

Little Rhymes
for
Little Readers



Wilhelmina
Seegmiller

Rand McNally & Co



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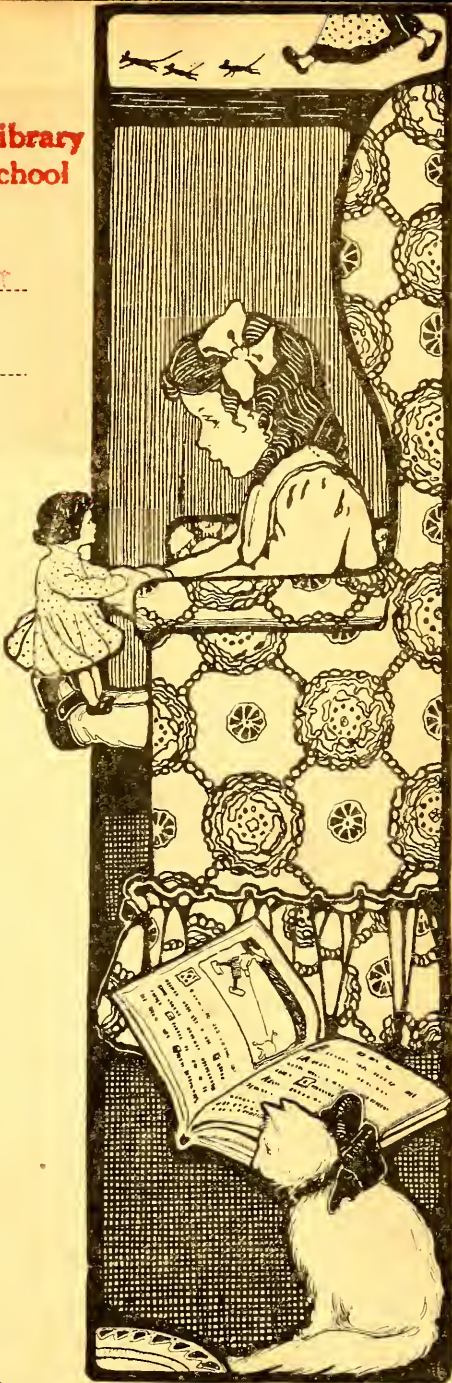
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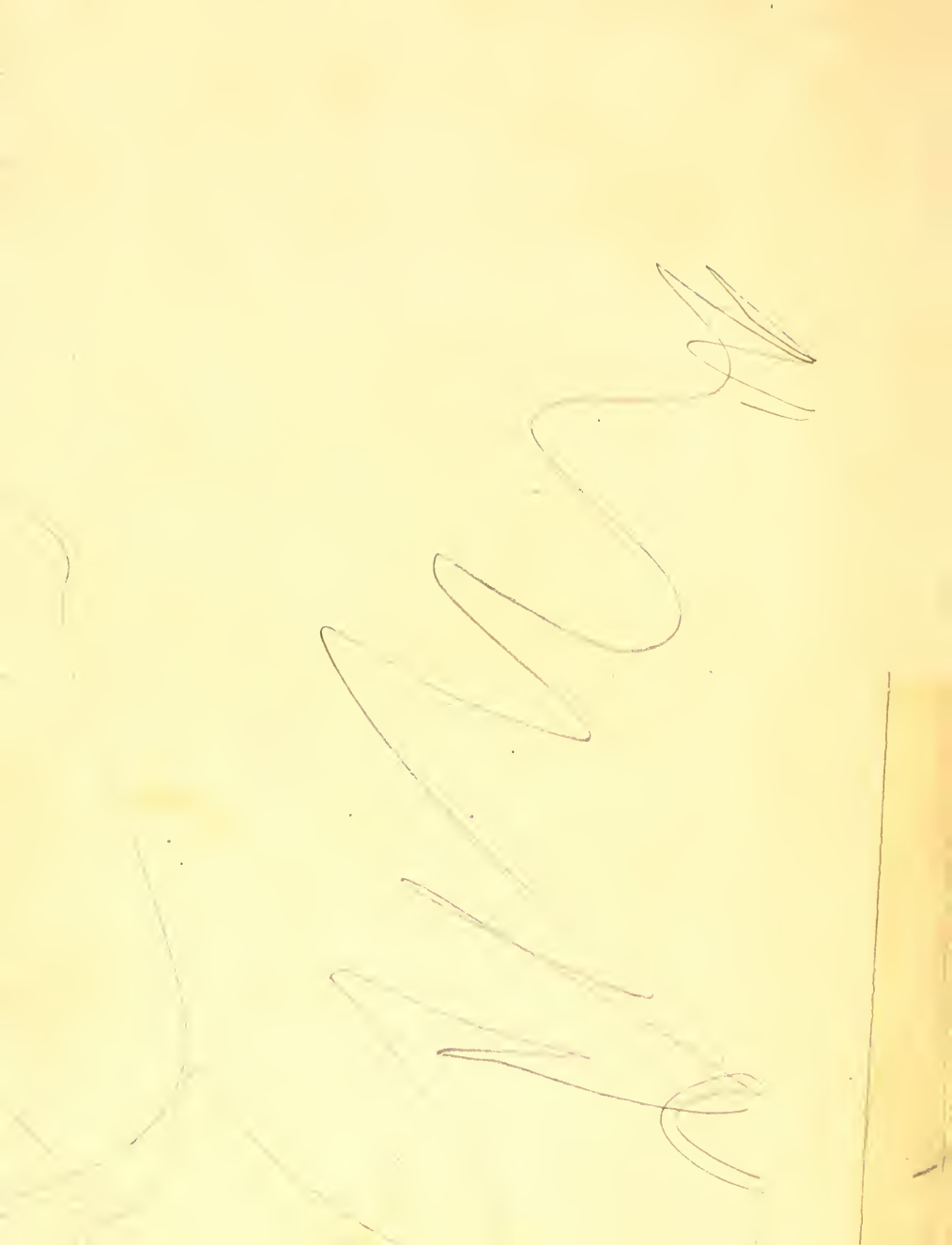




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Little Rhymes For Little Readers



By

Wilhelmina Seegmiller

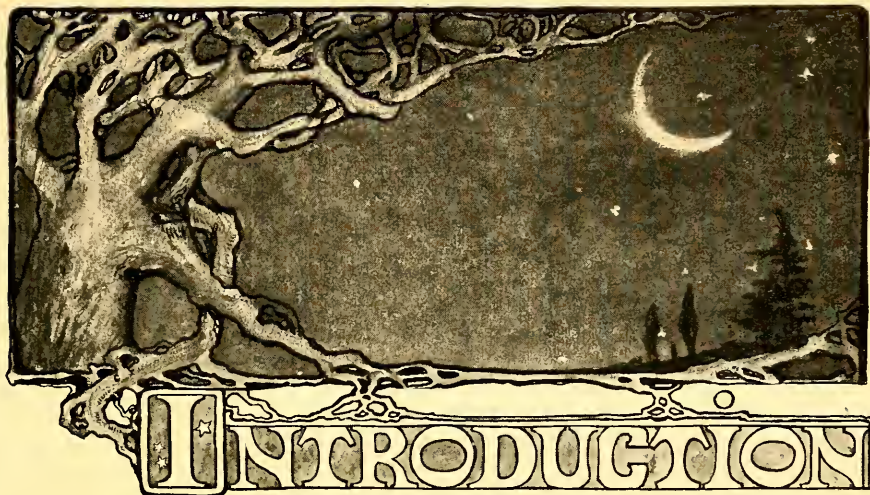
Illustrated By
Ruth Mary Hallock

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The Rand-McNally Press
Chicago



HOW far reaching are the changes that have been making and are making in educational development! Surely "The thoughts of men are widened with the progress of the suns."

Once upon a time the single leaf was a popular drawing model in the drawing lesson planned for little children. With attention concentrated on veins and venation, great were the difficulties of elimination required for artistic rendering. Next followed the at that time-astonishing realization, that it was a more simple matter to draw a twig with a number of leaves in relation. In the natural course of events came the understanding that a tree was not beyond the limit of possibility of a child's comprehension and expression.

At last came the study of the tree in its environment, with the beautiful sky above, the good ground beneath, the comradeship of other trees near and far, and the appreciation of the season's atmosphere, the joyousness of spring, the full verdure of summer, the glory of autumn or the enchanting whiteness of winter, to give artistic impu'se to expression. So to-day the first painting lesson in a primary school is the season's landscape—the nature whole.

The History of Drawing in education finds its parallel in the History of Reading.

Introduction

In the days of the chalk mark on the floor, when it was considered of great importance that a child actively or subconsciously keep under consideration his very exact location on terra firma, the letter chart was hung before a class and there were weary hours of learning to distinguish characters, the only really interesting one of which, perhaps, was "O."

The progress from the letter method to the word method, from "A" and "X" to "cat" and "rat," was truly beneficent. "Cat" and "rat" were not only more generous to the eye, but carried a suggestiveness pleasing to the mind.

The next step onward was the presentation of the sentence, a great advance surely, and one that meant much increase of joy to little children.

Now at last behold us with our presentation of the lesson whole.

In drawing, we rounded the circle—leaf, branch, tree, landscape, and are at the ending, which is also the beginning. In reading, we have rounded the circle also—letter, word, sentence, literary unit, and are at the ending, which forms the logical beginning.

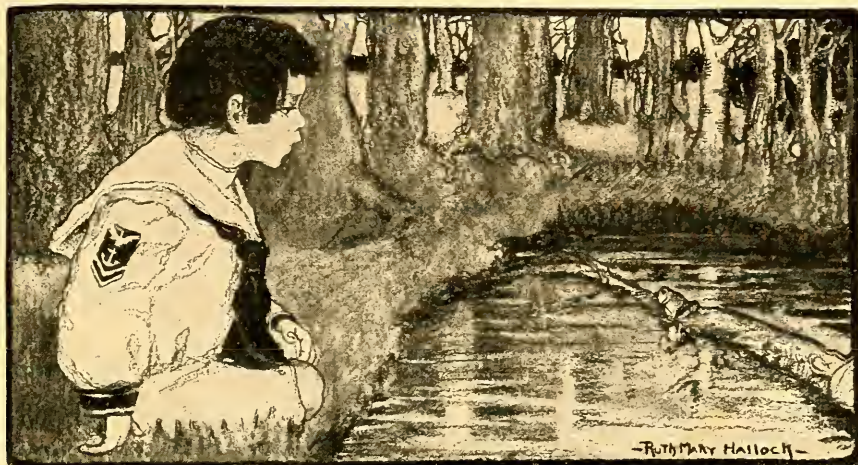
The past few years have seen a great increase of rhyme in the matter provided for children's reading.

Some of the chief reasons for the increase in favor of the rhyme are the assistance of rhyme and rhythm in the presentations of lesson wholes, and also the directness of expression made possible by the form of versification.

These reasons are second only in importance to one other, the delight of children in "lines that rhyming go" and the recognition of joy as a great creative force.

That this little book of rhyming memories of a happy childhood may find an echo in the hearts of little children and add a little to their happiness in the acquiring of that greatest of all arts destined to create for them again and yet again a new heaven and a new earth—the Art of Reading—is the hope of the author.

W. S.



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A Good Appetite

I HAVE a whole menagerie,
My grandma bought for me,
And when I'm very hungry,
I'll eat them for my tea.

And first I'll eat the elephant,
The tiger and the hare,
And next the hippopotamus,
And then the grizzly bear.

And if I'm hungry still I'll try
The taste of cracker goose,
Of zebra, camel, fox, and lynx,
Of buffalo and moose.

The rabbit, cat, and dog, and pig,
And horse I'll put away;
Yes, these domestic animals
I'll eat some other day.



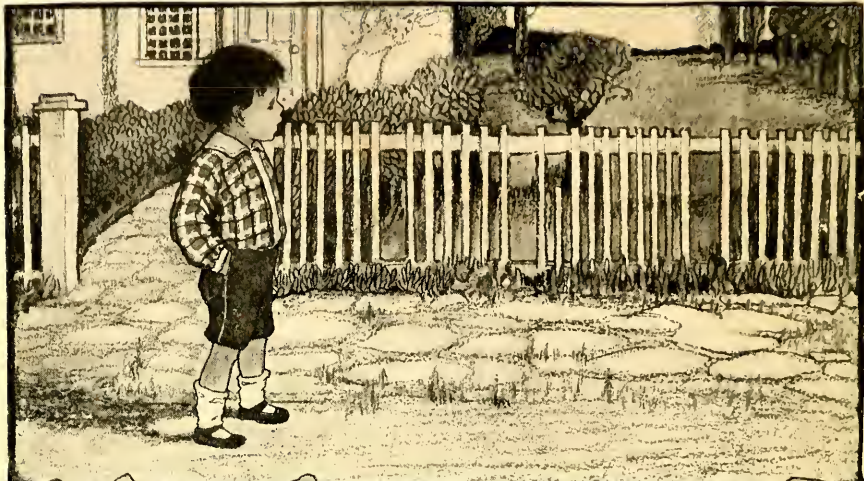
See Saw

SEE, saw, up we go,
Over the fence and down;
Now the river and now the
fields,
And now the road to town!

On The Beach



ONE, two, three, four, five,
I'm-just-as-sure-as-I'm-alive,
I saw five crabs all backward run,
While I was sitting in the sun.



A Long Road

THIS road that goes right by our door
Keeps on a hundred miles or more.

Sometimes it's just a country trail,
And there's a squirrel on the rail.

Sometimes it's made of silver sand,
And lined with trees on either hand.

And then it's paved like city street,
Where all the housetops almost meet;

And men and boys and carts and drays
Keep filling up the city's ways.

Sometimes a river you will see,
And then a field and acorn tree;

And there are troughs where horses stop,
And laughing waters tinkling drop,

And apple carts and loads of hay,
And barefoot boys and girls at play.

Some day when I'm a great big man,
I'll hitch the wagon to old Fan,

And take the road right by our door,
And ride a hundred miles or more.



A Spider Web

A FILMY web a spider spun,
What fun!
On a morning-glory vine,
How fine!
From flower to flower he'd fling
A silken string,
And tie it taut and tight,
Just right.
Back and forth I saw him go,
To and fro,
Up and downward in the sun
Run and run,
Till the pretty house was done,
All spun.

A young girl with dark hair, wearing a white dress with a patterned bodice, is looking out of a window. The window has a decorative, lattice-like frame. Outside the window, a clock tower is visible in the background. The scene is framed by a decorative border of roses and vines.

IN A MINUTE

BABY, dear baby, come in from the
yard,

The clock in the steeple strikes two;
You said, "In a minute," and now it
is ten,

And mother is waiting for you.



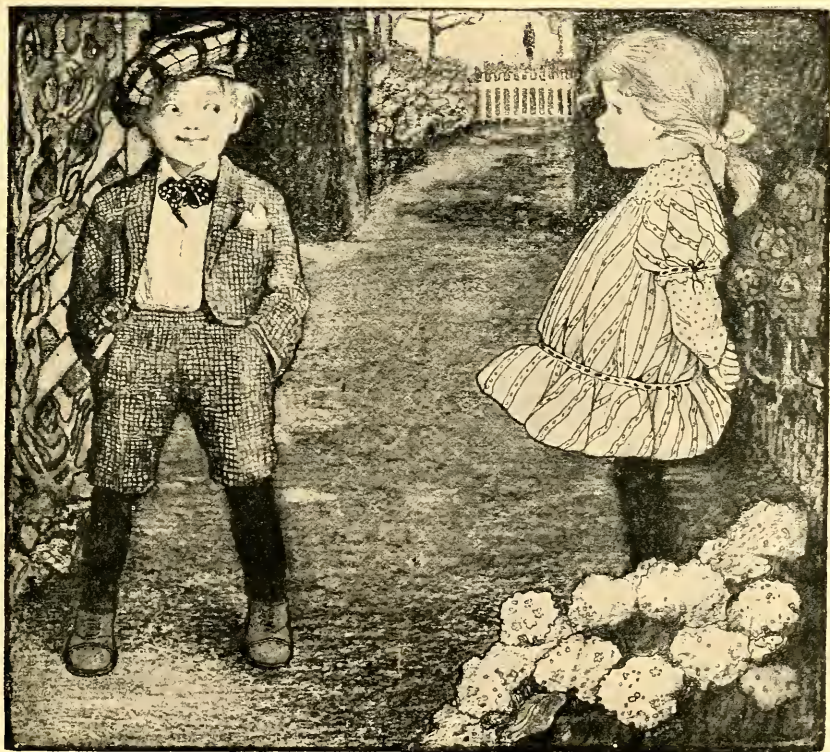


Summer Time

HIGH up the old gray
garden wall,
The morning-glories climb,
To kiss the stately holly-
hocks,
All in the summer time.

Unequal

A BOY has thirteen pockets,
A little girl has none:
I think I'd like to be a boy,
'Twould be just lots of fun!



Nine Little Kittens

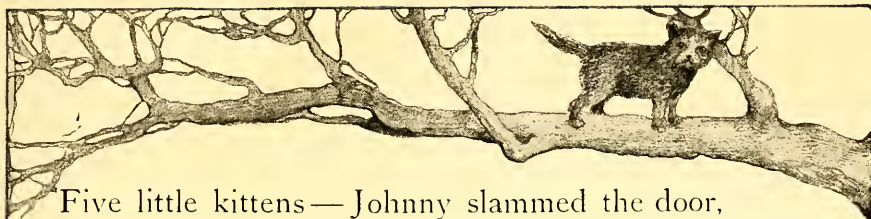
NINE little kittens on the garden gate;
One heard a dog bark, then there were eight.

Eight little kittens looking up to heaven;
One felt some raindrops, then there were seven.

Seven little kittens playing funny
tricks;
One lost his balance, then there
were six.

Six little kittens, my sakes
alive!
One saw a robin, then there
were five.





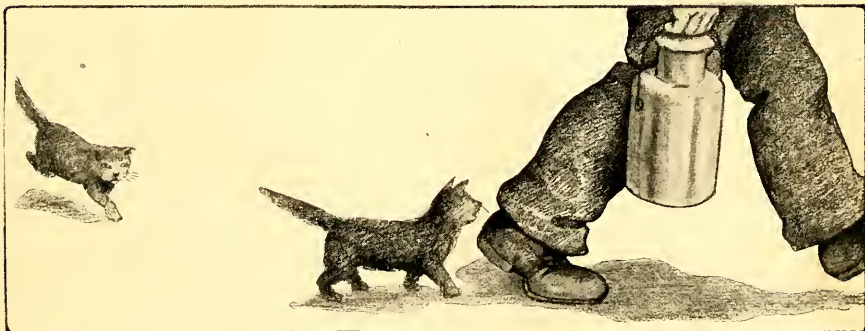
Five little kittens — Johnny slammed the door,
Hollered "Scat!" and then, I guess, there were only four.

Four little kittens climbing up a tree;
One got up and left the rest, then there were three.

Three little kittens said, "Mew! mew! mew!"
One fell asleep, then there were two.



Two little kittens sitting in the sun;
Both saw the milkman, then there were none.

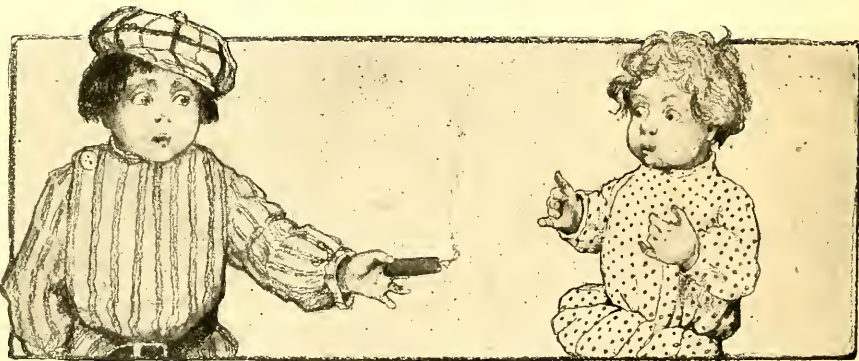




An Anniversary

POP! fizz! bang! whizz!
Don't you know what
day this is?

Fizz! bang! whizz! pop!
Hurrah for the Fourth!
and hippity-hop!





OUR Betsy Ann she tells us tales
Of dreadful, dreadful things,
A dog with eyes like saucers,
And a cat that flies on wings;
A dragon fierce and fiery,
And a fearful octopus —
And when we get just scared to death,
Then Betsy laughs at us!





Dreams



STRANGE dreams must grow on the
dreamland tree,
For the dream-man brings strange dreams
to me.

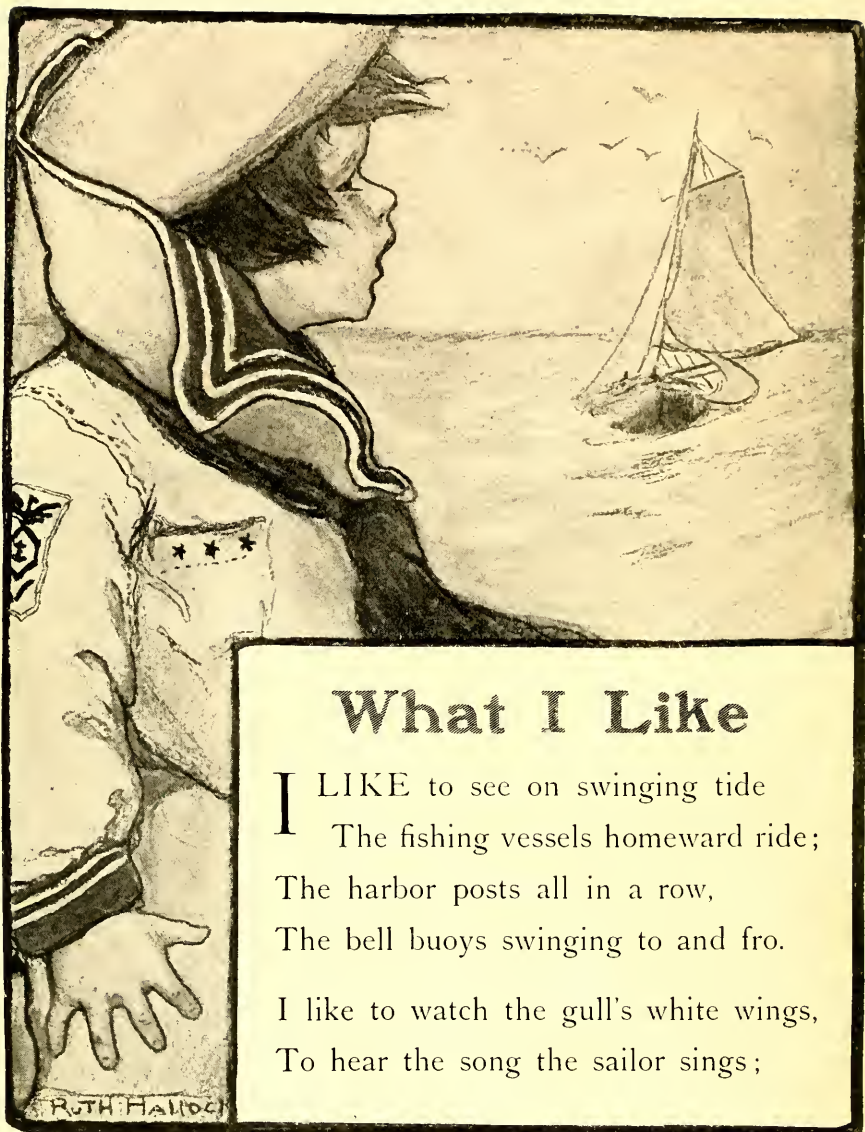
Sometimes he brings a score or so,
Sometimes I have but one, you know;
And sometimes none, because, you see,
There're not enough on the dreamland
tree.



Good Bye

GOOD-BYE, good-bye to summer,
The leaves are tumbling down:
There's not a wren or robin
In any tree in town.
The hazelnuts are gathered
And stored away to dry,
You cannot find a bee now,
Nor any butterfly.
The mornings all are misty,
The flowers are curled and cold,
The earth looks brown and wrinkled—
I guess it's growing old!





What I Like

I LIKE to see on swinging tide
The fishing vessels homeward ride;
The harbor posts all in a row,
The bell buoys swinging to and fro.

I like to watch the gull's white wings,
To hear the song the sailor sings;

To climb into the lighthouse high,
And see the ships go sailing by.

I like to feel the strong salt breeze,
To hear it rustle in the trees ;
I like the nets spread in the sun,
I like the night when day is done.

Just what I like I cannot tell,
Because I like it all so well.

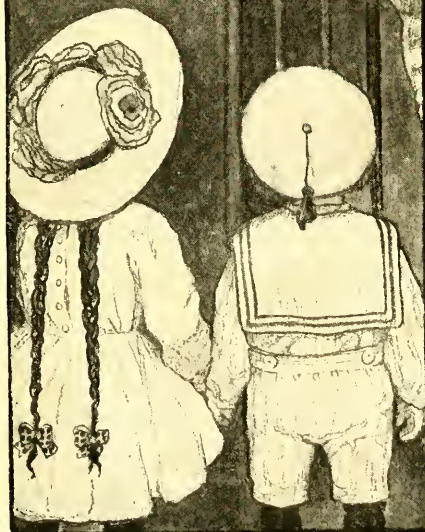


A Polka Dot Dress



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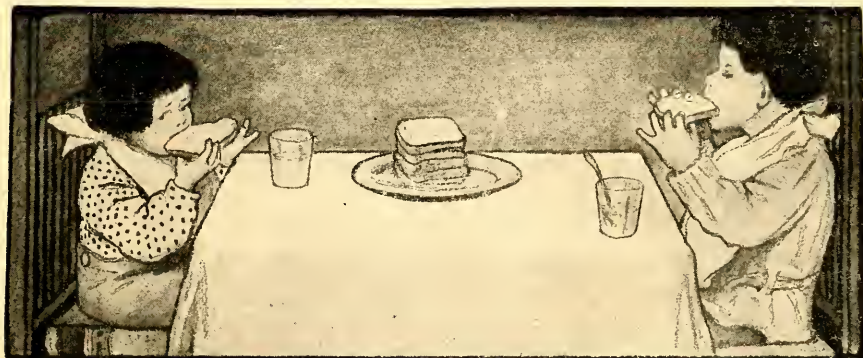


I WONDER if the
tall giraffe
Gets tired of wear-
ing spots;
I shouldn't think he'd
always like
To dress in polka
dots!

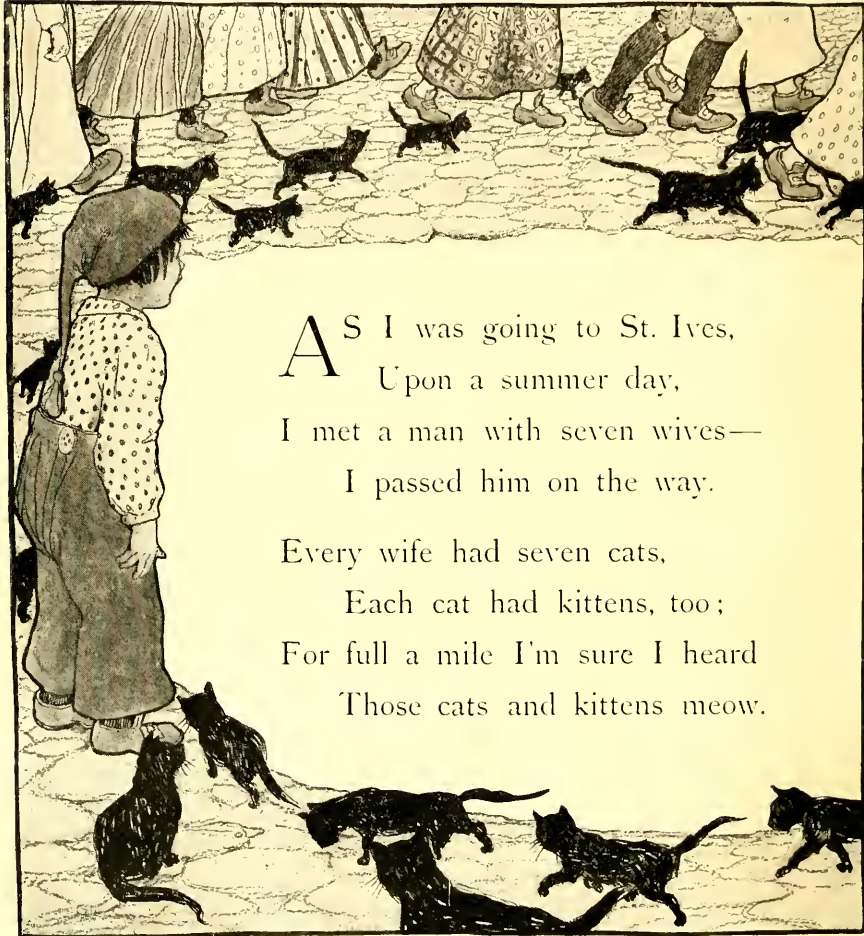


Where We Get Our Bread

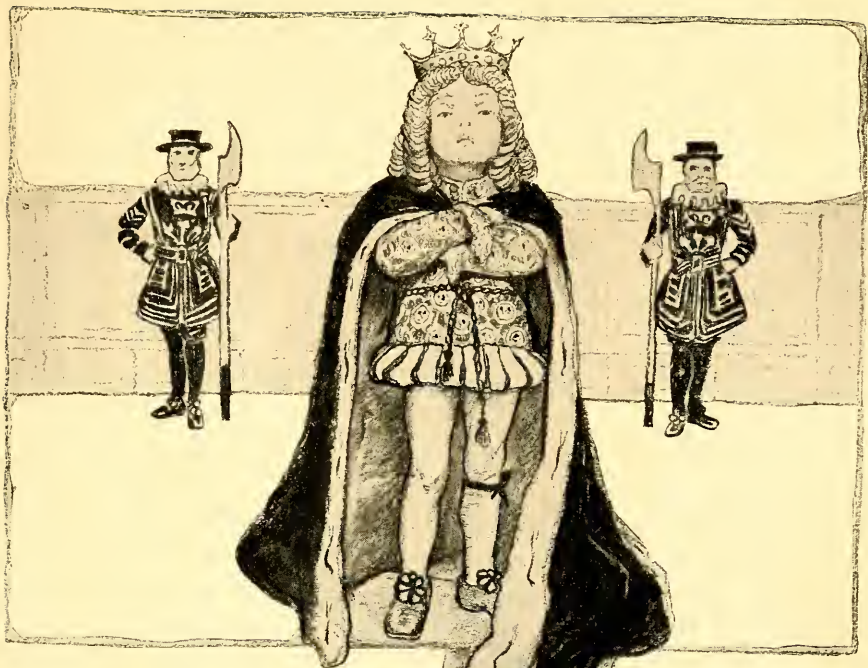
THE farmer reaps the golden wheat,
The baker makes the bread to eat,
And mother spreads the slices thick,
And then we eat 'em very quick!



OLD TALES RETOLD



AS I was going to St. Ives,
Upon a summer day,
I met a man with seven wives—
I passed him on the way.
Every wife had seven cats,
Each cat had kittens, too;
For full a mile I'm sure I heard
Those cats and kittens meow.



A Great Man

I THINK I'll be a president,
An emperor or king;
I'll run a train or sail a boat,
Or do some finer thing.

I haven't quite made up my mind
Just which of these I'll be,
And if papa should ask me,
I'd say: "You wait and see!"

A black and white illustration of a young child with dark hair, wearing a light-colored, buttoned-up jacket and pants, standing on the left side of the page. The child is looking up towards a large, leafy tree that dominates the upper half of the page. A small bird is perched on a branch of the tree. The background is a textured, mottled grey. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border with floral motifs.

The Bird's Song

THERE was a
little robin
Sat singing in a
tree;
From early morn till
dark he sang,
“The world was
made for me!”

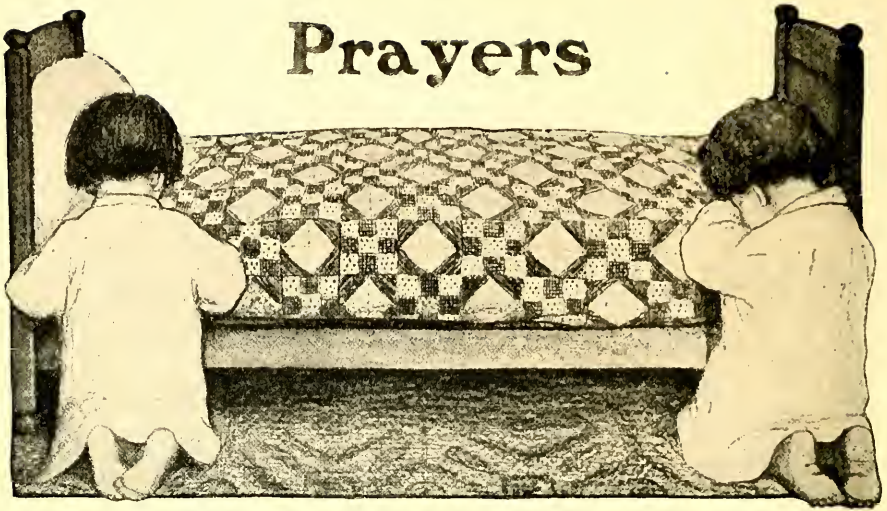


Seven Little Chicks

SEVEN little chicks go
Peep! peep! peep!
Hunting where the grasses grow,
Deep, deep, deep.

Then the mother hen calls,
Cluck! cluck! cluck!
Wishing every little chick
Luck, luck, luck.

Prayers



IN early morn when I awake,
I say, "As through the day I take
My way, dear Lord, O watch and keep
A little child till time to sleep."

And then at night when prayers are said,
When sleepy children go to bed,
I say, "Dear Lord, guard me all night,
Until the dawn of morning light."

Mornings

I HAVE such drowsy, drowsy eyes,
I'm sure I'd never, never rise,
If mamma dear should go away;—
I'd sleep, and sleep, and sleep all day.

But in the morning, with a kiss,
She wakes me up like this and this!
And opens wide each eyelid door,
So I'm not sleepy any more.





A Circus

WE played to-day at circus,
Our tent was in the shed;
With meat and milk and sugar,
The animals we fed.

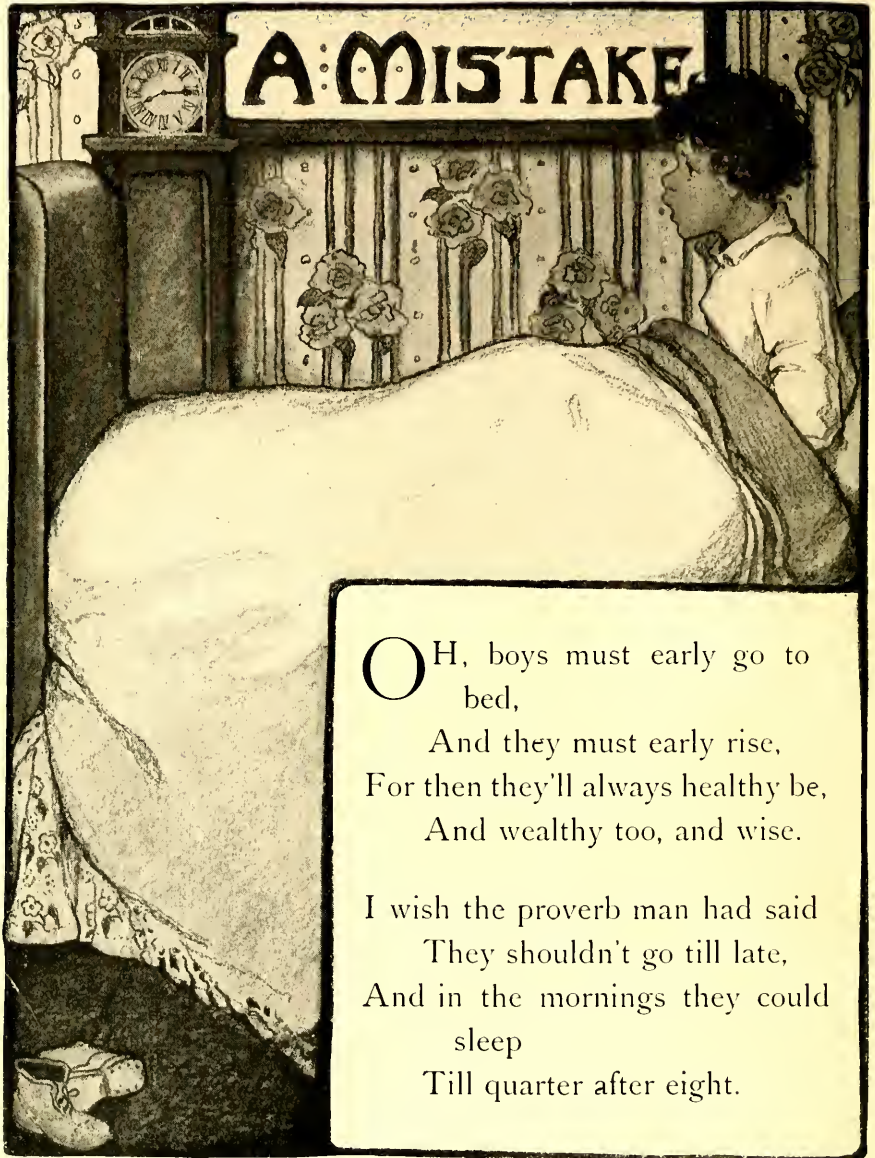
Our Maltese was the tiger,
Her stripes were made of paint;
She clawed and scratched and snarled so,
She made a lady faint.

Old Towser was a gray wolf,
We put him in a cage;
He didn't seem to like it,
For he howled and howled with rage.

Our ugly boa constrictors
Were monster worms, you know;
They wiggled, squirmed, and twisted,
Like those in Barnum's show.

The first price of admission
Was two pins and a cent;
And then we made it two pins,—
Because nobody went.

And while we ate our dinners,
The animals got out;
I guess our papa helped them,—
We saw his tracks about!



A MISTAKE

OH, boys must early go to
bed,
And they must early rise,
For then they'll always healthy be,
And wealthy too, and wise.

I wish the proverb man had said
They shouldn't go till late,
And in the mornings they could
sleep
Till quarter after eight.

To London Town



ONE foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to London town —
Unless you ride in a coach and pair,
Or travel along in a Sedan chair.



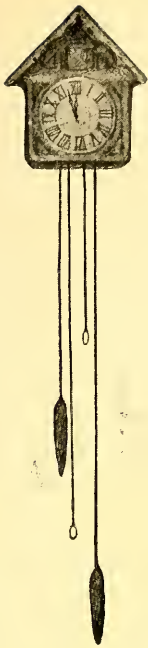
Cookies



O F all the cookies mother
makes,
The kind I like the best
Is hollowed in the middle, like
A little birdie's nest.

And in the cookies' center go
Egg candies, one, two, three!
Oh, that's the nicest kind of cake
For little boys like me!





Hush! Hush! Hush!

HERE we sit in our rocking-chairs
And rock,

And rock,

And rock;

Here we sit in our rocking-chairs
And watch the cuckoo clock.

Hush! hush!

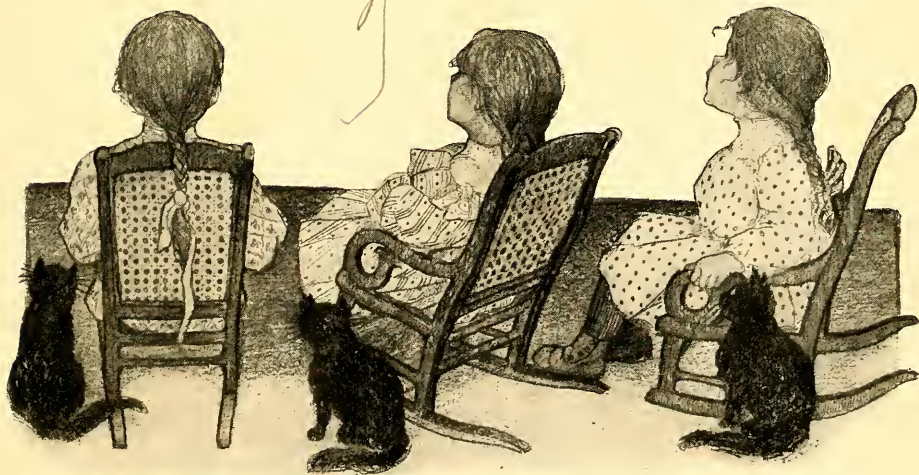
Hush! hush!

For now 'tis nearly noon!

Hush! hush!

Hush! hush!

The cuckoo is coming soon!





Early in the Morning

I SAW a sign, "Keep off the grass,
Off the grass, off the grass,"
I saw a sign, "Keep off the grass,"
Early in the morning.

But the birds they didn't care,
Didn't care, didn't care,
But the birds they didn't care,
Early in the morning.

And the dogs they ran about,
Ran about, ran about,
And the dogs they ran about,
Early in the morning.

So I said, "I won't keep off,
Won't keep off, won't keep off,"
So I said, "I won't keep off,"
Early in the morning.

A big policeman came my way,
Came my way, came my way,
A big policeman came my way,
Early in the morning.

I think it best to mind a rule,
Mind a rule, mind a rule,
I think it best to mind a rule,
Early in the morning.





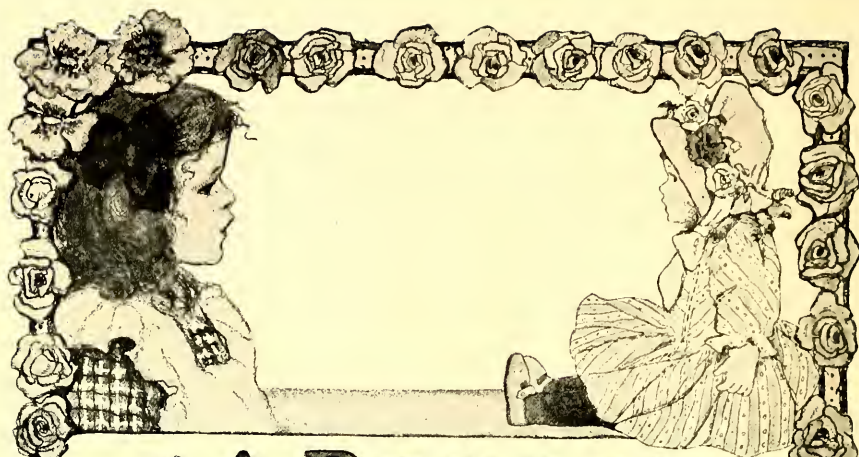
Forgetfulness

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
I don't wonder what you are,
'Cause my mamma told me when
All the sun is gone—why, then—
I don't 'member what she said,—
And I guess it's time for bed.

Six O'clock



I T'S six o'clock,
It's six o'clock;
I've wakened up too soon,
I've caught the twinkling stars
awake,
And there's the silver moon!



A Bonnet

I'VE a cunning little bonnet,
With a wreath of flowers on it,
First a rose and then a poppy,
Then a poppy and a rose.

When I dress my doll up in it,
Tie the strings in front and pin it,
She's as fine as any poppy,
She's as sweet as any rose.



•Ten• Fingers

TEN fingers make a water trough,

Where little calves may drink;

And then they make

ten pretty trees,

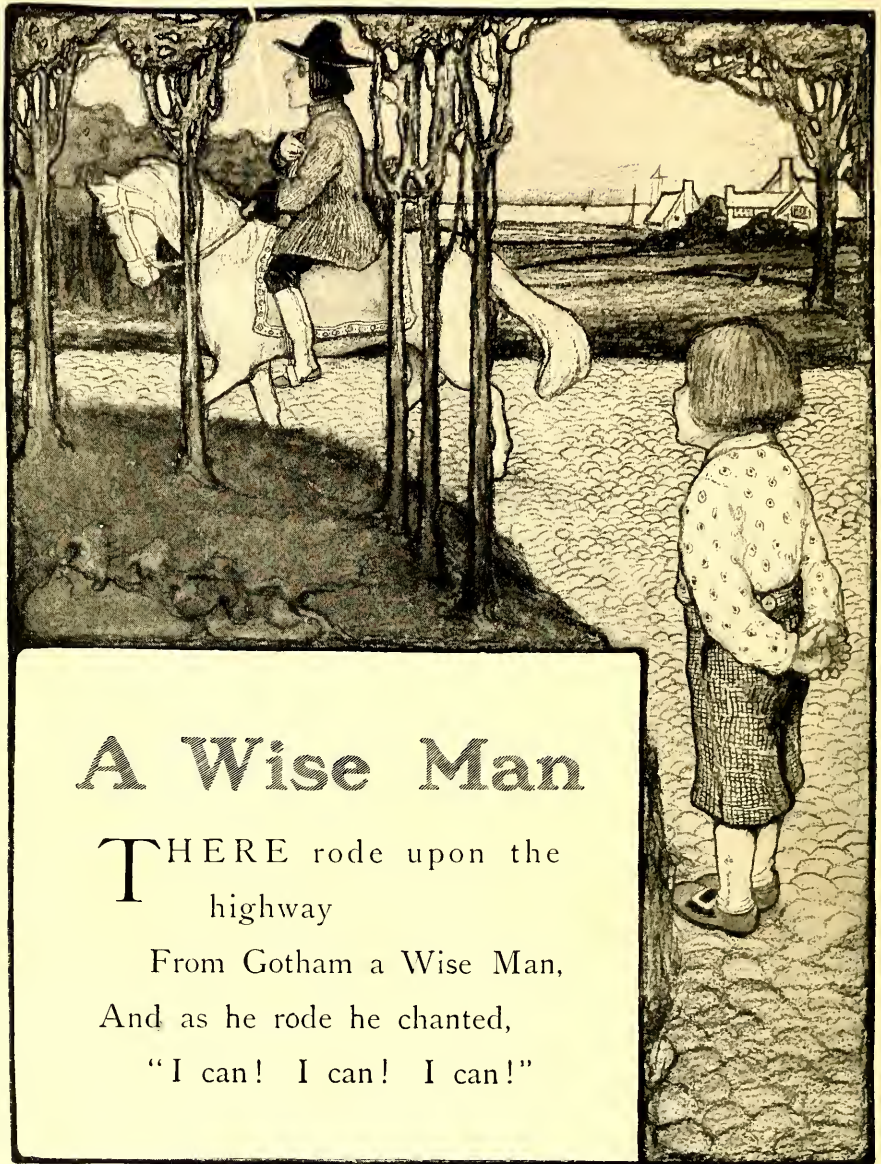
And then

a fence,

I

think.





A Wise Man

THERE rode upon the
highway

From Gotham a Wise Man,
And as he rode he chanted,
"I can! I can! I can!"

“Oh, tell me, Mr. Wise Man,
What is it you can do?
What wondrous deed and mighty
May I expect from you?”

’Twas thus I him accosted,
And looked to hear a plan;
And what think you he answered?
“I can! I can! I can!”

“Oh, yes, dear Mr. Wise Man,
I’m sure you’re very great.
Of all your power wondrous,
I pray you something state.”

I watched him down the hillside
To where the brooklet ran,
And turning there, he called to me,
“I can! I can! I can!”

IN THE RAIL-FENCE CORNERS



IN the rail-fence corners,
In the sunny, happy May,
Flowers get together
To pass the time o' day.



DAISY, daisy, tell to me,
When I'm grown what shall I be?
Rich man, poor man, beggar man,—*thief?*
Oh, that passes all belief!

Daisy, daisy, I'll be good,
Just as every grown-up should,
Always do the thing I ought!
I will—sometimes—like as not!





DON'T YOU ?

I LIKE to blow the bubbles light,
And watch them floating out of sight;
To see them, red and gold and blue,
And then to see them burst,—don't you?



A Recipe

I TAKE a little sand, you see,
I stir it with a stick;
I bring a little water,
And I mix it very thick.
I pour it in a can top,
And set it in the sun;
And when I want to use it,
Why then my pie'll be done.

All the Year Round



I N spring I fly my purple kite
Upon the gusty breeze ;
Away it goes with switching tail
Above the maple trees.

In summer to the sea I go,
With shovel and with pails,
To dig for shells within the sand,
And watch the flying sails.

When autumn comes I rake the leaves
To make a bonfire high,
So I can watch the ragged smoke
Go trailing to the sky.

When winter winds are loud and strong,
And fields are white with snow,
I get my dog and sled and play
That I'm an Esquimau.





Dolly Styles

SOME dolls wear their hair brushed flat,
Some wear a pompadour :
Some like their hair put up behind,
And some put up before.



The Vanishing Point

I WOULDN'T walk upon the bridge,
I wouldn't, no, not I;
I'm sure I've quite made up my mind,—
And shall I tell you why?

I saw a man begin to walk
Across the bridge to-day,
And all the while he smaller grew,
In such a funny way.

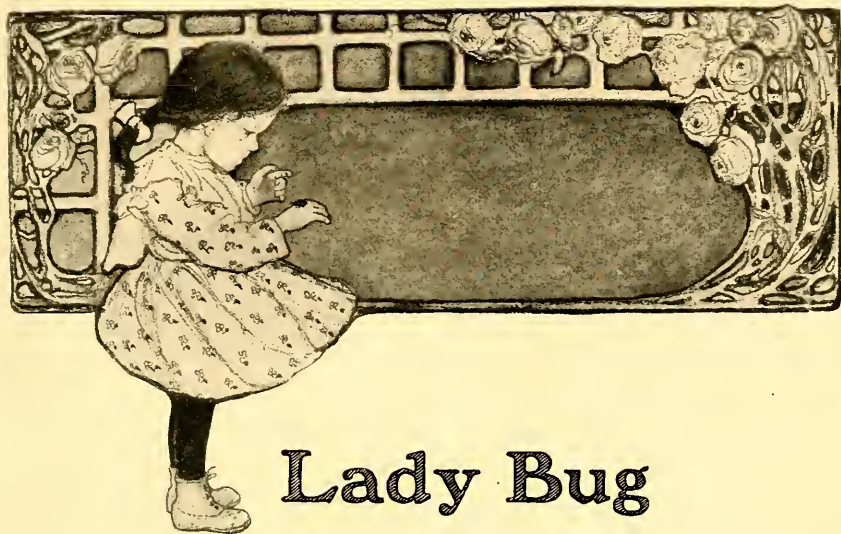
I watched him till he grew so small,—
And then just disappear!
I'm not a-going to try, no, sir!
It must feel very queer!



After Tea

I WASH the little teacups,
I set them on the shelf,
I wipe the little teaspoons,
I shine them all myself.

And then I kiss my dolly,
I hug her very tight,
I put her in her cradle
And leave her for the night.



Lady Bug

LADY bug, lady bug,
How do you do?

Lady bug, lady bug,
Fly away—shoo!

Your six little children
Are sleeping so snug;
You'd better go home now,
Bad little bug!

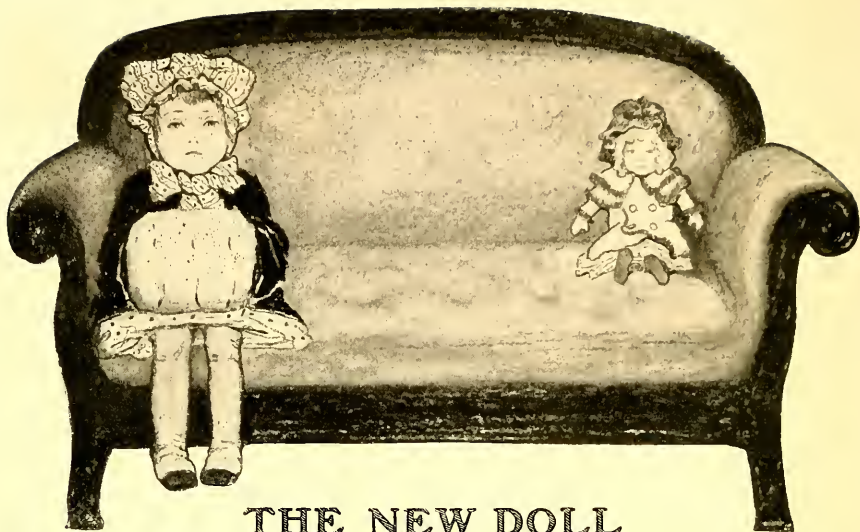


A Rough Voyage

THE moon is a beautiful golden boat,
Its horn is a sweeping prow,
And a little star with a twinkling light
Goes sailing with it now.

They sail on a sea as smooth as glass,
When sudden a foaming wave
Swallows the moon and the wee star's light;
But the two sky boats are brave,

And safely they ride the billows through
To steer in the calm once more.
See, the moon and the star with its twinkling light
Sail onward as before



THE NEW DOLL

HER glass eyes are very blue
When she smiles and looks at you,
And her hair is golden bright,
It is always curled up tight—
Annabel.

She can open wide her eyes,
And she says "Mamma," and cries.
Folks admire her rosy face,
And her dress is trimmed with lace—
Annabel.

When I take her out to call,
She is quite the grandest doll,
With her cloak all trimmed with fur,
I am very proud of her—
Annabel.

THE OLD DOLL

HER black eyes are made of beads,
But they're all the eyes she needs,
And she has no hair at all,
For she's just an old rag doll—
Lucy May.

Her best dress is very plain,
She's been left out in the rain,
And her age I mustn't tell,
Though I know it very well—
Lucy May.

But I love this doll the best,
Better far than all the rest,
And I hug her very tight,
And I love her day and night—
Lucy May.



PICTURES



IF I were an artist,
I surely should draw
The strangest of things
That you ever saw.

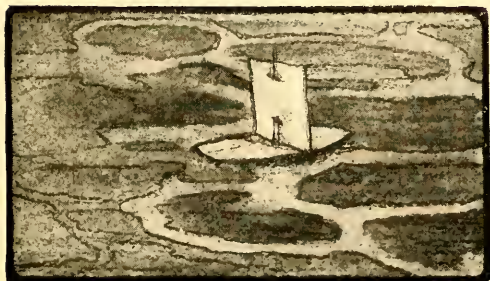
A hunter in chase
Of little brown hares,
Icebergs, with plenty
Of big polar bears.

A sea with great sails
All spread in a breeze.
A boy wading in
Way up to his knees.



A peacock so grand
And proud of his train,
And fields upon fields
Of gold waving grain.

If I were an artist
I surely should draw
The strangest of things
That you ever saw.



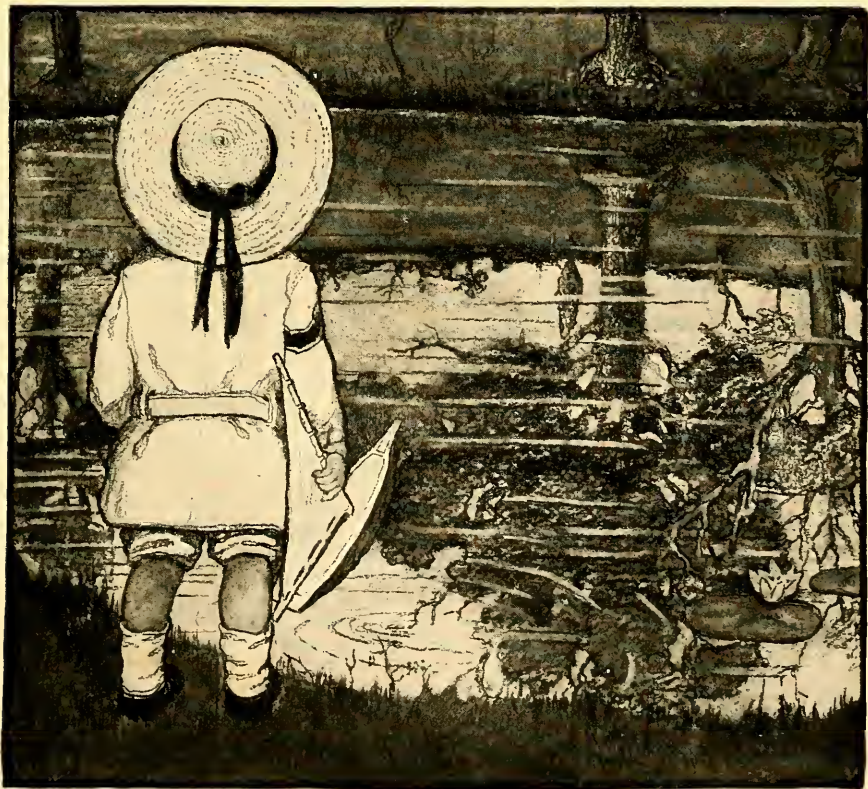


Tell Me, Little Paper Cat!

TELL me, little paper cat,
What you sit there looking at?
There's no cause to feel alarm,
Paper dogs can do no harm!
Surely you can fear no noise
From a row of paper boys,
Or from little paper girls
With their hair in paper curls!
They can't even call out, "Scat!"
Look more pleasant, paper cat!

Reflections

WILLOW trees and maple trees
And alders by the brook,
When they stand upon their heads
How very queer they look!





— FLETCHER HALL —

One Day

ONE day I went walking,
And what did I see?

A butterfly chasing
A big bumblebee!

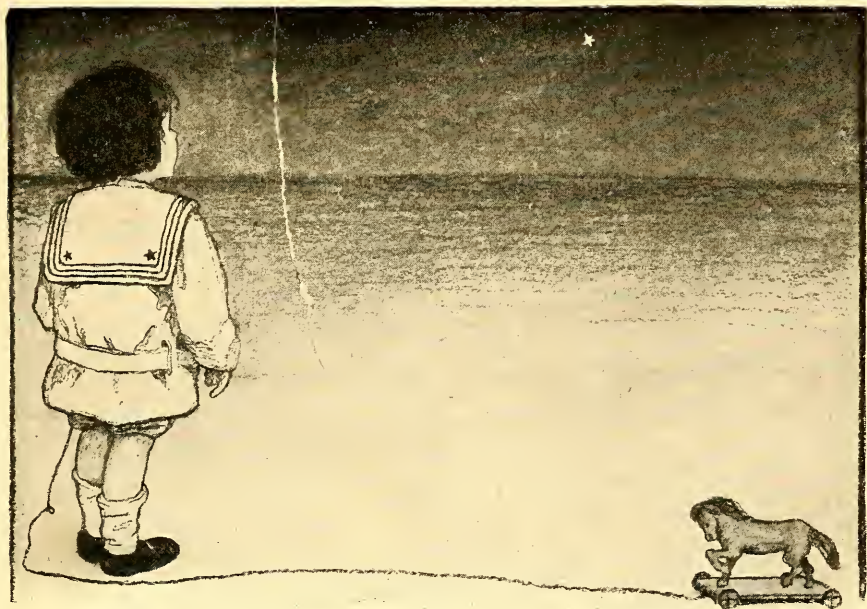
When tired of tagging,
They played hide and seek,
And like little children,
Played peek-a-boo, peek!





Taking Stock

MY pocket's pretty full
to-night,
Here's string enough to fly
a kite,
A top that brother gave to
me,
A whistle from the willow
tree,
A knife with blades all whole
but one,
A hickory nut, a rubber gun,
A jewsharp and a covered
ball,
Some ginger cake, and — I
guess that's all!



Little Star

LITTLE star, little star,
Shining in the sky afar,
First star of all the night,
First to show your little light,
Tell me why you come so soon;
Where's the silver lady moon?
Tell me, too, dear little star,
Where your thousand brothers are.

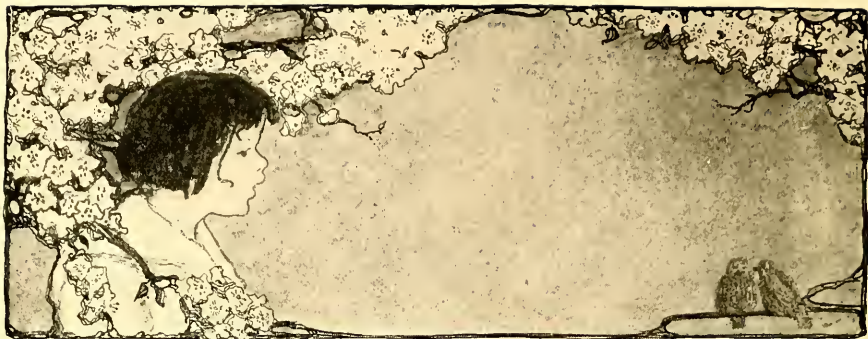


Where Do the White- caps Go?

I SEE the whitecapped waves at play
On sandy shores from day to day,
When winds blow loud and full of glee
Across the salt and shining sea.

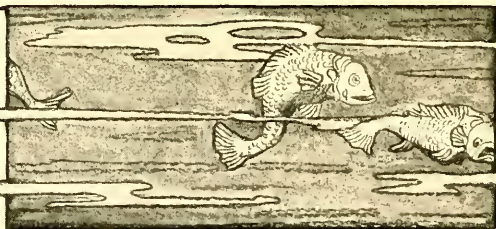
But when the winds are whispering low,
I wonder where the whitecaps go?
Have they, perhaps, a slumberland
Upon some far and gleaming strand?

And are the soft and sleepy sighs
We sometimes hear, their lullabies?
On days like this when the winds lie low,
I wonder where the whitecaps go?



Why?

THE fishes like the wet,
The birdies like the dry;
Why all these things are thus
and so,
I prithee tell me why!





• I Like to Grow Both • Good and Wise



I LIKE to grow both good and
wise,

I like small cakes and saucer pies;

I like big buns with raisins thick,

I like to have things when I'm
sick.





Some Day

A LITTLE girl went walking
In the summertime,
Saying, "Some day I'll find where
All the roads divide."

An old man went walking
In the cold weather,
Saying, "Some day I'll find where
Tracks come together."



IN foreign lands the jungle bears
Eat little boys, 'tis said,
But here the boys eat little bears—
From candy tail to head!





Where Away

OH, where away, oh, where away
Have gone the days of Summer?
There's not a head of clover now,
And scarce a lazy hummer.

Oh, where away, oh, where away
Has gone the Summer's glory?
The purple aster stands alone,
And the fields with frost are hoary.

Oh, where away, oh, where away
Have gone the wren and kildee?
Their nests hang empty in the hedge—
In ash and elm and fir tree.

So silently did Autumn's train
Sweep o'er the paths of Summer,
I heeded not her parting steps,
Nor greeted the newcomer.



A Conundrum

WHEN trees are full
of ice and sleet,
How do the sparrows
warm their feet?
They sit with feathers in
a fluff,
And warm them in a sort
of muff.



Queries

HOW do the sparrows warm
their toes

In the frosty air?

When starry snow comes tumbling,

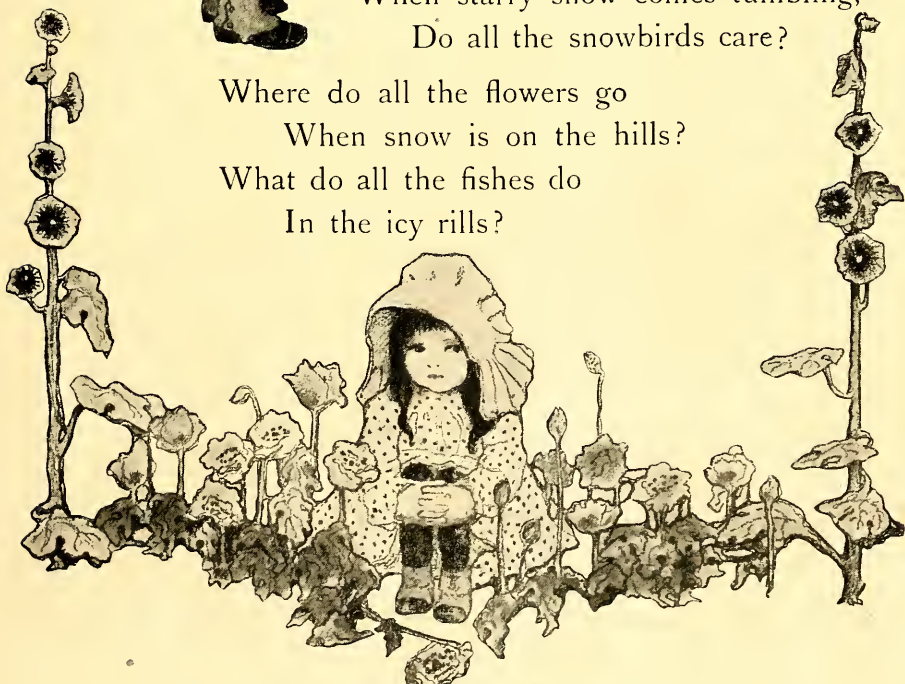
Do all the snowbirds care?

Where do all the flowers go

When snow is on the hills?

What do all the fishes do

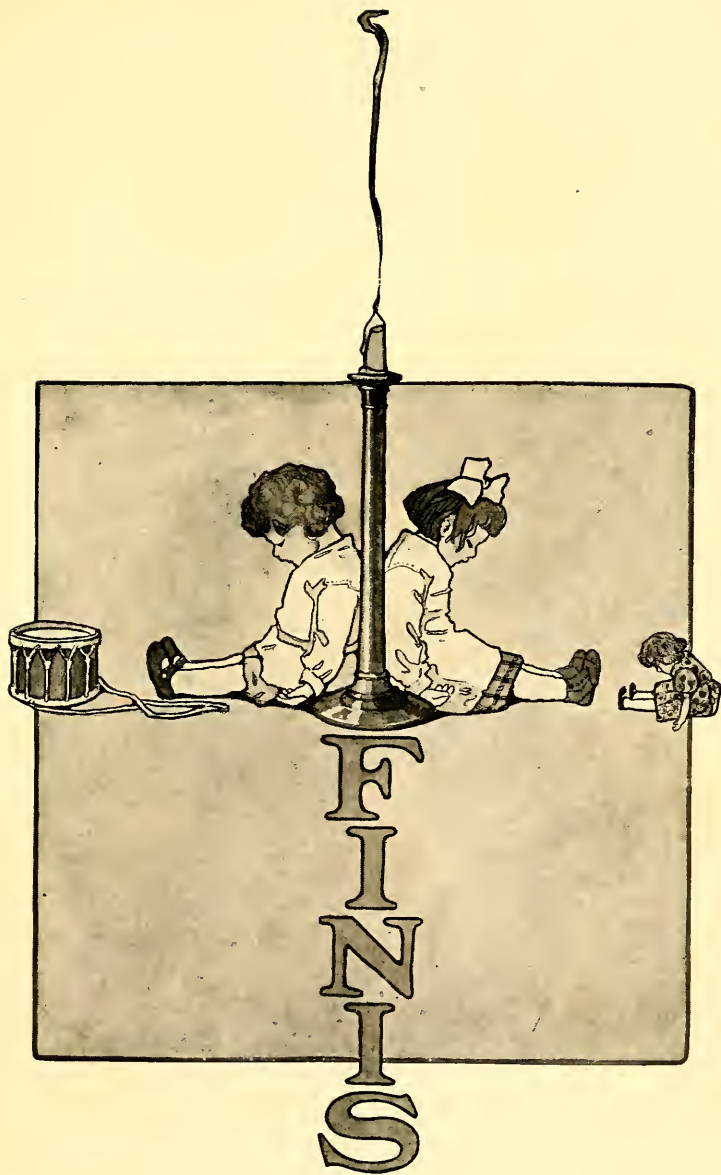
In the icy rills?



If

IF I knew a story
A story I'd tell—
I just can't remember
The things that befell
The prince and the princess
Who live in the books,
The ladies in waiting,
The clowns and the cooks.









A Word to Teachers

THE Land of Poesy is a land of delight in which children are happy to wander. Into this land the mothers lead the way. Do not all mothers sing lullabies to restless babies? They play 'Pat-a-Cake,' "Dance to your Daddie," and "Ride a Cock Horse," responding over and over to the children's "Again!"

The cares of the world, or blindness to the charm of the spreading paths, make many mothers too early cease their journeying, and blessed are the children whose teachers are travelers in this land and who say, "Come also."

This little book has been prepared with the hope that it may be a welcome addition to the store of rhymes of childhood. The themes of the verses are experiences universal in their appeal. They tell of games that children love to play; of relationship of father, mother, sister, and brother; of companionship with dogs, cats, birds, bees, butterflies, and flowers; of changing seasons; of day and night. Some are touched with fun; others lead into the realm of fancy; all are simple. Each story told in verse is told also in picture.

A Word to Teachers

This book may be used for supplementary reading in any one of the first three primary grades. The little folks of the first year may read it with their teachers after the manner in which children read story books with their mothers. The children can read the pictures and also read into the pictures. As the teacher reads the rhymes they will catch the rhythm. Each child can run a pointing finger along the line as the teacher reads. Some of the words will separate themselves, grow familiar, and become a part of the child's vocabulary.

In the second grade the children can read the rhymes with more readiness, and all the words of the rhymes should become familiar to them.

For third-grade children the rhymes will be easy reading.

Teachers will be able to employ many means of adding interest and enjoyment to the reading of the rhymes. Children enjoy singing rhymes. There are old-time melodies that lend themselves to the singing of some of the rhymes. The air of "Here We Go Round the Bramble Bush" will answer for "Early in the Morning." With a slight transposition "Mornings," "Cookies," "Where We Get Our Bread," and "Ten Fingers," will also suit the same air.

TEN FINGERS

Ten fingers make a water trough,
A water trough, a water trough,
Ten fingers make a water trough
Where little calves come drinking.

Then they make ten pretty trees,
Ten pretty trees, ten pretty trees,
Then they make ten pretty trees,
And then a fence I'm thinking.

A Word to Teachers

The children will be happy to make illustrations for the parts of the stories not illustrated. They would also like to make story pictures for what "happened next." For "Some Day" the illustrator has made a picture showing the little girl who went walking. Children might make a picture to show the old man who went walking. For "See Saw" they might show when the other end of the teeter goes up. For "On the Beach" they might draw other things beside crabs that the little girl saw by the seashore. "A Long Road" suggests a great many pictures. There are two pictures missing in "Where We Get Our Bread." Pictures might tell what the little girls in "Hush! Hush! Hush!" did after the cuckoo came, and what the baby in "In a Minute" did when she went to her mamma. The spider web might be drawn with rhythmic motion as the children repeated "A Spider Web." The spider web lines should keep time to the beats of the measure of the rhyme.

Very few and simple stage properties would be needed to play many of the rhymes. The children and teacher could easily provide for "Dolly Styles," "A Recipe," "Don't You?," and others. Rhymes like "To London Town" and "Unequal" require no properties. For "Lady Bug" the imagination can supply the lady bug. The acting of the rhymes will be a great help in obtaining good expression in the reading.

Dramatic Action









R.M.H.

