LETTERS FROM QUEER AND OTHER FOLK

A MANUAL FOR TEACHERS

BY

HELEN M. CLEVELAND

AUTHOR OF "BEGINNERS' READERS, I, II, III," AND
"VIVID SCENES IN AMERICAN HISTORY"

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
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PREFACE

Our schools often neglect the practical subject of letter writing, and many young people finish their school training without acquiring ability to compose a letter which will meet the simplest demands of either business or of social life. The teaching of penmanship and grammar should be accompanied by something to inspire expression. Every good teacher knows this and spends many an hour which can be ill spared in the search for material which will spur pupils to expression.

The purpose of *Letters from Queer and Other Folk* is to give teachers just this needed material. It is [redacted] which have already been used in classes with marked success by the author. The letters have been made both interesting and suggestive of answers, so that the dullest pupil can easily find a subject for his reply. [redacted] of t[redacted]ng. The power of written expression will be developed by this drill.

The series consists of a Manual for Teachers and two Pupils' Books for higher and lower grades. All letters which are in the Pupils' Books are also in the Manual, which in addition contains "Busy Work for All Grades," and suggestions and directions with each lesson. At the head of each letter in the Pupils' Books is a list of words which are to be used in the reply. Each Pupils' Book contains also lists of synonyms.

The correlated Natural History, while subordinate to the main purpose of the books, presents a course sufficiently varied to arouse deep interest in that branch.

From Social Letters the pupil passes to Business Letters, which are also designed to arouse his power of expression by suggesting subjects on which he shall base his replies.

CONTENTS

TO ACCOMPANY BOOK I OF LETTERS FROM QUEER FOLK

CONSTANT BUSY WORK FOR ALL GRADES

TO ACCOMPANY BOOK II OF LETTERS FROM QUEER FOLK

A MANUAL FOR TEACHERS

TO

ACCOMPANY BOOK I

OF

THE PUPILS' SERIES

TEACHER'S MANUAL

TO DEVELOP AN IDEA OF PARAGRAPHING

PLAN FOR RECITATION

THESE short letters are designed for dictation exercises. There are no incorrect forms in the pupil's books. His mind and eye must be saturated with the correct before the incorrect is put before him for criticism. Actual experiment in different grammar grades — especially the lower ones — showed the following mode of conducting a lesson, on arrangement and paragraphing, to be most practical: —

I. Direct the pupils to open their books to Dictation Exercise I. Let them study the paragraphs in this letter. Call attention to the place for the heading, the salutation, the superscription, the subscription, and the signature. Teach the pupil to put the first word of each new paragraph about one and a quarter inches from the margin. Let the paragraphs be read aloud separately.

II. Question about capital letters, —

What words in the heading begin with capitals?

What words in the salutation?

How does every new sentence begin?

How does every new paragraph begin?

Sometimes do you find more than one sentence in a paragraph?

Call on some pupil to tell where he finds periods.

Call on another to tell where commas are placed.

III. After careful study of all parts of the exerci with the *eye* begin to train the *ear*. Let one pupil re the heading, another the salutation, still another the fir paragraph, the next one the second paragraph, etc.

IV. To awaken his critical faculty and after the atte tion of the pupil has been fixed carefully on the corre form, copy the incorrect letter on the blackboard (s incorrect copy here with paragraphs, capital letters, a punctuation marks left out).

V. Next, with their books open and their eyes on t correct letter, lead the class to criticise the incorrect fo on the board. Explain such a looking letter, and all the pupils to make sport of it also.

VI. After they are familiar with the correct form a have become critical of the imperfect one, let the pup close their books and write the exercise which is on t board, correctly.

The teacher's object is to get the proper form i the mind of the child and make him critical of the i proper; therefore the worse the bad form is made appear, the better.

VII. Make a new paragraph when there is a disti change of thought.

VIII. If the teacher objects to her pupils seeing incorrect form, use oral dictation instead of writing the board.

NOTE. — Among best educators the old idea that a child sh never see the imperfect seems to be considered extreme now.

giving glimpses of the imperfect to arouse appreciation of the perfect, this book follows some of the greatest educators of this and other lands. It is well to be cautious, however. I would give but a glimpse, and that glimpse should be of something so bad in arrangement that the orderly sense of the child must be shocked when he compares with the perfect copy in his hand, and I would have a perfect copy in his hand.

In this course it is entirely at the teacher's option whether the child sees the incorrect form or not. There are no incorrect forms in his book, and oral dictation can be used instead of the incorrect copy on the blackboard. Practically, better results have been obtained by writing the exercise on the board in the incorrect form given.

DICTATION EXERCISE I

CORRECT FORM

LAND OF THE SPECK-FOLK,
Dec. 6, 1899.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS, —

Don't you want to get acquainted with me? I am Little Horns, and I live in the Land of Speck-Folk.

I am going to write you a great deal about our country, and I hope you will answer all my letters.

Please do not write to me until you know how to paragraph your letters neatly, for Speck-Folk cannot read letters which are all mixed up.

See if you can copy this letter and get all paragraphs in their proper places.

I am half afraid that some of you will writ
it as it is written on the board.

Yours sincerely,

LITTLE HORNS.

1. Pupils study correct form in their books.

2. Close books, take paper, and correct incorrect for
on the board. Teacher dictate if she wishes.

3. When pupils finish let them open their books an
compare their own work with correct form there.

Teachers read from unparagraphed letters to avoi
betraying by accent where a new paragraph begins.

INCORRECT FORM

land of speck folk dec 6 1899 dear boys an
girls dont you want to get acquainted with me
am little horns and i live in the land of spec
folk i am going to write you a great deal abou
our country and i hope you will answer all m
letters please do not write to me until you kno
how to paragraph your letters neatly for spec
folk cannot read letters which are all mixed u
see if you can copy this letter and get all par
graphs in their proper places i am half afra
that some of you will write it as it is written o
the board yours sincerely little horns.

DICTATION EXERCISE II

The correct form of these Dictation Exercises is
the pupil's book. It is part of their discipline to corre

their own work. I urge teachers to train them to do this. It is the only way they can form a style of their own.

Study the correct form with open books. Close books and require the pupils to write correctly either from dictation or from incorrect copy on the board. If you write the bad form on the board, ridicule it. Make a play lesson out of it. It will make a bright recitation.

land of speck folk dec 7 1899 my dear young friends you did very well yesterday most of you had the paragraphs in the right places and that is important to day please look out for your paragraphs but i want you to take special care about periods interrogation points exclamation points and capital letters do you know that i went to boston yesterday and crawled into brimmer school to see how well you were correcting that dictation exercise on the board i heard the teacher say that is very well boys i was pleased to hear it and i crawled back home to write this letter i would invite you all to the land of speck folk but you are such giants that our country would not hold one of you shaw i have broken my pen yours affectionately little horns.

DICTATION EXERCISE III

If the children are curious about the "Land of Speckfolk," talk with them about it.

Same plan of recitation,—pupils study correct form

in their own books, — as soon as familiar with it, and having copied it, close books, and let them either correct the incorrect form from the blackboard or from oral dictation.

land of speck folk dec 8 1899 dear tommy instead of writing to all the boys and girls to day i will write to you it makes me happy to know that you boys are interested in the land of speck folk after a while i am sure that you will write me some interesting and amusing letters i want to show these letters all round our city so you must not make mistakes in them in your last exercise you wrote yours affectionate put ly on tommy and say yours affectionately and yours sincerely not yours affectionate and yours sincere and oblige little horns.

DICTATION EXERCISE IV

Concentrate the attention of your class on order arrangement of paragraphs.

land of speck folk dec 9 1889 my dear youn friends you are doing very well on these dict tion exercises i know that they are a litt stupid and that you would rather write a re letter but i do not care to receive a letter fro you until you can write it in proper form i a visiting all the schools and will know when yo are prepared to write me a neat letter all the bo and girls in america should know how to wri letters that will be a credit to them and to the

schools a few scratches forming misspelled words do not make a letter and should not be sent out into the world as one be patient with these exercises young friends get superscription subscription heading and signature in the proper place when you can do that neatly and paragraph well you will get a real letter from me yours affectionately little horns.

DICTATION EXERCISE V

Do not hurry this work. If the pupils fail to do it fairly well, let them try again, and keep on until their work is satisfactory.

land of speck folk dec 10 1899 my dear susie i have visited several schools for boys so i thought i had better crawl around to the everett school and see what the girls were doing i went over the desks so quietly that you did not notice me and i saw some very neat looking papers you and mary made a little mistake you put your heading over the salutation on the left side it should have been in the right hand corner do your best to get heading superscription subscription all right and then write me some fine letters yours affectionately little horns.

DRILL ON VOCABULARY

Unfamiliar words in each letter have been picked out and put at the head of that letter in the pupil's books.

As these words occur in the intercourse, they will

naturally constitute part of the pupil's vocabulary i replying.

He must know their meaning and know how to spel words if he would use them intelligently, therefore thi drill on vocabulary is the most essential part of ever lesson on letter-writing.

Spelling will take care of itself, somewhat, if the word are kept under the pupil's eye. Allow him to use his le ter-book — words and subject-matter — for a dictionary

Spend time on the meaning.

Let some pupil name a word, then talk about it an use it in sentences until it stands for something in hi mind. Take up the next word in the same manne until you complete the list.

DRILL ON SYNONYMS AND INTERCHANGEABLE WORDS

A few synonyms in common use have been put in th pupils' books. These synonyms are arranged in set each set being numbered. Special study of these sets i each lesson is suggested.

I. Require the pupils to open their books to the syn nyms, etc., and find, for instance, the set "*who, whic* and *that*."

II. Ask for a sentence with *who* in it. Ask for sentence with two *whos* in it.

III. Write these sentences on the board. Example:—

I saw a boy *who* ran after a man.
I saw the girl *who* ran after the woman *who* spoke to m

IV. Let the pupils read both sentences aloud. Lead them to see that two *whos* are awkward. Let them look over this set of words and see if they can find any which can be used in place of *who*. They will tell you *that* and *which* are in the same set.

Explain that *that* is used in place of the names of persons as well as things, and *which* is used in place of the names of animals and things.

With this knowledge, they will be able to correct the second sentence to make it read:—

I saw the girl *that* ran after the woman *who* spoke to me.

V. Write:—

That is the horse *that* ran away with papa.

Lead the pupils to substitute so the sentence will read:—

That is the horse *which* ran away with papa.

Considerable drill on the use of *who*, *which*, and *what* is very necessary.

Further suggestions are made at the head of some of the lessons.

VI. Write a sentence like the following:—

I went into the *wild* woods and met a *wild* animal which looked very *wild*.

Require the pupils to look over their list of synonyms and find the set with *wild* in it.

After they have done this, let them substitute a

synonym where they can, and the corrected sentence should read: —

I went into the *wild* woods and saw a *savage* animal which looked very *fierce*.

BUSY WORK

Drill on capitalization, punctuation, directing letters, arranging the parts of a letter, etc., has been arranged under the title of "Busy Work" on page 107. Keep the pupils at this busy work constantly. No day should pass without work on it until the pupil really knows something of these things.

BUSY WORK ON ARRANGING A LETTER

The letter below was written by a little girl in answer to one of the letters in this book. Tell the children of this fact. Require them to copy it until they can arrange every part neatly, and then tell them you hope they will try and do as well when they begin to write answers to Queer-Folk.

Boston, Mass.,
April 24, 1899.

My dear Little Horns, —

I love your letters very much. They are the best letters I ever read.

It seems so funny to think of such queer little creatures as you building a city of fine homes.

Nobody in Boston ever guessed that ants had policemen, nurses, and queens until you wrote to tell us.

Big people didn't know it, at least my mamma and papa didn't. Perhaps teacher knew.

Papa said you stretched the story, but teacher said you didn't; all you wrote is true.

I'd just like to see those babies. I'd like to see the princesses.

In Boston only rich people have nurses. Poor people take care of their babies themselves.

I should like to visit your wonderful town.

In Boston we have great buildings, such as the Public Library, Natural History Rooms, and Armory.

We have the Common and Public Garden.

Have you any large buildings, and do you go to school in a big schoolhouse?

Do you eat oranges, apples, and grapes?

Do you make your bread and butter?

Have you grocery stores and fruit-stands?

Lovingly yours,

Dorothy.

SOCIAL LETTERS TO BE ANSWERED

LETTER I

Before the pupil writes a reply to Little Horns, let him study the words at the head of each letter.

These words are part of the vocabulary which he must use in replying. Name them, tell what they mean, and notice the spelling. Keep the words under his eye. They, with the written text, are his dictionary.

While the pupil is replying, allow him to have his book open with Little Horns's letter before him.

Call attention to the questions. Encourage the children to reply in their own child language.

Caution about neat arrangement and about making a new paragraph every time the pupil starts to tell about a new thing.

To spur the rest to do as well, have the best arranged and best paragraphed letters put up for show.

After giving the poorer ones a chance to compare their work with better, let each try to correct his own work. Give special praise to those who show marked skill in correcting their work. Do not hurry. Take time.

25 Long Avenue, Land of Speck-Folk,
Dec. 14, 1899.

My dear Boys and Girls, —

I know that you are tired of copying those dictation exercises, and will be glad to write me a letter in answer to this.

Although I am not so long as one of your eyelashes, I live in a country quite as wonderful as yours.

It is a republic, something like the United States.

We have queens, to be sure, but we love and obey them because they are our mothers. They make no laws. The working people make the laws.

We have carpenters, masons, brickmakers, farmers, soldiers, policemen, and nurses who are always busy.

We build towns and make wonderful roads with arched roofs that would astonish your builders. We doctor our sick, plant seeds, gather harvests, and store the grain in our granaries. There are cows which give delicious milk, and pet animals like your pet dogs and cats.

The Land of Speck-Folk contains three kinds of people — the queens, the men, and the workers.

There are more babies in my city than there are people in Boston, and they, like the grown up people, are of three kinds.

The few little princesses are the most important babies. They live in larger houses and

are fed on finer food than the others. All our people watch over them, and nurses care for them most tenderly.

These baby princesses some day will be our queens, and live in the finest houses that we can build for them.

The houses of the boy babies are larger than those of the workers, but there are not many of them.

By far the greater number of babies will grow into workers, and as soon as they are old enough to leave the house they go to work.

If all the little princesses should die, the nurses would move some healthy worker babies into larger houses and feed them the food they give to princesses.

Under such treatment these common babies grow up to be queens, and are larger and more beautiful than the ordinary workers they would have been if they had been brought up in small houses and fed on common food.

All the babies belong to the few queens of our city, but a queen has so many children she never cares for them at all. There are thousands of nurses to do it.

Each baby has a little house of its own, which the good nurse cleans and keeps in order.

She prepares the baby's food in her own mouth, and sometimes takes the tiny infant to a warmer house, or out in the sun and air.

Boy babies and princesses have wings, but the workers can only crawl.

The nurse of a princess is very proud, and is always petting her little charge, even going with her to the gate of the city, licking all dust from her body, and smoothing her wings before she takes her flight into the air.

It is the last time the nurse will have a chance to smooth the princess's wings, for when she comes back from her flight she will be an acknowledged queen, and the wings will drop off.

This letter is growing very long, so I will wait until next time to tell you the rest about Speck-Folk.

I hope you will like us, and wish to learn something more about us.

For a speck of a creature like me, do you not think I have paragraphed my letter nicely?

I think also that I have put all the capital letters in the right place, and my commas, periods, and question marks where they should be.

See if you can do as well.

Please direct your letter as I have written the address in the heading.

I want you to tell me what you think of m people and country, as well as what you hav learned that you never knew before.

Write about yourself, your city or town, an especially about your school.

Ask any question that you please, and I wil try to answer it.

Put your full address in the heading of you letter so that I may know where to direct to you

If you feel that you know me pretty well begin your letter "Dear Little Horns." If yo do not feel acquainted yet, begin "My dear Littl Horns."

The last is the proper way when you want t be very formal, and the first is correct when yo are writing to people that you know quite well

Hoping for many nice, long letters,

Affectionately yours,

LITTLE HORNS.

LETTER II

The children are now interested in Little Horns Allow them to ask as many questions about her as yo have time to answer.

Do not neglect the words at the head of this letter i the pupil's book. Your pupil cannot write without a vocabulary. Keep his vocabulary in his eye. In about

four minutes the words can be named and their meanings talked over. Let one name and another tell the meaning, etc.

When you write the incorrect form on the board, continue playful ridicule about sending such a looking letter to Little Horns. Praise neatness. Do not discourage by too much criticism. Talk about position of parts of the letter and the place of new paragraphs.

25 LONG AVENUE, LAND OF SPECK-FOLK,
Dec. 15, 1899.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS, —

I watched eagerly for your letters and was pleased and proud when they came pouring in so fast.

Before I begin to tell you more about Speck-Folk I will answer some of your questions.

Nearly all of you want to know whether we have schools in our country.

No, we do not have them. Our nurses teach us all we know.

A boy, named Tommy, asks whether we play games or not.

Yes, Tommy, we do play games. One of them is something like your "hide-and-go-seek."

Some of the boys inquire whether I was joking when I said that we had cows.

No, boys, it was no joke. We do have cows. They are green in color and often pasture on your mother's house plants.

You ask whether my pen is as big as a pin.

I shall not tell you about my pen or how I write these letters. It is a great secret.

The most important questions have been answered now, and we will talk about the Land of Speck-Folk.

Suppose you could become so small that your thumb would be a large place to stand on and that you should start to visit the Speck-Folk.

Your first glimpse of our people would be at the city gate.

Our sentinels or policemen are stationed there, and before you could pass on, these large black soldiers would demand your business.

If they were satisfied that you were a proper person to enter the Land of Speck-Folk, the city gate would be opened and you would find yourself on a broad road and in a great crowd of Speck-Folk who were beginning their day's work.

About three millions of people live in my city, and this city is only one of innumerable cities in the Land of Speck-Folk.

The city itself is quite a distance from the

gates, and there are a number of broad roads that lead to it made exactly like the one you are travelling.

You would meet soldiers hurrying out to relieve the guards at the gate; carpenters would pass you carrying large pieces of timber; masons would be seen rolling tiny balls of clay; market-women would be hastening in with fresh supplies; nurses by the thousand would crawl briskly past with babies they were taking out into the sun; and once in a while you would see one of our people carrying a sick or wounded comrade home on her back.

All would be busy in this great crowd, and you would be surprised to see these sturdy creatures carrying loads several times larger than themselves.

Indeed, you would be amused as well as interested; for a load so large that it causes its bearer to topple over is no discouragement. She rolls about in a comical way until she regains her feet, and then she staggers and tumbles along until her load once more upsets the plucky little creature. Once again she struggles and strains every tiny muscle to get righted, and over again she goes, tumbling and rolling until her load is landed in triumph.

When you arrived in the city the work of the masons, the nurses, and the harvesters would attract you first.

Masons would be busy repairing cracks in the great store and other houses, so that all moisture and dampness would be kept out. Nurses would be cleaning houses and caring for babies. Food-gatherers would come quickly to the storehouses, deposit what they had brought, and then hasten away for more.

You would be sure to look at the skilful plastering on the inside of our houses, and exclaim at the size of our storerooms.

I see that my letter is growing long, and as I wish to ask a few questions in this, I will write another letter to you about Speck-Folk.

One of the girls spoke about your people using umbrellas. What are umbrellas?

Another said something about her new dress, hat, and shoes. Will you please tell me about those things? I never heard of them.

What are bicycles? and will some of the boys tell me how you play that game called base-ball? Why do you live in houses much too large for you? We like houses just large enough to crawl into.

It seems to me that it must be very inconvenient to have only two legs. Do you not find it so?

I know all the three millions of people in my city. Do you know all the people in yours?

Please write me long letters.

Affectionately your friend,

LITTLE HORNS.

LETTER III

As usual, exercise on words at head of the letter for to-day.

Next teach the use of *who, which, what,* interchangeably. Set 41 in pupil's books. (See Lesson on Synonyms, Teacher's Manual, page 10.)

For example, write on the board as follows: —

That is the boy *who* brought the package | *which* / *that* | mamma sent.

Lead the pupils to choose between *which* and *that,* and lead them to see that they select *which* because there is another *that* in the sentence.

That is the boy | *that* / *who* | stopped the horse | *that* / *which* | ran away.

In the same way lead them to select in this sentence, following the rule not to repeat the same word in the sentence when it can be avoided. Also the rule that

who refers to persons alone, *that* to persons, animals, and things, and *which* to animals and things. Daily exercises on synonyms. (See Lesson on Synonyms.) Be careful to have each pupil read all the words in one set

as | *beat* / *pound* / *strike* |.

25 Long Avenue, Land of Speck-Folk
Dec. 16, 1899.

Dear Boys and Girls: —

I feel well enough acquainted with you now not to be so formal, therefore I will leave off the *my* in this letter, and I hope you will do so in your answers.

In your supposed journey to the Land of Speck-Folk, I left you admiring our granaries.

You would not be left alone long. If you looked distinguished enough, very likely a queen herself, with a train of attendants about her, would notice you and send some one to escort you about.

You would certainly be invited into the honey vaults, and there you would see the most curious honey jars in the world.

I imagine you looking about, and I can almost hear you say, —

"Honey jars! I see no honey jars."

Just then your eyes would fall on some poor bloated looking creatures who seem ready to burst, and your astonishment would be increased when the honey gatherers entered to deposit their honey.

These honey gatherers would go at once to the poor creatures, and, compelling them to open their mouths, further extend their already bursting bodies by pouring honey from their own mouths into the mouths of the living honey jars.

The poor things become so full that they cannot move and never leave the dark storerooms where they are imprisoned.

If your polite guide offered you a sip of honey you would be obliged to take it by putting your own mouth to the mouth of one of these queer jars and sip the honey from its lips. That is the way Speck-Folk do it.

I and many Speck-Folk pity these poor martyrs, but we cannot make jars, and we must have something to hold our honey.

The large central space is a kind of great public square, where most of our people spend their time.

A little while in the square would show you that there is the best of understanding among our people.

You would notice that the work of each had been laid out; each knew just what was expected of her.

One worker would be seen pouring a fluid from her mouth on the wounds of a comrade, another feeding a worker too busy to stop for food, and others licking and petting tired fellow-workers who had just succeeded in bringing a great load to the city.

Such is the kindly nature of our people. We are a cheerful and an ever merry race of workers.

If you inquired for our cow-pasture you might be shown a few cows that were pastured on the roots of some tree which had pushed its way through the ground into our city, but you would be told that great herds were pasturing above ground on some tree, possibly a long way from the gate of the city.

We care for our herds diligently, chasing away every enemy that would destroy them; and we even take the eggs underground and protect them until spring, when we carry them out and put them on the spring daisies, where they will soon become full-grown and yield us bright, clear drops of milk. You call these cows of ours "plant lice."

A fine herd of cows is often a cause for war

between two nations of ants, and, although we are the most peaceable people among ourselves, we are sturdy fighters.

My people do not go to war for the purpose of stealing the babies of another settlement, but I am sorry to say some Speck-Folk do.

The assaulting army advances in a column, and the attack is made in a twinkling.

The sentinels give the alarm to their people as quickly as they can by running to the great square and tapping the people with their antennæ.[1] Soon thousands come pouring out of the city and stand in line to receive and repel the attack of the advancing enemy.

Sometimes there is a dreadful battle, and the battlefield is strewn with broken antennæ and legs, but generally it is decided one way or the other in a short time.

If the enemy gains the day, they sack the city, and will soon appear carrying in their mouths the babies whom they are about to take to their own city to train into slaves.

You want to know whether we have churches or not. I did not know what you meant by churches until one little girl explained that they were those buildings with high steeples to which

[1] Antennæ are the short horns or feelers of an insect.

people go in order that they may learn to be good.

We do not build churches. Our people are very good anyway. They keep all the laws and are very unselfish, so perhaps Speck-Folk do not need churches so much as human beings.

Will you tell me what you mean by stores?

Do you make other animals draw you about because you have only two legs?

I do not know what you mean by "electrics" and "cars." We have nothing in our country by those names.

What do you call those great machines that whirl along and carry so many people?

If you do not use your legs, and ride all the time, are you not afraid you will lose the use of them?

I think it is very comical to see you carry an umbrella to keep off the rain. I never go out at all when it rains.

You speak of books and pencils. Will you tell me what they are, and how they are made?

Many thanks for your letters. Please write a long one and answer all my questions.

We are the most intelligent creatures in the world, except your people, — having power to remember many more people than you.

Your letters have been neatly paragraphed, and I have been proud to show them all over the city.

I hear that an old enemy of ours is going to write to you. She wishes to see if you will not become more interested in her people than you are in mine.

I expect one more set of letters, and will you please answer the following questions in them?

What do you mean by rich? One of the girls wrote that our "babies must be very rich to have nurses to care for them."

Do you have slaves or people who do all your work? and if you do, will you get lazy and become useless?

Will you please explain why it is better to walk on two legs than six? We do not need carriages and horses to drag us round as you appear to need them.

What are clocks and watches, and why do you sit down around a table when you eat?

Do you like birds and fish? On what kind of trees do the flowers in the girls' hats grow?

Let your last letter be long and interesting.

Ever your affectionate friend,

LITTLE HORNS.

LETTER IV

Require the pupils to name the words in the column of words heading the letter in their books, and then after bringing out the meaning of each word not already familiar, call for oral sentences in which the words are used.

In synonyms, study sets 5, 6, 7.

Practice on synonyms, by showing how awkward repetition of a word in the same sentence sounds; and, with its synonyms before the class, have them select one which will do duty for the repeated word.

FAIRYBOWER, Dec. 18, 1899.

MY DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS, —

I met Daddy-long-legs the other day, and he told me about the letters that Little Horns had been writing to you.

Daddy is my cousin, and he urged me to take my fairy pen and tell the wonders of our family.

There is nothing very interesting about Daddy himself. He generally lives in a cellar. Mrs. Daddy carries a bundle of eggs in her mouth until they are hatched into little daddy-long-legs, and then she lets her children look out for themselves.

Not all spider-mothers are like Mrs. Daddy-long-legs. My mother and many a spider-

mamma remains beside the cradle of her little ones, and after they leave it she catches flies in her snare and feeds them.

Occasionally mothers carry their children about on their backs until they are three weeks old; and, as each spider-mamma generally has several hundred babies hatched at the same time, her back is likely to be full.

The little mother is very patient until the tiny crawly creatures get too thick about her eyes. Then she takes one of her claws, and, scooping off a clawful, she gently puts them on some convenient object near until she is ready to take them once more upon her back.

Little Horns may live in a great city containing thousands of homes, and roads leading to it, but the little dark earth houses of the Speck-Folk are homely compared to the fairy palaces which my people build.

Our homes are so beautiful that we cannot live in cities. It would not be safe. All the world would come to admire a city of such dainty domiciles, and the frail structures would soon be destroyed; so each individual selects a little nook, and there makes a fairy bower.

Before I tell you about these beautiful homes, it may interest you to know how we look.

Most of my family have four pairs of eyes; some of them are night and some of them are day eyes.

We have eight legs and mandibles[1] that are strong enough to give the death blow to any enemy much larger than ourselves.

The most wonderful thing about us is the marvellous spinning manufactory that we carry about in our small bodies.

I cannot explain this fully, but a few words will show you what wonderful machinery Mother Nature can contrive, and lead you to study more.

First to be mentioned are the silk glands. These are situated in the lower part of the spider's body, and seem to hold a liquid silk that has, some way, been formed out of the juices of the body. This liquid silk flows into tubes that lead to the spinnerets.

There are six of these spinnerets, and from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty spools on each spinneret.

These spools are simply little tubes on the spinnerets through which the liquid silk passes into the air.

[1] Mandibles are horny jaws, in appearance like the bills of some birds.

In the spinnerets are muscles that enable the spider to make the silken stream a finest gossamer thread or thick enough to spin a warm cape for her baby spiders. These muscles do more. There are tubes containing coloring matter, and Mrs. Spider can at will make her babies' blanket white or colored.

Perhaps you think that we young spiders let our mothers do all the spinning. If you do you are mistaken. The day after we come out of the cocoon we can send out a drag line, and begin to build.

Nobody teaches little spiders how to spin. They know how just as they know how to breathe, and the webs they make are very perfect — often more perfect than those made by grown-up spiders.

We have fine fun going on balloon excursions. I will tell you about them in another letter.

I wish you would tell me why girls call us nasty, crawly things, and scream when they touch us.

Why do housekeepers take that long bristly thing they call a broom and destroy our houses, when we build in a corner they never use?

Daddy-long-legs tells me that they hate us. Do they, or is it some of Daddy's talk?

Please tell me whether you are interested in my letter and wish me to write another one?

Do I paragraph my letter as well as Little Horns, and do I spell your hard words correctly?

When you write, ask all the questions that come into your heads and I will try and answer.

Very truly yours,

WEE SPIDERLING.

LETTER V

Train on the words and have the synonyms read. Each pupil reading one set as before. Study sets 8–9 as in "Lesson on Synonyms."

FAIRYBOWER, Dec. 20, 1899.

MY DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS, —

A number of you ask why I do not put my city and state at the head of my letter, and others want to know whether Fairybower is the name of a place or the name of my special home.

Fairybower is the name of my home, and I live alone in it. I told you in my last letter that our people do not build cities like the Speck-Folk. I belong in no city and no state, therefore cannot put the name of one at the head of my letter.

Sometimes a family of young spiders will remain near the mother for a few weeks, but they soon go ballooning or leave the common home to build one of their own. Indeed, we young spiders are obliged to do this or our mothers will drive us out, and make us set up a home for ourselves.

"What do you eat?" is the question I found in many of my letters.

For one thing I eat all the Speck-Folk and other insects I can trap into my snare.

We eat our own webs, and when many young spiders are in a common home they sometimes devour one another.

Daddy-long-legs told me that he had seen cellar spiders drop a line into a milk-pan, and running down greedily drink the milk.

Daddy also told me that he saw a snake hanging from a spider's snare where it had been caught and curiously fastened. The head of the snake was hanging toward the cellar bottom, and its mouth was entirely closed by a number of threads that the snaring spider had wound about it.

Its tail had been tied into a loop through which a silken cord was run that connected it above with a ball about the size of a pea. This ball was made of a green fly covered with green

silk cord, and served as a sort of a pulley or windlass by means of which this keen cellar spider had hauled up his victim.

A great number of threads held the snake and pulley to the snare above; thus the ball was kept from unwinding, and the snake was held fast. This snare with the dangling snake below, and the spreading cords and pulley, looked like an open umbrella.

For several days spiders feasted by sucking the juice of the suspended snake that finally fell from the cords and died.

This is a strange story but it is true, for Daddy-long-legs always tells the truth. Here is another of his stories quite as hard to believe.

It tells of a young living mouse which was entangled in the snare of a spider by means of threads which the cunning spider had wound about the mouse's tail.

Many people besides Daddy saw this, and it is worth telling fully.

It was a cellar spider who did the daring thing. She was under a tall office desk when she saw the mouse, and fastened a drag line to its tail. After accomplishing this she ran up the underside of the desk, which was about three feet from the floor, to where she had spun a large

web, and began to hoist her squirming victim. The spider now and then left her work above to run down the line and bite the mouse, which writhed and struggled to get away.

In three hours the mouse was raised so that its four feet barely touched the floor. Three hours after its nose was about four inches from the floor. The next morning the mouse was found dead, and six inches from the floor.

A meddlesome boy destroyed the web about nine o'clock. If he had let the spider alone until morning, she would have drawn that mouse up to her web and enswathed it.

You boys would have to lift an elephant on one finger, or carry off a great building, to equal that, for the mouse weighed fifty times more than the spider.

I know you are wondering what I meant by enswathment, so I will explain our method of ensnaring such animals as we need for food.

We spiders have the power of throwing out jets of swathing silk with great rapidity, and in large quantities. When a foolish insect becomes ensnared in a spider's web, woe to it. She immediately throws out a blanket of thick, white silk, and wraps her victim up in it. The poor thing can never escape from the silken, mummy-

like cape, and is ready now for my Lady Spider's table.

If she is hungry, she will take the swathed insect to her house, and suck the juices of its body until it is nothing but a dry skin. If she is not hungry, she will hang her victim up until she feels inclined to eat.

When on ballooning excursions I have seen wolf spiders catch fish and snare birds. So spiders entrap and eat snakes, mice, fish, and birds, as well as insects.

This letter is all about eating, and our manner of getting food. I do not apologize, because we are provided with wonderful snares for entrapping food, and the way we use these traps will show you that our people are intelligent and physically very powerful.

We can go a long time without food, but we must have water. We drink directly with our mouths or use our feet for cups as we please.

There is no place in this letter for questions, so will you please tell me all about spiders and spiders' webs that you have noticed, and tell me how you like my letter.

Yours truly,

WEE SPIDERLING.

LETTER VI

In synonyms, study sets 10–11. Drill on the vocabulary as before. From this time on I would require each word in the columns at the head of the letters to be used in a written sentence. Let the pupil do this sentence and word work before he begins to study the letter with a view to replying. Continue teaching your pupils to paragraph.

FAIRYBOWER, Dec. 21, 1899.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

A number of boys apologize for dirty thumb-marks on their letters and say,—

"I washed my hands before I started, but stopped to play marbles or ball and did not have time to wash them again before school began."

Now these boys are gentlemen. Any boy who regrets a thing enough to apologize is a gentleman, and such boys should look like gentlemen in their schoolrooms.

Honor bright, boys, do you think that playing marbles or ball is sufficient excuse for dirty hands?

I am not going to scold, but I am a dainty creature, and I like clean letters to come to my beautiful home.

Now do not say, "I wonder why that dirty spider talks to me about clean hands."

I am aware that many people who know little about spiders think of us as unclean.

This is strange, for we not only keep our bodies very clean, but we are also tidy housekeepers.

There may be a very few exceptions, but they are rare.

After eating, digging, or doing anything that soils my body, I not only bathe but I comb and brush as much as any dude or belle.

My toilet articles are always handy, and they are kept in excellent order.

There are brushes attached to my legs which will remove every particle of dust. In my mouth I hold a soapy fluid that does the washing.

If you wish to know how I look when I make my toilet, just watch your cat as she makes hers.

I have more legs than Pussy, and I can rub one against the other and use the comb of one to brush the others till they are all clean. It takes time for me to bathe, and I do it faithfully, so I have a right to object to dirty hands.

The least untidiness about my house disturbs me.

When I have finished eating I throw the bones and parts that cannot be eaten over the

top of my house to the ground, and if dirty leaves or any objectionable things attach themselves to my snare I work until I get them off.

This housecleaning often tears my snare, but I can mend it quickly, so that does not matter.

If you ever visit Fairybower, you will think that I ought to be a good housekeeper, and keep a house so lovely in perfect order.

My home is not a cobweb. When you come to see me you will find a large, beautiful web spread out, but unless I am catching insects you will not see me.

The web is spun near a tall wire fence, over which a tree throws long branches. If you look closely, you will see a silk thread that extends from the middle part of the web up into the leaves of the tree.

It will not take you long to guess that this is a bridge, and it leads from the web to Fairybower.

You will not find it easy to discover my home among these leafy surroundings, for this home itself is made of leaves. Several of them are cleverly sewed together, and when upholstered with soft white silk they make a home worthy of the name I have given mine.

In one corner of a curled-up leaf hangs my

swinging couch of silk; and lace curtains of my own weaving are drawn before the door.

This house, the bridge, and the silken snare make up my whole domain. It is a delightful one to walk about. I run down the bridge and stroll out on the snare where I swing at ease and wait until I trap some unwary insect, or perhaps I spin a new web, and gathering up all fragments of the old one I dine on them.

This is my home. Many spider-homes are similar, while others are different as possible.

When you write again will you tell me why you have always called spiders dirty?

Do you not think that we are neat and busy housekeepers? I will tell you about other spider-homes in my next letter.

Ask any questions you like and about any kind of spider.

Please tell me all you know about insects, and animals which live among trees and bushes.

Affectionately your friend,

WEE SPIDERLING.

LETTER VII

The pupils have run over their list of synonyms, almost daily reading sets of them orally. In addition to this daily reading there have been a few lessons giving more

special drill. Have these special lessons daily now somewhat as follows: Ask a pupil for a set of synonyms as | *annoy* / *tease* / *vex* | After he has given it write *annoy* on the board and ask for words which mean the same. When these have been given write, *That boy will not only vex the cat but will also vex mamma.* Leád them to see that either *annoy* or *tease* can be used interchangeably with one of the *vexes.* Study sets 12–13.

FAIRYBOWER, Dec. 22, 1899.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

Spiders are at home anywhere, in chinks of walls, in cracks of stones, in corners of rooms, in bushes, in cellar windows, in trees, in grass, and even under water.

Sometimes, indeed, spiders build in the midst of some great city of the Speck-Folk, and safe inside these cities their snares catch every poor little ant that ventures within range.

Trap-door spiders build the most wonderful houses of all our people.

When they are babies they begin to burrow a hole in the ground. Their movements are babyish but there is no hesitation. The little architects know just what to do.

Without instruction the baby spider turns out

a perfect cylinder, from six to ten feet long, lines it with silk, and to this nest constructs a trap-door so marvellously skilful that it would tax the wit of many men.

The way I saw one baby spider make a trap-door was like this: she spun a fine network over the entrance of her underground home, and over that she carried moist pellets of earth which she spread on in a layer.

On the other side the same was done, and other layers were added until the whole hardened. This could be opened or shut at will, for one part was fastened to the nest by fine strong threads.

Some spiders spin a silken tube under a leaf, and have a trap-line or a bridge that leads to their snare not far away.

Others roll one leaf up and sew the ends together. These also live a little away from their snare.

These leafy tents are by far the most common kind of house adopted by our people, but a crack in a stone, lined with silk, or a chink in a brick wall, also lined with downy stuff, will serve as well.

I have spoken already of the babies' cradles. They may be found hanging almost anywhere near the mother's nest, and these cradles differ as the little mothers who made them differ, but

they are all made of silk. Sometimes the outside is daubed with mud and sometimes it is not.

Baby spiders know how to spin and build a home almost as soon as they leave the cradle.

At first they cling together and look like a ball of wiggling things. In a very short time one of them, more daring than the rest, will throw out a line from her spinnerets. A gentle breeze raises the baby and carries her along on her first ballooning excursion.

Very likely the little thing has had the forethought to throw out another line and attach it to something. If she has, no matter how far the wind carries her she will have had her fun, and can come back over the bridge she has spun on her way.

In this manner spiders bridge streams of water. They throw out a line that the wind draws out and carries until it becomes entangled on a tree, or some object the other side of the stream, and as soon as the line is thus fastened the little bridge builder draws it tight, and going back over spins other lines. Generally her work is not completed until she makes a full web between the banks.

After a young spider has left the brood it builds a home of its own.

In a short time all little spiderlings have either died or set up housekeeping for themselves. Sad to say that out of many hundreds in a brood but few of the delicate babies live. The wind kills many, insects seek them for food, and they eat one another, so it is only the strong ones that can survive.

The mother does not think of her children after she ceases to care for them, and if she met one unprotected she would devour it with as much relish as she would an ant.

You must not blame her. Remember she made a beautiful cradle for us, and guarded it as long as it was her duty to do so.

I am only a baby who has barely shed her baby clothes, but you see that I have built a lovely home, and am taking quite good care of myself.

Lovers will come to woo me soon. Perhaps three or four will come and build snares near my own, and when I run down my bridge and out on my web all four will send telegrams asking me to marry them.

I shall take my time about telegraphing back. These suitors must dance and fight for my amusement before I choose the one I wish to marry.

I am glad that so many of you have been out looking for spider-webs, and delighted to know that some of your mothers will allow webs to remain in the cellar for you to study.

If there are more intelligent babies in the universe than the spiderlings, I wish you would show me where to find them. Tell me all about your web hunting, and what you think about our home.

Do you know our spider gallants are the best dancers in the world? Some of their dances are so funny they make even solemn Daddy-long-legs laugh.

Please tell me about your dances. Do you stand on your heads and lift your feet when you dance?

What do you think of spiders by this time? Are we not intelligent?

No doubt you think us savage, and we are. I have been obliged to tell the truth.

I shall expect one more long letter from you.

Be good to Daddy-long-legs, for he has helped me with these letters.

This is my last letter. Good-by, dear boys and girls.

Your affectionate friend,

WEE SPIDERLING.

LETTER VIII

Continue work on vocabulary, on synonyms, and teach the pupil to look over his lists of words when he wants one to use, or when he wishes to spell it.

In synonyms, study sets 16–17.

26 Rose Avenue, Apia,
Dec. 24, 1899.

My dear Boys and Girls,—

All kinds of queer people seem to be writing letters to the boys and girls of America.

Few of them have more wonders to relate than this humble citizen of Apia, so I will try my luck at winning your good-will.

The city of Apia never contained more than sixty thousand inhabitants. When most thickly populated it does not compare in numbers with the land of the Speck-Folk, but it is far more beautiful.

Fairybower, with its silken bridges leading to a beautiful snare, is charming, but the skill required to sew a few leaves together is not equal to the intelligence demanded to build one of the beautiful wax homes of Apia.

Apia, as every bright boy and girl has already guessed, means Bee-land.

Our government is similar to, but not altogether like, the government of the Speck-Folk.

The chief population, like the population of our tiny friends, consists of females, who fill every office in the state from lowest to highest save one, that of queen. The masculine population in a city of sixty thousand seldom exceeds four hundred. They do nothing but eat, sleep, and hang in attendance on the queen. A more effeminate set of danglers never existed.

Think of it, you boys and girls, who live in a land where men alone buckle on the sword and go forth to work and fight, these men of Apia are the only members of the community not allowed to carry arms. If he be attacked, an Apian must be defended by a female or die. Each worker and the queen has a sword so sharp that monster animals fear its thrust.

However, the idle existence of these young lordlings is brief. The queens of Apia are not gentle. They have even been called a species of female Bluebeard, and they deserve the name. By the end of July the command goes forth that every useless member of the community must die, and masculine idlers and females too old to work are killed without mercy.

I am old now, and look so like a witch that they call me one. I must die soon, as well as the lazy young lords. My long life in Apia

has given me much information about the nation which I want the great world to know. I will write it to you if you wish me to do so.

Please answer my letter, and tell me whether you are interested or not.

Do not be afraid to write to a witch. I am only a bee-witch, but I can tell you more wonderful things than you have yet learned in your letters.

Begin your letter, My dear Witch, or My dear Miss Witch, or any way you choose.

This story is one about government, so I will tell you what to write when you answer my letter. Tell me about your government, about the United States government, the government of the state in which you live, and the government of the town or city in which you reside.

Tell me how you like the Apians.

Very sincerely yours,

WITCH.

LETTER IX

Continue work on vocabulary, on synonyms, and constantly direct the children to the list of words in their books for spelling. Explain meanings. In synonyms, study sets 18–19.

26 ROSE AVENUE, APIA,
Dec. 25, 1899.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS, —

Your letters pleased this poor old Bee-Witch very much. I am delighted that you want to know all about Apia and its people.

Unlike Speck-Folk we have but one queen. She is brought up in a palace, and fed on different food from the rest. The real name of this food is not elixir, but royal jelly.

The queen is the largest and handsomest member of the community. Her body is long and elegant, with a glossy gold-ringed coat and gauzy wings. She is armed with a sting.

The males come next in size, but they are dull and awkward. They have no stings, and as I said do nothing all their lives but eat.

The patient, skilful workers are the smallest in size, but are the most important members of our community. They combine all the excellencies which properly belong to a bee with almost human qualities.

The worker has been called the "nun" among insects, "a sister of charity" among her fellows.

She is builder, harvester, policeman, soldier, housekeeper, or nurse as her task is assigned.

She makes the laws, guards the queen, cares for the young, provides food for the community, lays out streets, manufactures wax, erects houses, and protects the city from assaulting foes.

As the oldest inhabitant of Apia I well remember the founding of our city.

Thirty thousand of us had left the old city with a queen, and we hung together by the legs making wax to build a new Apia.

I hear some of you laugh as if you did not believe that thirty thousand Apians could hang together by the legs. Let me hasten to tell you that I am not in fun.

It is quite true that thirty thousand of our people can hang together in a bunch, and they can hang in such a way that each one may disentangle herself, and leave the bunch at her pleasure.

To go on with the story, we hung there until word was brought by a searcher that the site for a new city had been found, and in my next letter I will tell you how we took possession of the city and built.

Will you tell me when you write how many different parts there are to a house? Of what material do your people build, and let me know whether your builders are men or women.

How long does it take to build a house, and are they hard to build?

Tell me anything about building that is interesting, and when I answer your letters I will try to make the story of the building of Apia interesting to you.

Ask me any questions you wish, and write long, nice letters.

Very sincerely your friend,

WITCH.

LETTER X

Continue work on words. Let such work precede each lesson.

Keep reading each paragraph aloud until the child understands what a paragraph is. Keep telling the children to make a new paragraph when they tell about something different.

Children naturally make short paragraphs, hence these letters are in that style.

In synonyms, study sets 20–21.

Where the heading is long put the date below, where it is short the present social fad is one line.

26 ROSE AVENUE, APIA,
Dec. 26, 1899.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

Thanks for your nice, long letters. I have learned much about ways of building.

At first we thought of emigrating to a hollow tree and of building there, but a better place was provided.

We soon found ourselves in what people call hives, and after the first surprise we looked about to see if the queen were safe, and then began to plan our city.

Many of us were presently hanging together as we had hung on the tree outside.

A company of trusty old aunts, after looking about, flew off to a horse-chestnut tree for *propolis*, a sticky substance which we use to stop up cracks. Others went for honey which would be needed to feed the queen, and the lazy dudes strutted about and did nothing, as is their custom.

Apparently all was confusion except about the queen, who was closely guarded and surrounded by her usual crowd of attentive escorts.

Presently old Aunt Fury separated herself from the group of hanging emigrants, and crossly pushing her neighbors out of the way flew in a circling manner to the ceiling.

Once in a comfortable position there she pulled some wax from a small pocket in her body, and moistening it fastened it in a broad strip on the ceiling. This pocket emptied, she repeated her

operations until she had emptied eight similar pockets, and exhausted her supply of wax.

Another took her place, plastering what wax she had crammed into her pockets on the ceiling in a similar manner, and then another, and another, until a broad partition of rough wax hung from the ceiling.

The wax was ready now to fashion into homes, and head-nurse Aunt Coddle, with a crowd of assistants, set to work to do her special part.

She flew to the wax as soon as the last plasterer had finished her work, and began to bite it and move her head about in it until she made a roundish hollow. Having begun this she passed to another and started a new house, while a second good nurse took up the work of the first at the point where Aunt Coddle had left off.

Other nurses were making similar rounded spaces on the other side, and working this way, side by side and back to back, the beautiful six-sided houses, that are the pride of Apia, were fashioned.

Each worker had her allotted task, knew exactly how to do the work assigned, and was so eager to accomplish much that before the day was over four thousand of these houses were built.

"Where do you get the wax?" I hear you ask, and it is an interesting question.

When Aunt Fury had finished plastering her eight pocketfuls of wax on the ceiling, she immediately flew out of the hive, and the others, who were helping her make the walls of wax, did the same.

She flew for honey, and when she took the sweet drop from the flower she could do one of two things. She could swallow the honey so it would go into her honey-bag, just below her throat, or she could swallow it so it would go into her stomach.

If Aunt Fury wished to bring the honey home to store or feed the queen, she would put it into her honey-bag. If she thought more wax would be needed, she would swallow it so that the honey would go into the real stomach, and then she would return, and hang by the legs with the others who had done the same, until the honey they had eaten oozed out of their body in the form of wax.

It takes about twenty-four hours to make wax from honey in this way, and it is the most exhausting work that our laborers perform.

The wax is carefully scraped off the body, and stored in the little pockets, to use as you have seen.

It would amuse you to watch a citizen of Apia storing honey in our honey cells. She stands daintily on the edge of the wax storehouse, and opening her mouth pours the honey out.

What do you think of our house-builders?

I am surprised to learn from your letters that men do all the hard work in your country, and I am not surprised that you think we have wonderful women in Apia.

A great many of you say that we must be rich to have nurses for our babies.

Do none but rich people have nurses for their children with you?

This is a queer world, and I think you giants are a queer people. Of course there is nothing queer about the people of Apia. We are only wonderful.

The next letter will tell about the babies of Apia.

Tell me whether each one of your baby brothers and sisters has a whole house to himself or not. Do they cry, and are they cross? Who takes care of them if you have no nurses to do it?

What makes you so queer? Why are you not more like the Apians? Shall I send you some honey?

I like you boys and girls, and enjoy your letters. Write me a long one next time.

Affectionately yours,

WITCH.

LETTER XI

Continue drill on words pertaining to the lesson of to-day — on meanings, use, and form as before.

In synonyms, study sets 21–22.

26 ROSE AVENUE, APIA,
Dec. 27, 1899.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS, —

It was not long before the open, square, and orderly streets of Apia were bounded by row upon row of small but beautiful homes.

In a short time thousands of helpless babies, belonging to the queen, were growing up in their cosey homes, and our great army of kind nurses had their hands more than full caring for the tiny things.

The first babies were destined to be workers, and during the fall and winter occupied the whole attention of the hives.

Early in the spring Nurse Coddle announced that it was time to build some houses for the boy babies, and the people set to work and made, not thousands, but several hundred, six-

sided homes of wax, considerably larger than those occupied by the worker babies.

Still later in the season the whole city began to buzz with excitement, for the command went forth that royal palaces must be prepared for the baby princesses.

Our people set to work, and on the corner of the streets where light and air were plenty they erected six grand cylindrical or thimble-shaped palaces, each of which weighed one hundred times more than a worker cell.

As soon as the little princesses were lodged in their splendid nurseries the whole city became interested in them. The people searched far and near for the rich nectar that was to be mixed with pollen and fed to them.

The best nurses in Apia were in constant attendance, and guards protected the houses of these royal infants from all accident and harm.

Do not, however, imagine that these babies were different from the others. They were just common grubs at first like the worker babies, but the rich jelly foods and the great houses with plenty of air soon changed them into larger and different creatures, until finally they walked out of the royal nurseries large and handsome queens.

Any worker baby put into a large palace and fed on royal jelly instead of plain bee-bread would come out a queen.

This is a thing which surprises your people. They wonder at our having foods which will change a little bee child into a worker or a queen as they will.

Worker babies are fed on plain bee-bread, which is made mostly of pollen. The people bring it to the city in bags or pouches, a number of which are to be found in every Apian's hind legs.

It is quite amusing to see a dusty creature come rushing in stuffed out with these great bags of pollen, and, dumping it into a storeroom with a kicking motion, fly away for more.

The nurses mix it with honey and make the paste. They feed and portion it out to the children in the nurseries.

Just so much of this paste is put into a worker's cell, just so much into a boy's, and a generous supply into a princess's. Our nurses know the exact amount to give to each.

The next letter will be about a fight. Do you people have wars? Please tell me about your wars, if you do have them. How many of

them have you had? What caused them, and were many of your people killed?

Ask any question you please.

Affectionately yours,

WITCH.

LETTER XII

Continue vocabulary exercise as before. In synonyms, study sets 22–23.

Same attention to paragraphing and arrangement.

Talk with the pupils about the letter.

26 ROSE AVENUE, APIA,
Dec. 28, 1899.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS, —

I see that most of you are very much interested in the baby inhabitants of Apia, so I conclude that you have baby brothers and sisters of your own at home.

I am glad you ask so many questions, and to show that I am glad I will answer them the first thing.

No, our babies are not very pretty, but so far as I have noticed neither are yours when they are very young.

The nurses do not take the babies of Apia out into the sun and air. There is not the same need as among the Speck-Folk, because we have

arrangements by which our city is ventilated with fresh air. Neither are they moved from house to house as among the Speck-Folk. Our whole city is warm, and one house is as comfortable as another.

Yes, we seal each honey cell up when it is full.

Sidewalks? No, we do not have sidewalks, because we do not need them. Our people do not walk on the ground. They walk on the sides of the houses or fly through the streets, so there is plenty of room.

"Suppose the queen should die and there were no baby princesses, who would be queen?" you ask. I am glad you thought of that question, for it is the very subject about which I am going to tell you now.

You know that royal jelly changes a little worker grub into a princess, so all there is to do is to take one of the worker babies and feed it and house it like a queen to make a queen of it.

If the queen should die before palaces for the princesses had been erected, the workers would begin at once and make havoc in our orderly city. Attacking a number of well-made six-sided wax nurseries they would pull down the walls regardless of the poor worker babies

cradled in them. All but one of those unfortunate infants are doomed to destruction, but this one, still an interesting grub, is destined to all the honors that Apia can bestow.

Left in her small six-sided nursery, and fed on plain bee bread, she would have been a homely little worker. In the royal nursery that is being built for her, and fed on royal jelly, she will grow larger, her colors will be brighter, and as queen she will be a very different creature from the laborer she would have been.

In about ten days of careful feeding and nursing she comes out of her royal nursery a queen, and is hailed with every sign of joy by our people, who have hung around her cradle with great anxiety.

It is not difficult for Apians to supply themselves with a queen.

The baby selected must be a worker baby, for no males ever rule in Apia.

If there were no worker babies in the city, our people would make no effort to manufacture a queen.

They would simply lie down and die. The nation would become extinct, for Apians cannot exist without a queen.

Well, well, here I am almost to the end of this

letter, and not one word about the fight for a throne.

We go to war like the Speck-Folk, fight duels, and I suppose you will think that we are very bad people when I add that many of us learn to steal.

I was interested in your wars, and I will tell about a fight for our throne in my next letter.

Affectionately your friend,

WITCH.

LETTER XIII

Precede each lesson by an exercise on the vocabulary, especially the words heading the letters in the pupils' books. In synonyms, study sets 24–25.

Have a short, bright talk with the pupils about the letter. Give them some hints about our government, about national officials, about state officials, and about city or town officials.

26 ROSE AVENUE, APIA,
Dec. 29, 1899.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS, —

When a royal princess was expected to come out of the palace and stand before us all a queen the whole city was in turmoil. People were flying about as if they had lost their senses. The old queen, usually gentle and who

never used her sting, became at first restless and then savage as a tiger.

She was determined to murder her coming rival, and guards were stationed in thick ranks about the palace to protect the new queen from her fury.

Again and again she darted through our files of soldiers, and the people were obliged to hold her back, using every force but one, and that was the sting.

Apians may lay violent hands upon their queen, they may even starve her until she obeys their will, but they never sting her. The sacred body of royalty is ever protected from such indignity as that.

When the anger of the queen became so violent that it was almost impossible to restrain her, Nurse Fury called a council in the square and said: —

"People of Apia, a new queen is about to be born to us, and from appearances in the other royal nurseries six others, right bonnie queens, will soon issue from their palaces. You all know but one queen can rule in Apia, and the question must be settled, what shall we do with these young ones?"

Nurse Fury paused for a reply, and the shrill voice of the queen called out: —

"Let me kill them!"

The good nurse shook her wise old head.

"No, your Majesty, we cannot allow you to kill them, for Apia is overcrowded with people. We regret to part with you, but some one must lead out a colony of twenty thousand emigrants, and who so fitted to direct the building of a new city as yourself?"

"We follow our queen, we follow our queen," buzzed twenty thousand Apians, who proceeded to surround the queen.

"You had better hang up there and begin making wax for your new city," bluntly advised Nurse Fury, who looked a little disapprovingly at the young adventurers that were so anxious to leave Apia, and found a city of their own.

They immediately took her practical advice, and a bunch of them soon was hanging by the legs, busy making wax for the new city.

The old queen did not reply, but darted again toward the palace of the coming queen, determined to kill her rival the moment she appeared.

Once more the people firmly held her back, and Nurse Coddle, who had always been fond of the queen, soothed and coaxed her Majesty to submit. "The new queen was throwing off her

baby languor, and would soon issue from the palace. Would it not be better for the old queen to say a word of farewell, and go before the young one appeared?"

"You too, Nurse Coddle! my nurse, my old friend!" moaned the queen.

"Your dignity, dear queen, remember your dignity," urged the nurse.

The queen did remember her dignity. She knew that further resistance was useless, and bidding her people an affecting farewell she prepared to depart.

Her new followers ranged themselves around her, and her old subjects formed in respectful lines to bid their queen good-by.

Nurse Coddle led the emigrants, and the flying procession with the queen at last left the old city forever.

They had hardly flown out of the city gate before a cry was heard from the palace,—

"She is coming. Here she is. Long live the new queen of Apia!"

For two days our city was quiet. We petted our young queen and went about our work as usual.

The third day she became restless, and then furious, as her mother had been before her.

She knew that another queen was about to appear in Apia.

"I will stab her to death," exclaimed this jealous young queen.

She was not allowed to do her bloody work, for there were yet too many people in the city. This queen also must lead out a colony of emigrants when her younger sister became old enough to be queen of Apia.

The same exciting times were seen in the city. The young queen rushed at the palace of her sister with murder in her heart. She was restrained by the people until, wearied with the conflict, she too yielded to the will of the workers and departed with twenty thousand more of our people.

Her younger sister was declared queen of Apia, and as forty thousand people had now emigrated it was thought best not to send out any more, so when the third princess surprised us by coming out of her palace two days before she was expected, the workers did not hinder our latest queen from attacking her.

There was a terrible fight. The rival queens grappled hand to hand and chest to chest. Legs were torn off, the bodies were mangled, and strength was put to the stint of its endurance.

The workers watched the combatants sharply to see that both queens were not killed at once. They expected that the elder sister, being the stronger, would come off victor, and their expectations proved true, for she soon fixed her terrible dart into the new-born queen, and the poor young thing fell dead without another struggle.

Our royal lady was not satisfied with this victory. She rushed to the three palaces where slept three more royal princesses, and tearing open an entrance she finished her terrible work by murdering the unconscious children in their cradles.

The workers not only consented to this, but hid this work of their queen as soon as possible by carrying away the dead and burying them out of sight.

This was the fight for the throne of Apia, but I have not been able to tell you one-half the excitement and confusion it caused in our city.

Will you please tell me whether your people ever have such fights, and explain how you elect a president?

What is a mayor? What is a governor, and how many governors are there in the United States?

Tell me about your senators and congressmen, also your judges and other officials.

I shall be much interested.

Very sincerely yours,

WITCH.

LETTER XIV

Before studying the letter require the pupils to go over the list of words which heads it. In synonyms, study sets 26–27.

Encourage the pupils to ask questions about wasps, and persuade them to observe the habits of insects.

PAPERTOWN, Dec. 30, 1899.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS, —

You often see me and think that I am an Apian, but I am quite different, as you will see if you examine closely.

My body is larger, my waist is more slender, and when at rest my wings are folded lengthwise.

At rest, however, is a condition in which you seldom find me, for I am a restless fellow and go tearing about with a fierce air which makes everybody afraid of me.

I might be called the tiger among insects, on account of the dread I excite.

It amuses me to see, not only small creatures like myself, but giants like your people, run away when I go growling by, for I am not half so fierce as I seem.

I have a powerful poisoned dagger, one thrust of which will deal the death-blow to a person of my own size, or cause a great boy to scream with pain. I can worry a dog, a cow, or a horse to madness, and the big creatures are powerless to fight me. My rough ziz-zz-ziz will scatter a crowd quicker than the growl of a cross dog.

My dagger hurts. I know it, and the world knows it, but the world in general does not know the secret I am about to tell you.

The secret is this. My savageness is half put on. I do not raise my dagger unless I am thoroughly provoked, and when treated humanely I am inclined to be both affectionate and companionable.

By this time you all know who I am, and are no doubt saying, "Well, if that cross old thief, a wasp, isn't writing a letter to us."

I do steal, but I am no sneaking thief. I plunder boldly out on the road, and only rob my neighbors of such sweets as they do not need, and which are necessary to my family.

Excuse me for speaking of it, but your people

do the same. When they can get it they take every particle of honey that the Apians store away.

I like honey, but nature did not furnish me with an organ which will dive deep into a flower and take its one precious drop. It must be a hollow dish from which I sup my sweets, and so I have concluded that the good Creator intended Apians to gather honey for me.

I get it without much of a fight, because I am a match for any three Apians, and am brave enough to face the whole city or dare it to combat.

Life is short in Papertown, so we do not store honey.

The first autumn chills the whole community, and from the boldest insects that rove we become the tamest.

Life has begun to languish, and the last leaves of autumn fall upon a city of the dead. One brief season sees the beginning and end of life with most of the inhabitants of Papertown, but winter does not find us quite extinct.

Five or six mothers out of a total population of thirty thousand people will crawl into some crevice to sleep away the long winter and awake in spring to found a new Papertown.

I have been accused of stealing my home as well as my dainties.

The report is common that when I find a place to my liking I walk in and take possession with not so much ceremony as, "By your leave," to the former owner.

If this be true, then I am an impudent person indeed, and as I am frank in confessing my faults I will acknowledge that some of the report is true, but on the whole it gives a false impression of me, bold thief as I am.

Were I seeking in early spring for a place to found a paper town the hole of any small burrowing animal would be the object of my search.

Do not, however, imagine that I would drive out a family of field mice. The hole I wish to find is a deserted home, and why not I as well as another take possession of such a place?

I wish you would write and tell me whether you ever saw one of our paper cities.

Tell me also how you make paper.

Do your people chew wood in their mouths to make it?

In my next letter I will explain fully how one of our towns is built, and where we get the paper to build it.

I am pretty sure that my people were the

first paper makers, and probably taught yours to manufacture it centuries ago.

I hope you will like me well enough to answer my letter, although I know that I am not a favorite with boys and girls.

Very truly yours,

OLD GROWLS.

LETTER XV

Before studying the letter require the pupils to go over the list of words which heads it. In synonyms, study sets 28–29.

Conversation about the habits of insects, especially about their work, will rise in connection with study of the meanings of words. For example, solitary wasps can be talked over in connection with the word *solitary*.

PAPERTOWN, Dec. 31, 1899.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS, —

The paper town which I promised to describe to you is underground, and all my immediate family like to build there, but near relations of ours construct paper towns that are ingeniously suspended from the branches of trees, while other cousins build single mud houses against the walls of buildings or burrow nests in the sand.

Those of us who build towns are called social wasps, and the ones who prefer to make one house and rear one family are styled solitary.

Climate has much to do with the size of our towns.

Here, where one-half the year is so cold that our people cannot live in it, one of our villages contains about thirty thousand people and is from six to ten inches in diameter; but in tropical regions the warmth of the climate prolongs life, and paper towns there become great cities, six feet in diameter. There cities contain many times thirty thousand inhabitants, and in numbers approach the thronged cities of the Speck-Folk.

The longer period of life in warm countries makes some changes in the mode of living. One of the most important is the custom of building storehouses and storing honey in them. The quantity stored is not so large as that of our Apian neighbors, for our object is simply to supply the needs of our young, not to have full storehouses to boast about.

The first thing a foundress wasp does after selecting a site for her city is to make the size and shape she wishes, and to clean it thoroughly.

In digging and tearing off fibres of wood she

uses her mandibles — powerful little instruments which correspond in usefulness to the human hand.

In shape Papertown is like the world — a globe — and is covered with layer on layer of paper before a single house is built.

The principal business of our people is paper-making, and the founders of this underground city must begin to make paper as soon as the place is fully dug out and cleaned.

"How does a tiny creature like myself make paper?" you ask.

If you ever watched us closely, you have seen us biting old rails or posts, and the pieces of wood which we bite off are taken into our paper mills and there manufactured into paper.

These mills are near at hand, for they are, in short, our mouths, and the process of transforming wood into paper pulp is no other than the old, old process of chewing.

When the wood has been chewed sufficiently the pulp is spread in a thin layer over the walls of the underground city. There it soon dries and becomes a thin, gray paper.

This layer is no sooner dried than pulp to make another is made, and so on until many

layers thoroughly protect this coming town from cold and moisture.

For one small creature to make sufficient paper to build a city is a gigantic task.

After the outer covering is finished the mother wasp begins to make small, beautiful paper houses, in each of which will soon be growing a tiny child wasp. These babies now take all the mother's time, and they receive the best of care.

The founder does not finish the town. She builds houses enough to accommodate her coming family, and as soon as they are grown they must take their turn at manufacturing paper and building homes.

The second generation greatly enlarge the town. There are soon many pretty paper houses in which are tiny eggs, and many busy nurses and mothers caring for fast-growing infants.

In a few weeks these babies, under tenderest care, have become full grown, and they immediately set to work to further enlarge the town.

This goes on until cold weather stops all activity, and turns the vigorous and busy inhabitants of Papertown into numb and lifeless creatures.

You think of us as fierce little specimens of life, and it may seem strange to you to learn that we make the most affectionate mothers in the world. So great is the devotion of one of our mothers to her young that she will fight for her children after legs and wings have been severed from her body, and she has showed signs of not yielding after her head and trunk were no longer one.

Like the Speck-Folk and Apians we have three kinds of people in Papertown, the males, the females, and the workers.

There are no queens. Our mothers, as you see, know how to work when there are no workers to perform the necessary tasks, and the male population of the town is not made up of such lazy, craven creatures as disgrace the sex in Apia and among the Speck-Folk.

They do not manufacture and build. The workers attend to such important affairs, but they are well-disposed individuals, and try to make themselves useful. They assist in cleaning house, sometimes they take part in caring for the young, and they generally dispose of the dead.

Like the useless young men of Apia they are unarmed, and if the female population of Papertown should set out to kill them after the manner of the Apians their powerful daggers

would make short work of it, but no such slaughter takes place.

Our brothers are short-lived creatures anyway. They do the best they can. Our workers do not look upon them as useless burdens, and they are allowed to live out their little span and die natural deaths.

I was much interested in the accounts of your large paper mills, and surprised to learn that they make paper of rags as well as wood.

We make all our paper of wood or bark. It is generally of a gray color.

No, I do not think we are intelligent enough to build paper mills. Our jaws are very strong, and our mouths are quite large enough to manufacture what paper we need.

Generally we do not write letters. The letters that I am writing to you are the first which have ever been written by an inhabitant of Papertown.

I would rather not tell whether we made the paper on which I write or not.

I am glad that you ask so many questions. When you answer this letter ask some more and I will answer in my next. I intend to write one more letter. — Very sincerely yours,

OLD GROWLS.

LETTER XVI

Before beginning to study the letter go over the list of words which heads it. In synonyms, study sets 30–31.

Question the class to test its knowledge of the subject-matter, and call for mistakes after the pupils have corrected their own work.

Praise those who look after their own mistakes most sharply, or exchange papers and call for reports about the corrections observed.

PAPERTOWN, Sept. 1, 1900.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS, —

I am glad that you think better of me since you have read my letters.

No, John, I have not many more weeks to live. The first frost will probably end my life, but weeks to me are as years to you.

You ask how Papertown is governed.

The workers and the mothers decide what is to be done.

On the whole we are an affectionate and orderly community, and get along with few laws.

"Do the babies eat pollen and honey dew?" many of you inquire, and I am glad that you ask the question.

You remember that the Apians have little

bags in their hind legs into which they stuff pollen to carry home. We have no such bags to hold pollen so we do not gather it.

Our babies, therefore, are not fed on the same food as the infants of Apia. With us, children begin life by eating worms, caterpillars, and the like, which the mother catches and paralyzes with her sting.

In their paralyzed state, while yet alive, they are put into the tiny houses and the mite-children suck their food at will.

Enough food is generally put into each house to supply the infant until it is full grown.

A change takes place in the food as soon as the baby is full grown. She no sooner comes out of the paper house, a young lady, than she turns from animal food and seeks the juices of fruits, sugar, or honey. Our people are not confined to a diet of these things, and if it is impossible to get what they enjoy best they can live on a great variety of animal and vegetable food.

The story is told of a London merchant who lost over one hundred dollars' worth of sugar in one season from thieving wasps.

There must have been a large colony to steal so much, and they must have been very industrious in carrying it away.

We love candy as well as you do, boys and girls. Any candy manufacturer will tell you that. We visit his place of business in large numbers, and, if not prevented, we eat our fill, and give further proof of our liking by carrying all the candy we can home to our children.

My cousins who build single mud houses are skilled masons. Each house is shaped to the mind of its builder, and has a door, generally at the top.

Inside the house there are several chambers in which the young are reared, and in a storeroom may be found the living worms or insects that furnish food for them.

This house is plastered against the walls of barns, under eaves, or in any quiet place where the builder thinks it will not be disturbed.

Other sand wasps dig a hole in the ground, and their manner of digging is amusing. They kick the sand backward with their hind legs.

Hornets usually build a paper town like the one described, but they are apt to build it in low bushes hanging from a bough.

They are fine builders. Each home is a beauty, and resembles the wax houses of Apia in shape.

I am aware that you do not love these cousins

of mine, and talk about being, "mad as a hornet." To be honest, they are not the most amiable things in the world. A yellow-jacket will fight for what he esteems his rights with a vim that nothing but death can conquer, but if let alone he harms no one.

This is the last letter I shall write to you, but I expect you to answer this one.

When you answer, please tell me whether you ever hunted for a paper city.

Late in the fall when chestnuts are ripe it is perfectly safe to go near one if you come across it among the bushes.

If it is entirely uninhabited, take it, for it will never be used again.

Good housekeepers that we are we never clean out an old city to inhabit. We prefer to build a new one.

Tell me about any excursions that you have lately taken into the woods. I am a wild creature, and shall enjoy hearing about it.

Very truly yours,

OLD GROWLS.

LETTER XVII

Before studying the letter go over the list of words which heads it. In synonyms, study sets 32–33.

Talk about the fly; arouse curiosity in regard to its tongue and the speed with which it flies. Tell them to count the legs of a fly. Lead them to answer Quick Wings' letter in a playful mood.

EVERYWHERE, Jan. 2, 1900.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS, —

I am a little afraid to write to you because I know that you are not very friendly to me.

Daddy-long-legs, who is a near relation of mine, says that you will never answer my letter because I tickle your noses, buzz in your ears, wake you out of sound sleep, insist on stealing food right out of your mouths, and do other tormenting things.

All this is done for fun. It is great sport to dart away from your big hand as it tries to slap me. Slap me, indeed! You will find it best to catch me first.

It is not often that you can either catch or slap me. You know that I am able to travel fast, but I doubt if you can guess how fast.

It would be lazy work for me to go as fast as the swiftest runner in the world. Your bicycles are what I call slow machines, and the fastest trotter that ever raced would be left way behind if I were racing with him. Your railroad

engines are the only earthly things with which I condescend to measure speed, and I find no difficulty in keeping up with the most rapid of them.

Now do you see why it is useless to strike at me?

I can almost hear you saying, "Oh! a fly. I have seen thousands of flies, and there is nothing wonderful about them."

You may have seen thousands of us, but you never saw one of us run out his tongue or you would not say that.

If you catch me and squeeze my sides, I shall be obliged to run out my tongue, and then you will be astonished, for instead of the dainty little red tongue that you expect to see, a great hooked affair will come out as large as the rest of my body.

Indeed, they call it a trunk instead of a tongue, probably because they think a tongue that occupies the whole body of an animal is entitled to a more dignified name.

Your wise men noticed that when I ate fruit I cut the skin, and for a long time it puzzled these gentlemen to know how I did it. They examined my mouth for teeth, and all they could find was an excellent apparatus for sucking, but

one shrewd man kept looking until he discovered something, and that something was a knife snugly encased in a sheath in my mouth.

With this knife I not only cut fruit, but the skin of animals, and if you will let me try it on your face I will show you that it is sharp.

My cutting fruit skin was not the only thing which puzzled these gentlemen. They could not see how it was possible for me to suck thick syrup, and even hard lumps of solid sugar which your teeth can hardly bite.

That secret was found out after a long time. They saw a drop of clear liquid on my lips. This liquid had great power of penetrating every part of a solid substance which could be dissolved, and then they made some experiments and found that I thinned my syrup before I sucked it, and I made a syrup of my sugar before eating it.

When you write, tell me whether you now think that I am such a commonplace thing.

I wish you would forgive me for tormenting you as I do. It is not safe for me to write that I will never do it again, for I am such a fun-loving creature that I am afraid of breaking a promise of that kind.

Can you tell me something about our eyes,

legs, and anything that you notice which has not been talked about?

One thing more. Have you noticed that I walk up the side of a wall or a window-pane as easily as I walk on the floor. Can you do that? Could you do it if you had six legs? It is called walking against gravity. Will you tell me how I do it?

Yours truly,

QUICK WING.

LETTER XVIII

Go over the words and synonyms as before. In synonyms, study sets 36–37.

Make the beauty of the mosquito your theme and then the marvellous proboscis which it uses to get its food.

Get your class into sportive spirit about the taste of the boy who chewed gum. Lead them to a little raillery with "Fairy Cannibal."

OVERHEAD, Jan. 4, 1900.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS, —

I am not going to see all sorts of creatures writing letters to you and not attempt to tell you a little about our people.

I am sitting on the ceiling over the bed of a

rosy-cheeked boy. When he goes to sleep I intend to eat a small part of him.

I imagine that he will not be quite to my taste for he smells of spruce gum, and I saw him chewing it, so I suppose my dinner will be highly flavored with that disagreeable stuff.

Do not be afraid of harm to the boy. I am such a tiny cannibal that he will never miss the portion of him that I intend to devour, and the wound I make will be so small that he will not know that he is wounded unless I am compelled to poison him. If I must do that, a small red bunch will appear.

If you did not consider me a mortal foe, you would say that I am an extremely beautiful little creature, and you would say the truth. I am beautiful.

My wings are as fairylike as anything in the universe, and my legs are delicate fibrous things that seem to be well arranged to go with the wings. These two are my chief beauties.

The most wonderful thing about me, and the thing that will interest you most, is my mouth.

The beaklike appendage in front of my head contains the mouth organs. This is called a proboscis, and is a cylindrical tube covered with fine feathery scales. At the end of the

tube are my lips, which when closed resemble a knob.

This proboscis is what I thrust into your cheek when I am after a meal of nice warm blood, and in sheaths inside the proboscis I have six sharp instruments with which to bore. These instruments are much too fine for you to see with the naked eye.

Do you want to know just how I go to work? Here is the process. When my victim is fairly quiet I drop softly down upon him, and thrusting my proboscis into the flesh, press my tiny lips close against his cheek. The proboscis has made a trough, but the six sharp little lancets must do some boring, and other instruments must draw the blood so it can be sucked by the lips that are still closely pressed against the soft flesh. This sucking and boring goes on until my meal is completed, or my victim makes a fuss.

If he makes a fuss, I have my revenge, for I pour a tiny drop of poison into the wound, and next day he has a big, swelled mosquito bite.

They generally do make a fuss and spoil my fine dinner so they generally get the poison. If it were not for this poison, the wound is so small it would never be noticed.

You may not believe this when you remem-

ber that there were six lancets used in boring, but you must also think how extremely fine and delicate are these instruments of torture.

I am not going to write another letter, and you will not care for a long letter from one you call a pest.

I expect letters full of scoldings in answer to this.

I wish you would look one thing up in your big books, and answer it in your next letter. How do I buzz?

How do you enjoy my buzzing? Have you words to tell me?

Yours when I am hungry,

THE FAIRY CANNIBAL.

LETTER XIX

Go over words and synonyms as before. In synonyms, study sets 38–39.

Talk about the caterpillar; lead your pupils to describe some butterfly which each has observed, and try and impress them with its wonderful beauty.

UPPER AIR, Jan. 5, 1900.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

You have received letters from the tiger of the insect world, and now the beauty is minded to drop a line.

Perhaps you think that it is a great claim for me to assert that I am the one supremely beautiful insect among so many. I would hesitate to do so if my loveliness were not acknowledged by all.

The color in my wings is marvellous. It cannot be matched in the glow of fire, in the flash of gems, or in the tinting of flowers. It stands above all other color work of God on earth, and remains the puzzle and admiration of art.

On the wing I am a thing of grace, and this, added to my wonderful coloring, will lead you to acknowledge that my claims to beauty are correct.

I know that I was intended to be one of the ornaments of the world, and I am proud to exhibit my beauty.

I was not always beautiful. I know what it is to be an ugly grub, and as much of my letter is to be about this homely period of my life you cannot accuse me of vanity.

I came out of a tiny shell about a year ago, and the first thing that I remember was that I was hungry and could find nothing to eat but an egg-shell.

The Speck-Folk have nurses to feed such small babes, but no kind mother came near me.

I realized in a very short time that although I had come into a world full of enemies I must shift for myself from babyhood.

However, if no earthly parent protected my young years, the Great Father of all had provided a protector. The tree on which I was born became a sort of a mother to me. I soon found that I could assume the color of the bark, or take on the appearance of a twig, and thus protect myself when an enemy approached. The tender leaves were to my taste, and I soon knew them to be my proper nourishment.

Wouldn't you like the power of making yourself look like the branch of a tree or a leaf? I have done such things all my life, so they do not seem strange to me. I will tell you how I arrange my body to look like a little twig.

You remember that I told you I had power to make my body the color of the bark. After this was done I pushed my body so it stood straight out from the tree making an angle with the branch precisely as a tiny twig makes one; then I humped my head down so it would look like a knot, and few eyes in this world are sharp enough to see that I was not part of the tree.

During this caterpillar part of my life the principal occupation was eating.

When I was twelve days old I began to feel very uncomfortable. I had eaten so much and grown so fast that my old skin was much too tight, and I wiggled and worked and stopped eating until my old skin cracked over my head, and I was able to work out of it.

A brand-new skin had grown under the old, and in this fine new dress I began life anew. This is called the first moult.

It was possible for me to eat more now because my new skin would stretch, and I improved the opportunity.

About a week after the first moult the new skin had become too tight, and I prepared to cast this off as I had cast the other.

Ten days after this second moult, came my last and third moult as a worm. When this skin left me I knew that my baby days of eating were over, and the time had come for a long deathlike sleep, in which there would be no eating and no life. I must prepare for it.

It was impossible to sleep that long sleep on the tree, for just now I was a tender unprotected thing.

As soon as I felt the great change coming I began to make ready for it. I gathered little pellets of earth, and spinning them together in

webs of silk made a cosey home, and when I felt my last skin coming off I crawled out of it into my silken cot.

I was no longer a worm. I was something else, and that something else has been called by your people a *pupa*, which means an infant.

In my round cottage I slept several months, my body changing from a crawling worm to a winged creature of the air.

Life came back in languid throbs one day, and I was soon busy throwing off the last skin.

With my eyes I cut through the silken walls of my home and came out one of the most beautiful things in the world.

The exertions of getting out of my skin and then out of my home had tired me so I lay listlessly about for a while. My wings seemed to be very small, but they were merely very much folded, waiting for the juices of the body to flow through the warm veins and expand them.

This soon took place. It did not take long for me to gather strength and lift my wings in flight. I wanted to see this world into which I had come, and I wanted something to eat.

When I was a caterpillar I had two teeth and good strong jaws, but now my sole instrument for eating seemed to be a tongue.

This tongue was as long as my body, and I could coil and uncoil it. There was nobody to tell me how to use this strange tongue, but I knew and flew straight to the thing that is next in beauty to myself, and that is the flower.

I thrust my long tongue deep into the dainty dish that held what Mother Nature had prepared for me, and the sweet honey dew was refreshing.

I had found my food, and was delighted with the dishes on which it was served. Life, I now made up my mind, was to be a long, gay holiday, and the world I had come to see was sweet and sunny.

This is my history from babyhood. I have found that all days are not sunny, and although I know that I am a delight to the world I find strange enemies.

To protect myself from these enemies I find it necessary to resort to trickery.

About all this you shall hear in my next letter.

Please ask any question you please. I shall be delighted to answer them. Write me a long, long letter, and tell me all that you have noticed about my people.

Yours ever affectionately,

GAY WINGS.

The upper portion of my fore wing is showy, having a deep bluish ground with a band of orange across it. In contrast to this brilliant upper surface is the under portion, which resembles the color of dead leaves.

When an enemy comes along I slip down among the dead leaves, fold my wings over back so the bright side of the wings and the rest of my body are out of sight. My irregularly folded wings resemble a withered leaf so closely that those who come to make a feast of me pass me by unnoticed.

It is also great sport to turn into a walking leaf. In this case I arrange my wings so they look like a leaf with veins running through, and then I flatten out my body and legs so they will carry out the deception. When resting on a plant I look exactly like a leaf.

I have a friend they call the "walking stick," who not only makes itself look like a small stick, but arranges its legs in an uneven way to better imitate the unevenness of a twig.

This is about the trickiest fellow among our people, for by means of little projections on his body, something like the quills on a porcupine, my friend "Walking Stick" can make himself look exactly like creeping moss.

I have some very brilliant cousins who are not agreeable to the taste and are not sought for as a food. It is very common for other butterflies to imitate the beautiful color and appearance of these handsome cousins.

This taking on the appearance of something else is very properly called mimicry.

The most striking examples of mimicking are those I have described. There are others, and your teacher will tell you where to learn about them.

Our object in dressing up in others' clothes or mimicking is to protect ourselves from enemies.

If you ever dressed up in any one else's clothes, please tell me about it.

Have you ever mimicked other people's ways?

Is it necessary for you to do these things in order to protect yourselves against enemies?

Please write me long letters, and tell me all about human mimicry.

Very sincerely yours,

GAY WINGS.

SOCIAL NOTES TO BE ANSWERED

Children do not send out formal invitations now. Drill them in saying what they wish in a bright informal way.

Continue vocabulary study. In synonyms, study sets 44–45.

DEAR JOHN,—

Will and I are going fishing Saturday. If you care to, and can join us, bring what you need for the excursion to my house at eleven o'clock sharp and we shall have a fine day at the pond.

Yours as ever,

GEORGE.

28 FIFTEENTH STREET,
Jan. 7, 1900.

DEAR GUEN,—

Come over a little while Monday evening. A few of the boys and girls will be here. I shall expect you about eight o'clock.

Sincerely yours,

MARGARET SINCLAIR.

68 FOREST AVENUE, DENVER, COLORADO.
Saturday Nineteenth.

Refer them to the notes given as models. Let them give short notes orally at first. Then require written answers.

Write a pleasant note to some playmate,—

To take tea with you;
To go skating with you;
To go driving with you; etc.

Models for note:—

DEAR TOM,—

Can you go skating to-morrow at three? If you can, meet me at the 2.39 train.

Yours as ever,

WILL.

Wednesday Eighth.

DEAR NANNIE,—

Mamma says I may invite you to drive with me in Franklin Park to-morrow. If no word comes saying that you cannot go, I will call for you at ten o'clock.

Affectionately yours,

NELL.

Thursday Ninth.

INTRODUCTION TO BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE

All you can expect the pupil to get from copying these letters is neat arrangement and a habit of going straight to the point in a letter.

Copy until these things come to be a habit.

25 Mann St., Springfield, Mass.,
Jan. 8, 1900.

Pres. Wm. Brownson,
Albany Business College,
Albany, N.Y.

Dear Sir, —

Will you please send me your terms and course of study?

I am a graduate of Springfield High School — English course — am seventeen years of age and have spent four of my vacations in the Agawan Bank, where I picked up a little knowledge of business.

I write a fair hand, know English well enough to write a letter, and have a little knowledge of bookkeeping.

Under these circumstances, how long would it take me to finish your course and fit for office work?

Very truly yours,

William T. Blake.

Direct the pupil to write answers to these questions: —

What does William T. Blake mean by *terms?*
Where is the heading of this letter?
Where is the superscription?
Where is the body of the letter?
Where is the subscription?
Where is the signature?

Have these letters copied until every part is placed instinctively by the pupil in its proper place.

Columbus, Ohio, Jan. 9, 1900.

Mr. A. S. Brynes,
Appleton, Wis.

Dear Sir, —

Enclosed is bill and bill of lading for soap shipped this morning.

We have charged the samples, shipped to our salesman at Milwaukee for you on the twenty-fourth of last month.

We regret that he has been prevented from visiting your section and calling on you before this.

However, we are much pleased that you discovered the quality of our Ready Soap yourself, and hope the sale among your customers will warrant frequent orders by mail.

If our action, in charging the agent's samples, is unsatisfactory, please advise.

Thanking you for favors received, we are,

Yours very truly,

READY SOAP CO.
Per A.

Direct pupils to write answers.

What is a bill?
What is a bill of lading?
What do the Ready Soap Co. mean by *shipped?*
What does *Per A* mean?

Copy this letter over and over again until you get every part neatly in its place.

85 DUANE ST., NEW YORK,
Jan. 10, 1900.

MR. H. J. BARNES,
85 Washington St.,
Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIR,—

Your order of the 18th is not quite clear to us, and that we may ship just what you want we detail prices for your convenience.

We make Rugby balls at prices varying from $1.50 to $5, and base and other balls from 25 cents to $1.50 net.

Our bats cost, according to the quality of wood, from $4 to $12 per dozen.

Marbles, at wholesale, will cost you from $1 to $3 per bushel.

We shall take pleasure in giving your order careful and prompt attention.

Hoping for orders soon, we are,

Very truly yours,

JOHNSON AND JONES.

Make the pupils write answers.
What do they mean by *net?*
What is a Rugby ball?
What is a base-ball?
Why do you suppose Johnson and Jones thought the letter of Mr. H. J. Barnes not *clear?*

LETTER XXI

Vocabulary study. In synonyms, study sets 42–43.

LONGTOWN, Jan. 11, 1900.

MASTER JOHNNY B. JONES,

DEAR SIR,—

We hear that you have extraordinary luck in selling papers and wish to call your attention to the *Longtown Chronicle* as an easy-selling paper.

For the next ten days we will give you one-half the profit instead of your usual terms of one-eighth. That means one cent for every paper you sell.

No other paper will do as well by you.

Hoping that the offer will tempt you,

Very truly yours,

LONGTOWN CHRONICLE CO.

I. Answer the Longtown Chronicle Co. Tell them that their paper is so little known it would not pay you to attempt to sell it on the street, even at the liberal rates they offer. Thank them politely for their compliments regarding your skill in selling papers, also for their specially liberal terms. Express regret that you cannot do what they wish, etc. Write a very polite letter declining the offer.

II. Write a favorable answer to the letter. Tell the Longtown Chronicle Co. that you are very grateful for their compliments, and their liberal offer, and you will try and see about selling their paper. Make full arrangements for returning unsold numbers.

CONSTANT BUSY WORK FOR ALL GRADES

LESSON I

DICTATION EXERCISE ON CAPITAL LETTERS

Let the pupils write a sentence containing the name of,—

[Answers on page 128.]

A marble found in Italy;
a glass made in Venice;
a cheese made in Switzerland;
a kind of a telephone invented by Bell;
a sable found in Russia;
a coffee which comes from Java;
oranges that come from Florida;
a wine that comes from California;
a tea that comes from Japan;
potatoes that are fried according to the French manner of frying;
a style of writing like Milton's;
a farmer of Canada;
the language of England;
a ship belonging to the Dutch;
a screen made in Japan;
a flag of Germany;
a gown made in Paris;
paintings by Italian artists;

A MANUAL FOR TEACHERS

TO

ACCOMPANY BOOK II

OF

THE PUPILS' SERIES

DRILL ON VOCABULARY

Follow the plan for vocabulary drill on page 9.

The teacher in these upper grades may get time for additional words which she can add as the need of knowing them arises.

DRILL ON SYNONYMS

Follow the suggestions for drill on synonyms given on page 10, Teacher's Manual.

If the need for other synonyms arises, the dictionary will supply the needed synonyms, and the same plan of teaching may be followed.

SOCIAL LETTERS TO BE ANSWERED

LETTER I

With open books let the pupils read silently the letter to be answered. Talk with them about it, and try and arouse interest in *Little Roars*. If they do not paragraph well, let them take a few of the paragraph exercises in the front of this book. Tell them to paragraph when they say something entirely different about an object.

Teach them the meanings of the words at the head of each letter in their books. Call on one pupil for a word, another for its meaning, etc. This vocabulary work will

not take long, and it is so important it should never be omitted.

In synonyms, study sets 46–47, Pupil's Book No. II. (See Lesson on Synonyms, page 10, Teacher's Manual.) Allow the pupils to have their books open and their eyes on the letter to be answered while they write.

By the River-of-Ink, Jan. 13, 1900.

Dear Boys and Girls, —

My father's name is Old Roars. He was going to write you a long letter, but had much hunting to do and could not get time, so he brought me down by the River-of-Ink, and I am writing for the family.

I am three years old. They call me a cub as they call you a boy or girl.

This father of mine is a sober, morose creature. He sleeps very little in our home, Lair House, because the gambolling and playing of his children annoy him. Do not think, however, that he is a bad father. He will not stand our fun, but he supplies us with an abundance of delicious food.

My mother is very different. Although one of the most savage of creatures, she will frolic with her young family as if she enjoyed the sport.

We are one of the most playful families in the world.

My brothers and sisters are all the same age. When very small infants we were pretty, woolly, frizzled, playful little things about the size of a cat, and so perfectly harmless that it would be hard to imagine any one of us developing into the terrible king of the forest.

We had a hard time cutting our teeth because they are very big teeth to cut. My sister was so ill that she died. Many of our infants die when teeth begin to come, and that time is the beginning of trouble in several ways.

Our mother now began to leave us for hours at a time, and went off hunting with my father. Not a drop of milk would she give us before she went, and we were crazy with hunger when she and father returned bringing small pieces of fresh meat which they put before us. They told us that we were no longer babies, and that we must eat this or starve.

It did not take us long to learn to like this meat, and when we were about four months old our mother allowed us to roam with her to the edge of the thicket.

When we were about six months old our parents moved to another lair, and from this

time on, until we left our father and mother, we were always on the move.

At the age of eight months, when you children were nothing but babies, I was large and strong enough to attack a sheep or a goat. My education had begun.

At the age of eight years, I shall be full grown, with a long mane like my royal father's.

My father is a splendid looking creature, not at all like the small timid ones you see captive in cages. He measures ten feet from head to tip of tail, his mane drags on the ground, and when he throws back his great head to roar a sound comes forth that the Bushmen of the African forest call *rad* or thunder. His voice is terrible in its power. No captive lion ever roars like that. Every heart in the forest trembles as the awful sound crashes through the jungle. Bushmen, who live in the forest, know the mood of the lion by his roar. They can tell whether he is hungry, angry, or pleased.

I began learning to roar soon after I cut my teeth, and now I can roar almost as loud as father himself.

My mother taught me almost all I know about hunting except what I learned myself.

Once in a while if my father saw that I was

having a hard time trying to get a sheep or a goat, he would come and help me, but the moment I tried to play with him and pull his mane he would shake me off and go away.

He is very fond of my mother, seldom leaving her except to get rid of the nonsense of the youngsters. When he hunts he wants her with him, and always treats her very politely.

She starts out of the lair first and roars. He follows and as soon as she stops roaring he begins. When he pauses for breath my mother roars again, and so they alternate, first one roaring and then the other, but not together. Like a polite creature father allows mother to roar to her heart's content before he opens his mouth.

When they come to the spot where they expect to find their supper, both stop. My mother stays outside the cattle-pen and father boldly leaps the high wall, and soon returns, leaping it again with — what do you think in his mouth? — a large heifer.

It would be hard to find a human being more of a gentleman to his wife than this savage father of mine. He does not touch a mouthful until her hunger is fully satisfied, but he stands on guard and watches her with great pleasure while she eats what he has provided.

My mother's affection for her shaggy husband is not so great as his for her. He is faithful until death, while she has such intense admiration for strength that she would not hesitate to desert him if a stronger husband should present himself.

This will give you some idea of our life.

Do your parents move often?

Did you have a hard time cutting your teeth?

Can your father jump a high wall with a heifer in his mouth?

Have you ever seen lions in cages?

Do you know that they are poor, weak creatures compared to lions in the forest?

Will your mother let you go out of her sight?

Do you get your ink out of a river? Wouldn't you like a picture of that rogue sitting on the bank of the river writing to you? He is an awful creature.

Yours affectionately,

LITTLE ROARS.

LETTER II

The most important thing to one who would express himself in any language is a vocabulary which means something to him.

Never neglect words, their forms and meanings in teaching written expression.

Add to those words given here and encourage your pupils to ask for a new word when they need one.

BY THE RIVER-OF-INK, Jan. 14, 1900.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

Thank you for your nice long letters. I have read them many times.

It seems to me that you are very poor jumpers. You ought to see me leap. I always spring for my prey when I am hunting, and my muscles are so strong and flexible that I seldom miss my mark. If I do, I am so ashamed that I do not spring at the same animal twice, I slink off with my head down and my tail drooping.

It is mere play for me to spring over a very high wall, and I can jump it easily with a sheep or a goat in my mouth. When I am a little older, a heifer will not be too much for my strength.

Many of you ask where my lair is. I thought I told you it is not in the forest, but among the high bushes and tall grass of more open plains. It is far from the abode of man, for all my people have learned to dread your terrible shot.

I hardly see how you live on the small amount you eat.

I was brought up to be very neat about my dress. All lions, and most all wild animals, are exquisitely neat. My coat is slick and shiny, and my mane is kept in excellent order.

Will you please remember this, and tell the men who have captive lions, in foul smelling cages, that no lion can be healthy in such a place?

Now, my dear girls, we are not such fierce creatures as you think. When caught young and cared for by man, lions show great affection.

Many a man has slept with a tame lion in his chamber, and stories are told where lions remembered old friends for a long time.

A British army officer brought up a lion-cub in Africa. Afterward the lion was sold to a zoölogical garden in Paris.

Several years later, the gentleman went to the lion cages in this garden. At first "Hubert," for that was the lion's name, did not notice him. Pretty soon he seemed to sniff the air as if a familiar scent had come — then he looked at the officer's uniform and he became extremely nervous and excited. Finally, the gentleman said, "Hubert," and the great beast, with a joyful roar, sprang toward the bars of his cage with a force that shook the whole gallery. Here he

clawed and pushed in frantic efforts to get at the dear master he loved, so earnest and loud in his rapture that all about were frightened.

The officer put his hand through the bar and softly stroked the great beast, who calmed down instantly under his touch.

The officer had a hard time getting away. Hubert moaned and roared every time he attempted to go, and could not be made to understand that he would come again.

I tell this to show that lions are capable of deep affection.

Although the Rogue will try to tell you about the beauty of our forest home, I am going to say a word also.

Perhaps if you realize how beautiful it is you will not let men capture us and take us away to live in a dirty, stuffy cage.

Poor boys and girls, how I pity you for being obliged to live shut up in little wooden or brick boxes in a dirty city.

I wish you could set out with me some moonlight night as I go to the forest to hunt. Ever after there would be a grand picture in your minds of dark, arching boughs of forest trees, with here and there straggling moonbeams throwing shadows that seem to chase each other like elves.

If you could see all this and live in it as I do, your head would be more full of fairies than it is now, and the world would be a far grander place to you.

Do you not think it is cruel to take any creature from a home like this and put it in a cage with nothing to see and no place to roam?

Is it strange that caged lions snarl at the gaping crowds who stare so insolently at them?

Why do people call it sport to kill a noble animal?

You are not so high-minded as we in this respect. We kill for two reasons only, one is in self-defence, and the other for food.

Come to my den for a visit. It is under a wide-spreading bush, near a great rock on the side of a mountain.

I will take you hunting in the forest just above, and show you how to jump.

I never expect to see my father and mother again, for I am three years old now, and we have all left them for a lair of our own.

Is it true that you are nothing but babies when you are three years old?

All my education is finished now. Is yours?

How are you educated? Does your mother or your father teach you?

When you are old enough to take care of yourselves how do you get your food? Do you kill it as we do? Do you learn to hunt, and are you very neat?

Write me a long letter and tell me how you like me.

Affectionately yours,

LITTLE ROARS.

LETTER III

Read and talk over the words at the head of the letter in the pupils' books.

In synonyms, study sets 49–50. Require the pupils to use them in sentences interchangeably.

Require neat arrangement of parts of the letter. Caution the pupils to make a new paragraph every time they change the thought decidedly.

Fold the letters neatly. Direct slips the size of the folded letter if you cannot have real envelopes.

BY THE RIVER-OF-INK, Jan. 15, 1900.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS, —

It is lucky that I instead of my father am writing these letters.

He is so dignified and would use such long words that you could not understand him.

This lion father is stronger than forty of your

fathers. I told you that he could carry a heifer in his mouth, and jump a stockade while doing it, but I did not tell you that this stockade was six feet high, and that father jumped it with his heifer as easily and safely as a cat jumps over a chair with a piece of meat in her jaws.

He frequently breaks the back-bone of a zebra with one stroke of his paw, and my mother can do the same.

His appetite is enormous. A whole zebra, bones and all, will be eaten by him in a single night. There is a story in the forest of a lion who quarrelled with his wife, killed her, and ate her for breakfast.

No doubt he could have eaten as much as that for breakfast, but, if the story be true, he must have been a pretty mean sort of a lion. It is not often that a lion eats a brother lion, and such an one as I have told about would be considered a low kind of a lion — about equal to a man who will murder.

Lions attack all animals for food except elephants and rhinoceros, but nothing tastes quite so good to them as the antelope.

In the daytime, even my father, Old Roars, is fairly peaceful and sociable with less powerful beasts.

I have seen antelopes dining with father and mother without a thought of fear.

However, a lion's dinner-table is a most dangerous place to come as a guest. If his majesty's mood should change the guest might be served up for dessert.

Sometimes when he feels only half savage, and jackals and hyenas attempt to breakfast with him, my father bites off their feet, and this must be a playful habit of other lions, for hyenas and jackals maimed in this way are often met with in the forest.

The tall form of a man naturally awes a lion, and if he is neither hungry nor enraged, he will, in the daytime, often trot off at the sight of him.

Let a lion once get a taste of human blood, and man henceforth becomes his prey.

He goes to the village for food instead of roaming the forest. Here he enters homes at night, and pulling a native from his bed with one of his great paws, will bound away like lightning.

Such lions are called man-eaters. My father is now a man-eater.

Man-eaters are always old lions, and soon meet death, for hundreds of men hunt this dreaded enemy until he is killed.

When he is roaming at night a lion is a very different animal from the one to be met in the daytime. He is a fearless creature, conscious that nothing in the forest but the elephant can match him in strength.

His courage and daring are wonderful. He has been known to face a hundred men and stand at bay, until a bullet pierced his brain or heart.

The report that he is cowardly is not true. In the daytime, when in the wood, he may be indifferent and appear cowardly, but attack his family, arouse his rage, and you will encounter a creature who can dare and fight so long as one breath remains.

This is a long letter, but I have not told you all I wish to about lions.

How much can you eat?

How much can your father eat?

How large are your teeth?

Is your mother a good jumper?

Have you ever been in an African jungle?

What is your idea of a jungle?

Are you too old to play when you are three years old? I am, and I shall soon be dignified like my father.

Affectionately your friend,

LITTLE ROARS.

LETTER IV

General review of vocabularies and synonyms. Special study of the vocabulary at the head of this letter.

This lesson affords subjects for very bright talks. Keep up the spirit of fun. Monkeys always appeal to the sense of humor in a child.

BY THE RIVER-OF-INK, Jan. 16, 1900.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS, —

When you look at my people in cages, or with an organ-grinder, you seem to consider us a sort of funny humankind — a living joke on humanity.

We amuse you on account of our grotesque resemblance to human beings, so I think you will be interested to know of monkey life in our natural home, the dense forests of hot countries.

Little Roars has written and asked you not to judge lions by the poor creatures you see in cages, and I ask that you should not judge us nimble creatures by similar unfortunates of our race.

We live all around the forest, but instead of walking under the trees we skip through or on top of them; so we actually live in a land of leaves and branches.

When we get tired at night we fasten

branches together, cover them over with leaves, mosses, and twigs, thus making a leafy hammock bed that is very cosey and well protected.

So far as climbing goes, you boys are clumsiness itself compared with me.

I not only run up the tallest trees with great swiftness, but I can go from one tree to another with a speed that would astonish you.

My arms are long and strong. I swing myself among the branches as easily as a fish can swim in water or a bird can fly in air.

We live in families. The young, like baby birds, remain in the nest, while the father of us all either goes away by himself to sleep, or sits at the foot of our tree-home to guard us from attacks of swift-leaping leopards and other wild animals.

This papa of mine is not a very handsome creature. He is not so handsome as my mother. Mamma, and all the younger members of our family, resemble your people in many things.

I suppose once upon a time our father did, too, but as he grows older he grows coarse, cross, and more and more like a beast.

My mother and all the children are obliged to get nice things for him to eat. If we do not

get them fast enough, he growls, boxes our ears, or throws sticks at us until we are frightened.

It is not our custom to stay in one home. With babies held close to their bosoms the mothers wander from branch to branch, following the father. The little ones never fall, for the mother not only holds them tightly, but they also cling tightly to the long hair on her body.

It is a pretty sight to see a monkey child clinging like this to its mother.

As long as we need special care our mothers are affectionate and attend to us lovingly.

They take us to the river for a bath, rub our bodies dry, feed us, pet us, and do many things that human mothers do; but when we are old enough to take care of ourselves they pay no more attention to us.

We know this dear mother long after she seems to have forgotten us, and sometimes it is pitiful to hear a monkey child cry as a human child would cry for its mother, and see her pass without recognizing it at all.

In my next I will tell you about our food, and about some of my relations.

Do you ever climb trees? Have you four long arms with which you can swing from tree to tree?

Do you like rice and cocoanuts? Would you like to have a bed among the trees and sleep there? Please write me a long letter.

Very truly,

Your humble relation,

Joco.

LETTER V

Vocabulary study as before.

A moral lesson might come in here. Ask the class why a mischievous child is often playfully called "a little monkey." Ask them if a monkey looks happy. Draw out the fact that mischief and happiness do not necessarily go together.

Same sportive spirit and special attention to monkey habits; finally compare with human habits.

By the River-of-Ink, Feb. 2, 1900.

My dear Boys and Girls, —

Our food is not cooked. We eat leaves and fruit. We get food from the oil-palm tree, the melon tree, the palm cabbage, the gray plum and wild apple tree. We like nuts, and crack them with a stone just as you boys crack them.

Generally we simply take what nature provides, but often rob a cane plantation or a rice field. We are not confined to vegetable food,

but can catch the smaller animals and reptiles. My father can take the sting out of a scorpion with great skill. After he has done that he eats it.

We do not eat food while gathering it. In our cheeks are pockets called pouches. In these we stuff what food we get, and eat it afterward.

I can put eight large eggs in my pouches, but I'm not a pretty sight with my cheeks so puffed out.

We drink by going to the river's edge, and suck water up with our lips.

My father is a great fighter. Savage people of your race who live with us in the woods are terrified at his anger, and a fight between him and a man is apt to end in the man's death.

When he is angry his eyes flash furiously, and he looks as savage as a tiger. He parries blows like a skilful human fighter, and is so nimble at getting away that the only way a man can kill him is to excite his fury, so that he will rush at the gun and take it in his mouth. While trying to crunch it in his jaws the deadly weapon is discharged, killing him instantly.

Our people, especially the smaller ones, are

mischievous by reputation and in fact. So fond of playing tricks is most any monkey that it is not safe for a human being to go near a tree full of them. On this account not much has been learned of our habits.

All monkeys with tails make as much use of them as of their four legs and feet.

It is not uncommon to see a whole tree full of them hanging by the tail and playing games with one another. Even when the trees are far apart it is very easy for a monkey suspended by his tail to jump from tree to tree.

We love to tease one another, and sometimes throw cocoanuts as you boys throw snowballs at your mates.

One of the girls asks if a monkey ever laughs. I never heard one laugh. A monkey does all his mischief with a grave face. He grins sometimes, but whether because he is amused or not I am unable to say, because I never grin myself.

Some of our people enter plantations, not because they want food, but out of pure mischief and for the fun of destroying all they can. When engaged in such amusement they leave a watch on guard, and at the first signal of alarm the whole troop scampers off.

Men hunt us with dogs, but the dogs often

get the worst of it. I have seen my father seize a dog by its hind legs, and swing the poor animal round and round until he was stupefied.

Those who are captured learn to like alcoholic drinks, especially gin and water, but this stuff soon kills them.

Most of us are much covered with hair. Some of us have bare faces, and some have considerable hair on their faces.

We differ from human beings chiefly in the way we like to move and in our voice.

We have no disposition to walk upright, and our chattering is very unlike human speech.

I think you are more beautiful than we, and I hope some of you boys will be more courageous than your fathers have been in studying us.

Come to our warm forests, learn our ways, and we will not hurt you.

Find out where we live, and write me a long letter telling all about the people of my race that you have known.

No more letters from the River-of-Ink.

Good-by,

Joco.

LETTER VI

Same plan for recitation. Silent reading of the letter. Talk about it, or read aloud, paragraph by paragraph. Study vocabulary and synonyms. Fold the letters, and direct envelopes or slips.

In synonyms, study sets 56–58.

Have a playful talk about the River-of-Ink. The river is in Africa and there is a spring of ink in Georgia, U. S. A.

Talk about elephants. Lead the children to describe those they have seen.

Compare the habits of this animal with the habits of other animals, also with the habits of human beings.

By the River-of-Ink, Africa,
Jan. 17, 1900.

Dear Girls and Boys, —

Think of a creature eleven feet high, that weighs six tons, is one hundred and fifty years old, and you will have a picture of me in your mind.

I am sitting by a river of ink (There is one. Find it.), writing with a long pole, and neither my pen nor my ink bottle is too large.

I came from a very nice family, consisting of twenty-five members, all related by ties of blood. Our people live in families or herds, and some have as many as a hundred members. No

adopted children are allowed in these families, and no intruders are ever admitted.

Sometimes an unruly member is cast out. No other family will take him in so he must wander forever alone. Such an one becomes bad indeed. He does all he can to hurt man and beast, often destroying whole villages, and finally is hunted by man.

Such a creature is properly called "a rogue," and he well deserves the name. He is the most dangerous of all wild beasts.

I am ashamed to confess it, but I am a Rogue. They turned me out of the family, and now I wander solitary and am continually in such fits of rage that I love to crush out life. I delight to destroy anything and trample it under-foot.

If I were let loose in the streets of your city, I would kill every one that came in my way, but do not fear. No one will ever lead me captive. I shall never leave the wilds of my native forests. Men hunt me in great companies, but they aim to kill. They do not care to capture such a dangerous beast. They want to rid the forest of such a strange, wild animal.

Do not imagine that all my family are like myself. They are most respectable animals,

and never use their enormous strength except in self-defence.

The habits of my people will seem strange to you, so I will tell about a few of them.

We sleep all day and roam about and eat at night.

We do this because we dislike the glare of the sun. No shade is too deep for us, so the dense forest is naturally our home.

The strongest and wisest member of our family is the leader, and this leader is obeyed and followed by all.

Our manner of sleeping is very different from yours. We do not make a bed under some thick-leaved tree and fling our huge bodies on it. We simply lean up against the side of a great tree or rock, and standing on our broad feet slumber easily during the hot hours of the day.

The tender leaves of trees are our principal food, and we gather it as we roam at night.

If I were in captivity, it would take about fifteen pounds of corn, six hundred pounds of grass fodder, one pound of buffalo butter, and thirty pounds of flour made into cakes for my daily food.

You would laugh to see how I get some kinds of food into my big mouth.

In front of my head I have something called a trunk, and when I eat anything like rice I suck the small grains up in my trunk and blow them into my mouth.

The trunk is a very convenient organ. I would not exchange it for any organ you possess, not even your right hand.

In my next letter I will tell you all about it.

Please answer me promptly. It is hard to tell you where to direct a letter to a solitary wanderer who roams continually, but I am sure to pass by Thick-Leaf-Forest, so send your letters there.

Tell me about your right hand. I hear that great cities are built by hands. Is it true?

Do you run to see them when any of my race are led captive through your streets in a show?

Tell me whether you think it is right for man to capture and confine such animals as elephants.

Do you think we make an interesting part of a procession?

I hope to receive a long and interesting letter.

Sincerely yours,

A Rogue.

LETTER VII

Same plan for recitation. Study vocabulary and synonyms. Fold and direct envelope or slip. In synonyms, study sets 59–61.

Compare the usefulness of the right hand of man with the usefulness of an elephant's trunk.

See if your class agree with "A Rogue" when he claims that his trunk is more useful than the human hand.

Such little arguments are specially interesting to boys.

By the River-of-Ink, Jan. 18, 1900.

Dear Girls and Boys,—

Your letters are very interesting. I must acknowledge that the right hand of man is very useful.

My race never build noble cities with trunks, but for all that no right hand is so powerful and useful as an elephant's trunk.

This trunk, sensitive and strong, is formed by a union of the nose and upper lip. It is ringed, and it is attached to the face by powerful muscles, so that it can be lifted high above the body, coiled in most any direction, or hang limp in front.

A man by the name of Cuvier tried to count the muscles of an elephant's trunk, but after

counting twenty thousand he gave up the task, and made up his mind that there were double that number.

No organ in your body except the brain equals my trunk in usefulness and power.

With it I smell, taste, touch, suck liquid, take up food, uproot trees, take a dainty bit of candy from a child, brush off a fly, catch a man around the waist and fling him to such a distance that he is killed, or caress my fellow elephants. I can wind the end of it around a tiny blade of grass, or I can almost throttle a great animal with its wonderful strength.

At the very tip is a kind of thumb which moves so easily and has sense of touch so delicate that I can pick up a thread with it.

The way I drink will interest you. I suck up a great quantity of water with my trunk and then pour it into my mouth as you would pour it from a pitcher into a pail. All food is carried to my mouth by the trunk, and the service of this useful organ is not all told yet.

I never intend to be out of the deep shade after nine o'clock in the morning. I cannot endure the glare of the hot sun, but if I happen to get into it I fill my trunk with water and squirt it over my body to cool it off.

My front teeth are the largest in the world. They are called tusks. I can carry a half a ton on mine, and uproot great trees with ease.

My tame brothers are made to do such work with their teeth. They dig up and carry away great stones with them.

Yearly, in Africa, large numbers of us are murdered for our tusks. They yield beautiful ivory.

Generally an elephant has two tusks.

Each of my tusks weighs three hundred pounds, but smaller elephants' weigh much less. I know one, each of whose tusks weighs only seventy-five pounds.

Many of you imagine that I am a clumsy fellow because I am so large, but you make a mistake to think that. Neither horse nor mule is so sure-footed as I am in climbing steep places. I can spring nimbly if necessary and not only scamper about with ease but I wheel and turn with great rapidity — "spin around like a pivot" some say.

I can run as fast as a horse, but I generally shuffle along.

There are no joints in my knees, but I could learn to dance for all that, and my kick is so quick and strong that every thinking animal

knows enough to keep away from my huge, pillar-like legs.

My step is heavy, but like the step of most other animals it is noiseless. One of you boys makes more noise when you move than a whole herd of elephants.

Like many human beings I often intoxicate myself. I learned to drink the juice of the *um-ga-nu* fruit when I was young. I have seen whole herds intoxicate themselves with it, and terrible drunken fights follow.

I did not have affectionate parents. When I was a mere baby my mother ran away and left me. All I could do was to follow somebody else's mother. As soon as danger appeared this mother also ran away from her children. In this way I changed mothers very often. I entirely forgot my own, and no doubt she forgot me. Anyway, no one said a word in my favor when they cast me out of the family.

Elephants are nervous and often cowardly. I have seen an enormous old tusker fly screaming from so small an animal as a hare.

I know a man by smell, and can tell in the same way whether he is an African or European. I get his "wind" they say.

A man is a queer little creature to me. He

moves along in such an odd way on his two small, spindle legs, and has such a singular odor about him.

I wonder if you are a sort of a bird. If you are, why do you not have wings and fly?

You cannot have much strength. I have enormous strength, and I do all the mischief I can with it, but most elephants are very peaceful.

In herds, they never disturb other animals except in self-defence, and never destroy injured or feeble members of their own families.

I would rather be a Rogue than a coward or a captive.

In Asia, where elephants are smaller, whole herds are captured and kept by the native princes for hunting the lion and the tiger.

These elephants have a keeper called a mahout. They soon learn to talk with this mahout, by secret signs, which both understand.

In hunts and battles an elephant is often wounded, but our wounds heal quickly. However, for animals of our size we are rather delicate, and do not stand much ill-treatment or change of climate.

Are bad boys sent out of your families?

Do they grow up to be bad men and wander over the earth all alone?

Are people who live in families always happy and good?

If a bad man is turned out of his family, will any other family take him in?

Why don't you have wings and fly? All other two-legged animals do.

Do you love to swim? I do. I can swim a long time and swim with my head under water at that.

Do you have a trunk?

Please write and tell me about these things. Perhaps I shall not be so wicked if you write me nice letters.

Sincerely yours,

A ROGUE.

LETTER VIII

Same plan of recitation. Keep careless pupils at work on "Busy Work." In synonyms, study sets 62–64.

Let the class guess who savage old Yellow Spot was. Tell them there was no room for Yellow Spot's letter and Old Roars made his son write for him.

Stir up a sportive spirit; create a picture in the minds of the class of this huge elephant sitting under a tree writing to them. Speak of the black river, etc.

By the River-of-Ink, Jan. 19, 1900.

Dear Girls and Boys, —

I thought I had written my last letter to you. The pole I used for a pen has been thrown away, and I cannot write so well with the new one.

The River-of-Ink was forty miles away when your letters came begging me to tell what I have seen in the forest at night, and I had quite a hunt to find white birch bark for a letter.

You see that I have taken considerable trouble to write this letter, and I hope as you think of me sitting under a great tree on a bank of the River-of-Ink that you will appreciate it, and write nice long replies.

You may believe it or not, but the jungle and forest are full of these letters to you.

I saw Old Roars himself, whittling out a pen, and hunting for the River-of-Ink. You'll surely get a letter from the king of the forest.

Savage old Yellow Spot, with whom I have had many a fight, wanted to borrow one of my teeth for a pen, but I told him mine were not sufficiently pointed. He had better pull one of his own.

Then he wanted me to bring a trunk full of ink to his den. It was wicked I know, but I said,

"You may have what is in my trunk now," and I squirted it all over his very neat hide.

You should have seen him glare and set his teeth at me; but I must stop this fooling and begin to write facts.

Facts are things you must believe whether you want to or not. In my other letter are facts, and the rest of this letter will be made of facts.

You may believe the first part of this as you choose.

The boys who think that much is to be seen in a great forest at night are right.

One remarkable thing of the woods at this time is the stillness. So profound and far-reaching is this unearthly quiet at midnight that it seems to be wrapped around the universe. The trees stand tall, and sombre, and silent, the stars overhead are moving swiftly but without a sound, the birds and smaller animals are asleep, and we night rovers, touched with the spirit of stillness, tread stealthily.

Unless they are in rage the crackling of twigs is all that betrays the movements of night-roving animals.

The lonely noises that break this vast stillness are few. A gurgling brook or a rushing

waterfall opposes the great silence with a little music; the roar of fighting lions, the snarl of quarrelling tigers, the trumpeting of elephants, the death cry of some beasts of prey are all that startle the still wild wood from its eternal quiet.

If I did not have a purpose in my night rovings, I might have more fun to report, but my purpose is to get a little supper. It is fun to eat, but not to write about it.

With trunk uplifted I smell as I go, and when there is foliage to my notion I tear it from the tree with great rapidity and eat it.

Occasionally I knock down families of monkeys who have made a cosey nest in the tree by interlacing branches, but I seldom get a chance to hurt these nimble creatures. They can run very fast over the tops of trees and cling to anything, — even my tail, — and dodge so quickly that I can neither kick them nor reach them with my trunk.

I also disturb many birds by knocking down their nests. The mother bird tries hard to save her family, and her mate who is either roosting beside her or in a tree near with friends also risks his life for his family.

I never had such a devoted father and mother

as these little insignificant birds seem to have. I wonder why?

Of course I have had many a fight in these night rambles. My body is scarred all over with wounds received in combat.

Nothing so terrible roams the forest as a solitary elephant. The claw of every beast and the hand of every man is against me. I must fight.

"With whom do I fight?" you ask.

I fight lions, tigers, other elephants, and great parties of men who have set out to rid the country of such a dangerous animal as I.

Although a lazy coward at times, a lion at bay is a magnificent creature to look upon.

His whole attitude is full of proud daring and cool bravery. Old Roars will tell you all about this, and no doubt many other fine things about himself, but I really do admire his kingship at such times.

I tell you he can leap and so can his mate. Many a pair have sprung at me because I sniffed at their miserable little cubs.

A tiger is more of a sneak. I believe he is stronger than a lion, but he is not such a splendid fellow.

My most daring adventures have been with

hunting parties, but these have been more in the open fields than in the forest.

You know I'm fond of rice, and can eat quite a field of it in a night. It seems to make men angry to have me eat this and spoil the rice fields, so they dig pitfalls for me, and mounted on elephants and horses a hundred men will sometimes set out to capture this sly Old Rogue.

Many of these men are fine shots, and if their little balls hit me at the base of my trunk, behind my ear, or in my eye, I am a dead elephant.

You should see me at such times. My trunk is lifted high above my head, my tail is also up, and I trumpet as loud and as shrilly as I can. Men quail when I rush at them, horses recoil, and other elephants become nervous.

I know that whichever way I turn I shall find an enemy. Not a friend have I in all the universe. I fight alone, and alone I must die.

Horsemen and men mounted on elephants surround me. Shot is poured into my thick hide. In pain and rage I toss and trample and kick. Woe to animal or man who comes too near to me at such a time. In every party which sets out to kill me some one rides to his death.

The last time I escaped by tossing several

horses with their riders senseless, while I plunged into a deep stream and swam swiftly away, going as far as I could from the scent of men and horses. They hunted me until daylight, and then gave it up.

I wish I could make you understand more of the beauty of the forest at night. It is pleasant to live directly under the stars and the moon, listen to the splash of mountain streams, and breathe the pure air.

How can you endure to live in those boxes you call houses?

It isn't every day that a monster rogue like me sits down by a river of ink to write you a letter. I think it is a little hard that your teachers make me stick so close to facts.

I know more about the people of the woods than your wisest men, and would like to tell you some stories, but I dare not.

They would say, "These are not facts." Perhaps some of the stories would not be quite true, but then they would be very interesting. I will stop now, or your wise teachers will not allow you to answer this letter.

What do you mean by saying you put your clothes in a trunk when you go on a journey, and get some one to take it to the train? I

also take my trunk when I go on a journey, but I have no clothes except what I wear, and I carry my own trunk.

Why isn't your trunk fastened to you, and are you too lazy to carry it yourself? Write and tell me.

Good-by, good-by,

A ROGUE.

LETTER IX

The same order of conducting the lesson.

Silent study of this letter.

As much talk about it as the teacher has time for.

Study words at the head of the letter in the pupil's books.

In synonyms, study sets 51–52.

Make a lesson of correct folding.

Require, if possible, paper the proper size and shape for a social letter, with real envelopes to match.

Direct the envelopes. If real envelopes are impossible, use slips cut the proper shape. Keep careless pupils at work on "Busy Work." (See pages 107–128, Teacher's Manual.)

CLIFF EYRIE, Jan. 21, 1900.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS, —

My home is no fairybower. I would not live in a waxen palace, neither do I care for a satin-lined cot.

You must come to the rude hut of a savage if you care to visit me.

You would have some fun getting there, for my rough home is far up on a craggy height where human foot seldom treads.

My wife and I love to dwell on these lonely heights. We have lived in this same place for nearly eighty years, and are as much attached to our rude home as the Indian to his wigwam or any wild man to his hut.

This home is simply made. It consists of a few rough sticks and twigs placed against the shelter of a tall cliff.

Here we have reared our family, year after year, here we have come to rest after a wild hunt in roaring tempests, and here, when wounded in a fight, I have flown to be nursed back to health.

My wife and I are much together. In all my rough pursuits I find no better comrade. Since I coaxed her from her parents she has been the sole companion of my bold and lonely life. I want no other friend, and there will be no separation until death shall part us.

So much do I enjoy the company of this dear companion that I often urge her to cover up the eggs and go with me far above the clouds.

Do not think, however, that madame is willing to go where she cannot watch her home. The home is not out of sight when she is soaring a mile above it.

You have heard of eagles' eyes. Our eyes are eagle eyes, and the distance we can see is very great. When a mile above them, we look down, through cloud and sunshine, through rosy mist or clear sweet air, and see two or three precious eggs.

I do not belong to a sociable family. My brothers and sisters are scattered all over the world, and I not only pass them by without saying so much as "How do you do?" but I also pass many of my own children in the same manner.

My wife and I are content with each other's society and wish for no other.

So long as the children are young we care for them most tenderly. I work hard to supply them with all the food they can eat, and their good mother teaches and watches over them with an affection that would not shame a human mother.

Indeed she pets the pillowy little things so much that they become very babyish and will not leave the Eyrie. I am obliged to use my authority and push them out of the nest.

Of course I do this because I know they must learn to fly and get used to the rough life which is before them.

They come back to the Eyrie for some time after they have been driven out of the nest, and their mother and I continue to feed them and care for them until they go off to make homes for themselves.

I am over eighty years old now, and they call me bald, but I am not bald. My head is covered with thick white feathers.

I expect to live until I am a hundred years old.

Travelling is my pleasure, and I do it in lordly style. I mount to immense heights and then cast my eagle eye over the round earth beneath. One day I see the icy regions of the poles and another the green palms and fruits of hotter climes, and I feel equally well in both.

Rivers, lofty mountains, and mid-ocean lashed with furious storms are all within range of my eye, and it is a few thousand miles to me.

Sometimes I wing my way to ice-bound shores of Arctic regions. Again I sail over hot zones, and rest for a time amid the eternal snows of some topmost peak of the Himalayas or Andes mountains.

In these excursions I do not avoid the tempests. Sure of outstripping the wildest that ever tossed on the ocean, I sail right through the most furious storm.

Conscious of my great strength I love to measure it with the fiercest things in nature. Nothing daunts me. I have courage to face anything on this earth but one, and that is man.

Your people have said many things about me. Some of them in praise of my daring life and others against me.

The finest name I have been called is "King of Birds," and the worst is "Burly Ruffian."

Perhaps I deserve both. We will discuss that question in my next letter.

Your people have taken me for your nation's emblem. My statue crowns your public buildings, my picture ornaments your public documents, so you should be interested in my life.

Please write me a long letter and tell me whether you would like to fly to such heights as I soar.

Would you enjoy my power of swift and easy movement? Are you interested to know a little about my journeys, and would you change your rail cars for a pair of wings like mine?

Did you ever visit the Arctic regions? Have you ever been on top of a mountain five miles in height? Can you see a mile away?

Please answer these questions.

If you have ever taken any journeys, tell me about them and describe the way you travelled.

Your sincere friend,

OLD BALDHEAD.

LETTER X

Same plan as in previous letters. Allow the pupils to have their books open while they write. Do not neglect vocabulary. Be particular about arrangement, folding, and paragraphing. In synonyms, study sets 53–55.

Talk about the eagle. Lead the class to tell Old Baldhead about our attempt to invent flying machines, and have them promise to visit Cliff Eyrie when the time comes that human beings journey through the air. Keep up the sportive spirit.

CLIFF EYRIE, Jan. 22, 1900.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS, —

I address this letter to both boys and girls, although the letters I get from girls are not complimentary. One girl says that I am "horrid," and another is sure that I am a "Burly Ruffian" if I chase my children out of their warm, comfortable home.

Boys do not write me such letters. They seem to admire my bravery. All of them say they wish they had wings like mine, so they could travel through both earth and air.

From these letters I conclude that boys and girls among your people are brought up in a very different way.

I have had a great many girls in my family, but they are brought up in exactly the same manner as the boys. When they are old enough I chase them out of the Eyrie and make them fly off for food with their brothers. I never want any girls about me who are afraid to do what their brothers try.

You must not think from this that I am a cruel father. I risk my life many a time to get food for my family.

When we can get it, we like fish better than any other food, but young pigs, lambs, birds, and many other small animals are carried away and eaten by us.

This is my way of hunting.

When soaring at great height I look down to see where food can best be obtained, and then swift as a thunderbolt I swoop down and clutch the object of my search in powerful talons. A moment later I am ready to lift my great wings,

and rising with my victim into the air bear it to the Eyrie.

I can fish for myself, but generally plunder some fish-hawk who has captured a toothsome dainty. From above I watch while the fish-hawk plunges into the water, and brings up his prey. When he has risen to considerable height, I descend upon him with all my strength. Of course he tries to fly out of my reach, but it is of little use. A short chasing and the fish drops from his mouth. Then is my chance. With a swiftness that outruns the speed of the falling fish I go down, and catch it in mid air before it touches the water.

This is why I am called "a robber, a tyrant, a ruffian, and a highwayman."

You have all heard about my carrying off human babies. This has been done so seldom that there are few stories in all the world that can be proved.

My near relative, the Golden Eagle, killed a man on the Lake of Killarney, and has carried off children in the Alps.

Many of you want to know about my size. In length I'm forty inches, which is about as large as any of our people grow.

I can go without food for days, but feel so

hungry when I do get a chance to make a good meal that I eat until my skin feels tight.

I am sorry that you gentle little girls do not like the ways of this bald eagle.

Read about me. In the sky I am one of the stateliest of living objects.

I cannot be gentle, my life is too full of constant conflict. I am glad to have written to you.

Your sincere friend,

OLD BALDHEAD.

LETTER XI

In synonyms, study sets 74–76.

A WAYSIDE INN, JAPAN, Jan. 25, 1900.

DEAR FRED, —

Father and I arrived in Yokohama a week ago, and came into the country to get some idea of old Japanese ways.

I tell you it is worth crossing three thousand miles of land and eight or nine of ocean to see Japan.

The scenery is beautiful, and the people and their cities and their towns are all very interesting. I wish I could tell you about it, but I am not able to give you even a dim idea of this land of flowers and delight.

You should have seen us when we came to this inn. They made a regular procession out of my modest father and his humble son.

Don't imagine a procession of carriages. Oh, no! Father was borne at the head in a boxlike thing they call a norimon, behind him your humble servant was carried in a vehicle which differed only in being a little smaller and in being carried by lighter runners. Next came the servant we picked up in San Francisco (a Japanese). He was in a small bamboo arrangement, and also borne on the shoulders of two men. After us filed a string of porters, — a dozen more or less, — each with one of the bundles, boxes, or trunks which made up our baggage.

Do not imagine, however, that this was all the show. My father's official position entitled him to the honor of an escort, so several Japanese officials rode each side, and funny looking little officers they were, with two swords, one dangling at each side.

How is that for a parade, Fred? Can you imagine it?

We did not care to stop in Tokio at an English hotel. We came out into the country to a real Japanese inn of the old style, and our reception here was as queer as the mode of transportation.

The inn is a low, wide building, one story in height, with a roof that stretches quite a distance beyond the walls, and it is surrounded by flower gardens and a few fine trees. It would not be much of a hotel in America, but you know everything is smaller in Japan than anywhere else. They have enough sky to go round here, but most other things look as if they would need stretching to make a sufficiency.

Inside the inn we found a series of low, large rooms, one beyond the other, separated by screens. They are quite elegant. The walls are covered with pale-pink-tinted, flowered silk, which is very pretty.

As soon as the runners set my father down in front of the place a little smiling landlord and a black-toothed landlady appeared. They went through many funny motions, even prostrating themselves so their noses touched the floor.

When the little landlord and his wife had saluted, half a dozen waiter girls appeared and began to wait on us. I felt like a baby, and I guess father felt like one somehow, too. These girls took everything from our hands, placed mats for us, wiped our shoes, brushed our clothes, even had the audacity to smooth my hair, and I was afraid they would try to wash my face.

Some one was good enough to let them know that we were hungry, and then there was more fun.

Do not get a picture of a table surrounded by chairs, with those waiter girls behind them, into your mind. Why, Fred, there isn't a large table in this establishment.

They whirled a little table, about the size of a footstool, into the middle of the room, put mats around it, and we sat down on the floor.

Then those waiter girls began to feed my father. It was very funny. One brought a cup of tea, and kneeling held it to his lips. On the other side another knelt with sugar, while in a moment still another appeared with an egg all prepared to eat, and dropping on her knees wanted to feed it to him as a nurse feeds a baby. Three were kneeling about him now, and it seemed to take away his appetite, for he would not let the girl feed him the egg. He took it from her with great dignity, and waved the tea girl and the sugar girl away. I could not keep from laughing.

Pretty soon they let father eat his own way, and began to attend to me. Now I was surrounded by chattering, kneeling girls, all holding food to my mouth. I liked the fun, and let

them feed me. I took a bite of egg from one, and when I had swallowed that sipped the tea which the tea girl held to my lips. Soup, rice, and finally sweetmeats followed.

These waiter girls are pretty, red-cheeked, laughing little creatures with beautiful white teeth. Only married women black their teeth as our landlady's are blacked.

Japanese waiter girls must be pretty and they must be good. Nobody dares to be rude to them, for the law protects them, and nobody minds their acting like children.

When we were through eating they did not go away. They took up my cap and laughed and chatted about it, they fingered my coat, put their hands in my pockets, and looked my clothes over generally. You should have heard them laugh while doing this. My clothes amused them very much.

Father has had enough of it, and I guess we shall move into the city to-morrow.

If I have time, I will write from there. European ways are fast taking the place of the queer, old, Japanese customs, and our adventures in this inn will not be repeated in the city. We shall be in a fine hotel there.

Write me a long letter and let me know what

going on in the United States. You have no idea how a nice, long, newsy letter from home cheers one when he is wandering in a land so strange as this, so tell me everything.

Your sincere friend,

ARTHUR M. MOORE.

Direct to
IMPERIAL HOTEL, TOKIO, JAPAN.

LETTER XII

In synonyms, study sets 77–79.

IMPERIAL HOTEL, TOKIO, Jan. 26, 1900.

DEAR FRED, —

Much obliged for the long letter I found at the Imperial Hotel in Tokio. It was the first news from home, and when the clerk handed it out I hurrahed for you.

The Imperial is a very fine hotel. Everything is comfortable and served as it would be in New York.

Father is delighted to sit once more at a table. He has had enough of old-time Japanese inns and kneeling waiter girls.

The hotel is near enough to the Mikado's pleasure grounds for us to see the strong wall

or walls — for there are two — surrounding it. We can even see over the walls into parks and gardens, lakes and moats, all fine enough to dignify the grandest palace of the greatest monarch in the world.

There are two principal moats (a moat you know is a deep artificial canal surrounding a fortification). The wall surrounding the outer moat is very thick and of solid masonry. Quite a distance beyond the first moat seems to be an inner moat with another thick wall following its course. Between these moats are gardens, grottos, and groves of beautiful trees.

Inside the inner moat are the special parks and pleasure-gardens of the Emperor, and in the midst of them is his palace. The outside of the palace looks Japanese in its style, but they say the inside is finished in European fashion.

You see his small majesty is well guarded and does not lack for beautiful surroundings. When he goes out he has a fine carriage drawn by beautiful horses and wears a uniform similar in style to our army officers.

In the city none of those queer little officers with two swords are seen, and we are not carried in a box on the shoulders of men as we were in the hill country.

Instead, we are drawn about in a two-wheeled affair which looks like a big baby carriage. They call it a jinriksha. I cannot tell in which a fellow feels the worst. It is joggle-joggle in either case.

One feels bewildered in this city, as if he hardly knew whether he found himself somewhere or was stalking about in a dream. Japan is a new world to an American, — a world upside down, — and Tokio beats all cities I ever saw for oddness.

Every man here, however poor, has his own house; therefore the city is made up of miles and miles of little houses, some of which look like girls' doll palaces. Great tenement blocks are unknown.

Living in this way, you see a million and a half of people will make a spread-out city, and such is Tokio. It is like a vast country village which wanders on and on into what seems endless space.

Sidewalks are, of course, not necessary in a city where there are no street cars and so few horses that it creates a sensation when one is seen on the streets.

People walk in the middle of the street, and pedestrians have full possession except for the

jinrikshas. These are drawn by coolies, and your coolie must keep his eyes open in a crowded thoroughfare to make a way. On some streets ordinary jinrikshas are not allowed. You must walk if you would see these streets.

On the whole, Tokio is a clean city, and the people themselves bathe several times a day in the hottest of water.

We went out for an early walk yesterday, and every house we passed was open. Open here does not mean that a narrow door is slightly ajar. The front of each small house is sort of a sliding screen, which when folded back shows everything in the house.

In some houses the father or mother had opened the home to air, while in plain sight the rest of the family were sleeping. Do not imagine they were sleeping in beds. They were simply curled up on mats on the floor, with some of their day clothes over them and a roll under their heads. In other houses dressing was going on. Little girls were dressing the baby, or a young lady was making her toilet before a metal mirror. Some families were at breakfast, eating rice with chopsticks or drinking tea out of tiny cups. All were about their daily tasks as unconcerned that the public could

look on as our old cat would be to have a crowd gaze on her domestic arrangements.

Later in the day everybody seems to be on the street carrying a fan and an umbrella.

The children are the prettiest little mites I ever saw. They bubble over with laughter. Boys never fight here, girls never quarrel, and they say babies never cry. Nearly every little girl has a baby brother or sister tied to her back, and she romps and plays without noticing the burden.

A lady in the hotel says she would like to kiss the tots, but if she did the pretty little things would not know what to make of it. People never kiss in Japan, neither do they shake hands.

On the street there is much saluting, and it takes a great deal of time. A man would never get down town in New York if he were obliged to salute all his acquaintances as they do here. They put their hands on their knees and bend forward as far as their backbones will let them. This they do again and again, and the more times a man bends the more pride he takes in his politeness. Salutations are not confined to one class. Gentlemen, porters, and slaves all salute.

There are many pleasure-grounds and parks

here, and the hills about are simply a succession of parks and groves, with lakes and grottos and dainty teahouses to refresh the pleasure-seeker.

Flowers are all about. No home is too poor to be brightened with them. Public and private gardens are full of them. The flowers which interest me most are the lotus blossoms. Small ponds are covered with either pink or white ones. They are, you know, a sacred flower to most Japanese.

A little way out of the city there are rows of family tombs. People are buried in a sitting position here, so the tombs and tombstones are upright. Many people are at these tombs worshipping the spirits of their ancestors or mourning for recent dead. They howl so loud that they can be heard a long way off, but if you watch awhile your sympathy will die, for they soon turn their mourning day into a holiday. If a stranger refuses to worship, what they call, the spirit of the tombs, the natives think ill luck will follow him.

I went into a Japanese house the other day. It was a pretty home, even beautiful, with pretty verandas about it, but I never saw a home with less furniture. There were no chairs, no tables, no bedsteads, no bureaus, no

[illegible]nches, and no many other things. All the [illegible]ople seem to use are mats, screens, fans, [illegible]le charcoal stoves, and a few dishes. The [illegible]lls were of beautiful lacquered wood hung [illegible]ith flowered silk drapings. We took off our [illegible]oes on the veranda and went into the house in [illegible]r stocking feet. No one puts a dirty shoe on a Japanese mat. It would be as bad to do that in Japan as it would be to walk into a New York house and put your feet on the chairs or sofas. These mats are the Jap's chairs and beds.

Father was invited to dine with an official last night, but he had to decline, and to-day they sent him his dinner in boxes.

This letter is getting so long that I cannot tell about the magnificent forests, with trees one hundred feet in height, which we saw as we came here. These gigantic forests are one of the beauties of Japan. There is no space to describe the temples and pagodas which dot the hills, and I am sorry to leave them out.

I am going about to see the shops to-morrow. Shop signs are artistic here, real ornaments to the city, as they should be everywhere.

Write me a long answer.

Sincerely your friend,

ARTHUR M. MOORE.

LETTER XIII

WASHINGTON, D.C., Thanksgiving Day, 1899.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS, —

Did you think Uncle Sam was going to stand by and see other Queer Folk writing and not send a line to you himself?

All of you have seen pictures of me, and know that I am tall and skinny, and always smiling.

To-day I am in especially gay mood, and I am dressed finely. I have on my best blue and white striped trousers, my red coat, and my blue starred vest. It is Thanksgiving Day, and I always dress in my best stars and stripes on that day.

Thanksgiving Day is a busy one with Uncle Sam. You know I must eat tons of mince and pumpkin pies in addition to other good things.

You are having fine fun to-day visiting your grandmother or staying at home to receive all your aunts and cousins, but you are not having such a grand time as the people who celebrated one of the first Thanksgivings in this country.

That Thanksgiving Day was celebrated two hundred seventy five years ago in a little settlement of log huts.

On one side of this settlement rolled the broad Atlantic, while dense forests surrounded the other three sides.

The people who lived in this wild, rude settlement were not savages. They were large, fair-haired, white-skinned, blue-eyed people, serious in both dress and manner. These people had come from far over the sea in a frail little ship, and during the long hard winter which had just ended they had suffered every hardship which a cold bleak wilderness can inflict on civilized people.

You know of whom I am talking now, and guess "Plymouth" and "Pilgrims."

You are right. This wind-swept, forest-bound settlement of log huts was far famed old Plymouth, and these fair but solemn folk the still more famous Pilgrims.

The first awful winter was past, and deeply grateful for abundant harvests the Pilgrims resolved to give thanks to God and make a feast to show their joy.

The Pilgrim fathers were sturdy, ruddy-faced young Englishmen at this time, and they set out in companies to hunt wild turkey or fish in the bay.

Guests were bidden to this feast, and these

guests were so delighted with the invitation that they came as soon as the sun arose, one hundred of them, with their great chief Massasoit at their head.

Whether the fair young Pilgrim mothers expected company to breakfast I do not know, but I am sure there was a smiling welcome for the dark-skinned visitors.

Good old Elder Brewster had a funny looking crowd to face in the meeting-house a little later. For the first time in their wild lives blanketed Indians were listening to prayers and psalms and a sermon.

After meeting, stewing and baking greatly interested the savages. Both squaws and braves hung about the Puritan housekeepers to watch the cooking, and when at last it was set before them under the great forest trees, the wild men frankly said it was so good they would eat enough to last a week.

No mean dinner was eaten on that first Thanksgiving Day. There was wild turkey, fish, game, vegetables, and fruit.

When they had eaten their fill the Indians rose with a whoop and began to entertain their hosts. They danced wild fantastic dances, swinging clubs and leaping and crooning dance

songs. They showed wonderful skill in shooting arrows, and young braves ran races and pitched quoits with the Pilgrim fathers with the glee of children.

This savage fun was only stopped for supper, and as soon as that was eaten the Indians rushed into still wilder dances, with flaming torches to add to the beauty of this forest festival.

I suppose the Pilgrims expected their visitors to go home that night, but they did not. The Indians liked English cooking so well that they stayed three days, and ate up most all the good things in the place. The Pilgrim mothers thought their guests would never go, but the third day they started, and looking at the fair-faced young matrons who had fed him so well Massasoit grunted out this compliment, "The Great Spirit loves them best."

This ended the first Thanksgiving — a half savage and half civilized festival.

Girls and boys, we are all very proud of the Pilgrims. They lived nobly and helped to found this great, free land, but you must help me keep it great and good.

I wish you could realize how much your Uncle Sam expects of you.

A great man once said, "Eternal vigilance is the price of freedom." This means that there can be no free land unless all citizens watch for the bad and try to stamp it out.

Republic after republic has been overthrown by bad men who fooled the people.

Now listen, children. Uncle Sam is not talking nonsense when he tells you that this republic cannot live unless its citizens are intelligent enough not to be fooled by men who would use public office for their own selfish ends.

Write me a long letter, dear girls and boys, and promise to grow up to be men and women on whom Uncle Sam can rely. Tell me that you will study history and understand our government, so bad men cannot fool you. Help me to give every man, woman, and child in this mighty republic the "life, liberty, and happiness" which our forefathers so long ago declared each one should have.

I feel sure you will promise all I ask. I know that out of my schools will come men and women as brave and true as came from the little log schoolhouses of a century ago.

Affectionately yours,

UNCLE SAM.

LETTER XIV

Inspire both a playful and a thoughtful mood when this letter from Uncle Sam is read. Call out descriptions of the costume in which he is commonly pictured.

Talk about Washington, Lincoln, Dewey, and Grant. Find out why each child admires any or all of these heroes, and lead him to write it to Uncle Sam.

Impress upon the children the need of good citizens in this country, and lead them to promise Uncle Sam that they will be men and women on whom he can rely.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Feb. 22, 1899.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS, —

My mail came in tons in answer to the Thanksgiving letter. Your replies were all bright, affectionate, and well written. I am proud of my great family.

"Who makes my clothes, and why don't they fit better?"

My clothes are all home-made. I never send to Paris or London tailors to be fitted. You must not look at the fit. It is the stars and stripes that should take your eye. Uncle Sam is very rich, girls, but he hates to be accused of vanity, so he dresses simply and patriotically.

I see you all like birthdays, especially if they be legal holidays.

Your petition that I make Dewey's birthday a legal holiday interests me very much, but I am afraid this generation will have to wait. Santa Claus and others accuse me of being too indulgent to my family, and I am afraid they are right.

One boy writes that he wishes Washington, Lincoln, and Dewey had a dozen birthdays apiece. Of course you all guess that that boy will never be a Washington, a Lincoln, or a Dewey. He will find a little word of four letters in the dictionary which describes him. It begins with *l*.

I would like to make Dewey's birthday a legal holiday. He is a son after Uncle Sam's own heart, and I want you to learn how much he changed the history of the world that Sunday morning when he sailed so boldly into Manila Bay. There were death-traps in the water beneath his ships, there were forts ready to hail shot and shell on all sides of him. What chance of life did there seem to be amid all these perilous surroundings. The chances of success were so very few, and the odds so awful and so many, that ninety-nine people out of a hundred would

have denounced that sail into Manila Bay as maddest folly.

Boys, Dewey knew that he was rushing into the jaws of death. No one knew it better. He also knew how tiny was his chance, but neither he nor his brave men faltered for a moment. Can you guess why?

"Because they are brave," you say. Yes, that is true, but it is not all the truth. The whole truth is that they were brave and they were prepared. Dewey was ready to take his one little opportunity, and, sweeping the great obstacles aside, win glory for himself and his country. Years of patient toil and study were behind the victory at Manila, and it is the man who is ready to seize one little chance against many odds who does such mighty work for his country.

Instead of petitioning for an idle day, I hope you will celebrate Dewey's birthday at your desks. Find out what made him so great. Our hero himself would tell you to celebrate it thus. He would tell you to work and wait and make yourself fit for any opportunity which will come to you.

I must have more Washingtons and more Lincolns and more Deweys, and they are now in my schools.

Uncle Sam's heart goes out as tenderly to his brave soldiers and sailors as it does to their commanders. I need men of the stamp of those who stood behind Dewey's guns as much as I need Deweys.

It is not right to feel too proud, but when I think of my soldiers and sailors I cannot help it. They have made the name American stand for far more than brutal courage. It stands for supreme bravery, but it stands for humanity, chivalry, and generosity as well. No knights of old ever excelled my boys in all qualities that make a manly man.

In the Spanish war our foes hated me. They detested the name of America, but they could not help loving and admiring the noble American youth they met on the battle-field of Santiago. They carried no hate for the American soldiers home to Spain.

Get a stiff bronze or marble figure which you call Washington out of your minds. Put in its place a tall, broad-shouldered, ruddy-faced boy who could run faster, leap higher, and ride and shoot better than any boy you know. This stalwart boy was gentle and chivalrous to his beautiful mother, and is far nearer the man Washington than the marble image in your mind.

They say Lincoln looked very much like Uncle Sam. I do not know how true that is, but I do know it is as impossible to make a set marble image out of Lincoln as it is out of Uncle Sam. In stone or bronze he is always the same homely, kindly Lincoln, very human to everybody.

Write me three letters in reply to this. One on Washington's birthday, one on Lincoln's, and one on Dewey's.

Tell me all you know about these great men, and tell me which you would like to be if it were in your power to choose.

This is my last letter.

God bless you all.

Affectionately yours,

UNCLE SAM.

INFORMAL NOTES

LESSON I

Let the pupils read this note with care, and then attempt an informal note to Winifred themselves, asking her to drive at two o'clock on a certain date. Vocabulary, synonyms, etc.

In synonyms, study sets 80–82.

DEAR MARION, —

Your kind invitation to drive at three this afternoon came like a message from the Land of Bliss. What little bird told you that I was longing for such a drive?

I shall, of course, be delighted to accept, and when you drive up to our door you will find your humble servant waiting on the steps, hat crowned, gloved, and full of the expected pleasure.

Thanking you most heartily for the kind thought,

Lovingly yours,

WINIFRED.

40 TWELFTH STREET.
The fifth.

LESSON II

Let the pupils read this note with care, and then each write one to Will E. Wilson, inviting him to join a skating party. Drill on vocabulary.

In synonyms, study sets 83–85.

DEAR HARRY, —

Of course I will go. You never knew me to refuse an invitation to skate when the ice was in the shape it is now?

I will be ready at three sharp, and thank the crowd — one and all — for remembering.

Yours truly,

WILL E. WILSON.

Twelfth.

LESSON III

Lead the pupils to imagine they are all Uncle Johns. First write an acceptance, then write a declination. Express kind wishes, hopes for a pleasant day, etc.

In synonyms, study sets 86–88.

DEAR UNCLE JOHN, —

I graduate from the Penn School on June 24. Exercises begin at eleven o'clock.

Will you come, and make happy

Your affectionate nephew,

JOHN E. SILLMAN.

Twelfth.

LESSON IV

Lead the pupils to write an invitation to an imaginary entertainment in their school, after the manner of Dorothy.

DEAR UNCLE JOHN, —

The graduating exercises of Mrs. P—'s School for Girls will be on the twelfth, at two o'clock.

I shall be happier if my dear uncle is there. Will you come?

Lovingly yours,

Tenth. DOROTHY.

LESSON V

Again, have them pretend to be Uncle Johns, and reply to Dorothy, or to their own letters.

In synonyms, study sets 89, 90, 91.

LESSON VI

Let the pupils imagine they are Freds, and write an invitation to George to go boating.

In synonyms, study sets 92, 93, 94.

DEAR FRED, —

The reason I did not appear at the boating party was because I thumped my head in a savage manner.

The wits were all knocked out of me for an hour, and my face is a sight yet.

Glad you all had fun, and sorry you waited for me.

Yours regretfully,

Sixth. GEORGE.

FORMAL SOCIAL CORRESPONDENCE

INVITATION I

The invitation below is in the pupil's book in script, and correct in every particular.

Require the pupils to read the invitation from their own books, and that they may see the importance of having every part in the right place call on one to read the first line and tell what words begin with capital letters. Another should read the second and state if he finds any capital letters there, and so on until they read it line by line. Fix in mind the place of each word or phrase, and tell where capital letters and punctuation marks go. This reading line by line brings them directly to arrangement, which is so important in formal invitations.

When they know the lesson, require all books closed, and either put this incorrect form on the board to be correctly written, or dictate. When the test of what they can do is finished let them open their books and report as they find mistakes.

mr and mrs j william landis request the honor of your presence at the marriage ceremony of their daughter marion and mr h rhodes hamilton on thursday march the twenty fourth eighteen hundred and ninety nine at half after twelve oclock lutheran church edenburg penna.

INVITATION II

Read line by line as before. Ask where *Judge and Mrs. John Preston Morton* is written; where *request the honor of your presence*, etc. Question about capital letters, punctuation, etc.

Lead the pupils to concentrate attention on arrangement, for arrangement is extremely important in a formal invitation.

They are supposed to know how to write it exactly as it is in their letter books.

Either write the form below on the board to be corrected and arranged, or dictate while the pupils write.

judge and mrs john preston morton request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter margaret phillis to mr percy cochran drake wednesday morning june seventeenth eighteen hundred and ninety nine at half past seven oclock in royal oak presbyterian church marion vermont

CARD TO II

Give the pupils paper large enough to hold the invitation properly written out as it is in their own books, and also have room for the card which accompanies it.

Let them rule a card the size of the one in their books, and after study write the "at home" formula, either correcting the incorrect form here or writing from dictation.

Have the phrases on the cards read line by line.

If you write the incorrect form for the card on the board put over it "Card to II."

After they have written allow them to open their books and correct their work.

Praise neat arrangement, put it up for show, and ask the unsuccessful ones to try again.

at home wednesdays after september first akron ohio

INVITATION III

Study the invitation line by line as it is in the pupils' book by calling one after another to read. Study capital letters and punctuation.

On the blank line teach the pupils to write the name of some one they wish to invite.

When they correct their work, playfully ask how many made mistakes, and what they are. Dictate, or write on the board without arrangement as it is written below.

mrs febulon honore brown requests the honor of . . . . . presence at the marriage of their daughter josephine to mr maurice lyman ransom on tuesday evening march twenty seventh at eight oclock at trinity chapel west twenty fifth street

CARD TO III

Let the pupil notice that the card and invitation go together and require him to plan so he can rule for both on a large sheet of paper. Have the phrases on the card

read line by line, note arrangement, capitalization, punctuation, etc. Dictate, or write on the board as in form below. Allow pupils to correct their own work.

reception from half past eight until ten oclock
604 broadway camden

INVITATION IV

Study line by line as before, noting capitals and punctuation. When familiar with arrangement, capital letters, and punctuation, either dictate or write on board in incorrect form given here.

mr and mrs charles h bradford announce the marriage of their daughter annie coleman to mr james winthrop smalley tuesday october the twelfth eighteen hundred and ninety nine 240 euclid avenue cleveland ohio

CARD TO IV

Study line by line as in invitations, noting capital letters, punctuation, and arrangement.

Let the pupils rule a card the size of the one in their books, on the same paper with the invitation, or, better still, have paper and cards the right size on which they may write.

at home wednesday december first 240 euclid ave.

INVITATION V.—Luncheon Card

Tell the pupils that invitations to teas and luncheons are by cards as arranged in their books. Let the pupils

rule cards the size of the one in their books, or, better yet, let them cut slips of paper that size and write either on the ruled cards or on the slips, arranging, capitalizing, and punctuating as in their books. Dictate, or write incorrect form for correction.

mrs william anderson grayson luncheon tuesday february eighth two oclock 125 walnut st phila.

INVITATION VI.—Tea Card

Tell the pupils that invitations to teas and luncheons are generally by card arranged as in their books.

Special drill on arrangement, capitalization, and punctuation. Require the pupils to cut slips the size of the cards in their books, or rule cards that size and shape. Let them correct their own work even in the matter of measuring the cards.

mrs william grayson tea tuesday february eighth four until six 125 walnut street.

INVITATION VII.—Dinner Card

Ask for descriptions of this dinner invitation. Require size, shape of the card, the matter on each line, etc. Tell them to put a date on the blank line of the first, and explain that it is in better taste to send an invitation like the second.

The same careful study of arrangement, punctuation, capitalization, etc.

mr james m morgan requests the pleasure of your company at dinner.....229 east forty second street philadelphia

Another form

mr james m morgan requests the pleasure of your company at dinner wednesday evening june thirtieth at eight oclock 229 east forty second street philadelphia

INVITATION VIII

The same drill on arrangement, on capital letters, and on punctuation.

Let the pupils continue to read line by line from their own books.

Question about the place of each line, and finally require the pupils to write either from dictation or from an incorrect form on the board as below.

mr and mrs john weston moore request the pleasure of your company wednesday evening june thirtieth eighteen hundred and ninety nine at eight oclock 5825 woodland avenue philadelphia

INVITATION IX

This invitation is written in the pupils' books without any punctuation marks at all.

It was copied from an invitation sent out from a prominent college, and the stationer is one of the most fashionable in the country.

It is but a fad. If you leave out any punctuation marks it is best to leave out all. Study for arrangement, etc.

you are invited to attend the commencement exercises of wessex college on wednesday june the eighth at half past ten oclock eighteen hundred and ninety nine

INVITATION X

Same drill as before. Write as such invitations are written in the pupils' books.

mr and mrs john a longman request the presence of your company thursday october fifth at a fancy dress ball at eight oclock 965 fifth avenue

BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE

Writing to Little Roars, etc., has been fun for the pupils, but the dull details of business transactions — especially pretended ones — are not so interesting.

Severe criticism will be necessary now to get neat arrangement and care in details. It is not well to have this criticism aimed at original work, for nothing must discourage the pupil when he tries to create. To give the teacher an opportunity to criticise freely and drill in neat arrangement, a few short letters have been put in for double use.

Use first as dictation exercises and when so used require *absolute* neatness in arrangement.

After the pupil can write the letters neatly from dictation, let him answer them.

BUSINESS LETTERS TO BE ANSWERED

LETTER XV

Put this letter to double use. First study for a dictation exercise for form and arrangement, and then require an original reply. Be very critical of slovenly arrangement in the dictation exercises, but not too critical of the original reply. The one is for arrangement, the other for free expression.

Say to the pupils: "Suppose you are Harris & Belew and are writing to Brooks, Jones & Co.

I. "Politely tell them that you think it time to receive pay for the four boxes of sample shoes left by your agent.

"Express the hope that this firm will continue to favor you with their orders, and promise to make prices as low as possible.

II. "*Reply to this letter of Brooks, Jones & Co.* Say that you were not aware Mr. Saunders left the goods against their wishes.

"Tell them to ship directly back to you, and promise to do what you can to make business active by advertising. Make your whole letter so polite in tone that you will retain your customer."

Also have the letter of Brooks, Jones & Co. studied for a dictation exercise. Be severe when the pupil fails in neat arrangement of parts.

In synonyms, study sets 95, 96, 97.

25 Main St., Cleveland, Ohio,
Jan. 27, 1900.

Harris & Belew,

Gentlemen, —

We note that you have drawn on us for four boxes of samples left, against our wish, by your agents in January.

The invoice is herewith enclosed, and we hope for early and implicit directions as to shipment.

We prefer to ship directly to you. Your man Saunders has a way of forcing business that is not to our mind.

Other firms are advertising freely in the local papers, and to make business active for the retailers these shoes should also be put on the market in some such way.

Business seems to be waking up, and we hope to send you large orders this fall.

Yours very truly,

Brooks, Jones & Co.
Per C.

LETTER XVI

To get the pupils into the habit of arranging a letter according to business forms I would use this as a lesson to be studied, and then dictate it. The tendency of boys to sprawl a business superscription all over the sheet of

paper may be checked in these dictation exercises on form. In all dictation exercises criticise careless work severely. Do not criticise attempts at original work so much. It is apt to discourage.

Say to the pupils: "Suppose that you are an agent for the Taffan Thread Co.

"Write a claim against the B. & O. R. R. for goods damaged which you sent to Potter & Brown.

"State what the goods were.

"State how they were packed, speaking of both the outside and inside boxes.

"State in what the damage seems to consist, and the amount of damage you claim."

In synonyms, study sets 98, 99, 100.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 8, 1899.

TAFFAN THREAD CO.,

Mobile, Alabama.

GENTLEMEN, —

Your claim will receive early attention.

I have examined the consignment of thread of Potter & Brown, and find it damaged fully forty per cent., but whether the B. & O. R. R. is in fault or not is the question.

The boxes in which it was packed were not well made, and it was taken from the mills in a pouring rain with no covering to protect it.

The outside boxes are still damp from this aking, and the paper boxes inside are ruined. It was impossible for water to get near the oods in either of our storehouses or cars, so ou will readily comprehend that careful in- estigation must prove careless exposure by ome of our employees before the claim can be llowed.

Yours truly,

J. I. BIDWELL.

LETTER XVII

For the sake of neatness in arrangement I would still put these short letters to double use. I would continue to use them as dictation exercises, which can be criticised sharply without discouraging, and I would require original answers to bring out the power of expression.

Say to the pupils: "Suppose you are Rev. A. C. Clark, and you want to get up a party to go to Chicago. Write for rates, bringing in the following details, and others that you wish.

"Ask for rates for a party of ten.

"State that you hope that more will join the party, but they may join the last minute, and ask what arrangements can be made for them.

"Inquire about berths in the sleeper. Ask for reduced rates and good accommodations. Be minute as to the number of berths, whether they shall be upper or lower,

whether the party can all be accommodated in one car, and about meals," etc.

In synonyms, study sets 101, 102, 103.

BOSTON OFFICE, N. Y., N. H., & H. R. R.,
March 21, 1899.

REV. A. C. CLARK,

MY DEAR SIR, —

Enclosed please find ten tickets at clergy rates from Boston to Chicago *via* Grand Trunk.

The regular price of our double berth is $12.80. We make it $8.50 to your party. A first-class Pullman car will be at your service, and berths as you request.

If others should join your party at short notice, arrangements can be made by telegram.

I shall be pleased to do what I can to give you a comfortable and pleasant trip. Meals will be served *en route*.

I mail a map and time-table.

Hoping you will have a large party, I am,

Very truly yours,

A. S. MARSH.

LETTER XVIII

Use as a dictation first and then require original replies. Criticise lack of neat arrangement very sharply

the dictation exercises, but not so sharply in the original replies.

Say to the pupils: "Suppose you are James R. Mitchell.

I. "Write and order, through Mr. Reed, of Dodd, Swell & Co., a quantity of the Bruce Silver Polish to retail in your store.

II. "Write Dodd, Swell & Co. a letter telling them that you are glad they substituted 'Housekeeper's Comfort,' that this last gives entire satisfaction to your customers, and thank the gentlemen for the reduction in price.

"Close your letter by promising to give them future orders, and express the hope that there will be no advance on the introductory price."

In synonyms, study sets 104, 105, 106.

345 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK CITY,
Jan. 18, 1899.

JAMES R. MITCHELL, ESQ.,

DEAR SIR, —

We thank you for your order given to our Mr. Reed, but have taken the liberty to make a change which we hope will be to your profit and our credit.

The Bruce Silver Polish was guaranteed to us but does not give satisfaction, and we do not carry it in stock.

In its place we venture to send a dozen boxes of "Housekeeper's Comfort," the net price of which is $1.50 per box. To you we put it at the special price of $1.40, and ask for a trial.

The sales of this polish have been large, and it seems to give perfect satisfaction.

We trust you approve of our action and will find ready sale for the goods.

Hoping to continue business with you, we are,

Very truly yours,

DODD, SWELL & Co.,
Per C.

LETTER XIX

Put this letter to double use as before — first study for a dictation exercise and then require an original reply.

Say to the pupils: "Suppose you are Mrs. L. L. Marsh.

"Write to J. S. Smead and complain about the sewing machine you bought of him.

"State that he guaranteed it.

"Say that you have tried to use it but could not.

"Tell him that the thread snarls, the machine does not run easily, and there is a lack of evenness in the general movement.

"Express the hope that he will take back the machine and give you a perfect one, or refund the money."

In synonyms, study sets 107, 108, 109.

125 VANDERBILT AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.,
Dec. 8, 1900.

Mrs. L. L. MARSH,

DEAR MADAME, —

Your complaint about the Basil Sewing Machine is at hand. In reply, we desire to say that we are ready to live up to our guarantee.

It is ten years since we began handling these machines, and they have given universal satisfaction.

Occasionally some little imperfection may cause complaint. If it is serious, we order the machine to be reshipped to the manufacturer, but often there is some slight hitch — it may be a matter of oiling — which a skilful workman can find in a few moments.

Our agent will call on you as soon as possible to find out the trouble.

Do not ship to us until he has examined the machine.

Hoping this will prove satisfactory, we are,

Very truly yours,

J. S. SMEAD.

FIRST SET OF LETTERS TO BE STUDIED

LETTER XX

Let the pupils answer the following questions.

I. What do you mean by the following words, reference, dealings, financially, circumstances, particulars, immediate, advance, opportunity, vouch?

II. What does Mr. Davis mean by "wants goods on two months"? (*Ans.* Two months' credit.)

Require the pupils to study these letters with care. See that they are absolutely familiar with the business transactions, and have some idea what they wish to say before they attempt replies. Do not use these long letters as dictation exercises. Concentrate effort on clear concise replies.

In synonyms, study sets 110, 111, 112.

This ends our list of synonyms. The teacher can add at pleasure.

24 Duane Street, New York,
Feb. 4, 1900.

Mr. John A. Moorhead,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir, —

Your name has been given me as reference by Mr. Alfred C. Barnes of your city, who wants goods on two months.

I have never had dealings with Mr. Barnes,

am obliged to trouble you for information
ecting his character as well as the condition
his business, and his circumstances finan-
ly.

Can you vouch for him in these particulars to
extent of advising me to open an account
h him on the terms he desires?

He is in a hurry to have his order filled, and
he proves to be the right kind of man I am
xious to oblige him.

Under these circumstances an immediate reply
ll greatly oblige us both.

Thanking you in advance for the favor, and
pping opportunity will permit me to return it.

Yours truly,

W. C. Davis.

LETTER XXI

Let the pupils answer the following questions.

I. What do the following words mean, "responsible,
r-sightedness, prudence, substantial, community, hesi-
te, retain, profitable"?

II. What does Mr. Moorhead mean by "yours of
eb. 4," also by "to open an account with him," and by
terms"?

III. Require the pupil to write a reply of this sort.

3045 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.,
Feb. 7, 1900.

Mr. W. C. Davis,
24 Duane Street, New York.

Dear Sir, —

In reply to yours of February 4, concerning Mr. Alfred C. Barnes, it gives me great pleasure to say that I have known Mr. Barnes for ten years, and consider him a most responsible young business man.

He is clear-headed and honest, while prudence and far-sightedness are characteristic of him in business dealings.

His trade is in a substantial but slow-paying farming community, which explains his request for time. It is already large, and increasing under his able management.

My information in regard to his capital is not such that I can give exact figures, but I am sure he has plenty of capital for his business.

I would not hesitate to open an account with him myself on any terms he desires.

Hoping profitable and pleasant relations will result to both,

Very truly yours,

John A. Moorhead.

LETTER XXII

Require the pupils to answer the following questions.

I. What does Mr. Moorhead mean by "good stock"?

II. What does he mean by "in regard to his means"?

Another answer to the same letter. Require original reply in same strain as this letter.

3045 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.,
Feb. 7, 1900.

Mr. W. C. Davis,
24 Duane Street, New York.

Dear Sir, —

In reply to yours of February 4, I will give as precise information as I can concerning Mr. Barnes.

He is of good stock, the son of a man respected both in business and civil life.

The son appears to have much of his father's energy. He is agreeable in manner, and has excellent habits.

In regard to his means I have no information which is accurate, but I think his capital is small for the business he has undertaken. His trade is fair, and in my own opinion will grow under his management.

To sum up, there is undoubtedly an element

of risk in opening a credit account with him. However, taking all things into consideration, his good habits, his energy, and my desire to help this likeable young man, I would not hesitate to grant him fairly liberal terms myself.

What I would do myself in this case is of course modified by a personal feeling of good-will. I do not care to take the responsibility of advising another to do so.

Yours very truly,

JOHN A. MOORHEAD.

LETTER XXIII

Require an original reply which has no good word for Mr. Barnes.

3045 MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.,
Feb. 7, 1900.

MR. W. C. DAVIS,
24 Duane Street, New York.

DEAR SIR, —

In reply to yours of recent date, I regret to say that I cannot endorse Mr. Barnes either in character, habits, or financial standing.

He had no authority to use my name, and his impertinence in doing so is typical of his unscrupulous conduct generally.

He has dashed into business with no money,

d is trying for credit right and left. No one o knows him will grant it, for they distrust t only his ability to pay, but also his having honest desire to do so.

I advise you to have nothing to do with him.

Regretting that I am obliged to answer thus,

Very truly yours,

JOHN A. MOORHEAD.

SECOND SET OF LETTERS TO BE STUDIED

LETTER XXIV (With Its Set of Letters)

Require the pupils to write on good paper, business ize, and to fold neatly. Consult models, but do not mitate too closely.

I. Suppose you are a wholesale merchant, and a retail merchant about whom you know nothing writes to open a credit account.

Write a letter of inquiry.

II. Write a cordial endorsement of Partridge & Jones.

III. Write a moderate endorsement of Partridge & Jones.

IV. Write a reply denouncing Partridge & Jones.

See that the pupils understand the business in hand before they reply.

MALDEN, KAN., Jan. 29, 1900.

MESSRS. BARTLET, NOYES & CO.,
New York.

GENTLEMEN, —

In June we bought a small grocery business in this thriving town, and in September added a hardware department.

Trade has been brisk, and everything is favorable to an increase far beyond our first calculations. So excellent, in fact, are all conditions that we have determined to branch out still further, and lay in a stock of dry goods immediately.

The entire trade of the village will be ours, and the trade of a large farming community about, if we can get terms that will enable us to undersell rival concerns in neighboring towns.

One other factor besides price enters into this matter of catching the dollar of the farmer. Great care must be made in catering to the needs of such a farming community as ours. It is a rich community, not at all willing to take poor goods selected without taste.

Mr. Boynton, of Boynton & Clark of your city, informs us that he has entire confidence in your ability to select stock which will sell in

substantial farming community, and advised us to write for prices and terms.

It is our hope that you will consider it for your interest to coöperate with us in this enterprise, and give the most liberal terms you can afford.

We refer to Messrs. Wiley & Clark and the Metropolitan Hardware Company of your city, who are already doing for us what we ask of you, that is, giving terms which will enable us to build up a prosperous business here.

Awaiting an early reply,

Very truly yours,

PARTRIDGE & JONES.

195 6TH AVENUE, NEW YORK,
Feb. 1, 1900.

MESSRS. WILEY & CLARK,

DEAR SIRS,

We received an interesting letter from Partridge & Jones, Malden, Kansas, asking for terms and prices, with a view to opening an account.

There are so many of these new firms begging for special terms that we are obliged to make rigid inquiry, not only in regard to their means,

but about the character and habits of the men who constitute them.

These gentlemen refer to you, and our desire to encourage all enterprising retail firms leads us to hope that you can say something good of them.

It is important that we have information more or less precise as to the character, ability, and financial condition of all with whom we open an account.

Regretting the necessity of troubling you,

Yours truly,

BARTLET, NOYES & Co.
Per G.

560 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
Feb. 2, 1900.

MESSRS. BARTLET, NOYES & Co.,

DEAR SIRS, —

It gives us great pleasure to be able to answer your letter of the 1st inst. as you wish it to be answered.

When we opened an account with Partridge & Jones, of Malden, Kansas, we found that both Mr. Partridge and Mr. Jones were live young men, who had been well trained in the detail of

country merchant's business. Their success is already assured. The trade of the surrounding farming community is coming to them rapidly, and they know how to hold and increase it.

The habits of both gentlemen are excellent. We consider them good customers, worthy of all the encouragement we can give them.

Yours very truly,

WILEY & CLARK.

195 6TH AVENUE, NEW YORK,
Feb. 4, 1900.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & JONES,
Malden, Kansas.

GENTLEMEN, —

Your favor of January 29th has received most careful attention, and we hope will end in pleasant business relations.

Prudence demands that we make rigid inquiry concerning firms heretofore unknown to us, and information gained from the gentlemen to whom you refer is so entirely satisfactory that we assure you of our hearty coöperation in your undertaking, and be assured that the enclosed terms are our most liberal.

We call a note four months from date of shipment liberal terms, but a desire to encourage a new and enterprising firm leads us to stretch our favor to the farthest limit.

If you order $600 worth of goods immediately, we will allow three per cent. discount on the whole and take your note at five months from date of shipment.

In addition to this our expert will be allowed to study the special needs of your community and select stock for you without commission.

We put this expert at your service, now feeling sure that in the future you will appreciate his experience as well as see the difference between the expense of travelling and the slight per cent. we charge for his services.

Please accept our congratulations on your promising venture. You may rely on our aid to the full extent of our ability.

Herewith is enclosed our price-list for such goods as your trade will demand.

Very truly yours,

BARTLET, NOYES & Co.

ORIGINAL WORK FOR PUPILS

The teacher must avoid getting tangled up in 200 or 00 names, so in these business transactions it will be ell to select as many names as the business in hand equires, and write them on the board for the class as a hole to use.

One exception applies to this. Let each pupil sign his wn name where he pretends to be a factor in the business ransaction.

LESSON VII

Say to the pupils: "Suppose you expect to open a country store, write to a wholesale grocer, a dry goods merchant, and a hardware merchant telling them of your proposed undertaking, trying to get favorable terms. Give some banker's name near your supposed home for reference. Suppose his name is Mr. Ralph B. Maxwell. Be polite and direct."

LESSON VIII

"Write three more letters, — one from the wholesale grocer, one from the dry goods merchant, and one from the hardware merchant, asking Mr. Ralph B. Maxwell about yourself."

LESSON IX

"Write three replies from Mr. Maxwell, — one to the wholesale grocer, one to the dry goods merchant, and one to the hardware merchant."

LESSON X

"Write three more letters this time to yourself, — one

from the grocer, one from the dry goods merchant, and one from the hardware merchant. State terms and prices and have polite form."

LETTER XXV

I. Write three similar letters applying for positions.

II. Suppose you are Mr. George C. Hunt, reply to this letter favorably. Ask the candidate to call.

III. Write an unfavorable reply.

1045 Chester Park, Chicago,
Jan. 31, 1900.

Mr. George C. Hunt,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir, —

I read your advertisement in to-day's *Times* for an office boy, and I hope I may be able to say something which will lead you to choose me.

I am fourteen years of age and live with my mother at 1045 Chester Park. My father is dead.

I graduated at the Murray Hill grammar school last June at the head of the class, and am now in the high school until I can find some work to do.

My teachers, Mr. John Hobson and James C. Rounds, will tell you what kind of a boy I am.

Besides going to school I have sold papers enough to buy all my own clothes, and during

the last three vacations have been office boy in the Third National Bank.

Very truly yours,
Harry C. Smart.

TO DRAW OUT BUSINESS LETTERS

This correspondence between the grocer and the dealer, A. H. Smith, will call for five letters and four telegrams.

If more of the same are needed, let the pupils make out outlines for other correspondents in other lines of trade. Require four or five letters, and as many telegrams.

Lesson XI

Write a business letter to Mr. A. H. Smith, of 1161 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

State your financial standing by referring to some banker, or to Bradstreet or Dun, to convince Mr. Smith that you will be a desirable customer, and then tell him that you intend to start in the grocery business and wish to open an account with him. Ask what he will do about special prices, etc.

Sign the name Amos Barker as your own name.

Lesson XII

Write a reply from Mr. A. H. Smith as a wholesale dealer in groceries. State that you are pleased with the references, and wish to retain the writer — Amos Barker was signed — as a customer, and that you will try and make prices satisfactory.

Express the hope that the new business will be successful, and will result in large orders to you as well as profit to Amos Barker.

Lesson XIII

Reply to Mr. Smith and order: —

25 barrels XX flour;
16 boxes of dried fruit, five varieties;
1000 pounds of fine salt in small bags;
300 cans of tomatoes;
200 bottles of mustard;
2 hhds. of molasses;
34 bbls. of sugar — 10 brown and 24 white;
1000 boxes — half Clifton, half Regal — Baking Powder
250 pounds of common soda crackers;
20 chests of tea, 4 varieties. Find out varieties;
34 bags of coffee, 2 varieties. Find out varieties of coffee;
20 boxes of black pepper;
50 boxes of starch;
65 boxes of washing soap, 3 varieties;
400 small bottles of bluing and other things to stock a small country grocery store.

Ship the following order promptly.

Make out an itemized bill.

Lesson XIV

Write an answer to the last letter to the retailer.

Thank the writer for the order.

Say that the goods were shipped on such a date as the order directed.

Lesson XV

Write a letter of fault-finding to Mr. A. H. Smith. Let the letter be polite, but ask him to rectify the following mistakes: —

I. The quality of the XX flour is not what was ordered.
II. Some of the dried fruit was not of the kind ordered.
III. The salt was in large, and you ordered small bags.
IV. 350 instead of 300 cans of tomatoes were sent.
V. 15 bbls. of brown sugar, and 19 of white were sent instead of quantity ordered. The white sugar was impure.
VI. 20 boxes of red instead of black pepper were sent.
VII. The baking powder was of poor quality, etc.

Let the pupils think of other things which might be wrong in the order.

Lesson XVI

Write a reply to the retail grocer.

I. General excuse and statement that Mr. Smith will hasten to rectify errors.
II. He offers to take the flour back, and to save extra freight charges asks you to ship it to the mills from which it came.
III. He directs you to send the dried fruit back to Cutter, Holmes & Co., from whom it was bought.
IV. Return the salt to him and he will have it put into small bags.

V. He directs you to return the 50 extra cans of tomatoes.

VI. Offers to settle about the sugar by lowering the price.

VII. Return the pepper and he will change.

VIII. Return the baking powder, and he will send pure.

IX. He hopes this will prove satisfactory, and asks for further custom.

Settle the correspondence by writing two telegrams and the replies of Mr. Smith.

The telegrams may refer to some small errors not yet corrected, or may request Mr. Smith to hurry the shipment of some special article.

TELEGRAMS

Require the pupils to read the telegrams in their own books, then direct them to write as instructed.

Lesson XVII

Say to the pupils: "Write a telegram to your father, saying that you will arrive in Boston. Give the date, hour, train, and station at which he may expect you, and ask him to meet you. Do this in ten words or less."

Lesson XVIII

Say to the pupils: "Write a telegram in as few words as possible, telling a friend that you will spend the Christmas vacation with him. State the day, hour, train, and station at which they may expect to meet you."

Lesson XIX

Say to the pupils: "Write ten telegrams on subjects that interest you, in not more than ten words."

Lesson XX

Say to the pupils: "Write ten telegraphic despatches about a visit to New York.

"Hotel accommodations.

"Berth in a sleeper.

"Three men you wish to see on business.

"Three persons you wish to meet at the station.

"To a friend on whom you will call.

"One to your family about coming home."

Lesson XXI

Say to the pupils: "Write ten about a railroad accident you are supposed to be in.

"One to your family.

"Three to people you expected to see on business.

"One about railroad accommodations.

"Four to people you wish to meet on the route.

"One about a carriage meeting you at the train."

Lesson XXII

Say to the pupils: "Write three telegrams, supposing you have been delayed on the road by accident. Tell —

"Cause of accident.

"How you are situated.

"When you think you will be able to resume your journey."

Lesson XXIII

Say to the pupils: "Write three telegrams to your aunt about some boots you have ordered for her."

Lesson XXIV

Say to the pupils: "Suppose you are away at school, write three telegrams about coming home."

Lesson XXV

Say to the pupils: "Telegraph to three friends, and tell on what train you will arrive."

Lesson XXVI

Say to the pupils: "Telegraph to a friend whom you expect to meet that evening and cannot on account of business."

ADVERTISEMENTS

Lesson XXVII

Require the pupils to read the advertisements in their own books, and tell them to write others as directed.

For a position, —

WANTED, — A companion for an elderly lady. Must be educated and refined; references exchanged. "L." Transcript.

WANTED, — By a boy of fifteen a chance to learn office work. High school graduate, good references. J. L. Sinclair, 158 Manchester Ave.

Write advertisement for the following, and as many other things as you can think of: —

A book-keeper.
A lost dog.
A purse you have found.
A situation as errand boy.
A house to your mind.

BILLS

Lesson XXVIII

Des Moines, Iowa, Feb. 1, 1900.

G. W. Nash.

Bought of Nims & Morton.

3 office desks @ $22.30	$66	90
3 " chairs @ $1.37	4	11
2 rugs @ $3.80	7	60
3 inkstands @ 50c.	1	50
4 letter files @ 32c.	1	28
	$81	39

Received payment,

Nims & Morton.

Let the pupils copy this receipted bill. Make out ten bills similar. Require the pupils to pretend business transactions with a fellow-pupil, and to get the one with whom they are supposed to transact business to sign the bills made out. Rule the paper as it is ruled in Nims & Morton's bill.

Lesson XXIX

Let the pupils rule their paper as it is ruled in the Nims & Morton bill, and make out Mr. John Larkins's bill as the bill of G. W. Nash was made out.

Mr. John Larkin bought of Dodd & Co. 2 volumes of Shakespeare at $1.03 per volume; of Scott at $0.93; a Bible for $2.50; a set of Washington Irving's books for $7.50; a copy of Longfellow's poems for $1.69; 2 copies of Whittier's poems at $1.05 per copy.

Lesson XXX

New York, Feb. 2, 1900.

Mr. L. L. Lamb,

Bought of Johnson & Stone.

5	yds. cloth @ 75c.	$3	75
2½	yds. lining @ 16c.		40
7	spools thread @ 10c.		70
40	yds. white linen @ 10c.	4	00
		$8	85

Received payment,

Johnson & Stone.

Let pupils copy this receipted bill. Make out ten bills similar. Require the pupils to pretend business transactions with a fellow-pupil, and to get the one with whom they are supposed to transact business to sign the bills made out. Rule the paper as it is ruled in the bill of Mr. Lamb.

Lesson XXXI

Miss Esther Fletcher made a cloak for Miss Elizabeth Abbot. She furnished the following material: 5 yards of silk lining at $0.70; fancy hooks and eyes, $0.75; 5 yards of fur trimming, $3.00; braid, thread, etc., $0.40; cost of making, $15.00.

Let pupils make out a receipted bill. Rule the paper as in the Lamb bill above.

RECEIPTS

Lesson XXXII

Let these be studied as the pupils studied their invitations for dictation exercises, then dictate.

Philadelphia, Pa., May 6, 1899.

$10.

Received from A. T. Atwood Ten Dollars, for rent to date.

A. B. Jannes.

Lesson XXXIII

Write ten receipts that are to be given for imaginary sums of money owed to you. Study the models.

Boston, June 18, 1899.

$100.

Received of Mrs. L. L. Wane One Hundred Dollars, for dress.

Mrs. G. A. Wallace.