

**HISTORY STORIES FOR  
PRIMARY GRADES**

by

*John W. Wayland*

**YESTERDAY'S CLASSICS**

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## PREFACE

THE pedagogical value of the story has always been recognized but is now being utilized more fully, perhaps, than ever before. At the same time, the need for a suitable variety of story materials and story forms is growing apace. This is especially true in the child's field of history. The need for real history stories, simple enough for little children, is keenly felt every day by teachers in the schools and by parents in the homes.

To meet this need, in some measure, the stories in this little book have been prepared. They are intended primarily for the use of the teacher and the parent in oral instruction, but they may also be read in due time by the child himself. Accordingly, the writer has aimed to adapt them to the uses contemplated, not only in subject matter but also in diction, style, and length.

The subjects have been chosen mainly from the history of our own country, but a few Old World stories have been included. The characters are few and distinct: they are women as well as men, girls as well as boys. Industrial and social conditions are portrayed along with those hitherto more conventional.

Easy phases of geography and literature are incorporated; and, as far as possible, simple yet attractive titles have been applied.

## *HISTORY STORIES FOR PRIMARY GRADES*

A studious effort has been made to simplify and unify these stories by leaving out those details and circumstances that would only distract the child, and to make them vital and vivid by enlarging such details as serve the main purpose.

The morals are not pointed, as a rule, but they are obvious enough in most cases, it is believed, to be seen.

One of the secrets of interest in teaching children is to be found in seizing the time and the occasion. Therefore, a large number of these little stories have been especially adapted for use in connection with the various holidays and anniversaries that fall within the school year, and may be used in an order following the annual calendar rather than in the order in which they appear in the book.

At the end of some of the stories are supplementary notes addressed to the teacher. These are intended to supply additional information at convenient places and to embody certain specific suggestions, in the hope of practical helpfulness. The author also ventures in this place to refer the teacher to his handbook, *How to Teach American History*, particularly to Chapter XI: "The Use of the History Story in the Teaching of History."

It will be observed that this collection of stories has been made to answer the requirements of the first three years as set forth in the report of the Committee of Eight. Accordingly, the large number of teachers who are following the plan of this committee will find this book of special value.

# CONTENTS

## PART ONE

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS SONG .....	1
THE FIRST EASTER MORNING .....	4
THE GIRL WHO HEARD VOICES .....	6
A ROOM FULL OF GOLD .....	10
BABY VIRGINIA .....	13
SQUANTO, THE CORN-PLANTER .....	15
THANKSGIVING DAY .....	17
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY .....	21
A BIG BELL .....	24
NANCY HART'S DINNER .....	26
BETSY ROSS'S NEEDLE .....	28
A WHITE HORSE .....	31
PLANTING A TREE .....	33
YELLOW KING CORN .....	36

WHITE KING COTTON . . . . .	41
BLACK KING COAL . . . . .	44
STRONG KING IRON . . . . .	47
HEAVY KING GOLD. . . . .	49
CHUCKY JACK AND HIS HORSE . . . . .	52
DAVY CROCKETT AND THE BEARS. . . . .	55

## **PART TWO**

ALEXANDER THE GREAT . . . . .	58
CHARLES THE GREAT. . . . .	62
ALFRED THE GREAT . . . . .	65
PETER THE GREAT . . . . .	68
THE BOY WHO DREAMED . . . . .	71
THE SHEPHERD BOY AND THE GIANT . . . . .	74
THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFT. . . . .	78
EASTER CANDLES . . . . .	81
HOW A KING GOT OUT OF PRISON . . . . .	84
THE RED VELVET CLOAK . . . . .	88
FINDING A NEW WORLD . . . . .	90
THE MAYFLOWER AND THE PILGRIMS. . . . .	94

AT THE FIRST THANKSGIVING . . . . .	98
FISHING WITH FIRE . . . . .	101
HORSESHOES OF GOLD. . . . .	104
RIDING A COLT . . . . .	107
HATCHETS AND CHERRIES . . . . .	110
GEORGE WASHINGTON AS A SCHOOLBOY. . . . .	112
PLANTING THIRTEEN TREES . . . . .	114
A HOUSE ON A MOUNTAIN . . . . .	117
ROBERT LEE AND HIS MOTHER . . . . .	120
A BOY'S BOAT-RIDE . . . . .	123
A SWEET SONG . . . . .	127

### **PART THREE**

THE GIRL WHO GATHERED BARLEY . . . . .	129
THE KING'S CHRISTMAS. . . . .	134
EASTER LILIES. . . . .	137
SAINT VALENTINE. . . . .	141
BALBOA'S DISCOVERY . . . . .	144
THE MAN WHO WAS THIRSTY . . . . .	147
JAMESTOWN DAY. . . . .	149

WASHINGTON AS A SURVEYOR . . . . .	152
A CITY ON A ROCK . . . . .	155
WHEN NEW YORK CITY HAD A WALL . . . . .	158
WHEN CHICAGO WAS A VILLAGE . . . . .	160
HOW THANKSGIVING GREW . . . . .	163
WHITE FRIENDS AND RED FRIENDS . . . . .	166
A FAMOUS TREE . . . . .	169
THE TEA PARTY AT BOSTON . . . . .	172
THE TEA PARTY AT EDENTON . . . . .	176
THE FIRST FOURTH OF JULY . . . . .	179
CROSSING THE DELAWARE . . . . .	181
CYNTHIA'S COW . . . . .	185
OPENING THE GOLDEN GATE . . . . .	189
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER . . . . .	191
THE BOY AND THE FLAG . . . . .	196
A CABIN IN KENTUCKY . . . . .	198
THE RIVER THAT RUNS THROUGH A MOUNTAIN . . . . .	201
THE CROSS ON THE MOUNTAIN . . . . .	204
NOTES . . . . .	209

## **PART ONE**

# **THE FIRST CHRISTMAS SONG**

Some angels sang the first Christmas song, and some shepherds heard it.

It was one night, long, long ago; and it was in a country far, far away.

In that country the people kept a great many sheep. The men and boys who took care of the sheep were called shepherds.

The shepherds would take the sheep out where the grass was green, and keep them there all day. They would keep a sharp watch so that nothing would come out of the woods and hurt the sheep. Often they would lead the sheep down by the brooks, where the cool, clear water went tumbling over the stones, and where they could find nice shady places under the trees.

Sometimes the shepherds would camp out with the sheep. They would stay out in the fields and watch the sheep all night. Cattle and sheep often like the nighttime for grazing better than the daytime.



*In the Fields One Night*

But I started to tell you about the first Christmas song.

Well, in that land so far away, some shepherds were out in the fields one night, keeping watch over their flock.

All at once they thought it was morning, but it wasn't. It grew light—just as light as day—but it wasn't morning. The light came all at once; and when the shepherds saw the great light, and found that it wasn't morning, they didn't know what to think of it. They didn't know what to do. They were frightened, terribly frightened.

And then they saw somebody. Somebody stood right before them in the great light. It was an angel, and he began to speak to them. He said:

“Don't be afraid! I bring you good news. I come to make you happy. It is Christmas!”

*THE FIRST CHRISTMAS SONG*

And then the shepherds saw more angels. A great crowd of angels stood right before them in the bright light. And then the angels began to sing. These are the words they sang:

“Glory to God in the highest,  
And on earth peace, good will toward men.”

It was the first Christmas song! The angels sang it, and I imagine that the shepherds learned to sing it, too. Every Christmas, nowadays, a great many people sing that song.

Is it not a beautiful song? Don't you think it ought to make the world happy?

## THE FIRST EASTER MORNING

It will soon be Easter, so to-day I'm going to tell you a little Easter story.

It was in a city far away, and it was early in the morning. Three or four good women were going along the street. It was before daylight—it was still dark—and it may be that those good women were afraid; but they went on.

It was Sunday morning, and the women were going to the cemetery. You have seen persons going to the cemetery on Sunday, with flowers, have you not? They put the flowers on the grave of some friend.

Well, those good women had a dear friend who had died. His name was Jesus, and he had been laid in the cemetery two or three days before. They were going to visit his grave. They were carrying spices and perhaps flowers, too.

Now, what do you think? They expected to find it dark at the grave, but it was light. They expected to find the vault locked, but it was open. They thought that the body of their friend would still be there, but it was gone!

## *THE FIRST EASTER MORNING*

At the tomb was an angel. He said to the women “You are looking for Jesus, aren’t you? He is not here.”

Best of all, the angel told the women that Jesus was not dead—that he had risen from the dead.

All this frightened the women very much, but it also made them very happy. They were so glad that their dear friend was alive, and that they should see him again!

And it was not long till they did see him. He came to them and talked with them. He made them all very happy.

Now, that was the first Easter morning. It was the first Sunday morning. It was a morning of joy. Easter Sunday should be a day of joy to all of us.

## THE GIRL WHO HEARD VOICES

Once a girl lived close to a beautiful tree. It was called the Lady's Tree. People thought that good fairies often came to play around that beautiful tree.

The girl's name was Joan. One day when Joan was near the Lady's Tree she heard voices. They seemed to speak to her, and she listened.

It was not many days till Joan heard the voices again. By that time she was pretty certain that the voices were speaking to her. As she listened she heard them tell her to do something—something that was very hard to do. The voices told her to go and drive a big army out of France.

France was Joan's own country. Joan loved France dearly. But thousands of soldiers from another country had been in France for a long time. They had killed and hurt many of Joan's friends. Even Joan's king had scarcely a safe place to live.

But Joan heard the voices say:

“Go! Drive those soldiers out of France! Go! Save your king and put the crown upon his head!”

# The Girl Who Heard Voices



## *HISTORY STORIES FOR PRIMARY GRADES*

When Joan told her father and mother about the voices they laughed at her and scolded her. They said:

“You are dreaming! You did not hear any voices! If you did, they were bad voices.”

But Joan was certain that she did hear voices. And she believed that they were good voices. Whenever she went near the beautiful Lady’s Tree she heard the voices speaking to her.

At last Joan said: “I must obey the voices. They are calling me. They are giving me work that I ought to do.”

And at last her father and mother let her go. She mounted a horse and rode away to the king.

At first the king laughed at Joan, too. And all the king’s men laughed. They said, “How foolish the girl must be!”

But Joan said: “I hear the voices. They speak to me. They say to me that I must drive the enemy out of France and put the crown on the king’s head.”

Joan was so brave and true that the king and his men began to trust her. They said:

“If you will go in front we will follow you. We will go and drive the enemy out of France.”

Then Joan mounted a strong white horse. She took a big white banner in her hand and rode in front of the king’s army. She waved the banner and the men fought bravely.

It was a long, hard fight, but the king’s men won.

*THE GIRL WHO HEARD VOICES*

Joan waved the white banner and led them till they won a great victory.

Then Joan took the young king and led the way to a great church. There in that great church the crown was placed on the young king's head. A wonderful day it was. Everybody said:

“The king is crowned! France is saved! It was a good voice from heaven that Joan heard!”

When Joan saw that the king was crowned she said:

“Now let me go home. Let me go home to my mother and father—to my white sheep and lambs—to the beautiful Lady's Tree!”

But everybody said, “No! No! You must mount the white horse and carry the white banner again. You must lead our men till all the foes of France are driven out.”

The king and his men felt that they could not fight without Joan to carry the white banner and lead them.

But one day when Joan was leading some of the king's men they did not stand by her. They let her fall into the hands of the enemy, who put her to death.

It was a sad day for France when Joan died, but the brave men of France did not forget her. They fought on, day after day, till all the foes were driven out. They remembered the pure white banner and the girl who heard the voices. They said:

“She still leads us!”

## A ROOM FULL OF GOLD

Once, a long time ago, some robbers met the king of Peru. The robbers were led by an old man named Pizarro. Pizarro was very brave, but he was a bad man. He was very cruel and wicked.

The king was a young man, tall and strong; and he, too, was very brave. I think that he was a much better man than Pizarro.

The king had many soldiers, Pizarro had only a few; but Pizarro and his men had guns and horses.

The king of Peru and his people had never seen horses before. They thought that the horses were terrible creatures, and feared them greatly. And when they heard the sound of the guns, and saw the smoke and the fire burst from them, they were frightened more than ever.

Because Pizarro and his men had guns and horses they were able to beat the young king's men and to take the king himself prisoner. Then they shut the poor young king up in a big room.

One day when Pizarro went in to see the king, the king said:

## *A ROOM FULL OF GOLD*

“If you will set me free I’ll give you a room full of gold.”

Then the tall young king stood up beside the wall and put his hand up as far as he could. When he had his hand up as high as he could reach he made a mark on the wall.

“See,” he cried, “I’ll give you this big room full of gold up to that mark if you will set me free.”

He did not know how mean and cunning old Pizarro was.

The gold was just what Pizarro wanted. He knew that Peru was a rich country and that the king had a great deal of gold; so he said:

“All right. You have the room filled with gold up to that mark and I’ll set you free.”

Then the young king was glad. He called his men and sent them out to get the gold. Here and there, far and near, they hurried, asking for gold for the king. All the gold they could find was brought and put into the big room.

It took a long time. One day was not enough, for gold is very heavy and some of it had to be carried for miles and miles. Much of it had to be taken across high mountains, for there are many huge mountains in Peru.

One month was not enough. It took the king’s men two, three, four, five, six months to get enough gold to fill the big room.

But at last the room was full—clear up to the mark

*HISTORY STORIES FOR PRIMARY GRADES*

on the wall that the tall young king had made.

Pizarro and his men laughed and rubbed their hands in glee when they saw so much gold. They had not dreamed that there was so much gold in all Peru.

And now, what do you suppose Pizarro did with the brave young king?

He did not set him free, as he had promised to do, but he kept him in prison and at last put him to death.

For Pizarro was a robber—he was a wicked, cruel man. We could not expect such a man to keep his word. He cared only for the room full of gold.

## BABY VIRGINIA

I am going to tell you about a baby girl named Virginia. She was born long, long ago, on an island.

Do you know what an island is? It is a piece of land with water all around it. There are many islands in the world, some large, some small.

The island on which Baby Virginia lived is nine miles long and three miles wide. It is called Roanoke Island, and it is now a part of the state of North Carolina. It lies on the eastern side of the state, near the ocean.

Baby Virginia's birthday came in the month of August. Her father's name was Ananias—Ananias Dare; so her full name was Virginia Dare. Her mother's name was Eleanor—Eleanor Dare; and her grandfather's name was John—John White.

On Sunday, when Baby Virginia was taken to church the first time, everybody was glad. They were so glad to see a little white baby. She was the first white baby ever born on the island. In fact, she was the first white baby ever born in this country, so far as we know.

There were plenty of brown babies—Indian babies—on the island, but the Indians, too, were glad to see Baby Virginia. That first Sunday, when she was taken

## *HISTORY STORIES FOR PRIMARY GRADES*

to church, some of the Indians were there, too.

After some days Virginia's grandfather got on a ship and sailed away. He said, "I'll not be gone long."

But he was gone a long time. He had to sail clear across the ocean. That took a long time in those days. When he got across the ocean he found a war going on. This war kept him from going back to the island to see Baby Virginia. It was three years before he got back.

When he did get back to the island Baby Virginia was gone. Her father and her mother were gone, too. All the white people were gone.

Nobody knows what became of Baby Virginia. Her grandfather hunted for her a long time, but he could not find her.

Now a great many people live on the island and they often think of little Virginia Dare. And every August, when her birthday comes around, they have a party in her honor and talk about her.

## SQUANTO, THE CORN-PLANTER

Squanto was an Indian. He taught the white people how to plant corn.

When William Bradford and Miles Standish and other white people came to this country they found some corn in a basket. The Indians had grown the corn and had made the basket. But when they saw the white men they were frightened and ran away.

Some of the ears of corn in the basket were yellow, some were red, and some had blue and yellow grains mixed. The white men thought that the ears of corn were very beautiful, but they did not know how to make corn grow.

After a while some of the Indians came back. One of them was Squanto. Squanto could speak some words of English, for he had once been carried on a white man's ship to England. Squanto liked the white men and came to live with them.

And when spring came Squanto taught the white men how to plant corn. He watched the trees in the forest, and when the little green leaves on the oak trees and the hickory trees were about as big as a squirrel's ear he said, "Now is the time to plant corn."

## *HISTORY STORIES FOR PRIMARY GRADES*

He showed the white men how to dig up the ground and how far apart to make the hills. Then he showed them how to drop in the grains of corn and how deep to cover them with earth.

But before Squanto covered the hills of corn he did a curious thing. What do you suppose he did? He caught a fish and put it into a hill of corn. He caught a great many fishes, so as to have one or two for each hill of corn. Then, after he had dropped a fish or two into each hill, with the grains of corn, he covered them with earth.

Squanto put the fish into the hills of corn to make the corn grow fast and to make the stalks grow tall and strong. The Indians often used fish in this way to make their corn grow.

For two or three weeks after the corn was planted men had to watch the cornfields day and night, to keep the wolves away. What do you think the wolves wanted? They wanted the fish. Nowadays farmers sometimes have to watch their cornfields in the daytime to keep the crows away. The crows want the corn. But in the days of Squanto wolves were numerous and they wanted the fish. If they had not been kept away they would have come and dug up fish, corn, and all.

Do not forget Squanto, the corn-planter.

## THANKSGIVING DAY

Do you know how many days it will be till Thanksgiving?

Let us get the calendar and see.

How many of you remember last Thanksgiving Day?

Every year, for many years, the good people of our land have kept Thanksgiving Day. It comes in the month of November, after the corn, the apples, and the pumpkins are gathered, and after the farmers have cut a pile of wood big enough to last all winter.

By that time, too, the boys and girls who live in the country have had a chance to gather shellbarks and walnuts, and the squirrels, out in the woods, have filled the hollow trees with nuts and acorns.

Then everybody feels that God has been very good. He has sent the rain and the sunshine, and has made the corn and the apples and the nuts grow. So we have Thanksgiving Day.

Sometimes a snow comes about Thanksgiving time. Then we ought to remember the little birds, and put out something for them to eat. We ought also to remember poor people and try to make them happy.



*The Feast at Plymouth Town*

Do you know why they had pumpkin pies at the first Thanksgiving, long ago?

It was because they had no apples. So they took the big yellow pumpkins and made pies of them. Now we have had pumpkin pies at Thanksgiving so many times that we do not want to do without them.

The first Thanksgiving was at a place called Plymouth. For almost a year the people there had been very hungry. When autumn came and they had more to eat they felt very thankful. So they had a big thanksgiving feast.

They had pumpkin pies, as I have told you. They also had turkey, because the woods were then full of fat wild turkeys. And they had venison. Do you know what venison is? Venison is deer meat.

The white men shot deer and turkeys with their guns. The Indians shot deer and turkeys with their bows

## THANKSGIVING DAY

and arrows. Then the white men and the Indians feasted together.

What a pity that the white men and the red men were not always good friends, as they were at the first Thanksgiving!

That first Thanksgiving feast at Plymouth lasted three days. But soon people were too busy to take so much time. As far back as I can remember—and much farther, I guess—the Thanksgiving feast has lasted only one day each year.

Now you may listen to a little rhyme. It will help you to remember about that first Thanksgiving at Plymouth.

Night and morn  
Shocks of corn  
Stood 'round Plymouth Town;  
Then a freeze  
Nipped the trees,  
And the nuts came down.

Late that fall  
Indians tall  
Came to Plymouth Town,  
There to eat  
Corn bread sweet  
And turkey roasted brown.

Ready there  
Maidens fair  
Served at Plymouth Town—  
Cakes and pies,  
Bakes and fries,  
And turkey roasted brown!

*HISTORY STORIES FOR PRIMARY GRADES*

All the men  
Quickly then  
To the feast sat down;  
Three whole days  
Thanks and praise  
Rose at Plymouth Town.

## WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Long ago, in a big house beside a big river, lived a man named George Washington. Have you heard your fathers and mothers speak of him? Have you seen his picture? Here is one.



*George Washington*

To-day, near the place where Washington lived, is a beautiful city named Washington.

All over our land to-day the people love Washington. They love him because he was a good man—a great man—and because he did so much to help our country. Every year now, when the month of February comes around, we celebrate Washington's birthday.

How many of you have a birthday in February? Well, even if your birthday does not come in this month remember that Washington was born in February.

## *HISTORY STORIES FOR PRIMARY GRADES*

I told you that Washington lived in a big house beside a big river. That was when he was a man. He was born in another house. The house in which he was born stood beside the same big river, but it was not a large house. It had only four rooms and an attic. At each end was a huge chimney. Inside were wide fireplaces. Don't you imagine that the children had lots of fun in the winter evenings, popping corn in those big fireplaces?

George's father had a long name Augustine. His mother had a short name—Mary. You can all remember that.

When George was three years old the family went to live at another place—in another house. But this house was also beside the big river. It was the place where Washington lived when he was a man. Near it now is the beautiful city, as I told you.

I do not know just when George learned to swim, but it was not long till he was a good swimmer. I judge that his father taught him to swim; or perhaps he was taught by one of his older brothers. He could also run fast, and ride a horse, and wrestle, and climb a tree. He could outrun and outswim and outride and outwrestle all the boys he played with, but they all liked him because he was kind and played fairly. And he always told the truth.

I suppose that George soon learned to catch fish in that big river. I am pretty certain that his brothers had a boat, and they all perhaps got into the boat when they went fishing.

## WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

When George was seven years old his parents moved again. They went to live in another house. This makes three houses, does it not, by the time George was seven? In the first house he was born, and there he lived till he was three years old. In the second house he lived for the next four years or so; then, when he was seven, he went to the third house. I can see him walk in, find a peg or a nail for his hat, and say: "This is my new home."

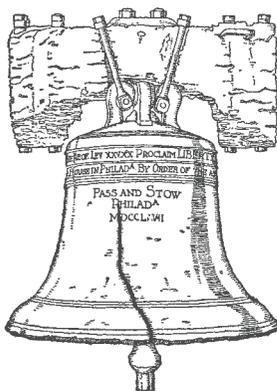
This home was also beside a river. But it was not the same big river he had seen at the other places. It was a much smaller river, but it had a longer name. The big river was the Potomac; the smaller one was the Rappahannock. These are both Indian names; and there were plenty of Indians in the country when George Washington was a little boy.

## A BIG BELL

I am going to tell you about a big bell that I once saw. It is an old, old bell, and it has a long crack in it. Somebody struck it too hard. It is a very famous bell. Nearly every schoolboy, nearly every schoolgirl in this country has heard of it. Some day you may see it.

I had often heard of this bell, and one morning I happened to be in the city where it is kept. I went around to a big brick house and waited at the front door. It was almost nine o'clock.

Just as the clock struck nine the door opened and I walked in. Right in front of me was the big old bell. It is as tall as a man and it is as heavy as a ton of coal. It hangs fast to a strong old piece of wood, but it does not ring any more. It is cracked badly enough now. If it were rung again it might crack still more.



*Liberty Bell*

This old bell is called Liberty Bell. It got that name many years ago when our grandfathers were fighting in a war to win their liberty. In those days it was rung

## A BIG BELL

often. On the bell are some words from the Bible. They say something about liberty too. Old Liberty Bell is very dear to all our people.

Sometimes old Liberty Bell is put on the train and carried to other cities. Once it was taken to Chicago. At another time it was taken to San Francisco—thousands and thousands of miles. Wherever the train would stop great crowds of people would come up and try to get a glimpse of this famous bell.

Sometime, when you are older, I shall tell you more about Liberty Bell.

Now, let us learn this little rhyme:

Liberty Bell, Liberty Bell,  
Once again your story tell;  
One, two, three,  
Ring for me,  
Ring and ring, O Liberty Bell!

Liberty Bell, Liberty Bell,  
I would know your story well;  
One, two, three,  
O'er land and sea,  
Ring and ring, O Liberty Bell!

## NANCY HART'S DINNER

Nancy Hart lived in Georgia, long ago. Her house was a little cabin, away out in the wild woods. She and her children lived in that cabin in the woods, but they were not afraid.

Nancy was tall and strong. She was over six feet in height, and she was stronger than some men. She was also very brave, and she could ride a horse and shoot a gun. She would shoot deer, catch fish, and trap rabbits and other animals. In these ways she got food for herself and her children. I suppose she also had a garden in which she grew corn, potatoes, and maybe some watermelons. You know Georgia is a great place for watermelons.

One day five soldiers came to Nancy Hart's cabin. It was war time, and soldiers were all over the country.

Those five soldiers who came to Nancy Hart's cabin had on red coats. That meant that they were British soldiers. Nancy did not like British soldiers, but she did not tell them so.

She smiled and said, "Come in."

She had a sweet voice.

## NANCY HART'S DINNER

The soldiers came in.

“We want dinner,” they said.

“All right,” replied Nancy, “sit down and rest. I’ll get dinner for you in a jiffy.”

She flew around and soon had dinner on the table. The redcoats were much pleased. “She is our friend,” they thought. They stood their guns up against the wall and sat down to dinner.

Nancy waited on them in fine style. She was here, there, and everywhere, just as polite as she could be. The soldiers thought:

“What a good dinner! What a nice time we are having!”

But the next thing they knew Nancy had hidden their guns! Then she stood in the door and said, “Finish your dinner, gentlemen, you are my prisoners.”

When two of them tried to get away she shot them. Then the other three sat still.

One thing that helped Nancy was the fact that she was cross-eyed. This is what people say; and so they say that the British soldiers couldn’t tell which way she was looking; they couldn’t tell which way she might shoot next time.

Nancy sent word to her neighbors and they came to help her. Not one of the five soldiers got away.

The people of Georgia love Nancy Hart because she was brave and because she did what she could to help her country.

## BETSY ROSS'S NEEDLE

I am going to tell you about Betsy Ross and what she did with her needle.

Betsy Ross was a pretty young woman. Her husband was dead. He had been a soldier and had died in the army.

Mrs. Ross lived in a little house in a big town. The town was Philadelphia. Can you say “Philadelphia”?

Betsy Ross could sew well. She made nice things with her scissors and her needle.

One day three gentlemen called at Betsy Ross's house. One of those gentlemen was General George Washington. Those gentlemen wanted Mrs. Ross to make a flag—a nice, new flag, with stars and stripes on it.

General Washington told Mrs. Ross what he thought would make a nice flag. He showed her what kind of stars he would make.

The stars he made had six points. Mrs. Ross said:

“General, stars do not have six points—they have only five points.”

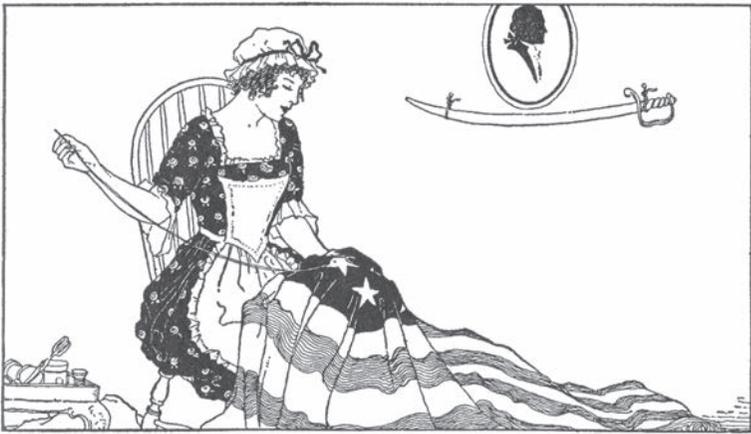
With her sharp scissors Mrs. Ross clipped out a star with five points.

## BETSY ROSS'S NEEDLE

When General Washington saw it he said:

“You are right, madam; make the stars with five points.”

After the gentlemen left Mrs. Ross worked fast on the new flag. She put on it long stripes of white and red. In one corner she sewed on a big square of blue, and on the square of blue she sewed thirteen white stars. Each of the white stars had five points.



*Mrs. Ross and the Flag*

When General Washington and the other gentlemen saw the new flag they were very much pleased with it. They said that it was a fine flag and that Mrs. Ross was a good hand at making flags.

Betsy Ross had no sewing machine (nobody had sewing machines in those days), but she made her fingers fly. Her needle seemed to dance merrily on the red and the white and the blue.

*HISTORY STORIES FOR PRIMARY GRADES*

Mrs. Ross made many other flags, just like the first one. Our flags to-day are very much like those she made.

The red in the flag means that our people should be brave; the white means that they should be good; and the blue means that they should be true.

With needle and with thread,  
She sewed the stripes of red;  
She made them fit just right  
Beside the stripes of white.

She made a square of blue,  
Because good men are true;  
She made the stars of white,  
Because they give us light.

## A WHITE HORSE

You have all seen white horses, I suppose, but I am going to tell you about a white horse that was very famous. He became famous because he belonged to a famous man. Some day you will read about him in the history books for yourselves.

This white horse had a long name. He was called Traveler. I suppose he was given this name because he could get over the ground in a hurry.

This famous white horse, Traveler, belonged to General Robert Lee. General Lee rode him during the war between the Blue and the Gray, and all the soldiers in gray knew Traveler almost as well as they knew General Lee.

They called General Lee “Marse Robert”; and whenever “Marse Robert” would get on Traveler and ride along the road all the soldiers would wave their hats and cheer. Traveler became so used to this sort of thing that he did not mind it much. I suspect that “Marse Robert” minded it more than Traveler did.

At last the war was over, and General Lee went to Lexington to teach school. This Lexington is in

*HISTORY STORIES FOR PRIMARY GRADES*

Rockbridge County, Virginia; and the school to which General Lee went is now a big college.

In those days there was no railroad to Lexington, so you may guess how the General went there.

He rode on Traveler.

As he went along the road, mile after mile, he would now and then meet one of his old soldiers. The man would look first at the white horse; then he would look at the gray-bearded rider. Then he would take off his hat. He was so glad to see "Marse Robert" and Traveler once more!

At last General Lee reached Lexington. There he and Traveler both lived after that, and there they both died.

# PLANTING A TREE

(For Arbor Day)

Once a great man went on a long, long journey. He went clear around the world! When he was about halfway around he planted a tree. I am going to tell you about that tree.

But you don't know who the great man was, do you? I must tell you his name first.

His name was Grant. Most people call him General Grant. He was a general and he was also President of the United States for eight years.

It was after General Grant had been President that he made his long trip around the world. He was away three years on that trip. Because he was such a famous man everybody was glad to see him and wanted to shake hands with him. So it took him a long time to get around.

He went from place to place, from one country to another. When he was about halfway around the world he came to a country called Japan. It was in Japan that he planted the tree that I am telling you about.

## *HISTORY STORIES FOR PRIMARY GRADES*

The people of Japan love trees. They love cherry trees best, and they plant a great many cherry trees. In the spring of the year all the cherry trees are white with blossoms and are very beautiful.

I do not know whether it was a cherry tree that General Grant planted in Japan but he planted a tree of some kind and it is still growing there to-day.

It is in a beautiful park, with many other trees. The park is in a large city. The people of the city take good care of the tree, and when somebody from our country goes there on a visit they take him out to the park and say:

“This is the tree that General Grant planted.”

They also put pictures of the tree on post cards and sell them to visitors. Once in a while somebody who is traveling around the world now buys one of these cards and sends it to a friend in America.

Every spring we have a day called Arbor Day. Arbor Day is Tree Day. On Arbor Day we plant trees. To-day is Arbor Day, and we are going to plant a tree.

Let us plant a tree whenever we can. Trees make the world beautiful; they make people happy.

There's a pretty tree,  
So far across the sea,  
    Growing there,  
    Strong and fair,  
Far across the sea.

*PLANTING A TREE*

Would you like to see  
How quick the General's tree  
Grows a span,  
In Japan,  
Far across the sea?

Let us plant a tree;  
'Twill grow for you and me  
In the sun,  
Like the one  
Far across the sea!

Let us go now and plant our tree; but do not forget  
the little story about General Grant and the tree he  
planted on the other side of the world.

## YELLOW KING CORN

Let us talk to-day about King Corn. We call him Yellow King Corn; but sometimes King Corn is white, and once in a while he is red.

How many of you have seen an ear of white corn? How many have seen a red ear?

Long ago when the white people came to this country they found King Corn among the Indians. The Indians were growing corn. They taught the white men how to do it, and soon the white men were growing corn, too.

Then the white men carried King Corn across the sea. Now King Corn is found in many, many lands.

The Indians told a story about King Corn. This is the story.

Once an Indian boy went out into the forest. He went into the forest to fast and to live alone. He built a little wigwam and painted his face black. Then he lay down in the wigwam to rest, for he was very tired.

As he lay in the wigwam he gazed up at the blue sky. All the time he was praying to the Master of Life. He prayed not for himself, but for his people. He said:

# Yellow King Corn



*HISTORY STORIES FOR PRIMARY GRADES*

“O Master of Life, send me a gift for my people!  
O Master of Life, send me a gift for my people!”

Then the Indian boy saw some one coming. It was a young man, a beautiful young man. He came down from heaven. He wore a green coat and he had green plumes on his head.

The young man said to the Indian boy, “You must wrestle with me. You must wrestle with me and throw me on the ground. This is the only way you can get a gift for your people.”

The Indian boy was weak and faint, but he wanted a gift for his people. So he got up and began to wrestle with the beautiful young man.

They wrestled and they wrestled, but neither one could throw the other. After a while the beautiful young man went away, but he said, “I’ll come back to-morrow.”

When he returned the next day he and the Indian boy wrestled again. They wrestled and they wrestled, but neither one could throw the other.

On the third day it was the same way; but when the beautiful young man went away on the third day he said to the Indian boy:

“To-morrow you will throw me and win a gift for your people.”

And sure enough it was so. On the fourth day the Indian boy wrestled again with the beautiful young man and threw him.

After the Indian boy had thrown the young man on

## *YELLOW KING CORN*

the ground he stripped off the young man's beautiful, green coat. Then he buried him in the soft, fresh ground.

Once in a while the Indian boy went back to the place where he had buried the beautiful young man, to pull up the grass and weeds and keep them from growing on the grave.

It was not long till the Indian boy saw the young man's green plumes waving over the grave. When autumn came the place was covered with tall stalks of corn, and on the stalks were big yellow ears.

Then the Indian boy was happy and took the corn home. He gave it to his people. It was the gift for which he had prayed to the Master of Life.

This is the story of King Corn that the Indians told.

King Corn is very useful. He helps man and beast in more than a hundred different ways.

Corn, as you know, is good for making cakes and bread. Hominy is also made from corn. The Indians used to make hominy. The stalks and leaves of corn make good food for cattle and sheep. Some parts of corn stalks are used for making paper. Corn cobs are good for fuel. Corn husks are fine for making rugs and baskets.

And we must not forget popcorn balls! The inside of the popcorn grains is snowy white. When the grains pop they turn inside out and look like flakes of snow. Then when we stick them together the balls look like snowballs. But they are better to eat than snowballs.

*HISTORY STORIES FOR PRIMARY GRADES*

We could hardly get along without King Corn, could we? We think of him a great deal at Thanksgiving time.

## WHITE KING COTTON

To-day I am going to talk with you about King Cotton; but first I shall tell you a little story about a young man who had wheels in his head.

This young man's name was Samuel, and he lived in England at first. His full name was Samuel Slater.

Samuel Slater worked in a cotton mill. He saw the wheels go round every day; he heard the big machines buzz and rattle. He saw the long white threads come out, and he saw the threads woven into strong white cloth.

And Samuel Slater not only saw and heard; he also took hold and helped. As I said, he worked in a cotton mill.

And there was something else that he did: he thought in a cotton mill. All that noise and bustle couldn't keep him from thinking. The cotton mill was his lesson. He studied the cotton mill every day, and he learned his lesson.

One day Samuel Slater heard a piece of news that caused him to open his eyes. It had come across the sea—it was a piece of news from this country, from America, this land of ours.

## *HISTORY STORIES FOR PRIMARY GRADES*

And this is the bit of news that Samuel Slater heard:

“The people in America want a new cotton mill. They want a cotton mill like the mills in England.”

What do you think Samuel Slater said? He said: “I’m going to America and build a cotton mill.”

And that is just what he did. He got on a ship, came over to this country, and built a new cotton mill like the ones in England.

But the king of England would not let anybody carry cotton machines out of England. He would not even allow a picture of a cotton machine to be carried out.

So Samuel Slater had to go to work, when he got over here, and make his own machines. He had no pictures to look at—he had no books to read. The king of England wouldn’t let him bring any.

So he just made the machines from memory. He built the whole mill from the pictures in his mind. This is the reason why I spoke of him as having wheels in his head.

In England he had studied while he worked. The mill was his lesson. He had learned his lesson. Then he was able to come over here and build a mill from memory.

Samuel Slater made a great deal of money. He also helped our people to have plenty of cotton goods. And he helped to make cotton king.

Cotton grows in many parts of the world, but more

## WHITE KING COTTON

grows in our country than anywhere else. In the South, where the sun shines warm, cotton grows best. King Cotton likes a warm day.

A big cotton field in bloom is very beautiful. The green buds burst open white. The branches of the plants are full of buds and are close together. Then the field of cotton looks like a forest of little trees covered with snow. But when the sun shines this snow doesn't melt. King Cotton loves a warm day.

Men and women, boys and girls, then go into the cotton field with large bags and baskets. They pick off the white bunches of cotton and carry them away. Then the seeds are taken out and the white cotton is tied up in big bundles called bales.

Next the bales are put on the cars or on a ship and taken to a mill, or factory. There the cotton is spun into threads and the threads are woven into cloth. Much of our nice soft clothing is made of cotton.

Some day I'll tell you about Eli Whitney. He was another young man who had wheels in his head. He also helped to make cotton king.

Here is an old rhyme about King Cotton:

Old Cotton will pleasantly reign  
When other kings painfully fall,  
And ever and ever remain  
The mightiest monarch of all.

## BLACK KING COAL

Long, long ago King Coal stuffed a lot of sunshine into his pocket and hid in some deep, dark caves.

King Coal was not black in those days, but he stayed in the deep, dark caves so long that he turned black—just as black as a crow.

And the sunshine was in the dark so long that it forgot how to smile! All its pretty smiles turned into black pictures, and it grew as black and ugly as old King Coal.

Then King Coal waited to see what would happen. He was down in the caves so deep he didn't think that anybody could find him. And every year he went down a little deeper.

“Now, then,” whispered old King Coal, “I'm pretty safe. Nobody can find me away down here in the dark!”

But somebody did find him. One day some men with picks and shovels went to one of his caves and dug him out. I mean, they dug out a piece of him. Maybe it was just one of his toes, or the tip of his nose, or a button off of his old black coat. King Coal is so big that it takes no end of work to dig him out—all of him—and the job is not finished yet.

## *BLACK KING COAL*

For a long time King Coal wouldn't tell what he had done with the sunshine. He wouldn't say a word—he wouldn't do a thing.

But at last somebody said: "Let's warm him up! Maybe he'll do something or say something when he gets warm."

So they put King Coal in the fire to warm him up. And sure enough! as he grew warmer and warmer, and hotter and hotter, he began to do the most wonderful things!

He began to make the water boil. He made the whole house warm. He heated iron for the blacksmith, and made steam for the engine on the railroad. He began to push big ships up the rivers and across the ocean; and in a little while he was making all the wheels in a factory go buzz! buzz! buzz!

King Coal became so useful to everybody that people learned to like him, even though he was black and dirty; even though he had stolen the sunshine.

And now—this is the most wonderful part of my story—when King Coal got red-hot he told what he had done with the sunshine. He just couldn't help it, I guess; for when he grew red-hot the sunshine jumped out of his pocket and smiled at everybody in the room!

And everybody was so glad that the sunshine had found its smile again.

Now King Coal is everybody's good friend. He is black and dirty and greasy—he just can't help it—he was down in the deep, dark caves so long; but everybody

*HISTORY STORIES FOR PRIMARY GRADES*

is glad to see him and everybody is glad to have him around.

And every time that King Coal gets red-hot the sunshine jumps out of his pocket and smiles. In fact, a good many people watch the coal fire just to see whether King Coal himself doesn't smile.

## STRONG KING IRON

Have you ever seen a man chop down a tree? A wood-chopper has a long, smooth stick, and on the end of it is a sharp steel ax.

When men first began to chop down trees, long ago, they used stone axes. Stone axes were very dull; so it took a long time to cut down a tree with a stone ax.

After a while people began to make axes and knives of copper. The copper knives and axes were better than the stone ones, but still they were not very good.

Then somebody found some iron and made an ax of iron. It was much better than the axes of stone and of copper. Finally, somebody else learned how to make the iron very hard. This hard iron was called steel. Then the axes of steel cut best of all.

Every ax you see nowadays is made of this hard iron, called steel. It does not take long to cut down a tree with a sharp steel ax.

Iron is used for so many things that we could hardly get along without it. Did you ever have a pair of roller-skates? They were made largely of iron. Did you ever ride in an automobile? Automobiles are made chiefly of iron.

## *HISTORY STORIES FOR PRIMARY GRADES*

The range in the kitchen, the furnace in the cellar, the weights in the windows, the nails in the floor, are all made of iron. Even ships that cross the sea, cars on the railroad, and flying machines that shoot through the air are made largely of iron.

Do you not think that we may call iron king? And because iron is so strong, do you not think we may call him Strong King Iron?

Strong King Iron reaches his arms across wide rivers and makes bridges for us. He stands up in the sky and holds up our tallest and heaviest buildings. He rolls himself up into a big cannon and shoots twenty miles. Now he hides in your coat as a needle or a pin and sticks your finger. He stretches himself out on the railroad track and carries all the trolley cars and trains. He hangs himself up on the telegraph and telephone poles and carries our messages around the world.

He is every carpenter's saw, every blacksmith's hammer, every farmer's plow, every miner's pick, every gardener's hoe, every soldier's sword, every lady's needle, and every boy's knife.

King Iron is very old. Perhaps this is the reason that he is gray. But he has not always been king. As I told you, people had to use stone and copper for a long time because they did not know King Iron.

But iron has been king for many, many years. In times of peace he makes the world happy; in times of war he makes it very sad. But all the time the world goes much faster than it did before iron became king; for King Iron has put the world on wheels.

## HEAVY KING GOLD

Come and hear this little story about Heavy King Gold.

Iron is strong and heavy, and lead is heavier than iron. Do you know how heavy lead is? But gold is heavier than iron; gold is heavier than lead; so we call gold "Heavy King Gold."

Perhaps you wonder how there can be so many kings. We have talked about Yellow King Corn, about White King Cotton, about Black King Coal, about Strong King Iron; and now we are talking about Heavy King Gold.

Well, there always have been many kings in the world. One king rules here, another king rules there, and other kings rule in other places.

So it is with these kings of whom we speak. King Corn rules on the farms; King Cotton rules in the factories; King Coal rules in the furnaces; King Iron rules in the shops; and King Gold rules in the banks.

One day a man in California was digging a big ditch. It was at a sawmill, and he was digging the ditch to carry water away from the sawmill. Many sawmills are run by water power; and the big ditch that carries the water is called a race.

## *HISTORY STORIES FOR PRIMARY GRADES*

This man, when the race was dug, stood by it watching the water run through. The water was clear and he could see the sand and pebbles at the bottom of the race.

All at once the man saw something bright and shining among the pebbles. He got down into the race, put his hand into the water, and took up the shining thing. It was about as big as a pea, and it was heavy! It wasn't clay, it wasn't copper, and it wasn't silver. The man thought it might be gold, but he wasn't certain. He knew that not everything is gold that glitters.

He took the heavy shining thing and laid it on a stone. Then he took another stone and pounded it. The heavy shining thing did not break. It was soft and it flattened out as he hammered it.

By this time the man could hardly stand still. He was excited. He looked into the water and found some more heavy shining things. "Can this be gold?" he said to himself. Then he was excited more than ever. He put some of the heavy shining things into his pocket, jumped on his horse, and rode forty miles. He wanted to find out what he had. If he had found gold he wanted to know it; for it is a great thing to find gold.

Sure enough, the heavy shining things were gold. The man jumped on his horse again, rode back forty miles to the sawmill, and began to dig. In a few days men were digging all around that sawmill as fast as they could. They all wanted gold. Gold was king.

It was not long till people were going to California from all directions. They had heard that gold was there.

*HEAVY KING GOLD*

Gold was king. King Gold was calling them.

And this is the story of King Gold all over the world. Wherever King Gold is thought to be, there men run to find him. He weighs heavier and he calls louder than any of the other kings. He has his throne in the banks—the banks are his palaces—but he is a king everywhere.