "I am glad your hand is not hurting you."

Ann got the bottle of milk.

The kettle boiled. The gentleman stayed to tea.

They had a fine picnic.

When they went home the rabbits scuttled out and gobbled up the bits they had left behind.

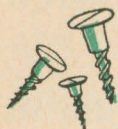
Ann was very sleepy when she got home, and went to bed. She had a dream.

In her dream she saw the rabbits sitting on the ground around her.

She was feeding them with bits of bun and they were bringing her the tips of stinging nettles.

In the morning she said, "Mother, I will tell you about the dream I had in the night."

Mother said, "Next time we have a picnic we will cut off the tips of stinging nettles, boil them, and mash them, and then we will eat them with bread and butter."



ew

a few screws

new

flew

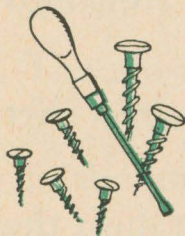
chew

mew

knew



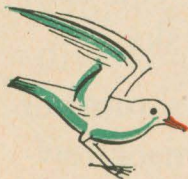
Paul is making a new shed.



He has a new screw-driver, a few long screws, and a lot of little screws.

He *will* chew spearmint.

Father says that good work-men do not chew at work.



This sea-gull flew on to the new shed.

Paul was trying to screw a very long screw into his new shed.

He was chewing a bit of chewing-gum as he screwed.

Suddenly he stopped and looked at the sky. He could only see sea-gulls, so he went on screwing.

Suddenly he stopped again. He said, "It must be a cat mewling, but it sounds as if the cat were in the sky."

He put down his screw-driver and flew into the house.

He took his mother's arm and drew her out into the garden.

His mother did not wish to go out into the garden just then, for she had so much to do in the house. But Paul said:

"Do come, Mother, just for a minute. I think there is a cat mewling in the garden, but I cannot find it. Do come and see if you can. It sounds like a cat up high in the sky."

He was in such a hurry to get his mother into the garden that he dropped his chewing-gum and stepped on it.

When they got into the garden he stopped, and his mother stopped beside him.

He said, "Can you hear mewing in the sky?"

Mother knew what it was.

She said, "It is that sea-gull."

Another name for it is sea-mew, because it mews like a cat."

It has come here for food because the sea is so stormy.

So every morning Paul threw food to the sea-mew. Soon it knew him and flew to him.

The sea-mew stayed for the winter, but in the spring it flew back to the sea.

In the summer Father took Mother and Paul to the coast by coach.

They went to the top of a cliff by the sea and sat there for a long time.

They saw scores of sea-gulls flying around and mewing like cats.

Paul was very interested when he saw them dive down to catch a fish in the sea. He said: "I think sea-gulls are very interesting indeed, for they mew like cats, they swim like ducks, and they fly as well."

people

your



Captain Clew was the captain of a ship which sailed from New York to England.

This ship had been made in America.

Its name was *The Pride of New York*.

Captain Clew's home was in England, near Kew Gardens, but he was on his way to New York, which is in America.

He said to his crew, "I think a bad storm is brewing. Put on your new oil-skin coats."

The crew put on the new oilskins and drew their caps over their ears, and went up on deck.

Oh, dear ! How the wind blew !

It blew and blew ! Captain Clew said, "I never knew such a wind. I hope we shall live to see Kew again !"

The Pride of New York was strewn with seaweed.

The waves grew and grew and grew. But the ship drew near to New York, and the wind grew less.

Captain Clew knew that his sailors were afraid, and he knew that they would never say so.

He shouted to them, "Cheer up, my lads. It is getting better. A bird flew by just now, so we cannot be so far from land."

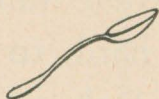
The men knew that the storm must be less if a bird had been seen. They began to feel cheerful.



Captain Clew gave each man a packet of sweets to chew, for he knew they could not smoke. The wind blew out their lights.

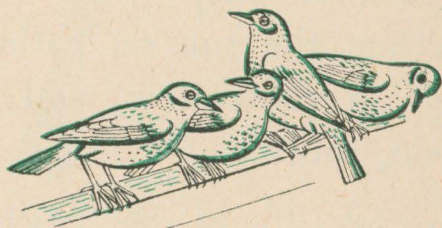
When the ship drew into the river at New York the people came in crowds to cheer three cheers for Captain Clew and his brave crew. They knew what a storm it had been, and how brave the crew must have been, to bring their new ship, *The Pride of New York*, safely home again.

oo
spoon



moon
cool
shoot
school

own



Soon I shall have a room of my very own.

It is that room just under the roof. It is an at-tic.

I took a broom and swept it yesterday after-noon.

I found a brood of starlings roosting under the roof in that room.

I sat on my stool to see the big starlings bring food to their brood.

Next morning I had to go to school.

In the afternoon we had a holiday.

I went to my very own room under the roof. I sat on my stool to see the mother

and father starlings feed their hungry brood. They had to work so hard to get food, so I took my garden fork and dug up grubs to help them to feed the brood. When the sun set Father said, "They will go to roost now, and it is bed-time for you, too."

While I am at school I hope nobody shoots the starlings when they can fly.

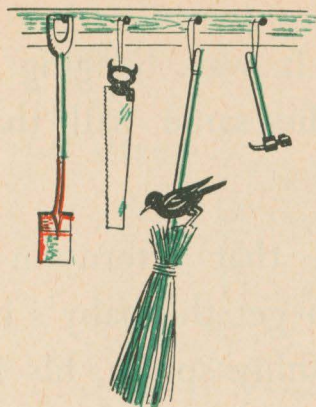
The mother and father starlings leave their brood in the nest and fly out to collect food for them. They collect grubs and caterpillars for them.

It is hard work for the mother and father birds, for the brood are so hungry.

When the little birds can fly a little they come out of the nest to the ground and hop around waiting for a caterpillar or a grub to be popped into their open beaks.

When they are bigger still they have to find the grubs and caterpillars for themselves.

baby

any
anything

A jackdaw used to roost in Mr Cork's tool-shed, on a broom.

Mr Cork used to hang his tools and the broom on nails in the beam of his tool-shed.

The jackdaw used to hide anything bright in the tool-shed.

He had a spoon and a burst balloon and a fern root hidden on the beam.

Mrs Cork had lost her baby's new boot when I was at school.

It was a black shiny boot with a red ribbon in it. Herbert said, "Perhaps the jackdaw has taken it to the tool-shed."

Yes ! There it was, hanging by a loop of ribbon on the same nail that the broom hung on.

After school that afternoon Herbert got the ladder to get the baby's boot, and then he saw the shiny spoon, his fern root, and his balloon.

When the jackdaw had picked up the balloon in his claws it had burst.

The bird was so sur-prised when the wind from the balloon blew out on him and the balloon crumpled up between his claws.

He dropped it and stood watching it to see if it would jump up, but soon he picked it up again, for he likes red things.

He will fly into the kitchen if the door is open. Then he looks around for something shiny, such as a spoon or a silver thimble.

He takes it off to his roost in the tool-shed, so Mr Cork can easily find them again.

ice
rice
nice

twice
spice
slice

icing-sugar
notice



Father said, "I notice that since you have had that room under the roof for your very own you have been a very nice boy. So on Saturday afternoon you may invite six boys to skate on the ice on the pond and then to have tea."

I knew six nice boys who were glad to come and skate on the ice.

Mother had made us a splendid cake.

It had spice in it and over a hundred raisins. But the best thing about it was the icing-sugar on it.

It had pink icing-sugar over it and seven white mice made of white icing-sugar.

The mice looked like real white mice running round the pink icing-sugar. Each of us had a slice of cake with a mouse on it.

We did enjoy the spice taste and the raisins and the mice.

My friend, Dick Spicer, did not eat his sugar mouse.

I had eaten mine. I said, "Dick, the mice are very nice. Will you eat yours?"

Dick said, "No, thank you, if you do not mind I will save it for my granny's birthday, next Sunday."

My mother gave him a little box for it and she put in a slice of the cake and a bit of the pink icing.

His granny said it was a very nice present, but she was afraid the pink icing and the slice of cake might upset her, so if Dick would eat those and a bit of the sugar mouse she would very much enjoy the rest.

After tea we said we would play "Snakes and ladders," but I could not find the dice.

I said, "Twice before the jackdaw has hidden my dice in the tool-shed. I will see if it is there now." I found it there.

We had three games. Then Father said it was time for the boys to go home before it got dark.

They said, "Thank you for a very nice afternoon and for the white icing-sugar mice."

When Dick Spicer had a birthday party his mother did not make a big birthday cake. She made some little cakes like birds' nests, with flour and ground rice. She put icing-sugar eggs in the nests.

The nests were so pretty that it seemed a pity to eat them, but Mrs Spicer said that the eggs had mar-zi-pan inside and they would not be nice if they were kept too long.

We had the eggs first. The marzipan was very good. Each of us found a silver sixpence in our biggest egg.

Father made a hole in my sixpence for me. I have it on a string round my neck.

Friend

nicest



Gertie Cork said to Herbert, "Do you think it would be nice to give Mother and Father a surprise on Friday? That is their wedding day."

Herbert said, "That would be fine. What sort of a surprise do you think they would like?"

Gertie said, "I have got a nice plan. It is market day, so both of them will be out.

You go round and invite their friends to supper.

I will cook a spice cake and some rice buns.

You can order some ice-cream in tubs. Then, when Father and Mother come home, they will put Queenie in her stable and give her supper. Then they will come in and find their party ready."

Herbert said, "You are a clever sister to think of such a nice surprise."

On Friday Father said, "Look sharp, Herbert, it is market day. See that Queenie has a good feed of crushed oats and a drink of clean water. It will be a very hot day, and Queenie will get very thirsty."

I have a lot of things to sell.

I will take some of your ferns in pots, three score of eggs, some nice brussels sprouts, and some potatoes.

I wish we could get some ice-cream at the market. We cannot, so it is silly to wish for it.

As you and Gertie have been such very good children you may come to market to-day."

He was very surprised when they did not wish to go.

Mother and Father went to market.

When they came back they put Queenie in her stable, took off her harness, gave her food and water, and then went indoors. When they saw their friends, the nice spice cake, the rice buns, and the ice-cream, they said, "This is the nicest surprise we have ever had."

Father went close to the table to get a better view of the treat. He said, "Goodness me ! Is that ice-cream ?"

We said, "Yes, really !"

Mother said, "Well, that is nice. We are so hot and thirsty. We went to several shops on our way home but could not get ice-cream."

Father said, "Come on, friends. Sit down and enjoy this splendid surprise, and then we will give three cheers for Gertie and Herbert."

ounce
bounce
prince
princess

fence
pence
pre-tence

France
dance
no-tice
distance
one
once



“Nan, will you please go to the Scotch Wool Shop and fetch an ounce of white vest wool for six-pence?” said Mother one day. Nan often pretends that she is a princess. She says it is the “once-upon-a-time” game.

She took the sixpence in her pocket and went along by the fence to the Scotch Wool Shop.

She said to herself, “Oh, there is Prince Charming in the distance, by the fence. We will dance together. I expected him one day.”

It was only Nan's pretence.

There was really not a prince in the distance. It was only a notice which said, "Stick no bills on this fence."



But Nan pretended the notice was a prince, and she had a dance round it. She danced once, twice, three times around the notice. She did not notice the sixpence bounce out of her pocket.

Her sixpence ran along to the end of the fence.

Nan finished her dance and went to get one ounce of wool.

Then she found she had no sixpence.

She said, "Ah! I expect it bounced out of my pocket when I had that dance with the prince."

She found the sixpence by the fence and got the ounce of wool at once before she lost her sixpence again.

Mother said, "Why were you so long going that short distance, Nan?"

She said, "I stopped to have a dance and lost the sixpence."

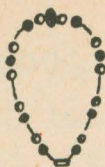
She did not say she had had a dance with a prince around the notice.

She expected that Mother would say it was just pretence and not true.

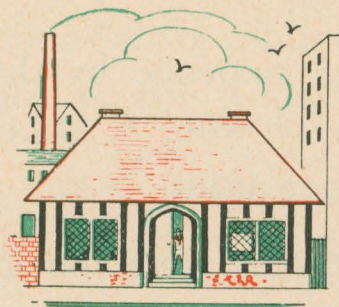
But Nan had pretended so hard and had had such a quick dance that she felt as if she would bounce up and down again in a minute. So she sat quite still on the doorstep.

She went to sleep. Mother woke her to have her tea.

neck-lace



brace-let


 face
lace
place


The scouts were going to make an office in the space between the lace factory and the lime-juice place.

The lace factory and the lime-juice factory were so ugly that the scouts said, "We will get some advice from a clever man who will help us to make our office look very nice."

They went to him and said, "Please, sir, will you give us a little advice to help us to make our office look nice in that space between the lace factory and the lime-juice place?"

He said, "I will trace a plan for you at once.

If you take my advice you will have lattice windows to face the street.

Do not have lace curtains."

He did trace a plan. They put up a fine place. In the lattice window was this notice:

NOTICE

This place is the

SCOUT'S OFFICE

Scouts meet here every evening

from 6 o'clock

till 8 o'clock

In the summer holidays the scouts went to a very nice seaside place to camp.

They had plenty of space for tents, a cricket pitch, a running-track, and a football pitch as well.

all

ball

small



Walter Hall was tall and strong.

He was a football player.

He played for the Wallsend team.

At one match Walter kicked the ball over a high wall. He got on the wall to get the ball. He fell and broke his leg.

It did not mend well, and he cannot play football for a team now, so he has a stall in the market.



Walter's stall is small, so he sells only small things such as balls, sweets, and toffee apples.

When the Wallsend team plays near the market the men always come to Walter's stall.

On Saturday the Wallsend team played against the Drill Hall team. After the match the Drill Hall men went to Walter's stall, and he had to sell all his toffee to them.

Then the Wallsend men came to Walter's stall. He had only toffee apples left.

So the Wallsend team had all the toffee apples which were left on the stall.

They said the toffee apples were better than sweets or toffee because they got so thirsty after the match.

Now they always ask for toffee apples at Walter's small stall.



walk
talk
stalk
chalk

salt
halt
malt

bald
scald

Walter was going to make himself a bigger stall, but he spilt some hot salt water over his arm and had a bad scald.

So he altered his plan and went for a walk.

He walked to the corner of the road.

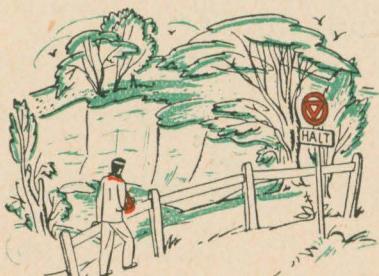
There is a notice—Halt!—there.

He walked on to the chalk pit.

Walter saw a lot of malt on the road by the chalk pit.

He said to himself, "How could this malt have got here?"

Then he saw a bald man leading a horse by its halter. The horse was lame.



Walter said, "What is the matter with your horse?"

The bald man said, "A motor-car did not halt at the corner. It ran into my cart, which was loaded with malt.

It tipped the cart over and made my poor horse fall."

Walter said, "I saw the notice. It has been newly painted and is plain to see.

The driver of the motor-car should have stopped at the Halt notice and then he should have gone slowly round the corner until he could see if there was anything coming.

A horse with a load cannot go so quickly as a car so it cannot get out of the way if a car is not on the proper side of the road.

Poor horse ! Is he much hurt?"

The bald man said:

"The horse had a bad fall, and it hurts him to walk.

I will rest him on this grass if you will call a vet to see if he can make him better."

Walter went to the tel-e-phone and called a vet, who said that the horse must rest in his stable for a few weeks. Then he must have a smaller cart, for he is a small horse and could not drag a big cart of malt.

Now the horse has a smaller cart and is quite well again.

Whenever he comes to that place he is very un-easy. His driver gets down, goes to his head, talks to him, and slowly leads him round that corner.

The poor old horse feels he is quite safe if the man leads him, for he thinks the driver will not let anything hurt him.

The motor driver has never forgotten to halt when he cannot see what may be coming round a corner.

He was very sorry he had hurt the horse and spoiled the malt.

most
post
host

old
cold
sold
bold

toll
poll
polling day
roll



Mr Golding was a very old man.

He was the bell-ringer at Clissold Old Church.

When he tolled the bell at Clissold he would take off his coat and fold it. He said, "Tolling the bell is almost too hard for such an old man as I am."

So I said, "If you told me how to hold the rope, perhaps I could help you to toll the bell, Mr Golding."

He said, "I will see if you can. Take hold of this rope."

I did as I was told, but most people said, "The bell sounds funny. What can be the matter with old Mr Golding?"

Because Mr Golding has grown old, his fingers are thin.

His gold ring fell off and rolled away. My jackdaw found it, and I sent it by post to Mr Golding.

Next day the postman gave me a letter from the old man, who thanked me for finding the gold ring.

Mr Golding said that gold ring was given to him, when he was sixteen, by a man who was almost killed when he fell from the scaffolding of a church tower.

Mr Golding said, "I was walking near the tower and saw this man slip, at the top of the scaffold. He got hold of a rope, which held him for a minute. I pushed a truss of straw just under the scaffolding. Then the rope which was holding the man broke, but the man fell on the straw. He was not killed. He took this gold ring off his finger and put it on mine.



I am seven years old and I can read all by myself.

Betty is three. She cannot read yet. She cannot walk as far as I can.

Yesterday it was very slippery.

Betty would not hold my hand.

She fell into the gutter and began to cry. I did not scold her, but I told her she must hold my hand.

Her feet got so cold that she almost rolled over again.

Then I was sorry for her.

I said, "If you will not cry I will tell you a new story."

When we got home I told her a story about a bold, bad troll who stole gold and

sold it, until the King of the Trolls found out and scolded the bold, bad troll.

I did not read that story in a book, but Jack told it to me.

Betty likes to be told a story when she has a cold. I do wish she were older and could read for herself.

As she is only three she cannot understand if I read a very exciting story for myself and tell her to listen to me.

She likes a story about dolls or kittens.

I like an exciting story about cow-boys, or storms, or anything very exciting. I pretend it is all quite true and sometimes I act it.

It frightens Betty, as she is so small.

Jack cannot tell her a tale, so he tells her about his goat and his dog and his hens.

She enjoys that better than all the tales I read to her.

ow
window

low
row
blow
know

fellow
borrow
follow
slowly



Dobbin is Mr Blow's own horse.

Dobbin is a big slow fellow and Mr Blow is very fond of him.

Dobbin is very fond of Mr Blow, because he is so kind to him.

Dobbin can make furrows by himself, so Mr Blow can follow and sow seeds in the furrows.

Dobbin's other friend is a big black crow.

The crow sits on the barrow, or follows Dobbin to peck the grubs out of the furrows.

Other farmers have to lead their horses if they wish to have such good furrows, so they would like to borrow Dobbin. But Mr Blow won't lend him.

Mr Blow said, "No, Dobbin is slow because he has grown old. The other farmers would hurry him, so they may not borrow him."

Dobbin had not been really quite well since that motorist ran into his cart of malt at the corner by the chalk pit.

He is always very happy when he is with Mr Blow, because Mr Blow is very kind to him.

Mr Blow said: "Dobbin has worked very well for me, so now he is old and slow I will see that he is not made to hurry, and he shall not work at all when he is not well. I shall



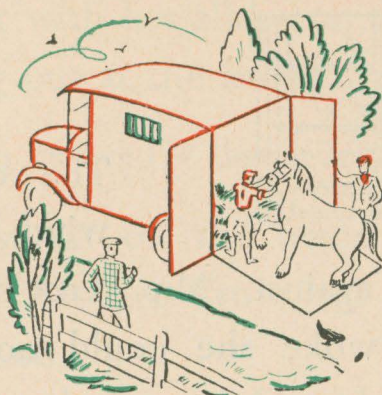
get another horse soon. Then Dobbin can enjoy himself in his stable when it is wet or cold and outside when it is fine and dry.

In August Dobbin put his foot in a rabbits' burrow and sprained his leg. Mr Blow would not let him walk on his bad leg.

He borrowed a horse am-bu-lance and put Dobbin into it.

Then the am-bu-lance driver went very slowly to the stable with the poor old fellow.

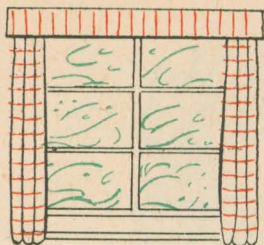
The crow followed the ambulance and went into the stable with Dobbin.



Dobbin's leg had ointment on it every day. It got slowly better. The crow stayed in the stable with him all the time.

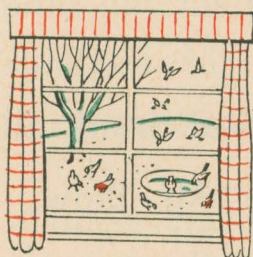
When Dobbin had drunk all his water the crow flew after Mr Blow, crying, "Caw, caw, caw," as all crows talk. Mr Blow said it sounded like, "More, more, more!"

So he filled Dobbin's tub with fresh water.



The cold north wind had blown the snow against Mrs Low's window. When she woke she could not see out of the window because the snow was blown all over it.

There was no snow against her back window.



She had put a bowl of water below that window because the pond froze and the birds could get no drink.

The snow is all over the ground. They can find no food, but Mrs Low has thrown out some bits for them.

Mrs Low sat with her elbow on the window-sill, looking out at the snow.

She saw two crows fly down from the tree.

Father Crow sat on the fence and kept a look-out till Mother Crow had had a drink and some food.

Then Mother Crow flew on to the fence. She kept a look-out and Father Crow flew down to have his food and drink.

As he was drinking from the bowl Mrs Low's black cat crept slowly round the corner of the house.

She was very hungry.

The snow had hidden all the mouse holes.

The rabbits had stayed in their burrows under the ground.

Mrs Low had given her bread-and-milk, but the cat was trying to find some meat for herself.

Mrs Low had told her, "Pussy, I have no meat for you—only bread-and-milk."

That was the reason Pussy had been waiting so long to try and catch a bird.

The cat was thinking, "That big black fellow will make a fine dinner for me to-day."



But the Mother Crow saw the cat.

She made such a loud "CAW! CAW!" that it made the cat jump.

Father Crow flew up on the fence.

The cat went slowly back into the house to drink his milk.

Then the small sparrows flew down and finished up the food which kind Mrs Low had thrown out.

wa

wasp

want

wash

wand

watch

wander

wadding

waddle

field

trousers



Jim had a wad of cotton
wadding on his ear.

He has had mumps and is
nearly well again.

He is allowed to wander about on the
sea-shore. He likes to wander here and
there. He often stops to watch the waves
as they wash up over the rocks.



Some times he watches a
green crab wallow in a
rock pool or waddle
across the sand when a
wave washes it out of its pool.

Yesterday he did not want to go by the
sea, so he wandered about in the fields.

It was not much fun wandering about by himself in the fields.

He picked some buttercups and then sat down to make them into a pretty bunch.

He was nearly asleep when he felt something on his hand. It was tickling him.

It was a wasp washing herself.

He did not want to frighten the wasp and get stung, so he sat perfectly still.

She washed all her six legs; then she washed her head. Next she buzzed around Jim's pad of wadding, but she did not like the smell of that so she flew away.

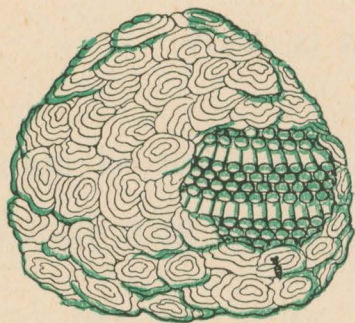
It was too hot to walk about, so Jim watched a wasp.

She wandered about from flower to flower, and then she settled on a leaf and bit a small bit out of it. Then the wasp did not eat the bit of leaf; she flew away with it.

Jim followed her. She led him into a swamp and his feet sank into the black mud.

Then he had to hold up his trousers and waddle over to the sea to wash the mud off his legs and feet. Then he could not see the wasp.

He was sorry, because he wanted to see what the wasp did with the bit of leaf. I told him that she was helping to make a wasps' nest.



If you want to see a wasps' nest you must watch a wasp in the evening and see the way she flies home.

You will see that she goes into a small hole which leads to the nest.

It looks as if it was made of gray paper.

Hundreds of wasps live in it.

ea
feath-er

head
read-y
spread
thread
bread
lead

hea-ther
wea-ther
instea-d
ask
asking



In cold weather every
morning Robin Redbreast

sits on my fence and chirps.

He is asking if break-fast is ready.

When the weather is cold I spread some
fat on a slice of bread or I give him a
scrap of suet instead.

He used to say, "Chip! Chip!" when his
breakfast was ready.

That was to call his little mate.

One day he sat on the fence calling, "Chip !
Chip ! breakfast is ready," but his little
mate never came.



I found her on her
back. Her feathers
were untidy, her legs
were stuck up. I
was afraid she was
dead.

Then I saw a thread round her neck. I
took her to Father. He said she had been
dead all night. The thread looked like
the thread from the tail of a kite, or it
may have been a long thread she had found

for her nest which the wind had twisted round her little neck.

Father gave me a small box.

I picked up hen's feathers, spread them inside the box, and made a grave in my garden.



I put my best Indian's feather for head stone and my very prettiest green feather for the foot stone of her grave.

Every morning I wake up before Mother is about.

She has to stay up late every night, so she would not like me to wake her before seven o'clock in the morning.

When I wake up I want to sing, but my singing disturbs Mother, so I try to remember not to do so. I take a book when I go to bed and put it at my bedside, so that if I wake up before seven o'clock I can get it without a noise.

This morning I read my book in bed, before it was time to get up.

Then I said it would be a good plan to get the breakfast ready so quietly that Mother would not wake till it was quite ready.

I said, "I will tread so softly that she will not hear me. Then when I have spread the butter on the bread I will boil the eggs and make the tea."

I had it all quite ready, then I woke Mother. She said, "Oh, dear! I wish I could have a cup of tea!"

"I should like a cup of tea before I get up to get the breakfast ready."

I said, "The tea is ready. The bread and butter is cut, and the eggs are boiled. Do you think a good little Brownie has been in our house?"

Mother was so glad. She kissed me and said, "You were the dear little Brownie." She had a cup of tea in bed, and it made her head quite well.

Then we had breakfast. Mother enjoyed it because I had got it all ready for her.

It was Saturday, so I could not go to school. Mother said, "Would you like to come shopping with me? I should be glad to have you to help me carry the bags."

It is quite a treat to go shopping with Mother. She lets me choose something for my tea.

When we were going home we met my friend. He was very sad because his puppy was dead. Yesterday it ran into the road and was killed. Mother said it would cheer him up, perhaps, if he came home to tea with me.

We found our big cat had three kittens. My friend may have one of them when it is six weeks old.



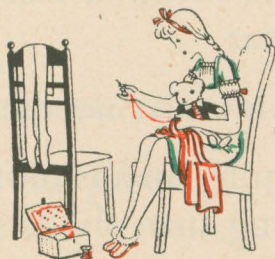
ch**air**
 pair
 fair
 stairs



squ**are**
 dare
 care
 spare



p**ear**
 bear
 tear-ing



That is Cl**are** Bell**air** sitting on her chair
 nursing her bear.

She has fair hair.

She was w**ear**ing her red dress, but she
 made a t**ear** in it.

She got a small square of the same stuff
 to repair it.

If she is very careful the tear will not be
 seen when it is repaired.

You can see that Clare is wearing slippers,
 but her legs are bare.

That pair of stockings on the chair is
 Clare's. They are put there to air.

She got them wet when she fell into a puddle in the square and made that tear in her dress which she is now repairing.

Clare was so very careful with her mending that when she took the red dress to Mother to show her the mended tear, Mother could not find the tear.

Clare is very clever at needlework.

She enjoys darning and is more happy patching and mending than she is when reading a story book.

While Mother was turning Clare's dress this way and that way to find where it had been mended, Clare picked up the teddy bear, took off his coat, and sat him on a chair. She said, "Teddy, sit quite still and watch me mend this coat. Perhaps I will take you out again when your coat is mended, if Mother can spare me."

Mother said, "Where is the tear?"

You are a careful Clare, I declare!

You have put on that square patch so carefully that I should not have seen the tear there."

Then Mother said, "When your stockings are aired please go to the Market Square for a pound of pears. I can spare a penny for your fare there, or you may spend it."

Clare knew where she could get sweet pears for threepence a pound in the Market Square.

She took her bear with her.

She put him in his push chair and said he could have the bag of pears in the chair beside him coming home.

There was not much room for the bear and the pears in that small push chair, so Clare put the bag of pears on the bear's lap.

When she had to cross the road she jerked the push chair on the kerb-stone.

The pears fell out of the bag and were scattered on the pavement.

A kind boy with fair hair picked them all up for her.

She said, "I would like you to have this," and she gave him the biggest pear.



Clare Bellair has gone to live in an upstairs flat in West Square.

Every morning her mother allows her to wear her best pair of boots and dress her bear in his best coat and best pair of trousers.

Then she gets the bear's push chair, puts him in carefully, and goes out into the Square to get the fresh air.

Yesterday she was in the Square with her bear when a girl with very fair hair stopped to stare at Clare's bear.

Clare said, "Good morning! Do you like my teddy bear?"

The fair-haired girl said, "Yes! I have never seen a bear in a pair of trousers before. Will you show me how to make a pair for my big brown bear, please?"

Clare said, "I dare say if you would care to come with me my mother would cut out a pair for you."

As they went along the Square, Clare said, "Do you bring your great big bear out?"

The fair-haired girl said, "I dare not, he is too big to carry far."

Then Clare said, "I will call for you, and your big bear can share this push chair with my small teddy bear." Then you and I and both our bears can enjoy the fresh air."

Clare said, "My name is Clair Bellair. What is your name?"

The fair-haired girl said, "I am called Mary Field."

Clare said, "Do you live near here?"

Mary Field said, "We have just come to live in this square."

"So have we," said Clare. "So let us be friends."

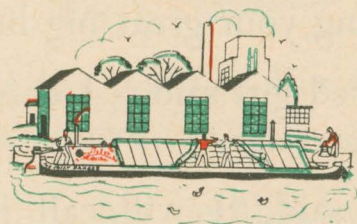
They became very good friends, and Clare thinks that her bear is very glad to have Mary's bear for his friend too.

age
wage
stage

large
barge
charge
Margery

forge
George
village
cottage

change
strange



George left school when he was fifteen years of age and got a job on a large barge on the river.

The man who works on a barge is called a bargee. So George became a bargee.

He had to scrub the deck of the barge and to cook the dinners for the other bargees.

George's wage was a pound a week.

His wage was paid to him when the barge un-loaded at the landing-stage at the end of each trip.

This barge had a strange name. It was *The Jolly Bargee*.

The landing-stage was like a big flat barge tied to the bank of the river.

When the barge got to the landing-stage George had to tie it up.

Then the bargees began to get all the cargo out of the barge and carry it into the factory by the landing-stage.

It was a serge factory.

The serge was made into trousers and jackets.

The man who was in charge of the serge factory said that if George would like to change his job he would give him a chance to get a job in the factory.

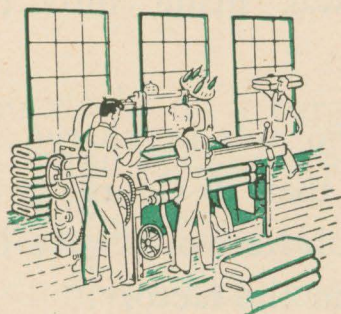
He said he had noticed how well George had worked on the barge and how clean he had kept the barge deck.

George said he enjoyed the work on the barge in good weather, but when it was wet and cold on the river he would like to work indoors.

George said, "Is there much noise in the factory? I should not like to work where there is a great deal of noise."

The man said, "Yes, it is noisy, but you will soon get so used to it that you will not notice it."

They had a long talk about it, and George said he would like to change his job and have the chance of a bigger wage.



So he left the barge and went to work in the serge factory.

In the serge factory he had to manage a loom which made wool into serge.

At first he could not manage it very well, but the man in charge of the factory helped him until he could manage it splendidly.



George used to make serge in a factory by the landing-stage.

The serge was for the men on the barges.

George had to take a big bale of serge cloth from the factory to a barge, he fell and hurt his back.

Now he cannot manage the factory work, so he has a cottage in the village, where he has a forge.

In his forge he sharpens saws, mends locks, and sells nails which he makes in his forge.

George has a sister called Margery.

She makes cakes on the cooking-range in the cottage, and sells them to the barge men at the landing-stage.

She does not charge much, and the bargees like her cakes.

For a fairly large cake she charges sixpence. The shilling cake is very large.

George had a party on his birthday, and Margery made an extra large cake. The bargees who came to tea gave three cheers for Margery and the very best cake they had ever eaten.

George's friend said:

"George, we wish you were working with us on the barge. Will you come back to your old work again?"

George said:

"No, thank you, lads. Your work on the barge is very pleasant in summer, but in wet weather and in the winter cold I am far more snug in my forge with my bright fire glowing. I enjoy all my work in the forge, but most of all I enjoy making the anvil ring and seeing the sparks fly."

tion

lo-tion

frac-tion

fash-ion

no-tion

question

oc-ca-sion

quarter

answer

John



Father gave me a little of his hair lotion.

Now I can brush my hair in the latest fashion.

$$\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

This ad-di-tion sum is easy. The answer is four.

$$\begin{array}{r} 4 \\ -2 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

This sub-trac-tion sum says, "From four take away two."



Four far-things
make
one penny.

$$\frac{1}{4}$$

So a farthing is a fraction of a penny.
It is one quarter.

?

This is a question mark. I think it looks like a little ear waiting for the answer to the question. Do you?

When John was little he did not pay attention at school. He used to look about in all di-rec-tions.

He used to say he could not do 'adding up' sums. Now he calls them addition sums.

He used to call subtrac-tion sums 'taking away' sums.

For the ex-am-in-a-tion he had to do two addition sums, two subtraction sums, and two fraction sums.

One fraction question was this :

"How many ribbons, each half a yard long, can you cut from a long ribbon which is five yards long."

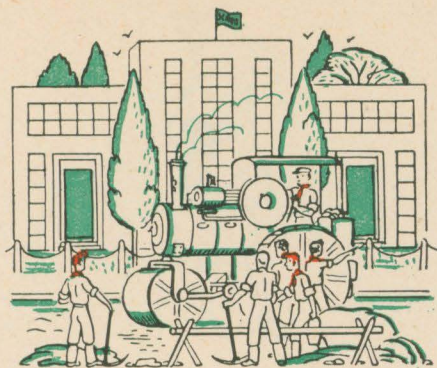
His answer was ten.

Was that the right answer ?

He had all the sums right, so you see he must really pay attention in the school now.

He says that he likes sums so much that when he leaves school he is going to work in a savings bank and do sums all day long.

His sister, Clare Bellair, and her friend, Mary Field, say that they will have a dress shop. Clare wants to make dresses and Mary wants to sell them.



Usually we have all the windows in our classroom wide open to let in the fresh air.

We like good ven-til-a-tion.

Yesterday a traction engine on the road went first in this direction and then in that direction and made so much noise that I did not hear my teacher mention my name.

She beckoned me, and I went to her.

She said, "If you cannot hear when I mention your name we must close those windows. We will open them occasion-ally for ventilation."



When the windows were shut there was no ventilation.

We were very, very hot.

I wore a pink bow. It was made of stiff muslin and was the latest fashion.

As I got hotter and hotter my muslin bow became limp-er and limper. Soon it was as limp as a wet rag. I am sure it was not at all fashion-able then.

In hot weather I shall wear a hair slide and save my pretty stiff muslin bow for special occasions.



First published 1949
by GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO. LTD
182 High Holborn, London, W.C.1

Reprinted 1955

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*Made in Great Britain. Printed by Jarrold & Sons, Limited
Norwich*

25/7218/5
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