

# **FAIRY TALES FOR LITTLE READERS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649513642

Fairy Tales for Little Readers by Sarah J. Burke

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**SARAH J. BURKE**

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E. R. SHELDON CO., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A., Electrotypers.  
GEO. H. BURNHAM & CO., New York, U. S. A., Printers.

## PREFACE.

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In offering to the public this paraphrase of the fairy tales which have been the delight of children for ages, the author submits what has already done duty in the home circle.

The endeavor has been to render them in such a manner that their chief merit may lie in the fact that they are suited to be read *by* children rather than *to* them. They are intended to answer the needs of those whose guardianship of children has made them the constant subjects of the exacting demand: "Read to me! Read to me!"

The time-honored reply of the mother of Sir William Jones to the child's re-iterated questions, "Read and you will know," perhaps needs to be accepted with the modification which Emerson's injunction supplies—"Read nothing which does not interest you." How constantly would "eyes be off the book," if the peruser of the ordinary school

reader drew the line at "interest"! A reading-book fails to accomplish its purpose, if it does not, itself, hold the eyes and mind of the reader fixed.

The author has reasoned that the rendering of tales, which have been found delightful and profitable in the home, might prove available for school use. The child at home is the child in school—he crosses no magic line when he enters the class-room.

Her effort has been that this little volume should present no difficulties greater than those of a Second Reader; and yet she realizes that the child's progress is retarded and the dignity of childhood set at naught by "writing down" to him.

She has tried to select from the many tales, which seemed almost to clamor for presentation, a few whose variety of plot appeared to make them most desirable—the best known—perhaps the best loved of

"The tales which all the ages long  
Have kept the world from growing old."

And it may be she will lose nothing in admitting that, in her selection, she has consulted and taken the verdict of the lovers of her old time-worn and thumb-worn manuscripts.



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## LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

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A VERY, very long time ago, when the world was young, there lived a little girl whose name was Red Riding-Hood. I know that it is a queer name, but I think it is pretty, and I will tell you why her mother gave it to her.

When she was a small child, her grandmother had made for her a long, red cloak with a hood, and because the little girl liked this cloak very much, and always wore it when she went out, her mother used to call her Red Riding-Hood; and so it came to pass that her real name was not often used. In fact, I do not think that I have ever heard it.

The child had worn this cloak for two or three years, and at the time of which I am writing, it had grown quite too short for her, or perhaps I should say she had grown too long for the cloak; and yet she did not like to leave it off.

Little Red Riding-Hood had rosy cheeks, dark blue eyes, brown curls, and a sweet mouth, which was almost always smiling. She was a happy child, and everybody loved her, for she was good.

She lived in a pretty little house, with rose-bushes on one side of it, and a tall oak-tree on the other side. She used to gather the roses for her mamma every morning, while they were in bloom, and she loved to play under the shade of the oak-tree with her little friends. One day, while she was playing, her mother called her to her side, and said—

“My dear child, your grandmother is very ill indeed. I want you to go to her house, and take her, for me, this pat of butter which