

“Special Moments of Inspiration and Insight: A Reader from Books and Documents in the English Language”

A Collection of Excerpts which in some way shine a light on some virtue, way of being or thinking, or some significant experience, and thus reveal an essence of the human spirit necessary to live a good life and contribute to the greater good of the whole.

and A Collaborative Effort Exploring the Potential of the Internet
in the Creation of Educational Resources

Current “Table of Contents” [\[\[First Section—with links to excerpts in Second Section\]\]](#)
(last updated: May 23, 2010)

Introduction

This is the current “Table of Contents” for the work-in-progress “Special Moments of Inspiration and Insight: A Reader from Books Documents in the English Language”. This current “Table of Contents” includes references to more than 150 excerpts from Young Readers’ Classics, History, Exploration, Fiction Short Story, Fiction Novel, Fiction Plays, Fiction Humor, etc. from more than 63 different sources—and titles and artists associated with more than 44 popular songs and old time sing along songs. This project is also seeking copies of hand-made illustrative art to provide representative images, depict scenes, and highlight important elements of the content.

Important Note: As detailed in the “About This Project” section of this website, this project is meant to be a collaborative project, which is seeking input, recommendations, and contributions along the lines of excerpts from books and documents, commentary about those excerpts, hand-made illustrations, links to other similar projects, links to related blogs, etc. Since this project hopes to be collaborative, this “Table of Contents” only represents a starting point for the project.

Hopefully, this starting point “Table of Contents” will accomplish the goal of illustrating that the themes and substance being explored in this particular project has not been sufficiently explored by other work—and thus that there is a need which can be fulfilled, and a service which can be rendered, by a “reader” project with this kind of theme-based approach. This writer also hopes that a quick skim through the “Table of Contents” will give visitors a sense of whether there is something in the book, as it is, which might be of interest to them; and, also, whether there might be something about the project which they would like to explore further.

What This “Special Moments...” Project Hopes to Achieve: A Summary

This particular project, “Special Moments of Inspiration and Insight: A Reader from Books and Documents in the English Language” hopes to identify or attract sources of inspiration and insight which in some way or other are an answer to the question “What kinds of experiences are collectively understood to be part of a good life, and part of how people contribute to the greater good of the whole?”; it hopes to contribute to increasing compassion for our fellow human beings, and contribute to overcoming even the most profound challenges of our times; it hopes to achieve the 12 goals listed below in the section “The Potential to Achieve a Significant Number of Positive Goals”—and it hopes to

receive permission to use excerpts from copyrighted works, freely incorporate excerpts from works in the public domain, and make appropriate and fair use of excerpts from copyrighted works when project coordinators cannot find copyright owners, or do not receive responses to requests for permission from copyright owners.

The Potential to Achieve a Significant Number of Positive Goals

This writer believes there are a significant number of positive goals which can be achieved by this “Special Moments of Inspiration and Insight....” project. These goals include:

- 1) creating a free and easily accessible educational resource
- 2) creating a source of inspiration for people who are learning the English language
- 3) creating a collection of inspirational and educational writings for readers age 10 and above
- 4) creating a source of excellent examples in a number of writing genres
- 5) creating a collection of writing which is most compatible with hand-made illustrative art as the form of expression used to provide representative images, depict scenes, and highlight important elements of the content
- 6) creating a source for background information and commentary associated with each of the writing excerpts included in the book
- 7) creating a collaborative and ongoing work-in-progress which provides education and examples relating to authorized, appropriate, and fair use of excerpts from books, illustrations, commentary, and study questions
- 8) creating an active blog, which will be monitored to encourage positive and constructive comments, suggestions, recommendations, links, and other input and information sharing which is consistent with achieving the potential of this book, and the potential of this website
- 9) creating a resource which writers can use for ideas and inspiration [and which this writer may use if/when he goes forward with plans to work on another writing project in the future (possibly a five act play....)]
- 10) creating a gathering place for people with similar interests, where people might discover new friends and new colleagues, and learn about projects along similar lines
- 11) encouraging the creation of a network of people who are dedicated to finding inspiration and insight in books, life, etc., and finding ways to give form to it so that it can contribute to the greater good of their community, and the greater good of the whole
- 12) contribute to the goals of increasing compassion for our fellow human beings, and overcoming even the most profound challenges of our times

Where to Find Excerpts Which Have Been Made Accessible

Important Note: Excerpts which are currently accepted as part of the project—and cleared for publication (either because the source for the excerpt is in the public domain, permission has been secured from the copyright owner, or some kind of appropriate use/fair use approach has been exercised) will be made accessible in the “Table of Contents” section of the www.specialmomentsbook.net website—and, to be more exact, in this document... in a replica of this “Table of Contents” in the second part of this document. This “Table of Contents”, in the first part of this document, will provide a quick glance at the current draft “Table of Contents”—and include links to the accessible excerpts. The replica “Table of Contents” in the second part of this document will include, in their designated places, excerpts which have been made accessible. There will also be a pdf file with a list of excerpts which have been made accessible.)

Also important: Notations indicating the “Pathway to Appropriate Use” will be included in the “list” pdf file mentioned above, and in the first part (quick glance) “Table of Contents” (Ex: for the excerpt from “The Christmas Carol” by Charles Dickens, the notation will be “In Public Domain”). Notations indicating the “Pathway to Appropriate Use” will also be included as a subheading to the excerpt (along with clear indications of source, copyright owner (where appropriate), and other necessary attributions and source references. Also, as input, suggestions, and recommendations bring forth additional ideas for what to include in this collaborative project, and such excerpts are considered appropriate and relevant to this project, this “Table of Contents” will be updated to include such excerpts, and they will be made accessible as soon as is possible.

Concluding Comments

As the concluding comment to this current version of the “Special Moments of Inspiration and Insight...” “Table of Contents”, this writer hopes that by having a collection with many inspiring excerpts and not many excerpts which provide insight into the negative consequences of a lack of virtue, that the cumulative effect will be to nurture, support, and sustain the kind of readers who cannot bear to turn their back on that which leads to inspiring experiences, but instead realize all the more keenly the value of such positive experiences... and are thus encouraged to strengthen their efforts to support educational efforts which lead to more of such inspiring experiences.

Stefan Pasti, Project Coordinator
Leesburg, Virginia
May 16, 2010

Special Note about this draft Table of Contents (to copyright owners of material briefly referenced in this “Table of Contents”)

Copyright Owners of excerpts which are listed here, but not yet made accessible, are encouraged to explore this Table of Contents, and other sections of this www.specialmomentsbook.net to determine if they might be willing to grant use of the excerpt (such as it is described). This writer will be making diligent efforts to contact Copyright Owners in the coming months; however, he emphasizes here (and will also emphasize in other places, as well) that while he believes that a brief note referencing a passage or excerpt and included in this draft Table of Contents may be regarded as fair use (For example, the note “How difficult for us to achieve a balance” under the book title “Gift from the Sea” by Anne Morrow Lindbergh), those brief references do not imply in any way that the Copyright Owner has granted permission unless that it also indicated. Furthermore, those brief references, with or without indication of public domain or permission granted notations, do not imply any endorsement or support for any this “Special Moments...” project—unless this writer has received specific permission to indicate any such endorsement or support.

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Special Moments of Inspiration and Insight: A Reader from Books and Documents in the English Language”

Current Table of Contents [[[First Section: with links to excerpts in Second Section]]]
(last update: May 23, 2010)

Section 1 Children’s Stories

A. Fiction

1) “The Secret Garden” by Frances Hodgson Burnett

“I wish I had a little spade” ([Excerpt 8](#))
“Might I have a bit o’ earth?”
Oh! The things which happened in that garden!

2) Excerpts from “Little House on the Prairie” series by Laura Ingalls Wilder

- a) The Little House on the Prairie
it isn’t good manners to sing at table
think of having a whole penny for your very own
- b) On the Banks of Plum Creek
playing in the creek
Oh, Ma, the prettiest cow!
No pesky mess of grasshoppers can beat us!
- c) The Long Winter
Laura loved the beautiful world
Here! Come here! Here’s a house!
for the first time Laura wanted to be a schoolteacher
Everything has changed too fast
charging too much for the wheat
It can’t beat us

3) “Five Little Peppers and How They Grew” by Margaret Sidney

“At last she just confronted Dr. Fisher....” ([Excerpt 1](#))
Father angry about gingerbread man?
Did he like my man?

4) “Heidi” by Johanna Spyri

Grandmamma and prayer
Same trouble...?
“...it was as if a great joy had happened to them all.” ([Excerpt 14](#))

5) “Pollyanna” by Eleanor Porter

Also the doctor who needed that tonic
“... I’ve really wanted you most of anybody, all the time.” ([Excerpt 19](#))

6) “Lassie, Come Home” by Eric Knight

Nonsense
Got to be honest
bide here Lassie, and don’t come home again
not happy/going somewhere
never was my dog

7) “The Wind in the Willows” by Kenneth Grahame

Home!

B. Autobiography—Nature Writing

1) “The Singing Creek Where the Willows Grow” by Opal Stanley Whiteley

the colored pencils, they were come!
it’s his cheese squeak
I hear all the voices calling me
name them what ye are a mind to
find you and William Shakespeare
Flowers for the Pensee Girl ([Excerpt 2](#))
have to change my writing

C. Humor

1) “The Funny Mixed Up Story” by Francis McNulty

Section 2 Non-fiction Nature

1) “The Territorial Imperative” by Robert Ardrey

albatrosses return to their nesting ground

2) “The Personality of Insects” by Royal Dixon

ants building a bridge

Section 3 Non-fiction Autobiography

1) "The Story of My Life" by Helen Keller

The First Few Months—from Anne Sullivan's letters ([Excerpt 6](#))
Helen Keller's version of the w-a-t-e-r experience ([Excerpt 7](#))
heavenward striving
contrasting city and country
About love (learning from Annie Sullivan and Bishop Brooks)
new lines of mercy

2) "Up From Slavery" by Booker T. Washington

Freedom Day Chpt 1
"The Struggle for an Education" ([Excerpt 11](#))
General Armstrong Chpt 3
" the opportunity opened for me to begin my life's work." ([Excerpt 12](#))
"...(having) the students do not only the agricultural and domestic work,
but...erect their own buildings.") ([Excerpt 13](#))
Letter to Andrew Carnegie Chpt 12

3) "Mark Twain's Autobiography"

Life on the farm

4) "The Turning Point of My Life" by Mark Twain

\$50 and to the Amazon

5) "Old Times on the Mississippi" by Mark Twain

carry that much cargo be stoop shouldered
Hat Island crossing
"The growth of courage in the pilot house...." ([Excerpt 17](#))

Section 4 Non-Fiction Humor

1) "Cheaper by the Dozen" by Frank Gilbreth, Jr.

the picnic site
the happiest time in the world
where's your sense of humor
convent here I come
Dad at the dances

Section 5 Non-fiction Biography

- 1) "Admiral of the Ocean Sea" by Samuel Eliot Morison

Homeward Passage (with notes on Dead Reckoning)

Azorean Agony

"All attempts to steer a compass course were now abandoned...."

"Her company now called celestial power to their aid...."

- 2) "The Watershed: A Biography of Johannes Kepler" by Arthur Koestler

postulating a force emanating from the sun

the laws: verifiable statements about planetary movement

the importance of Kepler's work on the orbit of Mars

Section 6 Non-fiction History

- 1) "LaSalle and the Discovery of the Great West" by Frances Parkman

claiming vast tracts of land by means of a voice Inaudible at half a mile

- 2) "The History of Great American Fortunes" by Gustave Myers

the trader with the whiskey

- 3) "Seeds of Change: Six Plants That Transformed Mankind" by Henry Hobhouse

tea (opium wars) (with reference to Wikipedia summary)

- 4) "Critical Path" by Buckminster Fuller

balance of trade

International banking

history of capitalism

strategic know-how

- 5) "People of Plenty: Economic Abundance and the American Character" by David Morris Potter

Cultural institution of advertising

with supplementary notes "International Communications: A Media Literacy Approach"

by Art Silverblatt (Author) and Nikolai Zlobin (Author)

Section 7 Non-fiction Exploration

- 1) "The Endurance: Shackleton's Legendary Antarctica Expedition (1914-1915)" by Carolyn Alexander

the goal
pack ice and a fateful turn of events
the plan (and rations) ("Any strategy for survival... could not completely defer to reality.")
from pack to boats, strain beginning to tell, and summary after landing
the "James Caird" plan, the routine, and DR
Georgia Island landing
Georgia plan, station whistle and tribute
from flyleaf (survival of the glass plate negatives of photographs taken during the voyage)

- 2) "The Fight for Everest: 1924" by Edward Felix Norton

Noel's last sighting of Mallory and Irvine

- 3) "Ghosts of Everest: The Search for Mallory and Irvine" by Jochen Hemmleb et al. (1999)

the finding of Mallory
speculation about whether Mallory and Irvine reached the summit

- 4) "K-2: The Savage Mountain" by Charles S. Houston and Robert S. Bates (1953)

A fall, a tangle of lines, and a belay that holds

- 5) "Everest: The Hard Way" by Chris Bonington (1975)

"...more attracted to it, the more his fellows failed to solve it...."
"... working out the complex logistics...."
"If that proved possible, then I would allow for further up-type thinking."

Section 8 Non-fiction Philosophy

- 1) "Gift from the Sea" by Anne Morrow Lindbergh

How difficult for us to achieve a balance

2) "Three Men in a Boat" Jerome K. Jerome

Throw the lumber overboard
The Knight in the Forest ([Excerpt 18](#))

Section 9 Non-fiction Education

1) "The Lives of Children: The Story of the First Street School" by George Dennison

allowing room for life's lessons

Section 10 Fiction Short Story

1) "The Adventures of Robin Hood" by Howard Pyle

helping the knight

2) Sherlock Holmes by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

the Blue Carbuncle (what can be deduced from the hat)
the Priory School (the cow tracks)

3) "A Day in the Country" by Anton Chekhov

"These people have learned not from books, but in the fields,
in the wood, on the river bank." ([Excerpt 10](#))

4) "The Tree" by Gray Owl (Archie Belaney)

one left attracted little attention
a kind of mecca

5) "The Golden Honeymoon" by Ring Lardner, Jr.

(From) Tin Canners (to) Membership in Park

Section 11 Fiction Novel

- 1) "Robinson Crusoe" by Daniel Defoe

barley grows... providence?
money no use
God had yet mercy in store
what a checker work is man
"...it is never too late to be wise." (Excerpt 16)

- 2) "Growth of the Soil" by Knut Hamsen

"...they lived in primitive wise, and lacked for nothing." ([Excerpt 9](#))
A blessing for each other... and for the earth
Sowing grain

- 3) "The Grapes of Wrath" by John Steinbeck

going to California and not looking back
I'll be everywhere (Tom)

- 4) "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by Harriet Beecher Stowe

Eliza at Senator Bird's House ("... how I got across, I don't know....") ([Excerpt 3](#))

- 5) "Dr. Zhivago" by Boris Pasternak

reading the announcements

- 6) "Watership Down" by Richard Adams

Bigwig's in a wire
became a team

- 7) "Cry, the Beloved Country" by Alan Paton

not mended again
cry, the beloved country
Father Vincent ("... do not pray to understand the ways of God. For they are secret.")

8) "Dead Souls" by Nikolai Gogol

A Russian scratching his head

9) "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens

the misery with them all
the finger pointed

"Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey....?" ([Excerpt 4](#))
early to the office

10) "Hanta Yo" by Ruth Beebe Hill

choosing to generate gladness

Section 12 Fiction Plays

1) "Hamlet" by William Shakespeare

Enter ghost

2) "Life with Father" by Howard Lindsay, Russel Crouse, Clarence Day

Household Expenses and Ring for Vinnie

3) "Our Town" by Thornton Wilder

political and social report
cornerstone
Dr. Gibbs to George about chopping wood
what a Thousand Days can do
Can I carry your books?
Emily goes back

Section 13 Fiction Humor

1) "How to Tell a Story" by Mark Twain

The Humorous Story

2) "Accident Insurance" (speech) by Mark Twain

3) "The Private History of a Campaign That Failed" by Mark Twain

Retreat and Falling down the ridge

4) "Roughing It" by Mark Twain

The Sanitary Flour Sack

5) "The Clicking of Cuthbert" by P.G. Wodehouse

joining the literary club

6) "A Damsel in Distress" by P.G. Wodehouse

Mrs. Platt now sang

7) "The Buckskin Harness" (Paul Bunyan story)

8) "Three Men in a Boat" by Jerome K. Jerome

The maze
the watch
mustard and opening the pineapple tin
a fishy story

Section 14 Native American

1) Speech ("Reply to Mr. Cram") by Red Jacket (Seneca Tribe—Native American)

"We will wait a little while and see what effect your preaching has upon them." ([Excerpt 15](#))

2) Speech: "The Indians Night Promises to be Dark" by Seattle (with asterisk)

3) "Black Elk Speaks" by Black Elk

Prayer: "... it may be that some little root of the sacred tree still lives."

4) From presentation at conference—N. Scott Momaday

a comprehension of the world that is peculiarly native
prayer from the "Night Chant"
on the word "appropriate"

5) "The Winged Serpent: American Indian Prose and Poetry" by Margot Astrov (Editor)

"(relating)...the myth of creation... to keep alive the primeval spirit of the sacred beginning."

Section 15 Miscellaneous

1) Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby

2) Speech: "New England Weather" by Mark Twain

3) "One Hundred Folk-Songs: From Many Countries" by Henry Franklin Belknap Gilbert

"The true folk song has travelled a long way." ([Excerpt 5](#))

Section 16 Lyrics to 44 Songs (and maybe option to download one version?)

Camelot (from "Camelot")

Climb Ev'ry Mountain (from "The Sound of Music")

Down by the Old Mill Stream (Mitch Miller?)

Edelweiss (from "The Sound of Music")

For Once in My Life (Tony Bennett)

Georgia on My Mind (Ray Charles)

Goodnight, My Someone (from "The Music Man")

How do you solve a problem like Maria? (from "The Sound of Music")

How Great Thou Art

I left my heart in San Francisco (Tony Bennett)

I'll be seeing you (Jo Stafford?)

I'm gonna sit right down and write myself a letter (Fats Waller)

I'm in the mood for love

I'm lookin' over a four leaf clover (Mitch Miller)

If I were a rich man (from "Fiddler on the Roof")

In a shanty in old shantytown (Singin' Sam)
La Vie en Rose (Tony Martin-- and Edith Pilaf)
Lida Rose (Buffalo Bills, from "The Music Man")
The Lonely Goatherd (from "The Sound of Music")
My Favorite Things (from "The Sound of Music")
Nature Boy (Nat King Cole)
Nevertheless Mills Brothers
Old Cape Cod Patty Page
Old St. Louis (unknown artists on custom tape)
On the Banks of the Wabash (from record?)
On the Street Where you live (from "My Fair Lady")
Once upon a dream (from "Sleeping Beauty")
Our love is here to stay
Over the Rainbow (Judy Garland)
Peg o' My Heart (Mitch Miller or Chieftains?)
San Antonio Rose (Tito Guizar)
Scarlet Ribbons (Walter Brennan or Browns)
Side by Side (Mitch Miller)
Sixteen Going on Seventeen (from "The Sound of Music")
The Sound of Music (from "The Sound of Music")
Stardust (Mills Brothers)
Sunrise, Sunset (from "Fiddler on the Roof")
That Lucky Old Sun (Ray Charles)
That's the Glory of Love (Ray Coniff singers?)
Till There was You (from "The Music Man")
The Ugly Duckling (Danny Kaye from "Hans Christian Andersen")
When it's Springtime in the Rockies (from Old Time custom tape)
When the Saints Go Marching In (Louis Armstrong?)
When You Wish Upon a Star (Cliff Edwards)

Special Moments of Inspiration and Insight:
A Reader from Books and Documents in the English Language”

(Second Section: with accessible excerpts included)

Current “Table of Contents” [[[Second Section: with accessible excerpts included]]]
(last update: May 23, 2010)

Section 1 Children’s Stories

A. Fiction

1) “The Secret Garden” by Frances Hodgson Burnett

“Might I have a bit o’ earth?”

“Oh! The things which happened in that garden!”

Title Given to Excerpt

“... I wish I had a little spade....” (Excerpt 8)

(Pathway for Appropriate Use: Book is in the Public Domain)

Source Location: Google Books version; Public Domain Only filter

Source Reference: “The Secret Garden” by Frances Hodgson Burnett New York Frederick A. Stokes Company Publishers 1911 (Copyright 1911 by Frances Hodgson Burnett; Copyright 1910, 1911 by The Phillips Publishing Company) (p. 104-107)

“... I wish I had a little spade....”

“I wish—I wish I had a little spade,” she said.

“Whatever does tha’ want a spade for?” asked Martha, laughing. “Art tha’ goin’ to take to diggin’? I must tell mother that, too.”

Mary looked at the fire and pondered a little. She must be careful if she meant to keep her secret kingdom. She wasn’t doing any harm, but if Mr. Craven found out about the open door he would be fearfully angry and get a new key and lock it up forever more. She really could not bear that.

“This is such a big lonely place,” she said slowly, as if she were turning matters over in her mind. “The house is only, and the park is lonely, and the gardens are lonely. So many places seem shut up. I never

did many things in India, but there were more people to look at—natives and soldiers marching by—and sometimes bands playing, and my Ayah told me stories. There is no one to talk to here except you and Ben Weatherstaff. And you have to do your work and Ben Weatherstaff won't speak to me often. I thought if I had a little spade I could dig somewhere as he does, and I might make a little garden if he would give me some seeds."

Martha's face quite lighted up.

"There now!" she exclaimed, "if that wasn't one of th' things mother said. She says, 'There's such a lot o' room in that big place, why don't they give her a bit for herself, even if she doesn't plant nothin' but parsley an' radishes? She'd dig an' rake away an' be right down happy over it.' Them was the very words she said."

"Were they?" said Mary. "How many things she knows, doesn't she?"

"Eh!" said Martha. "It's like she says: 'A woman as brings up twelve children learns something besides her ABC. Children's as good as 'rithmetic to set you findin' out things.'"

"How much would a spade cost—a little one?" Mary asked.

"Well," was Martha's reflective answer, "at Thwaite village there's a shop or so an' I saw little garden sets with a spade an' a rake an' a fork all tied together for two shillings. An' they was stout enough to work with, too."

"I've got more than that in my purse," said Mary. "Mrs. Morrison gave me five shillings and Mrs. Medlock gave me some money from Mr. Craven."

"Did he remember thee that much?" exclaimed Martha.

"Mrs. Medlock said I was to have a shilling a week to spend. She gives me one every Saturday. I didn't know what to spend it on."

"My word! that's riches," said Martha. "Tha' can buy anything in th' world tha' wants. Th' rent of our cottage is only one an' threepence an' it's like pullin' eye-teeth to get it. Now I've just thought of somethin'," putting her hands on her hips.

"What?" said Mary eagerly.

"In the shop at Thwaite they sell packages o' flower seeds for a penny each, and our Dickon he knows which is th' prettiest ones an' how to make 'em grow. He walks over to Thwaite many a day just for th' fun of it. Does tha' know how to print letters?" (Martha asked) suddenly.

"I know how to write," Mary answered.

Martha shook her head.

"Our Dickon can only read printin'. If tha' could print we could write a letter to him an' ask him to go an' buy th' garden tools an' th' seeds at th' same time."

“Oh! you’re a good girl!” Mary cried. “You are, really! I didn’t know you were so nice. I know I can print letters if I try. Let’s ask Mrs. Medlock for a pen and ink and some paper.”

“I’ve got some of my own,” said Martha. “I bought ‘em so I could print a bit of a letter to mother of a Sunday. I’ll go and get it.”

She ran out of the room, and Mary stood by the fire and twisted her thin little hands together with sheer pleasure.

“If I have a spade,” she whispered, “I can make the earth nice and soft and dig up weeds. If I have seeds and can make flowers grow the garden won’t be dead at all—it will come alive.”

2) Excerpts from “Little House on the Prairie” series by Laura Ingalls Wilder

- a) The Little House on the Prairie
it isn’t good manners to sing at table
think of having a whole penny for your very own
- b) On the Banks of Plum Creek
playing in the creek
Oh, Ma, the prettiest cow!
No pesky mess of grasshoppers can beat us!
- c) The Long Winter
Laura loved the beautiful world
Here! Come here! Here’s a house!
for the first time Laura wanted to be a schoolteacher
Everything has changed too fast
charging too much for the wheat
It can’t beat us

3) “Five Little Peppers and How They Grew” by Margaret Sidney

Father angry about gingerbread man?
Did he like my man?

Title given to Excerpt:

“At last she just confronted Dr. Fisher....” (Excerpt 1)
(Pathway to Appropriate Use: Book is in Public Domain)

Source Location: Google Books version; Public Domain only filter

Source Reference: “Five Little Peppers and How They Grew” by Margaret Sydney; Illustrated by Hermann Heyer Lothrop, Lee, and Shepard Co. Boston (p. 100-108) (Copyright 1881 by D. Lothrop and Co.) (Copyright renewed 1909 by Harriett M. Lothrop)

"At last she just confronted Dr. Fisher...."

...late in the afternoon, carriage wheels were heard; and then they stopped right at the Peppers' little brown gate.

"Polly," said Mrs. Pepper, running to the bedroom door, "it's Mrs. Henderson! "

"Is it?" said Polly, from the darkened room, "oh! I'm so glad! Is Miss Jerushy with her?" she asked, fearfully.

"No," said Mrs. Pepper, going back to ascertain; "why, it's the parson himself! Dear me! How we look! "

"Never mind, mammy," called back Polly, longing to spring out of bed and fix up a bit.

"I'm sorry to hear the children are sick," said Mrs. Henderson, coming in, in her sweet, gentle way.

"We didn't know it," said the minister, "until this morning — can we see them?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Mrs. Pepper; "Ben's up-stairs; and Polly and Phronsie are in here."

"Poor little things!" said Mrs. Henderson, compassionately; "hadn't you better," turning to the minister, "go up and see Ben first, while I visit the little girls?"

So the minister mounted the crooked stairs; and Mrs. Henderson went straight up to Polly's side; and the first thing Polly knew, a cool, gentle hand was laid on her hot head, and a voice said, "I've come to see *my* little chicken now!"

"Oh, ma'am," said Polly, bursting into a sob, "I don't care about my eyes — only mammy —" and she broke right down.

"I know," said the minister's wife, soothingly; "but it's for you to bear patiently, Polly — what do you suppose the chicks were doing when I came away?" And Mrs. Henderson, while she held Polly's hand, smiled and nodded encouragingly to Phronsie, who was staring at her from the other side of the bed. "I don't know, ma'am," said Polly; "please tell us."

"Well, they were all fighting over a grasshopper — yes, ten of them."

"Which one got it?" asked Polly, in intense interest; "oh! I hope the white one did!"

"Well, he looked as much like winning as any of them," said the lady, laughing.

"Bless her!" thought Mrs. Pepper to herself out in the kitchen, finishing the sack Polly had left; "she's a parson's wife, I say!"

And then the minister came down from Ben's room, and to go into the bedroom; and Mrs. Henderson went up-stairs into the loft.

"So," he said, kindly, as after patting Phronsie's head he came over and sat down by Polly, "this is the little girl who came to see if I were sick?"

"Oh, sir," said Polly, "I'm so glad you wasn't!"

"Well, when I come again," said Mr. Henderson, rising after a merry chat, "I see I shall have to slip a book into my pocket, and read for those poor eyes."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Polly; and then she stopped and blushed.

"Well, what is it?" asked the minister, encouragingly.

"Ben loves to hear reading," said Polly.

"Does he? Well, by that time, my little girl, I guess Ben will be down-stairs; he's all right, Polly; don't you worry about him—and I'll, sit in the kitchen, by the bedroom door, and you can hear nicely."

So the Hendersons went away; but somehow, before they went, a good many things found their way out of the old-fashioned chaise into the Peppers' little kitchen.

But Polly's eyes didn't get any better, with all the care; and the lines of worry on Mrs. Pepper's face grew deeper and deeper. At last, she just confronted Doctor Fisher in the kitchen, one day after his visit to Polly, and boldly asked him if they ever could be cured. "I know she's—and there isn't any use keeping it from me," said the poor woman—"she's going to be stone-blind!"

"My good woman"—Doctor Fisher's voice was very gentle; and he took the hard, brown hand in his own—"your little girl will *not* be blind; I tell you the truth; but it will take some time to make her eyes quite strong—time, and rest. She has strained them in some way, but she will come out of it."

"Praise the Lord!" cried Mrs. Pepper, throwing her apron over her head; and then she sobbed on, "and you, sir—I can't ever thank you—for—for—if Polly was blind, we might as well give up! "

The next day, Phronsie, who had the doctor's permission to sit up, only she was to be kept from taking cold, scampered around in stocking-feet in search of her shoes, which she hadn't seen since she was first taken sick.

"Oh, I want on my very *best* shoes," she cried; "can't I, mammy?"

"Oh, no, Phronsie; you must keep them nice," remonstrated her mother; "you can't wear 'em every day, you know."

"'Tisn't every day," said Phronsie, slowly; "it's only *one* day."

"Well, and then you'll want 'em on again to-morrow," said her mother.

"Oh, no, I won't!" cried Phronsie; "never, no more to-morrow, if I can have 'em to-day; *please*, mammy, dear!"

Mrs. Pepper went to the lowest drawer in the high bureau, and took there from a small parcel done up in white tissue-paper. Slowly unrolling this before the delighted eyes of the child, who stood patiently waiting, she disclosed the precious red-topped shoes which Phronsie immediately clasped to her bosom.

"My own, *very* own shoes! *whole* mine!" she cried, and trudged out into the kitchen to put them on herself.

"Hulloa!" cried Doctor Fisher, coming in about a quarter of an hour later to find her tugging laboriously at the buttons—"new shoes! I declare! "

"My own!" cried Phronsie, sticking out one foot for inspection where every button was in the wrong buttonhole, "and they've got red tops, too!"

"So they have," said the doctor, getting down on the floor beside her; "beautiful red tops, aren't they?"

"Be-yoO-ti-ful," sang the child, delightedly.

"Does Polly have new shoes every day?" asked the doctor in a low voice, pretending to examine the other foot.

Phronsie opened her eyes very wide at this.

"Oh, no, she doesn't have anything, Polly doesn't."

"And what does Polly want most of all — do you know? See if you can tell me." And the doctor put on the most alluring expression that he could muster.

"Oh, I know!" cried Phronsie, with a very wise look.

"There now," cried the doctor, "you're the girl for me! To think you know! So, what is it?"

Phronsie got up very gravely, and with one shoe half on, she leaned over and whispered in the doctor's ear: "A *stove!*"

"A *what?*" said the doctor, looking at her, and then at the old, black thing in the corner, that looked as if it were ashamed of itself; "why, she's got one."

"Oh," said the child, "it won't burn; and sometimes Polly cries, she does, when she's all alone — and I see her."

"Now," said the doctor, very sympathetically, "that's too bad; that is! And then what does she do? "

"Oh, Ben stuffs it up," said the child, laughing; "and so does Polly, too, with paper; and then it all tumbles out quick; oh! just as quick! " And Phronsie shook her yellow head at the dismal remembrance.

"Do you suppose," said the doctor, getting up, "that you know of any smart little girl around here, about four years old, that knows how to button on her own red-topped shoes, who would like to go to ride to-morrow morning in my carriage with me?"

"Oh, I do!" cried Phronsie, hopping on one toe; "it's *me!*"

"Very well, then," said Doctor Fisher, going to the bedroom door, "we'll look out for tomorrow, then."

4) "Heidi" by Johanna Spyri

Grandmamma and prayer
Same trouble...?

Title Given to Excerpt

"...it was as if a great joy had happened to them all." (Excerpt 14)

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Source Location: Google Books version; Public Domain Only filter

Source Reference: "Heidi: A Story for Children and Those Who Love Children" by Frau Johanna Spyri
Translated from the Thirteenth German Edition by Helen B. Cole (with Illustrations) Ginn and Company
Publishers The Athenaeum Press 1899 (First published 1880) (Copyright 1899 Ginn and Company
(From Chapter "Sunday When the Church Bells Ring; p. 201-210)

"...it was as if a great joy had happened to them all."

"The money is yours, do whatever pleases you; you can get bread for the grandmother with it for many a long year."

Heidi shouted for joy--

"Oh, hurrah! now the grandmother will never have to eat hard black bread any more, and oh, grandfather, now everything is lovelier than it ever was before in our lives!"

Heidi took hold of her grandfather's hand and jumped into the air and shouted as merrily as the birds in the sky. But all of a sudden she grew quite serious and said: --

"Oh, if the dear Lord had done right away what I prayed for so hard, then everything would not be as it is now. I should only have come home again and brought the grandmother just a few rolls, and shouldn't have been able to read to her, which does her good; but the dear Lord had already thought it all out so much better than I knew; the grandmamma told me so, and now it has all come true. Oh, how glad I am that the dear Lord did not grant what I asked and longed for! Now I will always pray as the grandmamma told me, and always thank the dear Lord, and if he does not do what I ask, then I will surely think all the same, it will just be as it was in Frankfurt; the dear Lord is planning something much better. But we will pray every day, won't we, grandfather? And we will never forget Him, so that the dear Lord may never forget us."

"And if one should do so?" murmured the grandfather.

"Oh, it would not be well for him, for then the dear Lord would forget him, too, and let him go away, and if he should get into trouble and complain, nobody would pity him, but everybody would say: 'He first ran away from the dear Lord; now the dear Lord, who might have helped him, lets him go.'"

"That is true, Heidi; how did you know it?"

"From the grandmamma; she told me all about it."

The grandfather was silent for a while. Then he said to himself, following his own thoughts:--

"And if it is so, then it is so; no one can go back, and whomever God has forgotten, He has forgotten."

"Oh, no, grandfather; one can go back ; that I know, too, from the grandmamma; and then it says so in the beautiful story in my book; but you don't know about that; we are almost home, and you shall see how beautiful the story is."

Heidi, in her eagerness to get home, hurried faster and faster the last part of the way, and they had scarcely reached the top when she let go her grandfather's hand and ran into the hut. Her grandfather had put half of the things from the trunk into a basket, for the entire trunk was too heavy for him to carry. He now took the basket from his back and then sat down on the bench and became absorbed in thought. Heidi came running out again, with her big book under her arm.

"Oh, this is good, grandfather, that you are already sitting down here" ; and with one bound Heidi was by his side and had found her story, for she had read it so often over and over again, that the book opened of itself at the place. Heidi then read with great feeling about the Prodigal Son.

"Isn't that a beautiful story, grandfather?" asked Heidi, when he sat in silence and she had expected him to be delighted and surprised.

"Yes, Heidi, the story is beautiful," said her grandfather; but his face was so serious that Heidi became quite still and looked at her pictures. She quietly pushed her book in front of her grandfather and said: "See, how happy he is," and pointed with her finger to the picture of his return home, where he stands in fresh garments beside his father, and once more belongs to him as his son.

A few hours later, when Heidi had long been wrapt in deep sleep, her grandfather climbed the little ladder; he put his lamp beside Heidi's bed so that the light fell on the sleeping child. She lay there with folded hands, for Heidi had not forgotten to pray. On her rosy face was an expression of peace and blessed trust that must have appealed to her grandfather, for he stood there a long, long time without moving or taking his eyes from the sleeping child. Then he, too, folded his hands and half aloud, with bowed head, said : —

"Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee and am no more worthy to be called Thy son!" and great tears rolled down his cheeks.

In the early daylight the Alm-Uncle stood in front of his hut, looking around with beaming eyes. The Sunday morning glistened and shone over mountain and valley. The sound of early bells came up from below, and the birds in the fir trees were beginning their morning songs.

The grandfather stepped back into the hut.

"Come, Heidi!" he called from below. "The sun is up! Put on a good dress, and we will go to church together!"

It did not take Heidi long; this was an entirely new call from her grandfather, and she felt that she must follow quickly. In a short time she came running down in her fine Frankfurt dress, but she remained standing in front of her grandfather and looked at him in great surprise.

"Oh, grandfather, I have never seen you look so before!" she exclaimed at last, "and you have never worn the coat with the silver buttons. Oh, you are so splendid in your beautiful Sunday coat!"

The old man looked at the child with a contented smile and said: --

"And you in yours; now come!"

He took Heidi's hand in his, and thus they went together down the mountain.

The clear-toned bells were now sounding in every direction, and fuller and richer as they came nearer, and Heidi listened with delight and said:--

"Do you hear them, grandfather? it is like a great, great festival."

Down in Dorfli the people were already in the church and just beginning to sing when the grandfather and Heidi entered and seated themselves far back in the last seat. But in the midst of the singing the person sitting next them nudged his neighbor with his elbow and said:--

"Have you noticed? The Alm-Uncle is in church!"

And the person nudged touched the next one and so on, and in a short time it was whispered in every corner: "The Alm-Uncle! The Alm-Uncle!" and almost all the women had to turn their heads for a moment, and most of them lagged in the singing, so that the leader had the greatest difficulty in keeping the time.

But when the pastor began to preach they became attentive, for there was such warm praise and thanksgiving in his words that all the listeners were affected by it, and it was as if a great joy had happened to them all. When the service was over, the Alm-Uncle went out with the child by the hand and walked to the parsonage. All those who went out with him, and those who were standing outside, gazed after him, and most followed to see whether he really went into the parsonage; he did so. Then they gathered in groups and discussed in great excitement this unheard-of thing that the Alm-Uncle had been in church, and they all looked eagerly toward the parsonage to see how he would come out, whether in scorn and strife or in peace with the pastor, for they had no idea what had brought the old man down and what it really meant. But there was already a change of feeling experienced by many of them, and one said to another: —

"It may be that the Alm-Uncle is not so bad as they say; you can see how carefully he held the little one by the hand"; and another one said: "That is what I have always said; and he would not go to the pastor's house if he were so thoroughly bad, for he would be afraid; people exaggerate a great many things." And the baker said:--

"Didn't I tell you that the first of all? Do you suppose a little child that has all it wants to eat and drink, and everything else good besides, would run away from it all and go home to a grandfather if he was wicked and wild, and she was afraid of him?"

And a very friendly feeling for the Alm-Uncle arose and increased; the women also drew near. They had heard from Peter the goatherd and the grandmother so many things that represented the Alm-Uncle as quite different from the popular opinion, and now all at once it seemed as if they were waiting to welcome an old friend who had long been absent.

Meanwhile the Alm-Uncle had gone to the study door and knocked. The pastor opened it and met the visitor, not with surprise, as he might have done, but as if he were expecting him. His unusual appearance in the church could not have escaped him. He grasped the old man's hand and shook it heartily, and the Alm-Uncle stood in silence, and at first could not say a word, for he was not prepared for such a warm greeting. Then he collected himself and said:--

"I have come to ask the pastor to forget the words I said to him on the Alm, and that he will not bear me ill will for being obstinate toward his well-meant advice. The pastor was right in all that he said, and I was wrong; but I will now follow his advice, and next winter take up quarters in Dorfli, for the severe weather up yonder is not good for the child ; she is too delicate. And even if the people down here look at me askance, as one who is not to be trusted, I deserve nothing better, and certainly the pastor will not do so."

The pastor's friendly eyes beamed with delight. He took the old man's hand once more and pressed it in his, and said with emotion:--

"Neighbor, you went to the right church before you came down to mine; this delights me! You shall not regret your willingness to come down and live among us again; you will always be welcome in my house as a dear friend and neighbor, and I expect to spend many a pleasant hour of a winter evening with you, for I find your company agreeable and profitable; and we shall find good friends also for the little girl."

And the pastor laid his hand very kindly on Heidi's curly head, and took her by the hand and led her out, as he accompanied the grandfather, and when they were outside the door he bade them farewell.

All the people standing round could see how the pastor shook hands with the Alm-Uncle, as if he were his best friend and he could hardly bear to part with him. Scarcely had the door closed behind the pastor, when the whole assembly pressed toward the Alm-Uncle, and each was eager to be the first, and so many hands were held out together to him that he did not know which he ought to grasp first. One said to him:-- "I am glad! I am glad, uncle, that you are coming back to us again!" And another said: "I have long wanted to speak with you again, uncle!" Similar remarks were heard on every side, and when the uncle replied to all their friendly greetings that he intended to take up his quarters in Dorfli again and spend the winter with his old acquaintances, there was great rejoicing, and it seemed exactly as if the Alm-Uncle were the best-beloved person in all Dorfli, whom they had had great difficulty to get along without. Most of them accompanied the grandfather and the child far up the Alm, and when they left them each one wished the Alm-Uncle to promise to call on him when he came down again. And when the people turned to go down the mountain the old man stood for a long time gazing after them, and a warm light was spread over his face, as if the sun shone out from within him. Heidi looked steadily at him and said with delight:--

"Grandfather, you never looked so handsome before as you have to-day!"

"Do you think so?" said her grandfather, smiling. "Well, you see, Heidi, I feel happy because I am on good terms with people and at peace with God and man; that does one good! The dear Lord was good to me when he sent you up on the Alm."

5) "Pollyanna" by Eleanor Porter

Also the doctor who needed that tonic

Title Given to Excerpt

"... I've really wanted you most of anybody, all the time." (Excerpt 19)

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Source Location: Google Books version; Public Domain Only filter

Source Reference: "Pollyanna" by Eleanor H. Porter L.C. Page and Company Boston 1908 (Copyright 1912, 1913 by The Christian Herald; Copyright 1913 by L.C. Page and Company) (p. 278-292)

"... I've really wanted you most of anybody, all the time."

"Miss Harrington, perhaps you'd give her — a message," she stammered.

"Certainly, Mrs. Benton; I shall be very glad to."

Still the little woman hesitated; then she spoke.

"Will you tell her, please, that — that I've put on *this*," she said, just touching the blue bow at her throat. Then, at Miss Polly's ill-concealed look of surprise, she added: "The little girl has been trying for so long to make me wear — some color, that I thought she'd be — glad to know I'd begun. She said that Freddy would be so glad to see it, if I would. You know Freddy's *all I* have now. The others have all—"Mrs. Benton shook her head and turned away. "If you'll just tell Pollyanna— *she'll* understand." And the door closed after her.

A little later, that same day, there was the other widow — at least, she wore widow's garments. Miss Polly did not know her at all. She wondered vaguely how Pollyanna could have known her. The lady gave her name as "Mrs. Tarbell."

"I'm a stranger to you, of course," she began at once. "But I'm not a stranger to your little niece, Pollyanna. I've been at the hotel all summer, and every day I've had to take long walks for my health. It was on these walks that I've met your niece — she's such a dear little girl! I wish I could make you understand what she's been to me. I was very sad when I came up here; and her bright face and cheery ways reminded me of — my own little girl that I lost years ago. I was so shocked to hear of the accident; and then when I learned that the poor child would never walk again, and that she was so unhappy because she couldn't be glad any longer— the dear child!— I just had to come to you."

"You are very kind," murmured Miss Polly.

"But it is you who are to be kind," demurred the other. "I— I want you to give her a message from me. Will you?"

"Certainly."

"Will you just tell her, then, that Mrs. Tarbell is glad now. Yes, I know it sounds odd, and you don't understand. But — if you'll pardon me I'd rather not explain." Sad lines came to the lady's mouth, and the smile left her eyes. "Your niece will know just what I mean; and I felt that I must tell — her. Thank you; and pardon me, please, for any seeming rudeness in my call," she begged, as she took her leave.

Thoroughly mystified now, Miss Polly hurried up-stairs to Pollyanna's room.

"Pollyanna, do you know a Mrs. Tarbell?"

"Oh, yes. I love Mrs. Tarbell. She's sick, and awfully sad; and she's at the hotel, and takes long walks. We go together. I mean — we used to." Pollyanna's voice broke, and two big tears rolled down her cheeks.

Miss Polly cleared her throat hurriedly.

"Well, she's just been here, dear. She left a message for you — but she wouldn't tell me what it meant. She said to tell you that Mrs. Tarbell is glad now."

Pollyanna clapped her hands softly.

"Did she say that— really? Oh, I'm so glad!"

"But, Pollyanna, what did she mean?"

"Why, it's the game, and—" Pollyanna stopped short, her fingers to her lips.

"What game?"

"N-nothing much, Aunt Polly; that is— I can't tell it unless I tell other things that— that I'm not to speak of."

It was on Miss Polly's tongue to question her niece further; but the obvious distress on the little girl's face stayed the words before they were uttered.

Not long after Mrs. Tarbell's visit, the climax came. It came in the shape of a call from a certain young woman with unnaturally pink cheeks and abnormally yellow hair; a young woman who wore high heels and cheap jewelry; a young woman whom Miss Polly knew very well by reputation— but whom she was angrily amazed to meet beneath the roof of the Harrington homestead.

Miss Polly did not offer her hand. She drew back, indeed, as she entered the room.

The woman rose at once. Her eyes were very red, as if she had been crying. Half defiantly she asked if she might, for a moment, see the little girl, Pollyanna.

Miss Polly said no. She began to say it very sternly; but something in the woman's pleading eyes made her add the civil explanation that no one was allowed yet to see Pollyanna.

The woman hesitated; then a little brusquely she spoke. Her chin was still at a slightly defiant tilt. "My name is Mrs. Payson — Mrs. Tom Payson. I presume you've heard of me — most of the good people in the town have— and maybe some of the things you've heard ain't true. But never mind that. It's about the little girl I came. I heard about the accident, and— and it broke me all up. Last week I heard how she couldn't ever walk again, and— and I wished I could give up my two uselessly well legs for hers. She'd do more good trotting around on 'em one hour than I could in a hundred years. But never mind that. Legs ain't always given to the one who can make the best use of 'em, I notice."

She paused, and cleared her throat; but when she resumed her voice was still husky.

"Maybe you don't know it, but I've seen a good deal of that little girl of yours. We live on the Pendleton Hill road, and she used to go by often— only she didn't always *go by*. She came in and played with the kids and talked to me— and my man, when he was home. She seemed to like it, and to like us. She didn't know, I suspect, that her kind of folks don't generally call on my kind. Maybe if they *did* call more, Miss Harrington, there wouldn't be so many— of my kind," she added, with sudden bitterness. "Be that as it may, she came; and she didn't do herself no harm, and she did do us good— a lot o' good. How much she won't know— nor can't know, I hope; 'cause if she did, she'd know other things— that I don't want her to know.

"But it's just this. It's been hard times with us this year, in more ways than one. We've been blue and discouraged— my man and me, and ready for— 'most anything. We was reckoning on getting a divorce about now, and letting the kids— well, we didn't know what we would do with the kids. Then came the accident, and what we heard about the little girl's never walking again. And we got to thinking how she used to come and sit on our doorstep and train with the kids, and laugh, and— and just be glad. She was always being glad about something; and then, one day, she told us why, and about the game, you know; and tried to coax us to play it.

"Well, we've heard now that she's fretting her poor little life out of her, because she can't play it no more— that there's nothing to be glad about. And that's what I came to tell her to-day— that maybe she can be a little glad for us, 'cause we've decided to stick to each other, and play the game ourselves. I knew she would be glad, because she used to feel kind of bad— at things we said, sometimes. Just how the game is going to help us, I can't say that I exactly see, yet; but maybe 'twill. Anyhow, we're going to try — 'cause she wanted us to. Will you tell her?"

"Yes, I will tell her," promised Miss Polly, a little faintly. Then, with sudden impulse, she stepped forward and held out her hand. "And thank you for coming, Mrs. Payson," she said simply.

The defiant chin fell. The lips above it trembled visibly. With an incoherently mumbled something, Mrs. Payson blindly clutched at the outstretched hand, turned, and fled.

The door had scarcely closed behind her before Miss Polly was confronting Nancy in the kitchen.

"Nancy!"

Miss Polly spoke sharply. The series of puzzling, disconcerting visits of the last few days, culminating as they had in the extraordinary experience of the afternoon, had strained her nerves to the snapping point. Not since Miss Pollyanna's accident had Nancy heard her mistress speak so sternly.

"Nancy, *will* you tell me what this absurd 'game' is that the whole town seems to be babbling about? And what, please, has my niece to do with it? *Why* does everybody, from Milly Snow to Mrs. Tom Payson, send word to her that they're 'playing it'? As near as I can judge, half the town are putting on blue ribbons, or stopping family quarrels, or learning to like something they never liked before, and all because of Pollyanna. I tried to ask the child herself about it, but I can't seem to make much headway, and of course I don't like to worry her— now. But from something I heard her say to you last night, I should judge you were one of them, too. Now *will* you tell me what it all means? "

To Miss Polly's surprise and dismay, Nancy burst into tears.

"It means that ever since last June that blessed child has jest been makin' the whole town glad, an' now they're turnin' 'round an' tryin' ter make her a little glad, too."

"Glad of what?"

"Just glad! That's the game."

Miss Polly actually stamped her foot.

"There you go like all the rest, Nancy. *What* game?"

Nancy lifted her chin. She faced her mistress and looked her squarely in the eye.

"I'll tell ye, ma'am. It's a game Miss Pollyanna's father learned her ter play. She got a pair of crutches once in a missionary barrel when she was wantin' a doll; an' she cried, of course, like any child would. It seems 'twas then her father told her that there wasn't ever anythin' but what there was somethin' about it that you could be glad about; an' that she could be glad about them crutches."

"Glad for — *crutches!*" Miss Polly choked back a sob— she was thinking of the helpless little legs on the bed up-stairs.

"Yes'm. That's what I said, an' Miss Pollyanna said that's what *she* said, too. But he told her she *could* be glad— 'cause she *didn't* need 'em."

"Oh-h!" cried Miss Polly.

"And after that she said he made a regular game of it — findin' somethin' in everythin' ter be glad about. An' she said ye could do it, too, and that ye didn't seem ter mind not havin' the doll so much, 'cause ye was so glad ye *didn't* need the crutches. An' they called it the ' jest bein' glad' game. That's the game, ma'am. She's played it ever since."

"But, how— how— " Miss Polly came to a helpless pause.

"An' you'd be surprised ter find how cute it works, ma'am, too," maintained Nancy, with almost the eagerness of Pollyanna herself. "I wish I could tell ye what a lot she's done for mother an' the folks out home. She's been ter see 'em, ye know, twice, with me. She's made me glad, too, on such a lot o' things — little things, an' big things; an' it's made 'em so much easier. For instance, I don't mind ' Nancy' for a name half as much since she told me I could be glad 'twa'n't 'Hephzibah.' An' there's Monday mornin's, too, that I used ter hate so. She's actually made me glad for Monday mornin's."

"Glad— for Monday mornings!"

Nancy laughed.

"I know it does sound nutty, ma'am. But let me tell ye. That blessed lamb found out I hated Monday mornin's somethin' awful; an' what does she up an' tell me one day but this: 'Well, anyhow, Nancy, I should think you could be gladder on Monday mornin' than on any other day in the week, because 'twould be a whole *week* before you'd have another one!' An' I'm blest if I hain't thought of it ev'ry Monday mornin' since — an' it *has* helped, ma'am. It made me laugh, anyhow, ev'ry time I thought of it; an' laughin' helps, ye know — it does, it does!"

"But why hasn't— she told me— the game?" faltered Miss Polly. "Why has she made such a mystery of it, when I asked her?"

Nancy hesitated.

"Beggin' yer pardon, ma'am, you told her not ter speak of— her father; so she couldn't tell ye. 'Twas her father's game, ye see."

Miss Polly bit her lip.

"She wanted ter tell ye, first off," continued Nancy, a little unsteadily. "She wanted somebody ter play it with, ye know. That's why I begun it— so she could have some one."

" And— and— these others?" Miss Polly's voice shook now.

" Oh, ev'rybody, 'most, knows it now, I guess. Anyhow, I should think they did from the way I'm hearin' of it ev'rywhere I go. Of course she told a lot, and they told the rest. Them things go, ye know, when they gets started. An' she was always so smilin' an' pleasant ter ev'ry one, an' so jest glad herself all the time, that they couldn't help knowin' it, anyhow. Now, since she's hurt, ev'rybody feels so bad— specially when they heard how bad *she* feels 'cause she can't find anythin' ter be glad about. An' so they've been comin' ev'ry day ter tell her how glad she's made *them*, hopin' that'll help some. Ye see, she's always wanted ev'rybody ter play the game with her."

"Well, I know somebody who'll play it— now," choked Miss Polly, as she turned and sped through the kitchen doorway.

Behind her, Nancy stood staring amazedly.

"Well, I'll believe anythin'— anythin' now," she muttered to herself. "Ye can't stump me with anythin' I wouldn't believe now— o' Miss Polly!"

A little later, in Pollyanna's room, the nurse left Miss Polly and Pollyanna alone together.

"And you've had still another caller to-day, my dear," announced Miss Polly, in a voice she vainly tried to steady. "Do you remember Mrs. Payson?"

"Mrs. Payson? Why, I reckon I do! She lives on the way to Mr. Pendleton's, and she's got the prettiest little girl baby three years old, and a boy 'most five. She's awfully nice, and so's her husband — only

they don't seem to know how nice each other is. Sometimes they fight— I mean, they don't quite agree. They're poor, too, they say, and of course they don't ever have barrels, 'cause he isn't a missionary minister, you know, like— well, he isn't."

A faint color stole into Pollyanna's cheeks which was duplicated suddenly in those of her aunt.

"But she wears real pretty clothes, sometimes, in spite of their being so poor," resumed Pollyanna, in some haste. "And she's got perfectly beautiful rings with diamonds and rubies and emeralds in them; but she says she's got one ring too many, and that she's going to throw it away and get a divorce instead. What is a divorce, Aunt Polly? I'm afraid it isn't very nice, because she didn't look happy when she talked about it. And she said if she did get it, they wouldn't live there any more, and that Mr. Payson would go 'way off, and maybe the children, too. But I should think they'd rather keep the ring, even if they did have so many more. Shouldn't you? Aunt Polly, what is a divorce?"

"But they aren't going 'way off, dear," evaded Aunt Polly, hurriedly. "They're going to stay right there together."

"Oh, I'm so glad! Then they'll be there when I go up to see— O dear! " broke off the little girl, miserably. "Aunt Polly, why *can't* I remember that my legs don't go any more, and that I won't ever, ever go up to see Mr. Pendleton again? "

"There, there, don't," choked her aunt. "Perhaps 'you'll drive up sometime. But listen! I haven't told you, yet, all that Mrs. Payson said. She wanted me to tell you that they — they were going to stay together and to play the game, just as you wanted them to."

Pollyanna smiled through tear-wet eyes.

"Did they? Did they, really? Oh, I am glad of that!"

"Yes, she said she hoped you'd be. That's why she told you, to make you — *glad*, Pollyanna."

Pollyanna looked up quickly.

"Why, Aunt Polly, you — you spoke just as if you knew — *Do* you know about the game, Aunt Polly?"

"Yes, dear." Miss Polly sternly forced her voice to be cheerfully matter-of-fact. "Nancy told me. I think it's a beautiful game. I'm going to play it now— with you."

"Oh, Aunt Polly— *you?* I'm so glad! You see, I've really wanted you most of anybody, all the time."

Aunt Polly caught her breath a little sharply. It was even harder this time to keep her voice steady; but she did it.

"Yes, dear; and there are all those others, too. Why, Pollyanna, I think all the town is playing that game now with you— even to the minister! I haven't had a chance to tell you, yet, but this morning I met Mr. Ford when I was down to the village, and he told me to say to you that just as soon as you could see him, he was coming to tell you that he hadn't stopped being glad over those eight hundred rejoicing texts that you told him about. So you see, dear, it's just you that have done it. The whole town is playing the game, and the whole town is wonderfully happier— and all because of one little girl who taught the people a new game, and how to play it."

Pollyanna clapped her hands.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she cried. Then, suddenly, a wonderful light illumined her face. "Why, Aunt Polly, there *is* something I can be glad about, after all. I can be glad I've *had* my legs, anyway— else I couldn't have done— that!"

6) "Lassie, Come Home" by Eric Knight

Nonsense
Got to be honest
bide here Lassie, and don't come home again
not happy/going somewhere
never was my dog

7) "The Wind in the Willows" by Kenneth Grahame

Home!

B. Autobiography—Nature Writing

1) "The Singing Creek Where the Willows Grow" by Opal Stanley Whiteley

the colored pencils, they were come!
it's his cheese squeak
I hear all the voices calling me
name them what ye are a mind to
find you and William Shakespeare
have to change my writing

Title given to Excerpt:

Flowers for the Pensee Girl (Excerpt 2)

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Source Location: Google Books version; Public Domain only filter

Source Reference: "The Story of Opal: the Journal of an Understanding Heart" by Opal Stanley Whiteley
The Atlantic Monthly Press Boston 1920 (p. 172-176) (Copyright 1920 by The Atlantic Monthly Company)

Flowers for the Pensee Girl

...When I was come to the house of Sadie McKibben, there was Dear Love. They was glad we was come, and they had likes for Minerva's little cap with the ruffles around it, like the morning-cap of Jenny Strong. Dear Love did give Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus some pats on his nice white paws.

And they did talk on. I did have hears of them saying of the pensee girl with the far-away look in her eyes, that is come again to visit her aunt of the gray calico dress with the black bow at its neck. I was glad she is come again. I whispered to Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus about my glad feels in his left ear. He cuddled up more close. We listened more listens. Dear Love too did say to Sadie McKibben as how it is the man of the long step that whistles most all of the time has great love for the pensee girl with the far-away look in her eyes, and how it is he is afraid to speak to her about this great love he has for her. And more Dear Love did say, of how it is he does pick bunches of flowers in the woods for her, and then he does lay them by an old log, because he has too shy feels to take them on to her.

Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus did stick out his right front foot. I gave it a pat, and I did give him some throat rubs that he had likes for. And all the time, I was having thinks. I looked looks out the side window of the house of Sadie McKibben. A white cloud was sailing in the sky. A little wind was in the woods. It was calling, "*Petite Francoise—come, petite Francoise.*" I did tell Dear Love and Sadie McKibben there was needs for me to hurry away. They did have understanding. And Sadie McKibben did say it was not long I was staying today, and she would wait waits for my return, coming on the morrow. Dear Love did tell me of the pieces she did find in the top of her trunk, that were waiting waits to be made into christening robes for little folks that now do have their borning-time. I was glad, for there is needs of more.

After I did say good-bye, I went goes on to the woods. I did not follow the trail that does go to the moss-box where I do leave letters on leaves for the fairies. The wind was calling. I followed after it. It was not adown the path that does lead to the nursery. It was calling over logs, in the way that does lead to where is that old log with the bunches of flowers by it, and under its edges. They was the flowers that the man of the long step that whistles most all of the time did gather for the pensee girl with the far-away look in her eyes. Some of the bunches of flowers was all faded. It is days, a long time, since he did put them there; and it is only a little time since he did put the last ones there.

I set down on the moss my basket that I did carry Minerva's baby chickens to christening in. Then I made begins. First I put some moss in the basket. Then I did put in some of the bunches of flowers. I put in the most faded ones, because they had been waiting waits the longest. Then we all did go in a hurry to the house of her aunt of the gray calico dress with the black bow at its neck.

The aunt was not there, and we were glad—but the pensee girl with the far-away look in her eyes was there. She came to the door when we did tap upon its handle. I did tell her all in one breath that we was making begins to bring the flowers that the man of the long step that whistles most all of the time did gather for her on many days. We gave her explanations how it was too shy feels he had to bring them to her himself, so he did lay them by the old log. I told her as how it was we did bring the most faded ones first, because they was waiting waits the longest. And she did take them all up in her arms. And I told her my dog's name was Brave Horatius, and he was a fine dog, and that Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus was a most lovely woodrat. And I held out his white paw for her to have feels of; but he did pull it back and cuddle his nose up close to my curls. I told her how it was he was shy, too, and when he had knows of her better, he would let her pat his nice white paws.

Then I did take my basket and go goes in a hurry back to get the flowers. I did carry the next most old ones to her, and she was glad for them. She was waiting waits for me on the steps of the house of her aunt of the gray calico dress with the black bow at its neck. She was ready to go back with us to the log where the flowers was, and there was joy-lights in her eyes. While we did go along, I did tell her more about the little animal and bird folks that do live in the woods, and I did tell her about the great love the man of the long step that whistles most all of the time does have for her.

Quietness was upon her, and we did walk on in a slow way. A beetle went across the path, and a salal bush did nod itself to us. The wind made little soft whispers. And by-and-by, we was come to the log. She did kneel down by it, and she looked looks for a long time at all the bunches of flowers. And I did say a little prayer, and Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus did squeak a little squeak. I made counts of the bunches of flowers, and they were thirty-and-three. I saw a chipmunk, and I followed him after, to see how many stripes he did have on his back, and where was his home. And on the way, I saw other birds, and I followed them after on tiptoes, to have sees where they were having goes to. And in the bushes, there was a little nest with four eggs in it with speckles on them. I did have thinks there was needs for me to pick out names for the little birds that will hatch out of those eggs. This is a very busy world to live in—there is much needs for picking out names for things.

I am very happy. I have been to the cathedral, to pray again that the angels will bring a baby to Dear Love soon.

have to change my writing

C. Humor

- 1) "The Funny Mixed Up Story" by Francis McNulty

Section 2 Non-fiction Nature

- 1) "The Territorial Imperative" by Robert Ardrey
albatrosses return to their nesting ground

- 2) "The Personality of Insects" by Royal Dixon
ants building a bridge

Section 3 Non-fiction Autobiography

1) "The Story of My Life" by Helen Keller

heavenward striving
contrasting city and country
About love (learning from Annie Sullivan and Bishop Brooks)
new lines of mercy

Title Given to Excerpt

The First Few Months—from Anne Sullivan's letters (Excerpt 6)
(... two essential things I can teach her, obedience and love....")
(including Anne Sullivan's version of the "w-a-t-e-r" experience)

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Source Location: Google Books version; Public Domain only filter

Source Reference: "The Story of My Life" by Helen Keller—"with Her Letters (1887-1901), and a Supplementary Account of Her Education, Including Passages from the Reports and Letters of Her Teacher Anne Mansfield Sullivan" by John Albert Macy (Illustrated) New York Doubleday, Page, and Company 1921 (Copyright 1904 by The Century Company; Copyright 1902, 1903, 1905 by Helen Keller) (from pages 303, 307-316)

The First Few Months—from Anne Sullivan's letters
(... two essential things I can teach her, obedience and love....")
(including Anne Sullivan's version of the w-a-t-e-r experience)

A. [Note: A brief preface to this excerpt-- from p. 303]

(From Introduction to the Section "Education" written by John Albert Macy)

1. Quoting Mr. Michael Anagnos (Director, Perkins Institution), from his report dated November 27, 1888:

...What the little pupil has thus far accomplished is widely known, and her wonderful attainments command general admiration; but only those who are familiar with the particulars of the grand achievement know that the credit is largely due to the intelligence, wisdom, sagacity, unremitting perseverance and unbending will of the instructress, who rescued the child from the depths of everlasting night and stillness, and watched over the different phases of her mental and moral development with maternal solicitude and enthusiastic devotion.

2. "Here follow in order Miss Sullivan's letters and the most important passages from the reports....The first letter is dated March 6, 1887, three days after her arrival in Tuscumbia." (John Albert Macy)

B. From Anne Sullivan's Letters

[Note: "These letters were written to Mrs. Sophia C. Hopkins, the only person to whom Miss Sullivan ever wrote freely. Mrs. Hopkins has been a matron at the Perkins Institution for twenty years, and during the time that Miss Sullivan was a pupil there she was like a mother to her. In these letters we have an almost weekly record of Miss Sullivan's work." (John Albert Macy) (p. 301)

1. March 6, 1887 (Monday P. M.) (p. 307-308)

I had a battle royal with Helen this morning. Although I try very hard not to force issues, I find it very difficult to avoid them.

Helen's table manners are appalling. She puts her hands in our plates and helps herself, and when the dishes are passed, she grabs them and takes out whatever she wants. This morning I would not let her put her hand in my plate. She persisted, and a contest of wills followed. Naturally the family was much disturbed, and left the room. I locked the dining-room door, and proceeded to eat my breakfast, though the food almost choked me. Helen was lying on the floor, kicking and screaming and trying to pull my chair from under me. She kept this up for half an hour, then she got up to see what I was doing. I let her see that I was eating, but did not let her put her hand in the plate. She pinched me, and I slapped her every time she did it. Then she went all round the table to see who was there, and finding no one but me, she seemed bewildered. After a few minutes she came back to her place and began to eat her breakfast with her fingers. I gave her a spoon, which she threw on the floor. I forced her out of the chair and made her pick it up. Finally I succeeded in getting her back in her chair again, and held the spoon in her hand, compelling her to take up the food with it and put it in her mouth. In a few minutes she yielded and finished her breakfast peaceably. Then we had another tussle over folding her napkin. When she had finished, she threw it on the floor and ran toward the door. Finding it locked, she began to kick and scream all over again. It was another hour before I succeeded in getting her napkin folded. Then I let her out into the warm sunshine and went up to my room and threw myself on the bed exhausted. I had a good cry and felt better. I suppose I shall have many such battles with the little woman before she learns the only two essential things I can teach her, obedience and love...

2. Tuscumbia, Alabama, March 11, 1887. (p. 308-310)

Since I wrote you, Helen and I have gone to live all by ourselves in a little garden-house about a quarter of a mile from her home, only a short distance from Ivy Green, the Keller homestead. I very soon made up my mind that I could do nothing with Helen in the midst of the family, who have always allowed her to do exactly as she pleased. She has tyrannized over everybody, her mother, her father, the servants, the little darkies who play with her, and nobody had ever seriously disputed her will, except occasionally her brother James, until I came; and like all tyrants she holds tenaciously to her divine right to do as she pleases. If she ever failed to get what she wanted, it was because of her inability to make the vassals of her household understand what it was. Every thwarted desire was the signal for a passionate outburst, and as she grew older and stronger, these tempests became more violent. As I began to teach her, I was beset by many difficulties. She wouldn't yield a point without contesting it to the bitter end. I couldn't coax her or compromise with her. To get her to do the simplest thing, such as combing her hair or washing her hands or buttoning her boots, it was necessary to use force, and, of course, a distressing scene followed. The family naturally felt inclined to interfere, especially her father, who cannot bear to see her cry. So they were all willing to give in for the sake of peace. Besides, her past experiences and associations were all against me. I saw clearly that it was useless to try to teach her language or

anything else until she learned to obey me. I have thought about it a great deal, and the more I think, the more certain I am that obedience is the gateway through which knowledge, yes, and love, too, enter the mind of the child. As I wrote you, I meant to go slowly at first. I had an idea that I could win the love and confidence of my little pupil by the same means that I should use if she could see and hear. But I soon found that I was cut off from all the usual approaches to the child's heart. She accepted everything I did for her as a matter of course, and refused to be caressed, and there was no way of appealing to her affection or sympathy or childish love of approbation. She would or she wouldn't, and there was an end of it. Thus it is, we study, plan and prepare ourselves for a task, and when the hour for action arrives, we find that the system we have followed with such labour and pride does not fit the occasion; and then there's nothing for us to do but rely on something within us, some innate capacity for knowing and doing, which we did not know we possessed until the hour of our great need brought it to light.

I had a good, frank talk with Mrs. Keller, and explained to her how difficult it was going to be to do anything with Helen under the existing circumstances. I told her that in my opinion the child ought to be separated from the family for a few weeks at least—that she must learn to depend on and obey me before I could make any headway. After a long time Mrs. Keller said that she would think the matter over and see what Captain Keller thought of sending Helen away with me. Captain Keller fell in with the scheme most readily and suggested that the little garden-house at the "old place" be got ready for us. He said that Helen might recognize the place, as she had often been there; but she would have no idea of her surroundings, and they could come every day to see that all was going well, with the understanding, of course, that she was to know nothing of their visits. I hurried the preparations for our departure as much as possible, and here we are....

....She was greatly excited at first, and kicked and screamed herself into a sort of stupor; but when supper was brought she ate heartily and seemed brighter, although she refused to let me touch her. She devoted herself to her dolls the first evening, and when it was bedtime she undressed very quietly; but when she felt me get into bed with her, she jumped out on the other side, and nothing that I could do would induce her to get in again. But I was afraid she would take cold, and I insisted that she must go to bed. We had a terrific tussle, I can tell you. The struggle lasted for nearly two hours. I never saw such strength and endurance in a child. But fortunately for us both, I am a little stronger, and quite as obstinate when I set out. I finally succeeded in getting her on the bed and covered her up, and she lay curled up as near the edge of the bed as possible....

....Helen knows several words now, but has no idea how to use them, or that everything has a name. I think, however, she will learn quickly enough by and by. As I have said before, she is wonderfully bright and active and as quick as lightning in her movements.

3. March 20, 1887 (p. 311-312)

My heart is singing for joy this morning. A miracle has happened! The light of understanding has shone upon my little pupil's mind, and behold, all things are changed!

The wild little creature of two weeks ago has been transformed into a gentle child. She is sitting by me as I write, her face serene and happy, crocheting a long red chain of Scotch wool. She learned the stitch this week, and is very proud of the achievement. When she succeeded in making a chain that would reach across the room, she patted herself on the arm and put the first work of her hands lovingly against her cheek. She lets me kiss her now, and when she is in a particularly gentle mood. She will sit in my lap for a minute or two; but she does not return my caresses. The great step—the step that counts—has been taken. The little savage has learned her first lesson in obedience, and finds the yoke easy. It now

remains my pleasant task to direct and mould the beautiful intelligence that is beginning to stir in the child-soul. Already people remark the change in Helen. Her father looks in at us morning and evening as he goes to and from his office, and sees her contentedly stringing her beads or making horizontal lines on her sewing-card, and exclaims, "How quiet she is!" When I came, her movements were so insistent that one always felt there was something unnatural and almost weird about her. I have noticed also that she eats much less, a fact which troubles her father so much that he is anxious to get her home. He says she is homesick. I don't agree with him; but I suppose we shall have to leave our little bower very soon....

4. March 28, 1887 (p. 313)

Helen and I came home yesterday. I am sorry they wouldn't let us stay another week; but I think I have made the most I could of the opportunities that were mine the past two weeks, and I don't expect that I shall have any serious trouble with Helen in the future. The back of the greatest obstacle in the path of progress is broken. I think "no" and "yes," conveyed by a shake or a nod of my head, have become facts as apparent to her as hot and cold or as the difference between pain and pleasure. And I don't intend that the lesson she has learned at the cost of so much pain and trouble shall be unlearned. I shall stand between her and the over-indulgence of her parents. I have told Captain and Mrs. Keller that they must not interfere with me in any way. I have done my best to make them see the terrible injustice to Helen of allowing her to have her way in everything, and I have pointed out that the processes of teaching the child that everything cannot be as he wills it, are apt to be painful both to him and to his teacher. They have promised to let me have a free hand and help me as much as possible. The improvement they cannot help seeing in their child has given them more confidence in me. Of course, it is hard for them. I realize that it hurts to see their afflicted little child punished and made to do things against her will....

5. April 3, 1887 (p. 314-315)

We almost live in the garden, where everything *is* growing and blooming and glowing. After breakfast we go out and watch the men at work. Helen loves to dig and play in the dirt like any other child. This morning she planted her doll and showed me that she expected her to grow as tall as I. You must see that she is very bright, but you have no idea how cunning she is.

At ten we come in and string beads for a few minutes. She can make a great many combinations now, and often invents new ones herself. Then I let her decide whether she will sew or knit or crochet. She learned to knit very quickly, and is making a wash-cloth for her mother. Last week she made her doll an apron, and it was done as well as any child of her age could do it. But I am always glad when this work is over for the day. Sewing and crocheting are inventions of the devil, I think. I'd rather break stones on the king's highway than hem a handkerchief. At eleven we have gymnastics. She knows all the free-hand movements and the "Anvil Chorus" with the dumb-bells. Her father says he is going to fit up a gymnasium for her in the pump-house; but we both like a good romp better than set exercises. The hour from twelve to one is devoted to the learning of new words. But you mustn't think this is the only time I spell to Helen, for I spell in her hand everything we do all day long, although she has no idea as yet what the spelling means. After dinner I rest for an hour, and Helen plays with her dolls or frolics in the yard with the little darkies, who were her constant companions before I came. Later I join them, and we make the rounds of the outhouses. We visit the horses and mules in their stalls and hunt for eggs and feed the turkeys. Often, when the weather is fine, we drive from four to six, or go to see her aunt at Ivy Green or her cousins in the town. Helen's instincts are decidedly social; she likes to have people about her and to visit her friends, partly, I think, because they always have things she likes to eat. After supper

we go to my room and do all sorts of things until eight, when I undress the little woman and put her to bed. She sleeps with me now. Mrs. Keller wanted to get a nurse for her; but... I like to have Helen depend on me for everything, and I find it much easier to teach her things at odd moments than at set times.

On March 31st I found that Helen knew eighteen nouns and three verbs. Here is a list of the words. Those with a cross after them are words she asked for herself: *Doll, mug, pin, key, dog, hat, cup, box, water, milk, candy, eye (x), finger (x), toe (x), head (#), cake, baby, mother, sit, stand, walk*. On April 1st she learned the nouns *knife, fork, spoon, saucer, tea, papa, bed*, and the verb *run*.

6. April 5, 1887. (p. 315-316)

I must write you a line this morning because something very important has happened. Helen has taken the second great step in her education. She has learned that *everything has a name, and that the manual alphabet is the key to everything she wants to know*.

In a previous letter I think I wrote you that "mug" and "milk" had given Helen more trouble than all the rest. She confused the nouns with the verb "drink." She didn't know the word for "drink," but went through the pantomime of drinking whenever she spelled "mug" or "milk." This morning, while she was washing, she wanted to know the name for "water." When she wants to know the name of anything, she points to it and pats my hand. I spelled "w-a-t-e-r" and thought no more about it until after breakfast. Then it occurred to me that with the help of this new word I might succeed in straightening out the "mug-milk" difficulty. We went out to the pump-house, and I made Helen hold her mug under the spout while I pumped. As the cold water gushed forth, filling the mug, I spelled "w-a-t-e-r" in Helen's free hand. The word coming so close upon the sensation of cold water rushing over her hand seemed to startle her. She dropped the mug and stood as one transfixed. A new light came into her face. She spelled "water" several times. Then she dropped on the ground and asked for its name and pointed to the pump and the trellis, and suddenly turning round she asked for my name. I spelled "Teacher." Just then the nurse brought Helen's little sister into the pump-house, and Helen spelled "baby" and pointed to the nurse. All the way back to the house she was highly excited, and learned the name of every object she touched, so that in a few hours she had added thirty new words to her vocabulary. Here are some of them: *Door, open, shut, give, go, come*, and a great many more.

P. S.—I didn't finish my letter in time to get it posted last night; so I shall add a line. Helen got up this morning like a radiant fairy. She has flitted from object to object, asking the name of everything and kissing me for very gladness. Last night when I got in bed, she stole into my arms of her own accord and kissed me for the first time, and I thought my heart would burst, so full was it of joy.

Title Given to Excerpt

Helen Keller's version of the w-a-t-e-r experience (Excerpt 7)
(... the mystery of language was revealed to me.)

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Source Reference: "The Story of My Life" by Helen Keller—"with Her Letters (1887-1901), and a Supplementary Account of Her Education, Including Passages from the Reports and Letters of Her Teacher Anne Mansfield Sullivan" by John Albert Macy (Illustrated) New York Doubleday, Page, and Company 1921 (Copyright 1904 by The Century Company; Copyright 1902, 1903, 1905 by Helen Keller) (p. 22-24)

Helen Keller's version of the "w-a-t-e-r" experience
(... the mystery of language was revealed to me.)

The morning after my teacher came she led me into her room and gave me a doll. The little blind children at the Perkins Institution, had sent it and Laura Bridgman had dressed it; but I did not know this until afterward. When I had played with it a little while, Miss Sullivan slowly spelled into my hand the word "d-o-1-1." I was at once interested in this finger play and tried to imitate it. When I finally succeeded in making the letter correctly I was flushed with childish pleasure and pride. Running downstairs to my mother I held up my hand and made the letters for doll. I did not know that I was spelling a word or even that words existed; I was simply making my fingers go in monkey-like imitation. In the days that followed I learned to spell in this uncomprehending way a great many words, among them *pin*, *hat*, *cup* and a few verbs like *sit*, *stand* and *walk*. But my teacher had been with me several weeks before I understood that everything has a name.

One day, while I was playing with my new doll, Miss Sullivan put my big rag doll into my lap also, spelled "d-o-1-1" and tried to make me understand that "d-o-1-1" applied to both. Earlier in the day we had had a tussle over the words "m-u-g" and "w-a-t-e-r." Miss Sullivan had tried to impress it upon me that "m-u-g" is *mug* and that "w-a-t-e-r" is *water*, but I persisted in confounding the two. In despair she had dropped the subject for the time, only to renew it at the first opportunity. I became impatient at her repeated attempts and, seizing the new doll, I dashed it upon the floor. I was keenly delighted when I felt the fragments of the broken doll at my feet. Neither sorrow nor regret followed my passionate outburst. I had not loved the doll. In the still, dark world in which I lived there was no strong sentiment or tenderness. I felt my teacher sweep the fragments to one side of the hearth, and I had a sense of satisfaction that the cause of my discomfort was removed. She brought me my hat, and I knew I was going out into the warm sunshine. This thought, if a wordless sensation may be called a thought, made me hop and skip with pleasure.

We walked down the path to the well-house, attracted by the fragrance of the honeysuckle with which it was covered. Some one was drawing water and my teacher placed my hand under the spout. As the cool stream gushed over one hand she spelled into the other the word *water*, first slowly, then rapidly. I stood still, my whole attention fixed upon the motions of her fingers. Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness as of something forgotten—a thrill of returning thought; and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew then that "w-a-t-e-r" meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. That living word awakened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy, set it free! There were barriers still, it is true, but barriers that could in time be swept away.

I left the well-house eager to learn. Everything had a name, and each name gave birth to a new thought. As we returned to the house every object which I touched seemed to quiver with life. That was because I saw everything with the strange, new sight that had come to me. On entering the door I remembered the doll I had broken. I felt my way to the hearth and picked up the pieces. I tried vainly to put them

together. Then my eyes filled with tears; for I realized what I had done, and for the first time I felt repentance and sorrow.

I learned a great many new words that day. I do not remember what they all were; but I do know that *mother, father, sister, teacher* were among them—words that were to make the world blossom for me, "like Aaron's rod, with flowers." It would have been difficult to find a happier child than I was as I lay in my crib at the close of that eventful day and lived over the joys it had brought me, and for the first time longed for a new day to come.

2) "Up From Slavery" by Booker T. Washington

Freedom Day Chpt 1
General Armstrong Chpt 3
Letter to Andrew Carnegie Chpt 12

Title Given to Excerpt

"The Struggle for an Education" (Excerpt 11)

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Source Reference: "Up from Slavery: An Autobiography" by Booker T. Washington New York Doubleday, Page, and Company 1907 (Copyright 1900, 1901 by Booker T. Washington) (Fom Chapter 3 "The Struggle for an Education; p. 43-44, 47-53)

"The Struggle for an Education"

(p. 43-44)

One day, while at work in the coal-mine, I happened to overhear two miners talking about a great school for coloured people somewhere in Virginia. This was the first time that I had ever heard anything about any kind of school or college that was more pretentious than the little coloured school in our town. In the darkness of the mine I noiselessly crept as close as I could to the two men who were talking. I heard one tell the other that not only was the school established for the members of my race, but that opportunities were provided by which poor but worthy students could work out all or a part of the cost of board, and at the same time be taught some trade or industry.

As they went on describing the school, it seemed to me that it must be the greatest place on earth, and not even Heaven presented more attractions for me at that time than did the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute in Virginia, about which these men were talking. I resolved at once to go to that school, although I had no idea where it was, or how many miles away, or how I was going to reach it; I remembered only that I was on fire constantly with one ambition, and that was to go to Hampton. This thought was with me day and night.

After hearing of the Hampton Institute, I continued to work for a few months longer in the coalmine. While at work there, I heard of a vacant position in the household of General Lewis Ruffner, the owner of the salt-furnace and coal-mine. Mrs. Viola Ruffner, the wife of General Ruffner, was a "Yankee" woman from Vermont. Mrs. Ruffner had a reputation all through the vicinity for being very strict with her servants, and especially with the boys who tried to serve her. Few of them had remained with her more than two or three weeks. They all left with the same excuse: she was too strict. I decided, however, that I would rather try Mrs. Ruffner's house than remain in the coal-mine, and so my mother applied to her for the vacant position. I was hired at a salary of \$5 per month.

I had heard so much about Mrs. Ruffner's severity that I was almost afraid to see her, and trembled when I went into her presence. I had not lived with her many weeks, however, before I began to understand her. I soon began to learn that, first of all, she wanted everything kept clean about her, that she wanted things done promptly and systematically, and that at the bottom of everything she wanted absolute honesty and frankness. Nothing must be sloven or slipshod; every door, every fence, must be kept in repair.

I cannot now recall how long I lived with Mrs. Ruffner before going to Hampton, but I think it must have been a year and a half. At any rate, I here repeat what I have said more than once before, that the lessons that I learned in the home of Mrs. Ruffner were as valuable to me as any education I have ever gotten anywhere since. Even to this day I never see bits of paper scattered around a house or in the street that I do not want to pick them up at once. I never see a filthy yard that I do not want to clean it, a paling off of a fence that I do not want to put it on, an unpainted or unwhitewashed house that I do not want to paint or whitewash it, or a button off one's clothes, or a grease-spot on them or on a floor, that I do not want to call attention to it.

From fearing Mrs. Ruffner I soon learned to look upon her as one of my best friends....

(p. 47-53)

....Notwithstanding my success at Mrs. Ruffner's I did not give up the idea of going to the Hampton Institute. In the fall of 1872 I determined to make an effort to get there, although, as I have stated, I had no definite idea of the direction in which Hampton was, or of what it would cost to go there. I do not think that any one thoroughly sympathized with me in my ambition to go to Hampton unless it was my mother, and she was troubled with a grave fear that I was starting out on a "wild-goose chase."....

....Perhaps the thing that touched and pleased me most in connection with my starting for Hampton was the interest that many of the older coloured people took in the matter. They had spent the best days of their lives in slavery, and hardly expected to live to see the time when they would see a member of their race leave home to attend a boarding-school. Some of these older people would give me a nickel, others a quarter, or & handkerchief.

Finally the great day came, and I started for Hampton. I had only a small, cheap satchel that contained what few articles of clothing I could get. My mother at the time was rather weak and broken in health. I hardly expected to see her again, and thus our parting was all the more sad. She, however, was very brave through it all. At that time there were no through trains connecting that part of West Virginia with eastern Virginia. Trains ran only a portion of the way, and the remainder of the distance was travelled by stage-coaches.

The distance from Malden to Hampton is about five hundred miles. I had not been away from home many hours before it began to grow painfully evident that I did not have enough money to pay my fare to Hampton....

...By walking, begging rides both in wagons and in the cars, in some way, after a number of days, I reached the city of Richmond, Virginia, about eighty-two miles from Hampton. When I reached there, tired, hungry, and dirty, it was late in the night....

...As soon as it became light enough for me to see my surroundings I noticed that I was near a large ship, and that this ship seemed to be unloading a cargo of pig iron. I went at once to the vessel and asked the captain to permit me to help unload the vessel in order to get money for food. The captain, a white man, who seemed to be kind-hearted, consented. I worked long enough to earn money for my breakfast, and it seems to me, as I remember it now, to have been about the best breakfast that I have ever eaten.

My work pleased the captain so well that he told me if I desired I could continue working for a small amount per day. This I was very glad to do. I continued working on this vessel for a number of days....

...When I had saved what I considered enough money with which to reach Hampton, I thanked the captain of the vessel for his kindness, and started again. Without any unusual occurrence I reached Hampton, with a surplus of exactly fifty cents with which to begin my education. To me it had been a long, eventful journey; but the first sight of the large, three-story, brick school building seemed to have rewarded me for all that I had undergone in order to reach the place. If the people who gave the money to provide that building could appreciate the influence the sight of it had upon me, as well as upon thousands of other youths, they would feel all the more encouraged to make such gifts. It seemed to me to be the largest and most beautiful building I had ever seen. The sight of it seemed to give me new life. I felt that a new kind of existence had now begun - that life would now have a new meaning. I felt that I had reached the promised land, and I resolved to let no obstacle prevent me from putting forth the highest effort to fit myself to accomplish the most good in the world.

As soon as possible after reaching the grounds of the Hampton Institute, I presented myself before the head teacher for assignment to a class. Having been so long without proper food, a bath, and change of clothing, I did not, of course, make a very favourable impression upon her, and I could see at once that there were doubts in her mind about the wisdom of admitting me as a student. I felt that I could hardly blame her if she got the idea that I was a worthless loafer or tramp. For some time she did not refuse to admit me, neither did she decide in my favour, and I continued to linger about her, and to impress her in all the ways I could with my worthiness. In the meantime I saw her admitting other students, and that added greatly to my discomfort, for I felt, deep down in my heart, that I could do as well as they, if I could only get a chance to show what was in me.

After some hours had passed, the head teacher said to me: "The adjoining recitation-room needs sweeping. Take the broom and sweep it."

It occurred to me at once that here was my chance. Never did I receive an order with more delight. I knew that I could sweep, for Mrs. Ruffner had thoroughly taught me how to do that when I lived with her.

I swept the recitation-room three times. Then I got a dusting-cloth and I dusted it four times. All the woodwork around the walls, every bench, table, and desk, I went over four times with my dusting-cloth. Besides, every piece of furniture had been moved and every closet and corner in the room had been

thoroughly cleaned. I had the feeling that in a large measure my future depended upon the impression I made upon the teacher in the cleaning of that room. When I was through, I reported to the head teacher. She was a "Yankee" woman who knew just where to look for dirt. She went into the room and inspected the floor and closets; then she took her handkerchief and rubbed it on the woodwork about the walls, and over the table and benches. When she was unable to find one bit of dirt on the floor, or a particle of dust on any of the furniture, she quietly remarked, "I guess you will do to enter this institution."

I was one of the happiest souls on earth. The sweeping of that room was my college examination, and never did any youth pass an examination for entrance into Harvard or Yale that gave him more genuine satisfaction. I have passed several examinations since then, but I have always felt that this was the best one I ever passed....

Title Given to Excerpt

"...the opportunity opened for me to begin my life-work." (Excerpt 12)

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Source Location: Google Books version; Public Domain Only filter

Source Reference: "Up from Slavery: An Autobiography" by Booker T. Washington New York Doubleday, Page, and Company 1907 (Copyright 1900, 1901 by Booker T. Washington) (From Chapter 7 "Early Days at Tuskegee"; p. 106-108, 110)

"...the opportunity opened for me to begin my life-work."

In May, 1881, near the close of my first year in teaching the night-school, in a way that I had not dared expect, the opportunity opened for me to begin my life-work. One night in the chapel, after the usual chapel exercises were over, General Armstrong referred to the fact that he had received a letter from some gentlemen in Alabama asking him to recommend some one to take charge of what was to be a normal school for the coloured people in the little town of Tuskegee in that state. These gentlemen seemed to take it for granted that no coloured man suitable for the position could be secured, and they were expecting the General to recommend a white man for the place. The next day General Armstrong sent for me to come to his office, and, much to my surprise, asked me if I thought I could fill the position in Alabama. I told him that I would be willing to try. Accordingly, he wrote to the people who had applied to him for the information, that he did not know of any white man to suggest, but if they would be willing to take a coloured man, he had one whom he could recommend. In this letter he gave them my name.

Several days passed before anything more was heard about the matter. Some time afterward, one Sunday evening during the chapel exercises, a messenger came in and handed the general a telegram. At the end of the exercises he read the telegram to the school. In substance, these were its words: "Booker T. Washington will suit us. Send him at once."

There was a great deal of joy expressed among the students and teachers, and I received very hearty congratulations....

....Before going to Tuskegee I had expected to find there a building and all the necessary apparatus ready for me to begin teaching. To my disappointment, I found nothing of the kind. I did find, though, that which no costly building and apparatus can supply, hundreds of hungry, earnest souls who wanted to secure knowledge....

....My first task was to find a place in which to open the school. After looking the town over with some care, the most suitable place that could be secured seemed to be a rather dilapidated shanty near the coloured Methodist church, together with the church itself as a sort of assembly-room. Both the church and the shanty were in about as bad condition as was possible. I recall that during the first months of school that I taught in this building it was in such poor repair that, whenever it rained, one of the older students would very kindly leave his lessons and hold an umbrella over me while I heard the recitations of the others. I remember, also, that on more than one occasion my landlady held an umbrella over me while I ate breakfast.

Title Given to Excerpt

“...(having) the students do not only the agricultural and domestic work,
but...erect their own buildings.”) (Excerpt 13)

(Pathway for Appropriate Use: Book is in the Public Domain)

Source Location: Google Books version; Public Domain Only filter

Source Reference: “Up from Slavery: An Autobiography” by Booker T. Washington New York Doubleday, Page, and Company 1907 (Copyright 1900, 1901 by Booker T. Washington) (From Chapter 10 “A Harder Task Than Making Bricks Without Straw”; p. 148-150, 152-155)

“...(having) the students do not only the agricultural and domestic work,
but...erect their own buildings.”)

From the very beginning, at Tuskegee, I was determined to have the students do not only the agricultural and domestic work, but to have them erect their own buildings. My plan was to have them, while performing this service, taught the latest and best methods of labour, so that the school would not only get the benefit of their efforts, but the students themselves would be taught to see not only utility in labour, but beauty and dignity; would be taught, in fact, how to lift labour up from mere drudgery and toil, and would learn to love work for its own sake. My plan was not to teach them to work in the old way, but to show them how to make the forces of nature - air, water, steam, electricity, horse-power - assist them in their labour.

At first many advised against the experiment of having the buildings erected by the labour of the students, but I was determined to stick to it. I told those who doubted the wisdom of the plan that I knew that our first buildings would not be so comfortable or so complete in their finish as buildings erected by the experienced hands of outside workmen, but that in the teaching of civilization, self-help,

and self-reliance, the erection of the buildings by the students themselves would more than compensate for any lack of comfort or fine finish.

I further told those who doubted the wisdom of this plan, that the majority of our students came to us in poverty, from the cabins of the cotton, sugar, and rice plantations of the South, and that while I knew it would please the students very much to place them at once in finely constructed buildings, I felt that it would be following out a more natural process of development to teach them how to construct their own buildings. Mistakes I knew would be made, but these mistakes would teach us valuable lessons for the future.

During the now nineteen years' existence of the Tuskegee school, the plan of having the buildings erected by student labour has been adhered to. In this time forty buildings, counting small and large, have been built, and all except four are almost wholly the product of student labour. As an additional result, hundreds of men are now scattered throughout the South who received their knowledge of mechanics while being taught how to erect these buildings. Skill and knowledge are now handed down from one set of students to another in this way, until at the present time a building of any description or size can be constructed wholly by our instructors and students, from the drawing of the plans to the putting in of the electric fixtures, without going off the grounds for a single workman....

.... Brickmaking has now become such an important industry at the school that last season our students manufactured twelve hundred thousand of first-class bricks, of a quality suitable to be sold in any market. Aside from this, scores of young men have mastered the brickmaking trade - both the making of bricks by hand and by machinery - and are now engaged in this industry in many parts of the South. The making of these bricks taught me an important lesson in regard to the relations of the two races in the South. Many white people who had had no contact with the school, and perhaps no sympathy with it, came to us to buy bricks because they found out that ours were good bricks. They discovered that we were supplying a real want in the community. The making of these bricks caused many of the white residents of the neighbourhood to begin to feel that the education of the Negro was not making him worthless, but that in educating our students we were adding something to the wealth and comfort of the community. As the people of the neighbourhood came to us to buy bricks, we got acquainted with them; they traded with us and we with them. Our business interests became intermingled. We had something which they wanted; they had something which we wanted. This, in a large measure, helped to lay the foundation for the pleasant relations that have continued to exist between us and the white people in that section, and which now extend throughout the South.

Wherever one of our brickmakers has gone in the South, we find that he has something to contribute to the well-being of the community into which he has gone; something that has made the community feel that, in a degree, it is indebted to him, and perhaps, to a certain extent, dependent upon him. In this way pleasant relations between the races have been stimulated.

My experience is that there is something in human nature which always makes an individual recognize and reward merit, no matter under what colour of skin merit is found. I have found, too, that it is the visible, the tangible, that goes a long ways in softening prejudices. The actual sight of a first-class house that a Negro has built is ten times more potent than pages of discussion about a house that he ought to build, or perhaps could build.

The same principle of industrial education has been carried out in the building of our own wagons, carts, and buggies, from the first. We now own and use on our farm and about the school dozens of these vehicles, and every one of them has been built by the hands of the students. Aside from this, we help supply the local market with these vehicles. The supplying of them to the people in the community has

had the same effect as the supplying of bricks, and the man who learns at Tuskegee to build and repair wagons and carts is regarded as a benefactor by both races in the community where he goes. The people with whom he lives and works are going to think twice before they part with such a man.

3) Mark Twain's Autobiography"

Life on the farm

4) "The Turning Point of My Life" by Mark Twain

\$50 and to the Amazon

5) "Old Times on the Mississippi" by Mark Twain

carry that much cargo be stoop shouldered
Hat Island crossing

Title Given to Excerpt

"The growth of courage in the pilot house...." (Excerpt 17)

(Pathway for Appropriate Use: Book is the Public Domain)

Source Location: Google Books version; Public Domain Only filter

Source Reference: "Old Times on the Mississippi" by Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) Toronto Belford Brothers, Publishers 1876 (p. 95-99)

"The growth of courage in the pilot house...."

The growth of courage in the pilot-house is steady all the time, but it does not reach a high and satisfactory condition until some time after the young pilot has been "standing his own watch," alone and under the staggering weight of all the responsibilities connected with the position. When an apprentice has become pretty thoroughly acquainted with the river, he goes clattering along so fearlessly with his steamboat, night or day, that he presently begins to imagine that it is *his* courage that animates him; but the first time the pilot steps out and leaves him to his own devices he finds out it was the other man's. He discovers that the article has been left out of his own cargo altogether. The whole river is bristling with exigencies in a moment; he is not prepared for them; he does not know how to meet them; all his knowledge forsakes him; and within fifteen minutes he is as white as a sheet and scared almost to death. Therefore pilots wisely train these cubs by various strategic tricks to look danger in the face a little more calmly. A favorite way of theirs is to play a friendly swindle upon the candidate.

Mr. B served me in this fashion once, and for years afterwards I used to blush even in my sleep when I thought of it. I had become a good steersman; so good, indeed, that I had all the work to do on our watch, night or day; Mr. B seldom made a suggestion to me; all he ever did was to take the wheel on particularly bad nights or in particularly bad crossings, land the boat when she needed to be landed, play gentleman of leisure nine tenths of the watch, and collect the wages. The lower river was about bank-full, and if anybody had questioned my ability to run any crossing between Cairo and New Orleans without help or instruction, I should have felt irreparably hurt. The idea of being afraid of any crossing in the lot, in the *day-time*, was a thing too preposterous for contemplation. Well, one matchless summer's day I was bowling down the bend above island 66, brim full of self-conceit and carrying my nose as high as a giraffe's, when Mr. B said,—

"I am going below a while. I suppose you know the next crossing?"

This was almost an affront. It was about the plainest and simplest crossing in the whole river. One couldn't come to any harm, whether he ran it right or not; and as for depth, there never had been any bottom there. I knew all this, perfectly well.

"Know how to *run* it? Why, I can run it with my eyes shut."

"How much water is there in it?"

"Well, that is an odd question. I couldn't get bottom there with a church steeple."

"You think so, do you?"

The very tone of the question shook my confidence. That was what Mr. B was expecting.

He left, without saying anything more. I began to imagine all sorts of things. Mr. B, unknown to me, of course, sent somebody down to the fore-castle with some mysterious instruction to the leadsmen, another messenger was sent to whisper among the officers, and then Mr. B went into hiding behind a smoke-stack where he could observe results. Presently the captain stepped out on the hurricane deck; next the chief mate appeared; then a clerk. Every moment or two a straggler was added to my audience; and before I got to the head of the island I had fifteen or twenty people assembled down there under my nose. I began to wonder what the trouble was. As I started across the captain glanced aloft at me and said, with a sham uneasiness in his voice,—

"Where is Mr. B?"

"Gone below, sir."

But that did the business for me. My imagination began to construct dangers out of nothing, and they multiplied faster than I could keep the run of them. All at once I imagined I saw shoal water ahead! The wave of coward agony that surged through me then came near dislocating every joint in me. All my confidence in that crossing vanished. I seized the bell-rope; dropped it, ashamed; seized it again; dropped it once more; clutched it tremblingly once again, and pulled it so feebly that I could hardly hear the stroke myself. Captain and mate sang out instantly, and both together,—

"Starboard lead there! and quick about it!"

This was another shock. I began to climb the wheel like a squirrel; but I would hardly get the boat started to port before I would see new dangers on that side, and away I would spin to the other; only to find perils accumulating to starboard, and be crazy to get to port again. Then came the leadsman's sepulchral cry:—

"D-ee-p four!"

Deep four in a bottomless crossing! The terror of it took my breath away.

"M-a-r-k three! M-a-r k three! Quarter less three! Half twain!"

This was frightful! I seized the bell-ropes and stopped the engines.

"Quarter twain! Quarter twain! *Mark twain!*"

I was helpless. I did not know what in the world to do. I was quaking from head to foot, and I could have hung my hat on my eyes, they stuck out so far.

"Quarter *less* twain! Nine and a *half!*"

We were *drawing* nine! My hands were in a nerveless flutter. I could not ring a bell intelligibly with them. I flew to the speaking-tube and shouted to the engineer,—

"Oh, Ben, if you love me, *back* her! Quick Ben! Oh, back the immortal *soul* out of her!"

I heard the door close gently. I looked around and there stood Mr. B, smiling a bland, sweet smile. Then the audience on the hurricane deck sent up a thurgust of humiliating laughter. I saw it all, now, and I felt meaner than the meanest man in human history. I laid in the lead, set the boat in her marks, came ahead on the engines, and said,—

"It was a fine trick to play on an orphan *wasn't* it? I suppose I'll never hear the last of how I was ass enough to heave the lead at the head of 66."

"Well, no, you won't, maybe. In fact I hope you won't; for I want you to learn something by that experience. Didn't you *know* there was no bottom in that crossing?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Very well, then. You shouldn't have allowed me or anybody else to shake your confidence in that knowledge. Try to remember that. And another thing: when you get into a dangerous place, don't turn coward. That isn't going to help matters any."

It was a good enough lesson, but pretty hardly leamed. Yet about the hardest part of it was that for months I so often had to hear a phrase which I had conceived a particular distaste for. It was, "Oh, Ben, if you love me, back her!"

Section 4 Non-Fiction Humor

- 1) "Cheaper by the Dozen" by Frank Gilbreth, Jr.

the picnic site
the happiest time in the world
where's your sense of humor
convent here I come
Dad at the dances

Section 5 Non-fiction Biography

- 1) "Admiral of the Ocean Sea" by Samuel Eliot Morison

Homeward Passage (with notes on Dead Reckoning)
Azorean Agony
"All attempts to steer a compass course were now abandoned...."
"Her company now called celestial power to their aid...."

- 2) "The Watershed: A Biography of Johannes Kepler" by Arthur Koestler

postulating a force emanating from the sun
the laws: verifiable statements about planetary movement
the importance of Kepler's work on the orbit of Mars

Section 6 Non-fiction History

- 1) "LaSalle and the Discovery of the Great West" by Frances Parkman

claiming vast tracts of land by means of a voice Inaudible at half a mile

- 2) "The History of Great American Fortunes" by Gustave Myers

the trader with the whiskey

- 3) "Seeds of Change: Six Plants That Transformed Mankind" by Henry Hobhouse

tea (opium wars) (with reference to Wikipedia summary)

4) "Critical Path" by Buckminster Fuller

balance of trade
International banking
history of capitalism
strategic know-how

5) "People of Plenty: Economic Abundance and the American Character" by David Morris Potter

Cultural institution of advertising
with supplementary notes "International Communications: A Media Literacy Approach"
by Art Silverblatt (Author) and Nikolai Zlobin (Author)

Section 7 Non-fiction Exploration

1) "The Endurance: Shackleton's Legendary Antarctica Expedition (1914-1915)" by Carolyn Alexander

the goal
pack ice and a fateful turn of events
the plan (and rations) ("Any strategy for survival... could not completely defer to reality.")
from pack to boats, strain beginning to tell, and summary after landing
the "James Caird" plan, the routine, and DR
Georgia Island landing
Georgia plan, station whistle and tribute
from flyleaf (survival of the glass plate negatives of photographs taken during the voyage)

2) "The Fight for Everest: 1924" by Edward Felix Norton

Noel's last sighting of Mallory and Irvine

3) "Ghosts of Everest: The Search for Mallory and Irvine" by Jochen Hemmleb et al. (1999)

the finding of Mallory
speculation about whether Mallory and Irvine reached the summit

4) "K-2: The Savage Mountain" by Charles S. Houston and Robert S. Bates (1953)

A fall, a tangle of lines, and a belay that holds

5) “Everest: The Hard Way” by Chris Bonington (1975)

“...more attracted to it, the more his fellows failed to solve it....”

“... working out the complex logistics....”

“If that proved possible, then I would allow for further up-type thinking.”

Section 8 Non-fiction Philosophy

1) “Gift from the Sea” by Anne Morrow Lindbergh

How difficult for us to achieve a balance

2) “Three Men in a Boat” Jerome K. Jerome

Throw the lumber overboard

Title Given to Excerpt

The Knight in the Forest (Excerpt 18)

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Source Location: Google Books version; Public Domain Only filter

Source Reference: “Three Men in a Boat (to say nothing of the dog)” by Jerome K. Jerome London J.W. Arrowsmith 1889 (p. 160-163)

The Knight in the Forest

It was a glorious night. The moon had sunk, and left the quiet earth alone with the stars. It seemed as if, in the silence and the hush, while we her children slept, they were talking with her, their sister— conversing of mighty mysteries in voices too vast and deep for childish human ears to catch the sound.

They awe us, these strange stars, so cold, so clear. We are as children whose small feet have strayed into some dim-lit temple of the god they have been taught to worship but know not; and, standing where the echoing dome spans the long vista of the shadowy light, glance up, half hoping, half afraid to see some awful vision hovering there.

And yet it seems so full of comfort and of strength, the night. In its great presence, our small sorrows creep away, ashamed. The day has been so full of fret and care, and our hearts have been so full of evil and of bitter thoughts, and the world has seemed so hard and wrong to us. Then Night, like some great loving mother, gently lays her hand upon our fevered head, and turns our little tear-stained faces up to hers, and smiles; and, though she does not speak, we know what she would say, and lay our hot flushed cheek against her bosom, and the pain is gone.

Sometimes, our pain is very deep and real, and we stand before her very silent, because there is no language for our pain, only a moan. Night's heart is full of pity for us: she cannot ease our aching; she takes our hand in hers, and the little world grows very small and very far away beneath us, and, borne on her dark wings, we pass for a moment into a mightier Presence than her own, and in the wondrous light of that great Presence, all human life lies like a book before us, and we know that Pain and Sorrow are but the angels of God.

Only those who have worn the crown of suffering can look upon that wondrous light; and they, when they return, may not speak of it, or tell the mystery they know.

Once upon a time, through a strange country, there rode some goodly knights, and their path lay by a deep wood, where tangled briars grew very thick and strong, and tore the flesh of them that lost their way therein. And the leaves of the trees that grew in the wood were very dark and thick, so that no ray of light came through the branches to lighten the gloom and sadness.

And, as they passed by that dark wood, one knight of those that rode, missing his comrades, wandered far away, and returned to them no more; and they, sorely grieving, rode on without him, mourning him as one dead.

Now, when they reached the fair castle towards which they had been journeying, they stayed there many days, and made merry; and one night, as they sat in cheerful ease around the logs that burned in the great hall, and drank a loving measure, there came the comrade they had lost, and greeted them. His clothes were ragged, like a beggar's, and many sad wounds were on his sweet flesh, but upon his face there shone a great radiance of deep joy.

And they questioned him, asking him what had befallen him: and he told them how in the dark wood he had lost his way, and had wandered many days and nights, till, torn and bleeding, he had lain him down to die.

Then, when he was nigh unto death, lo! through the savage gloom there came to him a stately maiden, and took him by the hand and led him on through devious paths, unknown to any man, until upon the darkness of the wood there dawned a light such as the light of day was but as a little lamp unto the sun; and, in that wondrous light, our wayworn knight saw as in a dream a vision, and so glorious, so fair the vision seemed, that of his bleeding wounds he thought no more, but stood as one entranced, whose joy is deep as is the sea, whereof no man can tell the depth. And the vision faded, and the knight, kneeling upon the ground, thanked the good saint who into that sad wood had strayed his steps, so he had seen the vision that lay there hid.

And the name of the dark forest was Sorrow; but of the vision that the good knight saw therein we may not speak nor tell.

Section 9 Non-fiction Education

1) "The Lives of Children: The Story of the First Street School" by George Dennison

allowing room for life's lessons

Section 10 Fiction Short Story

1) "The Adventures of Robin Hood" by Howard Pyle

helping the knight

2) Sherlock Holmes by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

the Blue Carbuncle (what can be deduced from the hat)
the Priory School (the cow tracks)

3) "A Day in the Country" by Anton Chekhov

Title Given to Excerpt

"These people have learned not from books, but in the fields, in the wood, on the river bank."
(Excerpt 10)

(Pathway for Appropriate Use: Book is in the Public Domain)

Source Location: Google Books version; Public Domain Only filter

Source Reference: "The Tales of Chekhov" Volume XII "The Cook's Wedding and other Stories" by Anton Chekhov Translated from the Russian by Constance Garrett New York The MacMillan Company 1922 (Copyright 1922 by The MacMillan Company) (p. 110-115)

"These people have learned not from books, but in the fields, in the wood, on the river bank."

....Whereabouts is Danilka?" he asks. "Lead me to him."

Fyokla leads him into a thicket, and, after going a quarter of a mile, points to Danilka. Her brother, a little fellow of eight, with hair as red as ochre and a pale sickly face, stands leaning against a tree, and, with his head on one side, looking sideways at the sky. In one hand he holds his shabby old cap, the other is hidden in an old lime tree. The boy is gazing at the stormy sky, and apparently not thinking of his trouble. Hearing footsteps and seeing the cobbler he gives a sickly smile and says:

"A terrible lot of thunder, Terenty. . . . I've never heard so much thunder in all my life."

"And where is your hand?"

"In the hole. . . . Pull it out, please, Terenty!"

The wood had broken at the edge of the hole and jammed Danilka's hand: he could push it farther in,

but could not pull it out. Terenty snaps off the broken piece, and the boy's hand, red and crushed, is released.

"It's terrible how it's thundering," the boy says again, rubbing his hand. "What makes it thunder, Terenty?"

"One cloud runs against the other," answers the cobbler. The party come out of the copse, and walk along the edge of it towards the darkened road. The thunder gradually abates, and its rumbling is heard far away beyond the village.

"The ducks flew by here the other day, Terenty," says Danilka, still rubbing his hand. "They must be nesting in the Gniliya Zaimishtcha marshes. . . . Fyolka, would you like me to show you a nightingale's nest?"

"Don't touch it, you might disturb them," says Terenty, wringing the water out of his cap. "The nightingale is a singing-bird, without sin. He has had a voice given him in his throat, to praise God and gladden the heart of man. It's a sin to disturb him."....

...."And here are some bees," cries Danilka, pointing to the branch of a young oak tree.

The drenched and chilled bees are huddled together on the branch. There are so many of them that neither bark nor leaf can be seen. Many of them are settled on one another.

"That's a swarm of bees," Terenty informs them. "They were flying looking for a home, and when the rain came down upon them they settled. If a swarm is flying, you need only sprinkle water on them to make them settle. Now if, say, you wanted to take the swarm, you would bend the branch with them into a sack and shake it, and they all fall in."

Little Fyokla suddenly frowns and rubs her neck vigorously. Her brother looks at her neck, and sees a big swelling on it.

"Hey-hey!" laughs the cobbler. "Do you know where you got that from, Fyokia, old girl? There are Spanish flies on some tree in the wood. The rain has trickled off them, and a drop has fallen on your neck -- that's what has made the swelling."

The sun appears from behind the clouds and floods the wood, the fields, and the three friends with its warm light. The dark menacing cloud has gone far away and taken the storm with it. The air is warm and fragrant. There is a scent of bird-cherry, meadowsweet, and lilies-of-the-valley.

"That herb is given when your nose bleeds," says Terenty, pointing to a woolly-looking flower. "It does good."

They hear a whistle and a rumble, but not such a rumble as the storm-clouds carried away. A goods train races by before the eyes of Terenty, Danilka, and Fyokla. The engine, panting and puffing out black smoke, drags more than twenty vans after it. Its power is tremendous. The children are interested to know how an engine, not alive and without the help of horses, can move and drag such weights, and Terenty undertakes to explain it to them:

"It's all the steam's doing, children.... The steam does the work....You see, it shoves under that thing near

the wheels, and it.... you see... it works....."

They cross the railway line, and, going down from the embankment, walk towards the river. They walk not with any object, but just at random, and talk all the way.... Danilka asks questions, Terenty answers them. . . .

Terenty answers all his questions, and there is no secret in Nature which baffles him. He knows everything. Thus, for example, he knows the names of all the wild flowers, animals, and stones. He knows what herbs cure diseases, he has no difficulty in telling the age of a horse or a cow. Looking at the sunset, at the moon, or the birds, he can tell what sort of weather it will be next day. And indeed, it is not only Terenty who is so wise. Silanty Silitch, the innkeeper, the market-gardener, the shepherd, and all the villagers, generally speaking, know as much as he does. These people have learned not from books, but in the fields, in the wood, on the river bank. Their teachers have been the birds themselves, when they sang to them, the sun when it left a glow of crimson behind it at setting, the very trees, and wild herbs.

Danilka looks at Terenty and greedily drinks in every word. In spring, before one is weary of the warmth and the monotonous green of the fields, when everything is fresh and full of fragrance, who would not want to hear about the golden may-beetles, about the cranes, about the gurgling streams, and the corn mounting into ear?

The two of them, the cobbler and the orphan, walk about the fields, talk unceasingly, and are not weary. They could wander about the world endlessly. They walk, and in their talk of the beauty of the earth do not notice the frail little beggar-girl tripping after them. She is breathless and moves with a lagging step. There are tears in her eyes; she would be glad to stop these inexhaustible wanderers, but to whom and where can she go? She has no home or people of her own; whether she likes it or not, she must walk and listen to their talk.

Towards midday, all three sit down on the river bank. Danilka takes out of his bag a piece of bread, soaked and reduced to a mash, and they begin to eat. Terenty says a prayer when he has eaten the bread, then stretches himself on the sandy bank and falls asleep. While he is asleep, the boy gazes at the water, pondering. He has many different things to think of. He has just seen the storm, the bees, the ants, the train. Now, before his eyes, fishes are whisking about. Some are two inches long and more, others are no bigger than one's nail. A viper, with its head held high, is swimming from one bank to the other.

Only towards the evening our wanderers return to the village. The children go for the night to a deserted barn, where the corn of the commune used to be kept, while Terenty, leaving them, goes to the tavern. The children lie huddled together on the straw, dozing.

The boy does not sleep. He gazes into the darkness, and it seems to him that he is seeing all that he has seen in the day: the storm-clouds, the bright sunshine, the birds, the fish, lanky Terenty. The number of his impressions, together with exhaustion and hunger, are too much for him; he is as hot as though he were on fire, and tosses from, side to side. He longs to tell someone all that is haunting him now in the darkness and agitating his soul, but there is no one to tell. Fyokla is too little and could not understand.

"I'll tell Terenty to-morrow," thinks the boy.

The children fall asleep thinking of the homeless cobbler, and, in the night, Terenty comes to them, makes the sign of the cross over them, and puts bread under their heads. And no one sees his love. It is

seen only by the moon which floats in the sky and peeps caressingly through the holes in the wall of the deserted barn.

4) "The Tree" by Gray Owl (Archie Belaney)

one left attracted little attention
a kind of mecca

5) "The Golden Honeymoon" by Ring Lardner, Jr.

(From) Tin Canners (to) Membership in Park

Section 11 Fiction Novel

1) "Robinson Crusoe" by Daniel Defoe

barley grows... providence?
money no use
God had yet mercy in store
what a checker work is man

Title Given to Excerpt

"...it is never too late to be wise." (Excerpt 16)

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Source Location: Google Books version; Public Domain Only filter

Source Reference: "Robinson Crusoe" by Daniel Defoe London Joseph Mawman 1815 (p. 150-152)
(First published in 1719)

"...it is never too late to be wise."

This appeared so clear to me now, that nothing was a greater satisfaction to me than that I had not been suffered to do a thing which I now saw so much reason to believe would have been no less a sin than that of wilful murder, if I had committed it; and I gave most humble thanks on my knees to God, that had thus delivered me from blood-guiltiness ; beseeching him to grant me the protection of his providence, that I might not fall into the hands of the barbarians, or that I might not lay my hands upon them, unless I had a more clear call from heaven to do it, in defense of my own life.

In this disposition I continued for near a year after this; and so far was I from desiring an occasion for falling upon these wretches, that in all that time, I never once went up the hill to see whether there were any of them in sight, or to know whether any of them had been on shore there or not, that I might not be tempted to renew any of my contrivances against them, or be provoked by any advantage which might present itself, to fall upon them: only this I did, I went and removed my boat, which I had on the other side of the island, and carried it down to the east end of the whole island, where I ran it into a little cove, which I found under some high rocks, and where I knew, by reason of the currents, the savages durst not, at least, would not, come with their boats, upon any account whatever. With my boat, I carried away every thing that I had left there belonging to her, although not necessary for the bare going thither, such as a mast and sail which I had made for her, and a thing like an anchor, but which indeed, could not be called either anchor or grapnel; however, it was the best I could make of its kind; all these I removed, that there might not be the least shadow of any discovery, or any appearance of any boat, or of any human habitation upon the island. Besides this, I kept myself, as I said, more retired than ever, and seldom went from my cell, other than upon my constant employment to milk my she-goats and manage my little flock in the wood, which, as it was quite on the other part of the island, was quite out of danger; for certain it is, that these savage people, who sometimes haunted this island, never came with any thoughts of finding any thing here, and consequently never wandered off from the coast; and I doubt not but they might have been several times on shore after my apprehensions of them had made me cautious, as well as before. Indeed, I looked back with some horror upon the thoughts of what my condition would have been, if I had chanced upon them and been discovered before that; when, naked and unarmed, except with one gun, and that loaded often only with small shot, I walked every where, peeping and peering about the island to see what I could get; what a surprise should I have been in, if, when I discovered the print of a man's foot, I had, instead of that, seen fifteen or twenty savages, and found them pursuing me, and by the swiftness of their running, no possibility of my escaping them? The thoughts of this sometimes sunk my very soul within me, and distressed my mind so much, that I could not soon recover it, to think what I should have done, and how I should not only have been unable to resist them, but even should not have had presence of mind enough to do what I might have done; much less what now, after so much consideration and preparation, I might be able to do. Indeed, after serious thinking of these things, I would be very melancholy, and sometimes it would last a great while; but I resolved it all, at last, into thankfulness unto that providence which had delivered me from so many unseen dangers, and had kept from me those mischiefs which I could have no way been the agent in delivering myself from, because I had not the least notion of any such thing depending, or the least supposition of its being possible. This renewed a contemplation which often had come to my thoughts in former time, when first I began to see the merciful dispositions of heaven, in the dangers we run through in this life; how wonderfully we are delivered when we know nothing of it; how, when we are in a doubt or hesitation, (a quandary as we call it) whether to go this way, or that way, a secret hint shall direct us this way, when, we intended to go that way: nay, when sense, our own inclinations, and perhaps business, has called to go the other way, yet a strange impression upon the mind, from we know not what springs, and by we know not what power, shall over-rule us to go this way; and it shall afterwards appear, that, had we gone that way which we should have gone, and even to our imagination ought to have gone, we should have been ruined and lost. Upon these, and many like reflections, I afterward made it a certain rule with me, that whenever I found those secret hints or pressings of mind, to doing or not doing any thing that presented, or going this way or that way, I never failed to obey the secret dictate; though I knew no other reason for it than that such a pressure, or such a hint hung upon my mind. I could give many examples of the success of this conduct in the course of my life, but more especially in the latter part of my inhabiting this unhappy island; besides many occasions which it is very likely I might have taken notice of, if I had seen with the same eyes that I see with now. But it is never too late to be wise; and I cannot but advise all considering men, whose lives are attended with such extraordinary incidents as mine, or even, although not so extraordinary, not to slight such secret intimations of providence, let them come from what invisible intelligence they will....

2) "Growth of the Soil" by Knut Hamsen

A blessing for each other... and for the earth
Sowing grain

Title Given to Excerpt

"...they lived in primitive wise, and lacked for nothing." (Excerpt 9)

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Source Location: Google Books version; Public Domain Only filter

Source Reference: "Growth of the Soil" by Knut Hamsun Translated from the Norwegian by W.W. Worster Volume 1 New York Alfred A. Knopf 1921 [Original Title: "Markens Grode"] (Copyright 1917 by Gyldendalske Boghandel, Nordisk Forlog) (Copyright 1921 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.) (p. 24-26, 29)

"...they lived in primitive wise, and lacked for nothing."

Ho, they were getting well-to-do, with this hut of theirs, this farm of theirs; why, 'twas good enough for any one. Ay, they'd as good as all they could wish for already. Oh, that Inger; he loved her and she loved him again; they were frugal folk; they lived in primitive wise, and lacked for nothing. "Let's go to sleep!" And they went to sleep. And wakened in the morning to another day, with things to look at, matters to see to, once again; ay, toil and pleasure, ups and downs, the way of life.

As, for instance, with those timber baulks — should he try to fit them up together? Isak had kept his eyes about him down in the village, with that very thing in mind, and seen how it was done; he could build with timber himself, why not? Moreover, it was a call upon him; it must be done. Hadn't they a farm with sheep, a farm with a cow already, goats that were many already and would be more? — their live stock alone was crowding them out of the turf hut; something must be done. And best get on with it at once, while the potatoes were still in flower, and before the haytime began. Inger would have to lend a hand here and there....

...There lies the timber. He falls to, rolling the baulks, then lifting them, setting them up against the wall in a framework; one big frame for a parlour, and a smaller one — there must be a room to sleep in. It was heavy work, hard-breathing work, and his mind being set on it, he forgot the time. There comes a smoke from the roof-hole of the hut, and Inger steps out and calls to breakfast.

"And what are you busy with now?" asked Inger.

"You're early about," says Isak, and that was all.

Ho, that Isak with his secrets and his lordly ways! But it pleased him, maybe, to have her asking and wondering, and curious about his doings. He ate a bit, and sat for a while in the hut before going out again. What could he be waiting for?

"H'm," says he at last, getting up. "This won't do. Can't sit here idling today. Work to be done."

"Seems like you're building," says Inger. "What?"

And he answered condescendingly, this great man who went about building with timber all by himself, he answered: "Why, you can see as much, I take it."

"Yes. . . . Yes, of course."

"Building — why, there's no help for it as I can see. Here's you come bringing a whole cow to the farm — that means a cowshed, I suppose? "

Poor Inger, not so eternally wise as he, as Isak, that lord of creation. And this was before she learned to know him, and reckon with his way of putting things. Says Inger:

"Why, it's never a cowshed you're building, surely?"

"Ho," says he.

"But you don't mean it? I — I thought you'd be building a house first."

"Think so?" says Isak, putting up a face as if he'd never in life have thought of that himself.

"Why, yes. And put the beasts in the hut."

Isak thought for a bit. "Ay, maybe 'twould be best so."

"There," says Inger, all glad and triumphant. "You see I'm some good after all."

"Ay, that's true. And what'd you say to a house with two rooms in?"

"Two rooms? Oh ...! Why, 'twould be just like other folks. Do you think we could? "

They did. Isak he went about building, notching his baulks and fitting up his framework...

....And now they moved into the new building, and the animals had the turf hut to themselves, only a lambing ewe was left with Cow, lest she should feel lonely.

They had done well, these builders in the waste; ay, 'twas a wonder and a marvel to themselves.

3) "The Grapes of Wrath" by John Steinbeck

going to California and not looking back
I'll be everywhere (Tom)

4) "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by Harriet Beecher Stowe

Title Given To Excerpt

Eliza at Senator Bird's House ("...how I got across, I don't know...") (Excerpt 3)

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Source Location: Google Books version; Public Domain only filter

Source Reference: "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by Harriet Beecher Stowe Henry Altemus Company Philadelphia The Atlantic Monthly Press Boston 1920 (p. 114-123) (no date of publication or edition on this version) (no mention of secured copyright) (Original date of publication: 1852)

Eliza at Senator Bird's House ("... how I got across, I don't know...")

At this critical juncture, old Cudjoe, the black man-of-all-work, put his head in at the door, and wished "Missis would come into the kitchen;" and our senator, tolerably relieved, looked after his little wife with a whimsical mixture of amusement and vexation, and, seating himself in the arm-chair, began to read the papers.

After a moment, his wife's voice was heard at the door, in a quick, earnest tone,— "John! John! I do wish you'd come here, a moment."

He laid down his paper, and went into the kitchen, and started, quite amazed at the sight that presented itself :—A young and slender woman, with garments torn and frozen, with one shoe gone, and the stocking torn away from the cut and bleeding foot, was laid back in a deadly swoon upon two chairs. There was the impress of the despised race on her face, yet none could help feeling its mournful and pathetic beauty, while its stony sharpness, its cold, fixed, deathly aspect, struck a solemn chill over him. He drew his breath short, and stood in silence. His wife, and their only colored domestic, old Aunt Dinah, were busily engaged in restorative measures ; while old Cudjoe had got the boy on his knee, and was busy pulling off his shoes and stockings, and chafing his little cold feet.

"Sure, now, if she an't a sight to behold! " said old Dinah, compassionately;" 'pears like 't was the heat that made her faint. She was (?) when she cum in, and asked if she couldn't warm herself here a spell; and I was just a askin' her where she cum from, and she fainted right down. Never done much hard work, guess, by the looks of her hands."

"Poor creature!" said Mrs. Bird, compassionately, as the woman slowly unclosed her large, dark eyes, and looked vacantly at her. Suddenly an expression of agony crossed her face, and she sprang up, saying, "O, my Harry! Have they got him?"

The boy, at this, jumped from Cudjoe's knee, and, running to her side, put up his arms. "O he's here! He's here! " she exclaimed.

"O, ma'am! " said she, wildly, to Mrs. Bird, "do protect us! Don't let them get him!"

"Nobody shall hurt you here, poor woman," said Mrs. Bird, encouragingly. "You are safe; don't be afraid."

"God bless you " said the woman, covering her face and sobbing ; while the little boy, seeing her crying, tried to get into her lap.

With many gentle and womanly offices, which none knew better how to render than Mrs. Bird, the poor woman was, in time, rendered more calm. A temporary bed was provided for her on the settle, near the fire; and, after a short time, she fell into a heavy slumber, with the child, who seemed no less weary, soundly sleeping on her arm; for the mother resisted, with nervous anxiety, the kindest attempts to take him from her; and, even in sleep, her arm encircled him with an unrelaxing clasp, as if she could not even then be beguiled of her vigilant hold.

Mr. and Mrs. Bird had gone back to the parlor, where, strange as it may appear, no reference was made, on either side, to the preceding conversation; but Mrs. Bird busied herself with her knitting-work, and Mr. Bird pretended to be reading the paper.

"I wonder who and what she is!" said Mr. Bird, at last, as he laid it down.

"When she wakes up and feels a little rested, we will see," said Mrs. Bird.

"I say, wife" said Mr. Bird, after musing in silence over his newspaper.

"Well, dear!"

"She couldn't wear one of your gowns, could she, by any letting down, or such matter? She seems to be rather larger than you are."

A quite perceptible smile glimmered on Mrs. Bird's face, as she answered, "We'll see."

Another pause, and Mr. Bird again broke out, "I say, wife!"

"Well! What now?"

"Why, there's that old bombazine cloak, that you keep on purpose to put over me when I take my afternoon's nap; you might as well give her that,— she needs clothes."

At this instant, Dinah looked in to say that the woman was awake, and wanted to see Missis.

Mr. and Mrs. Bird went into the kitchen, followed by the two eldest boys, the smaller fry having, by this time, been safely disposed of in bed.

The woman was now sitting up on the settle, by the fire. She was looking steadily into the blaze, with a calm, heart-broken expression, very different from her former agitated wildness.

"Did you want me?" said Mrs. Bird, in gentle tones. "I hope you feel better now, poor woman!"

A long-drawn, shivering sigh was the only answer, but she lifted her dark eyes, and fixed them on her with such a forlorn and imploring expression, that the tears came into the little woman's eyes.

"You needn't be afraid of anything; we are friends here, poor woman! Tell me where you came from, and what you want," said she.

"I came from Kentucky," said the woman.

"When?" said Mr. Bird, taking up the interrogatory.

"To-night."

"How did you come across?"

"I crossed on the ice."

"Crossed on the ice!" said every one present.

"Yes," said the woman, slowly, "I did. God helping me, I crossed on the ice; for they were behind me—right behind—and there was no other way."

"Law, Missis," said Cudjoe, "the ice is all in broken-up blocks, a swinging and a tetering up and down in the water! "

"I know it was—I know it!" said she, wildly; "but I did it! I wouldn't have thought I could,— I didn't think I should get over, but I didn't care! I could but die, if I didn't. The Lord helped me; nobody knows how much the Lord can help 'em, till they try," said the woman, with a flashing eye.

"Were you a slave?" said Mr. Bird.

"Yes, sir; I belonged to a man in Kentucky."

"Was he unkind to you?"

"No, sir; he was a good master."

"And was your mistress unkind to you?"

"No, sir;—no! My mistress was always good to me."

"What could induce you to leave a good home, then, and run away, and go through such dangers?" The woman looked up at Mrs. Bird with a keen, scrutinizing glance, and it did not escape her that she was dressed in deep mourning.

"Ma'am," she said, suddenly, "have you ever lost a child?"

The question was unexpected, and it was a thrust on a new wound; for it was only a month since a darling child of the family had been laid in the grave.

Mr. Bird turned around and walked to the window, and Mrs. Bird burst into tears; but, recovering her voice, she said, "Why do you ask that? I have lost a little' one."

"Then you will feel for me. I have lost two, one after another—left 'em buried there when I came away; and I had only this one left. I never slept a night without him; he was all I had. He was my comfort and pride, day and night; and, ma'am, they were going to take him away from me—to *sell* him—sell him down south, ma'am, to go all alone—a baby that had never been away from his mother in his life! I

couldn't stand it, ma'am. I knew I never should be good for anything, if they did; and when I knew the papers were signed, and he was sold, I took him and came off in the night; and they chased me,—the man that bought him, and some of Mas'r's folks,—and they were coming down right behind me, and I heard 'em. I jumped right on to the ice; and how I got across, I don't know—but, first I knew, a man was helping me up the bank."

The woman did not sob nor weep. She had gone to a place where tears are dry; but every one around her was, in some way characteristic of themselves showing signs of hearty sympathy.

The two little boys, after a desperate rummaging in their pockets, in search of those pocket-handkerchiefs which mothers know are never to be found there, had thrown themselves disconsolately into the skirts of their mother's gown, where they were sobbing, and wiping their eyes and noses, to their hearts' content; Mrs. Bird had her face fairly hidden in her pocket-handkerchief; and old Dinah, with tears streaming down her black, honest face, was ejaculating, "Lord have mercy on us!" with all the fervor of a camp-meeting; while old Cudjoe, rubbing his eyes very hard with his cuffs, and making a most uncommon variety of wry faces, occasionally responded in the same key, with great fervor. Our senator was a statesman, and of course could not be expected to cry, like other mortals; and so he turned his back to the company, and looked out of the window, and seemed particularly busy in clearing his throat and wiping his spectacle-glasses, occasionally blowing his nose in a manner that was calculated to excite suspicion, had any one been in a state to observe critically.

"How came you to tell me you had a kind master?" he suddenly exclaimed, gulping down very resolutely some kind of rising in his throat, and turning suddenly round upon the woman.

"Because he *was* a kind master; I say that of him, any way—and my mistress was kind; but they couldn't help themselves. They were owing money; and there was some way, I can't tell how, that a man had a hold on them, and they were obliged to give him his will. I listened, and heard him telling mistress that, and she begging and pleading for me; and he told her he couldn't help him'self, and that the papers were all drawn; and then it was I took him and left my home, and came away. I knew't was no use of my trying to live, if they did it; for 't 'pears like this child is all I have." "Have you no husband?" Yes, but he belongs to another man. His master is real hard to him, and won't let him come o see me, hardly ever; and he's grown harder and carder upon us, and he threatens to sell him down south—it's like I'll never see *him* again!"

The quiet tone in which the woman pronounced these words might have led a superficial observer to think that she was entirely apathetic; but there was a calm, settled depth of anguish in her large, dark eye, that spoke of something far otherwise.

"And where do you mean to go, my poor woman?" said Mrs. Bird.

"To Canada, if I only knew where that was. Is it very far off, is Canada?" said she, looking up, with a simple, confiding air, to Mrs. Bird's face.

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Bird, involuntarily.

"Is't a very great way off, think?" said the woman, earnestly.

"Much further than you think, poor child!" said Mrs. Bird, "but we will try to think what can be done for you. Here, Dinah, make her up a bed in your own room, close by the kitchen, and I'll think what to do for her in the morning. Meanwhile, never fear, poor woman; put your trust in God, he will protect you."

Mrs. Bird and her husband reentered the parlor. She sat down in her little rocking-chair before the fire, swaying thoughtfully to and fro. Mr. Bird strode up and down the room, grumbling to himself, "Pish! pshaw! Confounded awkward business!"

At length, striding up to his wife, he said, "I say, wife, she'll have to get away from here, this very night. That fellow will be down on the scent bright and early to-morrow morning; if it was only the woman, she could lie quiet till it was over; but that little chap can't be kept still by a troop of horse and foot, I'll warrant me; he'll bring it all out, popping his head out of some window or door. Pretty kettle of fish it would be for me, too, to be caught with them both here, just now! No: they'll have to be got off to-night."

"To-night! How is it possible?—where to?"

"Well, I know pretty well where to," said the senator, beginning to put on his boots, with a reflective air; and, stopping when his leg was half in, he embraced his knee with both hands, and seemed to go off in deep meditation.

"It's a confounded awkward, ugly business," said he, at last, beginning to tug at his boot-straps again, "and that's a fact!" After one boot was fairly on, the senator sat with the other in his hand, profoundly studying the figure of the carpet. "It will have to be done, though, for aught I see,—hang it all!" and he drew the other boot anxiously on, and looked out of the window.

Now, little Mrs. Bird was a discreet woman,—a woman who never in her life said, "I told you so!" and, on the present occasion, though pretty well aware of the shape her husband's meditations were taking, she very prudently forbore to meddle with them, only sat very quietly in her chair, and looked quite ready to hear her liege lord's intentions, when he should think proper to utter them.

"You see," he said, "there 's my old client, Van Trompe, has come over from Kentucky, and set all his slaves free; and he has bought a place seven miles up the creek, here, back in the woods, where nobody goes, unless they go on purpose; and it's a place that isn't found in a hurry. There she'd be safe enough; but the plague of the thing is, nobody could drive a carriage there to-night, but *me*."

"Why not? Cudjoe is an excellent driver."

"Ay, ay, but here it is. The creek has to be crossed twice; and the second crossing is quite' dangerous, unless one knows it as I do. I have crossed it a hundred times on horseback, and know exactly the turns to take. And so, you see, there 's no help for it. Cudjoe must put in the horses, as quietly as may be, about twelve o'clock, and I'll take her over; and then, to give color to the matter, he must carry me on to the next tavern, to take the stage for Columbus, that comes by about three or four, and so it will look as if I had had the carriage only for that. I shall get into business bright and early in the morning. But I'm thinking I shall feel rather cheap there, after all that's been said and done; but, hang it, I can't help it? "

"Your heart is better than your head, in this case, John," said the wife, laying her little white hand on his. "Could I ever have loved you, had I not known you better than you know yourself?" And the little woman looked so handsome, with the tears sparkling in her eyes, that the senator thought he must be a decidedly clever fellow, to get such a pretty creature into such a passionate admiration of him; and so, what could he do but walk off soberly, to see about the carriage.

5) "Dr. Zhivago" by Boris Pasternak

reading the announcements

6) "Watership Down" by Richard Adams

Bigwig's in a wire
became a team

7) "Cry, the Beloved Country" by Alan Paton

not mended again
cry, the beloved country
Father Vincent ("... do not pray to understand the ways of God. For they are secret.")

8) "Dead Souls" by Nikolai Gogol

A Russian scratching his head

9) "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens

the misery with them all
the finger pointed
early to the office

Title Given to Excerpt

"Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey....?" (Excerpt 4)
(Pathway to Appropriate Use: Book is in Public Domain)

Source Location: Google Books version; Public Domain only filter

Source Reference: "The Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens Little, Brown, and Company (Copyright 1920, by The Atlantic Monthly Press, Inc.) (p. 153-156) (Originally Published in 1843)

"Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey....?"

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath; and making a perfect Laocoon of himself with his stockings. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a school-boy. I am as giddy as a drunken man. A merry Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to all the world. Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!"

He had frisked into the sitting-room, and was now standing there: perfectly winded.

"There's the saucepan that the gruel was in!" cried Scrooge, starting off again, and frisking round the fire-place. "There's the door, by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present, sat! There's the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! It's all right, it's all true, it all happened. Ha ha ha!"

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long, line of brilliant laughs!

"I don't know what day of the month it is!" said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I've been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer, ding, dong, bell. Bell, dong, ding, hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to. Golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious. Glorious!

"What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"To-day!" replied the boy. "Why, *Christmas Day*."

"It's *Christmas Day*!" said Scrooge to himself. I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the Poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize Turkey, the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walk-ER!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge, "I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half-a-crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot, off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's!" whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands....

10) "Hanta Yo" by Ruth Beebe Hill

choosing to generate gladness

Section 12 Fiction Plays

1) "Hamlet" by William Shakespeare

Enter ghost

2) "Life with Father" by Howard Lindsay, Russel Crouse, Clarence Day

Household Expenses and Ring for Vinnie

3) "Our Town" by Thornton Wilder

political and social report
cornerstone
Dr. Gibbs to George about chopping wood
what a Thousand Days can do
Can I carry your books?
Emily goes back

Section 13 Fiction Humor

1) "How to Tell a Story" by Mark Twain

The Humorous Story

2) “Accident Insurance” (speech) by Mark Twain

3) “The Private History of a Campaign That Failed” by Mark Twain

Retreat and Falling down the ridge

4) “Roughing It” by Mark Twain

The Sanitary Flour Sack

5) “The Clicking of Cuthbert” by P.G. Wodehouse

joining the literary club

6) “A Damsel in Distress” by P.G. Wodehouse

Mrs. Platt now sang

7) “The Buckskin Harness” (Paul Bunyan story)

8) “Three Men in a Boat” by Jerome K. Jerome

The maze
the watch
mustard and opening the pineapple tin
a fishy story

Section 14 Native American

1) Speech (“Reply to Mr. Cram”) by Red Jacket (Seneca Tribe—Native American)

Title Given to Excerpt

“We will wait a little while and see what effect your preaching has upon them.” (Excerpt 15)

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Source Location: Google Books version; Public Domain Only filter

Source Reference: "Masterpieces of Eloquence: Famous Orations by Great World Leaders from Early Greece to the Present Time" by Mayo W. Hazeltine et al. (Editors) "Reply to Mr. Cram" Speech by Red Jacket in Volume 7 (of 25 Volumes) New York P.F. Collier and Son 1905 (p. 3046-3050)

"We will wait a little while and see what effect your preaching has upon them."

[Introductory Note: "In the summer of 1805 a young missionary named Mr. Cram was sent into the country of the Six Nations by the Evangelical Missionary Society of Massachusetts to found a mission among the Senecas. A council of their chiefs was convoked to hear his propositions. These were made in a short speech to which the Indians listened with earnest attention. After a long consultation among themselves Red Jacket rose and spoke as follows." (from "Masterpieces of Eloquence...", p. 3046)]

FRIEND AND BROTHER,—It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things and has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened that we see clearly; our ears are unstopped that we have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all these favors we thank the Great Spirit, and him only.

Brother, this council fire was kindled by you. It was at your request that we came together at this time. We have listened with attention to what you have said. You requested us to speak our minds freely. This gives us great joy; for we now consider that we stand upright before you and can speak what we think. All have heard your voice and all speak to you now as one man. Our minds are agreed.

Brother, you say you want an answer to your talk before you leave this place. It is right you should have one, as you are a great distance from home and we do not wish to detain you. But we will first look back a little and tell you what our fathers have told us and what we have heard from the white people.

Brother, listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver. Their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his red children because he loved them. If we had some disputes about our hunting ground they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great water and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them; granted their request, and they sat down amongst us. We gave them corn and meat; they gave us poison in return.

The white people, brother, had now found our country. Tidings were carried back and more came amongst us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We believed them and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers had greatly increased. They wanted more land; they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquor amongst us. It was strong and powerful and has slain thousands.

Brother, our seats were once large and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but are not satisfied; you want to force your religion upon us.

Brother, continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind; and, if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right and we are lost. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us, as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given to us, and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people?

Brother, you say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agreed, as you can all read the book?

Brother, we do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion, which was given to our forefathers and has been handed down to us, their children. We worship in that way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive; to love each other and to be united. We never quarrel about religion.

Brother, the Great Spirit has made us all, but he has made a great difference between his white and red children. He has given us different complexions and different customs. To you he has given the arts. To these he has not opened our eyes. We know these things to be true. Since he has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may we not conclude that he has given us a different religion according to our understanding? The Great Spirit does right. He knows what is best for his children; we are satisfied.

Brother, we do not wish to destroy your religion or take it from you. We only want to enjoy our own.

Brother, you say you have not come to get our land or our money, but to enlighten our minds. I will now tell you that I have been at your meetings and saw you collect money from the meeting. I cannot tell what this money was intended for, but suppose that it was for your minister, and, if we should conform to your way of thinking, perhaps you may want some from us.

Brother, we are told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good, makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again of what you have said.

Brother, you have now heard our answer to your talk, and this is all we have to say at present. As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand, and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends.

2) Speech: “The Indians Night Promises to be Dark” by Seattle (with asterisk)

3) “Black Elk Speaks” by Black Elk

Prayer: “... it may be that some little root of the sacred tree still lives.”

4) From presentation at conference—N. Scott Momaday

a comprehension of the world that is peculiarly native
prayer from the “Night Chant”
on the word “appropriate”

5) “The Winged Serpent: American Indian Prose and Poetry” by Margot Astrov (Editor)

“(relating)...the myth of creation... to keep alive the primeval spirit of the sacred beginning.”

Section 15 Miscellaneous

1) Lincoln’s letter to Mrs. Bixby

2) Speech: “New England Weather” by Mark Twain

3) “One Hundred Folk-Songs: From Many Countries” by Henry Franklin Belknap Gilbert

Title Given to Excerpt

“The true folk song has travelled a long way.” (Excerpt 5)
(Pathway to Appropriate Use: Book is in Public Domain)

Source Location: Google Books version; Public Domain only filter

Source Reference: “One Hundred Folk Songs (from many countries)” Selected, Edited, and Arranged by Henry F. Gilbert (The Laurel Music Series) C.C. Birchard and Company Boston 1910 (Copyright 1910 by C.C. Birchard and Co.) (Excerpt is Introduction, p. 3-4)

“The true folk song has travelled a long way.”

INTRODUCTION

DEEP in the heart of a people lie many wonderful and beautiful things. Fragments of great poetry, traditions of godlike heroes, and legends of many a noble deed are enshrined in story and song. Every race has an accumulation of tradition, which, as it has passed through many minds and been thereby unconsciously moulded, can be said to express the spirit of the people rather than that of an individual. Running like a golden thread through this mass of tradition are many beautiful melodies; melodies of an elemental simplicity akin to that of the wild flower and having a directness of appeal which touches our hearts at once. These are Folk-Songs; the songs of a Folk or People.

The true folk-song has travelled a long way. Beginning possibly with the extemporization of some ancient minstrel, it was caught up by some of his hearers and treasured in the memory as a dear reminder of a happy time. As it was sung by the people to one another it lost much of its original character, but in turn it gained some characteristic common to all the minds through which it passed. Dimly, and often inaccurately remembered, it passed from generation to generation, unconsciously altered, a little here, a little there. Gradually it was perfected until every note became golden in melodic value. Only those notes of the melody were retained in the popular mind which were absolutely necessary to express the musical idea. All superfluous ones dropped silently away. So at last we have a product which is far more expressive of the mind of the people than of the mind of the ancient minstrel who first sang the song. Thus is a true folk-song born; and the secret of its wonderful appeal and heart-touching power lies in the fact that it has been practically composed by the spirit of a People, which is deeper and more sincere than the spirit of an individual.

The foregoing remarks apply more particularly to the true folk-song; the song whose origins are lost in the distance of time. There is, however, another important class of popular song which must be considered as folk-song inasmuch as it also expresses truly the spirit of the folk. These are simple songs composed in the style of the true folk-song which have immediately become popular and have retained their popularity. Many of them are true folk-songs in the making. "Way Down upon the Swanee River" is a good example of such a song.

The Germans specify yet a third class of folk-song. These are songs by great composers which, owing to their simplicity or directness, have been adopted by the people as their own. Mendelssohn's "Hunter's Farewell" is an example of this kind of song.

There is usually a distinction drawn between Art music, so-called, and Folk music. Art music is complex in structure as compared with folk music, which is simple. It addresses itself more to the intellect than folk music, which speaks almost wholly to the heart. The fundamental difference, however, appears in the fact that Art music is regarded as individual expression, whereas Folk music is the expression of a race. But in so far as the music of the individual composer is truly great, it will be found to have drawn its deepest inspirations from that spirit of the folk which gave birth to the folk-songs, and to bear a deep and fundamental relationship to the latter. When we hear the music of a truly great composer we become conscious that herein is the flowering of the spirit of a race, of which the spirit of the individual composer is an integral part. In the music of Beethoven, for example, we find expressed in a mighty and wonderful manner the same spirit which breathes in elemental simplicity in the German folk-songs. For it is the function of Genius to contribute to the growth of that folk spirit from which it sprang, that the Folk may ever rise to broader horizons of power and beauty.

This little book has been prepared with the desire to bring before the school boys and girls of America some of the beautiful melodies of popular tradition. An acquaintance with the world's folk-songs educates and ennobles the musical sense, and unconsciously develops in the mind an appreciation of

the elements of musical form. In the preparation of this collection several thousand folk-songs have been examined, and much thought has been taken that the songs which are here presented shall be characteristic and truly representative of the folk music of the country from which they come. As the book is intended for use principally in the schools, the editor has studied to make the arrangements eminently practicable for this purpose. In harmonizing these folk melodies care has also been taken that the harmony used may not conflict with the spirit of the original melody. The original words have been used in many cases, and where translations or adaptations have been made, it has been with the earnest desire to reproduce the spirit of the original as faithfully as possible. In the case of the original words having been lost, or being unsuited for a book of this nature, new words have been written, with the aim of expressing as nearly as possible the mood of the melody.

HENRY F. GILBERT.

Section 16 Lyrics to 44 Songs (and maybe option to download one version?)

Camelot (from "Camelot")
Climb Ev'ry Mountain (from "The Sound of Music")
Down by the Old Mill Stream (Mitch Miller?)
Edelweiss (from "The Sound of Music")
For Once in My Life (Tony Bennett)
Georgia on My Mind (Ray Charles)
Goodnight, My Someone (from "The Music Man")
How do you solve a problem like Maria? (from "The Sound of Music")
How Great Thou Art
I left my heart in San Francisco (Tony Bennett)
I'll be seeing you (Jo Stafford?)
I'm gonna sit right down and write myself a letter (Fats Waller)
I'm in the mood for love
I'm lookin' over a four leaf clover (Mitch Miller)
If I were a rich man (from "Fiddler on the Roof")
In a shanty in old shantytown (Singin' Sam)
La Vie en Rose (Tony Martin-- and Edith Pilaf)
Lida Rose (Buffalo Bills, from "The Music Man")
The Lonely Goatherd (from "The Sound of Music")
My Favorite Things (from "The Sound of Music")
Nature Boy (Nat King Cole)
Nevertheless Mills Brothers
Old Cape Cod Patty Page
Old St. Louis (unknown artists on custom tape)
On the Banks of the Wabash (from record?)
On the Street Where you live (from "My Fair Lady")
Once upon a dream (from "Sleeping Beauty")
Our love is here to stay
Over the Rainbow (Judy Garland)

Peg o' My Heart (Mitch Miller or Chieftains?)
San Antonio Rose (Tito Guizar)
Scarlet Ribbons (Walter Brennan or Browns)
Side by Side (Mitch Miller)
Sixteen Going on Seventeen (from "The Sound of Music")
The Sound of Music (from "The Sound of Music")
Stardust (Mills Brothers)
Sunrise, Sunset (from "Fiddler on the Roof")
That Lucky Old Sun (Ray Charles)
That's the Glory of Love (Ray Coniff singers?)
Till There was You (from "The Music Man")
The Ugly Duckling (Danny Kaye from "Hans Christian Andersen")
When it's Springtime in the Rockies (from Old Time custom tape)
When the Saints Go Marching In (Louis Armstrong?)
When You Wish Upon a Star (Cliff Edwards)