

**THE NATURAL
METHOD READERS:
A FIRST READER**

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The Natural Method Readers: A First Reader by Hannah T. McManus & John H. Haaren

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HANNAH T. MCMANUS & JOHN H. HAAREN

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HANNAH T. McMANUS

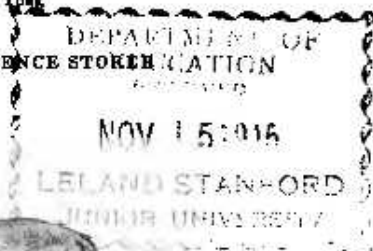
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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

BOSTON

PREFACE

THIS book, the second of the NATURAL METHOD READERS, is designed to proceed along the lines laid down in the PRIMER, and gradually to enable the pupil to gain the ability to read for himself.

The Mother Goose rhymes, which were so freely used in the PRIMER, are made the connecting link with the higher work, the simple folk myths and the other stories that make their appeal to the child six or seven years old. While the language has to be limited to the exigencies of a comparatively small but growing vocabulary, an endeavor has been made to preserve the literary flavor of folk narration.

The method is an extension of that laid down in the PRIMER. The stories can be readily dramatized. The narratives are simple and interesting, and lend themselves easily to oral reproduction by the pupils. The number of new words in a lesson is small. The phonic drills that have been developed from the words

in the PRIMER prepare the pupils to attack with confidence the words of the FIRST READER.

It is expected that matter and method will sustain the interest of the child in reading, and that not only will the ability to read be increased, but the foundation will be laid for a love for good reading.

Children should be encouraged to read aloud at home, with good expression and articulation. The expression will be improved by the consciousness of having interested listeners, and the articulation, which should be one of the results of the phonic drills, will be improved by the practice.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
"Once I Saw a Little Bird"	1
"Come My Children, Come Away"	3
The Fox and the Hen	6
The Star Family	8
Chicken Little	9
Boy Blue and Miss Muffet	13
Two Little Roses	19
The Mouse's Tail	21
Billy's Lesson	28
"Stop, Stop, Pretty Water"	34
The Grain of Wheat	36
The Fox on the Hill	44
The Owl	51
Teddy Bear's Ride	52
Little Red Riding Hood	57
The Foolish Farmer	64
The Little Pine Tree	65
The Three Bears	70
The Old Lion	80

	PAGE
The Mulberry Bush	82
The Snow Man and the Dog	85
The Lady-Bird and the Fly	90
The Foolish Young Geese	95
Hansel and Gretel	97
The Swing	110
How Peter Rabbit Ran Away	111
How the Bear Lost His Tail	118
Why the Sea is Salt	123
Who Has Seen the Wind?	136



Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop.
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"
And was going to the window
To say "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail
And far away he flew.

Once little Margery was sitting
by the window.

There was a little bird in a tree
before the house.

Soon he flew down.

He came to the window.

He began to hop along the win-
dow sill.

Margery saw the little bird.

“How do you do?” said she.

“You are a pretty little bird.

Do not fly away.

Stop and play with me.”

But the little bird would not stop.

He shook his tail.

Then he flew far away.

Margery did not see him again.