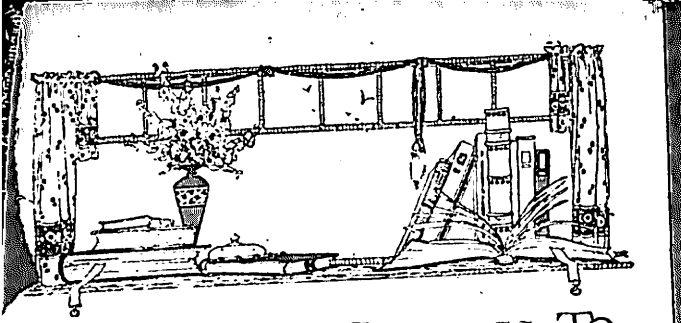
THRIFT SERIES

PENNIES AND PLANS

A FIRST READER

MOORE



THIS BOOK BELONGS TO

THRIFT SERIES
PENNIES AND PLANS
A FIRST READER

BY
ANNIE E. MOORE
INSTRUCTOR IN PRIMARY EDUCATION
TEACHERS COLLEGE, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
MAUD AND MISKA PETERSHAM

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK MCMXIX

Set up and electrotyped. Published July, 1919.

Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing Co. — Berwick & Smith Co.
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

FOREWORD

THE interests of children have been greatly extended in recent years by the world-wide claim for sympathy and help. All over the country, pupils of various ages and grades have been actively engaged in patriotic service and have participated in the thrift movement which the great world need has brought into prominence.

Teachers are seeking reading matter bearing upon these new and dominant interests. For the upper grades, much suitable material is easily obtainable, but for the youngest pupils there is very little to be had. PENNIES AND PLANS is intended to meet this need in the advanced First Grade. The stories cover a wide range of home and school activities and should prove of enduring interest as a simple record of what young children are doing to-day. Every effort has been made to present forward-looking ideas and to suggest ways by which the energies of the children may be transferred from war work to helpful acts in times of peace.

Our hope that this little book will prove to be of more than passing interest rests also upon the fact that children enjoy the simple, realistic story for its own sake. With very few exceptions the stories in this book have to do with real little boys and girls engaged in every-day work and play. The modern writers of school texts have given scant attention to the matter of furnishing material of this sort in a form suitable for beginners.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS

A HOME-MADE BANK

How do you like my bank?
I made it myself.
It is as good as any bank you can buy.
It is pretty, too.
There are ten pennies in it now.
Hear them jingle, jingle!

Shall I tell you how I made my bank?
My mother gave me a little tin can.
I cut a slit in the top
with a can-opener.
Then I put the top back on the can,
and pasted pretty paper around it.
Now the top will not come off.
In go the pennies!
But they cannot get out.
Jingle, jingle, jingle!
When I get twenty-five cents,
I shall cut the paper
and open my bank.
I shall buy a thrift stamp.
You can get a thrift stamp
for twenty-five cents.
Jingle, jingle, jingle!
My pennies sing a merry song.

IN FRED'S BANK

FIRST PENNY. Here comes another
penny. Who are you?

SECOND PENNY. I am the penny
Fred did not spend
for candy. Who are you?

FIRST PENNY. I am the penny
he did not spend
for cake.

SECOND PENNY. Here comes another one.
Three pennies in one day!
Who are you?

NICKEL. I am not a penny.
My name is "Nickel."
Can't you see
that I am not like you?

FIRST PENNY. How can we see
in this dark place?
You made a big noise
when you came in.

NICKEL. I know I made
a big noise,
but I had a hard fall.
Do you like it in here?

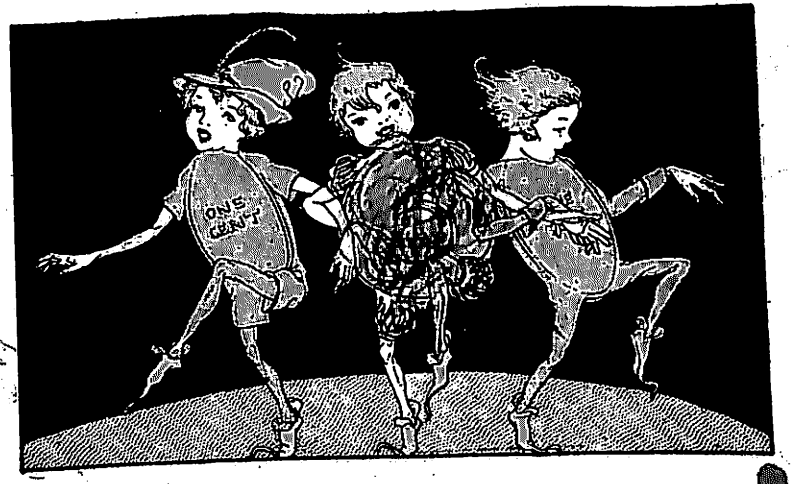
PENNIES. It is very dark,
but we dance and sing.

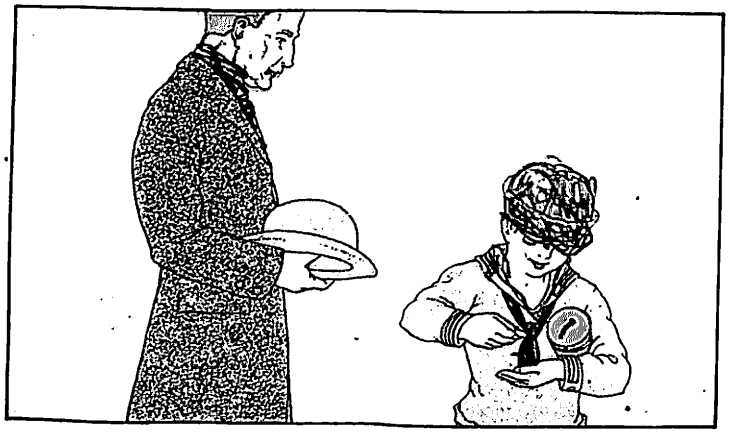
NICKEL. We shall get out soon.

Fred is going to buy
a thrift stamp.
Do you know
what a thrift stamp is?

FIRST PENNY. It must be
something very nice,
for Fred likes it
better than candy.

SECOND PENNY. He likes it
better than cake.





BUYING THRIFT STAMPS

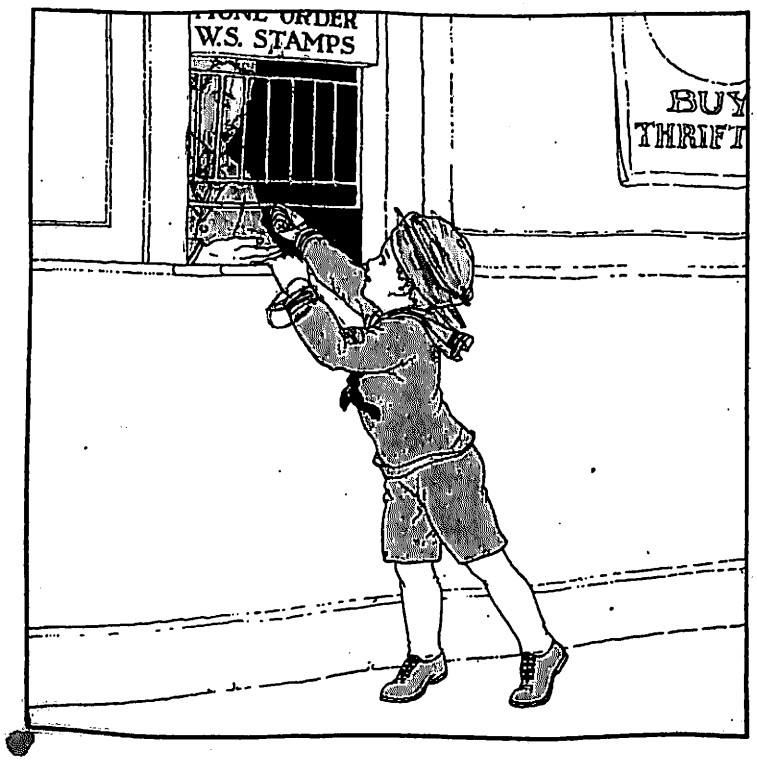
"Are you going to the Post Office
with me, Fred?"
"Oh, yes, Daddy. I want to buy
another thrift stamp.
Let me open my bank and count
my money.
One, two, three, four, five,
ten, twenty, twenty-five,
twenty-six. I have twenty-six cents.

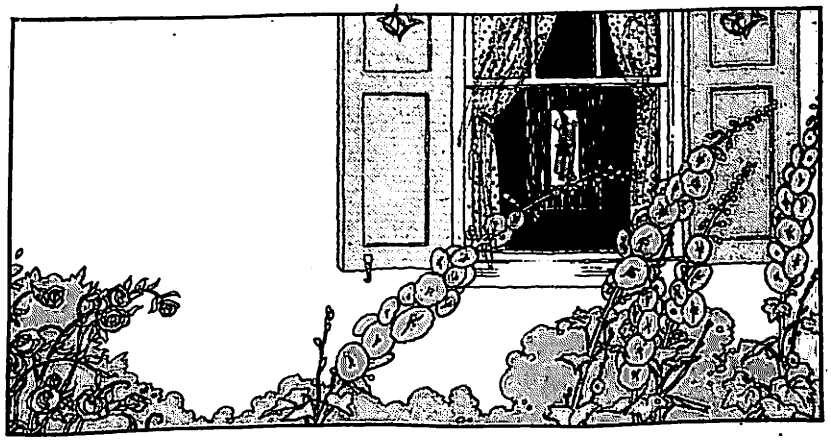
I'll take twenty-five cents to buy
a thrift stamp.
I'll put this penny back into my bank.
You can't go with me to-day,
Mr. Penny.
You must stay here in my bank
a little longer.
I will take you the next time.
May I take my card with me, Daddy?
Then I can paste my new stamp on it."

AT THE POST OFFICE

"This is the place to buy your stamp,
Fred. Tell the man what you want."
"I want to buy a thrift stamp.
Here is my money, — five, ten,
twenty, twenty-five cents.
Is that right?"

"Yes, that is right, and here is
your stamp."
"Now, Daddy, I have four stamps
on my card,
and I have one penny left
in my bank."

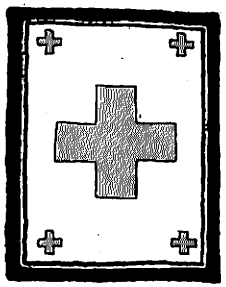




THE SERVICE FLAG

Little star, what have you to tell?
I tell of a brave boy who has gone
to war.
Our country called for soldiers.
The boy said, "My country needs me,
I will go."
His father and mother are proud of him.
His mother made this flag,
and his father put it in the window.

We look at the flag and say,
"A brave boy has gone to war."
The star says, "Will you help my boy?
Will you save food for him?
Will you send doctors and nurses?
He is far from home.
Do not forget my boy."



THE RED CROSS CARD

Have you a card like this
in your window?
What does it mean?

There is a big red cross
and there are four little crosses.
I think the big one means that
the father belongs to the Red Cross.
I think one little cross is for
the mother.
The others must be for the children.
One, two, three, four, five crosses!
Every one in this family belongs
to the Red Cross.

Make a Red Cross card for
your own window.
You can cut the crosses
out of red paper.
How many crosses will you put
on your card?

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

Every child in our school
  belongs to the Junior Red Cross.
This is my Red Cross pin.
You can join for twenty-five cents.
Our money helped to send doctors
  and nurses to our soldiers.

This is a Red Cross nurse.
You can see the cross
  on her cap.
Our pennies and dimes
  helped to send her
  across the ocean.
She went to nurse
  our sick soldiers.
We want them
  to get well and strong.

The Red Cross doctors and nurses
  help the sick children, too.
There are many little sick babies,
  and some of them have no mother.
They need food and care.
So join the Junior Red Cross
  and do your part.

SCISSORS

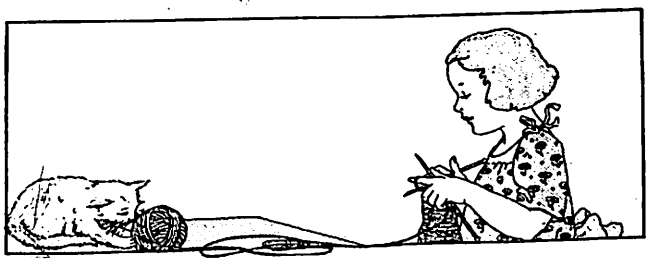
"Father dear, please get me
some scissors to-day.
I want some of my very own.
I can't do good work
with these big, old scissors.
Please get me some bright, new ones.
I need them very much."

"I shall try not to forget, little girl.
I shall say 'Scissors, scissors,
scissors,' all the way down town.
I'll run into a shop and I'll say,
'Scissors, scissors, scissors,—
scissors for my little girl.'"

"That's the way to do, Father dear.
May I look in your pockets
when you come home?"

SEWING

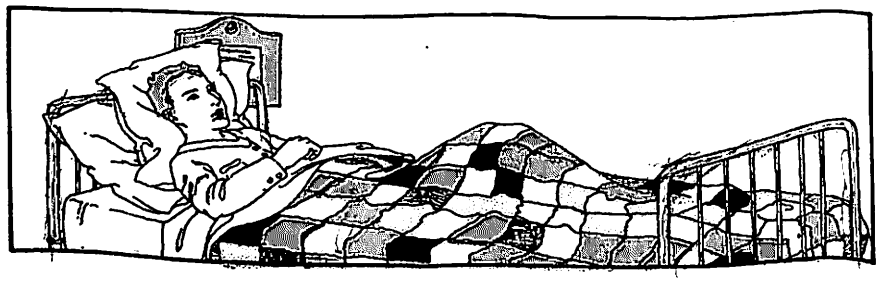
Mary's mother is making
some little coats and dresses.
What do you think Mary is doing?
She is sewing the buttons
on one of the dresses.
I am sure those buttons
will not come off soon.
Mary cuts out all the pockets.
She likes to cut
with her bright, new scissors.
Her mother pins a paper pattern
on the cloth, and Mary
cuts around the pattern.
When a dress or a coat is done,
Mary folds it and lays it
in a box for the Red Cross.

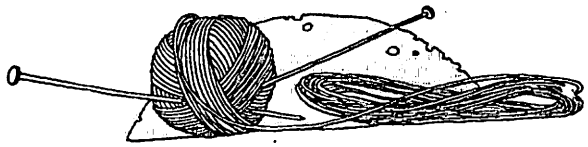


KNITTING FOR THE SOLDIERS

Many little girls and boys
have learned to knit.
They like to knit the pretty,
bright squares for quilts.
Get all the wool you can find,
children.
Maybe your mother has some
which she does not need.
Any kind will do, but try to find
some bright colors.
Then get out your needles,
and knit, knit, knit!

See how many squares you can make.
Sew them together, and you will have
a nice, warm quilt.
A Red Cross ship will take it
to France.
It will go to one of the hospitals.
The nurse will put it
on some sick man's bed.
It will make the bed look like
a bright flower garden.
I know the man will like the quilt.
He will thank the girls and boys
who made it.





WINDING WOOL

MARY. "See what nice wool we have
for you, Mother. It is such
a pretty grey. Feel it.
Isn't it soft and warm?"

JACK. "Mary and I will wind
the wool for you, Mother.
Then you will not need
to stop your work."
"I will hold the wool, Mary,
and you may wind it.
You make a better ball
than I do.
Mother likes the way
you wind the wool."

MARY. "See what a big ball I have!
Are your arms tired, Jack?
You may wind the rest
of the wool,
and I will hold it."

JACK. "Yes, my arms *are* tired.
Do you think I can wind it
all right?"

MARY. "I think you can. Try it.
Just keep the ball soft
and loose."

JACK. "Hurrah! It's all done.
Let's shake our arms."

MARY. "Let's play 'Looby-Loo.'
Then we will have to shake
our arms."

JACK. "I'll go and call Ben
and Bab to play with us."

LOOBY-LOO

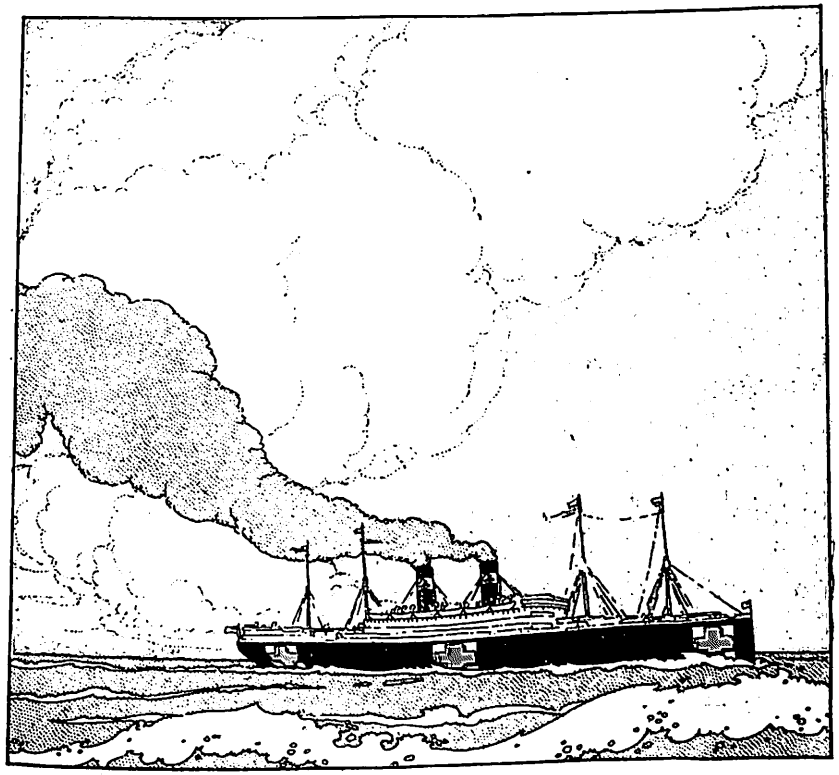
Here we dance looby-loo,
Here we dance looby, light,
Here we dance looby-loo,
All on a Saturday night.

I put my right hand in,
  I put my right hand out,
I give my right hand
  a shake, shake, shake,
And turn myself about.

I put my left hand in,
  I put my left hand out,
I give my left hand
  a shake, shake, shake,
And turn myself about.

Here we dance looby-loo,
  Here we dance looby, light,
Here we dance looby-loo,
  All on a Saturday night.

FOLK GAME.

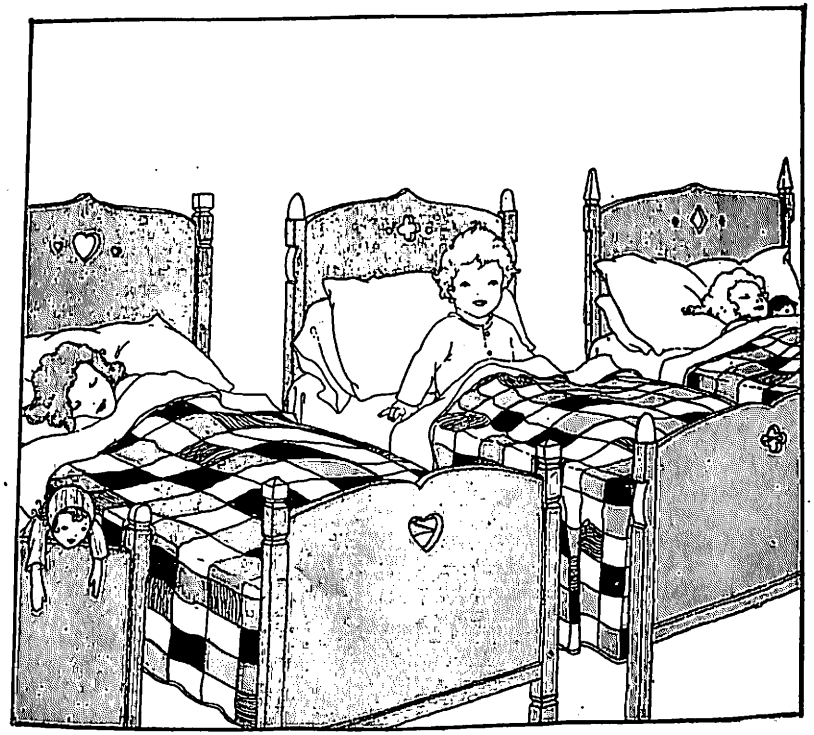


THE RED CROSS SHIP

Do you know where this ship is going?
It is a Red Cross ship,
  and it is going to France.
There are doctors and nurses on it.

They are going over
to help our soldiers and sailors.
They are taking many nice things
for the sick men.
Perhaps the pretty quilt you made
is on this ship.

The ship is taking things
to the poor little children, too.
There are warm dresses and coats.
There is milk for the babies.
Perhaps there are baby caps
which our school girls made.
It will be a happy day
for the children,
when this good ship gets in.
Did you help to send
this Red Cross ship to France?



KNITTING FOR THE BABIES

When our soldiers all come home
they will not need our quilts.
But there are poor babies
who need them.

Their mothers cannot get
  warm things for them.
So keep on saving
  all the pretty bright wool
  and let your needles go
  click, click, click!
Send some of your pretty quilts
  to the children's hospital,
  and send some of them
  to the Day Nursery.
The mothers go out to work
  and the babies stay at the Nursery.
There are many little beds there.
Your quilts will look pretty
  on the little beds,
  and they will keep the babies
  snug and warm.

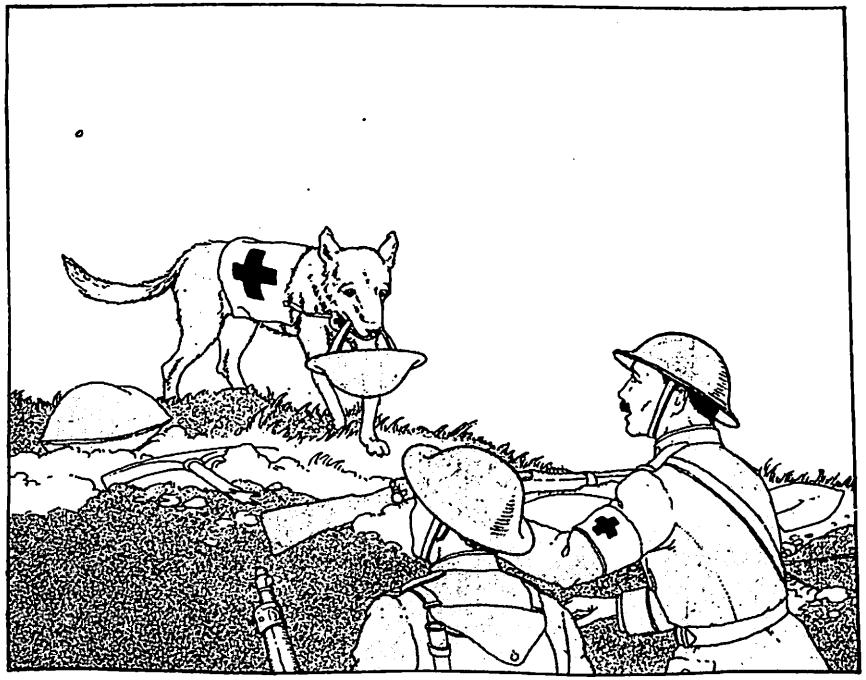
SELLING FLOWERS

Dick needed to earn some money.
  He wanted to give to the Red Cross,
  and he wanted to buy thrift stamps.
  So he looked around to see
  what he could find to do.
He had a garden with all kinds
  of pretty flowers in bloom.
One day he went into the garden
  to pick some flowers.
When he saw his flowers, he said,
  "I know what I can do.
  I'll sell some of my flowers."
He ran to his mother and said,
"May I sell some of my flowers,
  Mother?
  I want to earn some money."

"The flowers are yours, Dick.
You may try to sell them,
if you wish."
The next day Dick picked
a basket of flowers.
As the people came past his house,
he called,
"Will you buy my flowers?
Will you buy? Will you buy?"
Soon all of Dick's flowers were gone,
and he had twenty cents.

PUFF HELPS DICK

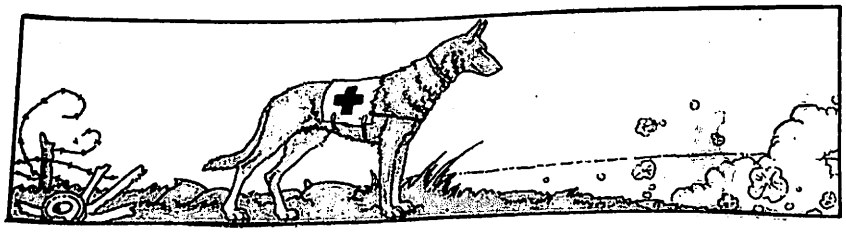
I am a French poodle.
My mother came from France.
I want to do some war work,
but they say I am too little
to be a Red Cross dog,
so what can I do?
I know what I'll do.
My little master sells flowers
to get money for the Red Cross.
I'll take this little basket
and go with him.
I think the people
will put pennies into my basket.
I'll give all the money I get
to Dick,
and he will send it to the Red Cross.



A RED CROSS DOG

Isn't this a big, fine dog?
He is one of our Red Cross dogs.
He is very smart and brave.
Our soldiers love this dog,
for he is their good friend.

The dog has a cap in his mouth.
Do you know whose cap it is?
It belongs to one of the soldiers.
The man has been hurt so that
he cannot walk.
This smart dog found him.
He picked up his cap and brought it
to show to the man's friends.
This means, "Come and help my
soldier. I will show you the way."
The other men will go with the dog.
He will find the man for them.
Then they will carry him
to the doctor.



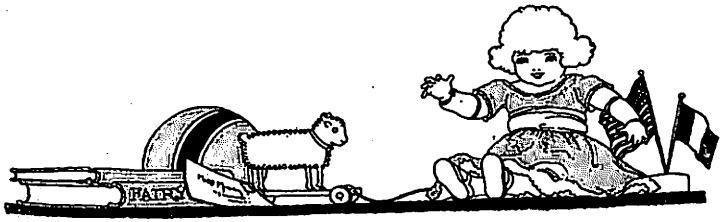
THE TWO DRESSES

Mary's mother is packing a box
to send to France
and Mary is helping her.
The box is for the French
and Belgian children.
Mary is sending some of her toys
and books.
She thinks some little girl
will be very happy to get
the pretty dress her mother made.
It is just like the one Mary has on.
It is blue and white
and it has two pockets.
And what do you think
she put into the pockets?
I'll tell you.

Into one, she put a little doll
which she loved,
and into the other,
she put this little letter: —

My dear,
I hope you will like this dress.
I picked out the goods
and my mother made it.
I have one just like it,
so we are twins.
Look in the other pocket.
Do you like my dolly?
I love you and my mother loves you.

Mary Wade.



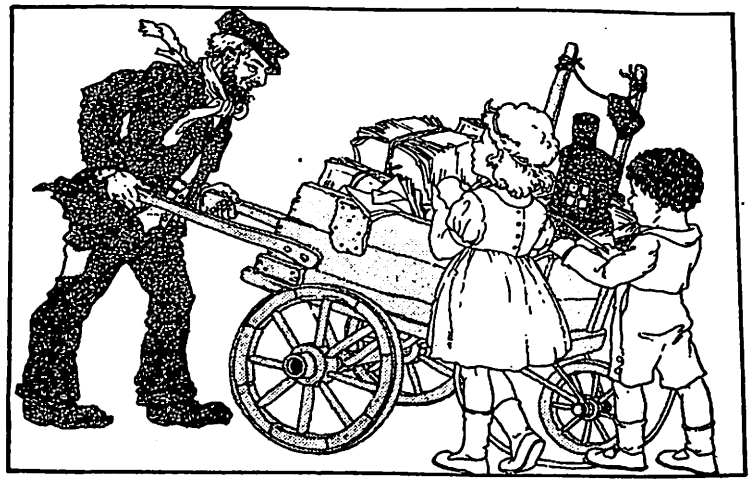
THE NEW BROTHER

"Oh, boys! What do you think?
I have a new brother!"
"You have a new brother!
Where is he? Let us see him!"
"I can't, for he isn't here.
He's away across the ocean,
but I have his picture.
See! Here it is. He's six years old
and his name is Paul."
"How can he be your brother
if you have never seen him?"
"We have adopted him.
He is a little French boy
and his father is dead.
His mother is too poor to buy
food and clothes for him.

My mother saw his picture
in the paper. The paper said,
'Here is a fine little boy
who needs help.
Will some one adopt him?'
So we have adopted him
but he is to stay with
his own mother in France.
It costs thirty-five dollars a year.
to take care of him,
and I am going to help
save the money."

RAGS AND OLD IRON

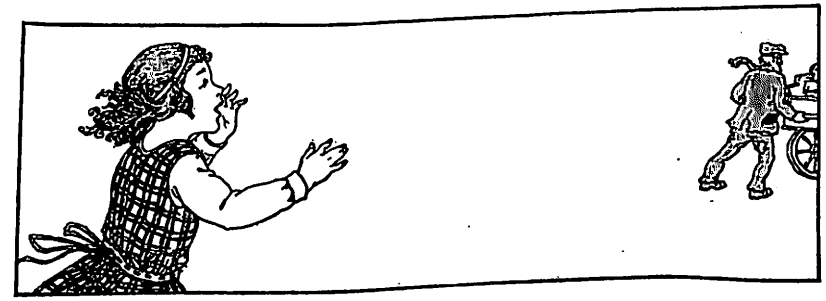
"Rags and old iron!
Rags and old iron!
I buy! I buy rags and old iron.
Tinkle-tinkle-tee,
Save your rags for me.
I will give you bright, new pennies
for old rags.
I will give you bright, new pennies
for old iron.
Get out your rag bags
and pick up the scraps.
Pick up the bits of old iron.
Tinkle-tinkle-tee,
Tinkle-tinkle-tee.
Rags and old iron!
I buy! I buy rags and old iron."



OLD PAPER

"Have you any old paper to sell?
Old paper to sell?
I buy! I buy old paper.
Tinkle-tinkle-tee,
Save your paper for me.
I'll pay you well.
Any old paper to sell?
Old paper to sell?"

"Why does that man want to buy
old paper?
What can he do with it?"
"They make nice, new paper
out of old paper.
They take out the ink and dirt.
They make it over,
all clean and white.
That is why we save all our old paper.
Run and call the man.
Can you hear his 'tinkle, tinkle'?
Tell him we have some old paper
to sell."



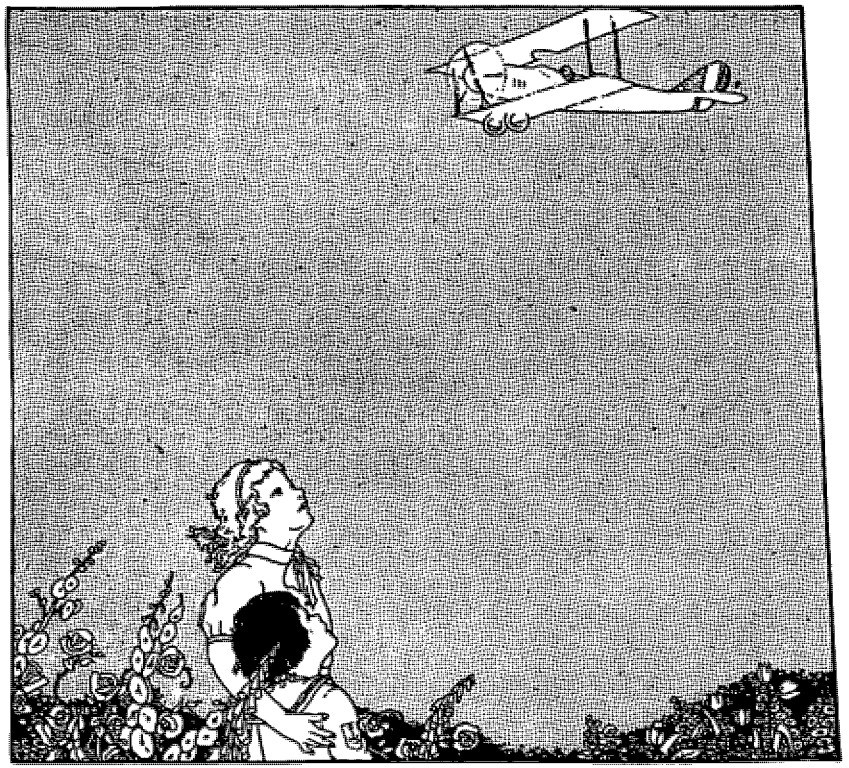
(Child Calling)

"Old paper to sell!
Old paper to sell!
Please come back to our house.
We have some old paper.
Will you buy it?
Will you give me some pennies for it?"

RED CROSS WORKERS

"Come you little Junior Red Cross people!
We need some more wool.
Please run down to the Red Cross rooms with this letter.
Take it to Mrs. White.
She will give you the wool we need."
"And here are some socks for the soldiers.

Please take them to Mrs. White.
She will put them in the next Red Cross box."
"You little Junior Red Cross people are a great help.
Now we shall not have to stop our work.
We can go on with our sewing and knitting."

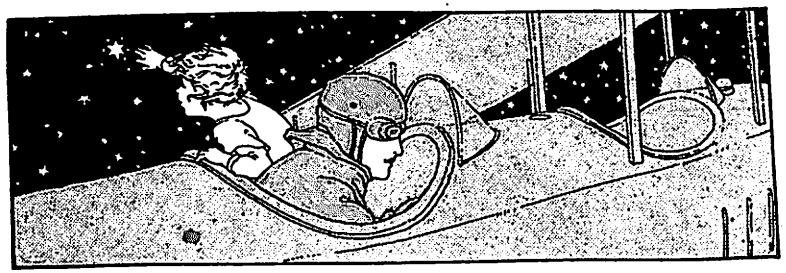


THE AIRPLANE

"See that big bird, sister!
There it is, up in the sky."
"I don't see any bird, Billy.
Oh! That is an airplane.

Now it is flying low.
Look! You can see the colors
of our flag, painted on it.
There is a man in the airplane, Billy.
Some people call him a 'bird-man,'
and that is a good name."
"I wish I could see the bird-man.
Where is he going?"

"He is flying out over the ocean.
I think he is looking for our ships.
He wants to see that no harm
comes to them."
"I wish I could fly up in the sky!"
"Maybe you can be a bird-man some day.
You must be a brave little boy
if you want to be a brave man.
All the bird-men are very brave."



THE BIRD-MAN

Bird-man, bird-man, sailing high,
  Up to where you touch the sky,
I must seem a tiny dot,
  In this little garden spot.

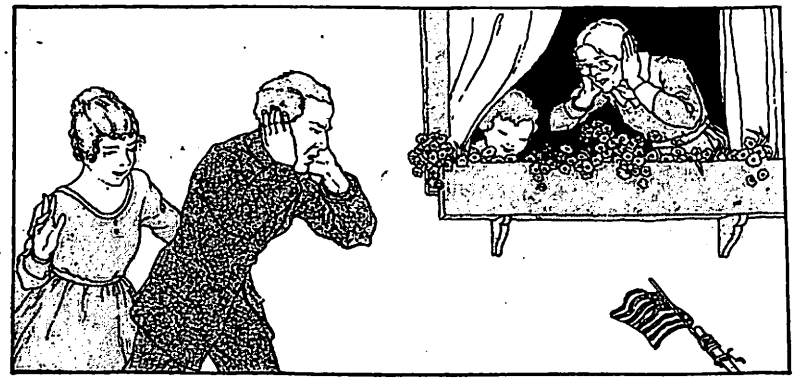
Let me sail with you to-night,
  Out into the pale moon-light.
Let me pick a silver star
  As we fly so fast and far.
Bird-man, bird-man! hear me call.
  I am not afraid, at all.

MUSIC

Rat-a-tat-tat,
And rat-a-tat-tay,
Jimmie, and Billy, and Susan, and May.

Fathers and Mothers

"Come, all you good people,
Now what shall we say,
To this rat-a-tat-tat
And rat-a-tat-tay?"



Toot-a-toot-toot,
And toot-a-toot-too,
Billy, and Jimmie, and Mary, and Sue.

FATHERS AND MOTHERS

"Come, all you good people,
Now what shall we do,
With this toot-a-toot-toot,
And toot-a-toot-too?"

CHILDREN

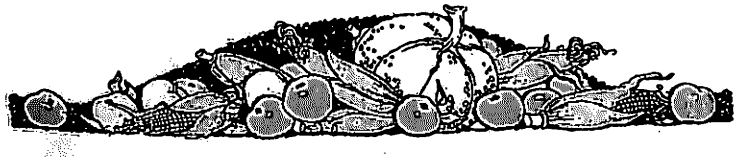
"Why! don't you like music?"
Said Billy and Sue.

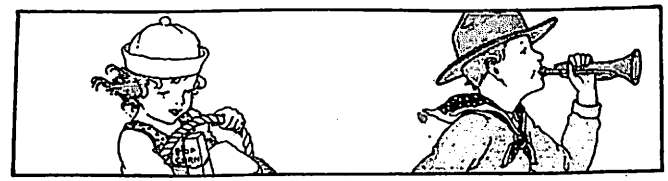
GOING TO MARKET

"Who wants to go to market with me?"
said mother.
"I do," "I do," said Ben and Bab.
"May I take my wagon?"
"And may I take my little basket?"
"Yes, run get them.
And please get the big basket for me.
Then we can carry all the things
home."

AT THE MARKET

"I can take the apples and corn
in my wagon, mother."
"That is good.
Now your wagon is full."
"What may I carry, mother?
Please put something in my basket."
"Here is something for you to carry,
Bab."
"Oh, pop-corn! pop-corn!
Now we can have some pop-corn!
What have you in your basket,
mother?"
"I have a fine, big fish for dinner.
Now we must be going home."





ON THE WAY HOME

"Not so fast, Ben! Bab and I
have baskets to carry.
Let us keep together."
"All right, mother.
Let's play making rhymes."
"That will be fun.
What shall our rhymes be about?"
"Let's make up rhymes about
going to market. I have one.

To market, to market,
For apples and corn,
Home again, home again,
Blowing my horn."

"Now Bab, it is your turn."
"I'm going to make up a rhyme
about pop-corn.
To market, to market
To buy some pop-corn
Home again, home again,—
I can't find another word
to rhyme with corn.
Can you make up the last line,
mother?"
"How do you like this?
To market, to market,
Some pop-corn to buy,
Home again, home again,
Hippety-hi!"
"You make good rhymes, mother.
Will you make up one about the fish?
See if you can do it

before Bab and I can count ten."
(BAB AND BEN COUNT SLOWLY)
"One, two, three, four, five,
six, seven,—"
"To market, to market
To buy a big fish,
Home again, home again,
What a fine dish!"
"You beat that time, mother."

HOME AGAIN

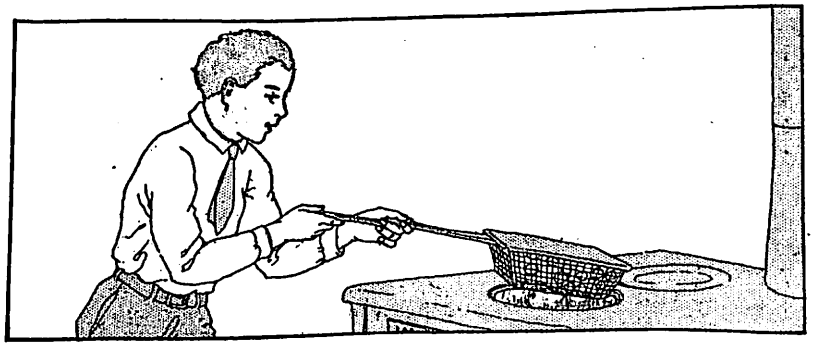
"A penny saved, Ben!" said mother.
"A penny saved, Bab!"
"What do you mean, mother?"
"When we carry things home,
we do not pay so much for them.
You have helped to save
twenty cents.

So here is a penny for you, Ben.
And here is one for you, Bab."
"Oh, thank you, mother."
"Into our banks the pennies go,
Hippety-hi! Hippety-ho!"

POP-CORN

"Mother says we may pop some corn,
Bab."
"Here come Billy and Sue.
Now we can have a pop-corn party."
"That will be fun.
Run get the corn, Bab,
and I will get the corn-popper."
"We must shell the corn first.
I will ask mother for some pans."
"Now the corn is ready for the popper.
Put in a little at a time."

"Shake it, shake it!
We must not let it burn."
"Let's try to make every grain pop."
"Oh, see! The first grain has popped.
There goes another one!
Now it is popping fast."
"How big and white the grains are!
They are having a merry pop-corn
dance."
"They have put on their white dresses
for the party and this is their last
dance."



"Hop, pop, hop, pop!
Hippety, hippety-hop!"
"Now it is done and
here comes mother in time
for our party."
"Will you have some of our
nice, hot pop-corn, mother?"
"How good it is!
Would you like to make
some pop-corn balls, children?"
"Oh, yes, yes!"
"Run and get my cook book, Ben,
You know where it is."
"Shall I get the sugar, too, mother?"
"We will not use sugar
for pop-corn balls.
Corn syrup is just as good.
This is what the cook book says,"—

Pop-corn Balls

popped corn $2\frac{1}{2}$ quarts
salt $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon
corn syrup $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups
vinegar 1 tablespoon
butter $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon

Cook together, the syrup, vinegar,
and butter, until brittle
when dropped into cold water.
Pour slowly over salted pop-corn.
Mix well. Make into small balls.

CORN MUFFINS

"Corn muffins! Corn muffins!
Muffins for supper,
all nice and brown!
Hurry, Billy! Hurry, Sue!
Come while the muffins are hot."
"Aren't they fine?"
"Mother, you do make such good
muffins.

They are just as good as cake."

THE MUFFIN-MAN

"Oh, do you know the muffin-man,
The muffin-man, the muffin-man?
Oh, do you know the muffin-man,
Who lives in Drury Lane?

Oh, yes, we know the muffin-man,
The muffin-man, the muffin-man,
Oh, yes, we know the muffin-man,
Who lives in Drury Lane."

OLD GAME.

"Oh, we know the muffin-man,
but he cannot beat mother
in making muffins."
"Do you think he knows how to make
such nice corn muffins?"
"You are our muffin-man, mother."

CORN MUFFINS

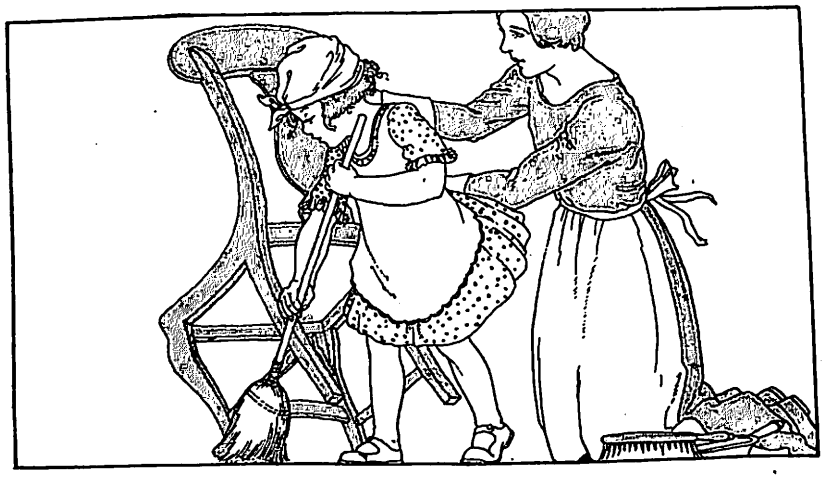
Take,

cornmeal	1 cup
flour	½ cup
salt	1 teaspoon
baking powder	3 teaspoons

Sift these into a bowl.
Then stir in,

milk	1 cup
corn syrup	2 tablespoons
melted fat	1 tablespoon

Grease muffin tins and fill half full.
Bake 30 minutes.



HELPING MOTHER

Bab Crane is only five years old,
but she helps her mother in many ways.
She has a little broom and dust-pan.
When Mrs. Crane sews,
  Bab picks up the scraps.
She saves the big clean scraps.
She sweeps the tiny ones
  into the dust-pan.

She sweeps the play-room, too,
  and keeps it nice and clean.
Bab can dust a room just as well
  as her mother can.
She can set the table, too.
She knows where to put all the things.
Bab likes to help with the dishes.
Her mother washes the dishes
  and puts them on a low table.
Bab wipes them and helps
  to put them away.

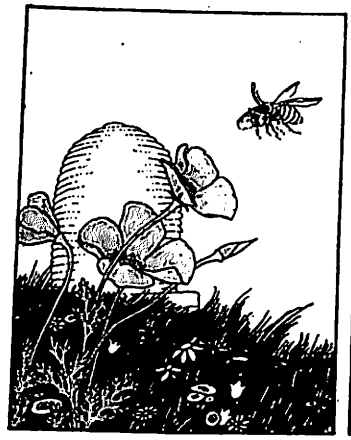
MAKING COOKIES

Bab loves to help make real cookies.
Her mother lets her cut out
  the cookies.
She cuts them and counts them.

Then she puts them in rows
in the pans.
One day Mrs. Crane made some
honey-cookies.
She did not use any sugar.
She put in some honey to make
the cookies sweet.
As Bab put them into the pans,
she counted,
"One, two, three, four, five"
And Mrs. Crane said,
"Honey from the hive."
Then Bab counted,
"Six, seven, eight, nine, ten."
And Mrs. Crane said,
"Sweets for Bab and Ben."
"Oh, mother! You and I made
the cookies and now we have made

a rhyme about them.
One, two, three, four, five,
Honey from the hive,
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
Sweets for Bab and Ben.
Ben will like that rhyme."
"I think he will like a cookie, too,"
said Mrs. Crane.
"I'll take one to him," said Bab.
When the cookies were done,
Mrs. Crane gave Bab two.
She ran out of the house,
with a hop, skip, and jump,
to look for Ben.
She called,
"Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
Sweets for Bab and Ben,
Sweets for Bab and Ben.

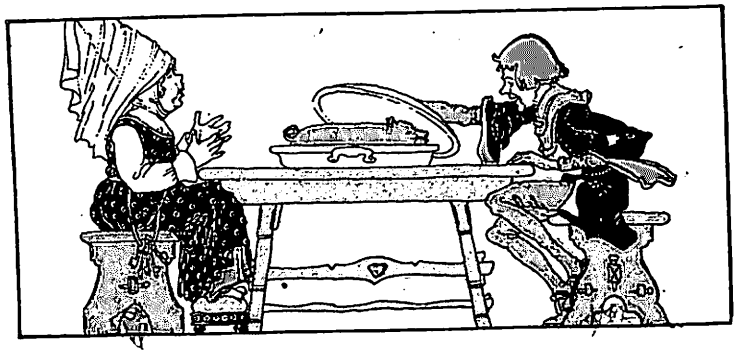
Where are you, Ben?
Here are two honey-cookies,
one for you and one for me.
Mother and I made them."
"Why do you call them
honey-cookies, Bab?"
"Because mother did not use
any sugar.
It's honey that makes them
so sweet."
"You and mother are good cooks,
Bab."



WHAT DOES THE BEE DO?

What does the bee do?
Bring home honey.
And what does Father do?
Bring home money.
And what does Mother do?
Lay out the money.
And what does baby do?
Eat up the honey.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



JACK SPRAT

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
And so between the two, you see,
They licked the platter clean.

THE CLEAN-PLATE CLUB

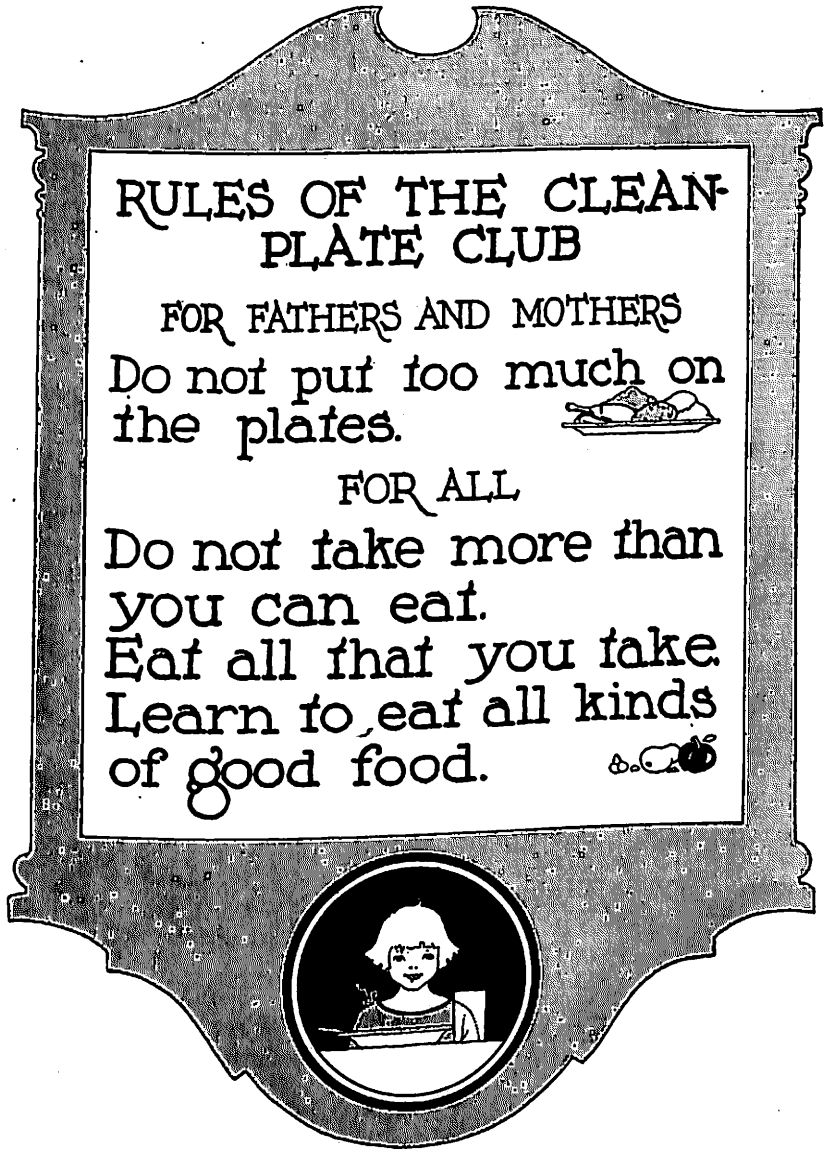
"I have a fine plan,"
said Mary to Nate.
"What is it, Mary?"
"Let's get up a club."
"What kind of a club?" asked Nate.

"Let's have a Clean-Plate Club."
"That's a funny name, Mary.
What are we to do?"
"Can't you guess?"
"Do you mean that we must promise
to wash dishes?"
"Oh, no! Not that.
But we must promise to eat
all the food on our plates.
We must promise not to waste
a bite of food."
"All right!" said Nate.
"That is not a new rule for us.
Let's ask Jimmie and Kate
to belong."
So Mary and Nate went to find
their little friends.
They told them about the plan.

And this is what Jimmie and Kate said,

"I do not like fat," said Jimmie.
"I do not like lean," said Kate.
"We do not like beans
And we cannot stand greens
And carrots we simply hate."
"To belong to this club," said Mary,
"To belong to this club," said Nate,
"You must learn to like beans
And carrots and greens,
And promise to clean up
your plate."

"Just give us ten days
To learn the club ways
And we'll promise,"
said Jimmie and Kate.



THE CLUB BADGE

MARY. We must have a badge,
for our club.
Let's have a button.

NATE. We must have a motto,
too. Shall we print it
on the badge?

MARY. Let's just print
"Clean-Plate Club"
on a button.

MR. WADE. Why not call it
"The Jack Sprat Club"?

NATE. That will not do, Daddy,
for you know "Jack
Sprat could eat no fat."

MR. WADE. I think "Lick the Platter"
would be a fine motto.

MARY. Now, Daddy,
you are making fun of us.
If you are not good,
you cannot belong to our
club.

MRS. WADE. I think "Save and Give"
would be a good motto.

MARY AND NATE. Oh, yes! mother,
that is just right.
We can get three words
on our button.

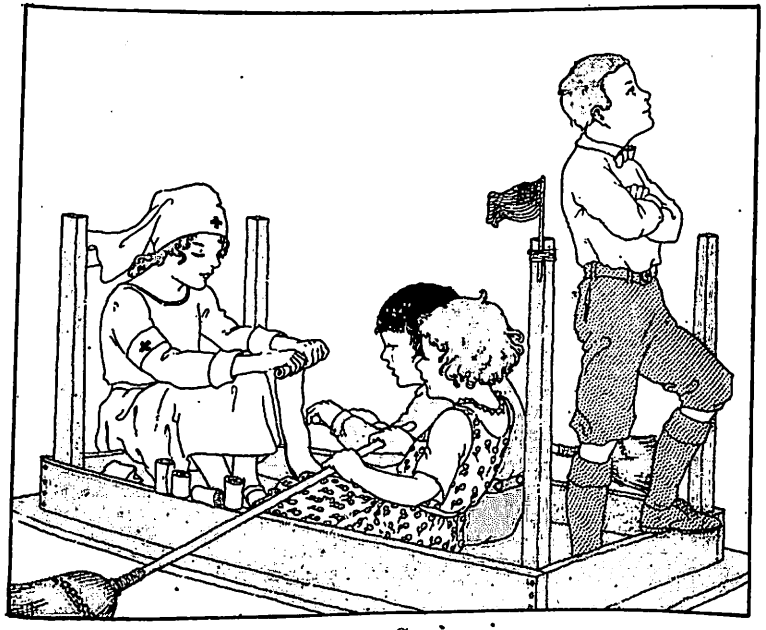
MARY. Now let's see if Jimmie
and Kate like the motto.

NATE. And then we can make
the badges.

This is the way the children
made the club badge.
They cut a small circle
of white cardboard.
To make it look like a little plate,
they drew flowers around it
in pretty colors.
They printed the words "*Save and Give*"
in tiny letters.
Then they put a long pin through
the circle, and bent it down.
They made eight of these badges.

These are the people who belong
to the Clean-Plate Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Wade
Mary Wade
Nate Wade
Mr. and Mrs. Lane
Jimmie Lane
Kate Lane.



PLAYING SAILOR

PLAYING SAILOR

One day, Sue and Billy went to play
with Ben and Bab.
They turned an old table upside down,
and played that it was a ship.
Ben was the captain
and Bab and Billy were sailors.
Sue was a Red Cross nurse.
They tied a flag to one table leg
and pinned a red cross to another leg.
Soon it began to rain very hard,
and what do you think
these brave sailors did?
They turned their ship around
and came back home.
"We will go to France
some other day," said Billy.

MAKING POSTERS

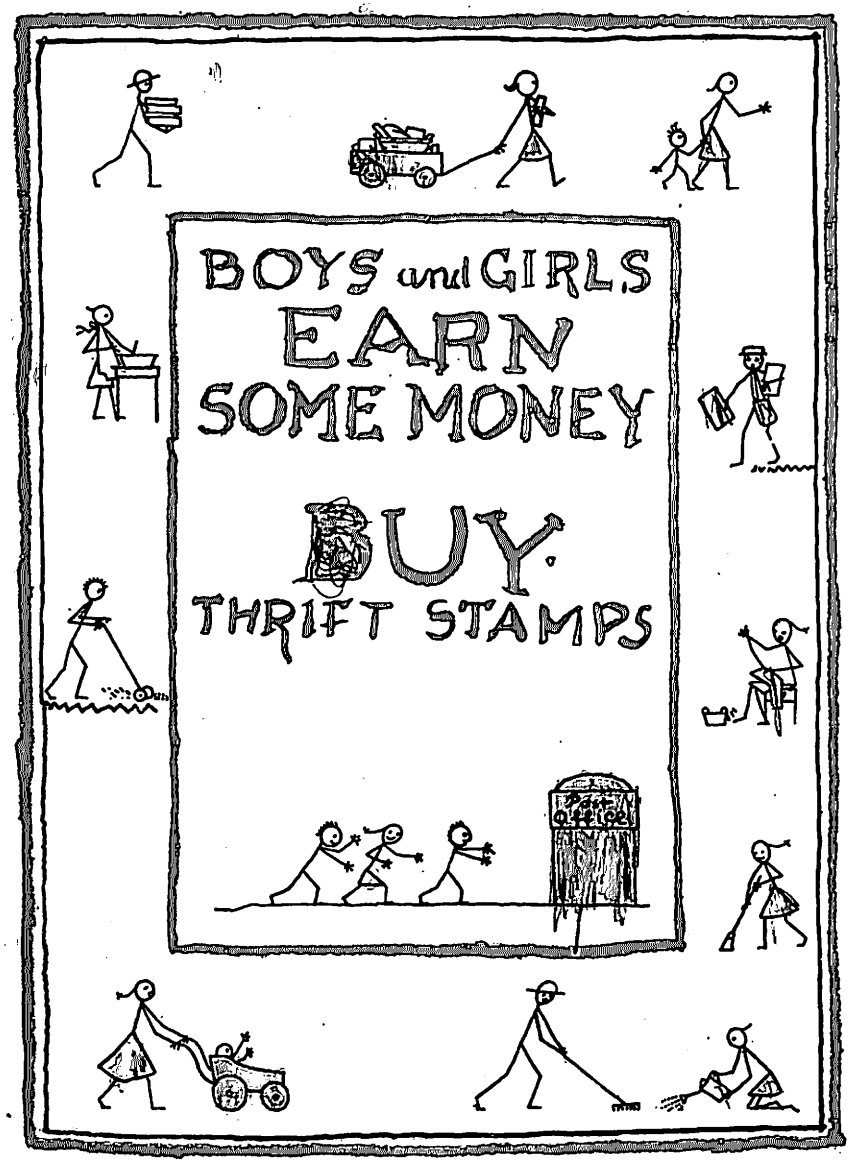
The next day, Ben and Bab
went to play with Sue and Billy.
"What shall we do today?" asked Billy.
"Let's make some posters," said Sue.
"I will get some old magazines.
Billy, you may get the paste
and scissors.
Here is paper that belongs to us."
Ben wanted to make a food poster.
So he began to look for pictures
of corn and fish and other things.
Bab wanted to make a Red Cross poster.
So she looked for pictures
of nurses and soldiers.
Sue wanted to make a poster
about thrift stamps.

Billy did not want to make a poster.
So he got out his toy soldiers
and played with them.

I will tell you about the posters
which Ben and Sue made.
Here is Ben's poster.
You can see just how he made it.

Ben found all the little pictures
in old magazines.
He cut them out,
and pasted them on paper.
Then he printed the words
which you see.
Can you read the poster?

I know you will like Sue's poster.
It is a good one.
She drew little stick men at work.
Can you tell what they are doing?
They are trying to earn some money.
Can you do all the things
these little stick men are doing?
If you can, maybe you can earn
some pennies and nickels
for thrift stamps.



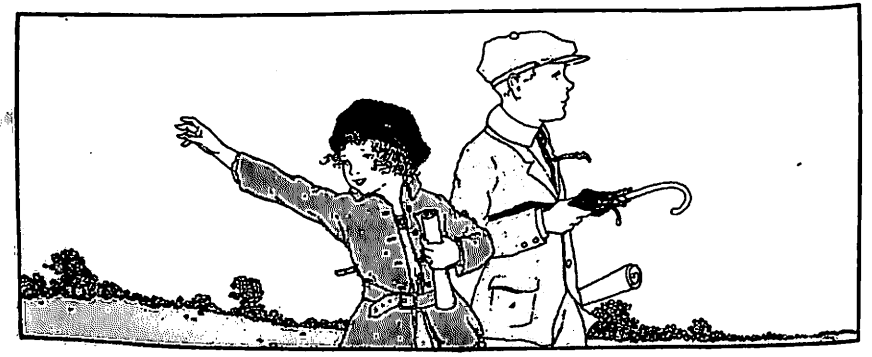
SUE'S POSTER

CLEANING UP

"Come, sister, it has stopped raining
and we must go home."
"But just look at this room, Ben!
See all the scraps we have made.
We can't go home and leave
Sue and Billy to do all the work."
"You are right, Bab, I'll help."
"We'll all work together," said Sue.

So Ben got the broom and began
to sweep up the scraps.
Billy put the bits of paper
into the scrap-basket.
Sue and Bab put away the paste,
scissors, and pencils.
Soon the room was in order.

"Now we must be going home.
Where is my food poster?
I want to take it to mother."
"Good-by, Sue! Good-by, Billy!
Come to see us soon."

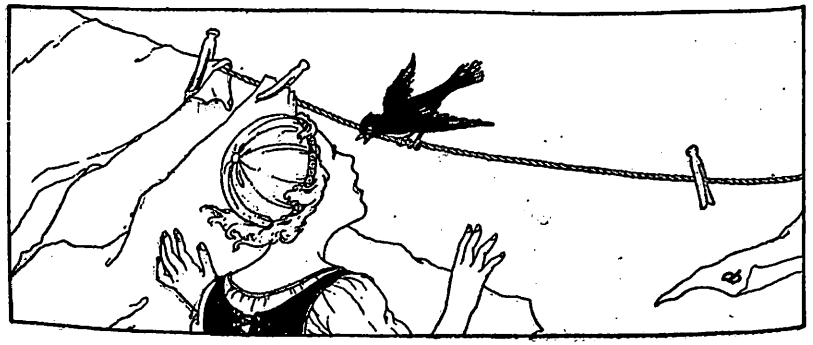


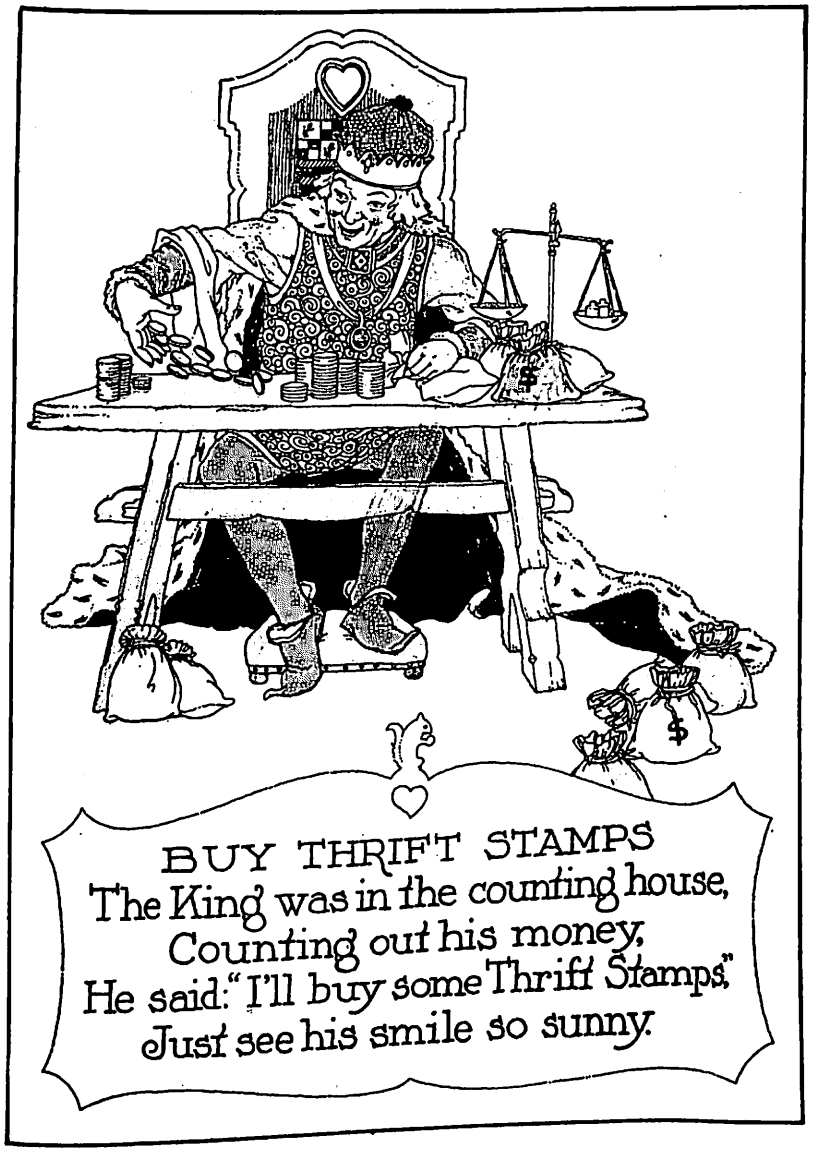
SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

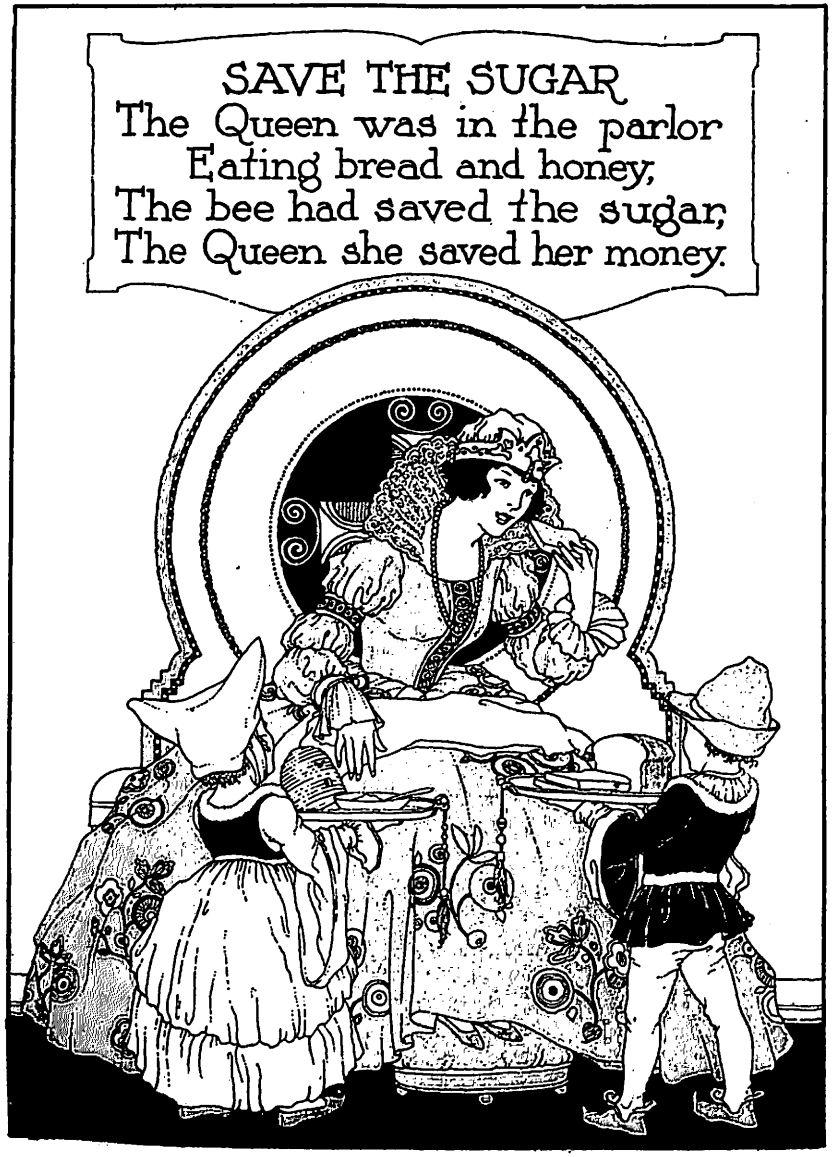
Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocketful of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,
  The birds began to sing.
Wasn't that a dainty dish,
  To set before the king?

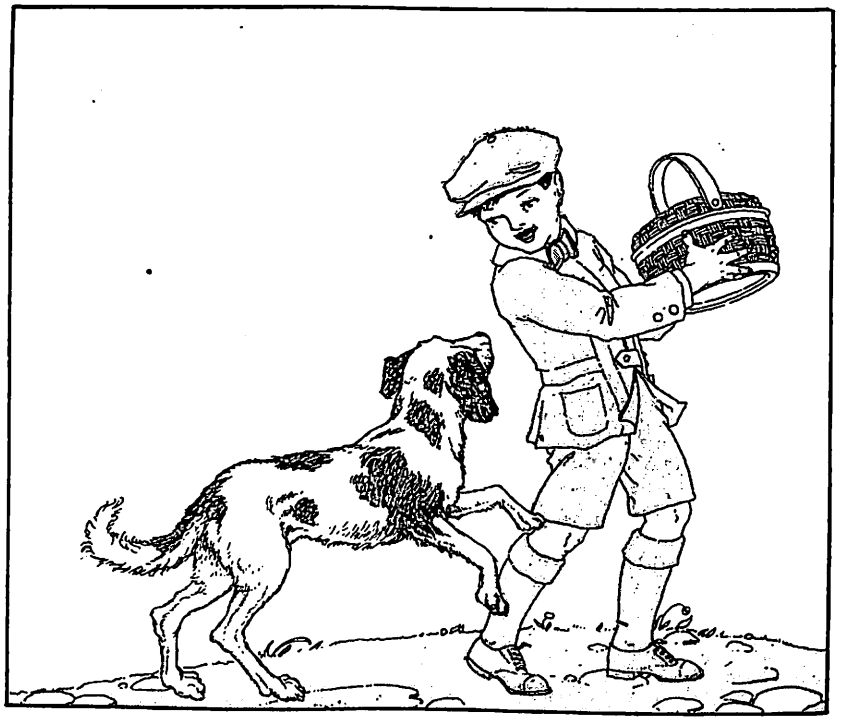
The king was in the counting-house,
  Counting out his money,
The queen was in the parlor,
  Eating bread and honey.
The maid was in the garden
  Hanging out her clothes,
Along came a blackbird
  And nipped off her nose.






SAVE THE SUGAR
The Queen was in the parlor
Eating bread and honey,
The bee had saved the sugar,
The Queen she saved her money.


The Maid was in the garden,
Hanging out her clothes,
She's mended them so neatly
That not a tatter shows.



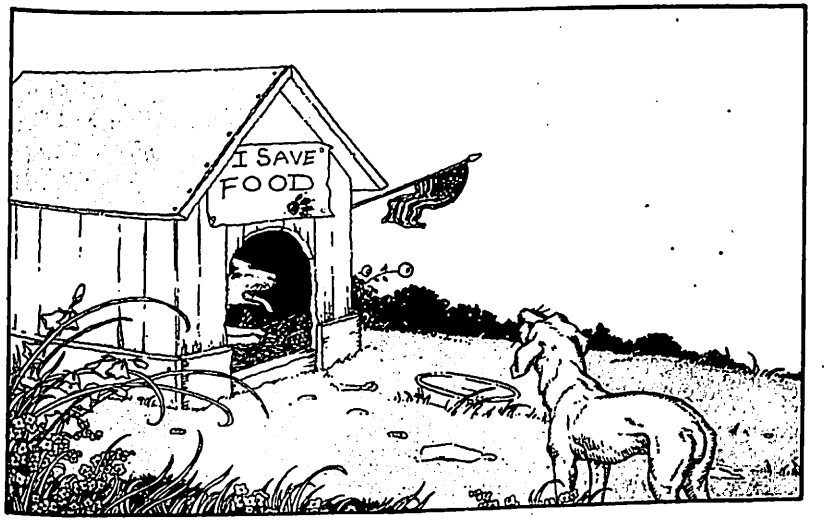
EAT LESS MEAT

"Down, down! Rab! You cannot have
this meat.
It is for my Daddy's dinner.
We don't buy much meat now.
Do you think we can give it to you?

My Daddy works hard. So we buy
some meat for him.
You will have to eat corn bread, Rab."
"Bow, wow, wow!"
"You say you don't like corn bread?
Then you must learn to like it.
It is very good. That is what
I shall have for dinner.
Down, down! If you are a good dog,
I will put a little gravy
on your bread."
"Bow, wow, wow!"
"Oh, you like gravy, do you?
Well, so do I."

"Here is the meat, mother.
Rab wanted it, but I told him
it was for Daddy's dinner."

"Come here, Rab! Come here, sir!
Look at this food poster.
Can you read?"
"Bow, wow, wow!"
"You can't read?
Then I will read it to you.
This poster says,
'Eat less meat.
Eat more corn.
Send meat to the soldiers.'
Now that is what we are doing,
Rab.
You must be a brave dog.
Don't you want to send meat
to the Red Cross dogs?"
"Bow, wow, wow!"
"Does that mean 'Yes'?
Good dog! Good old Rab!"

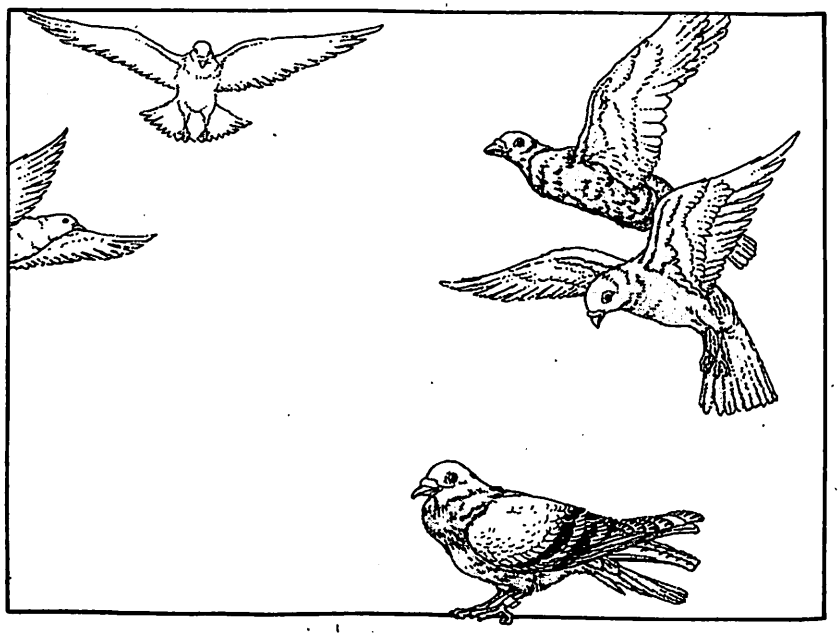


RAB GETS A CARD

"Do you see that card
in our window, Rab?
Do you know what it means?
I will tell you.
It says that every one in our house
is going to save food.
It says that we will not waste
even a bite.

My mother signed the card.
She made a promise for all of us.
Mother and Daddy and I are glad
to keep the promise.
We are glad to send food to France.
Do you belong to our family, Rab?"
"Bow, wow, wow!"
"I am glad you do. But you live
in your own little house, Rab.
So you must have a card, too.
See this nice little card I have made
for you?
It is just like ours.
Now you must make a promise, Rab.
You must promise not to waste
a bite of food.
You must promise to save food
for the Red Cross dogs.

Will you promise?"
"Bow, wow, wow!"
"You are a good dog, Rab.
Now you must sign your name."
"Bow, wow, wow!"
"You say you can't sign your name?
Oh, yes, you can. I will help you.
Give me your paw. Your *right* paw,
sir!
Here! Put it in this pan of ink.
Now put your paw on the card.
That is fine! See your name, Rab!
I am pleased with you. You have
made a good promise.
Now I will put the card on your
house.
The Red Cross dogs will be glad
to hear of this."



CARRIER PIGEONS

These beautiful pigeons belong
to the army.
They helped to win the war.
How could pigeons help to win the
war? They can't fight.

No, but they helped in another way.
Do you see the band
on this pigeon's leg?

The band has U. S. A. on it.
This means that the pigeon belongs
to our army.
These pigeons can carry
little letters.
That is why we call them,
"carrier pigeons."
They carry letters
for the army officers.
Officers take these pigeons
far, far away from camp,
and send them back with letters.
Sometimes there is no other way
to send a letter.
These pigeons can fly very fast.

They do not stop on the way, for
they want to get back with the letter.
The men at camp watch for them.
They take the letter and read it.
It tells them what the officer wants
them to do.

We must take good care of all
pigeons.
We must not harm one of them.
Any pigeon you see, may belong
to the U. S. A.
You must not stop it.
You must not harm it.
The pigeon may know
how to carry letters.
It may be helping our army.

DO YOUR BIT

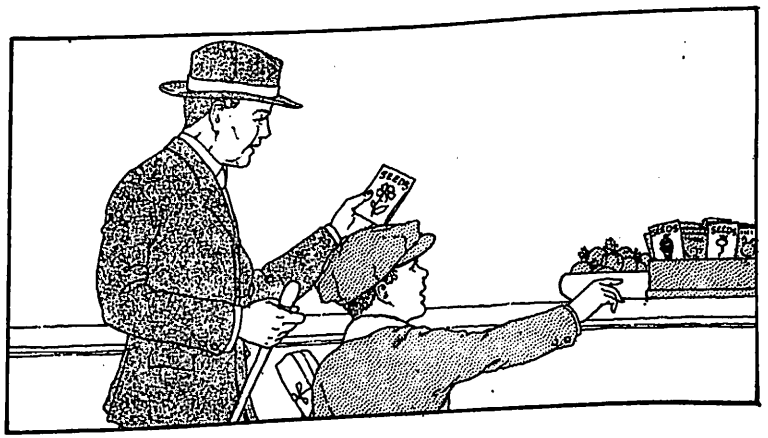
Last summer I had a little play-garden.
I didn't work very hard.
I put some seeds in the ground,
but I didn't take very good care
of them.
My plants didn't grow well.
But this summer, I am a big boy,
and I want to have a good garden.
I'm going to work hard
and take good care of it.

I shall plant corn and beans and peas.
There are so many poor children
who need food.
And we must send food to France.
My father says, "Do your bit."
And mother says, "Every little helps."

GOOD SEED

Ben Crane had a fine garden
last summer.
He had the very best corn and beans
and peas.
Ben saved seed from his garden, and
he is going to let us have some.
But he can't give us all we need.
So Daddy is going with me
to buy more seed.
We are going to a good seed store.

Daddy says it does not pay
to buy poor seed.
He will help me to get
the very best.
We have worked hard to make
our garden beds,
and we shall work hard to raise
the vegetables.
We don't want to waste all this work,
and we don't want to waste our time.
So we must get good seed to plant.



VEGETABLES TO SELL

"Vegetables to sell!
Nice fresh vegetables!
Potatoes, peas, and beans!
Lettuce, carrots, and greens!
Vegetables to sell!"

"Does your mother want to buy
some fresh vegetables, little girl?
Please go and ask her."

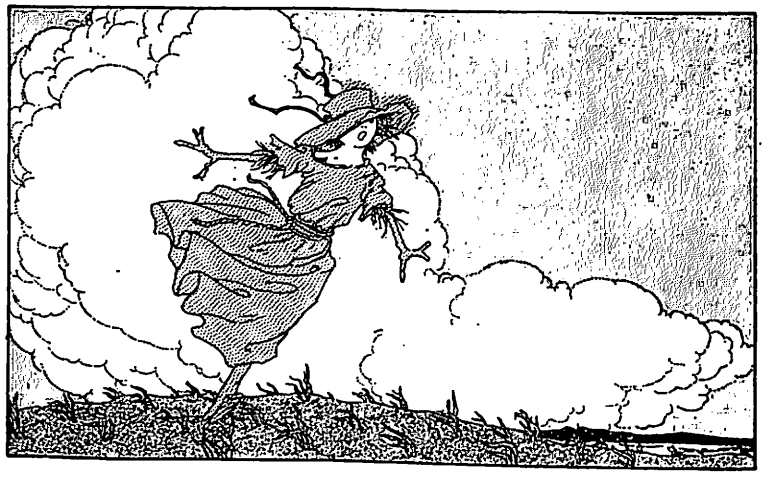
"My mother doesn't want to buy
any vegetables."

"How do you know she doesn't?
You haven't asked her."

"We have our own garden.
We get all the vegetables we need
from our garden now.
My father works in it in the morning.
My brother and I work, too.
We picked fresh beans this morning.
We are going to have potatoes
and beans for dinner."

"I see that you are good gardeners,"
said the market-man.

So he drove away calling,
"Vegetables to sell!
Nice fresh vegetables!
Potatoes, peas, and beans!
Lettuce, carrots, and greens!
Vegetables to sell!"



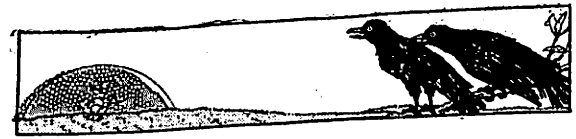
THE LITTLE GIRL-SCARECROW

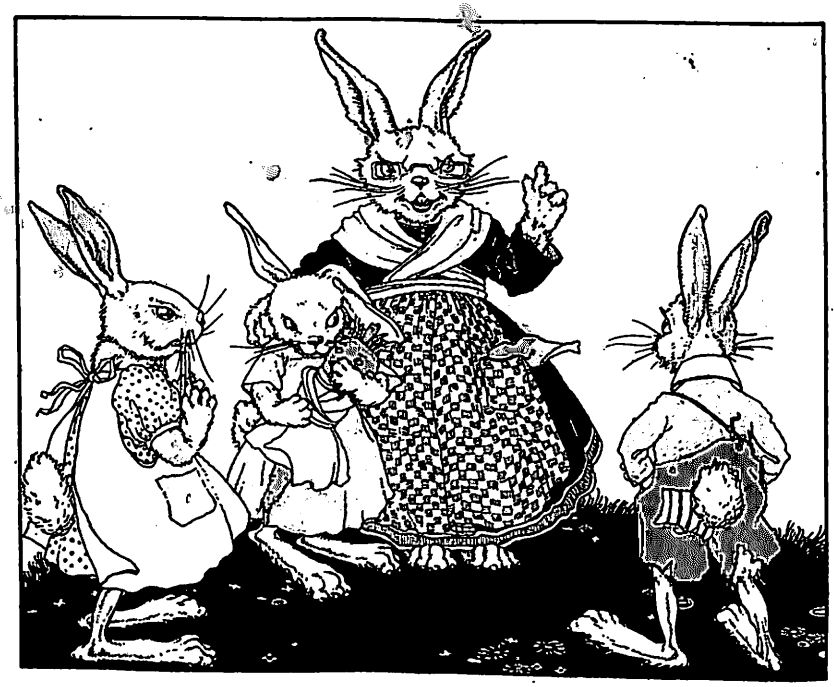
I am a little girl-scarecrow.
I am here to help Mary
with her garden.
When there is work to be done,
I do not run away.
You can trust me.
Mary told me to stand
right in this spot.
So here I stand.

I know Mary likes me, for she gave me
her blue dress, and a hat.
I was glad to get the hat,
for the sun is very hot.
The seeds are coming up now.
I can see little green things
all around.
The crows fly about, calling,
"Caw, caw, caw!
Corn, corn, corn!"
They try to pick the seeds
out of the ground,
but I will not let them.
They want to eat
the little green things,
but I wave my arms
and shake my dress at them.
They are afraid of me.

They fly away calling,
"Caw, caw, caw! Look out!
That little girl will get you!
She will get you! She will get you!"
Mary comes out to see me every day.
She says I am a good little scarecrow.

I get a little rest at night.
The moon smiles at me, and the stars
up in the sky wink and blink.
They say, "We are watching, too."
The garden is very pretty at night.
I can see the light in Mary's window,
and I know she thinks of me.
Last night she looked out and called,
"Good-night, Nancy Scarecrow!
Wake up early in the morning."
I know the crows are up very early.
They think they can catch me asleep,
but I shall show them.
They will find me right here
and wide awake.
They shall not get Mary's corn.





MOLLY RABBIT'S GARDEN

One day, Molly Rabbit called
her three children,—Raggie, Taggie,
and Bunty.
They came with a hop, skip, and jump.
"Here we are, Mother Molly," they said.

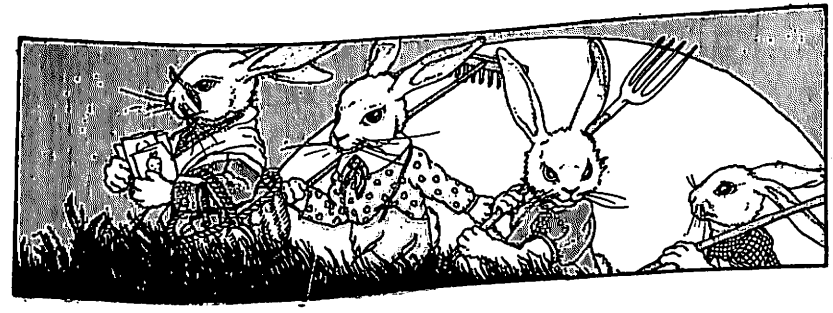
Then Molly Rabbit told them something
that made them open their eyes.
They put up their long ears, too.
They wanted to hear every word
their mother said.
"My dears," said Molly Rabbit,
"we must have a garden of our own
this summer.
We must raise our own carrots,
and cabbage, and other vegetables."
Then Raggie said,
"But, mother, don't you like
Mr. Sharp's carrots?"
And Taggie said,
"But, mother, don't you like
Mr. Sharp's cabbage?"
"Oh, yes, Mr. Sharp has very fine
vegetables.

But what do you think I heard him say
to his wife? He said,
'Not a bite shall those Rabbits have
from our garden this year,—not a
bit of cabbage, and not a carrot!'"

"Mother Molly, what is that thing
at Mr. Sharp's garden gate?"
said Bunty.
"It is big and black and it says,
'Bow, wow, wow!'"
"That is Mr. Sharp's new dog.
Don't let him see you. He is there
to watch Mr. Sharp's garden.
He is there to catch you, and Raggie,
and Taggie, if you try to get in.
So if we don't wish to go hungry,
we must plant a garden."

"That will be fun,"
said the three little Rabbits.
"Where shall we make it?"
"When the moon comes up,
I will show you," said their mother.

At ten o'clock the big moon came up.
Molly Rabbit was watching for it,
but Raggie and Taggie and Bunty
were asleep.
Molly called her children and said,
"The moon is up. It's time to make
our garden.
Don't let the dog hear you."



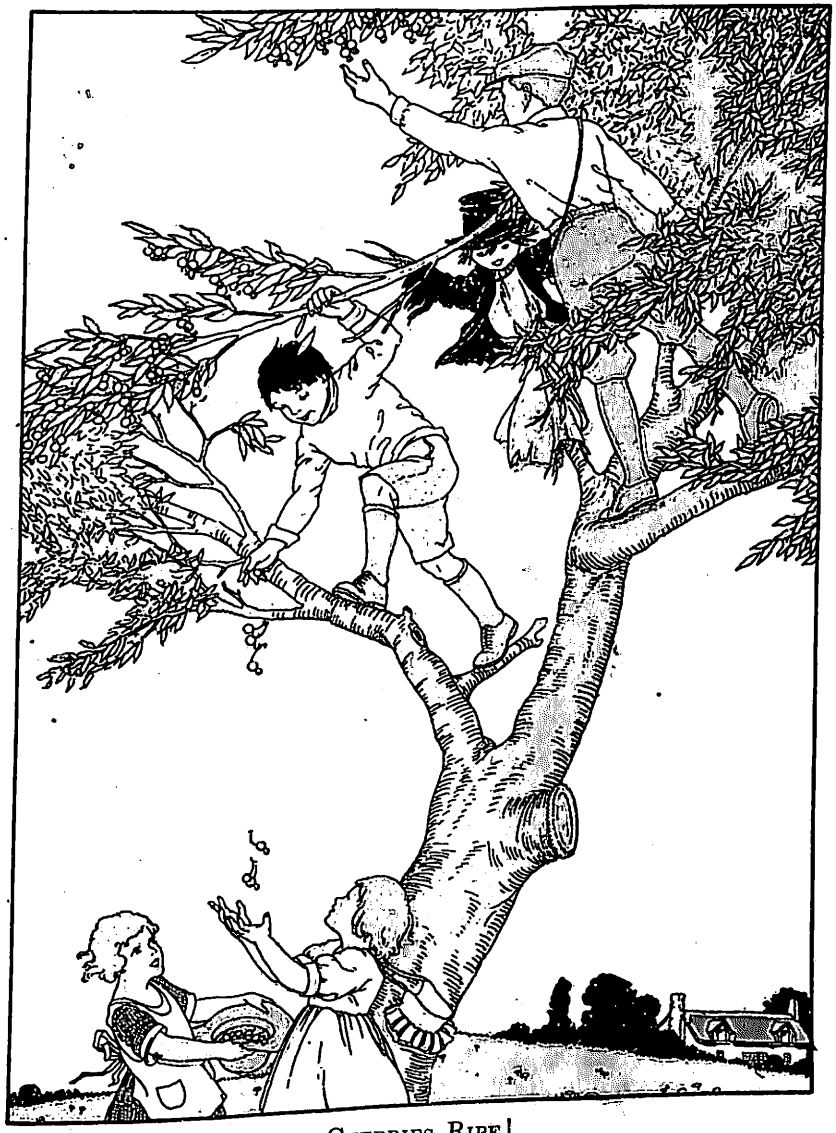
"The moon is in the sky,
Sing Ho! Sing Hi!
Skip, little rabbits three.
The moon is in the sky,
Let no dog spy,
But skip to the woods with me."

Molly put some seed in her pocket.
Raggie got his little wagon,
Taggie got a spade,
and Bunty carried a rake.
"Where are we going, mother?"
they said.
"We are going to the big woods
back of Mr. Sharp's house.
I know a good place for our garden."
They found a nice, open place
in the woods.

The moon made it bright,
so they could see to work.
Soon they had three little garden beds.
Molly took the seed out of her pocket.
She had lettuce, carrot,
and cabbage seed.
Raggie, and Taggie, and Bunty planted
the seed.
"We must take care of our garden,"
said Molly.
"Let's see if we can't raise
just as good vegetables as Mr. Sharp."

Mrs. Rabbit and the little Rabbits
worked in their garden every night,
and their plants all grew well.
One day in the fall, Raggie said,
"Let's have a picnic supper to-night."
"Good!" said Taggie and Bunty.
"Will you make a pie, mother?"
"If you children will get
some of our best carrots,
I will make you a carrot pie,
and you shall have a picnic supper."

"The moon is in the sky,
Sing Ho! Sing Hi!
Dance, little rabbits three.
The moon is in the sky,
And we'll have a carrot pie,
Under the greenwood tree."



CHERRIES RIPE!

PICKING CHERRIES

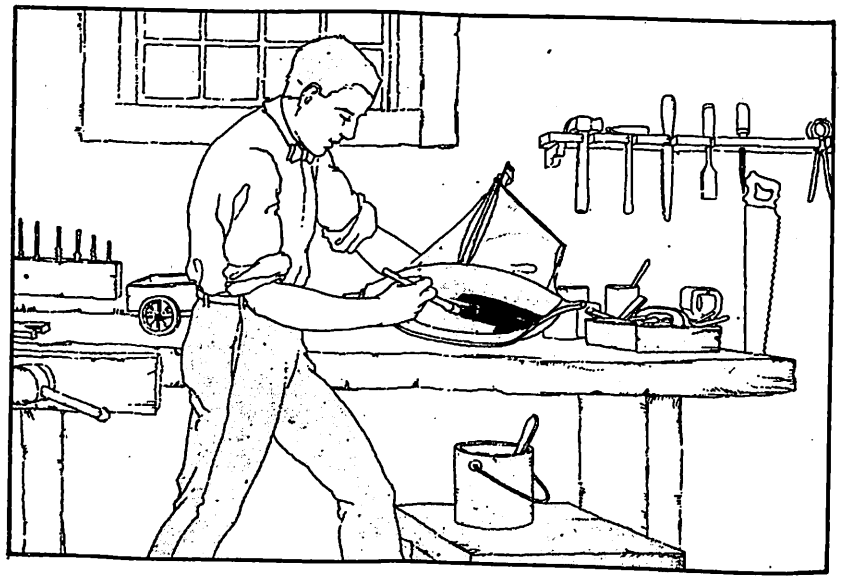
"Cherries ripe! Cherries ripe!"
Come, boys and girls.
Come with cups and pans.
Come with baskets and cans.
We must pick, pick, pick,
  and get every ripe, red cherry.
The birds are after them.
They have been watching this tree,
  and birds have sharp eyes.
They can see a ripe cherry
  as far as you or I,
  and there is nothing they like better.
We must not let them get ours
  this year.
We have put a scarecrow
  up in the tree.

He has a stick in his hand.
When the wind shakes the tree,
  Patsy Scarecrow shakes his stick.
Fly away, birds.
Go and find other food.
You cannot have our cherries this year.
Up the tree we go,
  to get every ripe cherry.
Up, up, to where Patsy Scarecrow
  stands!
You need not shake your stick
  at us, Patsy,
  for these are our cherries.
You may take a little rest now.
While we are here,
  the birds will be afraid
  to come to the tree, calling,
  "Cherries ripe! Cherries ripe!"

CANNING CHERRIES

Mother is going to can cherries to-day
and we are here to help her.
See the big pans full of beautiful
red cherries.
We picked all of them,
and now we are going to wash them.
We will take off the stems
and then mother will cook
the cherries.
After that she will put them

into the cans.
We have washed all the cans,
and here they stand in rows
on the table.
When mother fills them,
we will paste the labels on.
We made these labels at school
for mother.
Some day mother will say,
"I think I will make a cherry pie
for dinner."
Then she will look for a can
of cherries.
She will find one of these labels
that says, MAY CHERRIES.
Then she will know what is in the
can.
How good that cherry pie will taste!



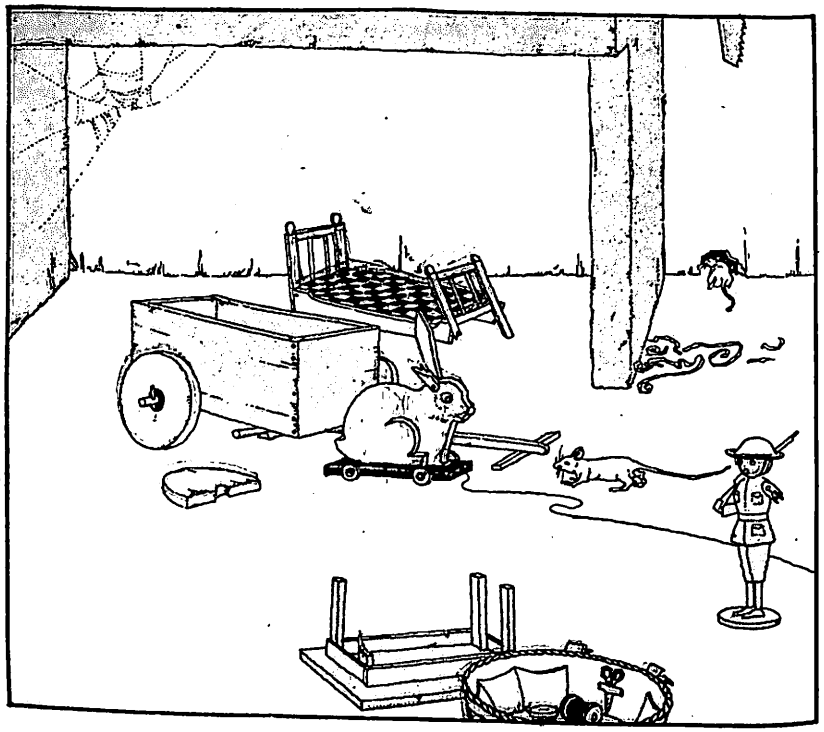
MAKING AND MENDING TOYS

John is Fred's big brother.
He has a room which he calls
his work shop.
He has all kinds of tools in his shop.
His father gave him
a box of good tools last Christmas.
John can make very nice toys,
and he can mend broken toys, too.

Sometimes John lets Fred help
in the work shop.
Fred can paint very well,
and he can use some of the tools.
He loves to come to the shop,
and he helps to keep it in order.
John says a good workman
keeps his tools sharp and puts them
where they belong.
Fred knows where all the tools belong,
and he helps to put them away.

John is helping Fred to make a boat.
Fred is going to name his boat
the "White Cap."
He will paint it white
and John will help him
to print the name on it.

All of Fred's little friends
come to get John to mend their toys.
Sometimes children buy toys
that are not well made,
and sometimes they do not take
very good care of their toys.



In the picture you can see
some of the things
the children want John to mend.
Can you find all of these things?

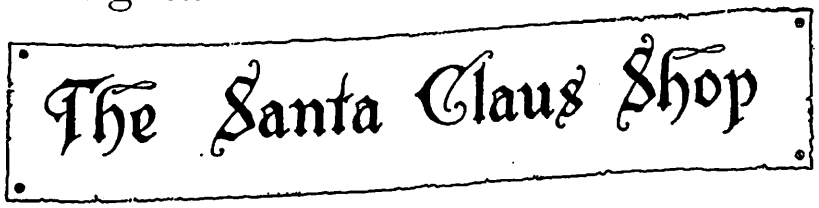
A little table with one leg off.
A broken wagon.
A wooden soldier with one arm gone.
A work-box with no top.
A doll's bed with a broken leg.
A wooden rabbit with one ear.

John will try to mend
all of these things.
Do you think the children
will take good care of their toys
when they get them back?

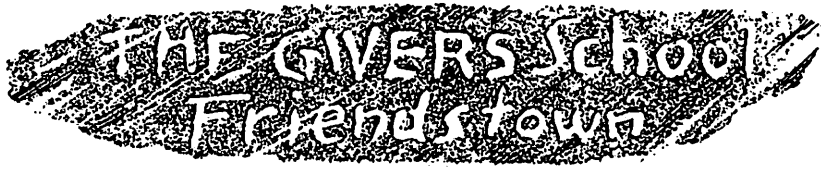
THE SANTA CLAUS SHOP

"I'm having a hard time to get
toys enough for all the children,"
said Santa Claus to his wife.
"I can't get workers to help me,
and I can't get the wood, tin,
and paint, which I need."
"There comes Jack Frost," said
Mrs. Santa Claus,
"perhaps he can tell us where we
can get help."
Jack Frost danced up to the door
of Santa Claus' house, and came
right through the key hole.
"What makes you so sad, old friends?"
he said.
"I'm afraid some of the children

will have to go without toys
this Christmas," said Santa.
"I can't get the things I need
to work with, and I can't get
workers to help me."
"I have good news for you,"
said Jack Frost.
"I know some boys and girls
who are hard at work, making toys
for your Christmas pack.
As I danced past a schoolhouse,
I peeked in at the windows,
and the room I saw
looked like a real workshop.
A big card on the door said,



The boys were making toy wagons,
boats, airplanes, and soldiers.
The girls were making dolls
and dressing them.
They are making these things
for you to give to other children."
"I like that kind of a school,"
said Santa Claus.
"Please tell me where to find it
so I can go and fill my pack
on Christmas eve."
Jack Frost took an icicle
and printed the name of the school
on a little cake of ice,
and gave it to Santa Claus.



WELCOME HOME

OUR SOLDIERS AND OUR SAILORS

Here come our soldier boys.
They have come back to us

from across the ocean.
Tramp, tramp, tramp!
Left! Right! Left! Right!
They are strong and brave.
They went to fight for what is right.
We are proud of our soldiers
and we want to tell them so.
That is why all the flags are flying
and bands are playing.

Did you help at home
while the soldiers were away?
Did you save food for them,
and did you help to send
nurses and doctors?
Then you have a right
to wave your flag and call,
"Hurrah! Hurrah for our soldiers!"

Here come our sailor boys.
They have come back to us
from across the ocean.
Tramp! tramp! tramp!
Left! Right! Left! Right!
They sailed away in big war ships
to work and to fight
for what is right.
They took care of all the good ships
at sea.
Now all our flags are flying
and bands are playing
as they march up the street.
This is to tell the sailors
that we are proud of them.

Did you help at home
while the sailors were at sea?

Did you save your pennies
to help build ships?
Then you have a right
to wave your flag and call,
"Hurrah! Hurrah for our sailors!"