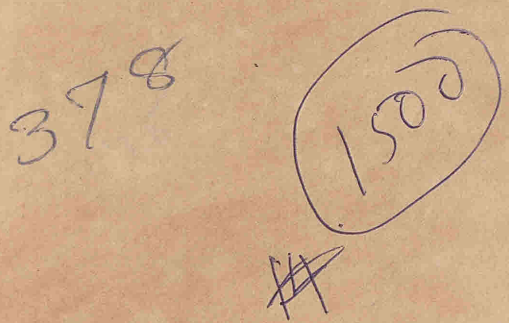


376



Frontispiece] [*See page 77*

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

MY THIRD ENGLISH BOOK

MORE STORIES FROM MANY LANDS

TOLD BY
H. M. LAMBERT, M.A. (Cantab.)
Teacher's Diploma, University of London
Church of Scotland Mission Training College for Women Teachers, Poona

WITH PICTURES BY
FLORENCE FREMANTLE

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
BOMBAY CALCUTTA MADRAS

1939

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
AMEN HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.4
Edinburgh Glasgow Bombay
Calcutta Madras Melbourne
New York Toronto Capetown
HUMPHREY MILFORD
PUBLISHER TO THE
UNIVERSITY

First published 1934
Second edition 1937
Third edition 1939

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY HEADLEY BROTHERS
109 KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2; AND ASHFORD, KENT
from plates

PREFACE

In this third edition certain changes have been made in the text in order to encourage the use of the real spoken forms of certain regular constructions. For example: you're, I'll, there's, etc. (p. 9). These forms should always be used in speech, though the fuller forms—you are, I will, there is, etc.—may be used in writing, and should be used in writing unless a conversation is reported in which they were used. The shortened forms are the correct forms to use in the spoken language, and should be taught from the beginning. These forms will be incorporated in the Teachers' Note Book when this is reprinted.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The publisher's and author's thanks for permission to include copyright poems are due to Mr W. H. Davies for *The Rain* from his ' Collected Poems ', published by Jonathan Cape, Ltd. ; to Mr Seumas O'Sullivan for *The Piper ;* to Miss Thora Stowell for *My Bird Sings ;* to Mr James Stephens for *The Rivals*, *The Snare*, and *Check* from his ' Collected Poems ', published by Macmillan & Co., Ltd. ; to Messrs Sidgwick & Jackson for Mrs ffrida Wolfe's *Lost Time ;* and to the Clarendon Press, Oxford, for the late Dr Robert Bridges' *I love all beauteous things* from ' Shorter Poems '.

They also wish to acknowledge their indebtedness to the various collections of folk tales which have been used as sources for the stories in this book. Particularly is that acknowledgement due to the *Children's Encyclopedia*, edited by Arthur Mee, for the ideas of stories 5, 15, 31, and 33 ; to Florence Holbrook's *Nature Myths*, for the ideas of stories 10, 18, and 19, Katherine Pyle's *Wonder Tales from Many Lands* for the idea of story 9, and C. S. Hyde's *Favourite Greek Myths* for the idea of story 22, all published by George G. Harrap & Co., Ltd. ; to *There was once*, published by the S.C.M. Press for the idea of story 24 ; to *Tales of Old Lusitania*, published by Messrs George Allen & Unwin for the idea of story 2 ; to *Stories and Sayings from Japan and China*, published by C. W. Daniel Co. for the idea of story 36 ; to the *Violet Fairy Book* published by Messrs Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd. for the idea of story 39, and Berta Metzger's *Picture Tales from the Chinese*, published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, for the ideas of stories 16 and 41. For the pictures which appear on page 60, redrawn from N. Lapshin's illustrations in *Black on White* by M. Ilin, they are indebted to the publishers, J. B. Lippincott Company.

CONTENTS

MORE STORIES FROM MANY LANDS

		Page	*Land*
1.	The Three-legged Stool	1	England
2.	The Oil Merchant's Donkey	3	Portugal
3.	The First Frogs	6	Greece
4.	Evening (Poem by P. B. Shelley)	7	England
5.	Telling the Monkeys	8	India
6.	Why the Day is Twenty-four Hours Long	11	Hawaii
7.	To-day (Poem by Thomas Carlyle)	13	Scotland
8.	The Roadmender	14	
9.	Rabbit's Eyes	17	Korea
10.	Why the Sea is Salt	19	Germany
11.	The Rain (Poem by W. H. Davies)	21	Wales
12.	The Story of the Numbers	22	
13.	The Pied Piper of Hamelin	26	Germany
14.	A Piper (Poem by Seumas O'Sullivan)	29	Ireland
15.	The Finest Thing in the World	30	India
16.	*Kindness	33	China

CONTENTS

		Page	Land
17.	My Bird Sings (Poem by Thora Stowell)	35	Ireland
18.	The Peacock's Tail	36	Greece
19.	The Lantern and the Fan	37	Japan
20.	The Mountain and the Squirrel (Poem by R. W. Emerson)	40	America
21.	William Tell, a Swiss Hero	41	Switzerland
22.	*The King and the Oaks	43	Greece
23.	The Rivals (Poem by James Stephens)	46	Ireland
24.	Kite Day in China	47	China
25.	Androcles and the Lion	48	Italy
26.	The Snare (Poem by James Stephens)	50	Ireland
27.	The Emperor's New Clothes	51	Denmark
28.	Damon and Pythias	55	Greece
29.	Night (Poem by William Blake)	57	England
30.	The Story of the Letters	58	
31.	The Reward of Discontent	62	Japan
32.	Silver (Poem by Walter de la Mare)	65	England
33.	*The Giant of the Bridge	66	Serbia
34.	Daedalus and Icarus	70	Greece
35.	Lost Time (Poem by ffrida Wolfe)	73	England
36.	A Hero of Japan	74	Japan
37.	St. George and the Dragon	77	England
38.	Beauty (Poem by Robert Bridges)	80	England

CONTENTS

	Page	*Land*
39. The Emperor with the Goat's Ears	81	Serbia
40. *Winter and Summer	84	Greece
41. *A Man's True Son	88	China
42. Check (Poem by James Stephens)	91	Ireland
43. Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves	92	Persia
Practice in Writing English	98	
Words and Their Work	112	
Verbs	132	
Difficult Words	133	
Signs and Sounds	135	

* If it is found difficult to study intensively all the stories in one school year, those stories which are marked with a star may be used for rapid reading instead of intensive practice, though the written exercises on these stories would nevertheless be found useful.

I

THE THREE-LEGGED STOOL

Somewhere in England there is a town called Gotham. Here long ago there lived three wise men. They were known as the Wise Men of Gotham. But you will see from this story that they were not very wise after all.

One day one of the men went to market and bought a wooden stool. The stool had three legs. The man put it on his shoulder and began to carry it home. After he had walked a little way along the road, he began to feel very tired. So he put the stool down on the ground and sat down to rest



by the side of the road. As he sat looking at the stool he began to think. He said to himself, 'This stool has three legs, and I've only two. Therefore the stool ought to be able to walk better than I can. Why should I carry it any further? I'll leave it to walk home by itself.'

The wise man then got up and walked away, leaving the stool by the side of the road. He expected that it would follow him. When he arrived home, his wife asked him where the stool was. She had asked him to buy her the stool in the market, and she was disappointed not to see him bringing it with him. 'Have you brought my stool?' she said.

The wise man looked along the road, and was surprised not to see the stool coming after him. He said to his wife, 'What! Hasn't the stool come home yet? It's taking a very long time. I've only two legs, and I've come home in half an hour. A stool that has three legs ought to be able to walk faster than I can with only two. I hoped it would get home before I did. But I don't suppose it'll be long now.'

When the man's wife heard this, she was very angry. She went at once to the place where her husband had left the stool, and found it still standing there by the side of the road!

Here is an old rhyme about the wise men of Gotham—

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl.
If the bowl had been stronger
My song had been longer.

An Old English story

2

THE OIL-MERCHANT'S DONKEY

There was once an oil-merchant who lived in Portugal. He had an old donkey which used to carry the jars of oil to market. Every week the merchant used to drive the donkey to the village market, and there he used to sell his oil. In this way he used to make enough money to live on.

In the same town there lived two students. They were very poor, and it was difficult for them to get enough to eat. One day they were wondering how they would get some money to buy food with, when they saw the oil-merchant coming along the road with his donkey. One of them immediately thought of a plan to steal the donkey, so that they could sell him and buy food.

Now it happened that the merchant was very tired that day. He was walking along the road holding the reins of the donkey, but he was not taking any notice of anything on the road. One of the students came up quietly from behind the donkey, took the reins off him, and put them on himself. As soon as the donkey was free, the other student seized him, and ran off with him to the market of the next town.

The student who had taken the place of the donkey walked on quietly for a little while behind the merchant, who had not noticed anything. After a while, the student called out to the merchant, who turned round suddenly. He was very surprised to see a young man walking behind him instead of his old donkey. The student at once began to

tell the merchant a long story in order to explain how he had come there.

'You've done me a great kindness,' he said. 'All these years you've beaten me so much that at last you've set me free from the spell that was placed upon me. Many years ago I was turned by magic into a donkey, and I couldn't become a man again until I'd been beaten by you for a number of years. At last that time is up, and I'm free. Please let me go now.'



The merchant listened to this tale with great surprise. He could not understand how it had happened. But seeing the young man there in the donkey's place, he had to believe that the young man's story was true. However, he was very sad, because he used to earn his living by taking his oil to market to sell it; now he would have nothing to live on, as he could not carry the oil jars himself. He asked the young man to forgive him for his cruelty; but he reminded him of the times when he had been good to his donkey and given him

good food as a reward for his hard work. He was all the more sad to part with his donkey because he had become very fond of him. He said good-bye to the student, who at once went to join his friend in the neighbouring market.

The merchant was now left alone with nothing in the world. So he went to an uncle of his who lived in the neighbouring town. He told his uncle the story of how the donkey had suddenly turned into a young man ; he explained that he had now nothing to live on. The uncle was sorry for him, and lent him some money to go and buy a new donkey. The merchant was delighted, and went straight away to the market to buy a new donkey.

No sooner had he arrived at the entrance of the market than he caught sight of his own old donkey standing there, held by the other student. Of course he did not recognize this young man. He thought that the first young man must have changed himself back into a donkey. He went up to the other student who was holding the donkey, and asked whether he might speak to the donkey for a moment.

The student who was holding the donkey thought the man must be mad. He said that he might tell the donkey whatever he liked. So the merchant went up to the donkey, bent down and shouted as loudly as possible in the donkey's ear, ' Anybody who doesn't know who and what you are may buy you if he likes. I've finished with you ! '

A story from Portugal

3

THE FIRST FROGS

In olden times in Greece the god of the sun was called Apollo, and the queen of the moon, Diana. The mother of these two was Latona. One day, when Apollo and Diana were babies, a wicked queen drove Latona from her home in the sky, and sent the mother to wander with her two babies on the earth. She told the people on earth that no one was to give food or shelter to Latona or her children.

One very hot day, Latona had been wandering about in the heat of the sun, carrying her two babies, when she came to a pool of clear cool water. The sun was very fierce, and she and her children were faint with thirst. She put the babies down in the shade of a tree, and went to the pool to get water for them to drink.

As soon as she went near to the pool, some ugly little men came running towards her. They were dressed in green coats and white vests. They told her to go away from the pool and not to touch the water in it. Latona at first took no notice of them, as she knew the pool did not belong to them. But the little men began to trouble her in order to prevent her from getting the water. At last they jumped into the water, and began to stir up the mud in the bottom of the pool. The water soon became so dirty that it was impossible for Latona to drink it. The men kept on jumping about in the water and laughing at Latona, telling her to come and drink the beautiful clear water !

Latona was so unhappy that she called out to the gods to come and help her. She asked the gods to punish the

little men for their cruelty. She cried out that she and her children would die if the gods would not help them.

At last Jupiter, the king of the sky, heard her cries and took pity on her. He sent a messenger to fetch Latona and her babes and take them away to a country where no one would trouble them. There they lived in peace. But if you had been there at the time, you would have seen how Jupiter punished the cruel little men. He made them go on jumping about in the water, stirring up more and more mud, until the water was quite black. Then they found themselves growing smaller and smaller, until they were small enough for you to hold in the palm of your hand. Their green coats and white vests turned into thick skin, and their heads grew nearer and nearer to their bodies, until they had no necks at all. Their mouths grew wider and wider until the corners nearly reached their ears, and in a very little time they were turned into frogs, and they had to spend the rest of their lives dancing about in pools of muddy water.

A Greek story

4

EVENING

The sun is set, the swallows are asleep;
The bats are flitting fast in the grey air;
The slow, soft toads out of damp corners creep,
And evening's breath, wandering here and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes not one ripple from its silent dream.

P. B. SHELLEY

5

TELLING THE MONKEYS

There was once a little Indian boy whose name was Singh. His parents were very poor, and they used to go out every day to work. They left him at home to prepare the food for them when they came home.

One day, after Singh's father and mother had gone out to work, leaving him at home to get the curry ready, he began to feel very sleepy. So he left the house and went to lie down in the shade of a tree. Instead of preparing the food he slept all the morning.

When Singh's parents came home they were very angry with him. They were tired and hungry after their morning's work, and there was nothing ready for them to eat. They beat the poor boy and turned him out of the house without anything to eat.

Singh ran away into the forest, and threw himself down in the shade of a mango tree. He lay and watched all the creatures of the forest, brightly coloured birds and curious snakes, and tried to forget his sore back. But he could not help crying because he was so lonely and hungry. Soon a monkey came near to the tree to see who was sitting there. When he saw Singh sitting weeping, he asked him what was the matter. Singh told the monkey how he had been beaten for not getting the curry ready, and turned out of the house without anything to eat.

The monkey laughed when he heard Singh's story, and said, 'No, that's not the trouble at all. Your back's not so



sore now, and you're not crying because you're hungry. I'll tell you why you're crying. You're sorry for yourself and you want to tell a hundred thousand people about your sore back, but there's nobody to listen to you!' 'That's true,' replied Singh, 'but it's no good my going back to the village. If I tell the people there about my sore back and tell them that I'm hungry, they'll only laugh and beat me again.' The monkey said, 'Very well, come with me into the forest. I'll show you how you can tell a hundred thousand people about your sore back, and they'll all cry with you, and then you'll feel better.'

The friendly monkey took Singh's hand, and together they ran through the forest. Sometimes they jumped from tree to tree, sometimes they had to cross streams, sometimes

they made their way through thick grass and bushes. At last they came to a place where there were no more trees. In the distance an old ruined city shone white in the midday sun. There was nobody living in the city, but there were monkeys sitting everywhere on the walls of the ruined houses and temples, and green parrots screeching as they flew from place to place.

'Now,' said the monkey who had brought Singh there, 'tell all these people about your sore back, and then you'll feel better.' So Singh sat down on an old broken wall and told the monkeys his story. He told them how he had slept instead of preparing the curry, and how his mother had beaten him until his back was sore, and turned him out of the house without anything to eat. Then he waited for the monkeys to weep and show how sorry they were for him.

The monkeys stared at Singh and said, 'Oh!' and waited for him to tell them something more. Singh repeated his story several times, telling them how sore his back was and how hungry he was. 'My back's so sore, and I've had nothing to eat since the morning,' he said. But the monkeys still said, 'Oh!' and waited for him to tell them something more interesting! 'Nothing to eat, only a beating!' he said again and again, but still the monkeys would not weep for him.

At last one of the older monkeys turned to his neighbour and said, 'Is that all?' The other monkey replied, 'I suppose so. There isn't anything much the matter. I wonder why he goes on saying the same thing over and over again?' And they all sat and looked at Singh, and none of them shed a tear.

Then Singh turned to the monkey who had brought him there and said, ' Please take me back home. I thought I was very unhappy. But my story isn't sad enough to make these people weep for me. I'd better go home and forget about my sore back.' So Singh went back home, and by the time he got to his parents' house he was feeling quite well again, only still rather hungry. His mother gave him some hot curry to eat, and the next morning he got up and worked hard to prepare the curry while his parents were at work.

An Indian story

6

WHY THE DAY IS TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LONG

Many, many years ago, the days used to be very short. The sun used to travel very quickly across the sky, and men had hardly time to get up and do some work before it was time to go to bed again. They had to do most of their work in the dark, as there was very little daylight. They complained to the gods and begged that the day might be made longer. But the sun still raced across the sky, and it was hardly light in the morning before it began to get dark again.

At last an old fisherman decided that he would put the matter right. He thought that if he could make the sun travel

very slowly across the sky, the days would be longer, and everybody would have time to get his work done. So he took some strong ropes, got into a little boat, and sailed away to the place where the sea meets the sky. When he reached the edge of the sky, he made a net with the ropes. Then he placed them so that when the sun came up in the morning it would be caught in the net.

As soon as the sun rose in the morning, the fisherman pulled the ropes tight, and there was the sun, safely caught inside the net! He then told the sun why the men on earth were complaining, and asked him to run slowly and regularly across the sky, so that men might have time to do their work.

The sun promised to do as he was asked; and that is the reason why we now have twenty-four hours in the day. But the fisherman did not take off all the ropes. He thought it would be a good thing to leave some of them hanging, so that if the sun began again to travel too fast, men could catch him and hold him back. That is why we can sometimes see long golden ropes hanging from the sun in the morning and in the evening.

A story from Hawaii

7

TO-DAY

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity
At night doth return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

THOMAS CARLYLE

8

THE ROADMENDER

Once upon a time there was a roadmender. He used to sit all day breaking stones at the side of the road. While he worked he would sing to himself, or chat to the passers-by. His life was spent in the open air, and he was happy and contented.

After a time, however, he began to grow discontented, and to wish that he had some other work to do. He began to wish that he might be rich, and ride about in a coach with many horses, and have servants to wait upon him. One day, as he was sitting thinking of such things, he heard the sound of a procession coming along the road. He caught sight of the soldiers passing in their red coats, and heard the music of the band. He threw down his hammer with an angry gesture and cried out, 'I'm tired of breaking stones! I wish I were a king, and could ride along in a procession with a band playing and soldiers in front and behind!'

Then a curious thing happened. In less than two seconds the roadmender found himself sitting in the king's carriage, just where he had wanted to be! The coach was all made of gold, and the cushions were of red velvet. There were beautiful black horses drawing the coach, and a band playing in front of the procession. As he drove through the city, all the people turned to bow to him; he thought he was certainly the happiest person in the world.

The procession moved on, and the sun rose higher in the sky as midday approached. After a time the king began

to feel the heat of the sun, and to wish that he were still sitting under the shade of the tree by the side of the road.

He called for a servant to hold an umbrella over his head, but still the heat of the sun beat down upon him and made him feel faint. 'Alas,' he cried, 'the sun is more powerful than I am. If only I were the sun, how happy I should be!'

No sooner had he said these words than he found himself carried away into the sky. He was set in the heavens, looking down upon the earth and burning its surface with the heat of his rays. The people began to cry out for rain to cool the earth and make it green again. But the sun enjoyed his great power, and thought he must be the greatest in all the earth.

However, after some time, some clouds drifted across the sky and covered the sun's face. The people on earth rejoiced at the promise of rain, and the sun found that he was not so powerful as he thought he was. He sighed and said, 'I wish I were the clouds! They surely are the happiest in all the world.'

These words were hardly out of his mouth when he found himself turned into a large dark cloud. The winds blew him over the ocean, and there he began to turn into rain and to drip into the water beneath him. 'Alas!' he cried, 'I shall soon disappear altogether into the ocean. I wish I'd become the ocean instead of a cloud.'

As soon as he had said these words he felt himself turning into water and becoming a great ocean that washed the rocky shores of a great land. For the moment he was content. But soon a great wind sprang up and beat the waves of the ocean against the cliffs of the land. He realized that he was not even yet the most powerful in the world. The cliffs were

so strong that however hard he beat against them, they never seemed to change or grow less. Day after day the great wind made the waves dash against the cliffs, but there they stood the same as before. So the ocean sighed and wished that he could become the cliffs.

His wish was immediately granted. He had hardly spoken the words when he found himself changed into one of the great strong cliffs that protect the land from the ocean. Day by day the waves beat against him, but he stood there immovable. 'Now at last I'm the strongest and the most powerful in the world,' he said. But after a time men came and began to cut away great pieces of rock from his side for making roads on the land. They broke off pieces of rock and placed them on carts and carried them away to be broken up by the roadmenders. There they sat all day long, breaking up the great pieces of rock into smaller pieces, ready for mending the roads.

When the cliff saw this, he said, 'It would have been better if I'd stayed where I was. I wish I could be a roadmender



again and mend roads for other people and do the work that God gave me to do.' The cliff immediately turned again into a roadmender, and the old man found himself sitting quietly by the side of the road, breaking stones with his hammer. He never again wished to be anything other than what he was.

9

RABBIT'S EYES

The king of the fishes had fallen ill, so ill that no one was able to cure him. Many fish-doctors came and tried their medicines, but none of them could do any good. At last the turtle came to the king's court and said, 'If the king of the fishes will swallow the eye of a live rabbit, he will get well at once.' (The turtle did not say this because he really knew, but only because he wanted to appear clever.)

Of course the king's ministers told the turtle to go that very day and fetch a rabbit's eye. This rather frightened the turtle. Still, there was nothing else to do but go and find the strange medicine. So the turtle set out, wondering very much whether he would be able to find a rabbit and bring him down under the water. He swam to the sea-shore and went in search of a rabbit.

After wandering about for some time on land, the turtle came across a rabbit. But he could not think how to persuade the rabbit to go with him to the bottom of the sea. First he

asked the rabbit to show him all that there was to see on land ; then he told him that there were many stranger and more beautiful things to be seen under the sea. At last he persuaded the rabbit to go with him on a voyage to the bottom of the sea, promising to show him all the wonderful things that were to be seen.

The rabbit followed the turtle down under the water, and the turtle took him straight to the king's palace. The turtle had told his companion that that was the most wonderful thing to be seen.

As they were standing looking at the king's palace, the rabbit heard someone speak of the king's illness, and of the curious medicine that the turtle had promised to bring. He wondered at first why the people were all looking at him. Then he suddenly realized why the turtle had brought him ! He quickly thought of a plan to save himself. He said in a loud voice so that everybody could hear, ' This is indeed a very wonderful place. But what a pity ! If I'd only brought my own eyes with me, I could have seen all these wonderful things so much better ! I was afraid my own eyes might be spoiled by the sea-water, so I took them out and put in my glass eyes instead. But now I've changed my mind. I don't think the sea-water would spoil them after all, and so I'll go back and fetch my own eyes. Then I'll be able to see more of this wonderful land at the bottom of the sea.' Then, turning to the turtle, he said, ' Will you take me back to the shore so that I can fetch my own eyes ? I won't be long.'

So the turtle carried the rabbit back to the shore and sat down to wait for him. But do you think that the rabbit came back ?

A folk tale from Korea

10

WHY THE SEA IS SALT

Long, long ago, there was a king of the Northland who had some magic millstones. They did not grind corn, like ordinary millstones, but they would grind anything that the owner wished. Only, they had to be worked in a special way, and unfortunately the king did not know how to work them. He used to look at them sadly and say, 'If only I knew how they worked, I would be able to grind out health and wealth for the people of my kingdom.'

One day two strange looking women came to the palace gate and asked to see the king. The king called them into his hall and asked them what they wanted. 'We have come to help you,' they said. 'Tell us what you want, and we will do it for you.' The king immediately replied, 'There's only one thing that I want. I have some magic grinding stones, and they will grind for me anything that I wish. But unfortunately I don't know how to work them. I'd be glad if you would show me.' The women told the king to have the grindstones brought in for them, and then they asked the king what they should grind. He replied, 'Health and wealth for my people.' The women were pleased with this, for they thought that the king wanted to do good to his people. Otherwise he would have asked for something for himself. So they sat down and began to grind. Soon gold came pouring out of the grindstones. It fell on to the floor and lay there in a heap of shining yellow pieces.

As soon as the king saw the yellow gold pieces, he forgot about his people, and gathered up the gold and had it put away

in large treasure chests. He made the women grind faster and faster, and though they grew weary, he would not let them stop grinding. However, at last the women became angry with the king, because of his greed. Instead of grinding gold, they began to grind out an army of warriors to fight with the king and punish him for his greed. The warriors rushed about the palace, and killed the king and all his men, and seized all the gold that the women had ground.

The strongest of the warriors then said, 'Now I shall be king and you shall be my men.' He seized the old women and the grindstones, and put them into a ship and sent them away from the land, for he was afraid lest they should grind out more warriors who would kill him in his turn. As the ship was carried away by the waves he cried out after them, 'Grind, grind, till you can grind no longer.' The women begged him to let them rest, because they were so weary, but he only called after them, 'Grind on, grind on; if you have nothing else to grind, grind salt!'



So the women began grinding out salt, and went on grinding out heaps of it, till a storm arose and overturned their boat. The boat sank to the bottom of the sea, but they went on grinding as it sank. There they are still, at the bottom of the sea, grinding and grinding and grinding. As there is no one to tell them to stop, they are still grinding out salt, and that is why the water of the sea tastes salt.

A German story

II

THE RAIN

I hear leaves drinking rain;
  I hear rich leaves on top
Giving the poor beneath
  Drop after drop;
'Tis a sweet noise to hear
These green leaves drinking near.

And when the sun comes out,
  After this rain shall stop,
A wondrous light will fill
  Each dark round drop;
I hope the sun shines bright,
'Twill be a lovely sight.

W. H. DAVIES

12

THE STORY OF THE NUMBERS

Long, long ago, before people knew how to build proper houses or roads, and before men and women bought and sold things in shops or could even weave cloth to wear, life must have been very simple for boys and girls. For in those days there was no arithmetic to do! Can you imagine yourself living in a world where there was no arithmetic? Yet, if you had lived in China many hundreds of years ago, you would not have had any arithmetic to do, because the people of those days could not count beyond two! (How much arithmetic could you do if you could only count as far as two?)

The reason for this was that life was very simple and people did not need to buy and sell, and therefore they did not need to count. When they needed food, or other things, they did not give money, for they had none. They used to give other things in exchange for what they wanted.

If you had lived in China in those early days, you might perhaps have met a man who had three children. If you had asked him how many children he had, he would have replied, 'Many.' That is because he could only count in this way—one, two, many.

Supposing that you had lived, about the same time, in a country which we now call Mesopotamia, you would have found the next number, for the people there learnt to count as far as three. If a man had four or five children, he would have to say that he had 'many' children. For he could only count like this—one, two, three, many.

The next number was found by the people of Egypt. They counted up to three, and then they added another, and made a new name for 'four things'. So that the Egyptian people learnt to count in this way—one, two, three, four, many.

Now for hundreds of years people could only count in this way. The largest number of things they could count anywhere was four.[1] But at last, after many, many years, they really began to do arithmetic; for they found that by adding together twos and threes they could count quite a large number of things. For instance, the people of China learnt to count 'one, two, two and one, two twos, two twos and one', and so they reached five. After that they had to say 'many'; but this was better than being able to count only as far as two! The people in Mesopotamia counted a little further. They counted by threes. So they said, 'one, two, three, three and one, three and two, two threes, two threes and one, two threes and two, three threes,' and after that they had to say 'many', because they had no name for four.

However, in Egypt, people began to do quite a lot of arithmetic. After they had found out how to count up to four, they realized that they had one more than four fingers on each hand. So they made a name for five, and then they began to use their fingers for counting. This was a very useful discovery! So in Egypt, people learnt to count up to five fives and four. Of course they could not do much arithmetic with numbers only as far as twenty-nine, but this was much more useful than being able to count only as far as

[1] It has been found even during the last century that some Australian languages have names for numbers only up to four, and some even only up to two.

five. And you must remember that they did not need to count money, as they had none, and they did not need to count the boys in a class, as there were no schools. Nor did they need to count the number of days in the months or the numbers of hours in a day, for they had no trains to catch!

Many, many years later, perhaps hundreds of years, people made another great discovery. This was that they could use both hands for counting; and as there were five fingers on each hand, they could count as many as ten. So that they soon found names for all the numbers up to ten, and began to count in tens. This made it possible for them to count right up to a hundred; and they even used their toes too, for counting, so that they found separate names for all the numbers up to twenty. In some languages you will find that people still speak of 'three twenties' and 'four twenties'.[1]

Of course all this happened long, long before people could read and write. So we still have to find out how we came to write the numbers as we do. You will see from the pictures below that just as people learnt to count with their fingers, so they found out how to write the figures by drawing pictures of their fingers.



[1] In English we have separate names for 'eleven' and 'twelve', although all the other numbers from twelve to twenty are three-ten, four-ten, five-ten, and so on.

(Four can be written either by drawing four strokes for the four fingers, or else by drawing five and making one stroke before it to show that it is one less than five.)

These figures are called Roman figures, because we learnt them from the Roman people. But if you look at the pages of this book you will see the kind of figures that we generally use in English. These are known as the Arabic figures. It is not so easy to understand how these figures came from pictures, but nevertheless they did. Here is a picture which will show this—

(In the first four figures, each stroke means a little rod placed for counting.)



Now try and draw these little pictures quickly, and you will have our ordinary figures—



13

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

Five hundred or more years ago, in a town called Hamelin, in Germany, there was a plague of rats. There were rats everywhere, in the streets, in the shops, in the houses. The people tried to catch them, to kill them, to drive them away, but they could not get rid of them. The rats ran over the tables while the people were eating, ran over the beds while they were sleeping, bit the babies lying in the cradles, till at last the people could bear it no longer. They went one day to the town hall and told the mayor that he must do something to help them.

The town council met and sat in their hall for a long time, wondering what they could do to get rid of the plague of rats. Suddenly they heard a gentle tap on the door. A strange figure entered, a young man dressed in a queer long coat, half red and half yellow. He was tall and thin, with smiling blue eyes, and in his hand he carried a pipe. He happened to be passing through the town, and had heard of the plague of rats.

The young man entered, and came forward to the table round which the members of the council were sitting. He began to tell them that he had a pipe which had some magic power. If he played on the pipe, the music would draw after him all sorts of creatures which do harm to people. The pipe was hanging from his neck on a coloured ribbon, and as he spoke, he placed his fingers on it as though he were playing it.

The mayor told him how the people in the town were troubled by the rats, and asked him if he would play his pipe and draw the rats away from the town, and set the people free from the plague. The piper said, 'Indeed, I will. But I'm a poor man, and must earn my living. If I get rid of the rats for you and set the people free, will you give me a thousand guilders?' 'A thousand!' said the mayor, 'we'll give you fifty thousand!'

The young man left the council hall and walked down the main street of the town playing his pipe. He played softly and sweetly, and gradually the rats crept out of their holes and came and followed him. As he played more and more loudly, the rats came rushing down the streets, out of the shops and houses, and soon there was a great army of rats running behind the young piper in the red and yellow coat. He led them down to the river, and there they were all drowned.

When he returned to the town there was not a rat to be seen anywhere. The people were singing and shouting and dancing, and ringing the church bells for joy. They gathered round the young piper and led him to the town hall.

When the piper entered the room, the mayor and the members of the council were still sitting there. They looked up and asked him whether he had done what he had promised to do. 'Yes,' he said, 'the town is now free of rats. If you will give me my thousand guilders, I'll go home.' The mayor laughed at him. 'A thousand guilders for that!' he said. 'What have you done but play a tune on your pipe? We'll give you fifty.'



The piper stepped silently out on to the street again, and began to play a soft, sweet tune on his pipe. Several children came running out of the nearest houses to look at him and to listen to his music. Then all the children of the town gradually gathered round him and followed him as he walked piping down the street. They danced and sang as they passed through the town, but no one could call them back.

The piper led them to the foot of a great mountain that was just outside the town. When they reached the side of the mountain, the earth opened and a doorway was made for them. They all passed through after the piper and the side of the mountain closed behind them. The mothers and fathers of the children rushed back to call the mayor, and the

mayor searched for the piper all over the countryside; but no one could find any trace of the young man in the red and yellow coat. The people would have given him all the gold and silver that he wanted, if only he had brought back the children. But that was the price that the people of Hamelin had to pay for not having kept their promise.

A story told by Robert Browning

14

A PIPER

A piper in the streets to-day
Set up, and tuned, and started to play,
And away, away, away on the tide
Of his music we started; on every side
Doors and windows were opened wide,
And men left down their work and came,
And women with petticoats coloured like flame,
And little bare feet that were blue and cold
Went dancing back to the age of gold,
And all the world went gay, went gay,
For half-an-hour in the street to-day.

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

15

THE FINEST THING IN THE WORLD

There was once a king in India who died leaving three sons. The eldest of the three sons would have become king after his father; but the captain of the king's army wanted to get the kingdom for himself. So he drove the three sons away from the kingdom and seized everything in it.

The three brothers travelled some distance away from their home, and when night came on they stopped at an inn by the roadside. After they had had a meal, they sat talking, and began to plan how to get back their father's kingdom.

As they sat talking, Deva, the eldest of the brothers, said to the others, 'Brothers, what do you think is the finest thing in the world?' The second of the brothers, who was called Shankha, replied, 'The finest thing in the world is power. If the captain had not had power, he could not have driven us out of our father's kingdom.' Deva replied, 'No, it wasn't power that made him able to drive us out. He had money with which to pay the soldiers. Money's the finest thing in the world. If he hadn't had the money, he wouldn't have had the power.'

Deva and Shankha went on arguing thus, but the third brother, whose name was Ananda, sat silent and thoughtful. The brothers thought him stupid, and took no notice of him. When they had finished their meal, they went to bed; each resolved to start out early the next morning in search of what he thought was the finest thing in the world. Deva said that he would go to the east and seek money, which he still thought was the finest thing. Shankha decided to go to the west and

get together a powerful army. They said good-bye to Ananda and told him that he could do as he pleased. They did not believe that he would find anything worth having.

The next morning at early dawn, Ananda stood at the door of the inn and watched his brothers start off. Deva mounted his horse and rode off towards China, and Shankha set out for Persia to the west. Ananda remained in the village, and lived there contentedly working in the fields for his living.

Ten years passed. As the sun went down at the end of the day, Ananda stood in front of the little house which he had built, looking across the fields of ripe corn. Near him was standing his wife, and beside them were playing three sturdy little children. As they stood there in the evening light, they saw coming towards them two processions, one from the east and one from the west. That coming from the east was led by a huge elephant, decorated with gold and jewels and rich cloths. On the top, in a gorgeous howdah, was seated Deva. From the west there came a great army of soldiers, carrying flashing weapons, and at their head marched Shankha, fully armed, looking fierce and cruel.

As the two processions came near to one another, the two leaders came forward to meet each other, and each recognized the other as his brother. They greeted each other, and then began talking about what had happened in the past ten years. Deva boasted that he was the richest man in the world. He said that he had worked day and night to collect his wealth; now he was tired, and had come home to enjoy it. Shankha agreed that Deva might be the richest man in the world, but he boasted that all his money was of no value, because he himself had gathered together a huge army, and in a moment he could kill all Deva's men and seize his wealth. The two

brothers went on arguing as to which of them had the greatest thing in the world, and they would have begun to fight about it, had they not suddenly thought of Ananda, and begun to wonder why he was not there.

They looked round for Ananda, but they did not recognize him as he stood in the doorway of his house with his wife and children. 'He can't be here,' Deva said, 'and in any case, he probably hasn't found anything worth having, so he'll be ashamed to come and meet us. You have all the power, and I have all the money, and there's nothing else worth having.'

Ananda heard the brothers speaking thus, and walked towards them. He was wearing the simple dress of a village farmer. Shankha recognized him when he came near, and greeted him with a laugh. 'You don't look as though you've found very much,' he said. 'Look at my brother and me. He's the richest man in the world, and I'm the most powerful. What have you been doing in all these years?'

Ananda then told his brothers how he had lived in the village and worked for his living. He had married a wife, and now he was the father of the three children that were playing round the doorway of the house. He explained to his brothers that though he had neither wealth nor power, he had found something better than either. The two brothers looked at each other, not knowing what to think, and then Deva said, 'You're right, Ananda. You've found something that's of more value than all my wealth. For in spite of my riches I'm tired and unhappy.' Then Shankha said, 'He has after all found the finest thing in the world. He's found contentment. In spite of all my power, I'm not happy. I'm always afraid lest I shall lose my power, and I'm sure

that Deva's afraid that he'll lose his money. Your simple life has brought you more happiness than anything that we've found.'

The three brothers then resolved to join their forces together and to try and win back their father's kingdom. Deva afterwards became king, but Shankha remained in the village with Ananda and his family, working contentedly for his living.

A story from India

16

*KINDNESS

Once there was a very rich chief who lived in China. He had many houses and lands, and from these he used to get a great deal of money. But his lands were so vast that he could not collect all the money himself, and he used to send a steward to collect it.

One day when the steward was starting out to some distant place to collect the rent, he asked the chief what he should do with the money when he had collected it. The chief replied, 'Buy for me anything that is still needed in my house.'

When the steward came to the town where he was to collect the chief's money, he called all the people together and asked each one of them how much they owed. Then he said to them, 'My master, the chief, loves his people, and wishes to treat them with kindness. As there is great poverty in this town, he has promised to cancel all your debts, and you

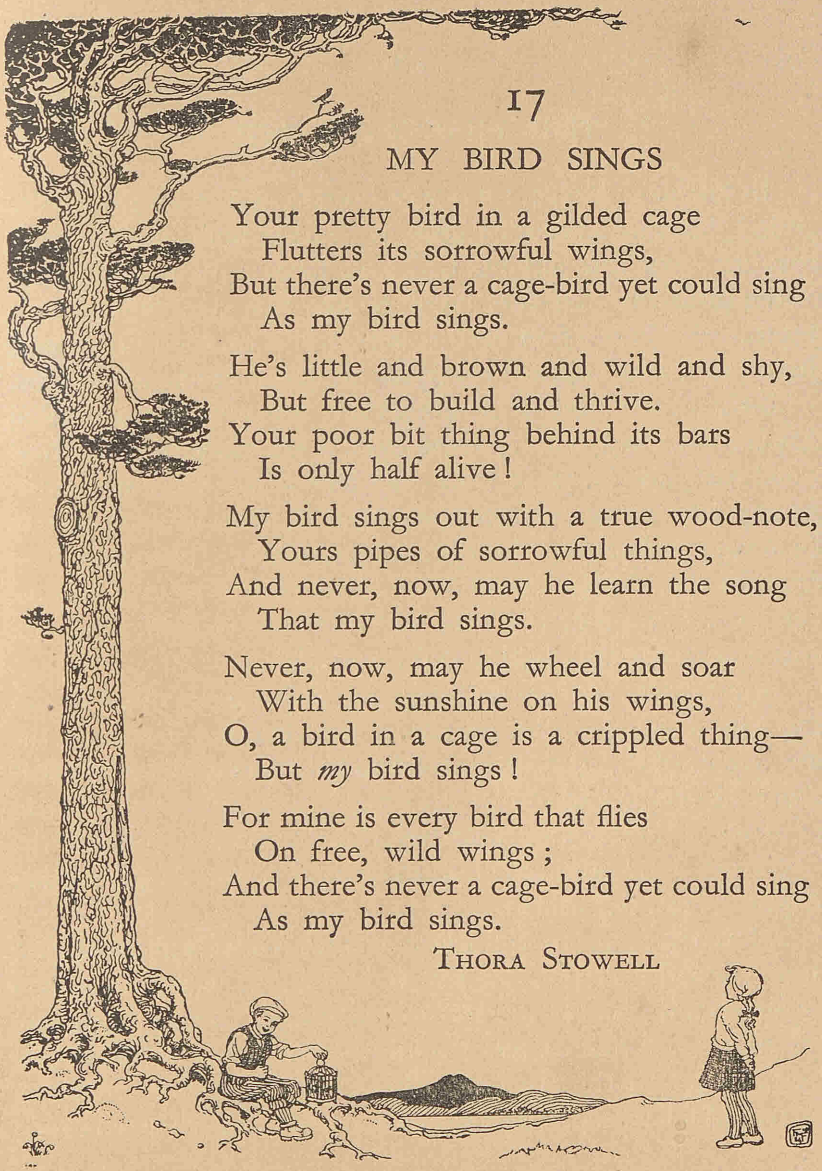
will have nothing to pay.' Then he took all the account books and burned them in front of the people. The people went home rejoicing because they were free from their debts, and told everyone of the kindness of their chief.

When the steward returned to his master, the chief was surprised to see him back so soon. He asked him if he had collected all the money. The steward replied that he had. When the chief asked him how he had spent the money, he replied, ' You told me to spend the money on anything that was needed in your house. When I thought of your house I couldn't remember anything that was needed here except kindness. So I spent this money on a little kindness.'

The chief was very puzzled by this remark, and asked the steward to explain. The steward went on, ' Sir, there is great poverty in the place to which you sent me to collect the money. I wanted to show the people that you loved them, so I told them that you had promised to cancel all their debts, and that they would have nothing to pay. They all went away rejoicing and blessing your name. That's how I spent the money on a little kindness.' The chief was angry at hearing this, and sent the steward away in disgrace.

The steward went away. After some time, the chief went himself to visit his lands, and passed through the place where his steward had been. The people received him with great joy, and thanked him for his kindness to them. Then the chief understood what the steward had meant when he said, ' I spent your money on a little kindness, as that's the only thing that's needed in your house.' He sent for the steward and gave him back his office.

A Chinese tale



17

MY BIRD SINGS

Your pretty bird in a gilded cage
  Flutters its sorrowful wings,
But there's never a cage-bird yet could sing
  As my bird sings.

He's little and brown and wild and shy,
  But free to build and thrive.
Your poor bit thing behind its bars
  Is only half alive!

My bird sings out with a true wood-note,
  Yours pipes of sorrowful things,
And never, now, may he learn the song
  That my bird sings.

Never, now, may he wheel and soar
  With the sunshine on his wings,
O, a bird in a cage is a crippled thing—
  But *my* bird sings!

For mine is every bird that flies
  On free, wild wings;
And there's never a cage-bird yet could sing
  As my bird sings.

THORA STOWELL

18

THE PEACOCK'S TAIL

In ancient Greece Juno was known as the queen of the gods. She had a beautiful cow, as white as milk, and the most beautiful cow that anyone had ever seen. Jupiter, the king of the gods, wanted very much to get this cow from Juno. Jupiter and Juno often used to play tricks on each other, and Juno knew that Jupiter was trying to get her milk-white cow.

Now in the land of the gods there was a watchman called Argus, who had one hundred eyes. He made a very good watchman, for he slept with only two of his eyes at a time. At any rate, he never slept with them all shut at once, and so he always had some of his eyes on the watch. Juno therefore thought that Argus would be the best person to take care of her cow. She sent for him, and told him to look after her cow and to see that Jupiter did not steal it.

Jupiter was amused at this, and made up his mind to get the cow in spite of Juno's care. He sent for Mercury, the messenger of the gods, who used to tell wonderful stories that charmed people and to play on a magic pipe which lulled them to sleep. Jupiter told Mercury that he wanted to steal the cow from Juno, and sent him to try and charm Argus so that Argus would fall asleep.

Mercury went to the place where Argus was guarding Juno's precious cow, sat down beside the watchman, and began to tell some of his stories and to play sweet music on his pipe. At first Argus would not listen, for he knew that he must guard the cow, and that if he listened to Mercury he would fall asleep. But after a time he began to be charmed

by Mercury's songs, and he said to himself, 'After all, I have a hundred eyes, it will not matter if I sleep with a few of them at a time. I can watch the cow with the others.'

Gradually the watchman's eyes began to close. One after another he let his eyelids fall, till at last he was sleeping with the whole hundred of his eyes. Mercury immediately seized the cow and carried it away to Jupiter.

When Juno discovered the loss of her cow, she was very angry. She scolded Argus, saying, 'What kind of a watchman are you? I chose you to guard my cow because of your hundred eyes. You'd no need to sleep with all your eyes at once. You should have kept some of them open while the others slept. I have a peacock in my courtyard, and even he would make a better watchman than you; for though he has only two eyes, he always knows when someone is coming near him. I shall take away your hundred eyes now and give them to my peacock. They'll be more use to him.'

So Juno took away the hundred eyes from Argus, and gave them to her peacock. That is how the peacock came to have a hundred eyes in his tail. Have you ever counted them?

An old Greek story

19

THE LANTERN AND THE FAN

Once upon a time there was a Japanese man who had two sons. The two brothers married wives who came from a distant village. The family lived happily together for several months.

After a time the two wives began to feel homesick. They wanted to go back to their village and visit their friends and relations. So they went and asked their father-in-law to allow them to go on a visit to their homes. Several times the father-in-law refused, but at last he thought he had better let them go. He said to himself, ' They want to go home because they don't care for me. I'll let them go now, and then I'll find out whether they love me or not. I'll give them something very difficult to do, and if they love me, they'll do it. If they don't love me, they won't come back.'

Then he said to his two daughters-in-law, ' I'll let you go this time. But before you come back, you must find two gifts and bring them to me.' Then turning to the elder of the two women, he told her to bring him fire wrapped in paper, and the younger one he told to bring wind wrapped in paper.

The two women were so eager to go that they at once agreed to do as their father-in-law had said. They set off for their home in the distant village, and there they spent several months very happily ; but they always put off looking for the gifts which they had to take back with them.

However, when the time came for them to return to their husbands, they remembered the two things that their father-in-law had told them to bring. They did not know where they could find these two strange things. They asked their friends, and they asked the wise men of the village, but nobody had ever heard of fire wrapped in paper or wind wrapped in paper. So at last the two women set off to wander over the land trying to find the gifts.

One night they came to a forest and sat down to rest, weary from the day's travelling. They were tired and sad, and they began to weep ; for they wanted to go back to their

father-in-law, but they did not dare to go home without the gifts. Suddenly they heard a voice asking them why they were weeping. The elder woman replied, 'We can't help weeping. We've come away from our father-in-law's house, and I mayn't return home until I've found fire wrapped in paper, and my sister here mayn't return until she's found wind wrapped in paper.'

'There's no need to weep for that,' replied the voice. 'See, here is paper!' And as the words were spoken there arose out of the ground a piece of gaily coloured paper which immediately made itself into the form of a lantern. 'Now,' said the voice, 'all you have to do is to place a candle inside the lantern, and you will have fire wrapped in paper!'

The older woman stopped weeping and picked up the lantern. But the younger wept all the more bitterly because her sister could now go home, and she would be left to look for her gift all alone. She begged the strange spirit who had spoken to them in the voice to have pity on her too.

Once again the voice spoke, 'See, here is paper!' And again a piece of paper arose out of the earth near where they were sitting. This time the paper formed itself into the folds of a fan. 'It's still easier to carry wind in paper than it is to carry fire,' said the voice, 'for it doesn't burn. Take this fan and wave it, and you will have wind wrapped in paper.' So the woman picked up the fan and waved it near to her face, and felt the wind on her cheek.

The women took the gifts and went home full of joy. They offered the gifts to their father-in-law and he welcomed his daughters-in-law back into the house. They all lived happily together again, for he was sure now that they loved him well.

A story from Japan

20

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter ' little prig '.
Bun[1] replied,
' You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere ;
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not as large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry ;
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ ; all is well and wisely put ;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.'

R. W. EMERSON

[1] A child's name for a squirrel.

21

WILLIAM TELL, A SWISS HERO

Many years ago there lived in the mountains of Switzerland a man named William Tell. He lived with his wife and children in a cottage on the mountainside. He used to spend his days hunting wild animals for food, and he was very clever with his bow. He became famous among the Swiss people because of his skill at shooting.

One day he came down from his mountain home to the little town of Altdorf, to buy food and clothes for his family. He brought with him his little son, and as usual he carried his bow and a quiver of arrows.

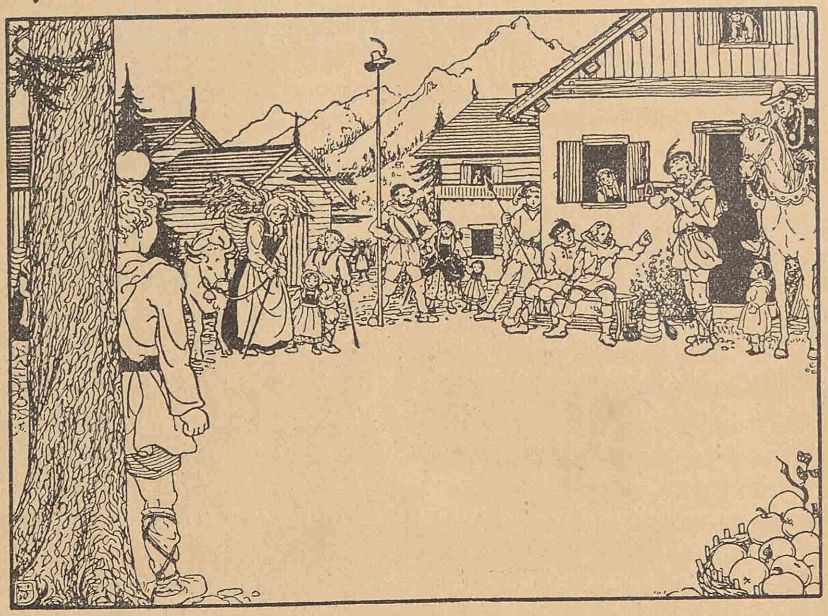
Now in those days there was a cruel man ruling over the country. This man's name was Gessler, and he loved to show his power by oppressing the people. He even placed his hat on a pole in the centre of the market-place and gave an order that everybody should bow to it as they passed it. There were soldiers on duty everywhere to see that this was done. If anyone passed by the hat without bowing to it, he would immediately be seized by a soldier and thrown into prison.

William Tell was a very proud man, and could not bear the oppression of Gessler. Besides this, he wanted to set his people free from the power of the cruel tyrant. So as he passed through the market-place with his little son by his side, he walked straight on without even looking towards the hat on the pole.

Now it happened that day that Gessler himself was riding through the market-place. He saw William and his son walk past the hat without bowing to it, and ordered them to be seized. The soldiers seized Tell and his son and brought them

before Gessler. The tyrant asked Tell why he had passed by the hat without bowing to it. Tell replied proudly that he would not bow before any man's hat. 'What is your name?' asked Gessler. 'William Tell,' replied the other. 'Oh, so you are the famous Tell,' said Gessler. 'I hear that you are famous for your skill with your bow. I should like to try your skill.'

Gessler then ordered the soldiers to bring an apple, and to place it on the head of Tell's little son. He had the boy placed against a tree at the side of the market-place, and then he turned to Tell and said, with a cruel laugh, 'There is your mark. If you can hit the apple with one arrow, you may go free.'



As the tyrant spoke these words, a shudder of horror ran through the crowd who were standing round. Tell was just

going to refuse to shoot, when his little son stepped forward and spoke to him. 'Shoot, father,' he said, 'I'm not afraid. You won't miss the mark.' Then he stepped back and stood upright and fearless against the trunk of the tree, while the people held their breath for fear.

Tell took two arrows from his quiver. He placed one in his belt, and the other on his bow, ready to shoot. He raised his bow, took his aim, and the arrow sped through the air. It struck the apple, splitting it in half, and stuck in the tree above the boy's head. The boy stood there untouched, smiling bravely at his father.

Gessler was angrier than ever. He knew that he must now let Tell go free. But he had noticed the second arrow which Tell had placed in his belt. He asked why he had placed it there. Tell replied fearlessly, 'If the first arrow had harmed my child, even a hair of his head, the second arrow would have been shot at your heart.'

Later William Tell led his people against the tyrant Gessler, and delivered them from his power.

A Swiss story

22

*THE KING AND THE OAKS

In Thessaly, in Greece, long ago, there was a grove of beautiful oak trees. The trees were so tall and thick that even on the hottest days one could find shelter in this grove, for no ray of sun could pass through, and the grass beneath remained always fresh and green.

In this grove the people used to worship the goddess Ceres, the Earth-Mother. One end of the grove was open to the sky, and here stood a small temple. The roof of the temple glittered in the sunlight, and fountains played round it, keeping everything cool and green. In each tree that surrounded the temple there lived a wood-nymph, and for this reason none of the trees in the grove could ever be cut down.

The King of Thessaly was at that time building a new palace. The walls were finished, and the marble floors were laid. Only the roof remained to be built. Knowing that the trees in the sacred grove were the best trees in the land for timber, the king gave an order that they should be cut for the roof of his palace. His men refused to cut the trees, knowing that they were inhabited by nymphs and could never be cut for that reason. But the king insisted, and when the men again refused, he took an axe and went himself to the grove to cut the trees.

The king raised his arm and brought down the axe on the trunk of one of the trees. Immediately there was heard a cry of pain, and the men standing round recognized it as the voice of the nymph of the tree. But the king said it was only the sound of the axe, and went on striking at the root of the tree. There was a priestess of the goddess Ceres living in the temple at the end of the grove, and she too came out and implored the king to spare the tree, but he would not listen. Then suddenly the great tree fell with a crash, and the moan of the dying wood-nymph was heard through the grove.

The king then insisted that every tree in the grove should be cut, and though the woodmen were trembling with fear, they had to obey. As each tree fell the cry of the dying

wood-nymph was heard. Soon all the trees were lying on the ground, ready to be carried away for the roof of the king's palace.

The king's palace was finished. It was so beautiful that kings and princes came from all parts of the world to see it. As the king showed them the wonderful timber roof, he laughed to think of the fears of the woodmen about the nymphs in the grove, and he forgot the look on the face of the priestess who had come out to warn him. He began to think that no harm could now come from having destroyed the sacred grove.

The goddess Ceres, however, had not forgotten. One day the king heard rumours of famine spreading through his kingdom, and began to be afraid. There was no rain for many weeks, the rivers began to dry up, and the crops failed. People began to leave the country in search of food, and many of them died of hunger. Gradually famine crept nearer and nearer to the town where the king's palace was, and it became more and more difficult to get food.

At last there was no one left in the land but the king and his family. He would gladly have sold his beautiful palace for a simple meal, but there was no one left to buy. He and his family left their home and wandered away in search of food, but the whole land was parched and dry, and there was not a green blade to be seen. The king begged the goddess Ceres to have mercy on him, but she had not forgotten the wood-nymphs of the sacred grove. The king and his family never returned to enjoy the palace that he had built at so great a cost.

A story from Ancient Greece



23

THE RIVALS

I heard a bird at dawn
  Singing sweetly on a tree,
That the dew was on the lawn,
  And the wind was on the lea;
But I didn't listen to him,
  For he didn't sing to me.

I didn't listen to him,
  For he didn't sing to me
That the dew was on the lawn
  And the wind was on the lea;
I was singing at the time
  Just as prettily as he.

I was singing at the time,
  Just as prettily as he,
About the dew upon the lawn,
  And the wind upon the lea;
So I didn't listen to him,
  As he sang upon a tree.

JAMES STEPHENS

24

KITE DAY IN CHINA

Many years ago there lived in China a farmer who had strange powers. Not only did he know many things that had happened in the past and were happening at the time, but he also had the power to foretell the future. He used to have visions of things that were going to happen, and so he was able to warn people to be prepared for them.

One night he dreamt that a terrible plague was about to sweep over the country. When he awoke, he began immediately to think how he could save his people from the plague. He got up as soon as it was light and went round all the villages telling people to flee to the high hills and escape from the plague that was coming.

In the fresh clean air of the hills the people were safe from plague, and there they lived for several months. But after a time they grew restless and longed to get back to their homes and their fields. They were sure that there was no more danger, and began to grow impatient when the wise farmer would not let them go. At last some of them started off for their homes, and the farmer wondered how he would be able to keep the rest back in the safe and healthy climate of the hills.

At last he had an idea. He took some paper and thin bamboo sticks, and made them into kites, and set all the people flying kites. The people became interested in this new occupation, and soon the hillside was covered with brightly coloured kites flying in the wind. The people remained contentedly on the hilltop until the danger of plague was over.

When the people returned to their homes they realized what they had been saved from by the wise farmer. None of those who had gone back earlier were left; they had all died of plague. So in order to show their gratitude to the wise farmer who had saved their lives, the people resolved to keep one day every year in memory of him and to celebrate it by flying kites. To this day all the people take a holiday once a year in memory of the wise farmer and spend the day flying gaily coloured kites.

A story from China

25

ANDROCLES AND THE LION

There once lived in the city of Rome a slave whose name was Androcles. He was very unhappy because his master was cruel and treated him very badly. One day he felt that he could bear it no longer, and he left his master's house and ran away to a distant country. There he lived in the forest, sleeping in caves, and eating berries which he found on the trees.

One day he was wandering in the forest looking for food, when he came upon a cave which he thought would do well for a resting place. He went in, lay down, and was soon fast asleep.

After some time he was suddenly wakened up by the roaring of a lion at the mouth of the cave. Without knowing it, he had been sleeping in a lion's den. He looked round for a way of escape, but as the lion was standing at the entrance to the cave, he saw none.

Androcles stood looking at the lion, waiting for him to spring. But to his surprise the lion came gently towards him, limping, and held out one of his paws. On looking more closely, Androcles saw that there was a thorn in the paw, and realized that the lion must be in great pain. He lifted up the paw and drew the thorn gently out. Then he waited to see what the lion would do.

The lion, however, was so grateful that he did no harm to Androcles, but allowed him to remain in the cave and lie down and sleep. In the days that followed, the lion brought him food, and Androcles went on living in the cave for some time with his strange companion.

Some months later some men came travelling through the forest and recognized Androcles as a slave who had run away from his master. They seized him and carried him back to Rome, hoping to get a reward. The lion, too, fell into the hands of huntsmen who carried him away.

Now in those days there was in Rome a great theatre in the open air where all sorts of games used to be played. Sometimes the games were very cruel, as the people liked to see men fighting with wild beasts. Slaves who had to be punished were made to fight lions and other fierce animals. One day Androcles was brought to this theatre and told that he was to fight with a lion. He was made to stand in the centre of a large open space. Great crowds of people were gathered together to see the fight. In the far corner of the theatre there was a cage with a fierce looking lion in it. This was the lion with which Androcles was to fight.

Androcles stood anxiously waiting for the men to open the cage and let the lion out. At last they opened the door. Everyone waited for the lion to spring. To their surprise,

the lion, instead of making a dash at his victim, came slowly towards Androcles and licked his hand. It was the very same lion out of whose paw Androcles had pulled the thorn in the forest.

When the people saw this they were filled with wonder. They made Androcles explain how it had happened that the lion did not harm him, and having heard his story they demanded that Androcles and the lion should both be set free.

A story from ancient Rome

26

THE SNARE

I heard a sudden cry of pain!
  There is a rabbit in a snare;
Now I hear the cry again,
  But I cannot tell from where.

But I cannot tell from where
  He is calling out for aid;
Crying on the frightened air,
  Making everything afraid.

Making everything afraid,
  Wrinkling up his little face,
As he cries again for aid;
  And I cannot find the place.

And I cannot find the place
  Where his paw is in the snare;
Little one! oh, little one!
  I am searching everywhere.

JAMES STEPHENS

27

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

Long ago there was an emperor who was very fond of fine clothes. He was always having new suits made so that he had enough to wear a different coat every day all the year round.

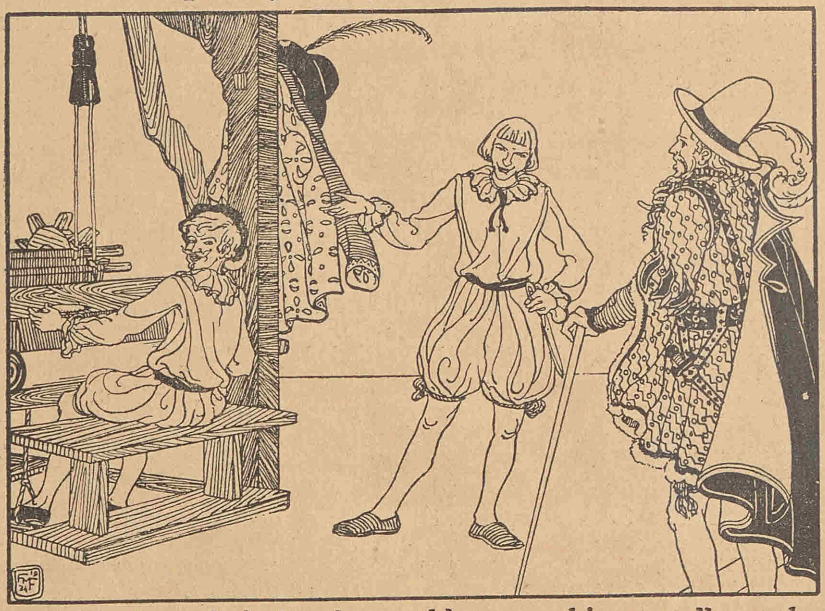
One day two rogues came to the city where he lived. Knowing how fond the king was of new clothes, they thought of a good way to make money. They went to the palace and said that they were weavers. They said that they were the finest weavers that had ever been known, and that the cloth they could weave not only had wonderful colouring, but also a magic quality. Clothes made of the cloth would become invisible to anyone who was either very stupid or unfit for the office which he held.

The emperor was greatly pleased to hear this. He thought that this would be a useful way of finding out which of his ministers were clever and which of them were fit for their office. So he ordered the two rogues to begin to weave some cloth for him. He gave them plenty of money, and told them to get on with their work without delay. The rogues set up their loom in a room in the palace, and pretended to work hard at their weaving all day long. At night they went into the city to spend the money which the emperor had given them to buy silk with.

After some days, the emperor thought he would like to know how the weavers were getting on. But he remembered that the cloth would be invisible to anyone who was stupid, or who was unfit for his office. So he was afraid to go

himself first. He thought of all his ministers, and chose an old man who, he thought, was certainly fit for his office. He sent for him, and asked him to go and see how the work was progressing.

The old minister went into the room where the weavers were working away busily at their looms. But he was



astonished to find that he could see nothing at all on the looms! He did not, of course, dare to say so, because he knew that he would be thought stupid. So he went close to the looms and pretended to admire the wonderful cloth, spoke of the beauty of the design and the skill of the weavers. As he went away the rogues asked him to ask the emperor to send them more money in order to finish the piece of cloth. The old minister went home and told the emperor about the

wonderful cloth that was being woven for him, and the emperor sent more money to the weavers.

A day or two later the emperor sent another minister to see how the work was getting on, and the same thing happened. He came back and told the emperor how wonderful the cloth was, and how fine the design, and the emperor sent the rogues more and more money.

At last the emperor decided to go himself and see the wonderful cloth. He thought that if his ministers had all seen the cloth, he would be able to see it too. For surely he was as clever, or as fit for his office, as they. The rogues had described the patterns that they were weaving into the cloth, and all the people of the town were talking about the beauty of it. So the emperor entered the room where the weavers were, and went to examine the cloth. To his astonishment he could see nothing at all! 'Can I be so stupid?' he thought, 'or can it be that I'm not fit to be emperor?' While he was standing there wondering what to say, the rogues came up to him and asked him how he liked the cloth. 'Does Your Majesty see the wonderful designs and the beautiful borders?' they asked. 'Yes, yes,' replied the emperor hastily, lest they should think he could see nothing. 'Have you ever seen such fine cloth or such wonderful colours?' they asked again. 'No, never,' replied the emperor at once, not knowing what to say next.

Now there was to be a great procession a few days later, in which the emperor was to drive through the town and show himself to the people. The rogues knew this, and they also knew that the emperor always liked to have grand new clothes for such occasions. So they persuaded him to wear the clothes that were to be made from the wonderful new

cloth that they had woven. The emperor was pleased, and agreed to wear a suit of clothes made from the new cloth. The next day the rogues called in tailors to sew the emperor's new clothes, and all the people were allowed to come and examine the beautiful cloth. None of them could see anything at all, of course, but no one dared to say so for fear of being called stupid.

All night long the weavers and the tailors worked, cutting the air with large scissors and sewing with large needles and imaginary thread. In the morning they called the emperor to come and try on his clothes. He came at once, eager to see the new suit and to get ready for the procession. When he came in, he took off his coat, and held his arms out for the tailors to put on the new suit. They pretended to dress him in the suit, and asked him how he felt in it. 'It's wonderful,' he replied, 'it's lighter than a spider's web. It feels almost as though one had nothing on.' He stood in front of the mirror and admired himself, and everyone said how well the clothes fitted and how well the emperor looked in them.

The emperor was led out and stepped into the carriage in which he was to drive in the procession. Everybody's eyes were fixed on him, and each one said to his neighbour, 'How fine the emperor looks in his new clothes! I wonder who these weavers can be? Look at the colours and the designs. Did you ever see anything so beautiful?' But no one dared to show his stupidity by laughing at the emperor driving through the town in his short-sleeves!

At last a little child came running up to his father and called out, 'Oh, father! Look! there's the emperor riding through the town with no coat on! He usually wears such grand clothes. Why has he come out to-day without any

coat on?' And all the children round about burst out laughing. Gradually the people began to whisper among themselves that the emperor really had only a shirt on, and realized the trick that had been played on them. At last the emperor heard what they were saying, and thought that after all they must be right. He realized that because of his vanity the rogues had played a trick on him. Feeling thoroughly ashamed he continued to drive through the city as though nothing had happened, and resolved to punish the rogues as soon as he arrived home.

When the procession was over, the emperor sent for the weavers, but they were nowhere to be found.

A story from Denmark first told by Hans Andersen

28

DAMON AND PYTHIAS

Long ago in a place called Syracuse, there lived two young men who were great friends. Their names were Damon and Pythias. The ruler of Syracuse at that time was a tyrant called Dionysius. In order to free their people from his tyranny, Damon and Pythias planned together to overthrow his power. But they were discovered, and Damon was thrown into prison. He was to die in three days' time.

Damon had a wife and child living at some distance from Syracuse. He begged the tyrant Dionysius to grant him one favour before he died. He asked to be allowed to go and take leave of his wife and child. Dionysius at first refused, but at last he consented on condition that Pythias would take his

friend's place in prison, and, if necessary, die in his stead. He thought that in this way he would get rid of both the friends, for Damon would surely not return, and Pythias would have to die. So Pythias went to prison, and Damon, promising to return by sunset on the third day, set off for his home.

Having taken leave of his wife and child, Damon was about to start on his journey back to Syracuse, and called for his horse. His servant came trembling before him and told him that his horse was dead. Damon at once realized what had happened—the horse had been killed in order to prevent him from going back to die. He rebuked the servant angrily and said, 'Alas! You don't know what you've done. It's my friend that you've killed, not my horse!' He started off on foot to try and reach Syracuse as best he could.

He ran many miles across the country until at last he met a merchant riding on a horse. He asked the merchant to sell him his horse, telling him how Pythias was waiting for him, and how his friend would have to die if he did not arrive in time. The merchant refused. But Damon was becoming desperate, for time was short. He knew that he could not reach Syracuse by the evening travelling on foot. He drew out his purse and gave it to the merchant, threw him from his horse, and mounting on it himself, galloped away.

Outside the prison the crowd was waiting to see Pythias die. They had heard how Pythias was willing to die for his friend, and were waiting anxiously to see what would happen. Pythias was led out before the crowd and asked if he had anything to say. He declared before the people that his friend was faithful. He was sure that Damon must be dead, or he would have come in time.

Suddenly, as the sun was about to sink behind the horizon, there was heard the sound of a galloping horse in the distance.

The crowd waited breathless. In a moment Damon came riding up, leapt from his horse and stood beside his friend. 'Forgive me, Pythias,' he cried, 'I've come as soon as I could. I'm in time to die.'

The tyrant Dionysius was filled with admiration for the devotion of the two friends. He granted pardon to Damon and said to the two before all the people, 'Let there be at least three true friends in the world, Damon, Pythias, and myself.'

An old Greek story

29

NIGHT

The sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower,
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

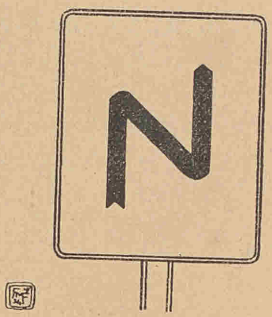
Farewell green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have ta'en delight;
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen they pour blessing
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
On each sleeping bosom.

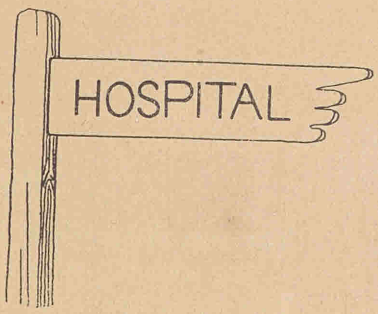
WILLIAM BLAKE

30

THE STORY OF THE LETTERS

When you have been walking along the road, or riding in a motor, have you ever noticed sign-boards at the side of the road like this—





You know, of course, that these signs mean something. The first one says to you, 'There is a sharp bend in the road just near here. Be careful how you drive.' And the second says, 'If you want to find the hospital, this is the way to it.' Sometimes we see a picture of a woman drawn near the door of a railway carriage. We know that this means, 'This is the special carriage for women.'

Now these are all picture messages. In the very early ages, many thousands of years ago, long before people could write, or knew how to make paper and books, this is how they used to send messages to each other. In the days before there were any alphabets in all the different languages that we know of nowadays, people did not need to write so much as we do; but when they wanted to send a message, they would choose

some object and send that as the message, or else draw a picture of the object which they wanted to send. Certain objects had certain meanings, which the person who received the message would understand. For instance, if someone in those days were to send you a bunch of arrows, you would know that he meant to fight; whereas if he sent a pipe, you would know that he wanted to make peace. But of course, it would be very difficult to send a long message in this way, and it would mean making up quite a large parcel of things. So that people began to draw pictures on pieces of bone, or the bark of trees, and send picture messages. Instead of sending a bunch of arrows for war, or a pipe for peace, they would draw pictures of these things and send the message in that way. Many other pictures and picture messages have been found all over the world, carved on the surface of rocks, or on the tusks of animals. These show us how people have discovered how to write. These are the first 'books' that were ever written.

The very earliest of these pictures were often on a very large scale, so that of course one picture would not tell us very much. But the people of Egypt used to carve rows and rows of quite tiny pictures on the great stone monuments that they built. They discovered a kind of 'picture writing'. Long lines of this 'picture writing' have been found carved on stone, or on sheets of bronze, or drawn on tablets of clay. When these were discovered not much more than a hundred years ago, learned men began to study them. It was known that this picture writing told the history of the people of that time, descriptions of their life, and other interesting things. But it was many years before scholars began to understand the meaning of the little pictures of animals, flowers, people, birds,

weapons and so on, that the people of those early days used for ' letters '. At last it was discovered that each little picture stood for the first sound in the name of the thing which the picture represented, and sometimes it would stand for a whole syllable. For instance, if you wanted to write the word ' ship ', it would be quite easy, for all you would have to do would be to draw the picture of a ship, but how would you write the word ' bit ' ? You could draw three little pictures a bird for b, an eye for i and a tortoise for t—like this—



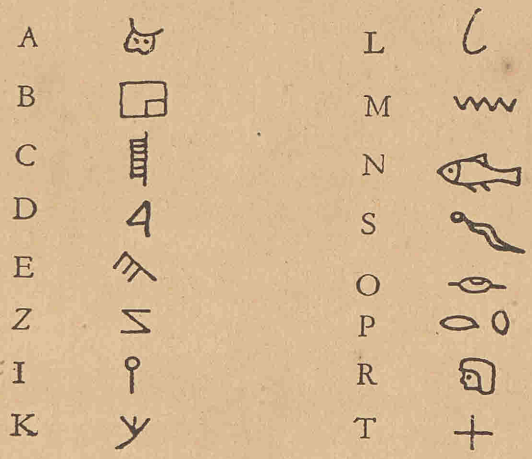
(You might try and make up a whole alphabet of pictures, an apple for a, a bee for b, a door for d, a house for h, and so on.)

Here is the name of the Greek king Ptolemy, written in this old Egyptian picture writing—



During the hundreds of years after the Egyptians wrote their history by carving on their monuments these lines of little pictures, the pictures became changed, and became more like what we know as letters. You saw on page 25 how the figures became changed when people began to write them quickly. In the same way the letters, which were also pictures to begin with, became changed. For instance, it is thought

that the English letter M was at first a picture of an owl. The Egyptian word for an owl began with the sound M, and so the picture of an owl was then taken to represent the sound in this picture writing. But gradually, as people began to write faster and faster, the letter became changed until we have only the ears of the owl left! Most of the letters of our alphabet have come to us in this way. Here are some of our English letters with the pictures from which they have come —



Reproduced from the Encyclopaedia Britannica, fourteenth edition, by permission of the publishers.

Can you guess what the pictures are?

31

THE REWARD OF DISCONTENT

In a village in Japan there lived an old man and his wife. They were sitting having their evening meal one day, when they heard the sound of a dog whining outside their door. The old woman got up from the table and went to look outside the door ; there she found a miserable-looking dog, standing shivering with cold. She brought the dog into the house, and the two old people fed him and looked after him until he began to look happy and well fed again. The old man and his wife had no children, and were very lonely, and they came to love the dog almost as their own child.

In the garden in front of the old couple's cottage there was a tree. One evening they were sitting in their garden resting after the day's work, when they saw the dog go towards the tree as though looking for something. He walked to and fro in front of the tree, and then began digging up the earth at the foot of it. Filled with curiosity, the old man went to get a spade, for the dog looked as though he knew what he was looking for. After digging for a little while, the old man came upon a box full of gold pieces. He brought it to his wife, and showed her the gold, and they were both delighted with their good fortune, for they were very poor.

This old couple were always very kind to their neighbours. So the next day they took some of their treasure with them and went to share it with their friends. They told them the story of the strange little dog.

Now next door to the old man and his wife there lived another old couple who were discontented and lazy. As

soon as they heard the story of the treasure, they decided to borrow the dog and see whether he would bring them the same good fortune as he had brought their neighbours. So they sent to fetch the dog, saying that they would return him in a day or two.

The generous couple immediately lent the dog to their neighbours, and in the evening the man and his wife who lived next door sat in their garden waiting for something to happen. Suddenly to their delight the little dog ran towards the tree in the middle of their garden and began digging up the earth at the foot of it. The man immediately brought a spade and began to dig in order to find the treasure as fast as he could. What was his disappointment when he found in the hole nothing but old broken bits of cups and saucers and other rubbish! He was so angry that he killed the dog on the spot, and then buried him so that his master would not know where he was.

When the old couple heard this they were very distressed at the loss of their dog. But in the night the old man had a dream, in which the little dog came to him and said, 'Master, there's a tree in your back garden. Cut it down and make it into a mortar. Every time you use it, think of me.' The next morning the old man did as the dog had told him in the dream, and behold, when his wife began to crush rice in the mortar, it all turned into gold!

The old couple were so delighted that they went straight and told their neighbours about their good fortune. It was not long of course before the other man and his wife came in to borrow the wonderful mortar. But when they came to grind with it, they got nothing but dust and soot! They were so angry that they made a fire and burned the mortar to ashes, thinking that they had been deceived.

Again the old man had a dream. This time the dog came to him and said, ' Take some of the ashes from the fire in which your neighbours burnt the mortar, and sprinkle them on the withered cherry tree in your garden. You will find that after a short time it will bear fruit again.' The old man did as he was told, and very soon the withered tree blossomed again and he was able to gather fruit from it. The old man then threw some of the ashes on other trees which had withered, with the same result. Soon it became known that he could restore withered trees, and people sent for him from all over the country, asking him to restore their trees. At last he became so famous that the king of the land heard of his wonderful power and sent for him to restore a precious fruit tree which had withered. The old man restored the tree, and the king gave him money and jewels as a reward.

When the old man's neighbours heard about this, they became very jealous, and thought that they too could get rich in this way. So they took the rest of the ashes from the fire, went to the king's palace, and offered to restore other withered trees in his orchard. The king was delighted to find more people in his kingdom who could restore withered trees. He promised them a large reward if they could restore a pear tree which used to give good fruit, but which had withered some years before.

The king and his court gathered in the orchard, and his ministers stood round the tree, waiting for the miracle to happen. The man and his wife stood in the middle of the crowd, waiting for the moment at which they were to throw the ashes on the tree, and thinking greedily of the riches they were to get.

The chief minister gave the sign, the man threw the ashes, and then all waited anxiously for the tree to turn green and

blossom. The tree remained as dead as a door post! Not only did the tree not change in the least, but when the man threw the ashes, a gust of wind blew suddenly, and the dust from the ashes was blown into the king's face and nearly blinded him.

The king then realized that the man was a rogue, and had deceived him, and he ordered him to be beaten and sent away. Never again did the man and his wife try to steal the good fortune that came to their neighbours.

A story from Japan

32

SILVER

Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peeps, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws and silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

WALTER DE LA MARE

33

*THE GIANT OF THE BRIDGE

There was once a Serbian man who had a hundred sons. When they began to grow up, they came to their father one after another and said, 'Father, it is time for me to marry. Please find me a wife.' When the last of the hundred sons came to him and spoke thus, the father was very perplexed, for he wondered first where he could find a hundred brides for his hundred sons, and then where he would get all the money for the weddings.

However, one day he set off in search of brides for his sons. He wandered for a long time, but nowhere could he find a hundred brides. At last he came upon a man who was sitting in a field looking very sorrowful. He went up to him and asked him why he was so sad. The man replied, 'Alas, if you had a hundred daughters for whom you had to find husbands, you would feel sad, too!'

The father of the hundred sons was delighted to hear what the other said. 'It's good that we've met,' he replied immediately. 'I myself am wandering in search of a hundred brides for my hundred sons, and I was beginning to despair. Now let's arrange a great wedding between your daughters and my sons.' The man was only too ready to agree, and the two fathers then and there arranged the wedding. It was to be a magnificent occasion, all the sons being married on the same day.

It was arranged that the hundred young men should go in a procession to fetch their brides, and early one morning some weeks later they set out with all their guests. The

crowd was so great that the father did not notice that one person was missing. The procession arrived at the house of the brides' father, a great feast was held, and many rich presents were given. Late in the evening they all set off again for home.

On the way home the procession had to pass over a bridge across a wide river. The young men and their brides, and all the wedding guests, with a band playing at the head of the procession, made a gay picture as they streamed across the bridge. But alas, they had scarcely got half-way across when suddenly the sides of the bridge drew together and pressed in upon the crowd. The people screamed with fright, and began to run hither and thither wherever they found room to move.

Then suddenly there came a voice from the other side of the river, saying, 'Who's the head of this procession?' and the people saw a great ugly giant standing before them. This was the giant who guarded the bridge. The father of the hundred sons stepped forward eagerly and said, 'I am. This is the wedding procession of my sons, and I beseech you to let it pass in safety.' The giant replied, 'There's something that you've left at home. If you want to pass this bridge in safety, you must promise to give me whatever it is that you've left behind you. If you can recognize it in three years' time, I'll return it to you.' The father, anxious to save the lives of his sons and their brides and all the guests, quickly consented. The sides of the bridge fell back into their proper places, and the wedding party passed on and reached home safely.

As the father arrived at the door of his house, he was astonished to see coming towards him his youngest son.



He at once realized what it was that he had forgotten, and what it was that he would have to give to the giant of the bridge. In a trembling voice he asked the lad how it was that he had been left behind. 'I beg you to forgive me,' replied his son, 'I was so weary after the preparations for the wedding feast, that I slept heavily and didn't wake up in time to start with the procession.' Then the father sorrowfully told his son how the procession had been caught by the giant while crossing the bridge, and how in order to save the lives of the wedding party, he had promised to give to the giant whatever he had left at home. He told him that in three days' time he must go to the giant and remain with him for three years; but that after that he would be returned to his father if his father could then recognize him.

Three days later, according to his promise, the father took his son to the bridge and gave him into the giant's hands.

Three years passed. The time had come at last for the old man to fetch back his son. He had been counting the days as they passed, looking forward to this moment. He set out eagerly for the bridge, sure that he would return bringing his lost son. He went to the bridge and stood there calling for the giant to come forward. Soon the giant came from the other end of the bridge, bringing not the man's son, but three birds—a sparrow, a dove, and a pigeon! 'Which of these,' he asked the father, 'do you recognize as your son?'

The old man's face fell. He looked carefully at each of the birds in turn, but he could not tell which was his son. He turned away sorrowfully. Then he remembered that the sparrow had seemed to look at him very hard and went back to ask the giant for a second chance. This time the giant brought a crow, a robin and a blackbird. The poor father was more puzzled than ever; he did not dare to choose any, lest he might choose the wrong one, and should lose his son for good. He turned away again, weeping.

Then at last he decided to choose one of the birds and take his chance. He went back to the giant and asked to see the birds again. This time the giant showed him a dove, a sparrow and a robin. The father looked at them very closely, and then he noticed a tear in the eye of the dove. He thought at once that this must be the bird with a human heart, and he put out his hand to take it. The moment he touched its feathers, the bird changed back again into his son, and the father fell on his neck and wept for joy. The giant disappeared from the bridge, and the father and son went home

together rejoicing. They were received by the other ninety-nine sons and their brides, and the youngest son and his bride were carried in a procession round the town with great rejoicing.

A story from Serbia

34

DAEDALUS AND ICARUS

How long do you think it has taken for people to discover how to fly in the air? Nowadays we quite often see an aeroplane flying across the sky, and we think it looks quite safe, as safe as travelling on land or by sea. But people have been trying for hundreds of years to find out how this could be done, and it is only within the last half century that people have really been able to fly in the air. Here is an old Greek story which tells of the first man who tried to fly in the air.

Daedalus and his little son Icarus had been imprisoned by King Minos in the island of Crete. After a time Daedalus began to think out some way by which he and Icarus could escape. They succeeded in escaping from their prison, but they had still to escape from the island. There was no way by land, and the way by sea was carefully guarded by Minos. Daedalus began to despair of ever reaching his home.

One day Daedalus and his son were sitting by the sea-shore looking away towards their native land and wondering how

they could reach it. Daedalus' attention was suddenly caught by some seagulls which were flying near. He sat watching their flight for a long time, and then he said to himself, ' There is no way of escape by land, and the way by sea is blocked. If we could only find some means of escaping through the air, we could be free at once.' Then he began to study more closely the way in which the birds flew. He noticed how they used their wings to carry themselves through the air, now swiftly, now slowly, and how they used them sometimes for resting in mid-air. He rose from his seat with the resolve that he would try to make for himself and his son wings with which they could fly away from Crete and reach their native land.

Many days Daedalus and Icarus spent gathering together the fallen feathers of seagulls near the shore. These Daedalus fastened together with wax, placing the feathers in order of length, arranging them so that they made wings of the same shape as those of the seagulls. Icarus stood there watching his father working, looking forward eagerly to the day when he would fly with his father through the air like a bird.

At last the wings were ready, a pair of larger wings for Daedalus and a pair of smaller ones for Icarus. Daedalus fastened the wings on with strong twine, and father and son stood ready for their wonderful journey through the air. But before setting out, Daedalus spoke solemnly to his son, and besought him to follow immediately after him wherever he went, not to fly to right or to left, neither too high nor too low. ' If you fly low,' he said, ' your wings will touch the water, and they will become too heavy for you to move. If you fly very high, you will be too near the sun, and the heat of the sun's rays will melt the wax with which the feathers are

fastened together.' With these words of warning, father and son lifted their wings and left the ground for their dangerous journey through the air.

For a long time Icarus remembered his father's warning. Every now and then Daedalus looked round to see whether his son was following him. Satisfied that Icarus was obeying his instructions, he flew on full of hope. But Icarus, young and adventurous, was not content simply to follow after his father. He began to enjoy the powers of flight given to him by the wings, and to long to fly further. Forgetting his father's words, he flew higher and higher, till he could no longer see the villages and hills and rivers down below, and the earth seemed to be disappearing beneath him.

Nearer and nearer to the sun flew Icarus, not noticing that the sun's rays were becoming hotter and hotter. Gradually the wax began to grow soft. One by one the feathers became loose and fell off. Suddenly Icarus realized what was happening, and began to descend. But the wax had already melted, and the feathers had nearly all fallen. It was too late. He beat his arms up and down as he fell swiftly through air, but all to no purpose ; he could not rise again. Finally he reached the surface of the ocean below him, and the waves closed over him.

Daedalus turned round again at that moment to see whether his son was still following, but all that he could see was the last few feathers floating on the surface of the water, and ripples circling round the place where Icarus had fallen. He knew that his son had not heeded his warning and that he was lost for ever.

A story from Ancient Greece

35

LOST TIME

Timothy took his time to school,
Plenty of time he took;
But some he lost in the tadpole pool,
And some in the stickle-back brook.
Ever so much in the linnet's nest,
And more on the five-barred gate—
Timothy took his time to school,
But he lost it all and was late.

Timothy has a lot to do—
How shall it all be done?
Why, he never got home till close on two,
Though he might have been back by one.
There's sums, and writing, and spelling too,
And an apple tree to climb.
Timothy has a lot to do—
How shall he find the time?

Timothy sought it high and low;
He looked in the tadpole pool,
To see if they'd taken the time to grow
That he lost on the way to school.
He found the nest and he found the tree,
And he found the gate he'd crossed,
But Timothy never shall find (ah, me!)
The time that Timothy lost.

ffRIDA WOLFE

36

A HERO OF JAPAN

In the doorway of a small cottage in a Japanese village there sat an old man and his little grandson. The cottage stood at the top of a low hill overlooking the sea, and in it lived this old man, by name Hagamuchi, and his family. In the fields round about, the corn stood ready for the harvest, shining golden with the sunlight and waving in the wind.

Hagamuchi was alone with his grandson, for the rest of the family had gone to the town at the foot of the hill. It was a festival day, and everyone but the old man and his grandson had gone to make merry with their friends. These two sat watching from their cottage door the gay processions passing with their lanterns, and in the distance they could hear the sound of music and dancing. It had been a busy day in the fields and the old man was content to rest, while his little grandson played at his feet.

As Hagamuchi sat looking out to sea over the roofs of the town below, the little boy spoke to his grandfather of the ships at sea, and told him how he longed one day to go sailing away to foreign lands and see strange things. Suddenly Hagamuchi thought he noticed something unusual about the sea. The sea had been rough all day long; but now the water seemed lower than usual, and in the distance, there seemed to be, rising up out of the water, a bank of sand that he had not seen before. As he sat and looked across to the horizon, there came to him the memory of a story that had been told to him by his own grandfather when he was a boy. The story told of how on another occasion the sea had gone so

far back from the land that this bank of sand had been visible. Then as the tide flowed in, it came with such force that it broke down the wall along the sea-shore, and flowed over the land, washing away a number of villages and destroying hundreds of homes.

Hagamuchi continued to watch the horizon for any sign of approaching danger. Then after a short time he saw in the distance a great wave coming swiftly towards the land. He rose and called to the people below, but the wind was blowing in the opposite direction, and he realized that no one would be able to hear his voice from that height. How could he warn them of the danger in time for them to escape from the fast-approaching wave and the destruction that it would bring ?

Suddenly he thought of a means of making the people flee to the heights. In the kitchen at the back of the house the fire was burning brightly under the pots of rice for the evening meal. He seized a stick and hurriedly bound a cloth to it. He thrust it into an oil jar that was standing near, and then into the flames. Holding the flaming torch, he rushed to the fields where the corn stood ripe for cutting, and set light to it. The dry ears took fire at once, and the flames spread quickly over all the field.

Hagamuchi looked eagerly down to the town below to see whether anyone had seen his sign. But the feasting and the merry-making went on as though nothing had happened, no one realizing that the great wave was steadily approaching.

The old man hurriedly lit another torch and set fire to the thatched roof of his own cottage, to the terror of his little grandson, who thought that he must be mad. Then suddenly he heard the sound of the temple bell ringing in the town below, always the sign of an outbreak of fire. Someone had

seen the fire on the hill and was calling the people to Hagamuchi's rescue. They left their merrymaking and hastened to the top of the hill to save the old man and his grandson from the fire.



When they reached the top of the hill, breathless with haste, they heard the noise below of a crashing, roaring wave. The great mountain of water leapt on to the shore and broke down house after house in the little town. The force of the wave carried the water many miles inland and villages and homes and fields were destroyed within a few minutes. But the people of the town who had flocked to the rescue of the old man whom they thought to be in danger were saved, and not one of them was drowned.

In this way Hagamuchi, by the sacrifice of his home and his harvest, saved the lives of hundreds of his people. In their gratitude they built a shrine in the temple to his memory, and to this day the story of Hagamuchi is told to boys and girls in Japan.

A Japanese tale

37

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

Long, long ago, in the country of Libya, in Africa, the people were troubled by a fierce dragon, who used to live on the borders of a lake near the city of Sirene. From time to time this dragon used to leave the lake and come into the city, and carry off sheep and cattle, and even children. If the people saw him coming they would all take refuge in their houses, and bolt and bar the doors, and throw some animal to the dragon, hoping that that would satisfy his hunger and that then he would go back to the lake.

The king of the country had many times tried to get his soldiers to kill the dragon, and had even sent a small army out to fight with him. But as soon as the soldiers saw his fearful form approaching and felt the heat of the flames that came out of his mouth as he breathed, they were overcome with fear and ran back to the city as fast as they could.

This trouble had been going on for a long time, and there were hardly any animals left to throw to the dragon. The people began to wonder what they could do in order to prevent the dragon from destroying the whole city. So they called all the elders of the city together and talked about the matter for many hours. Finally they decided that the only way in which they could protect themselves would be to sacrifice to the dragon every two or three days some man or woman. They would draw lots every day to decide who should be sent, and no one should be spared whether he was rich or poor, old or young; all must take their chance. The king gave orders that this should be done in order to save the town.

This arrangement worked well for some weeks. Then one day when the lots were drawn, the name of the princess, the king's only daughter, was read from the piece of paper. The king and all his court were overcome with grief when they heard this. The king offered to give all his gold and jewels, and even a large part of his kingdom, to any parents who would send their child to the dragon instead of his daughter. But no one was willing to do so. The people had bravely sent their own children to satisfy the dragon's hunger, and they thought that the king should be willing to do the same.

The king could say no more, and realized that he would have to give up his daughter. So he caused her to be dressed in the richest clothes, and her jewels to be put on, and then, before sending her away, he said to her, 'Daughter, how can I send you to this cruel death? Yet you must go. I cannot hold you back, when others have not held back their sons and daughters. Only remember that by doing this you are saving the lives of our people.' The girl kissed her father and set out bravely for the lake where the dragon was lying waiting for her.

Now it happened that in the neighbouring country there lived a young man who was known to be a fearless and gallant fighter. He had heard of the dragon who was the cause of so much distress in the city of Sirene, and he resolved to go and see whether he could fight and overcome this dragon. As he was riding towards the city, he passed by the lake where the dragon lived. There he saw the lovely princess walking towards the lake, weeping bitterly. He got down from his horse and asked her why she was so sorrowful. Instead of giving him any answer, she only implored him to remount

his horse and gallop away as quickly as possible. Again he asked her to tell him why she was weeping so bitterly, and again she answered by imploring him not to stay but to escape while he could.

At last the young man persuaded the princess to tell him the whole story. Then and there he resolved to fight the dragon and save the princess and her father's kingdom from destruction. He said to her, ' It is this dragon whom I have come to fight and destroy. I do not fear him. Dry your tears and return to your father.'

At that moment the dragon appeared. He rose out of the lake, a terrible sight to see, breathing out fire and smoke. The young man, sword in hand, walked slowly but steadily towards him. The princess stood watching, breathless with fear. The dragon stopped, ready to leap upon him, but just as he was going to leap, the young man rushed forward and thrust his sword through the monster's head. In a moment the dragon lay wounded and helpless at the princess's feet.

The young man then told her to take off her girdle and to tie it round his sword, which was still thrust into the dragon's head. Then he and the princess, leading the wounded dragon, walked back to the city. There they were met with loud rejoicings, as soon as the people realized that the princess was safe and the dragon overcome.

The king, who was sitting sorrowing in his palace, heard the noise and came out to see what it was all about. He was overcome with joy when he saw his daughter safe and sound, leading the wounded dragon. He went down to the market square where all the people were gathered, and welcomed back his daughter, and received the young man. Then, in

front of all the people, the young man raised his sword once more and struck off the monster's head. The dragon lay dead on the ground and the people hailed the young man as their deliverer.

The name of the fearless young man was George, and after this he did many brave deeds, always setting people free from danger and helping them in difficulty. After he died he came to be known as Saint George, and the English people chose him for the patron saint of England.

An old English story

38

BEAUTY

I love all beauteous things,
  I seek and adore them;
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
  Is honoured for them.

I too will something make
  And joy in the making;
Altho' to-morrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
  Remembered on waking.

ROBERT BRIDGES

39

THE EMPEROR WITH THE GOAT'S EARS

There was once an emperor who had ears like the ears of a goat. They were covered with hair, and they stuck out at the side of his head, and whatever he did he could not hide them. Every morning a barber used to come to shave him, and when the barber had finished his work, the emperor always asked him whether he noticed anything strange about him. Each barber replied truthfully that the emperor's ears were like those of a goat; and each time the emperor heard this, he grew angry with the barber, and ordered him to be thrown into prison.

This state of things went on for some time, until finally the only barber left to shave the emperor was the chief of all the barbers. But on the morning on which he was to go and shave the emperor, the chief barber was taken ill, and was unable to go. Instead he sent a young man who was working with him, learning to be a barber.

The young man entered the king's bedroom, and was just going to begin his work when he noticed the ears of the emperor. But he pretended that he had not noticed them, and said nothing. However, as usual, when the young man had finished shaving him, the emperor asked him the same question that he had asked all the other barbers, 'Have you noticed anything strange about my ears?' 'Nothing at all,' replied the young man, afraid to say what he really thought. The emperor was so pleased at hearing this answer that he gave him some gold pieces and told him to come back regularly every day to shave him.



The young man went home and told his master, and showed him the money. He told him that the emperor wanted him to shave him every day. The chief barber was well pleased with his pupil, and sent the young man back to the palace day after day to shave the emperor. However, as the young man had not told anyone what he had noticed about the emperor's ears, the secret began to worry him. At last he felt he must tell somebody about it to relieve his mind.

The chief barber noticed that there was something worrying the young man. He asked him to tell him what it was. 'Or if you can't do that,' he said, 'go to the wood outside the town, and dig a hole in the ground. Then whisper your secret into the hole three times, put back the earth where it was, and come home.' The young man did as his master had said, and came home feeling quite happy.

Several weeks later some shepherds were sitting in the same wood where the young man had buried his secret. One of them, being a musician, took a knife and cut some reeds from a bush which was growing nearby. There were

three slender branches on the bush, and these the shepherd cut and made into pipes. Then he began to play a tune to his companions. To his surprise, the pipes began to sing, 'The emperor has ears like a goat's.' He put down one pipe and took up a second, and then a third, but it was the same thing with all of them. Nothing could he make them play but this one song.

It was not long before all the people of the town came to know of this strange story, and at last even the emperor heard it. He sent immediately for the young man who had shaved him and said, 'What is this I hear? You said you had noticed nothing strange about me, and here are the shepherds playing on their pipes that I have ears like the ears of a goat. Nobody but you can have told them the secret.'

The young man stood trembling before the emperor. At first he could not think of any explanation of this strange happening. But when the emperor grew angry and drew his sword ready to strike the young man, he told the emperor the story of how he had whispered the secret into a hole in the ground, because he had not wanted to tell anyone about it.

The emperor called for his horse and rode straight to the place where the pipes had been cut from the bush, in order to see for himself whether the young man was telling the truth.

The lower part of the stems remained still uncut. The emperor ordered these to be cut and pipes to be made out of them. Then he sent for his chief minister, who was a clever musician, and told him to play a tune upon one of the pipes. What was his surprise when he heard the same song coming

from the pipe, ' The emperor has ears like a goat's ' ! Then he knew that the young man had been telling the truth, and he knew that even the earth cannot keep a secret. He let the young barber go free, but he never again allowed him to come to the palace to shave him.

A Serbian folk tale

40

*WINTER AND SUMMER

Among the goddesses whom the Greek people worshipped, the goddess Ceres was supposed to have power over the earth and its fruits. When the people wanted to make sure that they would have a good harvest, they would always pray to the goddess Ceres; and they thought that all fruits and flowers were the gifts which she gave to men.

Ceres had one very beautiful daughter, whose name was Proserpina. She loved all the beautiful things of the earth, and could often be found playing with her girl companions among the flowers and fresh green grass which were to be found wherever she went.

Proserpina and her friends were one day walking through the fields in the warm spring sunshine, when suddenly they noticed a dark shadow falling on them from behind. They looked round, and saw a strange figure standing near them. It was the god Pluto, who ruled over the underworld.

He came forward and seized Proserpina by the arm and carried her swiftly towards his chariot which was standing nearby. The terrified girls, Proserpina's friends, fled shrieking in all directions ; but Proserpina was carried off speechless with fear by the curious stranger.

They drove swiftly across the fields, and then the driver suddenly stopped his chariot, commanded the earth to open, and Proserpina found herself carried away below the earth into the dark shadowy regions of the underworld. Then she realized who the stranger was. Pluto had long been wanting to find a wife to live with him in the underworld, but although he could offer untold wealth, yet no one was willing to give up life in the bright sunshine of man's world for the shadowy places of the underworld where Pluto reigned. So in this way he stole the daughter of Ceres to be his bride.

When Ceres discovered her loss, she was overcome with grief. She searched everywhere for Proserpina, travelling over land and sea for many days. She was so occupied with her search that she no longer gave any attention to her work of making fruits and flowers grow on the earth. Trees and flowers ceased to blossom, and the fields were barren and dry. It seemed as though the whole earth were sorrowing for the loss of Proserpina.

At last Ceres came one day to a fountain, and sat down near it to rest in the cool of the evening. Suddenly she caught sight of an object lying on the ground. Going nearer she found that it was the girdle that Proserpina was wearing when she was carried away. She must have let it fall in passing. Ceres immediately picked up the girdle, and sat down again by the fountain. Then she heard a voice say, ' Proserpina

is not dead; she lives in the place from which my waters spring.'

Ceres knew at once from this that it was Pluto who had stolen her daughter. She immediately prayed the god Jupiter that he would order Pluto to return Proserpina to her mother. Jupiter knew that the whole earth was suffering because of the loss of Proserpina, and so he said to Ceres, 'I will do as you wish. Only, if Proserpina has eaten any of the food of the underworld, even I cannot make Pluto bring her back.'

As soon as she heard this, Ceres started off joyfully for the underworld, certain that she would soon be able to rescue her daughter from the dark shadows of Pluto's kingdom. But what was her grief when she learned that just on that very day Proserpina had been persuaded to eat part of a pomegranate! She had only eaten six seeds of it, but that was enough to make it impossible for her to leave the underworld.

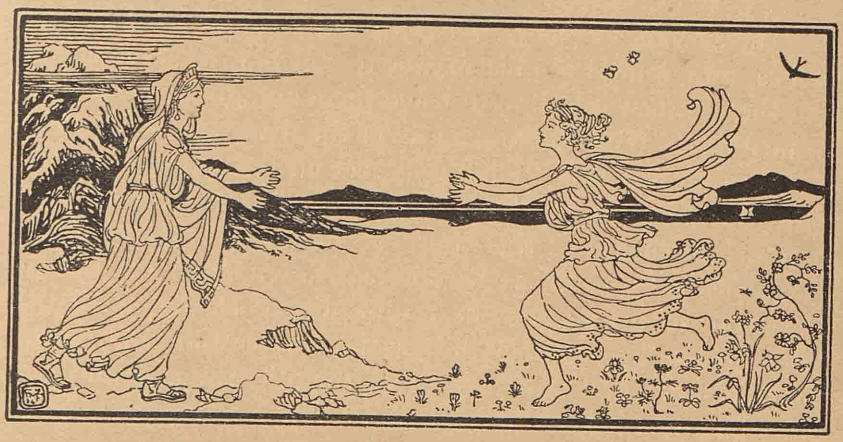
The disappointed mother again cried out to Jupiter to help her; but even he could not make Pluto give up his bride entirely, now that she had eaten of the fruit of the underworld. The gods took counsel together and at last it was decided that for every seed of the pomegranate that Proserpina had eaten, she must remain one month in the underworld with Pluto. But the other six months she might spend with her mother upon the earth.

Ceres carried her daughter back with her to the earth, and as they passed over the land the fields became green again, the trees sent out new shoots, and the flowers blossomed. Everything became fresh and joyful at the return of Proserpina. Men rejoiced to see the earth fruitful once again, and gathered the harvest into their barns.

But the time came when Proserpina must return to the underworld again, to spend six months with her husband. As she departed the fields grew bare, the trees lost their leaves, and the flowers disappeared again. The whole world grew dark and sorrowful as Ceres bade farewell to Proserpina and placed her in the chariot which was sent to fetch her to the underworld.

And so it happens every year. In Europe, during six months of every year, it is dark and cold, and the fields are bare and empty, and the trees without leaves or flowers. Then at the return of spring, the young blades of grass begin to push through the earth, green shoots appear on the trees, and the flowers begin to blossom, as though the goddess of spring is returning from the underworld, bringing the corn and fruits and flowers for man's need.

A story from Ancient Greece



41

*A MAN'S TRUE SON

There was a great feast being held in the house of a certain Chinese gentleman. It was his birthday, and many of his relations had come from far and near to greet him and bring him gifts. In the evening he gave a great feast to all his guests, and the gifts which they had brought were placed in the centre of the hall so that all might see them.

When the feast was over and the guests had gone away, the old man went towards the place where the gifts were, and began to put them away carefully. As he did so, he suddenly caught sight of the shadow of a man's head on the floor of the hall. He knew that there must be someone hiding in the roof, and realized that there was a thief up there. He called to his servant and said, ' All the guests have not yet been fed. Bring back the dishes.'

The servant did as he was bid, and brought back several dishes, and waited for his master to tell him to serve them. But the old man told him to leave them and go, as he wished to be alone. Then he looked up at the man who was hiding in the roof and said, ' I thought that all the guests had left. But you have not yet been served. Will you give me the honour of sharing this humble meal with me?' The thief was very afraid as he climbed down from his hiding place, but to his surprise he found himself treated as all the other guests. Not only did his host serve him with great courtesy, but when he rose to leave, the old man gave him as a gift a bag of coins, and himself showed him to the gate of the courtyard.

Several years later, the old gentleman's birthday feast was again being held. Many guests came and brought him gifts, and as he was greatly beloved, some of the gifts were very beautiful. Towards the end of the evening a stranger came bringing a small box, which he wished to be given to the old man. He refused to tell his name, but asked if he might see the old man himself.

When the old man opened the box, he found inside it a precious pearl, worth a great deal of money. He immediately called for the stranger to be brought in.

The stranger entered. As he approached the old gentleman, he bowed low several times. Then realizing that his host was unable to recognize him because of the dimness of his sight, he went nearer and said quietly, ' I am one whom you helped greatly many years ago.' The old man replied, ' It is a great joy to me to hear that I have been able to help anyone, in however small a way. But I cannot accept your gift unless you will tell me your name. I wish you to come to the feast to-night, but in order to invite you I must first know your name.'

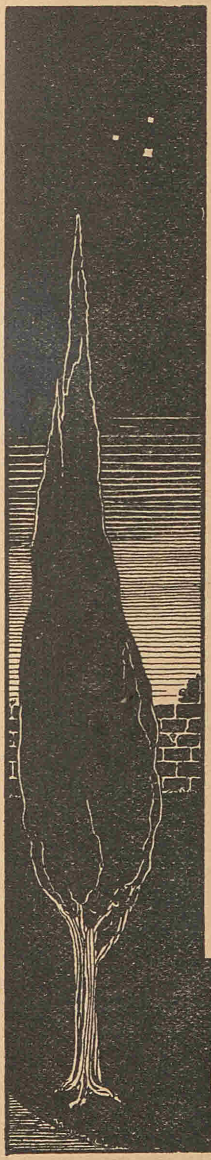
The man who had brought the priceless gift then replied, ' Sir, once before you invited a guest without knowing his name, on another occasion such as this. That guest was hiding in your roof and wishing you ill, yet you treated him with honour and courtesy. Could you not invite him to-day as you did then ? '

The old gentleman remembered how he had found the thief hiding in his roof, and the stranger explained how the kindness shown to him on that occasion had changed his life. Since that day he had given up his evil ways and had striven to earn his living by honest work. As years

went by he became very rich, and tried to show to others the same kindness that had been shown to him by the old gentleman.

The old gentleman was very touched by this story, and when all the other guests had left, he turned to the stranger and said to him, ' You see, I have many sons and grandsons. But none of them seems so dear to me this night as you are. Through a little act of kindness done to you so many years ago, other acts of kindness have been born, until there is no limit to the number of sons and grandsons and great-grandsons of that one small deed of mine. I am grateful to you because you have been the means of passing on that kindness. You are indeed a true son to me.'

An old Chinese story



42

CHECK

The night was creeping on the ground;
She crept and did not make a sound
Until she reached a tree, and then
She covered it, and stole again
Along the grass beside the wall.

I heard the rustle of her shawl,
As she threw blackness everywhere
Upon the sky and ground and air,
And in the room where I was hid;
But no matter what she did
To everything that was without,
She could not put my candle out.

So I stared at the night, and she
Stared solemnly back at me.

JAMES STEPHENS



43

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES

Ali Baba was the name of a poor man who lived long ago in Persia. He and his wife lived together on the edge of a forest, and Ali Baba used to earn his living by cutting wood.

One day as he was busy cutting down a tree in the forest, he caught sight of a band of forty men coming towards him. He thought they looked more like robbers or thieves than huntsmen or wood-cutters, so he hurriedly climbed up a tree, and hid from them. As they came nearer he watched carefully to see what they were going to do.

Near the foot of the tree where Ali Baba was hiding, there was a large rock, which seemed to be the entrance to a cave. The forty thieves went near to this rock, and as they stood in front of it, their captain called out, 'Open, Sesame!'[1] Immediately the rock fell back like a door, and the thieves passed into the cave beyond. There they placed the bags of gold and silver which they had brought, came out again from the cave, and the captain called out, 'Shut, Sesame!' The door of the cave immediately shut, and the forty thieves rode off.

Ali Baba thought to himself that this was indeed a useful thing to know. He climbed down from the tree, spoke again the magic words, and as soon as the door of the cave opened, he passed in. There he found a treasure house full of sacks of gold and silver. He took as much gold and silver as he could carry, closed the door of the cave as the captain had done, and went home to tell his wife all about it.

[1] Pronounce Ses-a-me.

When his wife saw the gold she was anxious to measure it, to see how much wealth they had. Now Ali's brother, Cassim, lived just next door. So Ali Baba's wife went to her brother-in-law to borrow a measure with which to measure the gold.

Now Cassim's wife was a very inquisitive woman. She always liked to know everything about her neighbours. So she put some wax in the bottom of the measure, in order to find out what kind of grain her sister-in-law had bought. The result was that when Ali Baba's wife returned the measure to Cassim, there were some small pieces of gold sticking to the wax at the bottom of the measure. When Cassim saw this, he went immediately to ask his brother how it had happened. Ali Baba told him about the rock, and the cave, and the treasure-house inside, and told him how to open the cave.

Cassim thereupon resolved that he would go to the cave and take away all the gold before his brother got it. He went off early in the morning, found the rock, and stood in front of it crying, 'Open, Sesame!' As before, the door opened, and there stood Cassim in the midst of the treasure house, sacks of gold and silver on every side. He gathered together as much as he could; but, alas, he became so excited at the thought of all this wealth that he entirely forgot the words he must use to get out of the cave again. While he stood there trying all sorts of means to open the door, the forty thieves came, found him in the cave, killed him, went away again, closing the cave door behind them.

The next day Ali Baba went again to the cave to fetch more gold. What was his surprise to find the body of his dead brother lying on the floor of the cave! He carried the body outside the cave and buried it, and then went home to

tell Cassim's wife about her husband's death. According to the custom of the country, he took Cassim's wife into his house and there she lived with a slave woman called Morgiana, whom she brought with her.

When the forty thieves came next to the cave, they were very surprised to see that the body of the man whom they had killed had been taken away. They realized from this that there must be two men at least who knew how to get into the cave, and they began to be afraid. But the captain soon thought of a plan by which they could find out who the second man was. He disguised himself as an ordinary traveller, and went to the town. There he made enquiries and soon found out that a man had been buried by Ali Baba, just the day before. Then he left the town and called his men together.

The captain then made a plan by which he could get all his men into Ali Baba's house. He took a great many oil jars, placed a man in each jar, and bound the jars to mules to be carried into the town. He filled one jar with oil, just to show what he was carrying in his jars if anyone asked him, and then he set off for the town.

When he came to the town, it was already dark. He went to Ali Baba's house, and told him a long story. 'I'm travelling to the next town,' he said, 'to sell my oil. It's late now, and I shan't be able to reach the town before night. Will you allow me to stay here, and keep my mules in your courtyard?' Ali Baba, suspecting nothing, readily agreed to the captain's request, and allowed all the mules to come in for the night. The captain thought his plan was going to work well, and told his men to be ready to rush into the house as soon as he gave them the sign, kill all the family, and then escape as fast as they could.

However, the slave woman Morgiana was cooking at the time when the mules arrived. Her oil had run short; and so, hearing that there was oil in the jars which the stranger had brought, she went to the first jar to take some for her cooking. The man in the jar thought that it must be the captain, coming to call his men. He whispered from inside the jar, 'Is it time to come out?'

Now Morgiana was a very clever woman. As soon as she heard the voice coming from the jar, she thought that there was something strange going on. However, instead of losing her head and becoming afraid, she quickly replied, 'Not yet.' She passed on from jar to jar, and every time the same question was asked, and she gave the same answer. At last she came to the jar in which the oil was. She took all the oil, heated it on the fire, and then poured the hot oil into all the other jars and killed all the thieves.

The captain got up quietly in the middle of the night, meaning to waken the thieves and let them into the house to kill Ali Baba and his family. To his surprise, he could get no answer from any of the jars in which his men were, and at last discovered that the men were all dead. He did not dare to go back to the house, but ran quickly away in case he too should be discovered and killed.

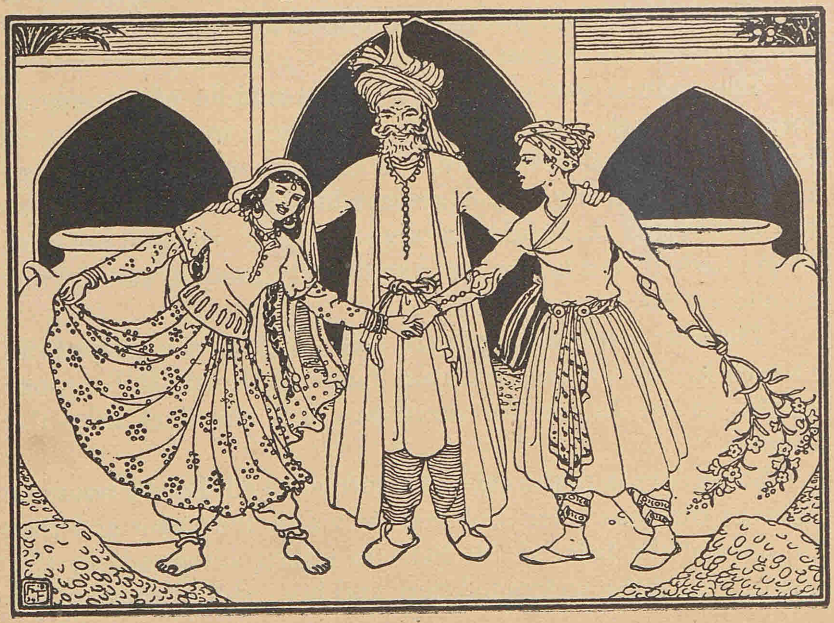
The next morning Morgiana told Ali Baba the story of the thieves in the oil jars, and told him that he must be more careful in the future, for there was still one thief left—the captain.

Some days later the captain returned to Ali Baba's house in another disguise. He said that he was a merchant and that he wanted the help of Ali Baba in selling his goods in the town. Ali Baba welcomed him, and invited him to share the

evening meal with his family. The captain at once accepted; but he explained that he had a curious disease that made it impossible for him to eat any salt.

Now you probably know that in Persia there is a custom according to which no man may kill another man with whom he has eaten salt. As soon as Morgiana heard the stranger say that he could not eat salt, she began to suspect something. She looked carefully at the stranger and soon recognized him, in spite of his disguise, as the captain of the forty thieves. Not only that, but she noticed that he had a dagger hidden in the folds of his dress, and knew from that that he meant to kill her master.

When dinner was finished, Ali Baba and the strange merchant were sitting talking together. Suddenly Morgiana



entered, wearing a most beautiful dress with many lovely jewels. She asked her master whether she might dance a dagger dance before them in order to entertain the guest. Ali Baba agreed, and Morgiana began to dance gracefully in the centre of the room, and the stranger gazed at her wonderful movements. Then suddenly Morgiana drew a dagger from under the folds of her dress, rushed at the disguised captain, and killed him on the spot. She then showed her master the dagger that was hidden in the captain's coat, and Ali Baba realized the great danger from which she had saved him.

Ali Baba was so grateful to the slave woman who had saved his life and the lives of all his family that he married her to his son, and gave her as a wedding present a large share of the treasure that he had found in the cave.

A Persian story

PRACTICE IN WRITING ENGLISH

Suggestion :—When you are writing these exercises, do not make a mistake if you can help it. If you are not sure how to say what you want to say, or how to spell a word, look back in the book, or in Book I or Book II.

STORY 1

a. Write down the conversation between the wise man of Gotham and his wife :—

(i) before he went to the market.

(ii) after he came back.

b. Questions to answer :—

What would the wife have done if she had gone to the market herself ? What would she have said if the stool had walked home by itself ? What would have happened if the Wise Men's bowl had been stronger ?

STORY 2

a. What did they say ?

The student explained how he had come into the donkey's place. What did he actually say ?

The oil merchant explained that he had nothing to live on. What did he say ?

The merchant asked if he might speak to the donkey. What did he say ?

The students wondered how they would get money for food. What did they say to themselves ?

b. **We do not always speak in the same way as we write. How ought we to write these sentences ?**

Speaking—I've no money to buy food with.

Writing—

Speaking—Here's a three-legged stool to sit on.

Writing—

Speaking—The merchant bought some jars to carry the oil in.

Writing—

Look through your book and find some more sentences that you can write in this way.

STORY 3

a. **Make some more sentences like each of these two :—**

(i) If the gods *would* help Latona, she and her babies *would* not die. (And did they help her ?)

(ii) If you *had been* there, you *would have* seen the little men turned into frogs. (But were you there ?)

b. **Find out where frogs really come from, and try to write it down in English.**

STORY 5

a. Write out the conversation :—

(i) between Singh and his parents.

(ii) between Singh and the friendly monkey.

b. Make some sentences of which the following would be the answers :—

I suppose so.
I believe so.
I expect so.
I think not.
I hope not.

(For example, the monkey said, 'Is that all?' The other monkey replied, 'I suppose so.')

STORY 6

a. Describe what happened after the fisherman had made the sun travel more slowly.

b. Notice the word 'too' in these sentences, and explain it in the same way as the first is explained :—

(i) The sun travelled *too fast*; that is, *faster than* men liked or, *so fast that* people could not work.

(ii) The oil merchant was too poor to buy a donkey.

(iii) Don't talk too loudly.

(iv) Latona was too tired to go any further.

(v) The water was too dirty to drink.

(vi) That tea is too strong.

STORY 8

a. **Write down all the wishes of the roadmender, just as he said them. Use these words :—**

I wish I might, I were, I had, I could.

Then write them like this :—

He wished — — — —.
He said that if only — — — —.

Make up three wishes of your own.

b. **Tell the story of the roadmender as he would tell it himself.**

STORY 9

a. **Where is Korea? Find out something about the people who live in Korea and write about them.**

b. **Make some more sentences like these :—**

The rabbit told his friends *all that* he had seen.
Rabbit's eyes were *the only thing that* would cure the king.
The palace was *the most beautiful* thing *that* the rabbit had ever seen.
The donkey in the market was the *same* donkey *that* the man had lost.

STORY 10

a. **Fill in the spaces in these sentences with the words *will* or *shall*.** Remember that when we say 'you, he, or they *shall*' we are generally making a promise

or a threat. Usually we say I or we *shall*, you, he, or they *will*.

(i) The rabbit said, 'I — go back and get my own eyes.'
(ii) The turtle said, 'If you come with me you — see something wonderful.'
(iii) The warrior said, 'I — be your king and you — be my men.'
(iv) The king said, 'Now you — grind salt for the rest of your lives.'
(v) The stool — walk home by itself.

b. Make some sentences with these words :—

to look, to seem, to feel, to taste, to smell, to sound, **and**—ill, well, tired, happy, wet, cold, sweet, salt, good, right, loud.

STORY 12

a. Describe all the things you do during the day for which you need to know how to count. How many of the things you do did the people of long ago not need to do ?

b. Finish these sentences. Notice that every time you need a word ending in '-ing'.

(i) Sticks were used for —.
(ii) The oil merchant earned his living by —.
(iii) The men made the water muddy by —.
(iv) They tried to prevent Latona from — the water.
(v) Laughing is better than —.
(vi) Singh slept instead of — the dinner.
(vii) The roadmender was tired of — stones.

STORY 13

a. **Write out the conversation between the piper and the mayor so that you could act this story.**

b. **Describe what would have happened if the mayor had kept his promise.** Remember that what you will say did not happen, so you must write 'this would have happened', and 'that would not have happened'.

STORY 15

a. **Here are two ways of saying the same thing:—**

The captain had *power*. (Say the word 'power' loudly.)

It was power that the captain had.

Write each of the following sentences in another way:—

(i) The oil merchant wanted a *donkey*.
(ii) The king of the fishes wanted *medicine*.
(iii) The old women were grinding *salt*, not *gold*.

b. **Write out the conversation between Deva and Shankha when they met.**

STORY 16

Explain in your own words what the steward meant when he said, 'I have spent your money on a little kindness.'

STORY 18

a. Make some sentences with these words :—

a few (two, three) at a time.
one after another.
all at once.
every other (day), every third (day).

b. Make a word picture of Mercury sitting beside Argus trying to make him go to sleep.

STORY 19

a. On page 38 you will read the words which the father-in-law used. Write the same words, taking away the inverted commas (i.e. write without these marks ' — ').

The father-in-law said that —

b. Describe the scene where the daughters-in-law come back to their father-in-law's house bringing the presents. What would they say to him ?

STORY 21

a. Write out the actual words which the people spoke :—

Gessler gave an order that everyone should bow to the hat.
He ordered William Tell to be seized.
He ordered the soldiers to bring an apple.
He had the boy placed against a tree.
He asked Tell why he had placed two arrows in his belt.

b. Tell the story as Tell's little son would tell it to his mother when he went home.

STORY 22

a. **Sometimes when we want to make a story interesting we tell it in this way :—**

The king *raises* his arm and *brings* down the axe on the trunk of one of the trees. And so on.

Write out the rest of the paragraph in that way.

Write the paragraph beginning ' The goddess Ceres *had* not forgotten ' in the same way. Why does the story seem more interesting written in this way?

STORY 24

a. **Here are some sentences written as we speak them:—**

They realized what they had been saved from.
What was the bird singing about ?
What were the woodmen afraid of ?
What was William Tell famous for ?
I can't tell where the sound is coming from (see page 50).

When we write these sentences we generally say :—
They realized from what they had been saved.

Write the rest of the sentences as they should be written.

b. **The word ' keep ' generally means to put something in a place where you want it to stay in order to be safe. The word ' put ' is used when you simply mean to show where the thing is. For example :—**
Where do you keep your books ?—in your desk.
Where have you put your book ?—on the table.

Fill in the spaces in these sentences with the verbs to keep, and to put :—

The old man — the stool on the ground.
The oil merchant always — his oil in jars.
The roadmender — his coat on the ground beside him.
The farmer — the people in the hills.
The king — his grinding stones in his palace so that no one would steal them.
The king's servants — the grinding stones down in front of the two women.

STORY 25

a. Make some more sentences like this :—

The same lion, *out of whose* paw Androcles had taken the thorn, came towards him.

Use these words : 'with whose axe' (The King and the Oaks), 'by whose charming songs' (The Peacock's Tail), 'in whose carriage' (The Roadmender).

b. When the people asked Androcles to tell them about the lion, how did he tell the story ?

STORY 27

a. Write out an imaginary conversation between the two rogues at night, as they went into the city to spend their money.

STORY 28

a. Write out the paragraph beginning 'Outside the prison' in this way :—

Outside the prison the crowd is waiting to see Pythias die. They have heard how — —, and so on.

If you think this sounds well, write the next paragraph also.

b. Make some 'time' sentences with these phrases :—

to arrive in time.
to come back by the evening, or in an hour's time.
to stay in a place for several days.
to have been ill for some weeks.
not to have done something for a long time (i.e. 'I have not seen you for a long time', *not* 'I see you now after a long time').
not to have done something since you were quite young.

STORY 30

a. Describe some ways in which people long ago used to send messages. Then describe two or three ways in which we send messages nowadays.

b. Write out the alphabet in your own language, and see whether you can guess how the letters came from pictures.

STORY 31

a. The old couple told their neighbours the story of the little dog. Write down the story as they told it.

b. Write out what the dog said in the dreams in this way :—

(i) He told the old man and his wife that there was a tree in their garden. And so on.

(ii) He told them to take some of the ashes. And so on.

STORY 33

a. Make some sentences with these words :—

A procession with lanterns	makes	a good watchman
A man with a hundred eyes		a good student.
A man who is never afraid		a gay picture.
A boy who works hard		a good soldier.

b. Write out the son's explanation to his father in this way :—

He said that he was so weary — —, and so on.

STORY 34

a. Write an imaginary conversation between Icarus and his father while they were watching the seagulls, or while the wings were being made.

b. Fill in the spaces in these sentences with words ending in -ing :—

Daedalus found a way of — from the island.
He discovered a means of — like birds.
The merchant earned his living by — oil.
People used to send messages by — pictures.

STORY 36

Describe any festival day in your own country as though you were telling a Japanese boy or girl about it. Write it in the form of a letter.

STORY 37

a. **Make some sentences using these phrases :—**
the whole city, the whole class, the whole school.
all the boys, all the books, all the people.

b. **Hagamuchi was a hero of Japan. William Tell was a hero of Switzerland. St. George was also a hero. Write the story of some hero of your own country.**

STORY 39

a. **Write out the words which the young barber spoke into the hole in the ground. Then write them out again beginning, 'He said that — — —,' and so on.**

b. **Make up sentences saying :—**
something funny about the wise man of Gotham.
something strange about the emperor's new clothes.
something interesting about alphabets.

STORY 40

a. **In England there are four seasons—spring, summer, autumn, and winter. How many seasons are there in your country? Describe them.**

b. 1. Ceres was trying to find out where her daughter was.

2. She said to herself, 'Where is my daughter?'

Write out all these sentences in the same way as sentence 1 is written :—

The two daughters-in-law said to themselves, 'Where shall we find the gifts?' They wondered — — —.

The emperor said, 'How did the people know that I have ears like a goat's?' He wondered — — —.

The wise man's wife said, 'Why have you not brought the stool home?' She asked her husband — — —.

The mayor said to the piper, 'Have you taken away all the rats?' The mayor asked the piper whether (or if) — —.

STORY 41

a. Describe what you think the thief said to himself as he left the old gentleman's house. What did he do with the bag of coins?

b. Make some more sentences like these :—

He wished the box to be given to the old man.

He wished the servant to give the box to the old man.

He wished that the stranger would tell his name.

STORY 43

a. Think of some custom or customs of your country and write a description of them for children of other countries. You could write this in the form of a letter.

b. **Write the story of Ali Baba in the form of a play that you could act in the classroom. Here are some suggestions for scenes :—**

(i) Ali Baba and his wife talk about the scene at the cave and the hidden treasure.

(ii) Cassim and his wife talk about the pieces of gold which they found at the bottom of the measure.

(iii) Cassim and Ali Baba talk about the treasure in the cave, and how to get into the cave.

(iv) Ali Baba comes home after finding Cassim dead in the cave.

(v) The captain and his men plan how to find Ali Baba and to kill him.

(vi) Morgiana and Ali Baba talk the next morning about finding the thieves in the oil jars.

(vii) Ali Baba tells Morgiana about the stranger who never eats salt. Morgiana tells her master to let her prepare a meal and then come and dance before the guest.

(viii) Ali Baba tells his wife how Morgiana saved the lives of all the family, and promises Morgiana in marriage to his son.

WORDS AND THEIR WORK

§1

i. We discovered in *My Second English Book* that the words that we use in speech all have different names, according to the different kinds of work which they do. Here is a list of them, with a description of their work :—

Nouns are naming words.

Pronouns are words which do the work of a noun when a noun is not used.

Verbs tell us about being or doing.

Adjectives tell us something more about nouns than we should know from the noun alone.

Adverbs tell us more about the verbs, adjectives or adverbs.

Conjunctions are words that join words or sentences together.

Prepositions show us the relation between one noun or pronoun and another noun or pronoun.

ii. Now you will see from these sentences that the same word may sometimes do the work of one part of speech and sometimes that of another. We must be careful to give these words the name that belongs to the work they are doing at the time.

a. The old man and his wife went out for a *walk*.
The wise man thought that the stool would *walk* home.

b. Singh lies and *watches* all the creatures of the forest.
Long ago people had no clocks or *watches*.

iii. Write out these sentences and say after each the part of speech of the word in italics :—

a. The *swallows* are asleep.
b. Singh could not *swallow* his curry because it was hot.
c. Latona went to the pool to get water to *drink*.
d. When it is very hot we like a cold *drink*.
e. Singh's parents sat down to eat their *evening* meal.
f. The students had a good meal that *evening*.
g. When it is dark we *light* lamps.
h. It was hardly *light* before it began to get dark again.

§2

i. We have said that nouns are naming words. Now you know that each one of us has at least two names, a first name, and a surname. The surname belongs to the whole of our family, that is, it is *common* to all the people in the family. The first name belongs to one member of the family, and to nobody else in the family. In the same way, we can divide nouns into two groups. Those that are like family names, such as 'boy', 'girl', or 'stool', we call *common nouns*, that is, the name of a whole family, such as all the boys in the world, or all the girls or stools in the world. Those names that belong only to one person, or one town, or one country, we call *proper nouns ;* for instance, there is only one country called India, one town called London, or one boy in the story called Singh. We always write proper names with capital letters.

ii. There is another kind of noun which tells us about the character of people and things, or their qualities. For example, think of the 'wise' man of Gotham. What qualities make up his character? Stupidity and laziness. What qualities were part of the character of his wife when she heard his story? Anger and impatience. We call these nouns *abstract* nouns.

iii. Fill in the gaps in the following table :—

Proper name	Common name	Character
.....	boy	laziness, tiredness
Apollo	.....	greatness, power
Latona	.....	.....
.....	goddess	.....
.....	.....	coolness, clearness

b. As you come to these words in your reading, write them in here, and notice how nouns are made from adjectives, and adjectives from nouns.

Noun	Adjective	Noun	Adjective	Adjective	Noun
anger	.....	beauty	.....	cruel	.....
hunger	.....	power	.....	safe	.....
thirst	.....	wonder	.....	vain	.....
sleep	.....	use	.....	true	.....
mud	.....	fame	.....	warm	.....
.....	kind	danger	.....	strong	.....
.....	fierce	patience	.....	long	.....
.....	happy	obedience	.....	high	.....
.....	free	silence	.....	content	.....
.....	wise	distance	.....		

iv. Sometimes we use a singular noun when we speak of several things, or several people. For instance, a ' class ' of children, a ' crowd ' of monkeys. We use a singular noun here because we are thinking of the ' class ' or the ' crowd '

all together—that is, a ' collection ' of children or of monkeys. Such nouns are called *collective* nouns.

There are two collective nouns in Story 10. Can you find them ?

§3

When you are asked to give ' particulars ' about yourself, you give your name and address, and perhaps your age and your class in school. In the same way we can give ' particulars ' about nouns and other words we use. We call this ' parsing '. Here are the particulars that we can give about nouns :—

i. Person. We can say whether a noun is the first person, the second person, or the third person. (Look in *My Second English Book*, page 100, for an explanation of this.) Give the ' person ' of the nouns in this sentence :—

I, Singh, tell you, monkeys, that my mother has beaten me.

ii. Number. We can say whether a noun is singular or plural.

If you fill in the spaces here, you will find out the different ways of making the plural of nouns :—

Singular	Plural	Singular	Plural
coach	.....	daughter-in-law	.....
man	.....	.....	passers-by
.....	feet	.....	cattle
child	.....	.....	mice
roof	.....	body	.....
.....	wives	monkey	.....
.....	waves		

The following words make their plural form like one of the words above. Which ?

tooth, lady, knife, house, city, donkey, father-in-law, family, box.

Some nouns are always plural :—

scissors, trousers.

iii. Gender. If you do not remember what 'gender' means, look at page 103 in *My Second English Book*.

Fill in the spaces in this table when you come to these words in the stories. Then you will see all the different ways of making masculine and feminine nouns.

Masculine	Feminine	Masculine	Feminine
god	.....	father	.....
.....	priestess	.....	sister
prince	.....	son-in-law	.....
.....	empress	husband	.....
.....	mistress	.....	madam
lion	.....	king	.....

iv. Case. A noun can be used in three different ways :

a. When a noun is the subject of a verb, it is said to be in the *nominative case* :—

The *fisherman* caught the sun in a net.
In the same town lived two *students*.

b. When a noun completes the meaning of a verb of doing (not of being), or when it is used after a preposition, it is said to be in the *objective case*. If it is used after a verb of doing, it is said to be the *object* of the verb. For example :—

The fisherman caught *the sun* in a *net*.

The first of these nouns completes the meaning of the verb 'caught' which is a verb of doing. The second noun is used after the preposition 'in'.

But, 'Latona was the *mother* of Apollo and Diana.' Here the noun 'mother' completes the meaning of the verb 'was'; but this is a verb of being, not doing, so the noun is still in the nominative case.

c. When a noun shows the person who possesses something, it is said to be in the possessive case.

The sun was caught in the *fisherman's* net.

v. Make a list of all the nouns in Story 9, in three columns, one for the nominative case, one for the objective, and one for the possessive.

Notice these names:—Daedalus' son, Icarus' father, Pythias' friend; but—the goddess's sacred grove.

§4

i. Pronouns do not mean anything by themselves. They only have a meaning when we know the nouns for which they are used. What does this sentence mean?

He asked him to sell him his horse, telling him how his friend was waiting for him and how he would have to die if he did not arrive in time to save him.

If you read page 56 you will find out the meaning of this sentence, but unless you know who 'he', 'him', and 'his' refer to, you cannot understand it. Without finding this out, you cannot even tell how many people there are in the story!

ii. Pronouns, like nouns, are of different kinds, and they have different names, according to the different kinds of work they do for nouns.

a. Pronouns that do the work of nouns in the first, second, or third person are called *personal pronouns*. Find all the personal pronouns on pages 1 and 2, make a list of them, and say everything you can about them. You can tell their person, their number, and their gender and case, just as you can with nouns, for they will be of the same person, number and gender as the nouns for which they are used.

When you have read page 62, make a list of all the pronouns in the story. How will you describe the gender of the pronoun 'they' when it means the old man and his wife?

b. You will find another kind of pronoun on page 14 :—

He found *himself* sitting in the king's coach.
He used to sing to *himself*.

These are called *reflexive pronouns*. Notice that they are always used in the objective case, and that they always mean the same person as the subject of the sentence. (We never say :—'Herself came to a pool of clear water.')

Make out a table of the reflexive pronouns for each person :—

Singular :	1.	2.	3.m f. n.
Plural :	1.	2.	3.

You will find some of them on pages 7, 8, 14, 85.

(Note. In the sentence ' The king himself took an axe and cut the tree ', *himself* is not a reflexive pronoun. It is used just to make sure that people know *who* took the axe. See also pages 31 and 66.)

c. Some pronouns are used for pointing out things, when we do not want to use a noun twice over. For instance :

Two processions were approaching, *one* from the east and *one* from the west.

The procession coming from the east was led by Deva on a huge elephant. *That* coming from the west was led by Shankha, fully armed.

The pronouns that we use in this way are called *demonstrative pronouns*. They are :—

this, these, that, those, one, some.

Find some demonstrative pronouns on pages 16 and 18.

In the sentence ' *These* grindstones will grind anything you want ', ' these ' is not a pronoun, but an adjective, pointing out which grindstones.

d. On pages 42 and 67 you will find some questions. The first words in these questions are *interrogative* pronouns. Their special work is to ask questions. They are—who, which, and what. Make some sentences with these words :—

The oil-merchant's uncle said, '— — —?'
The monkeys asked, '— — —?'
Deva said to his brothers, '— — —?'

e. If you think about the pronouns in these sentences :—

The piper would draw after him all sorts of creatures *which* do harm to people.

The mayor would not pay *him who* had saved the town from the rats.

—you will see that these words do two different kinds of work. They are used instead of their nouns, but they are also used to join two sentences together. These are called *relative pronouns*. They are—who (whom, whose), used for persons; which, used for animals and things; what, used for things, and that and as, used for anything.

(Note. If you look on pages 17 and 18 you will find four different kinds of work that the word 'that' can do—a conjunction, a relative pronoun, a demonstrative pronoun, and a demonstrative adjective !)

Make out a table of all the pronouns you can find in this book and arrange them like this :—

Singular			Plural		
Nominative	Objective	Possessive	Nominative	Objective	Possessive

a. Personal.
b. Demonstrative.
c. Relative.
d. Reflexive.
e. Interrogative.

§5

1. Verbs are the most interesting of all these words. For instance, if you take a noun, peacock, you can say many things about it, but you can only use the noun in three ways :—

Juno had a beautiful peacock.
Peacocks have beautiful tails.
The peacock's tail has a hundred eyes.

But you cannot change the word in any other way except *peacock, peacocks, peacock's* to make it mean all sorts of different things.

Now take the verb 'give' and see how many different things you can make it mean :—

Juno gives the hundred eyes to her peacock (to-day).
Juno gave her peacock a hundred eyes (long ago).
The daughters-in-law will give the gifts to their father-in-law (when they arrive home).
The mayor would not give the piper his money.
The piper said, 'I will take away the rats if you will give me a thousand guilders.'

And so on.

Look through the pages of this book and see all the different ways in which the verb 'give' can be used, e.g.

give, gives, does not give, gave, did not give, will give, would give, want to give, giving, given, and so on.

Let us see how many different 'particulars' we can give about verbs. We will take the two most important particulars first.

ii. Look at these sentences :—

a. The piper *was* a young man with smiling eyes.
Argus *became* charmed with Mercury's songs.
The woodmen *seemed* afraid of the nymphs.

b. The king *cut* down all the oaks.
The great tree *fell* with a crash.

c. The poet *did* not listen to the bird.
Damon said, 'I *have* come as soon as I could.'

Here are three different kinds of verbs. In the '*a*' sentences, the verbs have no meaning without the rest of the

words. We cannot say 'the piper was', or 'the woodman seemed'. These are verbs of *being*, and they must always have some word to give them a meaning. The word or words that give a meaning to such verbs are called the *complement*. Write the sentences in three columns :—

Subject	Predicate	
	Verb	Complement

Find some more sentences in your book that you can write in these columns.

Then the '*b*' sentences contain verbs of *doing*. We can make a sentence with only one word if we use one of these verbs of doing—for instance 'Come', 'Laugh'. But we do not say to anyone 'Be', 'Seem'!

In the '*c*' sentences we have a kind verb which only helps other verbs—do, have, will, may, and so on. These are called helping verbs.

Take one of the stories in this book and find all the verbs. Say whether each one of them is a verb of being, a verb of doing, or a helping verb.

iii. Some verbs have a meaning of their own, but the meaning is not complete without a noun or pronoun.

The emperor *put* on — (what?—the clothes).
Damon *seized* — (what?—the merchant's horse).
Hagamuchi wanted to *save* — (whom?—the people).

Verbs of which the meaning is not complete without a noun or pronoun are called *transitive*, and the noun or pronoun

which completes the meaning of the verb is called the *object* of the verb.

In these sentences the verbs do not need a noun or pronoun to complete their meaning :—

Icarus *flew* too near the sun.
The corn in Hagamuchi's fields *stood* ready for the harvest.
The great wave *was approaching*.

These verbs are called *intransitive* verbs.

iv. Make four columns in your exercise book and write these sentences with the words in the right columns. Remember that verbs of being must have a complement, and verbs of doing, if they are transitive, must have an object.

Subject	Predicate		
	Verb	Object	Complement
St. George	killed	the dragon.	
Hagamuchi	was		a hero of Japan.

A Serbian man had a hundred sons.
I love all beauteous things.
The old man's neighbours killed the dog.
The king and his court gathered in the courtyard.
The picture letters have become our alphabets.
The rabbit returned to fetch his own eyes.
Ali Baba's wife returned the measure to Cassim.

§6

i. Here are two ways of saying the same thing :—

The rogues deceived the emperor.
The emperor was deceived by the rogues.

Notice that the object of the first sentence is the subject of the second, whereas the subject of the first sentence is used in the second sentence with the preposition ' by '. In the first sentence we say what the subject *did*, and the verb is said to be in the *active voice* ; in the second sentence we say what *happened to* the subject, and the verb is said to be in the *passive voice*.

Look at these sentences, say whether the verbs are in the active or the passive voice, and then turn the sentence round so that if it is active, you make it passive, and if it is passive, you make it active.

A stool was bought by the wise man of Gotham.
The oil merchant beat his donkey.
The ugly men made the water muddy.
The sun was caught in a net by the fisherman.
Was the king of the fishes cured by the rabbit ?
Hundreds of years ago the number four was discovered by the people of Egypt.

ii. Sentences can be divided into three kinds in another way :—we may make a statement, we may give a command, or we may wish something, suppose something, or fear something. Think of the story of the roadmender.

He *found* himself being turned into a cloud.
Make me into a cloud and *let* me hide the sun.
I wish I *were* a king.
If I were the ocean I should be the most powerful of all.

a. In the first sentence the verb is in the form of a statement, and is said to be in the *indicative mood*—it indicates, or states something about the subject.

b. In the second sentence the verb is in the form of a command, and is said to be in the *imperative mood*—it shows what somebody is told to do.

c. In the third sentence the verb is in the form of a wish, and in the fourth sentence the verb shows that we are supposing something that we do not know about. This form of the verb is called the *subjunctive mood.*

Read the story of the Pied Piper, find all the verbs, and say what 'mood' they are in.

d. When the verb does not refer to any particular person, number, or time, it is said to be in the *infinitive mood*—that is, it is not limited to one person, number or time.

For example :—

He began *to play* his pipe.
The steward went *to collect* the chief's money.
Argus wanted *to listen* to Mercury's songs.
Mercury made Argus *fall* asleep.
Dionysius let Damon *go* to his home.

Notice that in the 'infinitive' mood the word 'to' is generally part of the verb. But we do not use it after 'make', 'let', and 'can'.

iii. In the following sentences you will see that sometimes a word may look like a verb, but may do the work of a noun :—

People first learnt how to write by *drawing* pictures.
The *burning* of Hagamuchi's house saved the people.
Proserpina was fond of *walking* in the meadows.
Androcles heard the *roaring* of the lion.

When a verb is used in this way to do the work of a noun, it is called a *verbal noun*.

§7

i. Verbs have special forms also to show the time when something happens :—

To-day we *are reading* about verbs.
Yesterday we *read* the story of — — —.
To-morrow we *will read* the next story.

But we do not speak of the ' time ' of verbs, we speak of the *tense* of a verb.

Here are the names of the six chief tenses :—

a. Present. The *present tense* is used when we are speaking of what is happening now, or happens always :—

We come to school every day.
We are learning English.

The *present perfect* is used to show an action that has just been completed :—

We have just finished the story about — — —.

b. Past. The *past tense* is used for actions that happened before the moment when we speak :—

Proserpina and her friends *were walking* in the meadow.
Pluto *came* and *carried* her off on his chariot.

The *past perfect* is used for actions that happened even before those for which we use the past tense :—

The thief *had hidden* in the roof before the guests came to the old man's feast.

c. Future. The *future tense* is used for actions that will happen any time after the moment when we speak :—

The rabbit said, ' I will go back and fetch my own eyes.'

The *future perfect* tense is used for actions that will be complete at some time in the future :—

By the end of this year we *will have read* all the stories.

d. When we want to describe an action that goes on for some time, we use the *continuous* form of these tenses :—

Present—We *are reading*, we *have been reading*.
Past—The thief *was hiding*, he *had been hiding*.
Future—We *shall be having* holidays in the month of —.

ii. Now let us collect together all the particulars that we can give about verbs :—

Transitive or intransitive.
Active or passive voice.
Indicative, imperative, subjunctive or infinitive mood.
The different tenses.
Person and number.

Write down everything you can about all the verbs in one of the stories.

§8

i. There is not much to say about adjectives. There is only one way in which their form can be changed to give a change of meaning.

These sentences are like steps—each one is higher than the last :—

The roadmender said, 'The sun is very *great*.'
The clouds were *greater* than the sun.
The cliffs were greater than all the others ; they were the *greatest* of all.

But in these sentences the steps go downwards :—

A monkey is a *small* animal.
A rabbit is *smaller* than a monkey.
A squirrel is smaller than either. It is the *smallest* of all.

This use of adjectives is called the *comparison* of adjectives. ' Small ' is the *positive* form of the adjective, ' smaller ' is the *comparative* form, comparing one thing with another ; and ' smallest ' is the *superlative* form, comparing one thing with all the other things of the same kind.

Fill in the table below from the adjectives that you can find in this book. Notice that some adjectives do not have the form ending in -er and -est, but that we use the words ' more ' and ' most ' to make the comparative and the superlative forms. Why ? Study these adjectives and find out.

Positive	Comparative	Superlative
a small animal	a smaller animal	the smallest animal
.....	bigger	.....
.....	.....	the saddest
a hot day	.....	.....
.....	happier	.....
a clever boy	.....	.....
.....	a more beautiful palace—	the most beautiful palace—
.....	.....	.....
.....	a more curious medicine	.....
to be pleased	to be.....	to be.....
a wicked man	.....	.....
.....	.....	most contented
a good story	.....	.....
.....	a worse illness	.....
much, or many	.....	.....

The following adjectives will be compared in the same way as some of the ones above :—

famous, surprised, powerful, wide, contented, difficult, wicked, great, tired, cruel, strange, anxious, interesting.

Find out which ones they are like and compare them in the same way.

ii. We can give some adjectives the opposite meaning from their usual meaning by putting 'un-', 'im-', or 'dis-' in front of them. We cannot do this to all adjectives, however; with many we have to use a different word as their opposites.

Find out how to write the opposites of these adjectives (they are all to be found in this book) :—

Adjective	Its opposite
kind	.....
.....	unhappy
.....	unusual
worthy	.....
.....	useless
powerful	.....
possible	.....
visible	.....
contented	.....
.....	displeased
ugly	.....
.....	dirty

iii. Articles and numbers are really adjectives too, and such words as any, many, much and no. You will find some examples of number adjectives in story 12.

§9

i. Adverbs, as we have said, tell us more about verbs and adjectives—or even other adverbs :—

A day or two *later* the emperor sent another minister.
The little dog ran towards the tree and stood *there*.
Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon.
The old couple were *very* kind to their neighbours.

In the first sentence the word '*later*' tells us the answer to the question 'when?'. Such adverbs are called *adverbs* of *time*.

In the second sentence the word '*there*' tells us the answer to the question 'where?'. Such words are called *adverbs* of *place*.

In the third sentence the words '*slowly*' and '*silently*' tell us the answer to the question 'how?'. These are *adverbs* of *manner*.

In the fourth sentence the word '*very*' would be the answer to the question 'how kind?'. This kind of adverb is called an *adverb* of *degree*.

Make four columns and arrange these adverbs in them according to their meaning—time, place, manner, or degree :—

quietly, well, so, most, to-day, soon, where?, too, early, quite, again, anxiously, how?, here, anywhere, only, immediately, away.

Use these adverbs in sentences.

ii. Adverbs can be made from most adjectives by adding *-ly*. Look at page 114 and see again how nouns can be made from adjectives, and adjectives from nouns. Then make a table like this :—

Noun	Verb	Adjective	Adverb
sleep	sleep	sleepy	sleepily

by making as many new words as you can from the following words (you will not be able to make words for each column every time, but make as many as you can) :—

happy, live, greed, kind, wonder, troublesome, use, help, heat, save, fear, haste, rest.

iii. The comparison of adverbs can be made in the same way as the comparison of adjectives. That is, the comparative and the superlative forms can be made by adding *-er* and *-est*, where it sounds well—early, earlier, earliest ; but with long words and even some quite short words we must use the words *more* and *most*. Give the other forms of these adverbs :—

faster, well, easily, sooner, nearest, further.

§10

Each of the following words can be used as two different parts of speech. Make sentences to show this.

Work, living, return, well, poor (see p. 21), paper, better, open, stranger (see pp. 18 and 89), glass (see p. 18).

VERBS

(Verbs that have been given in the first and second books are not given again here. If you want to find any verbs that are not given here, look for them in the other books.)

To-day and every day I —	Yesterday and last week I —	Just now I have —
shed	shed	shed
lead	led	led
leap	leapt	leapt
sweep	swept	swept
shoot	shot	shot
seek	sought	sought
beseech	besought	besought
pay	paid	paid
lay (trans.)	laid	laid
lie (intrans.)	lay	lain
hang	hung	hung
win	won	won
bind	bound	bound
wind	wound	wound
grind	ground	ground
swim	swam	swum
strive	strove	striven
weave	wove	woven

DIFFICULT WORDS

1 shoulder
therefore
disappointed
rhyme
2 donkey
immediately
rein
seize
reward
good-bye
neighbour
recognize
3 wicked
towards
bottom
4 swallows
grey
5 coloured
monkey
ruined
shone
6 midday
regular
8 gesture
cushions
disappear
9 medicine
frighten
persuade
10 ordinary
special
pour
warriors
12 build
exchange
discovery
figure
13 mayor
council
ribbon
gradually
15 kingdom
captain
inn
soldier
worth
weapon
lose
afterwards
16 sufficient
steward
owe
debt
cancel
puzzle
20 quarrel
squirrel
doubtless
21 hero
famous
tyrant
centre
22 famine
sacred
rumour
24 memory
anxious
27 emperor
suit
quality
office
tailor
scissors
imaginary
usually
continue
28 tyranny
favour

necessary
journey
desperate
horizon
29 descend
30 message
whereas
syllable
bronze
history
scholar
31 blossom
miserable
couple
saucer
orchard
bury
fruit
jewels
33 magnificent
move
dove
34 aeroplane
island
study
warning
obey
purpose
36 foreign
opposite
kitchen
37 patron
38 beauteous
honour
39 secret
musician
40 regions
occupied
41 courtesy
42 solemn
43 knowledge
custom
welcome
disease

SIGNS AND SOUNDS

Write in these spaces words that you find in this book that are spelt like the first word in each section.

1. Different ways of spelling some sounds :—

Sound			
sh	musician	relation	description
s̬h*	usual		
ch	future		
j	region		
g as j	cage	gentle	magic
g	plague	guest	get gift

* This sound is the same as 'sh' but pronounced with 'voice'. It is often written '3'.

s like z	thousand	.....	.....
ph like f	alphabet	.....	.....
gh like f	enough	.....	.....

2. Silent letters :—

g	l	b	w	n
reign	palm	debt	wrap	solemn
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

3. Two vowels following each other :—

cruel	.....	.....	.....

4. Endings :—

able and ible	movable visible	....	....
-ance and -ence	entrance difference	....	....

5. The same letters pronounced differently :—

-ough	enough	though	through
-ose	suppose	lose	purpose
-ove	wove	move	love
-ice	office notice	police	sacrifice
-ed	kicked learned	wickéd learnéd	sacréd
-ard	steward forward	rewárd towárds	
-ine	famine determine	examine	fine mine
-gu-	plague	argüe	
-ng-	finger longer	sing-er	danger stranger
re-	receive rebuke refuse	réfuge réscue régular	

6. The difficulty of 'ie' and 'ei' :—

ie like 'ee'	ie like 'e'	ei like 'ee'	ei like 'ay'
believe	friend	seize	rein
.....	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	.....

7. Four ways of pronouncing ‘ ui ’ :—

suit	fruit	build guilder	ruin

8. The letter ‘ u ’ and the sound ‘ yu ’ :—

cure	duty	rebuke	rescue
.....	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	.....

NOTES