THE A.L
BRIGHT STORY READERS

2402
NAVIRUL ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
324

ÆSOP'S FABLES

No. 14

Grade I

BOOKS IN THIS SERIES

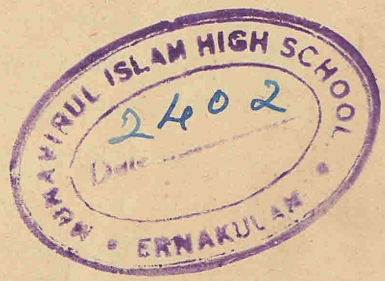
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S	for Seniors				28 ,,

Additions to the various Grades in preparation

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ÆSOP'S FABLES

Illustrated by Frederick Cockerton



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ÆSOP'S FABLES

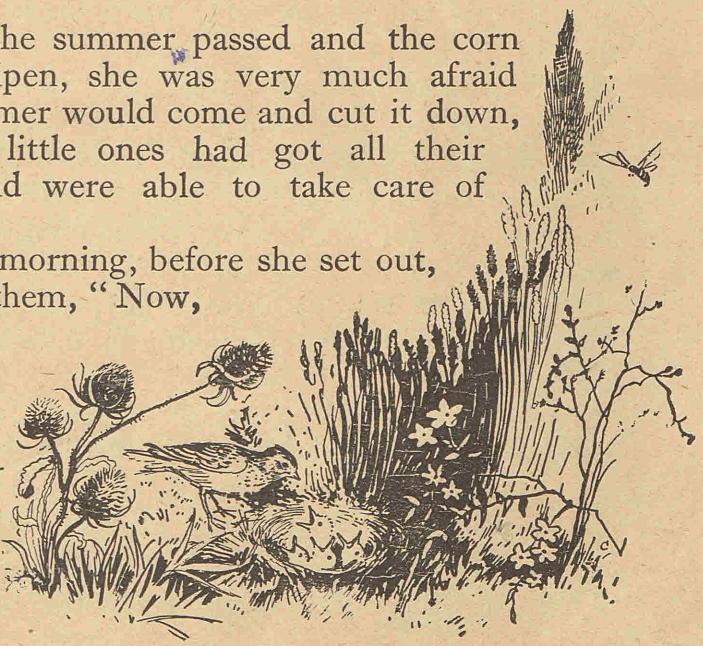
THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES

A LARK once built her nest in the springtime in a field of green corn. In this nest she laid four little eggs, and in time her young ones were hatched.

She had to fly away every day to seek for food for them, as they were not able to get it for themselves.

But as the summer passed and the corn began to ripen, she was very much afraid that the farmer would come and cut it down, before her little ones had got all their feathers, and were able to take care of themselves.

So each morning, before she set out, she said to them, "Now, little ones, if anyone comes to the field while I am away, you must be very careful indeed to



hear all they say, and tell it to me when I come back."

One day, when she came back with some nice food for them, she found the little birds in great fear. She asked what was the matter, and one of them said to her,

"Soon after you went, mother, the farmer and his son came to the field to look at the corn. They stood very near to us, and so we could hear what they were talking about.

"The farmer said to his son, 'My boy, this corn is now quite ripe enough to be cut down. Go and ask all our friends to come to-morrow and help us to reap it.'"

Then the mother bird said to her children, "There is no need for you to be afraid; we are quite safe here. If the farmer waits until his friends come to do his work for him, it will not be done to-morrow, for they have their own work to do, and cannot leave it to do his."

Next day, before she set out, the old bird told her children to listen again as carefully as they had done the day before.

While she was away the farmer came to the field, thinking that all his friends would have come to help him to cut down the corn.

He waited and waited; the sun grew hot, but no work was done, for not one of them came. Then he turned to his son, who was with him, and

said to him, " It seems that none of our friends are coming to help us. Go and ask your uncles and cousins to come in good time in the morning to reap the corn."

The little birds, on hearing these words, were very much afraid, and when their mother came home, they told her what had been said.

" Do not fear," said she ; " there is no need to move yet, for the farmer's relations are like his friends, they have as much to do as they can, to look after their own work. But be sure you keep your ears open when he comes to-morrow, and tell me all that he says."

The next morning, before going away, the lark again told her children to listen carefully to all that might be said.

The farmer and his son came in good time and waited, just as they had done the day before, but no one turned up to help them.

" George," said he to his son, " it is quite plain that we shall have to reap the corn ourselves. Take these two sickles to the barn, and sharpen them well, and we will both come here early to-morrow morning and set to work."

The little birds again told their mother what they had heard the farmer say.

" Now," said she, " it is indeed time for us to go away, for if the farmer has made up his mind to begin the work himself, and not depend upon

the help of others, it is most likely that the corn will be reaped."

By this time, the wings of the young ones were full grown, so, as soon as it was daylight the next morning, they all left the nest and flew away to a place of safety.

The farmer and his son came in good time with their sickles and set to work. By night, the whole of the field of corn was cut down, as it might have been some days sooner, if the farmer had not wanted someone else to do the work that he should do himself.

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER

ONE hot summer day, a crow, that had been flying about for a long time, began to feel thirsty. So she looked around to see if there was any place where she could find some water.

There was no stream near by, and as there had not been any rain for a few weeks, all the little pools were dried up.

At last, she spied a large pitcher at the edge of a corn-field in which some reapers were at work. Full of joy, she flew towards it, hoping to be able to quench her thirst.

When she came to the jug and looked in, she saw that it was nearly half full of water, but the water was quite beyond her reach.

She perched upon the edge of the jug, first at one side, then at the other, and bent her head downwards to the water as far as she could, but she was not able to reach it. The crow dared not hop into the jug, as there was not enough room inside for her to stretch her wings to fly out again.



The poor bird then hopped to the ground, and tried with all her might to overturn the pitcher, but she was not strong enough to do so.

Then she pecked at it with her beak, but she was not able to break it.

The crow stood and thought for a few minutes, and then she said to herself, "I know what I will do," and away she flew.

It was not long before she came back, bringing in her beak a large pebble. This she dropped into the water, and so made it rise a little way in the jug. She flew away again for another, and then another, and so on.

As she dropped them, one by one, into the jug, the water rose, little by little, till at last it was so near the top, that the crow, standing on the edge, could reach it with her bill, and drink as much as she wanted.

Where there is a will, there is sure to be a way, if we will only try to find it out.

THE CATS AND THE CHEESE

ONE day, a long, long time ago, two cats, who were very fond of cheese, stole a large piece from the table, when their mistress was not in the room.

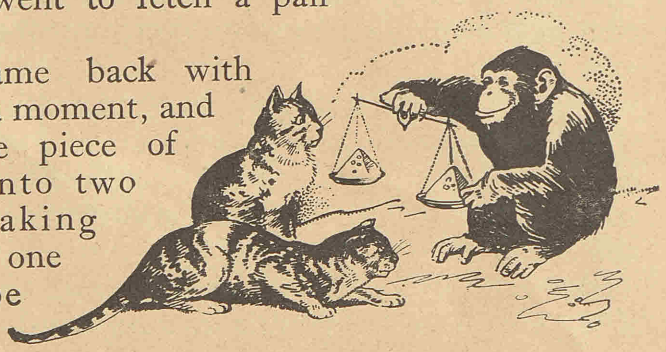
They could not make up their minds how to share this cheese, so, after a time, they began to fight about it. They fought so long that they nearly killed each other. Then they said they would go to law to settle the matter.

Now not far away lived a cunning old monkey, who was supposed to know all about the law, for his master was a lawyer. So the cats went to him, told him their tale, and said,

"If you please, sir, will you be so good as to divide this cheese for us, so that we shall both have alike?"

"I will do so gladly," said the monkey, and away he went to fetch a pair of scales.

He came back with them in a moment, and broke the piece of cheese into two parts, taking care that one should be bigger



than the other. He put one of the pieces into each pan of the scales to weigh them, and when he held the scales up, one side was lower than the other.

"Ah," said he, taking up the bigger piece, "this one weighs more than that one. I must take some off."

As he spoke, he took up the big piece, bit a lump off, and put it back in the scale. This time the other one weighed more; so the monkey took a mouthful off that.

"Why do you do that?" asked one cat.

"Well, you see," said the monkey, "I must be quite fair to both of you. Neither must have more than the other, and I have not yet weighed them both alike."

So he went on weighing and weighing, and biting a piece first from one and then from the other. The cats, as they saw their cheese being eaten by the monkey, began to think there would not be much left for them. They wished they had not been so angry with one another, and so ready to go to law.

At last, one of them, after talking a little while with the other, said,

"If it please you, sir, we shall be quite content if you will give to each of us one of the pieces, and let us go."

"No," said the monkey, "that will never do. You must wait till both pieces weigh alike, so that

each of you shall have a fair share." And he went on weighing and nibbling till only two very small pieces of the cheese were left.

Then the cats lay at his feet and begged him, with tears in their eyes, to give them what was left, so that they might at least taste what the cheese was like.

"Oh," said he, "what is left is for the judge; he must be paid for his work."

So saying, he laughed at the cats, put the rest of the cheese into his mouth, and, wishing them "Good day," left them.

The cats were very angry indeed at the way they had been treated by the monkey. But they could not say anything about it, because, you see, they had stolen the cheese, and had no more right to it than the monkey had.

THE FOX AND THE GOAT

ONE hot, summer day, a fox, who was not looking where he was going, fell into a well.

The water was not very deep, and there was no fear of his being drowned. He had been out a long time looking for food, but had not been able to steal either a duck or a fowl from any of the farmhouses.

He was very thirsty, so he took a good drink of



the clear water, and then began to think how he could best get out of the well.

The top of the well was far beyond his reach, even when he stood on his hind legs, so he tried to spring to the top. But when he had jumped as high as he could, he was still not able to get out, and so had to stand shivering in the cold water.

He began to be afraid that someone would come to the well to draw water, and find him there, when he would soon be put to death.

By and by a goat came up, and looked over the top of the well.

"What are you doing down there?" asked the goat of the fox.

"Can't you see what I am doing?" said the fox, in reply. He did not tell the goat that he had tumbled in, and could not get out.

"Is the water very good?" asked the goat.

"Indeed it is," answered the fox. "It is the sweetest water I have drunk for a long time. I feel as if I could drink it all up. Come down and have some of it."

" I think I will," said the goat, who was thirsty, and wanted to drink. And so down she jumped.

No sooner had the goat reached the bottom, than the fox leaped on her back, and, with a great spring, jumped to the top of the well.

The goat drank her fill of the pure water, and then, looking up at the fox, who had turned round to bid her " Good morning," she said, " But how am I to get out ? "

" The best way you can," said the fox. " If you had only looked how far the water was from the top of the well before you leaped down, you would not have come. But I must be going," said he, and away he went, leaving the goat to shift for herself as best she could.

THE MAN, HIS SON, AND THE ASS

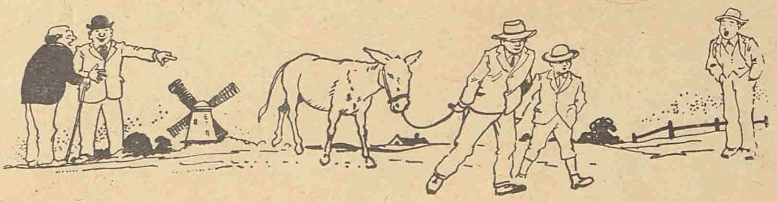
Many, many years ago, there was an old man, who made his living by doing all sorts of odd jobs. He was a man that all people liked, because he was always willing to try to do anything that would please them.

One day he and his son set off to the fair, to try and sell their old donkey. They walked along by the side of the ass, and talked about what they would do with the money.

They had not gone more than half-way to the

fair, when they came to a number of people who were standing at the road side.

"Look at those two silly folks," said one of them to the others. "They have no more sense than to walk all the way, and let the donkey go free. Why, long before they get to the fair, the poor lad will be tired out."



"That is very true," said the old man to himself. "I never thought of that." So he at once lifted the boy on to the back of the donkey, and off they went on their way. The boy was in high glee, for he liked riding on the donkey's back much better than walking.

They had not gone very far in this manner, however, when an old woman stopped them. She said to the boy in an angry tone, "You lazy scamp! Have you no more feeling for your poor old father, than to let him walk, while you ride there at your ease? For shame! Get down at once, and let your father take your place."

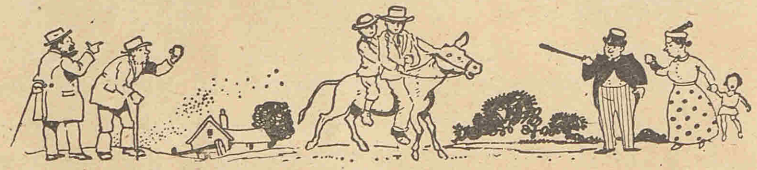
We have said that the old man was always willing to do what he could to please anybody, so, to please the old woman, he made his son jump down, and he

himself got on the back of the donkey. Once more they started to the fair.

They went on thus for some time, and at length met with three kind-hearted ladies.

"You cruel old man," said one of them to the father; "what a shame it is for you to be sitting there idle, while your poor lad cannot keep up to you, he is so tired. Take him up behind you."

The old man did as the ladies had told him, and they again went on their way, both riding on the back of the donkey.



When they had got very near to the town, a young man, coming along, said to the father, "Pray, my good man, is this donkey yours?"

"Yes, indeed he is," answered the father, "and I am going to sell him at the fair."

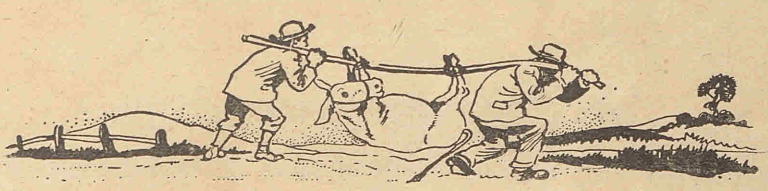
"I should hardly have thought he was yours," said the man, "by the way you treat him. Why, you two are more fit to carry him than he is to carry you. You ought to be whipped."

"Well," said the father, "it is hard to know what to do to please people. When we both walked along by the side of the donkey, we were wrong; when the boy rode and I walked, we were wrong;

when I rode and he walked, we were wrong again, and now when we both ride, we are still wrong. But we will do as you wish."

For some minutes they stood thinking how they would best be able to carry the donkey, and at last they hit upon this plan.

They tied the two fore-legs of the animal together, and then the two hind legs. Next they took a long pole and passed it between the fore and the hind legs of the ass. Then each put an end of the pole on his shoulders, and they carried the ass between them.

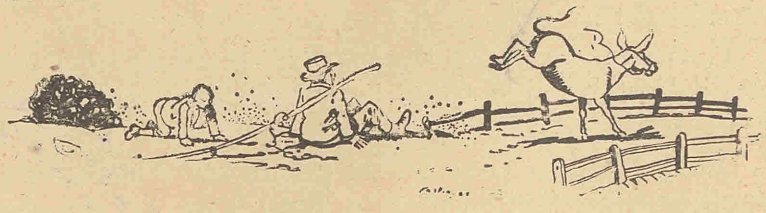


Of course, as they went along, everybody laughed at them, and said how silly they were to do such a thing as that. The old man thought it was very rude of them, and did not see what there was to make fun of, for he was only doing what he had been told to do.

The donkey, however, did not like this way of going along, and began to struggle to get free. All at once, one of the cords which held its legs broke, and the donkey got loose and ran off.

They were just crossing the bridge over the

river at the time, and the ass fell into the water and was drowned.



The poor old father and his son turned back, and reached home quite tired out. They were both very sad at heart, for in trying to please everyone, they had not pleased anyone, and they had lost the donkey as well.

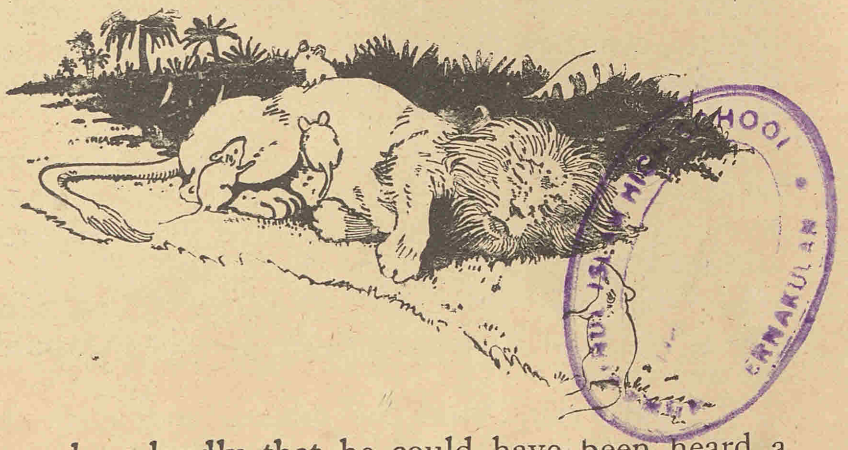
THE LION AND THE MOUSE

A LION, that had spent the early part of the day in hunting for food, lay down to rest under the shade of a tree. He had just eaten a good dinner, and as the day was very hot, and he was tired, he soon fell fast asleep.

While he lay there, some mice came along. They thought it would be fine fun to play at hide-and seek, and to romp about over the huge body of the beast.

At once they began to chase each other round and round the lion ; they ran over his back as he lay asleep, raced down his big, strong legs, and jumped over his tail. Oh, what grand fun they had !

But at last, one of them ran over his face, and this woke the lion up. He was in a great rage, and



roared so loudly that he could have been heard a mile away.

Then he thrust out one of his paws, and just as the poor little mouse that had run over his face was rushing away in fear, he caught her.

" So it is you, is it," said the lion, " who dares to annoy me and to keep me from sleeping by running over my face? However, you will not be able to do it again, for I shall crush you on the spot, and it will teach all the other mice that they must not play tricks with me."

The poor little mouse was so much afraid, that at first she could not speak. But at last she said to the lion, " If you please, sir, I am very sorry that I woke you up. I did not mean to do any harm.

Do let me go free this time ; I will not forget your kindness, and I will never come near a lion again, either when he is asleep or when he is awake. Besides, who knows ? Perhaps, if you spare my life, I may some day be able to help you, and so pay you back for your kindness."

The thought that a little mouse might some day be able to help him, the king of the forest, seemed so funny to the lion that he roared with laughter, and quite forgot to be angry any longer.

" Very well," said he, " off you go. But mind you tell all your friends that they are not to trouble me any more."

" Thank you," said the mouse, and away she went as fast as she could, and the lion lay down again to finish his nap.

Not very long afterwards, as he was hunting for food in a wood, the lion was caught in a net that had been spread by the hunters.

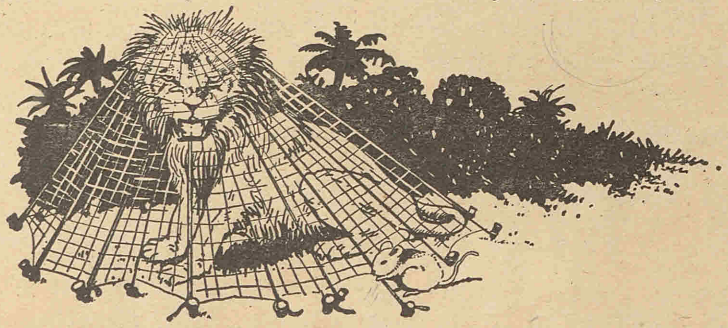
He tried hard to get free, but the net had been tied to stakes in the ground, and it was made of strong cords, so that the more the lion tried to get loose, the faster he became.

Then he began to roar as loudly as ever he could, and at last the little mouse heard him from her home on the edge of the wood.

" Ah ! " said she, " that is my friend, the lion. He is making a great noise. I wonder what is the matter with him. I will go and see."

So off she set towards the place where the lion was fast in the net.

She ran up to him, and said, "Good morning, Mr. Lion. I heard you calling, so I came to see what was the matter. Can I do anything for you?"



"You!" said the lion; "why, you cannot do anything, you are so little. I have been trying as hard as I could to break these cords, but they are too strong for me; I am sure you will not be able to do what I cannot do."

"Don't be too sure of that," said the mouse. "When I told you that some day I might pay you back for letting me go free, and when you laughed at me so much, you did not think it could be so. The time has now come when I can do something for you. But you must be very still, and not make a noise, or the hunters will hear you, and will come and kill both of us."

Then she set to work, and with her sharp, front teeth, she soon bit through one of the cords, and

then through another, and another, till in time the lion was set free.

The lion was very thankful to his little friend for setting him free, and asked what he should do for her in return.

"Oh, nothing!" said the mouse. "I am only too glad to be able to pay you back for sparing my life some time ago. One good turn deserves another."

THE FOX AND THE CROW

A BIG, black crow was one day sitting on some railings in front of a cottage. The window was open, and on the table was a piece of cheese.

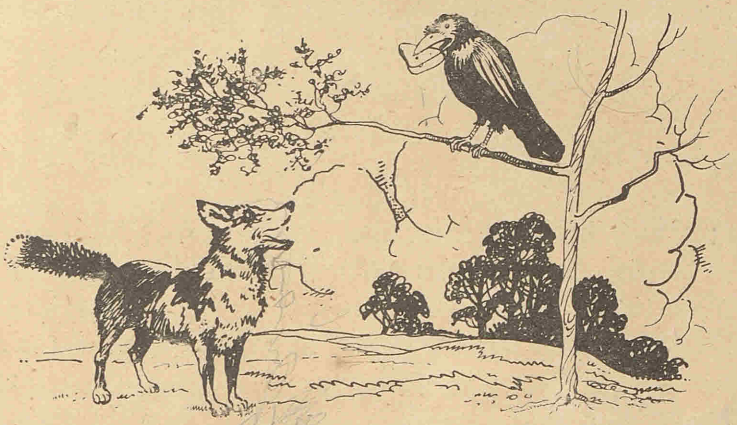
Now the crow was very fond of cheese, so she hopped down from the railings, and on to the window-sill; then she peeped very carefully into the room to see if any one was there.

No one was to be seen, so she hopped to the dish, took the piece of cheese in her bill, and flew away with it to a tree not far away. A fox, who was coming along, saw her.

He, too, liked cheese very much, and he set to work to think how he could get it for himself, and he was not long before he hit upon a plan. He came and sat under the tree, and began to talk to the crow.

"My good friend," said he, "I never knew,

until to-day, what a handsome bird you are. Your glossy, black feathers shine like satin, and, to my mind, they are far nicer than those of any other bird. You must surely be a princess."



The crow was very pleased at these words of the fox, and she would have liked to say something in return, but she dare not open her mouth, for fear of losing the cheese.

The sly fox saw this, so he made up his mind to try once more.

"I have been told," said he, "that a crow is a much better singer than a thrush, or a lark, or even a nightingale. After seeing your beautiful feathers, I am sure it must be so. I have never heard a crow sing, and I should be so glad if you would sing a few notes for me."

The vain crow could stand his fine words no

longer, so, to please the fox, as she thought, she opened her mouth and gave a loud "Caw!"

Of course, the cheese dropped from her bill to the ground, and the cunning old fox at once ate it up, and ran off quite pleased at the trick he had played.

THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE

MANY, many years ago, long before you were born, there were two little mice, who used to play together, and so became very good friends.

After a time, one of them went to live at a farm-house in the country, and the other lived in a large house in the town.

One day, the town mouse made up her mind to pay a visit to her friend at the farm, to see how she was getting on, and off she set.

The country mouse was very pleased indeed to see her old playfellow, and made haste to welcome her.



"You must be very hungry after your long walk," said she. "Come with me and have something to eat."

Then she took the town mouse to a field close by, from which the reapers had just

carted the corn. There were ears of corn lying on the ground all around, and these would have supplied them with food for weeks.

But the town mouse did not like feeding out in the field, and said to her friend, "It is not very nice having to take your food out in the open air, and having to come all this way for it."

"Oh," said the country mouse, "it is not so bad when one is used to it. Besides, there is always plenty to eat, and no one troubles us. But come along to my house, and have some food there, perhaps you will like it better."

So they went into an old barn, and the country mouse brought out all the good things she had. There were some grains of wheat, a few green peas, part of an apple, a lump of sugar, some little pieces of cheese, and many other nice bits of food such as mice are fond of.

The country mouse ate very little herself, as she felt that there might not be enough for both of them. But the town mouse only tasted the sugar and the cheese, and then said that she did not want any more.

After a short time the town mouse said to her friend, "I am sure I don't know how you can live and be happy in this place. The floor is full of holes, the walls are dirty, you can see nothing all day but the woods and fields, and hear nothing but the singing of birds and the talk of animals.

"You must come to the town and live with me; there you will see all the fine folks, and hear what they say. You will have a nice warm room to live in, and plenty of rich food to eat as often as you like."

The poor little country mouse had always been so happy in the old barn, that she had never thought about the floor being full of holes, and her house looking dingy. But as she looked round, she saw that it was not so nice a place as it might have been. So she made up her mind to leave it at once, and go with her friend to live in the town.

They set out together, and after walking for a long time, they came to the town. The country mouse had never been in a town before, and was delighted with all she saw. She thought it a grand place to live in, and felt glad that she had left the dirty, old barn.

After a while, they came to a fine house, and went in. The town mouse led the way, and they came to a large room in which there had just been a great feast. All kinds of rich food were on the table, and the town mouse told her friend to eat what she liked best.

They had hardly begun to eat, when someone opened the door of the room, and the two mice ran off as fast as they could to a little hole in the corner of the room, which was so narrow that they could only just squeeze through.

Here they lay, very much afraid, and kept quite still until the door was shut again. Then they came out of the hole, and began once more to eat the food that was on the table.

But they had only taken one little mouthful, when a servant came into the room to get a dish out of the cupboard, and again the two mice had to scamper away and hide until all was quiet once more.

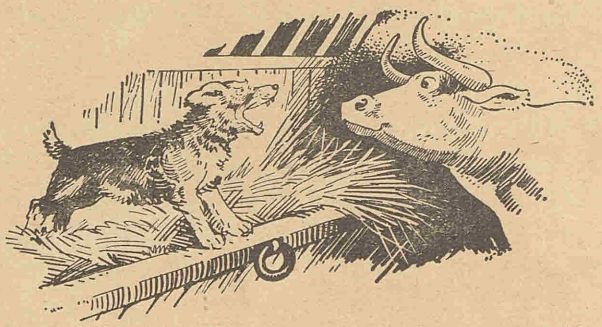
Each time they came to the table to finish their meal, someone came into the room, and they had to run off for fear of being caught.

At last, the country mouse could stand it no longer. She turned to her friend and said, " It was very kind of you to ask me to come to see all the grand sights, and to have all this nice food, but this life would not suit me at all.

" I will go back to my old home in the barn. The floor may be full of holes, and the place may be very dirty, but at least I can live in peace, and eat my food in safety."

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

ONE day, a dog found his way into a cowshed, and lay down in a manger that was full of hay. This was so nice, and soft, and warm, that he made up his mind to stay there and sleep.



Out in the fields were some oxen, ploughing, and when their day's work was done, they came back to the shed to be fed, and to rest. One of them went into the stall, and walked up to the manger where the dog lay, to eat his hay.

Up jumped the dog at once, and began to bark loudly, and to snap at the poor tired ox, and this made him afraid to go near the dog.

"What is the matter with you?" asked he. "This is my stall. I have been hard at work all day, and am very hungry. Pray, let me have a little of the hay to eat. I shall not harm you, and you do not want to eat it yourself."

"Go away!" said the dog. "I was here first,

and I am going to stay here. You must go to some other place for your hay; I will not be troubled with you."

The ox, however, tried to snatch a mouthful of hay by going first to one corner of the manger and then the other, but the dog was always too quick for him.

He barked and snapped at the poor ox so much, that he could not get near the hay at all; so at last he lay down to go to sleep without having his supper. Turning to the dog, the ox said, "You are the most wicked, selfish brute I have ever seen. You cannot eat the hay yourself, and you will not let those do so who can."

THE WIND AND THE SUN

THE Wind and the Sun once began to quarrel as to which of the two was the stronger, and each boasted of the great things he could do.

"Why," said the North Wind, "by using ever so little of my power, I drive ships across the mighty ocean; I turn the mill that grinds the corn, and I make the trees in the forest bend to and fro.

"But when I use all my strength, I work the sea up into great waves, which I dash against the rocks, where they break into foam. I tear up trees by the roots, blow down houses, and make the tall

mill chimneys rock so much, that they feel as if they were going to fall down."

"All that may be true," said the Sun, "but it does not prove that you are stronger than I am. Why, it is I who make the leaves, and blossom, and fruit come upon the trees; it is I who cause the corn and grass to grow in the fields, and the flowers and vegetables in the gardens.

"I dry up the rivers and lakes, and the ponds and streams, and do many other great deeds."

"What you say is all very good," said the North Wind, "but I still think that I am the stronger of the two. Let us settle the matter in this way. There is a man going along the road yonder. The one of us who is first able to take off his cloak shall be the winner."

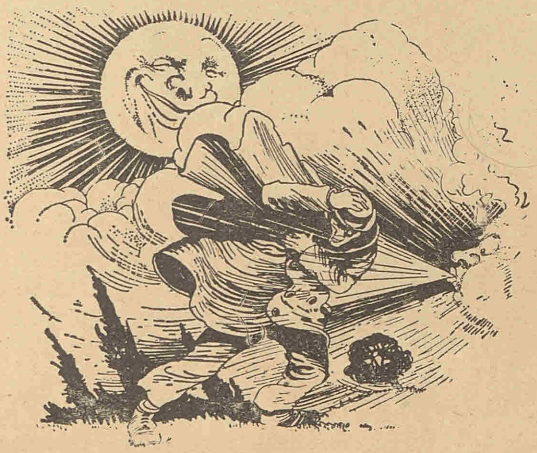
"That will do nicely," said the Sun, "and you shall try first."

Then the Wind blew a strong gust, and made the man shiver.

"My word," said the man to himself, "how cold the wind is to-day!" and he drew his cloak around him, and buttoned it up.

Then the Wind blew harder and harder, till he almost tore the cloak from the man's back, but instead of making the man take off his garment, it only made him put up his big collar, and draw the cloak closer about him. He began to walk more quickly, so as to keep himself warm.

The Wind tried his very best, but failed; so he gave way to let the Sun have his turn.



The Sun came from behind the clouds, and gave out a little of his heat. The traveller soon began to feel warm again, and he turned down the collar of his cloak as he went on his way. The Sun smiled at this, and gave out more heat and brightness. The man soon became so warm that he undid the buttons of his cloak, and pushed his hat back from his forehead.

Then the Sun tried once more, and shone as brightly as he could. The man could stand the heat no longer. He took off his cloak and his hat, and sat down on a large stone to rest himself.

"There," said the Sun to the North Wind, "what do you think of that? I hope you will learn

from this, that gentle means can often do more than rough ones."

But the North Wind was very angry because he had been beaten by the Sun. He did not say anything in reply, but turned round, and flew away as fast as he could.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Very few details are known respecting the life of Æsop, in fact, some learned men are inclined to think he is a myth. The usually accepted facts of his life are given us only by the great Greek historian, Herodotus, and, according to him, Æsop is supposed to have lived in the latter half of the sixth century B.C. He is said to have been a Phrygian by birth, and to have been a slave to several masters, one of whom, Jadmon of Samos, set him free. After receiving his freedom he visited King Crœsus at Lydia, by whom he was sent on a mission to Delphi; here he was thrown over a precipice by the priests of Apollo, who were angry with him for the witty and cruel things he said about them. There seems to be no authority for the tradition that he was a hunchback, and otherwise deformed.

We know from some of the old writers that fables bearing the name of Æsop were popular in his time. These fables were, however, used chiefly for political purposes, especially during the reign of the Tyrants in Greece, about the seventh and eighth centuries B.C., when free speech was dangerous. Gradually anything in Greek literature bearing the appearance of a fable was attributed to Æsop, but many of the tales said to have been told by him had a far more ancient origin, some of them being identical with fables found on Egyptian papyri. In the east, especially in India, "beast-tales" were used from the very earliest ages to teach morals, and gradually these grew into fables proper, as we now understand the word, so that practically nearly all the old fables are either directly or indirectly of eastern origin.

None of the fables attributed to Æsop have come down to us in the original Greek. The first collection (200 in number) appears to have been made about 200 B.C. by Demetrius Phalereus, when he was living at Alexandria. Babrius, a Greek writer of the first century B.C., turned them into Greek poetry, and Phædrus, a slave, who was afterwards freed by Augustus, turned these fables from Greek into Latin verse, and added a considerable number of fables of his own.

In the Middle Ages, the collection made by Phædrus, together with many others, was translated into Arabic, and this collection was brought to England by Richard the First, after the Third Crusade. About the year 1200, part of this Arabic version was translated into French by Marie de France. About 1480, Heinrich Stainhöwell made a large collection of Æsopian tales, which he translated into German; these were quickly turned into English (by William Caxton, 1481), into French, and also into several other European languages. It is from Stainhöwell's collection that the Fables of Æsop, as we know them in England now, have been chiefly obtained.

So far as can be traced, the sources of the ten fables included in this little Book are as follows:—Nos. 2, 5, and 7, Eastern; No. 6, Egyptian; Nos. 3, 4, and 10, Grecian; No. 8, Roman; No. 9, uncertain; No. 1, modern.

QUESTIONS

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES

1 Where did the lark build her nest ?

2 When did she know that it was time to take her young ones away ?

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER

1 Say what is happening in the picture on page 7.

THE CATS AND THE CHEESE

1 Why did the cats take the cheese to the monkey ?

2 What was the monkey's way of pretending to make both pieces of cheese the same size ?

THE FOX AND THE GOAT

1 How did the fox persuade the goat to come down into the well ?

2 How did the fox get out of the well ?

THE MAN, HIS SON, AND THE ASS

1 How many people did the old man try to please ?

2 Try to make a sketch of the father and son carrying the donkey.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

1 How did the mouse repay the lion for letting her go free ?

THE FOX AND THE CROW

1 In what way did the fox obtain the cheese from the crow ?

THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE

1 Why did the town mouse not like the home of her friend in the country ?

2 Tell me why the country mouse decided to go back to her barn, after spending some time with her friend in the town.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

1 For what reason did the ox say that the dog was a " wicked and selfish brute " ?

THE WIND AND THE SUN

1 What was the quarrel about between the Wind and the Sun ?

2 How did they settle the matter ?

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BOOKS IN GRADE I

No.	
10	Cinderella *and* The Sleeping Beauty
11	The Story of the Robins
12	Dick Whittington
13	The Ugly Duckling
14	Aesop's Fables
15	Snowdrop and the Seven Dwarfs
16	The Little Tin Soldier
17	Big Claus and Little Claus
18	Rumpelstiltskin
19	The Golden Bird
110	The Miller of Mansfield
111	The Drummer *and* The Two Travellers
112	Iron Hans
113	The Three Feathers
114	The Princess on the Glass Hill
115	The Christmas Cuchoo
116	The Nightingale
117	East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon
118	The Story of Merrymind
119	The Dwarfs' Banquet
210	Speckled Stork and Big Baby
211	The Magic Spectacles
212	Rather a Handful
213	The Chelsea Dancers
214	The Spell *and* Rona
215	The Secret of Selwyn Towers
216	The Over-the-Way Children
217	Peter's Holiday Adventures
218	Dicky's Desert Island
219	That Pair of Pickles
310	The Coward
311	Billie's Birthday Dream
312	Wireless Wonders
313	The Lost Candlesticks
314	The Fortune Finders
315	Freddy and the Fairies
316	The Magic Fiddle
317	Caught by a Crab
318	The Princess in the Tower
319	Jerry
410	The Lost Ring
411	The Marvellous Gift
412	The Wonderful White Boy
413	The Fairy Pattern-Maker
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415	Peter and the Princess
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417	The Floating Island
418	The Magic Horse
419	Cinders *and* Prince Adrian
510	The Five Wishes
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512	Little Prince Michael
513	The Champion
514	The Great Air Race
515	Fairy Music
516	The Way to Fairyland
517	Blue King
518	The Wooden Family
519	My Nine Lives
610	The Singing Chair
611	The Fiddler of the Moor
612	The Magic Shaving Mug
613	Sherwood Forest Tales
614	Darkie the Lamb
615	Sally Stories
616	The Fire Elf's Gift
617	The House with the Ship of Gold
619	Bobby Budge from Nowhere
710	Dick in Command

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