

THE SECOND READER

READING-LITERATURE
SECOND READER

BY

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PURPOSE AND PLAN

THOSE who have examined this book, together with the Primer and First Reader, should have no difficulty in apprehending the purpose of the series,—to train children in reading and appreciating literature through *reading literature*.

The Primer contains nine of the best folk tales, true to the original, and yet written in such a simple style that children can begin reading the *real story* during the first week in school. The First Reader contains thirteen similar stories, of gradually increasing difficulty, and thirty-three of the best rhymes and jingles suitable for young children. This constitutes a *course in literature*, twenty-two stories and thirty-three child poems, as well adapted to first-grade children as are the selections for “college entrance requirements” to high-school students.

This Second Reader introduces fables and fairy stories and continues folk tales and simple poems.

Others have used some of the same material in readers, but in a quite different way. Their purpose seems to have been to “mix thoroughly.” We have organized our material: a group of fables, several groups of folk and fairy stories, a group of Mother Goose, of Rossetti, of Stevenson, and so on; so that the child may get a body, not a mere bit, of one kind of material before passing

to another. Thus from the first he is trained to associate related literature and to organize what he reads.

In each of the First and Second Readers one story is put into dramatic form to encourage presentation as a play. Some of the other stories are quite as dramatic in character, and can be dramatized by the pupils with very little help from the teacher. Pupils always enjoy this work, and there is no better way of securing feeling and freedom in oral expression.

With these books, besides merely learning to read, the child has the joy of reading the *best in the language*, and he is forming his taste for all subsequent reading. This development of taste should be recognized and encouraged. From time to time the children should be asked to choose what they would like to re-read as a class, or individuals who read well aloud may be asked to select something already studied to read to the others. This kind of work gives the teacher opportunity to find out what it is in a selection that the children like, and to commend what seems to her best.

The fact that some children voluntarily memorize a story or a poem should have hearty approval. It shows abiding interest and enjoyment, and it is likely to give, for the young child at least, the maximum of *literary saturation*.

The cordial thanks of the authors and publishers are tendered to Mr. James M. Barrie for permission to use the exquisite selection from "Peter Pan."

—THE AUTHORS.

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TO LITTLE CHILDREN
LEARNING TO READ



The Wind and the Sun

The wind and the sun had a quarrel.

The wind said, "I am the stronger."

The sun said, "I am the stronger."

The wind said, "I can break trees. I move ships, and I bring the rain."

The sun said, "I bring the summer, I ripen the fruits and grains, and I cover the earth with flowers."

So they quarreled till they saw a man coming.

“Here comes a man with his cloak on,” the wind said. “If you can take his cloak off, you shall be called the stronger. If I take it off, I shall be called the stronger.”

“You begin,” said the sun, and it went behind a cloud.

The wind began to blow. The man drew his cloak closer about him. The wind blew harder and harder. The man drew his cloak closer and closer. At last the wind had to give up.

Then the sun came from behind the cloud. It shone bright and warm. The man grew warmer and warmer. He unbuttoned his cloak. He threw it back. And then he took it off.

So the sun was called the stronger.

—*Aesop.*

The Crow and the Pitcher

One day a crow was thirsty, and he looked for some water.

He found a pitcher with water in it. But he could not reach the water with his bill.

He tried to break the pitcher, but he could not.

Then he tried to turn it over. But he had to give that up, too.

He saw some pebbles on the ground. He picked up one pebble and dropped it into the pitcher. The water rose in the pitcher. Then he dropped in another pebble. The water rose higher. Then he dropped another and another. The water rose higher and higher.

At last he could reach it, and he drank all the water he wanted.

Where there is a will there is a way.

—*Aesop.*

The Fox and the Crow

Once a crow was sitting on a branch of a tree with a piece of cheese in her mouth.

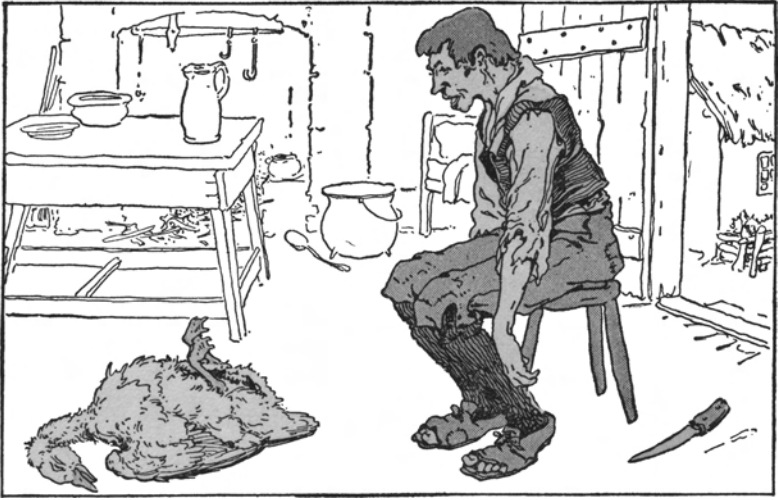
A fox saw the crow with the cheese. He walked up to the foot of the tree and said, “Good-morning, Madam Crow. How well you look. Your feathers are glossy and your eyes are bright. You are a beautiful bird. I know you have a sweet voice. Will you sing for me? I would love to hear you sing.”

The crow lifted her head and began to “caw.” When she opened her mouth, the cheese fell to the ground.

“That will do,” said the fox, and he snapped up the cheese and ran away.

“How foolish I was,” said the crow, “to let him flatter me.”

—*Aesop.*



The Goose that Laid the Golden Egg

There was a man who had a very fine goose. Every day she laid an egg of gold. The man soon became rich.

As he grew rich, he grew greedy. “The goose must be gold inside,” he thought to himself. “I will open her and get all the gold at once.”

So he killed the goose, but he found no gold. Then the man wrung his hands and said, “I wish I had been content with the golden egg each day.”

—Aesop.

The Hare and the Tortoise

“I was never beaten in a race,” said a hare. “No one else can run as fast as I.”

“I will run a race with you,” said a tortoise.

“That is a good joke,” said the hare. “I could dance around you all the way.”

“Shall we run a race?” said the tortoise.

A goal was fixed and the hare was off with a bound.

“That tortoise is so slow,” said the hare, “I will lie down and take a nap.”

The tortoise plodded along, but she did not stop. At last she passed the hare and reached the goal.

By and by the hare awoke. He jumped up and ran as fast as he could. But when he reached the goal he found the tortoise there before him.

—Aesop.

The Timid Rabbits

Some rabbits lived in the woods with other wild animals.

“What shall we do?” said a timid little rabbit. “I am afraid of those big animals. I know they will kill us.”

“Let us jump into the river,” said another timid rabbit. “We might better be drowned than to be killed by those big animals.”

So the timid little rabbits ran as fast as they could to the river.

Some frogs heard them. The frogs were frightened and jumped into the water.

“The frogs are afraid of us,” said one rabbit.

“We are all afraid of anything bigger than we are,” said another. And they all ran back to the woods.

—Aesop.

The Boy and the Wolf

Once a shepherd boy kept a flock of sheep near a village. One day he thought he would have some fun. So he ran toward the village and cried, “Help! help! the wolf is coming!”

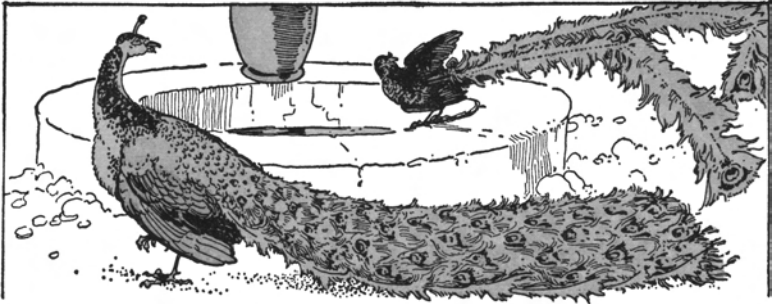
The men from the village came running with clubs. “Where is the wolf?” they cried.

“I was only in fun,” said the boy. So the men went back to their work.

A few days after this the wolf really came. He ran into the flock of sheep and began to kill them. The boy called as loud as he could, “Help! help! the wolf is here!”

“He did not tell the truth before. We cannot believe him now. He is only in fun,” said the men. So not a man came to help him and many of the sheep were killed.

—*Aesop.*



The Jay and the Peacock

The peacocks lived in a large farmyard. They often dropped their beautiful feathers.

One day a jay flew into the farmyard and saw the feathers. He wanted to be like a peacock, so he tied the feathers to his tail and strutted about.

The peacocks saw him and were angry. They flew at him and pecked him. At last he was glad to get away with his life.

He went back to the jays, and they were ashamed of him. They said, “O jay, fine feathers do not make fine birds.”

—Aesop.

The Fox and the Cock

One moonlight night a fox saw a cock in a tree, but he could not reach him. So he said, "Friend Cock, I have good news."

"What is it?" said the cock.

"The lion says that no beast shall harm a bird. We must all live together as brothers."

"That is fine news," said the cock. "I am glad to hear it." Then he looked far off, and said, "Here comes a friend, we must tell him the good news."

"Who is coming?" asked the fox.

"It is our farmyard dog," said the cock.

"Oh," said the fox, "I must be going."

"Do not go, Friend Fox. Stay and tell our friend the good news."

"No," said the fox, "I fear he has not heard it, and he may kill me." And away he ran as fast as he could.

—*Aesop.*

The Fox and the Stork

One day a fox invited a stork to dinner. The fox thought he would have some fun. So he had soup and served it in a plate.

The fox lapped the soup with his tongue, but the stork could not wet her bill.

“I am sorry, Madame Stork, that you do not like the soup,” said the fox.

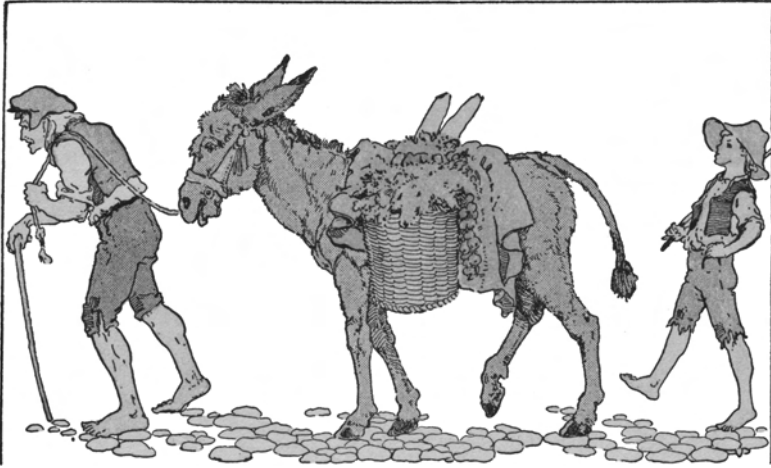
The stork laughed and said, “Do not be sorry. You must come to dinner with me some time.”

Soon the stork invited the fox to dinner. She had meat in a long-necked jar. The stork could get the meat with her long bill, but the fox could not get his nose into the jar.

The stork ate the meat and said, “I am sorry, Sir Fox, that you do not like the meat.”

“You can have fun, too,” said the fox.

—*Aesop.*



The Man, the Boy, and the Donkey

A man and his son were going to market. It was a fine day and they were walking beside the donkey.

They had not gone far when they met a farmer. The farmer made fun of them, and said, “Why do you not ride when you have a donkey?”

So the man put the boy on the donkey.

Soon they passed three old men. “Shame, shame, you lazy boy!” they cried. “Why do you ride and let your old father walk?”

The boy got off the donkey and the man got on.

By and by they met two old women.

“Well, well, see that lazy man!” said one old woman. “He rides and makes his little boy walk!”

Then the man took the boy on the donkey with him.

Soon they came near the market. “You are a fine pair,” the people said. “A man and a big boy on one poor little donkey! Why do you not carry the donkey?”

The man and the boy got off the donkey. They tied the donkey’s legs together and hung him on a long pole. Then they started to carry him over the bridge.

The donkey did not like that. He kicked himself loose and fell into the water.

“Well,” said the man, “we have tried to please everybody, and we have pleased nobody. Besides we have lost our donkey.”

—*Aesop.*

The Lion and the Mouse

One day a lion lay asleep. A little mouse ran by him. The lion awoke and put his paw on the mouse.

The little mouse was frightened, but he said, "Please let me go. If you will I may do something for you some time."

"A little mouse do something for me!" said the lion. "That could not be," but he lifted his paw and the mouse ran away.

Some time after this the lion was caught in a trap. He roared and groaned.

The little mouse heard him and came running to him. "What can I do for you?" said the mouse.

"You are too little to help me," said the lion. "These ropes are so large I can not break them."

But the little mouse went to work and gnawed the ropes and set the lion free.

—*Aesop.*



Come Out to Play

Girls and boys, come out to play;
The moon doth shine as bright as
day;
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows into
the street.

Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
You find the milk, and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an
hour.

—*Mother Goose.*

I Saw a Ship a-Sailing

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for me!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors,
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, “Quack! quack!”

—Mother Goose.



Who Killed Cock Robin?

Who killed Cock Robin?

“I,” said the Sparrow,
“With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin.”

Who saw him die?

“I,” said the Fly,
“With my little eye,
I saw him die.”

Who caught his blood?

“I,” said the Fish,
“In my little dish,
I caught his blood.”

Who'll make his shroud?

"I," said the Beetle,
"With my thread and needle,
I'll make his shroud."

Who'll dig his grave?

"I," said the Owl,
"With my spade and shovel,
I'll dig his grave."

Who'll be the parson?

"I," said the Rook,
"With my little book,
I'll be the parson."

Who'll be the clerk?

"I," said the Lark,
"If it's not in the dark,
I'll be the clerk."

Who'll carry him to the grave?

"I," said the Kite,
"If it's not in the night,
I'll carry him to the grave."

Who'll carry the torch?
"I," said the Linnet,
"I'll fetch it in a minute,
I'll carry the torch."

Who'll be chief mourner?
"I," said the Dove,
"For I mourn for my love,
I'll be chief mourner."

Who'll sing a song?
"I," said the Thrush,
As she sat in a bush,
"I'll sing a song."

Who'll toll the bell?
"I," said the Bull,
"Because I can pull;
So, Cock Robin, farewell."

All the birds of the air
Fell a-sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

—*Mother Goose.*