

# The Project Gutenberg eBook of Keep-Well Stories for Little Folks, by May Farinholt Jones

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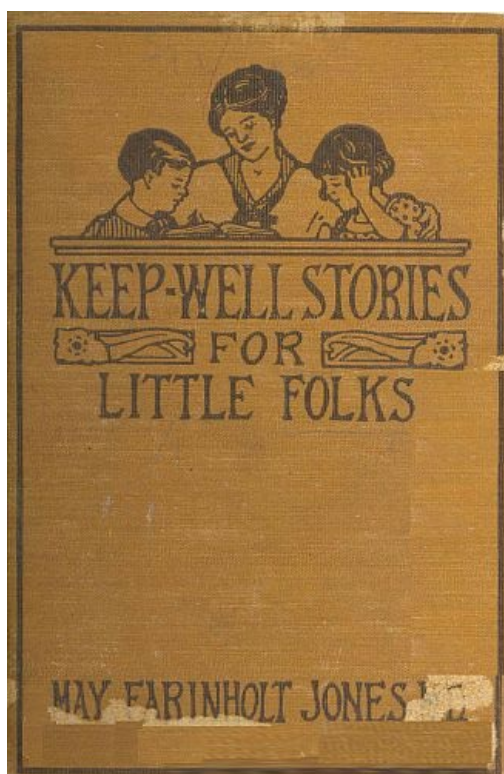
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## KEEP-WELL STORIES FOR LITTLE FOLKS

BY

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ILLUSTRATED BY  
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SOPHIE NEWCOMB COLLEGE

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## FOREWORD

[v]

The Author, in her work with young teachers, has frequently noted the great difficulty they seem to have in presenting hygienic facts to little children in a manner so attractive as to catch and hold their attention.

The child's mind dwells constantly in the realm of imagination; dry facts are too prosaic to enter this realm. The "Land of Story Books" is the most fascinating of all lands, and therefore the Author has endeavored to weave hygienic facts into stories that will appeal to the child's imagination. She believes the truths of hygienic living and habits in the stories will "creep up on the blind side," so to speak, and impress themselves upon the young mind.

The child can appreciate only those hygienic facts which can be applied in every-day living; he has no interest in health as an end in itself. Furthermore, that instruction in hygiene which is given as an end in itself, and which does not reach beyond the school-room in its influence, is a failure. Therefore, that instruction in hygiene which is in line with the child's interest is also the instruction which is most effective.

The effort throughout has been to make scientific truths simple and concrete, and so captivating that the young pupil will at once find interest in them. The early years of child-life are the most impressionable; it is, therefore, especially important that we stress during these years that which means more to the conservation of life than any other one thing, viz., hygiene.

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Lessons of personal cleanliness, the necessity for good food, fresh air and exercise are the truths which are the underlying principles of these stories. With these as suggestions, the teacher may easily develop further.

The mother as well as the teacher will find them helpful as she gathers her little ones around her knee at the evening hour, in response to the request for "a story."

The questions following each story, a kind of catechism, supply more information than it was thought best to give in the story itself.

The illustrations have been prepared especially for this work and make the lessons of the story more impressive.

The Author desires to acknowledge her obligations to Mr. Charles Jerome for permission to use "The Sand Bed"; to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union for "The White Ship," and "Clovis, The Boy King," by Miss Christine Tinling. To Misses Marion Chafee and Bessie McCann, students of the Hygiene Department of the Mississippi Normal College for the "Hygiene Song" and "Little Fairies": also to Miss M. Larsen for "One Little Girl" and the poem, "Jack Frost"; to Mr. O. S. Hoffman for the poem, "The Five Best Doctors," to Messrs. Flanagan and Company, for permission to use the anonymous poem, "Merry Sunshine," and to Miss Virginia R. Grundy for "A Child's Calendar."

M. F. J.

JULY, 1916.

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KEEP-WELL STORIES FOR LITTLE FOLKS JONES

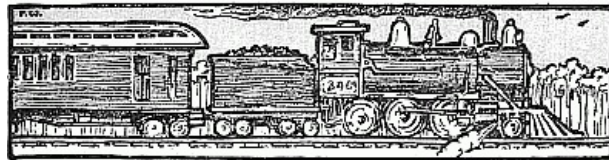
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## KEEP-WELL STORIES FOR LITTLE FOLKS

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[1]



### A WONDERFUL ENGINE

We all have seen a steam engine, have we not? There are engines that pull trains on the railroad, and there are engines that make factories, gins, and saw-mills work. Then there are engines that run great ships on the water. How many know what must be done to one of these engines before it can do all this work? "It must have coal, or wood, or gasoline put into it." That is right.

Now this coal or wood or gasoline, when it is used in an engine to make it work, is called fuel. Would we put rotten or green wood into the engine? No. We must always put in the kind of thing that will burn best, and make the most heat and do the most work.

[2]

Let us see how this wood or coal we call fuel makes the engine work. First, we must burn the fuel. Second, when the fuel burns, it heats the water in the boiler. Third, the water changes into steam, and this steam gives the engine the power to work.

Now we see how an engine is made to move and do work, such as hauling great trains of cars, and pulling great ships across the wide ocean. But we must remember that the engine will not do

this work unless there is a man near-by to put the fuel into the engine.

I want to tell you of another engine that is very like the steam engine. It too must have fuel before it can run or work. It is unlike the steam engine in as much as it grows all the time, and it does not need to have an extra man to put the fuel into it. You must think of your body as an engine and remember that it needs fuel to run it. The fuel that makes the body-engine move and work is the food you eat.

[3]

You have learned that you must put into the steam engine the fuel that will burn best and make the most heat and work. The same thing is true of your body-engine. You must put in the fuel that will best make heat and the power to work. Have you sometimes eaten something which made you sick? It must have been that that was the wrong kind of fuel for the little body-engine. This is the reason our mothers are so very careful in preparing our food. They want the little engines to have the right kind of fuel so that they will not run off the track.

Now what fuel must you use in your body-engine? In the first place you must put in fuel that will make the engine grow so that it can do a great deal of work. This fuel you get when you eat lean meat, eggs, milk, and many other things.

If you want your engine to keep warm, you must use fuel that will make heat. You get this fuel by eating plenty of fats, such as nice butter and some sweet things. Potatoes, rice and syrup help to run your engine.

You need some fuel that will make you plump and round and healthy looking, so you must put into your engine fruits, nuts, a little candy, and a lot of vegetables. You need to eat things that have color, such as: tomatoes, lettuce, greens, and beets,—not because they look pretty, but because they have iron in them and help to make your engine strong.

[4]

You must remember that you eat food for three reasons: to make you grow, keep warm, and able to work. You must be careful that you do not eat too much of any one kind of food, but remember to eat a little of many kinds. Your engine can use only a little of each at one time.

Wood is chopped into short pieces, and coal is broken up before it will do good work in the engine, so the fuel must be prepared before it will suit your engine. It must be well cooked and then chewed thoroughly before it will do its best work in your body-engine. You should be careful not to swallow any food until it has been chewed as fine as it can be.

If you put into your engine the right amount of food, and the right kind of well-prepared food, you will have an engine more wonderful than any steam engine that ever pulled a train, or carried a big ship across the wide ocean.

[5]

The engineer sees that his engine is kept clean and bright, in order that it may run smoothly. Since you are the engineer of your body-engine, you must keep it neat and clean that it may work well.



#### QUESTIONS

1. What is it that causes the big steam engine to do its work, draw long trains, or big ships, or turn great factory wheels?

2. What must happen to this fuel—wood, coal, or gasoline—before it can make the engine do its work?

3. Did you ever wonder why it is that your body is always warm? It is very much like the engine.

4. What do you call this fuel that your body-engine uses? Just as the fuel for the steam engine must be burned if it is to make heat, even so must the food be burned in your body if it is to keep it warm and able to work. Of course the food in your body does not burn exactly as the wood and coal burn in the steam engine. It burns much more slowly—so slowly that you would not know that it burns at all if it were not that it always keeps your body warm.

[6]

Just as the steam engine needs the fuel if it is to do its work well, your body needs the best of food if it is to be healthy and do the best work. You have learned that all foods do not serve the same purpose equally well. For instance, some foods such as lean meat, eggs, and milk build up more muscle than other foods do; while others, such as fats, syrup, sugar and potatoes, give more heat than other foods.

5. What do all colored vegetables contain?

6. What kinds of foods do people living in the very cold climates need a great deal of?

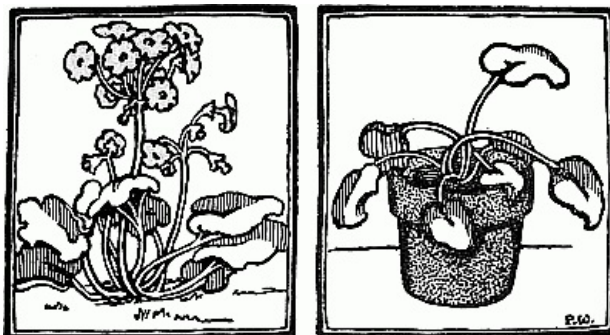
7. What kinds of foods do people living in very warm climates need a great deal

## TWO LITTLE PLANTS

Look at this lovely little plant with its pretty bright leaves and beautiful pink blossoms. Well may we ask what makes the little plant so healthy, strong, and pretty. It is a delight to the eye.

Now here is another little plant. It belongs to the same family. The same kind of seed was planted, and when its tiny leaves began to peep above the ground, it seemed to have as good a chance as its little sister plant. But the leaves are pale and drooping; they look sick. It has no pretty blossoms. Its stems are withered and weak; it can hardly hold its little leaves up. "Poor little sickly looking plant," its strong and rosy little sister seems to say.

[7]



Let us see if we can find a reason for the difference between the two plants. I do not believe that it will take us long to find the cause of the sickness, for it is sick just like a little child.

Mother Nature prepares a special food for all her children, food for the little plant children as well as for the little babies in our homes, and food for the little piggies and the frisky little calves out in the barn.

[8]

When mother feeds little baby brother she gives him nice warm, sweet milk, because that is the food that he needs to make him grow big and strong. Mother Nature knows that the little babies and the little calves and pigs need this fresh warm milk, so she prepares it all ready for them.

When we plant seed in the ground, the soft, warm dark earth furnishes food for the little seed, until its leaves and stems are above the ground. Its little roots run down into the moist, mellow soil and drink up the food Mother Nature has there for it. The warm sun shines down on the little plant and makes it green, and the pure air helps to make its stems strong and sturdy that it may hold its leaves and blossoms up for the passersby to enjoy.

What a beautiful sight it is as it seems to nod a morning greeting of cheer and good health.

Now the little plant with the pretty bright leaves and wonderful pink blossoms has had all the water and mellow soil and warm sunshine it needed to make it grow, from a tiny plant into the large handsome one we see.

[9]

The little sister plant with its sick, pale leaves and no blossoms has not been treated kindly. When it was just a baby plant it did not have enough water to drink. The soil in which it was planted was poor, and did not have enough food to feed the tiny baby plant. The poor little plant was shut away from the bright sunshine and the clean, fresh air. Now its leaves hang down as if it were saying, "I am so sick; give me some water to drink, give me some food to make my stems strong, give me some sunshine and fresh air to warm me and make the nice green color come into my leaves!"

We may give the little plant all that it asks for, and help it a great deal. In a few days the color will begin to come into its leaves and its stems will look stronger, but we doubt if the little neglected plant will ever become as strong as the little sister plant which has had all the good soil, water, air and sunshine that it needed when it was a baby plant.

Little boys and girls need things to make them strong just as the little plants do. They need simple, pure food to make strong bone and muscle, pure water to drink, and to bathe their bodies with; fresh air to breathe; and sunshine to give color to their cheeks and sparkle to their eyes. If the little folks do not have the things that Mother Nature intended for them, they will grow thin and twisted like the little sick plant. Their cheeks will grow pale and their eyes will look dull and heavy and lose their sparkle. They will not want to romp and play as all healthy children do. They will not want to go to school.

[10]

Little children who are ruddy and strong like the first little plant have mothers who see that they get all the food they need and plenty of pure water to drink; that they keep their bodies clean and play in the sunshine and breathe fresh air.

These little girls and boys are in all the games. They love to run and play. They will grow into



strong men and women and be ready to do the work for which they were created.

If the little green plant is shut away in the dark, out of the sunshine and fresh air, it will soon droop and die. Children are human plants and need the same care and treatment that should be given other plants.

[11]

### QUESTIONS

1. Why was it that one of the little plants in the story was so healthy and strong, while its sister plant was weak and sickly?
2. Did you ever see a boy or girl who did not have enough wholesome food to eat, enough fresh air to breathe, and enough sunshine to give a healthy color to his or her cheeks?
3. What kind of a big boy or girl will such a child grow to be?
4. If we are to grow into strong, healthy, hardy, robust boys and girls—men and women—what rules must we obey?

---

## THE STORY OF A FLY

I was hatched one sunny day in May in the nicest, warmest, dirtiest spot you ever saw. It was in a barnyard heap, just outside a city, that I first saw the light. I was not very old before I had to take care of myself, so you may know I was glad that I had opened my eyes for the first time in such a dirty place, because it is much easier for a baby fly to take care of himself in a dirty place than in a clean one.

[12]

My good mother knew this when she flew away that May morning and left the tiny egg, from which I came, to Dame Nature to care for. Mother Fly knew that warmth, dirt, and moisture were all that a baby fly needed in its infant days. She knew that the dump-heap at the barn made the nicest kind of cradle for her baby, and it was rent-free to all the mother flies in the neighborhood.

Day by day, I grew and soon began to take notice of things around me. It was not long before I saw that some of the other baby flies which were in the dump-heap with me had grown some beautiful gauzy wings. On these wings they began making daily visits from our fly-nursery to a near-by farm-house. When they came back from these visits, they would talk long and loud about the good time they had, and the nice things they had to eat in the great world outside the dump-heap.

I was mighty glad that my wings were growing stronger each day. One morning, bright and early, I sailed away on my beautiful wings to see if all the wonderful things my little fly friends had told me were true. I followed the lead of my friends, and we soon came to that same farm-house. First, we went to a door—a screen they called it—and tried hard to get through. To our great disappointment, we could not get through; the screen was closed tight. One little fly said, "I will find a way in, I don't believe the folks who live here have been so careful with the kitchen door." So we flew away, and sure enough the kitchen screen door was standing ajar, with just enough of a crack in it for a busy little fly to slip through into the kitchen. I was next to the last one to get through; and, alas! when I did get in, you never saw such a disappointed little fly in your life. Everything looked very clean, too clean for me to enjoy it. Presently, one of my friends called to me and O joy! he had found some soiled dishes and bits of food on a table, just the thing for a tired, hungry little fly. The sugar bowl was uncovered, and, oh, how I did eat, for I dote on nice, sweet sugar.

[13]

The pantry door stood ajar, and I could see some nice things to eat in there also. After we had feasted on the good things in the kitchen, we flew into the dining-room. There on the table was a pitcher filled with milk. I jumped into the pitcher and took a nice bath and a good swim. I came out very much refreshed, for I had left there in the milk pitcher all the dirt I had gathered on my feet and body in my early life. I walked much better. I walked all over the food which was on the table and I also walked on the baby's bottle which was on a nearby shelf.

[14]



While I was thinking what I would do next, a lady came into the room. She had a dear little baby in her arms. You know how I love little babies. I love to tickle their noses and to lick the sweets from their juicy little mouths. I sat and watched the little fellow, awaiting my chance to make his acquaintance. Presently the lady gave the baby some milk to drink from the pitcher in

[15]

which I had had such a nice bath. After the little fellow was fed, the lady put him to sleep and laid him in his crib in the next room for his morning nap. My friends told me to come with them into this room, the nursery. The lady had forgotten to put a net over the little fellow; so I crawled around and ate some sugar from his lips. It tasted so good that I crawled almost into his mouth.

Since that happy morning, I have spent almost every day between the farm-house and out-houses. I have my daily bath in the milk pitcher and my dinner from the nice juicy food on the table. Very often I get my lunch of sweets from the corners of the baby's mouth, and I like this best of all.

For several days I have felt lonely. I noticed that the baby did not come to the dining-room to get his milk and sugar. I kept wondering why he did not come, and finally I wandered into the nursery to see for myself. What do you think? The baby was lying in his crib all red and hot. While his mother was busy, I crawled on his mouth to see if there was any sugar in the corners for a lunch. Then away I flew. [16]

This morning I flew over to the farm-house again, through the kitchen door, and into the nursery. I thought I would find a glass of milk and have a nice bath and my breakfast. But, alas! the baby was not in his crib. The room was so still and cold it frightened me and I flew out. I saw several strange men and women; the women were all crying and the men looked sad. A man was fastening something white on the front door. I tried to understand it all, but I could not catch any word except "TYPHOID." I wonder what that means, anyhow? As no one will tell me, I must be off to the next farm-house to hunt a good dinner.

This was a sensible fly, do you not think so, children? Thousands of other flies might tell the same story if we would only watch their habits and listen to what they have to say.

### QUESTIONS

1. I wonder if any of you can guess what was the matter with the baby on the morning the fly found it red and hot?

2. What had happened when the fly went back to it? [17]

3. What caused the baby to have typhoid fever?

4. What is a germ?

5. Where did the little fly say he was hatched? It is in such places as this—in stables and other filthy places—that all flies are hatched and raised. They all like good things to eat. Flies can smell a good thing to eat a long way off; so they soon find their way to the kitchen and dining-room. On their way to the kitchen, they often stop by the out-houses and gather on their feet and legs a lot of dirt and germs. I must tell you now that the fly can get the typhoid germ or plant only from human filth.

NOTE.—The teacher should have an inexpensive microscope and show the children a fly,—its head and its feet especially.

6. Have you ever seen a fly under a magnifying glass? On the bottom of the fly's feet are little glue-like pads and a number of little hairs on his body and feet, to which germs and bits of dirt stick. The fly in this story had come to the farm-house for the first time, you know, when he found the pitcher of milk and had such a nice bath. He had been gathering germs and dirt on his feet, both from his early home in the barn-yard and from the out-house at which he stopped on his way. Some of these germs gathered at the out-house had come from some person who had typhoid fever. As he crawled over the baby's bottle and its little mouth, he left some of the germs there and he left some in the milk pitcher also. It was careless of the mother to give her baby milk that was not covered. The mother did not know she was giving the baby milk in which there were these little plants, or germs, which cause typhoid fever. [18]

You have learned that the house-fly carries the seed, or germs, of typhoid. These germs, or seed, will grow and multiply in the body. So you should never leave food uncovered where a fly can get to it.

7. Since you know where house-flies are hatched and bred, what may you do to keep them from multiplying?

8. What else can be done to make sure that no germ can get to our food or drink?

---

## SWAT THE FLY

S is for Sunshine, keeps nature clean,  
And makes Mr. Fly feeble and lean.

**W** is for Waste, where the fly breeds,  
The fouler, the better it suits his needs.

**A** is for Anything dirty and vile,  
On which the children may spend a short while.

**T** is for Typhoid, whose best friend is the fly,  
It makes thousands to sicken and hundreds to die.

**T** is for Trouble he brings to us all,  
From Spring's early green until far into Fall.

**H** is for Housewife, his unceasing foe,  
Who traps, swats and otherwise brings him to woe.

**E** is for Energy she puts into work,  
So long as there is one left she will never shirk.

[19]

**F** stands for Friends of which he has none,  
If you look for his foes you may count me as one.

**L** stands for Labor, which is always well spent,  
If it keeps Mr. Fly from enjoying content.

**Y** stands for You, who will help in the task,  
Kill each fly you can is all we ask.

*Author Unknown.*

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## THE STORY OF THE RAIN BARREL

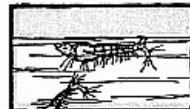
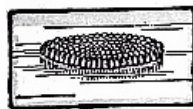
O John! did you know that I almost fell on my head into the rain barrel at the corner of the house this morning? I was looking at the picture of myself in the water, when, all of a sudden, I saw the funniest little things darting everywhere in the water. I forgot to look at myself or to make any more faces at the broad face of the little boy at the bottom of the rain barrel. There were lots of these queer little things in the rain water. They were turning somersaults and standing on their heads every few minutes. Here is a picture of one. I tried to catch some in my hands, but they were too quick for me; they would just wiggle out of reach. This was why I nearly fell on my head.

[20]

I ran into the house to ask Mother about them. Mothers know a lot, don't they, John? At least, mine does. I just knew she could tell me all about these queer little things in the rain barrel. When I asked her to tell me, she put her sewing down and went to the rain barrel with me. As soon as she looked she said she was so glad that I had come for her, that she would tell me all about these little "wiggle-tails," and that I could help her destroy them, as they would do much harm if they grew up.

She said that they were the little baby mosquitoes. Isn't that funny? I did not know that mosquitoes lived in the water, even when they were babies, did you? I will tell you just what Mother said. She said that if I were near a pond or rain barrel, or even an old tin can, in which water was standing, early in the morning before the sun was up, I could hear Mrs. Mosquito come singing merrily to the water, and that if I watched and did not disturb her, I could see her rest lightly on the water and lay her eggs there in a little brown boat or raft-shaped mass, little eggs like these. The mosquito mother now thinks her duty to her children is done, for, after she lays her eggs on the water, she goes off singing, never thinking of them again.

[21]



If nothing disturbs it, the boat of eggs floats on the water a little longer than a day, when all of a sudden the shells of the eggs begin to break and the little "wiggle-tails" hatch, or come out of the shells. These funny little "wiggle-tails" go frisking about in the water. They dive here and there down into the water, hunting for something to eat. These are the baby mosquitoes. They are very queer looking, with their big heads and eyes and a funny little tube at the tail end of their bodies. They push this tube up out of the water to get air to breathe. I saw a number of them push these little tubes up to the top of the water, but, when I got close to them, down to the bottom of the barrel they would dive, head foremost, as if they were scared. They soon had to come up again for another breath of air.

[22]

Mother said that if no one disturbed them they would eat germs and all sorts of little water plants for about two weeks, growing all the time. At the end of that time, each one would curl himself into a cocoon, like a ball, called a pupa. After about four days of rest and growing in this



cocoon, the case would break and out would come a thing with wings, a full-grown mosquito. It would stand on its case or cocoon, dry its wings in the sun, and then fly away to begin life as a mosquito.

Mother said she did not want to give the little "wiggle-tails" a chance to become mosquitoes, and that if I would bring her some oil from the kitchen pantry, she would show me how to kill the little "wiggle-tails." I ran for the oil, oil just like that your Mamma burns in her lamps. Mother poured a few spoonfuls in the rain barrel, and that was the end of Mr. Wiggle-tail. The oil kept the "wiggle-tails" from getting any air to breathe through their funny breathing tubes, and they smothered.

[23]



Mother says we must have a Mosquito Brigade and go about the place killing all the mosquitoes; that we must not let water stand in any tin cans or barrels; and that we must pour oil in the ditches and ponds where water stands and where the mosquitoes can lay eggs. The mosquito will not lay eggs on the dry land, for the "wiggle-tails" cannot take care of themselves on dry land, and the mosquito mothers know this.

[24]

It seems to me that Dame Nature, as Mother calls her, has taught many wonderful secrets to her children.

Mother told me why she wanted to kill all the "wiggle-tails." I will tell you about it to-morrow, if you will come to the grape-vine swing with me.

#### QUESTIONS

1. What did the little boy see in the rain barrel? Why couldn't he catch them?
2. How did the "wiggle-tails" get into the barrel?
3. Why do they have to come to the top of the water so often?
4. Why did the little boy's mother want to destroy or kill the little "wiggle-tails"?
5. What is a Mosquito Brigade? Can't we have one in our school?

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## MALARIA

You remember, John, I told you about the "wiggle-tails," or baby mosquitoes, in the rain barrel, and how eager my mother was to put oil on the water and kill them.

[25]

Well, Mother told me a long story about the baby mosquitoes and what they do when they are grown up. She said that mosquitoes carry malaria, or chills, from one person to another.

Don't you remember when we had chills last summer and Uncle John had to come to see us and give us some medicine? Mother says that was because some grown mosquito had bitten a person who had chills, and while sucking that person's blood the mosquito had sucked into her bill some malaria poison; then later when she bit us, she punched some of that poison into our blood, while she was getting a supper from our blood. The mosquito's bill is as sharp as one of Uncle John's knives.

Mother told me that a long time ago, when the English came to Virginia, they settled at Jamestown, and they were afraid of the Indians, the bears, and the panthers that could hide in the forest near-by.

The English did not know it, but they had a more deadly enemy then at Jamestown than the

Indians and the panthers. This enemy was so small they could not see it, and then, too, they had not learned about it as we are learning now. This enemy was the little germ or parasite that causes malaria.

[26]

Mother says that it is easy to fight an enemy when it is out in the open. The settlers knew only that many of their people got sick and died. This was because there were many mosquitoes there, and these mosquitoes bit them, and put these poisonous enemies into their blood. But they did not know that the mosquitoes were the cause of the great number of deaths in the colony.

All this happened many years ago. I believe the English thought their old enemy, the Dragon, of which they had heard so much, but which they could not see, had come to this new land.

We can know the mosquito that carries malaria because she looks as if she is trying to stand on her head when she lights on anything. It seems queer that the female mosquito is the only one which poisons us with malaria. Perhaps the male mosquito cannot bite, because he has so many feathery plumes on his bill.

The mosquito and the germ of malaria, which is carried from one person to another, killed far more white people than the Indians or the wild animals did.

[27]

Not many years ago, a very clever man found out that the mosquito carried malaria, for, without her, the germs could never get into our blood.

Mother says that the way for us to stop malaria is for us to kill all the mosquitoes, and the best way to kill them off is to do so when they are little "wiggle-tails" or "wigglers." She says the best way of all, though, is never to have any standing water around where the mosquito can lay her eggs.

I am going to kill every mosquito I see. Mother says I can tell the one that carries malaria, because she is always trying to stand on her head like this.



I'll tell you, let's have a "Mosquito and Fly Brigade." You can be the Captain. All the little boys and girls in our classes can march under our colors, and we will make war on every fly and mosquito in the neighborhood, and stop the children and grown people from having malaria. Mother says sickness costs a lot of money—

[28]

We will be little soldiers while all the country is at peace, but we will wage a battle royal against these very small but strong enemies, and we will win.

Our motto will be, "To prevent is better than to cure."

#### QUESTIONS

1. What causes malaria?
2. Can you tell the difference between the mosquito that carries malaria and the one that is called the house mosquito?
3. Where do the mosquitoes feed?
4. What caused so many of the early settlers in the Old Dominion (Virginia) to die?
5. Which was their greatest enemy, Indians, wild animals, or malaria?
6. How much does malaria cost?
7. Can we prevent malaria? How?
8. What medicine will cure malaria?
9. Is it better to cure a disease or to prevent it?
10. Where was quinine first gotten?
11. If a person has malaria, how may we prevent other persons from getting it?
12. Have you a "Fly and Mosquito Brigade" in your school, or will you have one?

[29]



## JACK FROST

Children, do you know who Jack Frost is? Well, he is a frisky little fellow. He never seems to lose his youth and freshness, although he is as old as time itself.

When the days grow shorter and the nights get longer, Jack Frost is a regular busybody—he is here, there, and everywhere. Jack does not make long visits in the Sunny Southland. The warm sunshine and balmy winds chase him back to the North, his native land. [30]

Jim lives in the North where Jack Frost makes long visits, sometimes remaining from early autumn until late in the spring. Jim says he likes Jack Frost and the gay times and sports he brings with him for the little boys and girls of the North. Jim loves to skate and sleigh ride.

Jack Frost is a mischievous little elf; he skips gaily around while you are asleep. He peeps into your windows to see if you are tucked snugly in bed. He dances on the window panes, and covers them with beautiful crystals that he must have brought from fairyland.

He goes whistling down the street on the wind in the early morning. He gleefully snips at the noses of the old gentlemen as they step briskly along to their business.

Jack gives these old folks a bit of his youth as they feel his frolicsome touch. He makes them think of the days when they were boys, how they used to run out to meet him with a jump and a skip. He reminds them of the days long ago, when they made a snow man in the school-yard, and when they played snowball on the way to and from school. As they think of these frolics with Jack Frost, each one seems to quicken his step. Could you look into their eyes you would see how they sparkle with the memories of youth that Jack Frost has recalled. [31]

He frolics about among the trees. As he touches them with his wand, their bright green coat is changed to a soft brown one. He tells the little sleeping buds to lie still. They must not even peep out while he is in the air.

Jack waves his wand and covers brown Mother Earth with sparkling frost or downy snow. The little seed babies snuggle close, and whisper to each other of how good Jack Frost is to cover them from the biting winter wind with this beautiful warm blanket of snow. This blanket is finer and warmer than any ever woven by man.

Even after the snow has melted, Jack Frost tells the little seed babies not to lift their heads from under their blanket of leaves until the warm spring days wake them.

He shows to the children of the Southland only a few of his pranks; now and then a beautiful frost that is soon chased back to the North by the warm sun; sometimes a wonderful snow-storm from the Northwest. How joyous these children of the Sunny South are when Jack does give them a touch of old King Winter! There are many children here as old as you, who have never seen one of Jacks beautiful white blankets. [32]

In the Northland Jack is a very terrible old fellow. There are ice and snow on the ground for many months. The people build very warm houses to keep Jack Frost out.

Did you ever think of the little Eskimo boys and girls in their cold country? They wear clothes made of skins and furs. They live in snow houses, but they manage to keep warm. The little Eskimo children are used to the cold, for Jack Frost plays his pranks all the year round in the land of the long, long nights.

They have great sport going here and there on their snow-shoes, and in their sleds drawn by their faithful dogs.

In our own Northland, Jack is a very frisky fellow. He touches the lakes and rivers with his magic wand and covers them with ice. Ah! now comes the best of fun, for now old Jack Frost is ready for you to have the finest of sports. You must put on warm clothes and high, heavy shoes and run out to play with him. [33]

Children who have colds and sore throats can not play. So he says, "Wrap up warm, come out

into the fresh air." Let the pure frosty air get into your lungs, and sweep out old disease germs that may have hidden there. Come with me to the pond. The ice is thick and smooth. Put on your skates and let us go skimming over the ice. You will feel the warm red blood, made clean and pure by the frosty air, tingling all over your body. I tell you, Jack Frost is a good friend.

Jack Frost often hurts the poor, pinching too hard their fingers and toes. So, while you are warmly clad and prepared for a frolic with him, you must remember there are some children to whom Jack Frost is not such a welcome friend.

He nips with his cold fingers the insects that do our plants harm. With his icy breath, he kills many of the germs that would hurt you.

Jack Frost helps to give you health, and health means joy, strength, happiness and success.

[34]

#### QUESTIONS

1. Who is Jack Frost, where does he come from?
2. What does he bring?
3. What does he say to the little seed babies and buds?
4. What does he say to the young folks?
5. Who are the Eskimos, where do they live?
6. Of what, and how, do they build their houses?
7. What does Jack Frost do to some of the disease germs?
8. Can you tell me something of the games the children play in the lands where Jack Frost visits? In the land where he never comes?

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## JACK FROST

A mischief-maker is old Jack Frost,  
His pranks are many indeed;  
He comes and goes with the speed of the wind,  
But who has ever seen his steed?

He comes when the nights are clear and cold,  
And the wind has gone to rest,  
He comes with his magic wand,  
And few things stand the test.

[35]

He rides o'er fields of waving corn,  
And leaves them sere and dry;  
He touches the flowers with his magic wand,  
And they wither away and die.

He spreads on the walk a coat of ice,  
That unwary feet may slip;  
He freezes the leaves, the trees and grass,  
And holds them all in his icy grip.

He pinches the apple's ruddy cheeks,  
And the children's cheeks as well—  
Oh, of all the mischief that Jack Frost does,  
Who could ever tell?

But still we love this mischief-maker,  
We could not do without him;  
We think his little plays and pranks  
The very best thing about him.

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## A STORY OF TUBERCULOSIS

### PART I

Mary, did you and Tom see the poor, sick woman on the cars when we were going to visit grandmother last week? Did you see how pale and thin and feeble she looked? Did you hear her coughing so often that it seemed to hurt her whole body?

[36]

How sorry we felt when we knew she was so sick. Don't you remember that Uncle John, who is a doctor, told us that she had consumption. Uncle John talked of the poor lady and of the dreadful disease which she has. He called it by two other names, tuberculosis and the "Great White Plague."

I'll tell you just what he told me, for Uncle John said that even little children should know about this disease and that they could help to prevent it.

He said that a very small plant, so small that we cannot see it with our naked eyes, causes this terrible sickness from which so many, both old and young, die. These plants are so small that a thousand of them could be put on a pin head and still not crowd each other there. These little plants are like tiny rods and are always found in the saliva or spit of a person who has consumption. When Uncle John wants to see them he uses a very powerful magnifying glass called a microscope. You have seen this microscope in Uncle John's office. [37]

Long years ago, a great German doctor tried to find out why so many persons, young people and little children, died of this terrible disease. Finally, after long years of study, he found that these tiny plants are the cause of all this disease and sorrow. He also found that these plants are different from the plants in our gardens, for they grow best in dark, damp places where there are warmth and the kind of soil suited to them.

These plants never blossom, but they grow and make more plants of the same kind.

When father wants to grow more cotton he plants cotton seed, does he not? He always sees that the ground or soil is well prepared for the seed.

Our bodies are the soil or ground, and these little rod-like plants are the seed of consumption. Persons who have delicate bodies and who live in damp, dark places, and who do not eat good food furnish the best kind of soil on which these plants will grow. They grow and make more tuberculosis seed just as the cotton grows and makes more cotton seed. Strong, healthy bodies are poor seed ground for consumption seed. They do not grow well but shrink up and die just as cotton seed would if they were planted on stony ground instead of nice mellow earth. [38]

You have seen some plants that you were told not to handle or taste because they were poisonous. Well, these little tuberculosis plants that I am telling you about are more poisonous than the plants that you can see.

If they get on cups from which you drink, and into your milk or any other food, they may get into your bodies. If you think, I am sure that you will remember some of your friends who have consumption.

You remember, Mary, you told me of your little friend, Lucy Stevens, who has been ill a long time, and who is quite lame. She has to use crutches to walk with because her hip is diseased. Uncle John says this is because she has tuberculosis of the hip joint. It is strange, but often after these little plants or seed get into the body, they may travel to any part of it, and set up house-keeping for themselves in a gland or a joint. They usually find their way to the weakest part of our bodies. [39]

## PART II

Uncle John says that the only cure for consumption is plenty of fresh air, good food, and the proper amount of rest. He says that patent medicines are fakes and do much harm.

You can, each of you, do a great deal to prevent these plants or seeds from getting into your bodies and into the bodies of others by following these simple rules:

1. Remember that fresh air and sunshine are necessary to good health.
2. Remember that cold or damp air will not do harm if the body is kept warm.
3. Breathe through the nose only. Avoid dark, crowded, dusty, or damp rooms. Breathe deep.
4. Hold shoulders up.
5. Use your own individual drinking cup.
6. Remember that consumption is spread by careless spitting. Do not spit on the floor of rooms, halls, or cars.
7. Keep clean and bathe frequently, at least twice a week.
8. Always wash your hands before eating. [40]
9. Brush your teeth after each meal.
10. Never put money, pencils, pens, or anything that another person has handled, in your mouth.
11. Do not bite off fruit that other people have bitten.
12. Do not kiss babies or sick persons.

1. What do you call the little plants that cause tuberculosis or consumption? How big are these plants or germs?
2. What part of garden plants are these germs like? Why do you think so?
3. Big plants in the garden get their food from the water in the soil. I wonder if any of you can tell me where these little germ-plants get their food? When we see persons with consumption we know that these little germ-plants are growing on the cells of their lungs. This causes their lung cells and the tissue that binds them together to decay. Then these people have to cough and spit this decayed matter up. Every bit of it is often filled with these little germ-plants, or seed of consumption.
4. Then what should be done with this spit to keep any one else from taking the disease?
5. Germs are often carried in little particles of dust. How may we keep from getting germs in this way?
6. How else may these little plants get into our bodies?
7. Can you think of another way by which we might get these plants into our bodies? (From milk.) What insect may carry the germs from the sick-room to our dining-room table?
8. What did Uncle John say was the only cure for consumption or tuberculosis?
9. What can each of us do to prevent these plants from getting into our bodies, and to prevent them from growing if they should happen to get into our bodies?

[41]

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## IT IS TIME THAT YOU SHOULD STOP

"Whenever you spit, whenever you sneeze,  
 Whenever your rugs you beat,  
 When you scatter dust with a feather broom,  
 And shake it on the street,  
 Where rubbish you pile upon the road,  
 When ash barrels have no top  
 You're poisoning the air for somebody's lungs,  
 And it is time that you should stop.

— *Selected.*

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## A TRUE STORY

[42]

In a little city near the great Mississippi River, lived two boys who were the very best of friends. Every day they played together and had a fine time. Life was as pleasant as a summer day to the little fellows. One of the boys was named Oliver. He had a rich father who gave him everything he wanted. The other little boy was Arthur. His father was dead, but he had a gentle little mother who was as good as she could be. Arthur's mother had to work very hard to make enough money to buy food and clothes for her little boy and herself. Little Arthur knew this, and he often said when he got big he would make enough money for them both, so that the dear mother would not have to work so hard.

When the two boys were six years old, they started to school. They were very happy and proud when the day to go came. Every morning Oliver's mother would put his fine clothes on him and give him some money to pay his way on the street car. After he got to the school he would not play games with the boys for he was afraid he would soil his clothes. He stood around and watched the other boys romp and play.

[43]

Arthur's mother could not give him the ten cents for car-fare to and from school, so he walked to school every morning. He would eat his breakfast early and start out for school in the cool morning air. As he walked along whistling, his cheeks would get rosy and red and he would run and jump; he was a happy little boy. He felt as if he would never get tired. And all the time he would be thinking of the time when he would be a big boy and ready to help to care for the little mother.

When he got to school he would join the other little boys in their play, for his clothes were good and strong and not too fine to romp and play in.

For a long time things went on in this way and Arthur was growing stronger and taller all the time. He was learning very fast. Oliver was getting pale and thin and he was beginning to be absent from school very often. The teacher went to see his mother and found that the little boy was absent because he often had headaches and colds. The two boys were in the same class, but

[44]



they were not as good friends as they had been. Oliver could not keep up with his class, and after awhile he had to drop into a lower class.

Arthur did not have much time to play after he came home from school because he had to help his mother.

Their teacher lived just across the street from the two little boys. She had noticed in school that Arthur could learn faster than Oliver. She saw that Arthur was stronger and happier, and she soon thought she knew why.

So one day she told them both to stay after school, that she wanted to talk to them for a little while.

After all the other children had gone she called them up to her desk and said, "Oliver, would you like to be like Arthur and have healthy, rosy cheeks, and be able to run and play as he does?" Of course, Oliver said yes, for he had long been wishing that he could feel as happy as Arthur looked. He wanted to be able to come regularly to school, and he did not want to have colds and headaches—he was tired of them.

"Well," said the teacher, "I want to tell you how you may grow as strong as Arthur. You must stay out-of-doors, and play with the other boys more than you do. You look pale because your blood is not red enough. [45]

"Boys and girls have blood in their bodies. You have seen it when you cut your finger. The more you run and play, the more blood you will have and the redder it will be. This good red blood is what makes you strong; you must eat plenty of good food and play out in the open air with the other boys. Keep your body clean, and get your mother to let you walk to school each morning with Arthur. Now run along to play, and I am sure you will soon feel better, and after a few days you will be as strong as Arthur and the other boys."

### QUESTIONS

1. Compare the two boys—Arthur and Oliver—as to their pleasures and opportunities.
2. Why did Arthur study hard and love to work?
3. Why did Oliver ride on the street car to school, and why could he not run and play with the other boys after he got to school?
4. Oliver was sick a great deal and could not keep up with his class. Why did his teacher say that he could not do his work as well as Arthur?



### TWO LITTLE WINDOWS

In every house there is a window. Some houses have many windows to let in the bright sunshine and the pure fresh air, and to let us see from within the glorious world on the outside.

I am going to tell you of some houses that have only two windows; the houses cannot do without them.

Many of the little windows are beautiful. On the outside are two beautiful awnings with a pretty black fringe on the edge; the awnings keep out the light when it is too bright, and keep insects and bugs from flying in at the windows. At night these awnings are drawn over the windows so that the little housekeeper within may have rest and quiet. [47]

The window casings are white and on the inside there are dainty curtains. Some of these curtains are blue, some are brown, some are gray, and some are black. In the centre of these

curtains there is a round black hole. It is through this little hole that the housekeeper can look out and see the beautiful world around.

When the windows are bright and sparkling we know that the house is strong and well kept, and the little housekeeper is happy when she plays and when she works.

Only one person can live in each house. A queer thing about these little houses is that they can move from place to place.

Sometimes these little windows are not cared for; the little housekeeper forgets how important the windows are. I know of some that are not cared for. These were very pretty and seemed larger than most windows of this kind. They had deep brown curtains and when you looked at the little hole in the curtain, it seemed that you were looking down into a deep well, and that you could see your own picture in it. The little housekeeper who owned these windows was a little girl almost ten years old. She would look through the windows and read fine print when it was too dark to see the letters well, and would do many things that would hurt these windows. Her mother had to take her to a person in a big city who knew what to do to help the windows. This man put a piece of glass in front of the windows, so that the little housekeeper could see through them. How sorry this housekeeper was that she had not always taken care of her windows. [48]

We sometimes see little housekeepers whose windows are always dark. It is a pitiful sight to see windows through which no light ever goes to the housekeeper within the house. "Shut-ins," they are in truth. It makes one's heart ache to know that if many of these windows had had proper care when they were first opened the housekeeper's hearts would now be glad, for they could look out on the glorious world, they could read and play and work just as little children like to do. Instead, they must go to special schools. They read from books that have raised letters, and use their fingers to find them. Many of these little housekeepers learn to read and do many wonderful things with their fingers. Helen Keller, whose windows were always dark, even graduated from Radcliffe College. [49]

#### QUESTION

1. Can you tell me what these little windows are? You have already guessed that the little house is the body, and the little housekeeper any little boy or girl.

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### MERRY SUNSHINE

"Good morning, Merry Sunshine,  
How did you wake so soon?  
You've scared the little stars away,  
And shined away the moon.  
I saw you go to sleep last night  
Before I ceased my playing;  
How did you get 'way over there?  
And where have you been staying?"

"I never go to sleep, dear child,  
I just go round to see  
My little children of the east  
Who rise and watch for me.  
I waken all the birds and bees  
And flowers on my way,  
And now come back to see the child  
Who stayed out late to play."

—*Anonymous.*

[50]

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[51]



CONSULTATION FREE AT THIS OFFICE



[52]

## A WONDERFUL STREAM

I am going to tell you of a wonderful stream that flows through our bodies. We may call it the stream of life. It is made of tiny rills, and of great branches, all of which join to form this wonderful stream.

This stream has a great, double force pump, which keeps pumping night and day. It always pumps the same way, its engine does not make much noise, but just a little sound that you may hear if you put your ear close to mother's breast. You can hear this busy little engine pumping away, forcing the stream on.

Many queer looking little boats float on its bosom. These boats carry freight to the far-away countries in all parts in the body. They are so small we cannot see them with the naked eye. They are of various shapes; some are round.

[53]

They have a very important freight to carry. There are more of these boats than there are of any other kind. They have a little cup-shaped centre, a kind of deck, and in this centre they carry the freight. They take on this freight at the Lung Station. They have something on deck which holds on to the goods they get at the station, to keep it from being lost on its long journey.

It never overflows its banks. Its color is not bright and blue as the waters of the Hudson or Potomac Rivers. It is yellow and red, like the Mississippi, the great "Father of Waters." If you would taste it you would find it to be salty like the ocean.

As soon as the little boats load up at the Lung Station, off they sail on this wonderful stream, carrying their freight to the Muscle Country, the Skin Country or the Gland Country. When the boats reach one of these countries, they unload and the little men of these countries (or cells) take the freight and put it just where it is needed. The freight is called oxygen. The Lung Station is filled with it every time a person takes a good breath of pure fresh air.

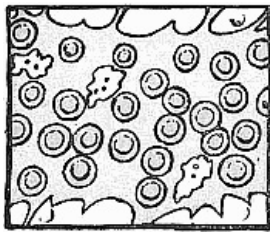
[54]

The little boats come to Lung Station and load up with oxygen about three times every minute, so you see how fast they travel. This freight is the thing that paints our cheeks a rosy color and gives us good health.

When each little boat has unloaded its cargo in the far countries, the little cell men load them with a return cargo, which is made up of waste matter (carbon dioxide). This cargo is carried back to the Lung Station, and unloaded there. It is breathed out into the air, through the air tubes.

If we breathe impure air, the little boats go back to the far countries with only a small cargo of oxygen. Then the cell men feel as if they are cheated and refuse to do good work for us. In fact, they grow weak and cannot do as good work as they could if the boats brought a full cargo of fresh air.

There is another boat in the stream; just look at its queer shape, and,



queerer still, this little boat is changing its shape. Is not that funny? Now the small end is toward us, now the large end, and now it is round like the little freight boats, only it is larger. [55]

I wonder what kind of a vessel it is. It is larger than the freight boat. There are not so many of these boats either, not half so many as there are freight boats. They are flying white flags, and belong to the White Squadron. I wonder if that means peace.

No, they are war-vessels. Let us see what these white ships are doing. We will call them Dreadnoughts. Watch them as they move slowly down the stream; how powerful they look. They have their searchlights on, looking for any enemy that may appear upon the surface.

Further on some germs or bacteria are coming up the stream; they may be pneumonia germs, or typhoid germs. These are the Captains of the Death Armada. The Dreadnoughts pull up along side. War is declared, a battle royal is on. The victory will go to the strongest. When the smoke clears away we may see the Dreadnought sailing calmly down stream. Where now are these mighty Goliaths, the typhoid or pneumonia germs? As the Dreadnoughts were in good fighting trim, we may find them on the inside of the engine-room of the Dreadnought. They are being used as fuel in its furnace. [56]

Sometimes the battle is in favor of the germs, and the Dreadnought is destroyed by the germs.

This happens when the little round freight boats have not found a full cargo of fresh air and oxygen waiting for them in the Lung Station.

All this happens in this wonderful stream.

If we look further we would find that the muscle men in the muscle countries are busy making heat to keep our bodies warm. The little workmen in the gland country are making fluids to mix with the food we eat. The fluids change the starch, the sugar, and the meat we eat, so that the muscle men can use it to build us large and strong. The little workmen in the skin are pouring water out of it in order that we may keep clean and cool.

This wonderful stream carries all these things from one country to the other, exchanges the produce of one country for the produce of another—so to speak.

The little freight boats on this stream cannot do the work they were intended to do, the Dreadnoughts cannot overcome and disable the germs that get on their decks, if they are not kept in the very best condition. The only way in which we can keep them "fit" is by living according to the rules of hygiene. [57]

Eat wholesome food.

Take outdoor exercise.

Sleep with the windows open.

Drink pure water.

Bathe the body frequently.

#### QUESTIONS

1. What are the little round boats?
2. What do they carry?
3. What are the Dreadnoughts?
4. What are the muscle men?
5. What is the stream, and what is the force pump that forces the stream on?
6. What are the rules for keeping the little freight boats, and the great Dreadnoughts on this wonderful stream in the best working condition?

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## TWO MILLS

Come, children, listen to the story Uncle Ned told to me. It was the story of a long time ago when Uncle Ned was a little boy. One day his mother took him on her knee and said, "Ned, do you know that your mouth is like a little mill?" It is. The mill grinds corn. Your teeth grind your food. Look in the mirror. Are your teeth all alike? Some of the teeth in your mouth are to bite the food into bits, and others are to grind it fine so that it will not hurt your stomach. [58]

You have twenty now because you are a little boy and do not need any more. When you have grown to be a man you will have thirty-two teeth. You will have more grinders in your mouth when you are a man than you have now. The jaw teeth are called grinders, because they grind the food you put into your mouth, just as the big mill stones grind the corn into meal down at

Grandpa's mill.

You wear clothes to keep your bodies warm, so the teeth need some covering to keep out the cold. The enamel, a hard outer covering on the teeth, keeps them from feeling the cold. Down in the middle of the tooth is a place for the nerves of the tooth. When you break the covering on the tooth the cold and hot things that you sometimes put into your mouth will make the nerves ache. Sometimes things that are very sweet or very sour hurt the covering on the teeth.

[59]

To use the teeth to crack nuts or ice will harm them, for it often breaks the outer covering, and it will not grow again.

Your teeth should last you all your life if you will take care of them. Grandpa's mill would not grind the corn well, nor would the mill last long, if he did not take care of it and keep the big stone grinders clean and free from grit and dirt. Your teeth must have just as good care as the stones in the mill if you wish them to last you a long time, and if you want them to grind your food fine.

This is why you must use your toothbrush, and wash your mouth out regularly every day. If you do not keep your mouth clean, germs will creep in and cause the little boy to have toothache. You are wondering what the germs have to do with toothache.

These little germs always get into places that are not kept clean, and when they get into the mouth they go to work, like so many little carpenters, with pick and drill, and pick away the outer covering of the tooth and then the tooth decays, and this causes toothache.

[60]

We all want to have pretty white teeth like Ned's, do we not? When we are little we must take care of the teeth, and if they begin to decay we must have them filled or treated by the dentist. Let us look at our teeth and see who has the prettiest and the best ones. Has every one a toothbrush? We must each have one. We must brush our teeth every day and rinse them with pure clean water. This will wash out all the germs that would soon injure our teeth if they were left in the mouth.

If we will care for our teeth when we are young we will not need to have false teeth when we are old.

#### QUESTIONS

1. What are our mouths like? Why like a mill?

2. What is there in the mouth that corresponds to the rocks in the mill?

3. Is there a little baby in your home? Has it any teeth? Can you tell me why? Yes, that is right. Teeth are given us to chew food with. The little baby does not eat any hard or solid food, and therefore he does not need any teeth yet. When he is a little older pretty white teeth will be given him. By the time he is four or five years old he will have twenty of these little baby teeth. But he cannot keep the first teeth long. They would be too little and weak to do him much good when he gets to be a big boy.

[61]

4. Did you ever notice the twig of a tree just after the leaves had fallen? What did you find on the stem where the old leaf had grown? That is right, a tiny new leaf was pushing its way out. And that is just what happens to the teeth. When a boy or girl gets to be about eight or ten years old, a set of new teeth begins to grow down in the gums under the baby teeth. As these new teeth grow longer they push up the baby teeth, and cause them to get loose and fall out. When the new teeth appear they are strong and hard, that they may last a long time, if taken care of as Uncle Ned did his.

5. How many things do we know that we may do to make our teeth last a long time?

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## A CHILD'S CALENDAR

"January first is cold,  
February winds are bold,  
March runs whistling round the hill,  
April laughs and cries at will.

[62]

Lovely are the woods in May,  
Happy June is our time to play;  
In July we lazy grow,  
August hours are quite as slow.

But September school days are fleet!  
In October nuts grow sweet;  
Sad November's friends are few,

But, December, we love you,  
For you bring Saint Nick!"

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## THE TOOTHBRUSH BRIGADE

The toothbrush brigade is a happy club  
We boys and girls have made,  
We try to care for our teeth  
So they'll not be decayed.  
And so we have promised one and all,  
At morning and at night,  
To brush them clean and white.

First across we'll brush them,  
Well then up and down we go,  
Then open wide the mouth you see,  
And do just as before.  
So carefully we'll rinse them, too,  
You'll see a healthy sight.  
Our teeth so clean and white.



[63]

And now my friends a word to you  
Before we leave the stage,  
If your teeth you would preserve,  
Down to a nice old age,  
Go get your toothbrush and water, too,  
And start this very night  
To brush them clean and white.

[64]

### CHORUS

Happy, healthy, little children,  
Happy, healthy, little children,  
Happy, healthy, little children,  
In our toothbrush brigade.

—M. E. Stokes.

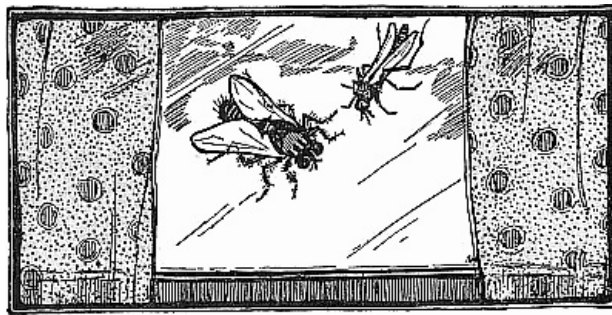
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## MR. FLY AND MRS. MOSQUITO

One day in the summer, Mr. Fly and Mrs. Mosquito stopped to rest on the window pane of a house in the country.

[65]





Mr. Fly, after sitting for some time rubbing his nose with his front feet, looked up and said, "Good morning."

"Mr. Fly," replied Mrs. Mosquito, "I do not believe that we have met before."

"No," said Mr. Fly, "but I am glad to meet you to-day. I have long wanted to do so. May I ask where you live?"

"Ah me, Mr. Fly," replied Mrs. Mosquito, "I have been having a rather hard time lately. You have heard of my family, and know that with a number of brothers and sisters, I was hatched in a small pond near the meadow. Life went well with us for a while. But one afternoon I heard footsteps coming nearer and nearer. I could not understand what terrible beast was coming down to the pond to drink. I shivered with fear and darted as fast as I could to the bottom of the pond. However, I soon had to come to the top again to get a good breath, as I thought I was going to suffocate. Dearie me, why cannot we get air at the bottom of the pond as well as at the top. [66]

"My heart was beating with fear as I still heard the footsteps, and presently I could hear voices. A voice said, 'Where are all the members of this brigade?' What could it mean? What is a brigade? Someone cried out, 'Here we come to give him the oil.' Looking up I saw a number of girls and boys, 'The Mosquito Brigade,' they called themselves. They laughed and talked as if they were a gay crowd. One said, 'Here they are,' and then said, 'This will get them.'

"I wondered what in the world they could mean. I soon learned what they were about.

"I smelled a terrible odor, and peeping out from the mud (at the bottom of the pond in which I was hiding), I saw something thick and terrible coming down like rain in the pond.

"I ran through the mud to the far end of the pond and hid. Oh, how that stuff did smell! I thought it would surely smother me. [67]

"I stayed in the mud until the next day. I did not dare peep out. When I did look out nothing could I see on the bottom of the pond but my dead brothers and sisters. They had not been as quick as I and had been smothered by that dreadful stuff. Ah me! I had scarcely strength enough to live. Life seemed very hard.

"The next thing I remember I was sailing down the pond in a canoe Mother Nature built for me. It was just large enough to be perfectly comfortable. I slept the greater part of the time I was in the little canoe. I stayed in there several days and many times old Father Wind sent a breeze that nearly upset my little craft. I grew some wings finally and flew away from that awful pond. I hope that I can always escape that 'Mosquito Brigade' and that deadly oil. I shall be very busy for a while and may yet have my revenge, if I can poison some member of it with malaria germs.

"I have finished my story. Pray, tell me of yourself, Mr. Fly, you look very happy." "Well," said the fly, "I was hatched in the corner of a stable where it was damp and warm. I stayed in an egg one day. Then I was a white crawling thing for nine days. I ate all this time. At the end of that time I slept a while and then I was grown. I can't tell you how big I felt the day I first stretched my wings for flight. [68]

"Just listen to what I have done since that happy day. I have crawled over a person who had small-pox and got some germs which I carried to a girl across the street. I went into a house and sat on a bed in which a little girl was lying. The doctor came in and after staying there a while he said, 'Typhoid fever.' I was sorry for the little child with her red swollen face. I left her and walked on the bed. I knew that my feet were loaded with germs when I flew out. Off I went to the country.

"The first home I passed, a little tot of a boy, sitting on the step, was eating milk and mush out of a bowl. When he took the spoon from his mouth I got into it and sucked all the milk I could get. I left him the germs that I had been carrying. This was a pretty good day's work, don't you think? The next morning I flew away to the next house, but dear me, I found that a fly would have to carry his own rations there. [69]

"This was a new thing to me. I met one of my friends who told me that it would be just as well for me to travel on. The folks who lived in this house had been going to the lectures of the Health Doctor. The doctor had told them to clean up the stable, to screen the house, and to cover the well. I tell you, Mrs. Mosquito, that man is trying to put me out of business. I fear that I shall have a hard time in the future if he stays in this neighborhood. I am not as happy as I once was, so I will say good-bye."

"Good-bye, friend Fly," said Mrs. Mosquito, "I am glad we met near our old home."

### QUESTIONS

1. Where did the mosquito meet the fly?
2. What did the mosquito carry?
3. What did the fly do to the man who had small-pox?
4. Why could not the fly get in the house in the country?
5. What was the Health Doctor teaching the people in the country?

## A HYGIENE SONG

[70]

### TUNE:—"YE-HO"

A FOLK TUNE



1. We're for hap - pi - ness and health, hur - rah! But we  
2. We're for sun - shine and fresh air, hur - rah! Mi - crobes



have no claims on wealth, hur - rah! And we  
can - not live in there, hur - rah! San - i -



stand for all that's clean, Flies must go, this sure doth mean,  
ta - tion is our aim, No mos - qui - toes do we claim,



So we trap and swat and screen, hur - rah!  
For we oil and screen and drain, hur - rah!

#### CHORUS.



Then it's rah, rah, rah, for the Hy - giene work, The



best we've ev - er done. We'll have none who du - ty shirk, We'll have



on - ly those who work, Ma - ny to our cause are won, hur - rah!

[Transcriber's Note: You can play this music (MIDI file) by clicking [here](#).]

1. We're for happiness and health, hurrah!  
But we have no claims on wealth, hurrah!  
And we stand for all that's clean,  
Flies must go, this sure doth mean,  
So we trap and swat and screen, hurrah!

2. We're for sunshine and fresh air, hurrah!  
Microbes cannot live in there, hurrah!  
Sanitation is our aim,

No mosquitoes do we claim,  
For we oil and screen and drain, hurrah!

Chorus:

Then it's rah, rah, rah, for the Hygiene work,  
The best we've ever done.  
We'll have none who duty shirk,  
We'll have only those who work,  
Many to our cause are won, hurrah!



[71]

## OUR LITTLE ENEMIES

"Hello, Central, give me 1882, Mrs. Consumption Germ. Oh, is that you, I am so glad to hear your voice. Do tell me what you have been doing this long time!"

"Oh, my good friend Pneumonia, I have been hiding away all these years to keep the doctors from finding me. I did not want them to learn about me. I feared that they would destroy me entirely.

"But with all my care, do you know that just a few years ago, an old German doctor pulled me out of my hiding place and showed me to the world. Since then I and my family have had little peace.

"I have to be mighty careful, or I fear that these doctors who are turning all sorts of magnifying glasses on my people will finally drive us from the earth. They already have us on the run. In the meantime we are playing a game of 'catch me if you can.' Sometimes we get on pencils or sticks of candy. Then again we roll and turn somersaults on a nice red apple and are passed from one mouth to another by over-polite children.

[72]

"Sometimes, some of my children swim in the milk or travel on a fly's foot.

"I don't like sunshine at all. I dote on dark places where the wind does not blow.

"I like poor people better than rich ones, because the poor have not money enough to buy good food, fresh air, and rest, the weapons the rich use to fight us with.

"Last week I went to a Fourth of July celebration on a grain of dust—my airship, I called it. Whom do you think I saw there? Young Mr. Lockjaw Germ; do you know I think that he has gotten the big head. Probably the war in Europe has something to do with it. For I believe that he and his family are very prominent among the soldiers in Belgium. I hear also that in America the folks are trying to put him out of business, especially since fire-crackers are not used so much. Some man had to start a 'Sane Fourth of July.' That was a sane Fourth of July celebration that I attended, and I must say that Mr. Lockjaw Germ looked a bit lonely."

[73]

"Do tell me, Mrs. Consumption Germ," said her friend Pneumonia Germ, "have you heard about the Diphtheria family? They are having a hard time."

"These French doctors have found something that will even prevent children from having diphtheria. They call it anti-toxin. I never did like antis anyway, did you?"

"Mrs. Typhoid Germ tells me that her family is not as large as it used to be, all because of an anti-toxin."

"My, my, what shall we do!" said Mrs. Consumption Germ, "even the school people are after us. I heard Miss Measles and little Master Scarlet Fever say that a doctor comes every day to some of the schools. They said that in some of the school-rooms the teacher had the nerve to hang a placard, on which was printed, 'Prevention Better Than Cure.'"

"I'll tell you I don't like these new times; this Hygiene the people talk of is a regular ogre to our children.

[74]

"In some schools the teachers are even having lunches for the little children who are pale and thin. They are having their eyes examined. Some are having adenoids taken out, just to make those children so strong that we can't catch them.

"I thought that I had a fair chance to get little Jimmy Brown, but his teacher talked to his mother one day at recess. The next day his mother whisked him off down town and had the doctor take the adenoids from behind his nose. Now he is as strong as any little boy, because he can breathe through his nose. So I lost my chance at him, you see."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Consumption Germ, "one can't even hide in an old stump of a tooth. Some man with sharp-looking things tells you that o-u-t spells 'out and begone,' as we used to say in playing the game."

"Do you know I believe that man Pasteur was our greatest enemy?"

"Tell me, who was he?" said Mrs. Consumption Germ.

"Well, he was a man who lived in France. He discovered the germ that killed the silk-worm and also the cause of the loss of grapes in that country. [75]

"The wine and silk merchants of that country paid him immense sums of money for this work.

"He studied all about our friends and relatives, and it was he who first started all this anti-toxin, which saves the people, but which kills us by the millions.

"But with all this great work and the work of their great men, we sometimes catch folks napping. We catch our greatest enemy, the white blood-cells, when they are without their fighting clothes on, and then we get busy. In this way we can make up for a great deal of lost time.

"Of course, you have heard of Dr. Jenner. He was another enemy of ours. He taught the people about vaccination, which keeps them from having small-pox. I am glad to say there will always be a few persons who do not follow these new ideas. If this were not true, one would starve to death."

"I know, Mrs. Pneumonia Germ, that you love close, damp, places. I am sure that fresh air makes you nervous. What will you do now that the factories and mills are to be cleaner and better ventilated? We used to find plenty to do with the old order of things. [76]

"Dr. Sunshine, Dr. Fresh Air, and Dr. Good Food are certainly doing all they can to drive us out of the country.

"We will go to the great cities, and I suspect that, for a long time yet, we can find a home for our little ones in the miserable homes of the poor; and, notwithstanding all this talk of hygiene, health, and sanitation, I believe that some of the homes and factories will always furnish us with hiding places in which to rear our families."

"Well, I must say good-bye, Mrs. Germ, as I see Dr. Fresh Air coming, and I do not care to speak to him; he does not treat me cordially. Good-bye."

#### QUESTIONS

1. Who was Pasteur? Where did he live? What did he do for the merchants of France?
2. Who was Jenner? What disease did he show the people how to prevent?
3. Why did Jimmy Brown grow well and strong?

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### ONE LITTLE GIRL [77]

One little girl  
Said, "Oh, dear, dear,  
I want to go to school,  
I will be late, I fear."

"I am sure I won't forget  
To brush my teeth to-night,  
Just to put off a while,  
I know will be all right."

One little germ  
Said, "Here is work to do;"  
Other little germs  
Said, "We are coming, too."

A million little germs  
Got to work right then,

Made a little hole,  
And soon made ten.

One little girl,  
In very great pain,  
Said, "I never will forget  
To brush my teeth again."

---

## CLOVIS, THE BOY KING

[78]

Long, long ago, on the banks of the Rhine, there lived a brave and war like tribe called Franks. Their name means "Freemen." I always think Frank is a very nice name for a boy or girl to have. It is so grand to be really and truly free.

These Franks had for their leader a king, and, at the time I am going to tell about, their king was a boy. His name was Clovis and he was only sixteen years old. You would hardly think that a boy could rule those fierce warriors, but he was such a brave and fearless boy, and had such a good sensible head that they were glad to follow him. He was never afraid of anything, even when he was a little fellow, and he could tame and ride the wildest horse as well as the best man among them.

One day a great idea came into the heads of the Frankish warriors. They thought they would leave their old homes on the banks of the Rhine and go and settle in a new country called Gaul. It would have been easy enough, perhaps, if there had been nobody there but the natives and the wild beasts, but that was not the case.

[79]

The Romans were there. I am sure you have heard of the Romans and how very strong and warlike they were. Their soldiers conquered the world and were very seldom beaten. They had an army in this country of Gaul.

Clovis was not afraid of the Romans, however, and he marched against them. The two armies stood facing each other and the two leaders came out to speak together in an open space between the camps.

The Roman general was very big and grand, and he had Roman soldiers on each side of him in splendid uniform. Clovis was accompanied by some of his brave followers. When the Roman leader saw Clovis, he burst out laughing and cried, "Why, he's a boy! A *boy* has come to fight against the Romans!" He thought it was so funny that a boy of sixteen should dare to fight against him that he couldn't do anything but laugh. Clovis did not like this at all, and he shouted back, "Yes, but the boy will conquer you!"

[80]



"YES, BUT THE BOY WILL CONQUER YOU!"

Then came the battle, and the Roman general found it wasn't so funny after all. For the boy did conquer him and he ran away. Afterwards the Franks gained the country for themselves and called it their own name, France.

[81]

I believe in boys. I think they can do almost anything. I believe in girls, too, just as much. The

girls did not fight in this battle I have been telling you about, but there is another and better kind of battle in which boys and girls fight side by side.

The old kind of battle in which men were killed, and little children lost their fathers, was very bad and very sad, at the best. In the new kind of battle people don't kill each other, and yet they fight very hard against their enemies and have to be very brave.

Let me tell you about a few of these battles. One that is going on now is the battle against Disease. Very likely you have heard the grown folks talk about consumption, and saying that it is one of the worst enemies of our American people, and kills thousands and thousands every year. Men and women and boys and girls are joining together to fight against consumption and make an end to it, and a big fight it is. Then, again, in the struggle with yellow fever some of our noble American heroes willingly laid down their lives. [82]

Another great battle is against Dirt. Dirt causes people to get sick and die, and since we have known this we have been fighting hard against it. The boys and girls have helped a great deal in this battle.

One of the finest fights to be in is the battle against Tobacco. What do you think? Could the boys and girls defeat the use of tobacco and drive it out of the country if they tried hard enough? I really believe they could.

But, perhaps, you have not all made up your minds that it would be a good thing to fight tobacco. Let us think of some of the reasons why we should fight it.

REASON NUMBER ONE is because the tobacco habit is a dirty habit. Are the lips of the smoking boy nice and clean for mother to kiss? What about his hands? Isn't he ashamed of that yellow stain that won't come off? How much cleaner the streets, and cars, and railway stations would be if nobody used tobacco! [83]

REASON NUMBER TWO is because tobacco injures a boy's body. It hurts his heart, causing it to beat too fast for a while and afterwards making it weak and tired. It hurts his lungs, for when he draws the smoke in he carries the poisonous nicotine to the tender and delicate air-cells. We must talk more about that at another time. It hurts his stomach and gives him indigestion, and no one knows how bad that is until he has had it for himself.

REASON NUMBER THREE is because tobacco harms a boy's mind. Boys who don't smoke make better grades than those who do. Some college boys found this out for themselves a while ago. Don't you forget it.

REASON NUMBER FOUR is because it is a dangerous habit. The insurance men, whose business it is to find out what causes the fires, say that cigarette smokers are often to blame, because they throw the cigarettes down with fire on them.

If you spend nickels on cigarettes, a dollar is soon gone. You don't exactly burn the dollar bill, but you spend the bill and buy cigarettes, and burn them. Isn't that just the same as burning the bill, after all? If a boy spends a nickel a day on cigarettes, how much will he lose in a week? Thirty cents in six week-days. In four weeks, what will he have spent? A dollar and twenty cents. A month is a little over four weeks, so we will add an extra nickel to find what he spends a month. A dollar and a quarter. How much will this come to in twelve months? Is that too hard for you, I wonder? Fifteen dollars. Dear me, how quickly money runs away! Surely no one ought to smoke cigarettes unless he has more money than he knows what to do with. [84]

REASON NUMBER FIVE is because smoking is an enslaving habit. By that I mean it makes boys into slaves.

So here are five reasons why we should fight against it. Let us see how many of them you can remember.

I hope that all you boys and girls will be as brave as Clovis, and now that you see how much harm tobacco and alcohol are doing to your people, you will get ready for the fight and will say, "Yes, you are strong and terrible foes, but boys and girls will conquer you." [85]

#### QUESTIONS

1. Who were the people that were called Franks? What does the name mean?
2. Who was Clovis? What kind of a boy king was he?
3. What country did the boy king with his Franks want to conquer?
4. Who won the battle?
5. What kind of a battle can both girls and boys fight?
6. Name some of these battles. (Disease, Dirt, Tobacco, and Alcohol.)
7. What are the five reasons why all boys and girls should fight the battle against Tobacco?



# WHAT TEMPERANCE BRINGS

More of good than we can tell;  
More to buy with, more to sell;  
More of comfort, less of care;  
More to eat and more to wear;  
Happier homes and faces brighter;  
All our burdens rendered lighter;  
Conscience clean and minds much stronger;  
Debts much shorter, purses longer;  
Hopes that drive away all sorrow;  
And something laid up for to-morrow.



[86]

## THE WHITE SHIP

We are going to have a story to-day about something that happened nearly eight hundred years ago.

In that far-away time there lived a King of England whose name was Henry I. He was a great warrior, and his enemies generally had the worst of it in battle. But he was still greater as a ruler, and he made the people of England keep the laws. When they disobeyed, he punished them severely.

A certain scholar wrote down the story of his reign and we have it still. He said Henry "was a good man and great was the awe of him." That is, the people rather feared him because he was so strict. He said, too, that while Henry was king no one dared "ill-do to man or beast."

[87]

King Henry was sometimes called the Lion of Justice, because he was so great and powerful, and all wrong-doers were afraid of him.

He had another nickname, too. They called him Fine Scholar because he could read and write. Very few persons in those old days could do these things. The clergy were almost the only ones who went to school and learned how.

We who live now-a-days should be very glad and thankful that we have good schools and kind teachers, and lesson books that are full of interesting things.

King Henry had one son whom he loved very much, indeed. His name was William. He was a fine boy, and the people of England were very fond of him. They expected that some day, when his father died, William would be King in his turn. Indeed, they had already promised Henry that whenever that happened, they would be faithful and true to his son.

[88]

Not very far from England is the country called France. A narrow sea separates the two. The English call it the Channel and the French call it the Sleeve—perhaps because it is something like a sleeve in shape.

Henry was very often over in France because he had some possessions there. His father had come from France and conquered England, so he had land on both sides of this narrow sea. Though it is narrow, it is very rough, and sailors have to be very careful in crossing it.

One time Henry and his son had been over in France doing some fighting. They overcame their enemies and made ready to set sail for England. They were about to start when a captain came up to the King and begged him to sail in his ship. He was very anxious to have the honor of carrying him across the Channel. He had carried over the King's father, William the Conqueror, when he went to invade England. He said that he had a beautiful new boat called the White Ship. There were fifty strong men to do the rowing, and they had sails besides. Of course, there were no steam-boats in those old times.

[89]

Now King Henry had already made his arrangements, and he did not like to change them. But, to please the captain, he said he would send his treasure in his new ship—the precious things he

had taken in war and was carrying home to England. More than that, he said he would let the captain take charge of the greatest treasure he had in the world, his only son, who was then seventeen years old. So William sailed with Captain Fitz-Stephen.

The King was in a hurry to get home, and he started as soon as the tide would let him.

In the White Ship with Prince William a great many knights and nobles sailed. Some of his own relatives were there, and many boys and girls belonging to the chief families of England. They wanted to have a good time, so they had a grand feast on board ship before they started on the voyage. They shouted and danced on the deck, and, I am sorry to say, they drank a great deal of wine. They did one thing that was specially foolish. They made the sailors drink, too. They opened three barrels of the wine and divided it among them. They ought to have known that the sailors would need steady hands to take the ship across that dangerous sea. But they did not think. It grew later and later, and darker and darker, and there was no moon that night. Some people began to be afraid to trust themselves in that ship, and they got off and waited till morning for another one. Most of them, however, were feeling too merry and jolly to be afraid of anything, and away they sailed. The rowers pulled with all their might and the helmsman steered for England. [90]

A man who has been using strong drink, though, is not fit to steer a ship or anything else. It has been found out that after even a very little wine or beer one cannot guide so well, or do anything else properly that needs a clear brain and steady nerves.

Alcohol makes people stupid. We all know that if they drink a good deal of it, it takes their senses altogether away, so that they don't know anything and can't do anything. So, if they drink a little of it, it takes their senses partly away and they are not so bright as they should be. They do not see danger when it comes and then accidents happen. [91]

The helmsman of the White Ship was made stupid by the wine and he was not able to do his work. They had not gone very far before he steered the ship on a rock. There was a terrible crash and a terrible cry, and the water began to rush in through the hole which had been made.

Quickly a boat was lowered and Prince William was hurried into it, and the rowers rowed away with him. But he heard a voice calling for help and knew it was his sister's, so he made the sailors turn back to save her. When they did so, ever so many people jumped in and the little boat could not hold them. They all went to the bottom.

No one escaped from that dreadful shipwreck except one man who held on to the top of the mast till help came next day. When, at last, he reached land he told how the young prince and his sister had been drowned, and also a hundred and forty noble youths and girls, and the Captain and the fifty rowers, and everyone else on board except himself—all because of wine.

What a dangerous drink this alcohol is, and how many accidents it has caused! It sends the brain to sleep so that it cannot do its work, and when that is the case we never know what dreadful thing may happen next. [92]

When anything puts the brain to sleep, we call it narcotic. Alcohol is a narcotic poison. No one should ever use it who wants to pilot a ship, or steer an automobile, or drive a train, or shoot a gun, or run a machine in a factory.

King Henry was a busy man, and he went home as quickly as he could and attended to his work. He was very much surprised that William and the others did not come, and he kept wondering where they could be.

When the sad news reached the palace, no man dared go in and tell the King. At last, they sent a little boy into his room—a page who waited on the ladies and gentlemen—and he fell at the King's feet.

"O, King . . . Prince William . . . the White Ship!"

When poor King Henry understood what had happened, he fell down in a faint. They say that all the rest of his life he was very sad. No one ever saw him smile again. One thing we must never forget about strong drink is this: It does not only bring trouble to the people who use it, but to many others besides. King Henry had nothing to do with the drinking on board the White Ship. He was not even there, and did not know about it. But it caused him to lose his boy and girl, both in one night. [93]

In our days, too, it makes more trouble than any one can possibly imagine. Although the wreck of the White Ship happened nearly eight hundred years ago, it was not by any means the first accident brought on by alcohol. Drink has always done these things. It has always made men's heads dull and their hands unsteady. It has caused them to be hurt and to lose their lives. The strange thing is that, although every one knows it does this, so many people venture to use it. We should all do well to remember the proverb, "Where there's drink there's danger."

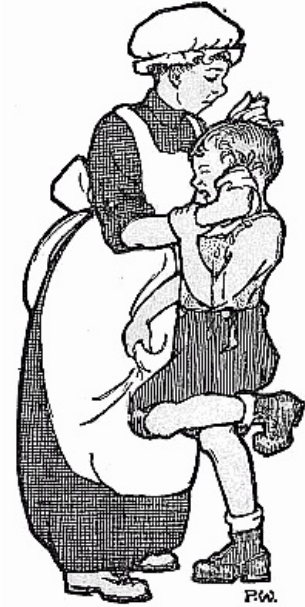
"Write it o'er the railroad wreck,  
Write it on the sinking deck,  
Write upon our hearts the truth,  
Let us learn it in our youth—  
Where there's drink there's danger."

Agnes, you and John may look at this watch. Don't you think its covering is very pretty? The covering of the watch is called its case. Now we will open it, and you may look inside and see what this pretty case covers. Look at all these little wheels. How small they are! Do you think they would stay in place long, or run and keep time, if we bruised them or took off the case? Then you see the case is not only pretty, but useful. It keeps the little wheels from getting broken or dirty. It protects them from harm.

Look at the covering or case of your body. It covers and protects you just as the case does the works in the watch. Well, let me tell you a story about it. The covering of your body covers a number of organs which are even more wonderful than the little wheels in the watch.

This covering of your body is full of little holes. These holes are too small to be seen with our naked eyes. Through these holes air and sunshine get into your body, and through these tiny holes little drops of water come out. This is sweat, and it helps to keep our bodies cool. When you run and play, these little drops of water keep you from getting too warm. They also help to keep your body clean by bringing out the little bits of dirt.

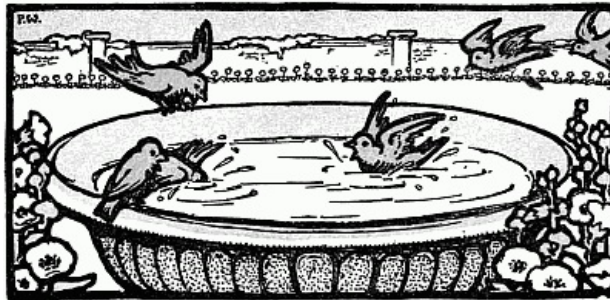
I wonder if we are like a little pig, who, when his mother asked him what kind of a house he wanted, said, "mud house?" If so, we will have the little holes all closed up. Then we won't have a nice, soft, pink skin that will let the little drops of water through, but we will have a dirty, muddy-looking skin. When we run and play we get so warm that it will make us sick. But if we take nice warm baths twice a week at night, and a cool sponge bath every morning, with good clear water and soap, we will be like the watch, and have a beautiful covering, and this will help to keep our wonderful organs and body well and strong. We must bathe our hands often, and keep the covering on them nice and clean. Sometimes germs get on our hands, and, if we do not wash them often, we may carry them to our mouths. Sometimes this is the way we "catch" a disease, because we do not keep the covering, or case, on our hands clean.



[95]

[96]

IS THIS YOU?



WATCH THE BIRDS

Did you ever watch the little birds as they fly down to a gutter, or little stream of water, how they dip their bills into the water? Do they just fly down into the water only to get a drink? No, indeed. They fill their bills with water and pour it all over their feathers. They get into the water, and such a splashing they have! All birds and animals wash themselves clean and nice when they can get to water. Old Rover has a good time swimming and bathing in the creek. This is the way they keep their skins nice and clean, and their hair and feathers slick and shining.

[97]

"Drink less, breathe more;  
Eat less, chew more;  
Ride less, walk more;  
Worry less, work more;  
Preach less, practice more."

—Selected.

## THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE BUTTERFLY

Virginia is a little girl who lives in Not Far-Away Land. Her mother is a wise woman, and she wants her little girl to grow up into a strong and beautiful young woman.



THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE BUTTERFLY

Some days Virginia pouts and is cross. She does not go out to play. She cries for things her mother does not want her to have. She will not take a nap in her snug little bed. She cries for candy, and will not eat her bread and butter. [99]

One day Virginia was sitting on the door-step, pouting; she had forgotten to be good that day. Presently, a beautiful butterfly fluttered down near her.

Virginia forgot all her naughty thoughts and said, "Tell me, pretty Butterfly, where did you come from and what made you so beautiful?"

The Butterfly turned its pretty head and looked at Virginia a moment. Then it said, "Little girl, I'll tell you a secret if you will forget your pouts and listen."

Virginia promised.

"I was an egg once; for you know, little girl, every living thing comes from an egg. This egg hatched, and a little green worm crawled out. This little green worm was I, and I did not know then that some day I would be a beautiful butterfly.

"I was a good little worm, and did all the things Mother Nature told me to do. I ate the things that were good for me. I liked nice, juicy leaves—and Mother Nature told me they would make me grow big and strong. Little babies and little calves have nice warm milk to make them grow, and little worms eat nice, tender, green leaves. I chewed them up fine, so that my very little stomach could digest them. Do you like your bread and butter? [100]

"I do not cry for things Mother Nature tells me are not good for me. Every day I take plenty of cool, fresh water to drink from the drops I find on the leaves. Little worms, as well as little girls, need cool, pure water.

"You should see my bath-tub; it is a rose leaf filled with dewdrops. Oh, how clean and sweet I am after my daily bath! I am fresh and fit for my travels over the green bushes and pretty rose vines.

"Once I climbed to the top of a high maple tree, and rested on a leaf, while I watched the folks below passing.

"After I had eaten, and bathed, and played as long as Mother Nature wanted me to, I curled up in a tiny cradle and went fast asleep.

"My nap lasted a long time—all winter. All babies need sleep, you know; it makes them grow healthy and strong. Mother Nature was wise; she hung my cradle to the branch of a tree, where it would be in the pure fresh air while I was sleeping. The winds sang sweet lullabys to me. Some fine days Jack Frost would go whistling by. Sometimes an icicle would swing on the same branch with me. When the warm sun came out from behind the clouds, down would go the little icicle to the ground, shattered and sparkling like a thousand diamonds. All this time I was tucked away in my warm, brown cradle, waiting for the gentle spring breezes to wake me. [101]

"One day I woke from my long nap to find that I was a beautiful creature. Mother Nature had dressed me in wonderful colors. My wings were gaudy. She had given me graceful legs on which to walk, and a pretty head and body. I could fly from flower to flower. I did not eat leaves any more, but I drank nectar from the flower cups.

"I love the sunshine, the clear water, the green grass, the bright flowers, and I love to hear the birds sing in the trees. I love to see the bees, as they rove from flower to flower to gather honey. Life seems one long, sweet song as I flit here and there.

[102]

"Little girl, if you will listen to your mother as I listened when Mother Nature told me how to grow strong and beautiful, you will grow to be a strong, healthy girl, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. To be strong and healthy is to be beautiful."

#### QUESTIONS

1. Why was Virginia cross? How did she behave?
2. What fluttered down by her? What story did the butterfly tell Virginia?
3. What kind of food did Mother Nature prepare for the little baby that one day was to be a butterfly? Was this different from the food it needed when it grew into a butterfly?
4. What food is good for the little babies in the home and the little baby calves?
5. When did baby butterfly sleep? Is fresh air good for the baby in your home? Was it good for Virginia?
6. What was the baby butterfly's cradle made of?



[103]

### LITTLE BAREFOOT

"Look out, little Barefoot, the hookworm will catch you if you don't watch."

This is what Will seemed to hear a wee small voice say one day as he stepped briskly along the dewy path. Will was driving the cows to the cool, green pasture down in the meadow.

Will always drove old Brindle and Bess to the pasture every morning before he went to school. Brindle and Bess loved the juicy grass in the meadow pasture. They loved to drink the cool brook water. They would stand knee-deep in it on hot days. Soft pictures of the cows, and the tall trees, and the clouds could be seen in its water.

[104]

When the sun was high in the sky, at noon-time, old Brindle and Bess would lie down under the trees near the brook, and chew and think, and chew and think.

One afternoon Will came home from school limping, and tired, and hot. His feet hurt him, so he begged his mother not to send him for the cows, but to let some one else bring Brindle and Bess home at milking time.

Will's mother knew that something was surely wrong, for Will liked nothing better than to call faithful Rover and romp away to the pasture. His mother looked at his feet and found them blistered and very sore.

"We will call the doctor," she said.

Uncle John looked wise when he came to see the little fellow.

"Ah, ha! you have been going barefooted, my little man, and some young hookworms that were in the ground or grass have gone through the skin on your feet and made your toes and feet sore."

[105]

"What are hookworms, Uncle?" asked Will. Uncle John told him this:

"The hookworm is a very small worm, about a quarter of an inch long, or a little more, when it



is grown. It was first brought to America from Africa by the negroes—the slaves that the Dutch people traded to our forefathers in the colonial days.

"The little worm is called the 'American Murderer,' because it kills so many people of the southland. It does not hurt the little negro children as badly as it does the white children.

"The hookworm eggs are hatched in the sand. The young hookworm sheds its skin two or three times, growing a little larger each time it sheds.

"Sometimes it will crawl upon a grass blade, or lie in the sand until a little barefooted boy or girl comes stepping along. (The worm is now so small that it cannot be seen.) The little folks step on the worm, and it pushes its way through the skin. This is when it makes the sores on the feet and between the toes. [106]

"As soon as the little hookworms get through the skin they go into the blood. They are carried to the heart and lungs by the veins. They go from the lungs into the wind-pipe, and then crawl from the wind-pipe into the gullet. It is then an easy matter for them to get into the food tube in the body.

"The mouth of the hookworm has a sharp hook which it fastens into the wall of the food tube. It hangs there and sucks all the blood it wants. A hookworm will suck a drop of blood a day. In feeding themselves they are slowly bleeding the person, drop by drop. This is the reason the boys or girls who have hookworms look so pale, and feel so tired all the time. The hookworm robs them of the good rich blood, and makes children, and even grown persons, dull and lazy. The disease keeps children from growing.

"It is easy to cure the disease, but it is better to prevent it. We can prevent hookworm disease by preventing the ground from being polluted. Polluted ground means that which is made unclean with waste matter from our bodies. The eggs are found in this matter which pollutes the ground. [107]

"Now, Will, always wear your shoes, and see that the soles are good and thick. Then, even though the ground is unclean, hookworms can't get to your feet. I am sure, now that you know about hookworms, you will not go barefooted through the lanes again."

#### QUESTIONS

1. What was the matter with Will's feet when he did not want to go for the cows?
2. What caused the ground-itch blisters on his feet?
3. How did the hookworms get into Will's feet?
4. In what part of the body do the hookworms make their stopping-place?
5. How do they get from the feet into the intestines?
6. How may infected persons get rid of hookworms?
7. How may the hookworm disease be prevented?

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## THE LITTLE FAIRIES

Once there was a little girl who was very beautiful. This little girl was a princess, and her name was Hilda. Hilda had many servants in her home to do her bidding. She had two little servants to wait on her, and each of these little servants had five other little servants. These little servants were called hands and fingers. [108]

She had two little servants to carry her everywhere she wanted to go. These were called feet. She had two little servants to see for her, called eyes, two to hear for her, called ears; one to talk for her, called tongue; and servants to chew for her, called teeth.

Hilda took great pride in keeping these little servants clean and sweet. But one day Hilda grew cross. She would not keep her little hand-servants clean, and they would not wash her little eyes, or ears, or feet, and these other little servants would not do their duty.

Soon her little teeth were dirty, for her hands gathered all the germs they could find and carried them to her pretty little mouth. Her little hand-servants would not curl her hair, which got tangled and ugly. The little teeth would not chew her food well, so Hilda had a bad night with the colic. In fact, her little servants treated Hilda so badly that her mother was afraid some wicked person had sent an evil spirit over them. I am afraid that this was true, for Hilda was cross, and sent that spell into her little servants.

Things went on this way for a whole day, when Hilda's mother decided to carry her to her Fairy Godmother, and see if she could do anything to take this evil spirit from Hilda. [109]

Hilda's Godmother was at home. The mother told her about how things had been going. The Godmother was very sad. After talking it all over, she gave Hilda a large bundle to carry home, and told her not to open it until she reached the nursery. As soon as Hilda got to her own clean

little room, she started to untie the bundle. She heard a tiny little voice, saying, "Hurry up, little Hilda, we are waiting for you." As soon as she unwrapped the first piece in the bundle, a pail of nice warm water, with sponge, soap, and towel, jumped out, and began washing her face and hands. A toothbrush jumped out, and began washing her teeth; a golden comb combed her pretty curls; a little fairy jumped out and took off her dirty dress and put a clean one on her; and another small fairy laced up her shoes, and then ran about, killing all the germs she could find.

When the fairies and all the other wonders had finished their work, Hilda was again a beautiful little girl, and more like a little princess than ever. The Fairy Godmother came into the room and stooped and kissed her.

[110]



WHAT THE FAIRIES DID FOR LITTLE HILDA

Hilda, all of a sudden, opened her eyes and saw her beautiful mother standing over her, kissing her. Hilda rubbed her eyes and found that she had been asleep.

"O, mother," she said, "I have been asleep, and I had such a funny dream, and the fairies were so nice to me." Hilda promised her mother that she would never neglect her little servants again. This made the mother very happy, and, for making that promise, she bought Hilda a nice new doll, dressed like a fairy.

[111]

Hilda was so proud of her doll that she named her Fairy. Fairy has been very good to Hilda, for every time she plays with her doll, Hilda always makes sure that her face and hands are as clean as her little doll's.

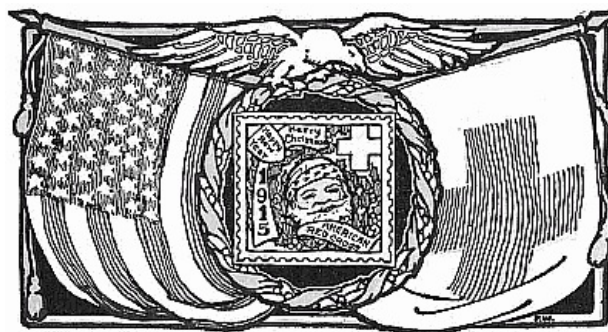
#### QUESTION

1. What lesson can we get from this story?

## THE RED CROSS SEAL

I am only a tiny bit of paper, with a little green and red color in the form of a cross or a wreath. I am not much larger than a postage stamp. I am going to tell you of some of the work I have done for mankind in this big world, notwithstanding my small size. Please don't think I am boasting of myself in an unbecoming manner. I was made long, long years ago, when our grandfathers were just soldiers, and fighting each other in a long and bloody war.

[112]



The mothers and wives of these soldiers were constantly thinking out some plan by which they could do something for the "boys" at the front. It is hard to sit with idle hands when those we love are in the thick of battle, and I sometimes think that the women and children suffer most in our great wars.

So, in 1862, when the days were very dark, when the battle seemed so fierce, and when the hospitals, North and South, were crowded with the sick and wounded, some good ladies of



Boston thought of me. They decided to make me into a stamp, and to sell me to get money to help the sick soldiers. I was made and sold at a kind of "post-office booth" at many fairs.

[113]

I did not look then just as I do now—you see the style of my dress has changed with the change in fashion. I have taken as my color the Red Cross, the emblem of that great army of workers who, in 1864, first organized the Red Cross Society at Geneva, Switzerland. This society works for the sick and suffering; it does not matter under what flag they live.

Did you ever think of what a great thing a flag is? Just a little bit of cotton with a few colors on it, the red, white and blue, the tri-color of France; the red, white and black, of Germany; the stars and stripes of our own free land; or the Red Cross of Greece on a white field, the flag of the Red Cross Society.

Men have fought and died for the thing which these bits of rag and color mean to them.

But I am getting away from my story. With all the newness of the idea, and my very small size, I helped to make nearly a million dollars during that terrible war between our own beloved States. This money was used for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers.

My mission has always been one of mercy. I cannot but feel good when I think over the days of the past, and recall to memory the deeds I have done.

[114]

For a long time after that war I had nothing to do but to think of these past deeds, and, as I thought of the poor fever-stricken soldiers to whom I had brought medicine to cool their fever, and how I had gotten bandages to bind the wounds made by shot and shell, I thought sadly that I was forgotten, and that my mission was ended. These thoughts were sad, for I knew there was a work to be done, and I wanted to be up and about it. I wondered if the time would ever come when I could go on another errand of mercy. I felt that I must be needed somewhere in the big world, but I hoped I would never see another war.

The time of waiting was a weary one, but one day in 1892 I heard a call from little Portugal, far across the ocean. I was needed by the Red Cross there to aid in getting money for the sick and suffering.

Since I answered that call I have been at work in every country in the world; in coldest Russia, in sunny Italy, and even in far-away Australia.

[115]

Sometimes I work to provide money for soldiers, for men will not stop fighting each other, and the Red Cross owes allegiance to the sick and wounded of every nation. Sometimes I work for the benefit of the homeless ones; and, again, I work for hospitals for sick children. My work is broad, indeed.

I have always been happy in this work, for it is a great one, but in the year 1907 I started the work I like best of all.

It was that year that Miss Emily Bissell, a little woman of Delaware, did what Jacob Riis suggested. He suggested that Americans adopt the plan already begun in Norway and Sweden. This was to sell the Red Cross stamps to aid in raising money for the great fight against tuberculosis.

So the first real seal for this purpose was issued in 1908, and since that time I have brought to this cause over a million dollars. One little seal, on which shines a red cross of Greece, for one little penny, has grown and grown, until with the seals and pennies I have made over a million dollars to help suffering human beings.

[116]

Now, let me tell you how it has been done. I am printed about six weeks before Christmas. After I am printed, with my red crosses and holly wreaths, and "Merry Christmas," agents advertise me in every nook and corner of the country. I go to every little village—especially where there are women interested in doing good for others.

I am sold to seal packages to go to far-away countries; I am used to paste on the back of letters; I go everywhere carrying the message of "Peace and good will to men."

In every place that I go some one is talking and writing about how to prevent tuberculosis, the "great white plague," as Oliver Wendell Holmes called it—the terrible disease that has killed so many people—more than all the wars of the world. Seventy-five to ninety per cent. of all the money I bring is used in the community in which I am sold.

The money I bring is used to hire nurses to go down into the crowded city districts to care for the poor consumptives crowded in the tenement houses. It may help to send a poor little cripple, with tuberculosis of the hip-joint, to the "Fresh Air Home" in the mountains, where she has a chance to get well. It often aids in sending a tired, sick mother to the seashore in summer, where she finds rest and health. It aids in sending some one to the schools to teach the gospel of fresh air, good food, and pure water for the children.

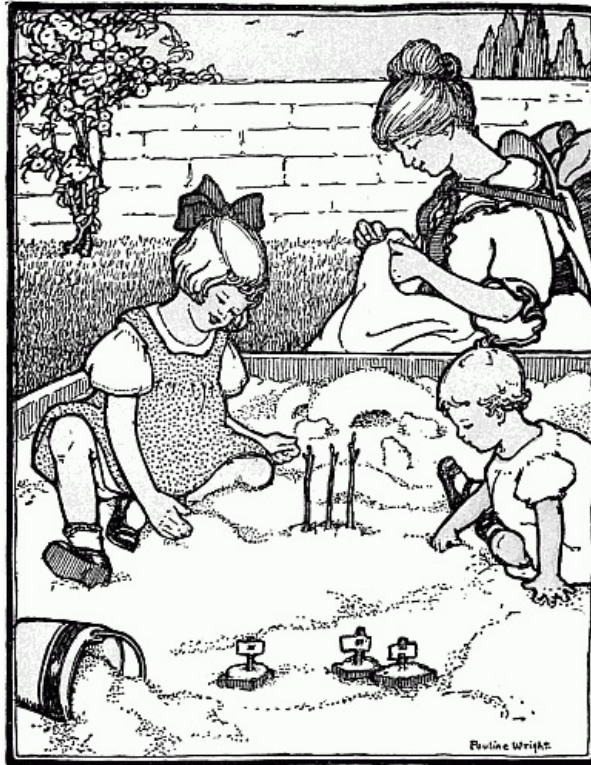
[117]

So you see my mission has always been one of mercy, hope and health. Yet I am such a little thing—just a bit of paper, bearing a little red cross on a white shield, worth only a penny. "Great oaks from little acorns grow," you know.

## QUESTIONS

1. When were the first stamps used to make money for charitable purposes?

2. Who first suggested using such stamps to aid the fight on tuberculosis?
3. Who was Jacob Riis? Who was Oliver Wendell Holmes?
4. Why is the cross of Greece used on the stamps? What does it signify?
5. What is done with the money gotten from the sale of the Red Cross seal?
6. Do you think it a good cause? Why? Will you join the band of workers who are fighting "the great white plague?"



OUT IN THE SAND BED WHERE I PLAY

## THE SAND BED

I have a sand bed, and there I play,  
There in the sand for half the day.

And mother comes and sits by me;  
And little sister likes to see

The many things I make of sand,  
But she's too young to understand.

And then I make believe and say  
My sand bed is the sunny bay;

These blocks are boats, and far away  
They sail all night and sail all day,

And carry iron. When they return  
They bring us coal that we may burn.

And now my sand bed is a farm.  
This is the barn. Here, safe from harm,

My horses and my cows I keep.  
These sheds are for the woolly sheep.

And there you see my piggie's pens.  
The yard holds in the lively hens.

This is the garden, where I hoe  
My plants: and here the flowers grow.

[118]

[119]

[120]

The sticks are pines, so straight, so tall  
And dark. But these aren't half of all

The things I make each pleasant day  
Out in the sand bed where I play.

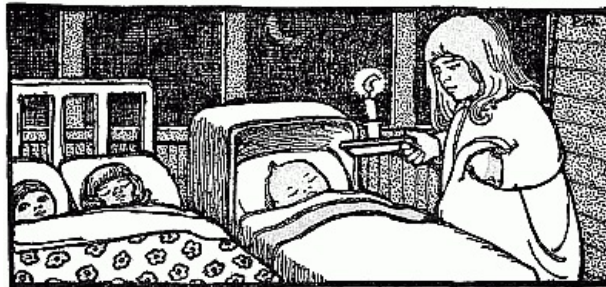
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## THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

"Oh, Jack, Uncle John says, if we will build a play-house for Mary and her dolls, he will take us to Washington with him when he goes next month."

"All right, Stuart, we can do it. Let us begin right away. Here is a nice place for the house, just on the little hill. The ground is nice and sandy, and the rain-water runs off. Here are some pretty trees for shade. The hill is not high enough for it to be very cold.

"Now, for the house. We will place it so that it will face the south. Then the living rooms will have plenty of sunshine. We will put it about two feet off the ground, in order that it will not be damp; we can have a wide piazza nearly all around the house; and on the south piazza we can screen off a part for a sleeping porch. I am sure the dolls would like one. [121]



THE SLEEPING PORCH THAT JACK BUILT

"We will screen every door and window to keep the flies and mosquitoes out of the house. Mary says that each room must have at least two windows. She wants the walls of the rooms painted a soft cream color. We will oil and wax the floors. She can put a few rugs on them. She does not want large ones that she cannot take up when she sweeps.

"The little white iron beds, with dainty pillows and white covers, will surely please the dolls. [122]

"Even in the parlor we will not have a single chair with plush or velvet on it, for, Uncle John says, such furniture collects and holds germs. The plan for the kitchen is a beauty. Everything is white except the stove. There is a nice little table, and a cupboard, where the pans and dishes are to be kept. The table is covered with zinc, and the floor is covered with oil-cloth, so that it will be easy to keep it clean. A shelf, on which are fastened hooks for spoons and forks, is near the sink.

"The windows will have white muslin sash curtains. Mother says it is just the kitchen to delight the heart of a neat little cook, with 'a place for everything, and everything in its place.'

"Look at the cloth-covered broom we are going to use for sweeping, no dust and no feather-dusters in this play-house.

"We can put the well here, this is near the house and on a hill above the barn and chicken houses. We can put a little gasoline engine in, to pump water into the bathroom and kitchen.

"We will plant some roses in the yard.

"Well, Stuart, we have worked hard on Mary's doll-house, and, now that it is finished, I am sure Uncle John will take us on the promised trip." [123]

"I showed the house to Uncle John to-day, Jack, and he said he wished that some of the 'grown-ups' houses were as carefully planned for sunshine and health as Mary's doll house."

### QUESTIONS

1. Why did Jack and Stuart build a sleeping porch to the doll house?
  2. Why did they put the house on a little hill? Why did they put the barns and out-houses at the foot of the hill?
  3. Where did they place the well?
  4. Why did they use a cloth-covered broom for sweeping?
  5. Would this be a good way for grown-ups to build their houses?
-



## A NEW STORY OF THE LION AND THE MOUSE

A long while ago, so the story goes, there was a time when the Lion, King of Beasts, had a little mouse at his mercy. The Lion was about to crush the mouse with his paw. The little mouse begged for his life, and the great King of Beasts spared him.

Not a great while after that day the Lion was caught in a net. He could not get out, and howled with rage. The little mouse heard him, and ran to help his old-time friend.

The great King of Beasts did not think the little mouse could help him. But the mouse gnawed the cords in the net with his teeth, and thus set the Lion free.

This story that I am going to tell you is of a rat—a kind of cousin to the mouse. [125]

In many of our cities the City Fathers have not thought much of the many rats that live in the alleys and big warehouses, where cotton and grain are stored.

The City Fathers, like the King of Beasts, have looked with contempt on the little rats. They did not believe they were large enough to do any great harm, but rats and mice are dirty little animals and can carry disease. The Health Doctors, who are always digging into things, have made a serious charge against Mr. Rat. They say that he is the "Carrier" of a terrible disease, and that he is to be more feared than the biggest lion.

The rats have brought this disease from the far-away countries in Asia. You will ask—How could the rats bring this disease, which is called "the plague," since they cannot swim across the ocean? No, that is true. But you know that the rats are great wanderers, and they frequently get on the ships which are loaded in the harbors in China, or Japan, and travel with the ships to the next port. You must remember that rats have fleas on them. In the far-away country the fleas bite persons who have the plague. The fleas then get on the rats in the neighborhood, and even give the plague to the rats. [126]

When the ship unloads its cargo, in Mobile, San Francisco, or New York, these rats, with their fleas and plague germs, go ashore, and in this way they spread the disease.

When the fleas from the rats bite persons, they poison them with the plague germs. Many persons in Asia die of this disease every year.

In this country we prevent it by doing what the Lion of long ago did not do. We kill the rats, for they are dirty little animals.

### QUESTIONS

1. Tell the story of the Lion and the Mouse. Who wrote this fable? What is a fable?
2. Why are we not so merciful to the rat as the Lion was?
3. What disease germs does the rat carry?



## FIRST AID TO THE INJURED AND THE BOY SCOUTS

"I say, Jack, what do you think; I am going to join the Boy Scouts."

"What is that, Tom? I don't know anything about Boy Scouts. Is it something new? You are always starting some new stunt. Is it playing soldier?"

"Oh, no, Jack; it is a company made up of boys, who are learning to be manly and brave. Being a Boy Scout takes you out-of-doors a great deal, and in that way it helps make you strong and healthy. I wish you would come with me and join."

"Well, tell me all about it."

"The Boy Scouts were organized in England, in 1907, and a brother organization was started in America in 1910. It was started by men who knew all about boys, and who wanted to help them

to get the best out of life.

"The Boy Scouts elect leaders; they form troops, that is, so many boys under one leader. They go camping. They go on long 'hikes.' A hike is a trip into the country, over hills and through meadows.

[128]

"The Boy Scout must learn to swim, and to do many things to help himself, and to help others. A Boy Scout has to promise to do something for some one each day—lend a helping hand.

"Mr. Brown, the lawyer, is our Scout Master. Come, Jack, join us. You are twelve years old. It will help to make a man of you. A number of us are going to be initiated this afternoon; then we will be Tenderfoot Scouts."

"All right, Tom, I'll ask mother. I am pretty sure she will let me join. She wants me to be a manly, healthy boy."

SOME THINGS JACK AND TOM LEARNED TO DO AS BOY SCOUTS  
(FIRST AID, IT IS CALLED)

When a person faints, lay him flat, loosen his collar and belt, and bathe the face in cool water.

When a person is cut, and the wound is bleeding, put a clean cloth on the wound, and press on it with the fingers until it stops bleeding, or until a doctor comes. Tie a bandage above the cut.

[129]

If a bone is broken, carry the person so the broken bone will not tear or injure the flesh near it. Put a board or pillow under the broken bone to steady it.

They also learn to bind wet soda to a burn.

To put clove oil or turpentine on a bit of cotton in an aching tooth.

To put three drops of carbolic acid in half a teaspoonful of warm glycerine into an aching ear.

To put wet cloths on the throat for sick stomach.

To bathe a sprain in hot water, and not to bandage until it stops swelling.

To turn an eyelid and take out a cinder, or a bit of dirt, with a soft cloth.

When a person has taken poison, to give him something to make him vomit—salt and warm water, or mustard dissolved in warm water; call for a doctor.

For sunstroke, to put the person in a cool place, and bathe in cool water. To put ice-cap on head.

For heat prostration, to give stimulants, 10 to 12 drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a little water, or hot drinks. Put hot-water bottle to the feet.

[130]

When on fire, to lie down, not to run. Wrap in a rug or blanket, or anything that will shut off the air from the flame. To protect the face from the flames.

In nose bleed, to raise the head and arms. To press on the nostril from which the blood is coming. That a small piece of cotton dipped in very weak vinegar or lemon juice and placed in the nostril will cause the bleeding to stop.

Should a child swallow a penny, or ring, or other small things, to give bread and potatoes; not to give a laxative, or purgative.

If a child has convulsions, to put it in a warm bath without waiting to undress it.

For snake bite, or the bite of a dog, tie a string above the bite, wash the wound with clean water, and rub carbolic acid or luna caustic on it.

The most important thing that the Boy Scout learns is that common sense and self-control are two of the best things to possess.

The Boy Scout must be well trained to use the last two aids for the benefit of the injured.

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## AN INVITATION

[131]

"What do you say?" said the Work to be Done.  
"Shall we start bravely together,  
Up with the morning sun,  
Sing, whatever the weather?"  
Come, little busy folks, what do you say?  
Let's begin fairly together to-day.  
Shall we keep step with a laugh and a song  
All through the runaway morning?  
And when the noontide comes speeding along,  
Whistling his chorus of warning,

"Then," said the Work to be Done, "let us see  
Who has kept in the hurry with me?"  
Hark, in the midst of the long afternoon,  
When you are a little bit weary,  
How all the meadows keep sweetly in time,  
Toiling, and prattling and cheery.  
"What do you say?" said the Work to be Done,  
"Shall we be comrades till the setting of sun?"  
—*Selected.*

---

## A GREAT FIGHT

[132]

Tom, Uncle John told me last night that he was going to make a hard fight. I thought he was going to war. He could not tell me all about this fight then, because some one came for him, to go to see a sick child.

When I went to bed, I dreamed Uncle John was a soldier, and that he had on a uniform, and was riding away on a big black horse. In my dream, I could hear the bugle blow. Then I dreamed he was fighting wild beasts. My! how hot I got while I was dreaming this.

This morning, when I told Uncle John about my dream, he said he was going to fight something that did more harm than wild beasts. He told me that, as soon as I helped mother, to come over to his office, and he would tell me all about it.

I could scarcely eat my breakfast, I was in such a hurry to learn what my Uncle John was going to fight. I could just see him with a sword buckled to his side, getting on a big war-horse, galloping off to the music of fife and drum.

After breakfast, I ran to the office. "Well, my boy," said Uncle John, "you have come to learn about the big fight your peace-loving Uncle is going to make. I am fighting for others, not for myself, and I hope we will win this fight."

[133]

"I will show you the enemy, he is in ambush." My eyes were wide open when Uncle said that. Uncle John walked quickly over to a shelf and took down a bottle of "Soothing Syrup." I wondered what he was going to do, when he returned and said, "This bottle holds one of the greatest enemies of little innocent children. It contains opium. Opium is a poison. Little babies don't need it. Sometimes a mother will give too large a dose, and kill her little one. The mother does not know that the 'soothing' part of the syrup is opium."

"The English people have told the makers of such stuff that they must take the opium out of it, or label the bottle *poison*. Much of this kind of medicine is sold. The people do not know how harmful it is. I am going to fight this enemy of little babies to the last ditch."

"Some of the well-known captains of regiments of these fake cures are known as 'Compounds,' 'Bitters,' 'Kidney Cures,' 'Cough Cures,' 'Asthma Cures' and 'Liver Regulators.' These are mighty captains, and flaunt their false colors in the daily newspapers which come to our firesides. Many of them contain alcohol. 'Corn Cures' and 'Skin Foods' are little corporals in the army of the enemy."

[134]

"The great generals are the fake consumption cures which are advertised in so many daily papers and magazines. Their shot and shell are the most dangerous, because they attack those already weak. They rob persons of the judgment to choose such allies as Fresh Air, Food and Rest. They are not even brave soldiers—they strike the weak and ignorant."

"*These*, my boy, are the enemies I am going to fight—in the trenches and out. I am buckling on my armor and sword. Will you join me, and help to put down quacks and patent medicines of all kinds?"

### QUESTIONS

1. Give the names of some patent medicines you know.
2. What do nearly all patent medicines contain?
3. Will you promise to help in stopping the use of patent medicines?

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## THE FIVE BEST DOCTORS

[135]

The five best doctors anywhere,  
And no one can deny it,  
Are Doctors Sunshine, Water, Air,  
Exercise and Diet.

These five will gladly you attend,  
If only you are willing;  
Your mind they'll cheer, your ills they'll mend,  
And charge you not one shilling.

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## GLOSSARY

[136]

To facilitate the pronunciation of the words in this glossary the correct syllabication has been indicated. Of course, it is expected that the teacher will assist the pupil where any difficult combinations occur.

AC'CI DENT—an event which is unexpected.

AD'E NOID—growth between the back of the nose and the mouth, which prevents or disturbs breathing through the nose.

A JAR'—open.

AL LIES'—friends.

AM' BUSH—secret or concealed place where troops lie in wait to attack unawares.

AN'TI TOX'IN—against poison.

AWN'ING—a covering stretched upon a frame and used as a shelter from wind or sun.

BAC TE'RI A—very small plants; some bacteria cause disease.

BOAST'ING—bragging.

CAP'TAIN—a leader.

CAR'GO—load; freight carried by ships or other vessels.

CAR'PEN TER—one who builds houses, ships, etc.

CEL'E BRATE—to keep a festival holiday.

CLEV'ER—having skill; good-natured.

COL'O NY—of, or pertaining to, a colony or colonies; the thirteen British colonies which formed the United States of America. [137]

CON'QUER—overpower; win.

CON SUMP'TION—progressive wasting of the lungs.

CON TEMP'—scorn; to despise.

COR'PO RALS—lower officers in an army.

CRYS'TAL—pure, transparent; resembling crystal.

DE STROY'—to kill; to break up the structure of a thing.

DIS AP POINT'—defeated of expectation or hope.

DRAG'ON—a large serpent; legendary animal.

DREAD'NOUGHT—a fearless ship.

DREAM—a series of thoughts, images or emotions occurring during sleep.

DU'TY—that which is required by one's station or occupation; any assigned service or business.

EN GI NEER'—one who manages an engine.

ENG'LISH—the people of England.

ER'RAND—a trip to carry a message or do some special business.

FAKE—anything prepared for the purpose of deceiving; trick.

FA'VOR—a kind act; kindness.

FEAST—a meal of abundant and satisfying food; a rich treat.

FEE'BLE—weak physically.

FORE'FA THERS—one who comes before another in the line of direct descent; especially a male ancestor.

FREIGHT—goods carried from one place to another.

FRE'QUENT LY—at short intervals.

FU'EL—anything that feeds fire. [138]

FUR'NACE—a structure in which heat is produced.

FUR'NISH—to provide; to give.

GEN'ER AL—an officer who commands an army or any body of troops.

GIN—a machine for separating cotton fibres from the seeds.

GLAND—an organ of the body.

HELMS'MAN—a man who steers a boat.

HOS'PIT AL—a place where sick and afflicted are cared for.

I'CI CLE—a rod of ice formed by the freezing of drops of dripping water.

IN'DI AN—member of one of the aboriginal races of North, South and Central America.

IN FECT'ED—to taint; to contaminate; to give disease.

IN I'TI ATE—to introduce.

IN'JURED—damaged; hurt.

IN'NO CENT—free from; clean; pure.



IN TES'TINE—that part of the digestive tube below the stomach; bowel.

JOUR'NEY—passage from one place to another.

KNIGHT—a man of gentle birth, bred to the profession of arms.

LAX'ATIVE—a gentle purgative, having the power to loosen the bowels.

MA LA'RIA—(old meaning, bad air), a disease, the cause of which is carried by the mosquitoes. [139]

MEAD'OW—low or level land covered with grass.

MER'CY—the act of relieving suffering.

MI'CRSCOPE—a magnifying instrument for seeing very small objects, such as germs.

NEC'TAR—the honey of plants.

NO'BLE—a man of lofty lineage.

O'PIUM—a poisonous powder gotten from the poppy plant.

OR'GAN—any part performing a special work.

OX'YGEN—a chemical substance in the air necessary to life.

PALE—lacking in color.

PAS'TEUR—a French scientist who studied and told us much of germs.

PIAZZA—a porch.

PLAGUE—a disease of Asia; a pestilence.

POLUTE—to make unclean.

POI'SON—a substance taken into the body which injures or kills.

PNEU'MONIA—an inflammation of the lung tissue, caused by a germ.

PUR'GATIVE—a medicine which purges or cleans out the alimentary canal.

QUACK—a pretender to medical skill.

RAID—to make war on.

RA'TIONS—food; a ration; amount of food used.

REG'IMENT—a body of soldiers.

REIGN—to preside over; to rule.

REL'ATIVES—near of kin.

ROY'AL—kingly; pertaining to kings.

RUB'BISH—trash; waste.

SEARCH'LIGHT—a powerful light used on ships.

SMOTH'ERED—prevented from breathing.

SOL'DIER—a member of an army.

SOOTH'ING—to make quiet.

SQUAD'RON—several war vessels detailed for service.

STIM'ULANT—something which excites or spurs on.

TRENCH—a large ditch.

TY'PHOID—a long slow fever, caused by a germ; it can be prevented by cleanliness.

U'NI FORM—special dress, usually with braid and buttons.

VAC CI NAT'ION—producing a mild form of a disease to prevent a severe form.

VEINS—tubes that carry blood to the heart.

VEN'TILATE—to supply with fresh air.

VES'SEL—a ship.

VIC'TORY—act of overcoming an enemy in battle, or an opponent in a contest.

VIRGIN'IA—an eastern state in the United States.

WARE'HOUSE—storehouse.

WEAP'ON—any implement used for offense or defense.

WHOLE'SOME—healthy.

WIND'PIPE—a tube that carries the air from the throat to the lungs.

WITH'ERED—dried up.

ZINC—a metal.

[140]

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Obvious punctuation errors repaired.

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