

Pilgrim Stories

by Margaret Pumphrey

Book Three (of three): Little Pilgrims & The Red Men *plus Teacher's Guide*

Originally published in 1920

This edition is presented by HomeschoolFreebieOfTheDay.com



THE INDIANS AND THE JACK-O'-LANTERNS

ON a little farm several miles from any village, lived two little girls, Prudence and Endurance.

There were no other children near, but they were never lonely, for they had Whitefoot and Fluff, two of the prettiest kittens you ever saw. They had old Speckle and her little brood of downy, yellow chicks. Down in the pasture was Bess, the cow, with her pretty black and white calf. This was the greatest pet of all.

A tribe of Indians lived in the forest not far away. At first the children were very much afraid of them, but the Indians seemed friendly and made many visits to the house in the clearing.

Sometimes they came to trade their furs for a kettle, a blanket, or something else which they could not make.

Once a squaw came to bring her papoose, who was very ill. She wanted the white woman to make it well. The kind mother cared for the Indian baby as tenderly as though it were her own. Presently the little one was much better and went to sleep in its queer little cradle.

The Indian woman was very thankful. She

gave Prudence a pretty little pocket trimmed with beads. Then she hung the papoose, cradle and all, upon her back and went home to her wigwam, feeling very happy.

One October day, their father said to Prudence



*"She gave Prudence a pretty little pocket
trimmed with beads"*

and Endurance, "Children, mother and I must go to the village to-day. I think we shall be home before dark, but if we should have to stay away all night, do you think you are big enough and brave enough to keep house while we are gone?"

"Oh, yes," answered the children. "We shall not be afraid, and we shall be too busy to be lonely."

"There are a few more pumpkins in the field; you may roll them in and pile them with the others beside the pit I have dug for the potatoes," said their father. "If you wish, you may have two of the pumpkins for jack-o'-lanterns."

"We shall try to be back before dark, but if we are not here, just bolt the doors and you will be all right," said the mother, as she kissed the little girls good-bye. "Don't forget to cover the fire with ashes before you go to bed," she called, as she rode away.

The children watched their parents until a turn in the road hid them from sight; then they went in to finish the morning work. How grand they felt to be real housekeepers!

Endurance took down a turkey wing from its nail in the chimney corner, and brushed the hearth until not a speck of dust was left upon it. Then the girls swept and dusted the big kitchen, which was also the sitting room.

When it was time to get dinner, Endurance peeled some potatoes, and Prudence put more wood on the fire and hung a kettle of water over it for the tea. In another kettle she made a fine stew of meat and potatoes.

It seemed rather strange to sit down at the

dinner table without father and mother, but after all it was great fun, for Prudence sat in mother's chair and poured the tea, while Endurance served the stew. In a chair between them sat Betty, the big rag doll, but she did not seem to be so hungry as the little housewives.

After the dishes were washed the children scampered to the field close by, and began to roll in the big yellow pumpkins.

Late that afternoon their work was all done, and they sat down behind the great golden pile and began to make their jack-o'-lanterns. At last they were finished, and very fierce they looked with their big eyes and ugly teeth.

"Now I will go in and find some candle ends, and we will light our jack-o'-lanterns as soon as it is dark," said Endurance.

When she was gone, Prudence brought an armful of straw, and jumping into the pit, began to cover the earth with it. Her father would be surprised to find the potato pit so nicely lined with clean straw when he came home.

While she was at work, Prudence heard voices near the barn. "Oh, father and mother have come! I am so glad they did not stay all night," thought the child, climbing out of the pit to run to meet them.

But what changed her happy smile to a look of terror? What made her fall back upon the straw

and cover her face with her hands? It was not Dobbin and the wagon she had seen at the barn door, but two Indians. One glance at their fierce, painted faces told her they were on the warpath.

For a few minutes she dared not move for fear the Indians would hear her. She expected every moment to be dragged from her hiding place.

Then she thought of her sister. What if Endurance should come out of the house and be seen by the Indians! At this terrible thought she sprang up and peeped out of the pit.

At first she could see nothing of the Indians, but soon they came out of the barn, carrying some pieces of harness and a new ax. They talked in a low tone and pointed toward the house, then disappeared behind the barn.

When they were gone, Prudence ran into the house, crying, "Oh, Endurance! Endurance! What shall we do? The Indians! Indians!"

"Well, they will not hurt us," said Endurance. "They often come here."

"But these are not our Indians. They belong to another tribe, and they are on the warpath. Oh, such *terrible* Indians! I am sure they will come back to-night and burn the house and kill or steal us."

But they were brave little girls and did not waste much time crying over this trouble. They began

to plan what to do. "Let us light our lanterns and hide in the potato pit," said Endurance. "When they come we will hold up our lanterns and frighten them. Mother says Indians are very much afraid of things they cannot understand. Perhaps they will think they are witches."

As soon as it was dark, the little girls lighted their lanterns and crept into the pit. They pulled some boards and brush over the hole and waited. It seemed to them they had waited hours and hours, when they heard soft footsteps coming toward the house.

The girls watched. In the darkness they could see two Indians creeping nearer and nearer, until they were quite close to the pit.

"Now!" whispered Endurance, and they pushed their jack-o'-lanterns up through the brush.

The Indians were so astonished that, for a moment, they stood perfectly still, staring at the monsters. Then, with a yell of terror, they dropped their tomahawks and ran into the forest as fast as they could go.

All night long the girls lay in the pit. When morning came, they crept out and looked about. No Indians were to be seen. Beside the pit lay the tomahawks and, a little farther away, three eagle feathers, which one of the savages had dropped as he ran.

When their father and mother returned, the

children told the story of the Indians and the jack-o'-lanterns, and showed the feathers and tomahawks.

"My brave, brave little girls!" whispered their father, as he held them close in his arms.

The Indians must have told their friends about the dreadful sight they had seen, for never after would an Indian go near that house.

"Ugh! Ugh! Fire spirits! Me 'fraid! Fire spirits!" they would say.



Indian cutting birch bark for a canoe

TWO LITTLE CAPTIVES

ON a sunny hillside, near the river, a boy was cutting corn. It was late in September, but the day was warm. "This is just the day for a row on the river," said Isaac Bradley to himself.

As he looked over the bright, smoothly-flowing water, he saw a little boat coming toward him. In it, as the boat neared the shore, he saw his friend Joseph, who lived in the village of Haverhill a mile farther down the river.

Joseph tied his boat to the root of a tree on the bank, and came up into the field.

"Get your line and let's go fishing," he cried, as he climbed the hill.

"I cannot go until I finish cutting this corn," answered Isaac. "There are only a few rows more."

"Give me a knife and I will help you," said Joseph.

So he took one of the strong, sharp, corn knives and began to cut the dry stalks near the ground. In those days no one had thought of making a corncutter that should be drawn by horses.

Cutting corn with a knife was slow, hard work.

When they reached the end of the row, the boys stopped to rest. How warm and tired they were!

They were on the top of the hill now, near the edge of the woods. The forest once came quite down to the river. It had taken Mr. Bradley, and his father also, many years to clear the trees off this field.

The boys sat down in the shade of a tree to talk about their plans for the afternoon. Presently Joseph said, "Let us get a good, cool drink from the spring, and then finish cutting that corn."

Near the edge of the forest a spring of clear, cold water bubbled up out of the rocks. A tiny stream flowed from the spring and danced merrily down the hillside to join the broad river.

Joseph and Isaac knelt on the mossy rocks to drink. Suddenly two painted Indian warriors sprang from behind the bushes and seized the boys.

The frightened boys gave a loud, wild scream for help, but the rough hands of the savages quickly covered their mouths, hushing their cries.

Mr. Bradley was at work at the other end of the field. He heard the scream and hurried to the spring, but the boys were not to be found. In the soft earth about the spring he saw the prints of Indian moccasins.

Meanwhile, the boys were being hurried deeper and deeper into the forest. On and on they went, wading streams and climbing rocky hillsides. The thick branches tore their clothes and scratched

their skin. At last they were so tired they could hardly walk.

The Indians allowed them to rest a little while, then on they went again. Now the sun had set, and it was almost dark in the forest. Soon they



"Joseph and Isaac knelt on the mossy rocks to drink"

came to a hollow between two steep hills. Beside a little camp fire sat two more Indians. Several ponies were tied to the trees close by.

The Indians unbound their captives and

motioned to them to sit down by the fire and then they began to cook a supper of deer meat. They gave the boys a handful of parched corn and some of the meat.

After the supper was eaten, all but one of the Indians lay down near the fire to sleep, making signs for Joseph and Isaac to sleep too.

Poor boys! How could they sleep with those fierce savages beside them? The great, dark forest was all about them, and they were many miles from home and parents.

Joseph lay on his blanket and cried bitterly. Isaac, who was four years older, tried to comfort him.

"Don't cry, Joseph," he whispered. "I am sure father and other men from Haverhill will soon find us. No doubt they are on our trail this very minute. I should not be surprised if they came before morning."

"They can't find us," sobbed Joseph. "They do not know which way we have gone."

"The dogs will know. They can easily find the way," answered Isaac, cheerfully.

The next morning as soon as it began to be light, the Indians awoke. They placed the boys upon ponies, and, quickly mounting their own, led the way through the forest. All day they rode, stopping only two or three times to eat and rest.

Although Joseph was but eight years old, he was

almost as large as Isaac; but he was not so strong, nor so brave-hearted. Every time they stopped to get a drink, or to rest, Joseph was sure the Indians intended to kill them.

"If they had intended to kill us, they would have done it before now," said Isaac. "I think they mean to take us to their camp and make us work for them. Or perhaps they mean to sell us to the French; but we can get away from them before that."

"Perhaps our fathers and the soldiers from the fort will come and get us," said Joseph, more cheerfully.

Just before night they came in sight of a large beautiful lake. The water glowed with the soft colors of the sunset. About the lake were great, dark pine trees, and maples with leaves as bright as flame.

Suddenly the boys saw the light of a camp fire shining through the trees. Then the whole camp could be plainly seen. It seemed to the frightened boys that there were dozens of wigwams in the village.

As they came nearer, they saw the dark forms of Indians moving about the fire. An Indian woman was roasting a large piece of meat on a forked stick.

When the Indians rode into the camp with their captives, the people all crowded around to see

them. They smiled when they saw the boys' white, frightened faces.

The little Indians looked at them with wide, wondering eyes. They had never seen white children before. They pointed to Isaac's jacket and heavy shoes. When they saw Joseph's light, curly hair, they 'all began to laugh. I suppose they wondered how a boy could have hair like that, for Indians always have black hair and it is never curly.

After a supper of corn bread and fish, the boys were given a bed on a blanket in one of the wigwams.

When all was quiet, Joseph whispered softly, "Our fathers can never find us here. I am sure they cannot."

"No," answered Isaac, "I am afraid they can't. But we must not let the Indians know we are unhappy. We will stay near the camp and try to do just as they tell us. When they see that we do not try to run away, they will not watch us so closely. Sometime we shall be able to escape."

The next morning an Indian woman led Isaac and Joseph to a large stone bowl under a tree. She poured some corn into the bowl and showed them how to pound it with a stone mallet. This is the way the Indians make meal for their bread. It is very hard work, and it takes a long time to make a bowl of meal.

While the boys were pounding the corn, two of the Indian men took their bows and arrows and went into the forest to hunt. The others sat about the camp fire smoking and talking. They never offered to go into the field and help the women, who were stripping the ears of corn from the stalks and putting them in large baskets.



*"She showed them how to pound corn with
a stone mallet"*

When one of these great baskets was filled, a squaw knelt beside it, and, placing its strap of skin across her forehead, raised the heavy load to her back.

No Indian brave would work in the cornfield or carry a burden. "That work is for squaws and captives," they said.

As the Indians sat about the fire, some of them made snares and traps to catch game. When the

corn in the bowl was all ground, one of the men called the boys to him and showed them how to make a whistle to call the wild turkeys.

Isaac took out his own sharp pocketknife to cut the reed. The Indians all wished to look at it; they opened its two large blades and tried them on a stick. When the knife came back to the Indian who was teaching the boys to make the whistle, he kept it and handed Isaac his clumsy, dull knife. You may be sure Joseph left his knife safe in his pocket after he had seen the fate of Isaac's.

Presently the two hunters came home; but they did not bring a deer. One of them carried a branch from which nearly all the leaves had been stripped. He called the women of his family, and, giving them a leaf from the branch, sent them to find and bring home the deer he had killed.

Scattered here and there on the ground they found leaves like the one they carried. Following this leaf trail, they at last found the dead deer.

When they had brought it home, they took off the skin and cut up the meat to be cooked or dried. A number of forked stakes were driven into the ground near their wigwam, and Joseph and Isaac helped the squaws to stretch the skin upon this frame, to dry.

In a few days the skin was hard and stiff, but the squaws knew how to make it soft and good for

clothing. One brought a heavy stone mallet, and patiently, hour after hour, she rubbed the mallet to and fro over the skin.

Sometimes the boys worked upon the skin, too. They carried water from the spring and gathered brushwood for the fires. All fall they worked about the camp helping the squaws.

But it was not all work and no play for the little captives. The Indian children had many games, and Joseph and Isaac often played with them. They had races in running and jumping. They were very fond of a game called "ball in the grass."

The Indian boys made bows and arrows and practiced shooting at marks on the trees. In a short time they would let Joseph and Isaac play this game with them.

Many of the Indian men had guns, which they had bought from the white men. Sometimes they allowed the boys to shoot with these, for the Indians wanted the captives to learn to shoot well so they could hunt game for them.

The boys learned to make traps to catch deer, bears, rabbits, and other animals. They could make a fire by rubbing two dry sticks together. They could skin and dress game of all kinds.

When the winter came with its cold and snow, the Indians did not go out to hunt so often. The deer were very hard to find. Many of the animals were fast asleep in their cozy winter homes. The

ducks and other birds had gone from the frozen marshes. Sometimes the Indians cut holes in the ice and caught fish. Then what a feast they had!

In the winter the camp fires were made in the



"They practiced shooting at marks on the trees"

wigwams. The braves sat about the fire and made arrows. Some of the arrowheads were made of flint or of other stone. The Indians had no

sharp tools with which to shape the arrowheads. They had to chip them into shape with another stone.

Sometimes the arrows were tipped with a sharp point of deer horn, or the spur of a wild turkey. The arrowheads were bound to a shaft of wood with cords of deerskin.

When the arrows were done, the Indian marked them so that he could always tell his own. If two Indians claimed to have killed the same deer, a glance at the arrow sticking in it settled the question. Indians often used the same arrow many times.

As the Indians sat about the fire making arrowheads, they told stories of the great deeds they had done. Sometimes they told the beautiful legends of their people.

The little Indian children listened to these stories, their black eyes round with wonder. Joseph and Isaac listened too, and the Indians would have been surprised to know how much they understood. They were bright boys, and after they had lived in the camp a few weeks they knew a good many Indian words. As time went on, they learned more and more of the language.

"We must not let the Indians know that we understand them so well, or we will never find out what they mean to do with us," said Isaac. So they pretended to be very stupid, and the Indians

talked to them by signs, or in the few English words they knew.

The squaws, too, enjoyed the stories the braves told. While they listened their quick fingers worked upon a pair of deerskin leggins or other clothing. One of the women made Joseph a pair of soft deerskin moccasins and trimmed them with beads. She made the soles of thick, strong skin. She left a little of the hair on the skin to keep his feet from slipping. The moccasins were very warm and comfortable, and made no noise when Joseph walked.

In the wigwam where the boys lived was an old grandmother, wrinkled and bent with age. She no longer worked in the cornfields, or carried heavy burdens on her back when the Indians moved their camp.

Hanging from the walls of the wigwam were bunches of long grasses, and reeds, and the fine fibers of the cedar roots. Many of them had been colored red, brown, or yellow, with the juices of roots and berries.

Day after day the old woman sat on her mat before the fire, weaving these grasses into beautiful baskets. Some were coarse and large, made of reeds of one color. Others were very fine and had beautiful patterns woven into them.

In a large wigwam at one end of the village, the Indian men were building a canoe. They made

the framework of strong cedar boughs, and drove stakes into the ground on each side of the frame to keep it in shape.

Near the lake grew a large birch tree. Its bark was smooth and white. The Indians cut the bark around the tree just below the branches, and again just above the ground. Then they cut it



*"Day after day the old woman sat on her
mat . . . weaving . . . baskets"*

down the trunk from top to bottom, and carefully stripped the bark from the tree.

"Winter bark makes the best canoe," they said. "See how strong and thick it is!"

Then they carefully shaped the bark to cover the frames, and sewed the seams with the fibers of the larch tree. It took them many weeks to

build the canoe. When it was done it would carry eight or ten people.

Isaac heard the Indians talking about a long journey they would take in their canoes when spring came. "In the Moon of Leaves the ice will be gone from the rivers and lakes. Then we go to visit our French brothers in Canada," they said.

"I know of two people in this camp who will never go to Canada," thought Isaac.

At last April came. The ice in the rivers broke up and slowly drifted away. The snow was gone, and on the sunny hillsides the grass was quite green. The birds came back from the southland, and the creatures that live in the forest awoke from their long winter nap.

Then one night, when the Indians thought their captives were asleep, Isaac heard them planning their journey. In a few days they would start to Canada to sell the boys to the French.

"We can find plenty of food in the forest now," they said. "The ice is out of the rivers. We will take our furs and the palefaces to the north."

All night long Isaac thought how they might escape. He knew the English settlements were far to the south. How could he and Joseph reach them with no one to guide? There were no paths through the forests.

He made up his mind to try it anyway. They

would be guided by the stars at night, and the sun by day. Even if they died in the forest, it would be better than being sold to the French.

The next day the Indians went out hunting, and while they were gone Isaac told Joseph what he had heard. "I am going to run away to-night," he said. "When I waken you, do not make any noise. Just follow me."

When the Indians came home they brought two large deer. During the day Isaac hid a large piece of the meat and some bread in the bushes near the spring. He and Joseph also filled their pockets with parched corn.

That night Isaac was so excited that he could not sleep. The great camp fire burned lower and lower. At last all was quiet about the camp. He wondered if all were asleep. He could hear the heavy breathing of the two men in his wigwam.

Then he shook Joseph gently, but the boy was fast asleep and did not stir. He shook him again. "What is the matter?" said Joseph, in a loud voice.

In a moment Isaac's head was upon his blanket and he pretended to be fast asleep. He thought every one in the camp must have heard Joseph, and expected they would all come running to the wigwam.

But the Indians, tired after their day's hunting, slept soundly. Again Isaac shook Joseph and said, in a whisper "Keep quiet! Come with me."

The two boys crept silently out of the wigwam, taking a gun with them.

When they were safe outside, they ran to the spring to get the meat and bread; then they hurried away through the forest. On they ran, over logs, and through streams, keeping always to the south.

When the first dim light of morning came, they began to look about for a place to hide during the day. They dared not build a fire to cook the meat, so they ate some of their bread and parched corn. Then they crept into a large hollow log to hide until dark.

"They will miss us in the morning, and will soon be on our trail," said Joseph. He was quite right.

"Hark!" said Joseph a few hours later. "I hear the barking of dogs! The Indians are coming!"

"Lie still and they may not find us," whispered Isaac.

The dogs came bounding through the forest, easily following the scent. They were far ahead of their masters. When they came to the hollow log they barked joyfully.

Joseph covered his face with his hands, in terror, but Isaac was more quick-witted. He said softly, "Good Bose! Good dog! Here is some breakfast for you." Then he threw the meat as far as he could:

When the Indians came up, the dogs were some distance from the log, tearing the meat into pieces and growling as they ate. So the savages stopped to rest. One of them sat down on the very log where the boys were hiding. Joseph's heart beat so hard he was afraid the Indians would hear it. By and by they called their dogs and all passed down the hill out of sight.

All day the boys lay still in the log. When it was quite dark, they crept out and hurried on, guided by the stars. In the morning they found another hiding place.

Night after night they traveled. Day after day they lay hidden in a cave or hollow tree.

Now they were so far from the camp that they traveled in the daytime, and slept at night.

Once, just at nightfall, the boys thought they heard voices. They stood still in alarm and listened. Then they heard the barking of a dog. They crept forward among the bushes and listened again. Yes, they surely heard the murmur of voices.

A few steps more, and they saw the light of a camp fire. Around the fire sat a dozen Indians, smoking and cooking their supper. Joseph and Isaac were much frightened to find themselves so near another Indian camp. They slipped away quietly, and then ran with all their might.

When they were a safe distance from the camp,

they sat down to rest. There was only a little bread left and only a few kernels of the parched corn. They ate what they had and went to sleep.

In the morning the boys were hungry and weary.



An Indian woman carrying corn

"I hope we shall find a settler's cabin soon," said Joseph. "I am almost tired out."

"It is now six days since we left the Indian camp. We must be getting pretty near the settlements," said Isaac.

That morning they killed a pigeon. The smoke of a camp fire can be seen a long way. They were afraid to build a fire to cook the pigeon, so they ate it raw.

The next day they found a turtle. They broke the shell and ate the meat. They ate the tender leaf buds on the trees and bushes, and eagerly hunted for the roots that they knew were good for food.

Each day Joseph grew more weak and faint. On the eighth morning he lay white and still upon the ground. Isaac tried to cheer him, but Joseph only moaned and turned away his face.

"Come, Joseph, drink this water. Here are some groundnuts for you; eat these," said Isaac. But Joseph did not move.

Poor Isaac! What could he do? They were alone in the great forest, he did not know where. They were without food, and Joseph was too ill to go any farther. Still Isaac did not give up hope.

The brave boy lifted Joseph to the side of the brook, and bathed his face and hands in the cool water. Then he sadly left him alone, and with a heavy heart walked away.

Soon he came upon a clearing in the woods. Then a joyous sight met his eyes. A little cabin stood not far away. He quickly ran to it and knocked at the door, but no one came to open it. He looked in at the window. No one was there.



"They saw the brave boy carrying his heavy burden"

He called loudly for help, but there was no answer.

A well-beaten path led away from the cabin. "It must lead to the fort," thought he. "Very likely the people are all there."

He ran back to Joseph, calling, "Joseph, wake up! Help is near!" He rubbed Joseph's hands and held water to his lips.

Joseph opened his eyes and tried to rise. Isaac lifted him up and led him a few steps. Then he took the fainting boy in his arms and carried him.

Isaac also was weak from hunger. His bare feet were sore, and his arms ached. Often he had to lay Joseph upon the grass and rest. Then he would take him in his arms again and stagger on.

Before night they came to a log fort on the bank of a river. The people at the fort were much astonished when they saw the brave boy carrying his heavy burden. They were still more astonished when they heard his strange story.

The settlers from all about had come to the fort for safety. They tenderly cared for the boys, and, when they were well again, and the Indians had been driven far into the forest, these kind friends took them home to Haverhill. There all but the anxious parents had believed the boys to be dead.

Within an hour after they had been stolen, Mr. Bradley and a dozen other men, with their dogs, had gone hurrying through the forest in swift pursuit.

The dogs had led the way without any trouble until they came to the river. Here the Indians and their captives had waded a long way up the stream, and the dogs could not find the scent again. At last the search was given up, and the men went sadly home.

Whenever a boat or a canoe came down the river, a spyglass had been turned upon it in the hope that the boys might be returning.

Every stranger who came to the town had been eagerly questioned, but none had heard of them. Even Swift Arrow, the friendly Indian who lived in Haverhill, could not learn what had become of the little captives.

Until that glad April day when a boat from the fort came down the river bearing the rescued children, not one word had come to cheer the anxious friends.

THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE

IN the little village of Swansea, lived a widow with her two children, Mary and Benjamin.

The mother was a very good woman, always ready to nurse the sick, feed the hungry, or do anything she could to help those who needed her.

Indians lived in the forest about Swansea, and this good woman was always kind to them. When they were ill she went to see them, and made them broth, and gave them medicine. She tried to teach them about God.

Many of them came to her house, and she read the Bible to them. Nearly all of the Indians loved her and would do anything for her.

Among the Indians who came to this house was one named Warm Sly. He was very fond of cider and would ask for it at every house.

When cider has stood for some time, we say it becomes "hard." Hard cider is not fit to drink. It is only fit to make vinegar. Warm Sly liked the hard cider best.

One day he came to the house and asked Mary for hard cider.

"I cannot give it to you," she said. "It makes you drunk."

Then Warm Sly grew angry and said, "You get cider, quick."

Mary called her mother, who said, "No, Warm Sly, cider is wrong."

Then the Indian pretended to be sick and said he needed it for medicine.

"No, you can never get cider here," said Mary's mother again.

Oh, how angry Warm Sly was then! His wicked eyes flashed as he said, "You be sorry! Me pay you. Big fight soon! Indians kill all English. Me pay you! Ugh!"

Sure enough, the "big fight" came sooner than any one thought. The very next Sunday, as they were coming home from church, the Indians fell upon the people, killing many and burning their homes. This, you remember, was the beginning of King Philip's War.

But the Indians remembered the kind woman who had been their friend. They did not harm her family or her home.

But she did not forget the angry words of Warm Sly. "I know quite well the other Indians will not harm us, but I am afraid of Warm Sly," she would say. For a long time after this she would not allow Mary or Benjamin to go away from the house alone.

The summer passed and Warm Sly did not come. At last Philip was dead and the dreadful war was ended. Autumn came, and with it, peace and thanksgiving.

"I think Warmcly must have been killed in the war," said the mother, at last.

One day, early in November, she began to make her winter's supply of candles. She hung two great kettles of tallow over the fire to melt.

"I think we will make a Christmas candle such as we used to have in England when I was a little girl," she told the children.

Mary clapped her hands in delight, for she had never had a real Christmas.

There were no stockings hung up on Christmas eve in the old Puritan homes. No Christmas trees sparkled with lighted candles and bowed under their load of toys and pretty gifts. There was no Santa Claus, and no gay holiday for the Puritan fathers and mothers thought such things were foolish and wicked.

"I think there can be no harm in a Christmas candle," thought Benjamin's mother, as she sent him to find a goose quill.

When he came back, she showed him how to put a little powder into it. Very carefully the quill of powder was tied to a wick which hung over a small stick.

Then Mary and Benjamin held the stick and let the wick down into the melted tallow. When they drew it up, it was covered with the tallow. This soon grew hard, and they dipped it again. Now they could hardly see the quill or the wick

because of the thick white coat of tallow around them. The candle grew thicker each time it was dipped, and at last it was done.

"Now you must not put it where it is too cold or it will crack," said their mother. So they put



*"The candle grew thicker each time
it was dipped"*

it up on the kitchen shelf where they could look at it.

"Oh, it is more than a month until Christmas," said the mother. "The candle will grow yellow and ugly if you leave it there."

So it was carefully wrapped in paper and put away in a box; but every few days the children would get it out and look at it. They would gently rub its smooth sides and wonder just where that quill of powder was hidden.

Would Christmas never come? Weeks before, they had invited every child in the school to a Christmas party, but since there were only ten pupils, it did not make a very large party after all.

Benjamin hunted for the rosiest apples and the sweetest nuts, and put them away for the candle party. From the beams above the fireplace hung many ears of pop corn, dry and shining.

At last Christmas day came. But no one thought of staying home from school or work because it was Christmas. So the children all went to school, and it was well they did, for the day would have seemed endless to them. The party was to be in the evening, as of course the candle must not be lighted until dark.

But "dark" comes very early at Christmas time, and as soon as the little folks were made clean and ready after school, it was time to go to the party.

In the big kitchen a fire burned merrily in the fireplace. How the flames snapped and crackled as they leaped up the great chimney!

Benjamin passed the rosy-cheeked apples, and the children put them in a row on the hearth to

roast. On the bricks near the fire they placed a pile of chestnuts and covered them with hot ashes.

The powder candle was lighted and placed upon the table, and all the other candles were snuffed out.

By and by the chestnuts on the hearth began to burst their shells and pop out. At each loud pop the children would jump and look at the candle.

"When that candle goes off, you will not think it a chestnut," laughed Benjamin. "It will make a noise like a gun."

Then the story-telling began. The children did not have story books in those days. All the stories they knew were those told them by parents and friends. These were usually true stories of the wild life of those early times.

"What a fuss Tige is making!" said Mary. "What do you suppose he is barking and growling at?"

"I hear voices outside," answered her mother. "Very likely some of the parents have come for their children. I will go out and quiet Tige, and tell them he is tied."

When she stepped to the door she could hear voices near the old cider press. Surely those tall, dark figures were not those of her neighbors. When her eyes had grown more used to the darkness, she could see plainly the forms of three Indians, who now came toward the house.

She hurried into the house and locked the door. She had hardly reached the room where the children were when, with a loud crash, the Indians broke open the door and came in. Great was her terror when she saw that their leader was Warmcly.

"Cider, now!" said Warmcly, as he sat down near the table.

What could the woman do? She must not give him the cider. There is nothing more terrible than a drunken Indian. "It must be getting late," she thought, "and the men will soon come for their children. If I can only get Warmcly's mind off the cider until then!"

She passed the Indians apples, and nuts, cold meat, and bread, and they ate greedily. But they did not forget the cider. "White squaw get cider, quick," said Warmcly, shaking his big tomahawk with an ugly look.

"Oh, if the neighbors would only come now!" thought the mother, as she went slowly to the cupboard. She took down a large brown pitcher and set it on the table. Then she slowly walked back to the cupboard and took down her pewter mugs, one at a time.

The Indians watched her with eager eyes. "White squaw get cider, quick," repeated Warmcly, looking uglier than ever.

But the words were hardly out of his mouth when there was a great flash of light. Puff!



"She passed the Indians apples"

bang! went the candle with a noise like the firing of a cannon. Benjamin had put too much powder in the quill. There was a loud rattling of dishes and windows. The children screamed in terror. Even the fire was much scattered and dimmed with a shower of ashes. Then all was strangely still. The rank powder smoke filled the room and everything was hidden in thick darkness.

When the smoke cleared away, the reviving light of the fire showed the hatchets of the Indians on the floor, and the kitchen door wide open. Not a savage was to be seen. No doubt they thought the white men were upon them, so they made their way back to the forest as fast as possible.

That was the last the colonists ever saw of Warmly.

The neighbors had heard the noise of the candle, and now came to take their children home from the party. How astonished they were to hear the story of the Indians! "God has been very good to us in saving thee and our children from the savages," they said.

Each year after that a Christmas candle was burned in many homes, and the story of how one saved the children of Swansea never grew old. When the children who were at that party grew to be men and women, they told it to their children and grandchildren. And the grandchildren have passed the story down to us.

TWO BRASS KETTLES

IN a little town not far from Boston stood an old brick house. It did not look like a brick house, for it had been covered on the outside with boards.

It was the safest house in the village, and during King Philip's War the neighbors often used to come to this "fort-house," as it was called, for safety. When its great oak doors were bolted and its strong shutters fastened, there was little danger from Indians. They could not burn its brick walls as they did so many log cabins.

But no Indians had been seen for a long time, and the people began to think that danger from them was past.

One Sunday morning, Mr. and Mrs. Minot, who lived in the old house, went to meeting, leaving their two little ones with Experience, the maid.

It was a very hot summer day and the windows in the big kitchen were wide open. The butterflies flitted to and fro in the bright sunshine, and the bees hummed drowsily in the vines twining about the window.

The two little children sat upon the floor while Experience built a fire in the brick oven and began to prepare dinner.

When this was finished, she drew her chair up

beside the open window. "Now, little one," she said to the baby, as she picked her up, "let us sit here in the breeze and watch for mother to come."

Experience sang softly and rocked to and fro, hoping the baby would go to sleep. But Baby



"Let us sit here . . . and watch for mother"

had no thought of going to sleep. She laughed and crowed and tried to catch the pretty shadows as they danced over the window sill.

Suddenly Experience saw a sight which made

her heart stand still. Behind a row of currant bushes was an Indian, creeping on his hands and knees toward the house.

Only a moment Experience sat still and stared at the savage, then she quickly bolted the door and closed the windows. There was no time to close the heavy shutters.

What should she do with the children? She looked about for a safe hiding place. On the floor, bottom upward, stood the two great brass kettles which Experience had scoured the day before. She quickly raised one of the kettles and pushed the baby under it, then, before Baby's little brother could think what had happened, down came the other kettle over him.

Then Experience rushed to the oven for a shovel of hot coals. "If that Indian comes in here I'll give him a taste of these hot coals," said she. But suddenly she noticed that the Indian carried a gun.

"Oh!" she thought, "he can shoot much farther than I can possibly throw these coals." So she dropped the shovel upon the hearth and fled upstairs for the gun. "Keep still, children," she whispered, as she ran past them.

But the children did not keep still. They did not at all like being crowded under the kettles. They tried to push them over, but the kettles were too heavy. Then they began to yell, partly

in terror, and partly in anger. The sound made the kettles ring with a strange, wild noise.

When the Indian appeared at the window, he looked about the room and could see no one, yet where could that dreadful noise come from? He stared at the kettles, wondering what creatures those could be that howled and rumbled so frightfully.

Just then the children began to creep toward the light, moving the kettles, which looked like two great turtles.

"Ugh! Ugh! Me shoot!" grunted the mystified Indian. Boom-oom-oom-m! went the bullet, glancing from kettle to kettle.

The babies were frightened, but not at all hurt, so they howled all the louder and crept faster than ever toward the window.

Now it was the Indian's turn to be frightened. "Ugh! Gun no hurt him! Him come!" Then he dropped his gun and fled. He had no wish to fight with two great monsters that could not be hurt with a gun.

Experience saw him as he ran away through the garden, and fired at him, but he was soon out of sight. She could still hear the children crying under the brass kettles, so she knew they were not hurt. Before she could get down stairs, Mr. and Mrs. Minot came home from meeting. There lay the gun before the window, and the

children were still under the kettles, howling madly and struggling to be free.

"What is the matter? What has happened?" the parents cried, and Experience told the story of the Indian.

"Perhaps he is still hiding somewhere on the farm," said Mr. Minot, seizing his gun.

He hurried across the garden, looking behind trees and bushes for the Indian. At last he found him, but the Indian could do no harm then. His body lay beside the brook, for the maid's aim had been more true than she thought.

COLONIAL SCHOOLS

IN a very few years after the Pilgrims settled at Plymouth, there were many children in the colonies.

Of course these children went to school, but their school was not at all like ours. For the first few years there was not a schoolhouse in New England.

The children went to the home of one of the neighbors, who was teacher and housekeeper too. They sat on a long seat by the fireplace and studied. When their lessons were learned, they stood in a row, with their toes on a crack in the floor, and recited.

The good woman went on with her spinning or weaving while they read aloud. The girls were taught to spin and sew, as well as to read and write. Each little girl took her box of sewing to school.

In those days nearly every little girl made a sampler of linen. On this sampler she worked in colored silks, all the letters of the alphabet and the numbers to ten. She worked her name, and age, and the date on it, too. Have you ever seen any of these quaint old samplers? It took a child a long, long time to work all the pretty stitches on one.

After a few years log schoolhouses were built, each having at one end a log chimney with a wide fireplace and oiled paper in the windows instead of glass. There were long benches made of logs split in two running quite across the room.



"They stood in a row, with their toes on a crack"

The largest boys and girls sat on the higher back seats, and the little ones sat in front near the teacher. All studied their lessons aloud, that the teacher might know they were doing it well.

The hum of their voices might be heard as far

as the road. If you had been passing a school in those days, you would have thought there must be a very large hive of bees near by.

The little ones learned their lessons from a queer little book called "The New England Primer." It did not have pretty pictures and interesting stories in it, as our primers have. There was an odd little picture for each letter of the alphabet, and beside it, a rhyme. The children also learned many verses from the Bible.

When a boy did not learn his lessons, he had to wear a tall paper cap called a "dunce cap," and stand on a stool in the corner.

There were wide cracks between the logs of the schoolhouse, and in the winter the room, except near the fire, was very cold.

The parents of each child had to send a load of wood to heat the schoolhouse. If they did not do this, their child had to sit shivering in the coldest part of the room. His little hands would be blue and numb with the cold, and his stiff little feet would ache.

This seems pretty hard, and I am sure the teacher must sometimes have brought the poor little fellow to a seat near the warm blaze. But they must have wood for the schoolhouse, and there was plenty of it in the forest near by; all the people had to do was to get it.

If a man would not take the trouble to cut the

wood and bring it to the schoolhouse, his little ones must go cold. No father could stand that, so the wood was usually brought within a few days.

The parents of the children paid the teacher in corn, barley, and other things which they raised on their farms. Or, if the teacher were a man, the mothers sometimes wove cloth for his coat, or knitted stockings and mittens for him.

HOLIDAYS AND HOLY DAYS

IT was Saturday morning. Little Elizabeth Brown sat by a window in the big kitchen, hemming a tiny pink dress for a doll she was making for her little sister Hope.

On the chair beside her lay the doll, though you might not have thought of calling it a doll. It did not have curly hair and eyes that open and shut, or even a jointed body, and no amount of pinching or squeezing could make it cry. In those days no child had dolls like ours. Hope's doll was made of a corncob, and the face was painted on a piece of white linen stretched over a little ball of wool on the end of the cob.

When the last neat little stitches were taken, Elizabeth dressed the doll in the pink gown and the tiny blue sunbonnet which Aunt Faith had made for it. Then she folded a small white kerchief about its neck, and when Hope awoke all rosy and smiling from her nap, there lay the little lady on the bed beside her.

Could any child have been happier than was Hope with her first doll! What did it matter that its body was a corncob and its face a bit of white cloth? It was a perfectly beautiful doll to Hope. She called it Mary Ellen and carried it about with her wherever she went.

In another room their mother was looking over the clothes to be worn to meeting the next day.



"It was a perfectly beautiful doll to Hope"

When the last button was sewed on and the clothes were well brushed, she laid them out on chairs, ready to be put on on Sunday morning.

Nothing that could be done on Saturday was ever left over until Sunday. Even the potatoes were peeled, and the meat for Sunday's dinner was cooked on Saturday.

About noon shouts were heard outside, and down the hill came a merry group of boys with axes over their shoulders. They had been cutting wood in the forest all the morning.

As they passed the window where Elizabeth sat darning stockings, they called to her, "Come to the hill this afternoon. The ice is frozen on the pond, and we can coast down the long hill and away across the ice."

It took Hope some time to decide whether she would rather go coasting or stay at home and play with Mary Ellen. But Aunt Faith thought even doll babies ought to have naps sometimes, so Mary Ellen was rocked to sleep and warmly covered in Hope's little bed.



"Elizabeth and Hope took their . . . sled and went to the hill"

Then Elizabeth and Hope took their clumsy wooden sled and went to the hill. Many boys and girls of the village were already flying down

the long, smooth track. The air rang with their merry voices.

All too soon they heard the boom! boom! of the sunset gun. The happy holiday was at an end.

"What a pity it gets dark so early in the winter, when we want to coast," they sighed, as they started toward home.

For the Puritans the Sabbath began at sunset on Saturday, and no child might play after the sunset gun was heard. The evening was spent in reading the Bible and learning verses from it.

When the children reached home, Hope ran to her bed to get Mary Ellen. Presently her mother came in and said, "This is the Sabbath now, Hope. You must not play with your doll on the Sabbath."

So Hope kissed her baby and carried it into the bedroom to find a safe warm place for it to stay until the next evening. There lay her father's Sunday coat; what cozier nest could she find for Mary Ellen than its big pocket?

Early Sunday morning, Mistress Brown came to the children's bed and awakened them. "Get up, little girls," she said. "This is the Lord's Day and we must not waste it in bed."

After breakfast the family had prayers, after which they did such work as must be done, and then dressed for meeting.

Master Brown filled the little tin foot stove with hot coals from the hearth. Then he took down

his gun from its hook and looked to see that it was ready for use. In those days no man went anywhere without his gun,—not even to church, for the Indians were likely to come at any time.

Rub-a-dub-dub! Rub-a-dub-dub!

Is that a call to arms? Are the Indians about? Oh, no, that is only the drummer calling the people to church.

There were no bells on the first meetinghouses in New England. Sometimes the firing of a gun was the call to worship. More often a big drum, beaten on the steps of the meetinghouse, told the people it was time to come together.

At the sound of the drum Master Brown and his wife, with Elizabeth, Hope, and Aunt Faith, started to church. From every house in the village came men, women, and children. They were always ready when the drum began to beat. It was not the custom to be late to meeting and as for staying away one had to be very ill indeed to do that.

Elizabeth saw her dear friend, Mary, just ahead of her. Do you suppose she skipped along to speak to her, or walked to meeting by her side? No, indeed. "The Sabbath day is not the time for light talk," her mother told her.

When the meetinghouse was reached, Master Brown led his family to their pew. He opened a little door to let them in. The pew was much like a large box with seats around the sides.

The church was very cold, for there was no fire; but the children warmed their toes and fingers by the queer little foot stove their father had brought from home.

The boys were not allowed to sit with their



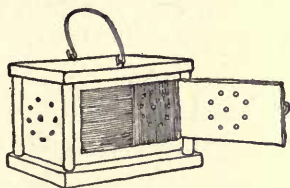
*"From every house in the village came men,
women, and children"*

parents. They all sat together at one side of the church or on the pulpit stairs. When all the people were in their seats, the minister climbed the steps to his high pulpit.

Only a very few people had hymn books. The minister read two lines of the hymn and they all sang them to some well-known tune. Then he read two more lines, and all sang them, and so on until they had sung all the verses.

The sermon was always very long, three hours at the least. The children could not understand what it was all about, and it was very hard for them to sit up and listen quietly.

Elizabeth was four years older than Hope, so she felt quite like a little woman. She sat up



A colonial foot stove

beside her mother and looked at the minister almost all the time. But sometimes she had to wink hard to keep awake.

When she thought she could not hang her feet down another minute she would slip on to the footstool to rest.

But she was often much ashamed of Hope. Poor little Hope could not sit still ten minutes.

Hope enjoyed singing the hymns. She stood up on the footstool at her father's side and sang with all her might. Then she sat down and tried

to listen to the sermon. When she began to stir about a little, her mother shook her head at her. She tried to sit still, but was soon restless again.

Then Aunt Faith gave her a sprig of some sweet, spicy plant. This kept her quiet for a while, but at last leaves, stems, and all were eaten. Hope folded her hands and for a few minutes looked straight at the minister. She was trying hard to be good.

Presently she began to be sleepy and nestled her head upon her father's arm, for a nap. But now she felt something in his pocket she was sure she knew. A happy smile came over Hope's face. She was wide awake now.

Slipping her hand into the wide pocket, she drew out Mary Ellen, and smoothed her wrinkled gown.

Master Brown's thoughts were all on the sermon, and even Mistress Brown did not notice her for a little time. When she did, what do you suppose she saw? Hope standing up on the seat, showing her doll to the little girl in the pew behind her!

Oh, oh, how ashamed her mother was! She pulled her little daughter down quickly and whispered, "Do you want the tithingman to come with his rod? Well, then, sit down and listen." Then taking Mary Ellen, she slipped her into her big muff.

Little Hope did sit down and listen. She did not even turn around when the kind lady behind them dropped a peppermint over the high-backed pew for her.

Hope was very much afraid of the tithingman, who sat on a high seat behind the people. He had a long rod with a hard knob on one end and a squirrel's tail on the other.

When he saw a lady nodding during the sermon, he stepped around to her pew and tickled her face with the fur end of the rod. She would waken with a start and be, oh, so ashamed. She would be very glad the pew had such high sides to hide her blushing face.

Perhaps you think the boys on the other side of the church had a good time with no parents near to keep them quiet. But there was the tithingman again. When he saw a boy whispering or playing, as children sometimes do when so many are together, he rapped him on the head with the knob end of the rod.

The whispering would stop at once, for the rod often brought tears and left a headache. But the tithingman and his rod could not always keep the boys in order. We read that in one church the boys were fined for cutting the seats with their knives. In another, whips were placed here and there, and certain persons chosen to use them when they thought the boys needed to be punished.

"What shall we do with our boys?" the fathers often asked each other. At last some one thought of a plan which worked very well. What do you suppose it was? Simply this: to let each little boy sit with his own father and mother.



"They had quite forgotten the tithingman"

Besides keeping the boys from playing and the grown people from going to sleep, the tithingman must turn the hourglass. In those days very few people could afford clocks, but every one could have an hourglass. It took the fine sand just one

hour to pour from the upper part of the glass through the tiny hole into the lower part.

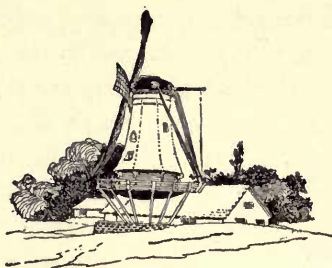
When the sand had all run through, the tithing-man turned the glass over and the sand began to tell another hour. When the glass had been turned three times, the minister closed the service. Then the men picked up their muskets and foot stoves, the women wrapped their long capes more closely about them, and all went home.

Often there was another service in the afternoon. At sunset the Puritan Sabbath ended. Then the women brought out their knitting or spinning, or prepared for Monday's washing and the children were free to play until bedtime.



*An
hourglass*





SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

THE sustained interest of the continuous story has various advantages over the short story in the education of children. If a story is worth reading it should be worth remembering, and in order that a story be remembered it must make a deep impression. A story with a connected thread of interest extending over several weeks is likely to make a deeper impression than any one of a score or more of short disconnected stories which might have been read in the same time.

In the long story the children have an opportunity to become acquainted with the characters, and, in imagination, to go with them through their various experiences. The children's delight in such stories as Robin Hood and Knights of the Round Table is largely attributable to the fact that they have time to think about them, each day's chapter adding to the background for that which follows.

The children like to live in a story they are reading or hearing told. They want to dramatize it, and

they are interested in making things that are necessary to carry out the play. The incentive to constructive motor activity is one of the valuable results of the "Pilgrim Stories."

The Sand Table. In a room where the children were reading the "Pilgrim Stories" were placed a sand table and a box of blocks of different geometric forms,— cubes, prisms, and pyramids.

For the first few days the children worked there separately, each child making a house or a church, or something else suggested by the story, and then destroying the results.

Then the teacher noticed a group of children working together at the sand table and that they had made Scrooby Inn and surrounded the house and garden with a wall and a moat. This remained a more or less permanent feature of the scene for a time. The church and other cottages were added, and various little changes made from day to day.

Some of the children brought things from home to make the scene more realistic. A row of lead soldiers patrolled the street in front of Elder Brewster's house, while a man on horseback and a number of other persons seemed to be cautiously approaching an unguarded house at the other end of the village.

In a few days the scene changed. A long, crooked dike was built diagonally across one corner of the sand table. Canals were laid out and spanned by tiny bridges and a few houses were erected.

Here a new difficulty arose. The supply of blocks was quite inadequate to the demand, so the children

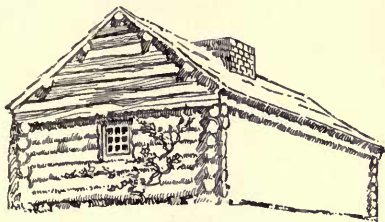
asked for stiff paper from which to construct houses. That they could not build very satisfactory windmills of the blocks at hand was soon seen so they were given a lesson in constructing them out of a heavy paper called book board. These served the purpose very well for a time but were easily upset, and the children suggested that if they had some clay they could build still better windmills. So clay windmills were made and paper sails attached with glass-headed pins. Later boats, dog-carts, and people appeared in the town. The figures were tiny dolls in characteristic dress.

This work at the sand table was carried on throughout the story, the children daily making discoveries



in the possibilities of paper, clay, and wood. In each case the construction lesson was the result of an expressed need which the children had not been able to supply to their satisfaction.

A Log Cabin. If possible, when reading about the founding of Plymouth, have a small log cabin



built by boys in an upper grade. One side of the house should be left open in the manner of a doll's house. The children may build a fireplace and chimney of small bricks made of clay. There should be a shelf above the fireplace where the children can arrange a row of little pewter plates and pitchers, and perhaps a tiny candlestick.

Some boy will be glad to whittle out a small gun, stain it with ink, and hang it above the shelf. A table, settle, cupboards, chairs, and other furniture may be made of book board or any stiff construction paper. Rugs should be woven of rags or cotton roving. The latter material comes in many soft colors and makes beautiful rugs.

At this time the children may dip candles as described in the story of "The Christmas Candle." Have the children model candlesticks of clay, rubbing them smooth with fine sandpaper when dry. These may be baked in a hot oven to make them more durable. If convenient to a pottery, these little candlesticks may be glazed and fired, making them lasting treasures to the children and parents.

The Indian Village. Through their acquaintance with Squanto, Massasoit, and other Indians mentioned in the book, the children see many different phases of Indian life and customs. The story of the "Two Little Captives" is especially profuse in suggestions for dramatization and handwork.

A very effective wigwam may be made by sewing together with ball stitch pieces of old kid gloves. The inside of the gloves should be used for the outside of the wigwam. With paint or colored crayons make crude pictures of the sun and moon on the wigwam.

Little mats woven of raffia and rugs or blankets woven of bright wool complete the furniture of the Indian home.



The children will delight in learning to weave baskets of raffia or reeds. They may imitate the designs of Indian baskets though they cannot imitate the texture.

The children may model clay bowls and jars in imitation of those made by Indians. These may be decorated with simple borders in India ink or paint.

Canoes may easily be made of birch bark or stiff construction paper and decorated with colored crayons.

Drawing. The children may illustrate the different incidents in the story with charcoal, colored crayons, water colors, or scissors, working, sometimes from



a pose, sometimes from imagination. These illustrations will be more valuable if mounted in a booklet in such order as to represent a continuous story.

Children are always interested in making designs, and are often surprisingly successful. They will enjoy making designs for blankets, beadwork, and decorations for bowls and baskets.

After studying examples of Indian picture writing the children may try to record some simple incident in that way.

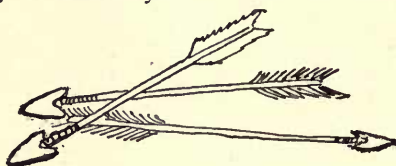
Loan Collections. If possible make a collection of pewter dishes, brass candlesticks, and snuffers, hourglass, foot stove, spinning wheel, and other articles used in old English, Dutch, or Colonial homes.

At another time make a collection of Indian baskets, blankets, ornaments, clothing, tools, and weapons.

Pictures. Collections of pictures should be made to further illustrate the text. These might be roughly divided into four groups:—

- (a) Pictures of English rural scenes and home life.
- (b) Pictures of Dutch life.
- (c) Pictures illustrating the life of the Pilgrims in Plymouth, and other Colonial scenes.
- (d) Pictures of Indian life.

These pictures should be neatly mounted and displayed, one group at a time, where the children can easily see them. If a burlap-covered screen is not available the following arrangements will be found very satisfactory.



How to Display Mounted Pictures. A section of wall or blackboard may be covered with plain black mosquito netting secured to the woodwork by thumb tacks. At a distance of a few feet this is practically invisible, only giving the wall a slightly darker shade. Upon this background the pictures may be hung by means of the tiny hooks made for that purpose.

Dramatization. The stories in this book offer abundant opportunity for dramatization. In imagination the children are living with these characters from day to day, and this makes it easy for them to assume the part assigned. In dramatizing stories in primary grades no attempt should be made to secure a finished production, with set speeches and action made mechanical by drill; but the play should be a free, spontaneous expression of the childrens' interpretation of the story.

A little simple costuming adds very much to the effect and pleasure of dramatizing. The children will greatly enjoy making long gray or brown capes,



white collars, cuffs, and caps for the costumes of the Pilgrims. They can do the small amount of sewing necessary to make an Indian suit of buff cambric, and decorate it with fringe and a border drawn in wax crayons.

So many boys have buckskin-colored Indian suits that it may not be necessary or expedient to make them, but such accessories as a quiver decorated with beads, a necklace of beads and seeds, a gay headdress of feathers, and bows and arrows may be made to complete the costume of Massasoit, Samoset, or Squanto.

A READING LIST

HISTORY

- BRADFORD. "History of Plymouth Plantation." *Wright & Potter Printing Co.*
- BROWN JOHN. "The Pilgrim Fathers of New England." *Fleming H. Revell & Co.*
- DEXTER, MORTON. "Story of the Pilgrims." *Pilgrim Press.*
- GOODWIN, JOHN A. "The Pilgrim Republic." *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*
- GRIFFIS, WILLIAM ELLIOT. "The Pilgrims in their Three Homes." *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*
- NOBLE, FREDERICK A. "The Pilgrims." *Pilgrim Press.*
- YOUNG, ALEXANDER. "Edward Winslow's Journal" (In "Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers").

JUVENILE BOOKS

- DODGE, MARY MAPES. "Holland and Its Customs" (In "The Land of Pluck"). *Century Co.*
- DRAKE, SAMUEL ADAMS. "On Plymouth Rock." *Lee & Shephard.*
- GEORGE, MARIAN M. "Little Journeys to Holland, Belgium, and Denmark." *A. Flanagan.*
- GRIFFIS, W. E. "The Romance of American Colonization." *W. A. Wilde Co.*
- MOORE, MENA. "Pilgrims and Puritans." *Ginn & Co.*
- PRATT, MARA L. "Stories of Colonial Children." *Educational Publishing Co.*
- STONE AND FICKETT. "Everyday Life in the Colonies." *D. C. Heath & Co.*
- WARREN, MAUDE RADFORD. "Little Pioneers." *Rand McNally & Co.*