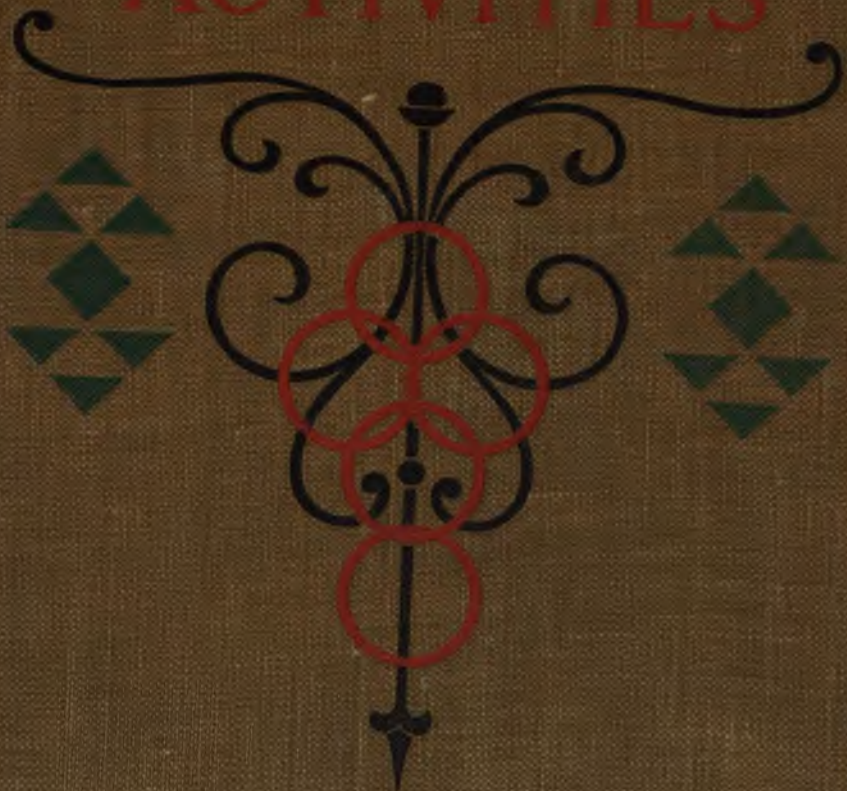
KINDERGARTEN ACTIVITIES



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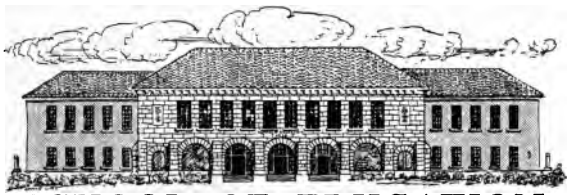

KINDERGARTEN ACTIVITIES

BY

KATHARINE BEEBE

AUTHOR OF

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"Home Occupations for Little Children"
Etc.

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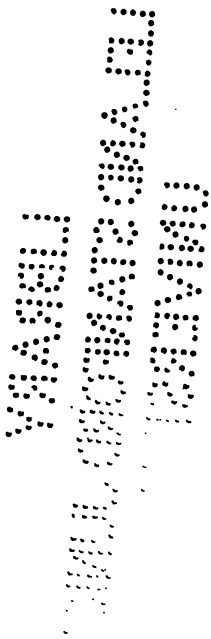

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Introduction

IN a recent examination given to kindergartners, one of the questions asked was: *"What activities, outside of the use of the Gifts and Occupations, do you find of value in the kindergarten?"* With a few exceptions, this question was very insufficiently answered. "Music, marching, songs, and games," was the most frequent response. This seems strange, in view of the fact that kindergartners have been constantly improving their methods and giving to each other the results of accumulated experience. Every director, out of her own originality and inventiveness (powers which Froebel's system is bound to develop in her as well as in the children), has, during her time of service, been adding to her store of tried and proven kindergarten

activities. These have been passed on to assistants and volunteers, and by them to other directors, until every graduate has, or should have, at her disposal, in addition to her training in the use of the Gifts and Occupations, a very wealth of resource.

In each monthly meeting of the Chicago Kindergarten Club some few years ago, ten or a dozen members, who were dealing with some practical aspect of the kindergarten work, gave to the club the help of their experiences, methods, and resources. None of us felt that we could afford to miss a single one of those meetings. No one could come away from them without having added treasure to her store. All gave gladly and all received thankfully.

The same process, on a smaller scale, takes place in Evanston, Illinois, where every fourth Friday the directors and assistants of the public kindergartens meet to go over in detail the work of the coming month. The subjects for consideration are agreed upon when the outline of the year's work is given. At each meeting every one present, from the supervisor down to the newest assistant, gives whatever she has on the subjects to be

studied, used, or touched upon. The result is a delightful morning of the freest possible discussion, and a wealth of material from which the programs of the different groups are made out. This includes music, songs, stories, talks, experiences, games, Gifts, Occupations, and *miscellaneous activities.*

As a grateful acknowledgment of the gifts of this sort which the public kindergartners of Evanston have received from others, we desire to extend to our fellow-workers some of our accumulated results. That is, we want to put at their disposal those things which we have tried and found good, outside of our work with the Gifts and Occupations. We must not be understood as disparaging the technical kindergarten material, however; for we flatter ourselves that we occupy the safe middle ground in these days when some of our confrères are asking for the practical discontinuance of the Gifts and Occupations, while others contend that only these should be used by the true disciple of Froebel. We use both Gifts and Occupations throughout the year, finding in them for the children the development claimed by Froebel; but we also find what

seems to us as real a development through work with other material, work which is to the child life itself, and which helps to make the kindergarten a natural, healthful, child's world.

We shall not try to tell how we do these things, but only what other things we do,—knowing that the average kindergartner's training and inventiveness will help her to ways, means, and details.

CHAPTER I.

BEFORE SCHOOL.

WE SAY "before school" in our kindergartens because they are a part of the schools whose names they bear. We have the children for one year only, from five to six years of age, and so feel that we must in every way economize and use to the best advantage the time at our disposal, which is entirely too brief for all we want to do. Ostensibly kindergarten opens at nine o'clock. Really it begins at twenty minutes of nine, when the big doors are opened and the children are allowed to come in. We regard this twenty minutes as one of the best "periods" of our day, for our work is so thoroughly and carefully prepared beforehand that when the children come flocking in we are as truly theirs as we are after the nine o'clock bell rings.

We get very near them in this "before school" time. We become really acquainted with the shy ones; we wash, brush, tie, and pin up the disheveled ones; and we play with the riotous ones, helping them thereby to keep within bounds. Each of us makes a nucleus of herself, so to speak, every teacher being the center of a group which is drawn to her by a very natural process of human gravitation. We add to our attractiveness in as many ways as we may, and some of these ways I shall try to set forth, hoping that they may prove suggestive, at least to younger kindergartners and to those who are far away or isolated from the centers of kindergarten thought and inspiration.

First there is our doll, the beloved Daisy Ellen, who appeared in one of our kindergartens many years ago and became an immediate favorite on account of her unbreakable head and soft huggable body. She was young then, only a year old, and had to take naps in her hammock while we worked. In May of her second year she was fitted out with a coat and bonnet, and a satchel just large enough to hold her nightgown, so that

she might make a round of visits among her friends and admirers. Every noon, for weeks, she bobbed gayly down the street with some ecstatic host or hostess. In fact, she was entertained so enthusiastically and constantly that when the last of June came she was almost in shreds.

After the kindergarten had closed for the year, she was allowed to go to California with one of the children who loved her, in the hope that she might at least last for the child's diversion until the journey's end. Whether she did or not we never heard; but when the kindergarten opened in the autumn, immediate and pressing were the inquiries for Daisy Ellen. Searching questions were asked by visiting "First-Graders," and over and over again in response to the statement that she had gone to California for her health, came the persistent wail: "But *when* is she coming back?"

We straightway took counsel together and decided to get one of the printed dolls just then beginning to be advertised, and invest her with Daisy Ellen's memory and many virtues. Old friends found the new Daisy

Ellen just as good to squeeze as her predecessor had been, and the new children soon learned not only to love her but to admire her exemplary conduct and to respect her knowledge of kindergarten lore.

Daisy Ellen is a regular attendant on the morning circle and her gestures are always energetic and appropriate. To be sure she is apt to be careless during the prayer, but a friendly hand often shoots out to the back of her head and holds her kindly but firmly in a devotional attitude.

She no longer takes naps in the hammock. The kindergarten carpenters have made her a chair, and also a table which is marked off in inch squares; and she does her work with the rest. She has a sled, too, made of a starch box, in which the children draw her and in which she coasts in the "before school" time. At the present writing she is having a bedstead made out of the tray of an old trunk. The tray stands on four stout legs and is embellished by a graceful headboard made of a box cover. You need not laugh! It is all even and straight; and after the whole is painted a cheerful green it is

going to look very well indeed. After the bedstead is finished, we shall make a mattress, pillow, sheets, blanket, and patchwork quilt. Next year we are going to make her a wardrobe, with a door which will open and shut on leather hinges. There will be a shelf and dress hooks inside, and this wardrobe, too, will be painted green.

Daisy Ellen is a simply dressed child. She wears a long-sleeved gingham apron over a red and black plaid dress. She is not harassed by floppy bonnets, scratchy bows, clumsy sleeves, and big collars. She does not have to be cautioned every five minutes not to soil her clothes—although, of course, she is expected to be reasonable. She wears real stockings, and shoes which were bought at Mr. Michael Kelly's shoe shop. Mr. Kelly had a little boy in the kindergarten at the time of the purchase and therefore was much pleased when the whole troop of children accompanied Daisy Ellen to his shop, and breathlessly watched the fitting. The shoes were bought with money taken from the kindergarten bank, which this year was

opened again that the dear child might have a pair of rubbers.

She has had a birthday party and a Christmas tree. She has gone on every visit and excursion undertaken by the kindergarten for the last six years. She occasionally spends a morning in the First Grade room and once in a while goes to visit the sick. She has a number of cousins who closely resemble her, for in this particular school district many small maidens have besought Santa Claus to bring them a doll "just like dear Daisy Ellen!"

Over and over again it happens that a child who finishes his work before the others asks to go and "visit with Daisy Ellen"; and it is a common sight to see the two gravely looking at a picture book or playing blocks together.

So in the "before school" time the first cry is for Daisy Ellen; and happy is the early bird who gets the coveted worm. It is etiquette among us, however, to let some one else hold her at circle time, if we had her before school; and when we want to be particularly nice to a friend, neighbor, or visitor,

we surrender her for a time to other welcoming arms. Many dolls come to visit her. These are welcomed, admired, and appreciated by teachers who really have some idea of how to play with dolls.

In another of our kindergartens is a cousin of Daisy Ellen's whose name is Jimmy. He is only a baby in long clothes as yet; but when he is two years old he will wear Russian blouses, and, later, go into trousers. He has a lovely afghan made of many pieces of "truly weaving" sewed together.

In a third kindergarten is a doll named Jerushy. She is not as generally popular as Daisy Ellen, but is dearly beloved in certain Italian and African circles which she frequently adorns with her presence. She seems especially adapted to settlement work, but will probably extend her sphere of influence in time.

It is during the "before school" period that toys brought by the children who wish to share their pleasures and treasures with their mates are enjoyed. Instead of being placed in the middle of the circle and per-

functorily noticed after nine o'clock, they are examined, sympathetically appreciated, and played with. We have had no end of fun with various mechanical toys, for these give great joy to the poorer children whose own playthings are of the cheapest. The proud owner greatly enjoys this added "something to do" with a possession which soon reaches its limitations if played with alone. Especially do we welcome toy animals—dogs, cats, horses, cows, and woolly sheep; and, letting the kindergarten imagination play around them, we are often able to send them home with an added value, making them for their owners more what they should be—centers for widening circles of imaginative plays, points of departure rather than accomplished ends.

To one of our kindergartens a friend has given beautiful sets of toy animals with which we have had so many delightful plays that we find ourselves wishing for a further endowment of toys. We hope little by little to accumulate an outfit for educational use of housekeeping implements, such as pails, brooms, dusters, brushes, dishes, tubs, irons,

and a stove. We also want a large wagon, carpenters' tools, garden tools, and wheelbarrows, all of which we have faith to believe will be ours in time. The dolls' belongings we prefer to make, as well as other toys of which we shall speak later.

We have a set of ragged story books on which frequent hands are laid and we are often besought to "read this one." So again and again we read the dear old tales and verses to children who have them at home and never tire of them, as well as to children who only get them from us. This does not in any way take the place of the regular story telling; it is only doing in a very simple old-fashioned way what mothers do, would like to do, or should do, at home.

We have found this twenty minutes the most profitable time for examining together, in less formal fashion than is possible in the circle, the many outdoor treasures, specimens, and curiosities brought in. Without any restrictions, except an occasional caution in regard to polite consideration, we can crowd together to see, taste, touch, or handle our seed pods, birds' nests, wasp and hornet

homes, leaves, nuts, grains, evergreens, stones, twigs, and flowers, frogs' eggs, and tadpoles. We can take in our hands the bits of wool and cotton, the tiny loom, the woven cloth, the spinning wheel, and the other objects which are loaned to us from time to time.

It is before school that we make our maple syrup, and churn our butter; that we most comfortably thresh our grain, do our milling, and bake our whole-wheat cakes, for while the one necessarily small group actually employed is at work, and the limited number of possible spectators absorbedly looking on, the other children can have the freedom of the black-board, sand table, picture books, and other attractions while waiting their turn.

Sometimes we make an "object picture" on a table or window sill, using such material as the kindergarten affords, supplemented by suggested loans from interested participants. We evolve kitchens, dining-rooms, bedrooms, and parlors, barnyards, stables, sheepfolds, pastures, and camps. Sometimes we erect a telegraph line or oper-

ate a telephone system. We have all sorts of blocks which at opportune times are conveniently placed for free building. At other times there are tools and bits of soft wood for spontaneous carpentry.

Pets are often brought in, and we have, in our time, entertained dogs, cats, pigeons, rabbits, and white rats. Once we had homing pigeons sent to us from a distance, and we had the exciting pleasure of setting them free at nine o'clock exactly, and receiving word from the owner the next day regarding the moment of arrival at the home cote. For many reasons these brief visits from our animal friends have been more satisfactory than our attempts at keeping pets, although we have raised young canaries and had doves, fish, turtles, and cats of our own. These, of course, must be fed and cared for. We also look out for the sparrows during the winter and feed certain pigeons that have learned to look to us for frequent treats.

Then we have housework to do. We wash every Monday and iron every Tuesday during the first weeks of kindergarten, and later

at longer intervals—European fashion. Our kindergarten handkerchiefs, our paste cloths, paint cloths, and cleaning cloths, we can in this way care for ourselves. There is much dusting, sweeping, and cleaning which small hands can do and do well. An equipment of overalls, aprons, and sweeping cap adds much to the interest of these occupations. We have, moreover, our plants to care for, the dressing rooms to keep in order, and, in the spring, our outdoor garden work.

Now we should find it impossible to do all of these, to us desirable things in addition to our regular work on the circles and at the tables, if we did not do them between half past eight and nine o'clock. We have found it not at all impossible so to arrange our time that we are free to do this "before school" work and, looking back over the results, we are more than convinced that it has paid us for our extra effort. Of course, we do not have all the children every morning. Some few early birds are always on hand, but the others vary in attendance according to home exigencies. But any particularly desirable activity is kept up long enough to

give every one a chance, and the very fact that these morning groups are small and fluctuating gives us all the better opportunity for carrying on the various plays and experiences which I have tried to describe.

CHAPTER II.

CALENDARS.

THE kindergarten calendar is always a source of interest to the children, and goes far toward making their very indefinite notions of time more definite. They learn the days of the week, the months of the year, and learn to realize with more or less completeness the interval of time which must elapse between a present day and a future event by means of the symbols which are added to the calendar daily. "How long before Christmas?" asks little Mary. "Three weeks," is the answer perhaps. This does not convey any very clear impression; but when we show her twenty stars and add that after we have pasted these on the calendar it will be the day before Christmas, Mary begins to understand.

Our calendars vary from month to month and year to year as different ideas and inspirations seize us. For a September calendar one of the teachers cut silhouette pictures of——

The mother so kind and dear,
The father so full of cheer,
The brother so strong and tall,
The sister who plays with her doll,
And the baby, the pet of all,

and pasted them on a gray background. The symbols added from day to day were the implements of the father's trade, the mother's household utensils and the children's toys; and these were placed in the squared spaces prepared below the picture.

One October calendar consisted of a large sheet of gray cardboard on which were pasted, every day, leaves which had previously been gathered and pressed. At the end of the month it was a very pretty chart of the leaves of the neighborhood.

For November we had once a little pasteboard storehouse with large doors which were fastened together by a hasp. Inside were squared calendar spaces and in these

we pasted fruits and vegetables until our harvest was all in.

A January device was a water-color picture of the tree top visible from the kindergarten window. On the tree top was represented a Christmas sheaf,—the whole being painted against a blue sky. For each day in January we pasted a bird on or near the sheaf so that when the month was over there was a large flock of them enjoying the oats. We used birds again in April, representing them then in flight, on their return from the South, and against a cloudy sky.

During March we sometimes substitute "the picture of the day" for the regular calendar. Some one draws a picture every morning so that by the end of the month we can see just what progress the spring has made. The first pictures are apt to be snow-covered landscapes; often there is a snow-storm; then little by little the brown earth appears, the geese fly, a few birds come back, rain falls, the wind blows, the willow trees grow yellow, and here and there is a bit of green.

Some of us prepare our calendars in ad-

vance, making them in orthodox fashion, with an appropriate picture for the upper part, and with the lower part marked off in squares where parquetry circles, etc., may be placed. Sometimes we get our pictures from various sources, sometimes we make them ourselves, and at other times we have them made, artistic friends often coming to our assistance.

We have tried the round calendar with its symbolic picture in the center and the months, weeks, and days indicated by other circles, but for many reasons we find a monthly calendar more satisfactory. The children notice and care about it as they never do for that more symbolic embodiment of the idea of unity—the round calendar. The month's finished calendar is usually given to some child whose birthday has fallen within the month, and it frequently becomes a much prized ornament in the home.

The hanging of the new calendar is an appropriate and interesting welcome to the new month, and the pictures are so suggestive as to add greatly to our store of inci-

dentally acquired songs and verses. For instance, we learned the classic "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," while completing our December calendar, and "Sleep, baby, sleep," in both English and German as well. While the chosen child is pasting on the day's symbol there is plenty of time for the other children to repeat the days and the months, and to recite the suggested song or story. This done every day for twenty days, more or less, results in the children's learning these things without any apparent strain.

Several lists of subjects are here given which we have found suggestive in planning our calendars.

OUTDOOR SCENES FOR A CALENDAR.
WATER COLOR SKETCHES.

Sept.	Going to School.
Oct.	In the Woods.
Nov.	Going to Market.
Dec.	Buying a Tree.
Jan.	A Snowstorm.
Feb.	Skating.
Mar.	March Wind.
Apr.	April Showers.

May May flowers.
June Strawberrying..

Indoor Scenes.

Water-Color Sketches.

Sept. Our Baby.
Oct. Popping Corn.
Nov. Thanksgiving.
Dec. Christmas.
Jan. Toys.
Feb. Valentines.
Mar. Story-time.
Apr. Watching the Rain.
May Housecleaning.
June Packing up.

A Nature Calendar.

Suggested by Songs.

Sept. The Brown Birds are Flying.
Oct. Pretty Brother Johnny. (Orchard.)
Nov. Summer is Gone.
Dec. There's a Wonderful Tree.
Jan. Little White Feathers.
Feb. Oh, Wind, a Blowing all Night Long.
Mar. To the Great Brown House.
Apr. Pretty Little Dandelion.
May All the Birds Have Come Again.
June The Song of the Bee.

An Apple Tree Calendar.

Sept. Tree full of apples.
Oct. Tree with leaves turning yellow.

Nov.	Tree with leaves falling.
Dec.	Tree with bare branches. Christmas sheaf.
Jan.	Tree with snow and snow birds.
Feb.	Tree in snowstorm.
Mar.	Tree bare.
Apr.	Tree in bud. Birds nesting.
May	Tree in blossom.
June	Tree in full leaf.

CHAPTER III.

MUSIC.

IT IS not necessary to recapitulate here any of the theories of the twentieth century kindergartner regarding the quality of the music to be used for and with young children, or the proper methods of its presentation. We simply want to pass on to any who may be interested some few of the musical ideas of the present day which we have tried and found good.

Of course we use all of the accepted song books, but we find that we draw most frequently from those of Eleanor Smith, Mrs. Gaynor, and Carl Reinecke. In instrumental music, those of us whose technical attainments are of the simplest have found great help in the Katherine Montz book; while those who have been more fortunately and carefully instructed revel in the collec-

tions of Clara Anderson, the two Morans, Marie Ruef Hofer, and others of the same sort. The five simple melodies by Mrs. Crosby Adams which begin with "What the Bells Say" have long been a boon to many of us. They are so simple and expressive as to make delightful "quiet music," and the touch of fitness which we are enabled to enjoy in using "What the Bells Say" at Christmas time, "Singing and Swinging" during bird time, and "The Rocking Chair" and "A Lullaby" during the first weeks when we are emphasizing the connection between home and kindergarten, is only equaled by our satisfaction in using "The Happy Farmer" in harvest time and singing "Home, Sweet Home," every day just before dismissal. The children seem to enjoy and appreciate "piano singing," and we feel that they are learning something every day of what music should express to them and for them. The little book called "Mother Goose Songs Without Words," by Mrs. L. E. Orth, has helped us and them in a very delightful, simple, and natural way. We keep this book for a birthday treat, and

it is most interesting to watch the lights and shadows on the little faces as the piano tells the story of Boy Blue, King Cole, or Bo-Peep. Some follow the melody with lips or hands, others only with expressive eyes.

Our friends the Brownies often get into the piano. Of course, whatever we big mortals do they love to imitate; so, when we are learning a new song, the same music softly played on the upper notes tells us that they are at work and following in our footsteps. Often our ten fingers become as many elves and make shoes, march, dance, shoe horses, or shear sheep, as the case may be, without a sound but with great deftness and speed. At the last note they whisk away into the folded hands and are seen no more—until next time.

Of course we play on various and sundry imaginary instruments. The baby's music box can be easily imitated on the highest octaves of the piano, as can the mouth organ on the lower ones, and a drum on two very low bass notes. Everybody knows how to make banjo music by putting sheets of paper on the stretched wires. This we enjoy at

rare intervals, as well as playing on the violin, the harp, and the humble but familiar hurdy-gurdy. We have had, on occasion, a whole German Band, led by Johnny Schmoker of old-time fame and happy memory. We often make use of real drums, and, on gala days, trumpets and even zithers have lent splendor to our processions.

Our musical guessing game we consider a great success. On a choosing day the name of the song is whispered to the teacher at the piano, and from the first note or chord the other children must guess what the song is to be. Occasionally two or even three notes have to be given, but it is wonderful how often one note or chord is all-sufficient. The children play this game much better than we do, and have never failed to grow very fond of it.

CHAPTER IV.

STORIES.

OTHER kindergartners' lists of stories being of great interest to us, we venture to submit our list to other kindergartners,—not in its entirety, however, for that would hardly be possible. Our story list necessarily varies from year to year, since each teacher is at liberty to add to or subtract from it, as her reason dictates or her heart suggests, within the limitations which we set for ourselves in council.

We have decided that stories presenting clear outlines and, accordingly, calling up clear and definite mental images are best adapted for our use. We avoid the mass of detail with which many stories written for children are encumbered, and have sadly but firmly laid aside many tales which appeal strongly to our grown-up fancy but

which seem to arouse little if any response in the children. Many so-called nature stories are of this sort. The graceful utterances of Lady Blue Violet, the maternal admonitions of dear Mother Tree, the detailed conversation of the Grass Blade fairies concerning Mr. North Wind, Jack Frost, and Father Winter, do not always charm the children. There are some nature stories, however, such as those in "Among the Meadow People," by Clara D. Pierson, that we have found most useful both at the tables and during outdoor excursions; but as the years go on, we find ourselves holding closer to those stories in which people do things, where something happens, and where events move on to a climax. I have heard the story of Mother Nature's Children told in different kindergartens many times, but never yet have I seen any genuine interest, attention, or enjoyment called forth by it. What there was of responsiveness was summoned up by the special efforts of the narrator rather than by any inherent interest which the story held for the listeners.

In regard to the efforts so common among

painstaking and conscientious teachers to get the children to "tell back the story," I hardly dare express myself for fear that I shall say too much. I have often seen it attempted in morning circles, but never with satisfactory results. Often the children had not cared for the story in the first place,—that was plainly to be seen; there had been so little impression that expression was necessarily forced. Even when a story interests children to the point of making the desired impression, the expression cannot always be called out at a given time, as put down on the program. There is a pedagogic moment for the child's expression of stories in language, but it oftener occurs at home than in the kindergarten for very simple reasons. Children have more sense than many kindergartners suppose. They retell a story gladly to the people at home who have not heard it—especially at bed-time—but when they are being urged to "express," their faces plainly say, to one who can read them: "What is the use of telling you that story when you told it to me?" The teacher's coaxing invitation: "Tell it to the chil-

dren just as if they had never heard it," is met with silent contempt, utter indifference, or a very halting obedience.

So we have concluded to omit this time-honored but harrowing process; but that does not mean that we do not talk over or retell old stories, or that there is no time on our circles when the children express themselves in story-telling. Some of the children have done this so well that it was a pleasure to listen to them, but this was exceptional. A little child's attempt at telling a story is usually so fragmentary, discursive, and therefore uninteresting to his mates, that we are careful not to ask them to listen very often to such efforts.

In this matter of retelling stories, the mother can be of the greatest practical assistance to the kindergartner. Happily she gives this aid more often than not, sometimes by instinct, frequently with a knowledge of the service she is rendering.

In the list of stories which follows, we have given those that we have used most frequently and that have proved from year to year to be the children's favorites.

The Potato Baby. (Kindergarten Gems.)
The Story of Moses. (Bible.)
The Three Bears. (Robert Southey.)
Three pigs. (Nursery Tales.)
The Little Sugar House. (Anon.)
The Wolf and the Seven Little Goats. (Grimm.)
Charlotte and the Ten Dwarfs. (Kindergarten Gems.)
The Crane Express. (In the Child's World.)
The Goats in the Turnip Field. (Child Stories and Rhymes, Emilie Poulsson.)
The Pied Piper. (Browning.)
Dicky Smiley's Birthday. (The Story Hour.)
The Bell of Atri. (Longfellow.)
Hans in Luck. (Grimm.)
The Story of Chusey. (New Year's Bargain, Susan Coolidge.)
The Christ-Child. (Elizabeth Harrison.)
Piccola. (In the Child's World.)
Mrs. Santa Claus. (Anon.)
Thumbling. (Grimm.)
The Elves and the Shoemaker. (Grimm.)
Paul Revere. (Longfellow.)

Pegasus. (Hawthorne.)
The Mouse Who Lost Her Tail. (Kindergarten Stories and Morning Talks, S. E. Wiltse.)
King Midas. (Hawthorne.)
The Story of Cedric. (In Story Land, Elizabeth Harrison.)
The Line of Light. (In Story Land.)
The Little Hero of Haarlem. (In the Child's World.)
Rhœcus. (Lowell.)
The Pot of Gold. (Anon.)
Little Ida's Flowers. (Andersen.)
The Ugly Duckling. (Andersen.)
Philip's Valentines. (Child's World.)
George Washington.
Abraham Lincoln.
Freidrich Froebel.
The First Thanksgiving. (Story Hour.)

To these we add, as occasion calls for them, Bible stories, nature stories, hero stories, animal stories, and fairy stories. We tell the story of the burning of Chicago and something of the history of our own town. We also touch upon the legends of St. Valentine and Hallow E'en. As to our sources

of supply we depend largely on Grimm, Andersen, Kate Douglass Wiggin, and Miss Poulsson, but we do not hesitate to draw upon the classics, the poets, our own recollections, and upon miscellaneous authors who chance to meet our special needs.

CHAPTER V.

SONGS AND GAMES.

I HAVE visited kindergartens in which the morning circle was a time of continuous sitting still. The fact that later another half hour more or less of exercise was to follow did not mitigate the situation, for the one was as excessive as the other. While some children can remain perfectly quiet for that length of time many cannot without suffering from the want of some bodily activity. For this reason we have learned to connect various physical expressions with the talks and songs of the first kindergarten period. The children take part in these as they will, those whose muscles are comfortable often sitting still and looking on while others, who perhaps have been looking at pictures for twenty minutes or so, gladly welcome the opportunity to

move about a little. I can best illustrate this perhaps by outlining a typical morning.

When the children come in the chairs are found placed about the various tables, an arrangement which seems to us better than having them on the circle for various reasons. To begin with they are often needed about the tables during the "before school" period. The floor space is thus left open for free play, and it is better that the child should take his own chair to the circle than that it should be placed there for him, just as it is better that he should do everything for himself that he can. Besides, after the signal calling the children to their seats, the number of chairs belonging to absentees can be put out of the way without interfering with the uniformity of the circle. Too often these are hastily thrust back against the wall when they are bound to add an element of disorder to a place which should be a constant lesson in its opposite.

A bugle call sounded on the piano calls the children to their places. Books, toys, specimens, pictures, and extra chairs are put away and when all are ready our national

hymn, "America," is softly played as an admonition to perfect quiet. A soft chord calls the children to their feet and each one, carrying his chair, marches to the circle, where he stands behind his chair until the piano says to him in two chords, "Sit down." The morning hymn is played and sung, the short prayer is softly spoken, and then comes the "Good Morning song." This is followed by what we call "an out-door song,"—"Jack Frost," "The Wind," "The Clouds," "Good Morning," "Glorious Sun," or any one of several others. A little talk is bound to accompany this song and if there is a moon its phase must also be discussed in order that we may decide whether to sing the "Moon Boat" or "Lady Moon." The drawing of the moon as we saw it last usually illustrates this conversation. Some of us have to be urged to look more carefully the next time and happily usually do so.

Our next duty is to our fish, the sparrows, or the pigeons. While chosen ones attend to their feeding the rest of us sing the appropriate song, for the ceremony varies on different days. The fish and pigeons are fed

twice a week and the sparrows once. On Mondays and Thursdays the song is "Happy Little Fishes," after the singing of which the air is played softly several times which means that the circle becomes a pond and all who will are fishes, while others look on or distribute fish food with a lavish hand. On the other days those belonging to the fidgety class become pigeons or sparrows in the same way.

Then the calendar must be attended to. Of this part of the program I shall speak later only saying here that some one child adds the day's symbol while the others repeat altogether, or sometimes alone, the days of the week and the months as they come. During the first part of the year when we are trying to teach our children something of times and seasons we enjoy playing a kindergarten adaptation of that old favorite "We've come to see Miss Jenny O'Jones." For this game we have a set of toys which we use dramatically, not every day but often. We have a tub, washboard, wringer, and clothes-rack, a stove and several irons, bread-boards and rolling pins, a

work basket, brooms, and dusters. On Monday, for instance, one child is chosen to be Miss Jenny and one other to be her sister, friend, or helper. The two ladies get out the implements which the day calls for and set to work. The rest of the children, unless the number is too large, in which case a chosen dozen or so officiate, walk through hall and dressing-room and knock on Miss Jenny's door, her kitchen being conveniently located. The sister or helper opens it and the guests with operatic fervor burst into the song:

"We've come to see Miss Jenny O'Jones,
And how is she to-day?"

To which is responded:

"Miss Jenny O'Jones is washing,
Please call another day."

Then the guests, as they move away, reply:

"We're very sorry to hear it,
We'll call another day."

On birthdays and festal occasions the Misses O'Jones put by their work and get ready for their expected and persistent guests, and give them a glad shock of surprise by singing,

"Miss Jenny O'Jones is waiting

To see you all to-day."

Thereupon the guests come pouring in with the gleeful chorus.

"We're very happy to hear it,
We'll dance with her to-day."

Amid much rejoicing and shaking of hands the ball opens and for several minutes there is the sound of joyful music and flying feet.

Should the day happen to be Friday, which is "choosing day," there will be from fifteen to twenty minutes left after the morning's routine has been gone through. Suppose some small nature lover asks for "Milkweed Babies." Several of the dainty seeds are taken from a convenient bunch of pods and passed by the chooser of the song to as many friends. These children blow the pretty babies high up into the air and they are followed by the absorbed attention and interest of the lookers-on from the moment they leave the owners' hands until they softly drop back again and are sent sailing out of the window that the wind may plant them. Then the song is sung with all the expression which a recently awakened or augmented concept calls forth. After this,

to a bit of soft waltz music, all the children who wish to so express themselves can be milkweed babies themselves.

Perhaps somebody asks for Reinecke's "Pretty Brother Johnny." After the song there will be a short adjournment to the orchard which springs up inside the circle and as many Johnnys and Pollys "shake the apple tree" as feel inclined to do so. Or the chosen song is "Stark, Stork, Stander"; then after the song a flock of storks appear, they solemnly stalk around, they stand on one leg, they stalk some more, stand again and at last fly away, all to the music of the song.

If our typical day should be in April or May some one would surely ask for "The Froggies' Swimming School," and after the song many lively little frogs would be seen in our circle pond whose realistic jumping is always an equal delight to beholder and participant.

As a result of this plan of allowing much free physical activity to accompany the songs of the morning circle the children show no restlessness at that period or later

at the tables, for to clinch the matter and to make sure that those who for reasons of their own have been more passive than active, have a still further chance to work off accumulating steam we have a ten-minute period of play, exercise, or marching after the chairs have been carried back to the tables. Some chosen song which demands more room for its expression than the chair-enclosed circle affords is occasionally saved for this period, or there is dancing, or rythmic exercise according to the need of the moment or the demand of the occasion.

We are convinced that it is best to play our more symbolic, dramatic, and representative games on the first circle or in this earlier play period, for in the early morning the children are fresher and more receptive than they are at any other hour of the day. While the chairs are on the circle and they are comfortably seated, those games in which necessarily a few take part and many look on are much better played than on the later ring when the children are all standing and when with one accord they are longing for active physical movement. If compelled to

do much looking on at this time they do so under protest of mischievous hands and shuffling feet.

Such games as "The Knights," "The Butterfly," "The Barnyard," "Farmer," "Miller" "Wheelwright," "Blacksmith," "Miner" and so on, we always play during the first hour of the morning. The dramatization of such tales as "The Three Bears," "The Elves and the Shoemaker," and "The Rainbow Fairies" is always well done at that time and poorly or perfunctorily carried out later.

For years we have given over the so-called play circle, which occurs between 10:15 and 11 o'clock, to such games as all or many can join in freely, and especially to such as call for unrestricted physical activity. We use many ball games, dances, and marches. We play "Skip Tag," "Going to Jerusalem," "Fox and Geese," "The Farmer and the Bear," and a number of other running games. We make sleighs or picnic wagons with our tables and chairs and all drive "over the river and through the wood" to all sorts of delightful places.

We have trotting, galloping, and jumping horses, we are little travelers, we have a dog and pony show, circus processions, and visits from Santa Claus. We have splendid old-time jousts where one gallant knight after another thrusts his lance through an upheld ring as he gallops by at full speed. We have grand processions and parades, and several Brownie games of which the children never tire. A favorite one calls for a barnyard in which are sleeping horses, cows, pigs, sheep, and poultry. Night falls with the pulling down of the window shades and the Brownies stealthily enter and set to work. They rub down the horses, milk the cows, feed the sheep and pigs, hunt the eggs, and make themselves so extraordinarily useful that the good farmer is paralyzed with amazement in the morning when he finds his chores all done for him.

We open a toy-shop at Christmas time and all those children who are not toys become willing purchasers. We sell dolls that open and shut their eyes and who say "Papa" and "Mamma" when the right strings are pulled. We have dogs that bark, cats that

mew, woolly sheep that baa-aa, trains of cars, Jacks-in-the-box, balky mules, and dozens of other mechanical toys which we wind up and sell to our customers, who fortunately are endowed with untold wealth.

After our annual visit to Engine House No. 1, of course, we play "Fire" with great enthusiasm. We use a song beginning:

"Hear the clatter! What's the matter?
Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!"

A large house is drawn on the blackboard with smoke and flame bursting from doors, windows, and roof. The well-drilled fire department rushes to the rescue using erasers as hose and the game is to rub out the fire, but to save as much of the house as possible. At other times the play is more elaborate; part of the children go to housekeeping in the devoted building, others are neighbors living near by. The mother smells smoke and discovers a blaze in the cellar. She at once calls up the fire department by telephone; they fly to the scene—four times around the circle—while the neighbors rush in to rescue babies and furniture. The children are very apt to gradually add to this

game accessories in the shape of hose, harness, wagons, ladders, and hats, all of which we consider legitimate in so far as the idea originates with them.

Dancing is a never-ending delight with us. In answer to the repeated calls for and constant choice of this form of play, we have gradually increased our number and variety. We have a one hand dance, a two hand dance, a four-corner dance, the Shaker dance, a skipping and running dance, a Brownie dance, jigs, simple quadrilles, and even on great occasions a sort of German. At such times the tables are removed and the chairs put against the wall to secure the largest possible amount of floor space. Beginning with a leader we go on until all are dancing, after which we have found it quite possible to introduce certain very simple figures, many of which are more in keeping with the character of five-year-olds than that of the grown people for whom they were intended.

CHAPTER VI.

PICTURES.

IT TOOK us some time to find out what we wanted in the Evanston kindergartens in the way of pictures, and we are not altogether at one on the subject yet. In fact, we have agreed to disagree on certain points and to perform each her own experiments from time to time. Some of us prefer to hang what pictures we have in September, making the room as attractive as may be within certain limitations. One, possessed of the Japanese idea, hangs in a chosen spot a single picture, replacing it by a new one as the thought and feeling of the kindergarten is centered on a new subject. Having a few pictures of her own, she exchanges temporarily with other teachers whose treasures she wishes to borrow. Since that particular school, taken as a whole, has a very good col-

lection, she has a wide range of choice. The children notice the new picture at once when it appears in the place of the old, and seem to value it all the more highly because they know it will disappear in time to make way for another. Another kindergartner prefers to husband her resources,—to start with one or two and build up her decorative effect as the year goes on.

On other points, however, we are absolutely agreed. We believe that each kindergarten should own a large and growing collection of mounted pictures for the children to pore over, study, and dream about. We believe that the "before school" time is a golden opportunity for giving this particular experience. So, as each new subject is broached, the children find when they come to the kindergarten in the morning a table full of pictures which they may handle freely. To these we add from time to time various picture books. We believe that our personal and active participation with the children while they are looking at these adds greatly to their value and to the children's enjoyment. So long as a "grown-up" will

look on, sympathize, explain, and comment, a group of children will look at pictures contentedly. If left to themselves, a few may become absorbed, but the very ones who need most to learn to look at pictures will wander away to the sand or blackboard,—good things both, but there are times when the pictures are of greater educational value. Many of a child's mental images have to be strengthened by pictures, some have to be formed by this means chiefly, others are so clear because of familiarity with the objects themselves that pictures of these objects become luxuries rather than necessities. This is not saying that these mental images cannot be enlarged and improved upon by means of pictures which lead from the known to the unknown. I am only maintaining that every kindergartner should endeavor to supply herself with the pictures that are *most needed.* For instance, it seems to me that in our city and suburban kindergarten we need many pictures of animals, farm life, mills, factories and machinery, forests, mountains, cotton fields, plantations, and lumber and mining camps. If we

are going to touch on the historical side of our national holidays, we need pictures of the sea, ships, Indians, pioneer settlements, soldiers, and military camps. If we are going to have songs, stories, and plays about the knights we must have pictures of knights, castles, kings, queens, and various phases of mediæval life. When we use fairy stories, legends, and folklore we need pictures of elves, brownies, fairies, dragons, winged horses, and so on. This seems to me a very important part of public kindergarten work, for while a few of our children see pictures at home, many see almost none, and we have but to look back into our own childhood and realize what pictures did for us to become convinced that we ought to provide them for our little Germans, Swedes, Italians, and other children.

Our pictures are mounted upon manilla or cheap felt paper. They are used by successive groups of children until worn out; but the collection is an ever-growing one, for in this day of cheap literature and copious advertising, good pictures are fairly showered upon us.

The blackboard is, of course, very useful in the kindergarten, but especially so when any of the teachers have skill in drawing and sketching upon it. Many, unfortunately, have not, and few have both skill and time; it is amazing how much time one can spend on a seemingly simple blackboard sketch. We have discovered a much neglected resource in our older school children, however, many of whom draw very well. Through them we have had many blackboard illustrations which we could have secured in no other way. We like to begin with a farmhouse, around which center certain simple home activities. To this we add from week to week barns, cow sheds, a barnyard, fields, and orchards. This picture disappears under a blinding snowstorm after Thanksgiving to make way for a forest, single pine trees, and Christmas pictures. These give place to special illustrations of trade and state life, which, as spring comes on, are superseded by a large bare apple tree. To this are added birds, a nest, leaves, and blossoms, while at its base grass, dandelions, clover, bees, butterflies, and children

flourish. These blackboard pictures are in white or in color, as the artistic consciousness of the individual director dictates.

Certain subjects lend themselves so willingly to blackboard drawing by the children that we try to take advantage of them as they come along, adding special work to the spontaneous illustration of stories, facts, and experiences. With a little help children soon emerge from the scribbling stage and pass on to where drawing is a delight. After some originality of expression has been developed, they are ready for the little instruction in perspective that we find gives such satisfactory results.

A child who will tire of his own scribbling in a very few moments, if left alone, is delighted if you detect in his haphazard markings anything that bears any resemblance to an object within his experience. He often tries to reproduce this and begins to scribble with a little more purpose. After this, one of the first things we do with such children—those who seem to have neither aptitude nor inclination for drawing—is to outline on the blackboard a

house with the suggestion that it be "painted" white, by using the side rather than the end of the crayon, and using it gently. We give them other outlines to fill in, leaves, fruits, vegetables, kitchen utensils, clothes on the line, and so on. Sometimes after filling outlines in with white, the children are allowed to fill them in with color as an added lesson in the use of material. Sometimes the children color a church window, a plaid shawl, a flag, a shield, a banner; but, as a rule, we use colored chalk sparingly and never give it except when the children using it are under supervision. The reason for this will be obvious to any one who has had occasion to witness the devastation an industrious five-year-old can work with a bit of red chalk. He always chooses red and decorates not only his own face, hands, and clothes, but the countryside generally, and all in the space of two minutes with a piece of crayon about a quarter of an inch long.

There are drawing teachers who object to the use of outline on the part of the children, and probably some who would not ap-

prove of their filling in given boundaries with chalk or paint. Doubtless good theoretical reasons would be given for this disapproval, but practically I have found the results good. It certainly helps the child to control his material—especially the paint—and that ground gained, he can be led on rapidly. In our schools the drawing teacher is most grateful to us for carrying the children through and beyond what is known as "the mussy stage," which is so often a barrier to progress in the lower grades. We teach our children how to use a paint brush as well as the chalk, then how to put on paint, and after that to "express themselves in color." One of our first lessons is given with little pails of water and real painters' brushes. With these we paint tables, chairs, woodwork, or anything else conveniently at hand. Next we use a small brush, water, and a slate. We learn that a paint brush is not a scrubbing brush; and, playing that the slate is the side of a house or a kitchen floor in need of being painted, we learn to handle our new implement with some degree of skill. After this, we progress to the use

of paper, on which we paint blue sky, bluer water, colored tiles, and green grass. We fill in outlined fruits, flowers, vegetables, leaves, birds, stockings, and mittens. By the time spring comes we are ready to try our hands on twigs, buds, and blossoms right from nature, for we have learned not only to handle our tools, but to circumscribe our efforts within the outline of a definite conception.

One of our pleasantest activities is the construction of a panorama or group-work picture which extends the full length of the blackboard. This at times becomes a field; and, from twelve to fifteen children being set to work under direction, the field is soon filled with waving grain or sheaves of wheat, or it is a cornfield with pumpkins lying about among the shocks. Again, we have a chicken-yard represented where there are several triangular hencoops and many little yellow chickens. Sometimes there is a snow-storm and at other times softly-green hills and a blue sky. We have pictured our own blue lake, a clover field, and the Northwestern Railroad track in this comprehensive

fashion. To attain any sort of result, however, the teacher who gives these lessons must, it is needless to say, have some considerable knowledge of drawing herself.

After a story has been told to them the children go to the board to draw any pictures it has suggested to them. This, when conscientiously persisted in, we have found of great value, for not only do they learn to express more skilfully, but they retain more and more ideas to express. Where at first only one or two objects spoken of in the story appear on the board, a little later the entire tale will be sketched in a way that can be easily interpreted with a little help from the artist. A visit to the blacksmith's, the engine-house, or the frog pond is often reproduced in this way. The stories of our various holidays, of what we did last Sunday, where we are going next summer, have been subjects for illustration at different times.

One of our guessing games is a drawing exercise. On "choosing day," the child who has the choice of a song draws a picture of what he wants, and we must guess what the

picture means. This game is almost as popular as guessing the songs from one note, or, at most, two, on the piano.

Let me add to this chapter a list of suggestions for those children who reply when asked if they do not want to draw, "I don't know what to make." Suggest, as the occasion calls for it, any such simple objects as pennies, silver dollars, sticks of candy, cookies, crackers, cakes, pies, wheels, dishes, milkweed pods and seeds, boxes, barrels, fruits, vegetables, cats, ladders, fences, tents, flags, moon and stars, snow, rain, etc.

CHAPTER VII.

SAND.

IN ONE of our schools we have our large sand table in the kindergarten room, in another we are obliged to keep it in the basement play room, in the third we have none at all. There is much to be said in favor of the first arrangement, something for the second, but nothing beyond an exhortation to the "patient perseverance" that "worketh wonders" for the third.

With the sand in the room we can do many delightful things. The children, of course, have all the free play they want with it; they can be led to express themselves along definite lines, and they can receive new impressions by means of it. It often proves a boon to new children, shy children, and tired children as well as to certain expeditious young persons who have a way of

finishing allotted tasks before their fellows.

The sand that is downstairs in the basement play room and which therefore is not seen and handled every day has all the charm of novelty to the children when they are taken to it for special work or play; but of the two arrangements we much prefer the first.

When the children are to have the sand for free play we take care to present it to them under varying conditions. At one time it is moistened and hands are the only accessories; at another, it is dry and dishes and bottles are furnished. The Second Gift spheres, cubes, and cylinders are often left conveniently at hand as an incentive to impression work. Sometimes a little suggestion leads to the use of the cylinders as lawn mowers or rolling pins. Real shovels are occasionally used for large enterprises, such as working the sand into mountains, farms, or castles. The little penny tools—rakes, hoes, spades, and pickaxes—are used for gardening and mining. Tin dishes of various and fascinating shapes are brought out when the making of sand pies is in order.

We have sets of these which include animal and vegetable forms as well as the usual stars, hearts, and fluted pyramids.

Sand houses are, of course, the first constructions offered to our admiring gaze by amateur builders. These are usually rounded, with doors that would appeal strongly to an Eskimo's sense of fitness, and with windows most simply made by a finger or thumb. As an evolution from these, we take our rulers and cut off curved sections in such a way as to give our structures something of a square effect. Windows and chimneys are made to match, and fences and doorsteps, which are a great improvement on the original attempt, can be fashioned by means of our one tool.

Eskimo houses and the homes of the Cave Dwellers have kept many little fingers busy in the happiest sort of way. The bank swallows' nesting places also add themselves to our list and a prairie dog village as well.

When cake baking is in process we like to begin with dry sand, some of which is reserved for sugar and frosting. We bring out our tin dishes and with them "play milk-

man." This familiar personage arrives with a watering can of liquid and leaves it in gallons, quarts, and pints (gallons preferred) at the various back doors. Since it is baking day and a large quantity of milk is needed, he calls again and again until the sand and water are sufficiently mixed and a dough is produced which can be moulded into pies, cakes, doughnuts, biscuits, and loaves of bread. This is much better fun than having the sand prepared ahead of time.

It is well to have a few old saucers in your collection of utensils, as they are especially valued for the making of pies. It is a joy to watch certain small cooks trim the edges of their pies and make more or less elaborate designs in the middle of them. Cakes are frosted with the dry sand, and cookies are cut out with a collection of old thimbles.

We make gardens of every description. Sometimes we erect fences of slats, sticks, or toothpicks, and plant inside the fences rows of lovely flowers which are of every hue found in a box of pegs or Hailmann beads. Again, we lay cement walks with tablets or

tiles. Often we use shells or stones for borders, and occasionally we design and set up a fountain or a summer-house. We have made beautiful parks with flower-beds, lakes, benches, and bridges, and with cages for wild animals.

Every year we make a farm. It is of course a hill farm with trees on it. Different animals are assigned to different parts of it and carefully kept out of the cornfield where pumpkins lie thick upon the ground. There is a house, barn, corncrib, windmill, and chicken house. Once there was a well with an old-fashioned sweep made of twigs with a thimble for a bucket. There is a plowed field where winter wheat is planted, and, of course, several pigpens and sheepfolds. It takes a long time to build up a really good farm, but by doing something to it every day before school it gradually reaches completeness, and then we play with it as we please. We move the animals about, feed and water them, change or add to the buildings, mend the fences, plow, rake, or dig, and otherwise busy ourselves about the premises, as good farmers should.

There are times when the whole sand table becomes one great sheep pasture with accompanying folds and troughs. Again, it is a lumber camp in the heart of a pine forest. A river flows through this and is carefully bridged with fallen trees. There are shelters in the woods for the men, logs and rafts in the river, horses or oxen at work on the banks, and, many miles away, a sawmill.

There are other times when the sand table represents a camp at the foot of a hill on the crest of which is a fort. Here you will see numerous tents, rows of well-drilled soldiers, pyramids of cannon balls, mounted guns, camp-fires, and, waving over all, the stars and stripes.

Last March there was a chain of mountains in which were gold, silver, coal, and copper mines. As I write the sand table in one kindergarten is being made into a picture of our town. There is the lake with its lighthouse, life-saving station, piers, and boats; the high ridge of land to the west where some of us live; many houses, churches, stores, and schools; the factory where Jimmy's father works; the parks

where the squirrels are to be found.

A little later all the sand will be heaped together to form a grand castle, and not long after that we shall build schoolhouses with playgrounds, gardens, and trees, under which will be many bead children—for the half inch sphere, cube, and cylinder slipped on a two-inch stick makes a very nice child, especially if you crown his attractions with a clay hat or one made of an acorn cup.

We have made "Brownie Land" in our sand pans—a land of hill and dale, trees and flowers, lakes and rivers. Here acorn Brownies, and sometimes other fairies, lived, danced, and worked.

In addition to this indoor work with sand we have yearly excursions to the lake shores where we play in the sand to our hearts' content. From these trips we bring home in pails and jars as much of it as we can carry, and this, especially in the kindergarten which has no sand table, is used much as we use our clay, that is, we cover the table with oilcloth and give each child a quantity of sand. The children greatly enjoy this even when they have a sand table. A favorite

play with them seems to be the smoothing out of the sand with a cylinder and the making of marks or pictures in it with a wooden toothpick.

CHAPTER VIII.

CUTTING.

THE various training classes have, of course, given to their pupils schools of cutting, many of which are in use to-day, while others have been laid aside as too complicated or too difficult for children of kindergarten age. We are all of us sure that children love to cut, and that they can by practice learn to use scissors more or less skilfully; but just how that practice, especially in its first steps, shall be given them is to some of us an open question. Many children must be taught to hold and handle the scissors, after which they need much experience before their work brings them any sort of definite result. It is all very well to recommend free-hand cutting in a general way; but the fact of the matter is that the children for a long time cut so crudely that

they are unable to get much satisfaction out of their efforts. They need some sort of inspiration, some reason and incentive for keeping on until acquired skill brings pleasure in its exercise. The schools of cutting lie beyond this point, so it is of the preliminaries that I wish to speak in this chapter.

One of our teachers devised for her smallest children a simple plan of work with scissors which she followed with such success that I give it here:—

1. Free-hand cutting, to find out each child's degree of ability and to enable him to discover his own limitations. Suggest sticks of candy, fringed towels, trousers, shawls, and little scraps for chicken feed.
2. Cutting out pictures with straight edges.
3. Cutting out pictures with curved edges.
4. Cutting on folded lines.
5. Cutting on drawn lines.
6. Cutting from drawn pictures of simple objects.
7. Cutting from objects themselves.
8. Free-hand cutting.

In addition to this, we have given the older children various cutting lessons which, connecting with the subject in hand and furnishing the required incentive, have seemed to us good. For instance, we classify our cut-out pictures and put them into a scrap-book, the index of which, if it had one, would read as follows:—

1. The Family.
2. The House.
3. The Father's Work. Home Work.
4. Kitchen.
5. Dining-room.
6. Bedroom.
7. Clothes Closet.
8. Parlor.
9. Play Room.
10. Out of Doors.
11. School.
12. Church.
13. The Long Vacation.

The advertising pages of magazines, old pamphlets, papers, and circulars are our sources of supply. The children can be led to bring pictures in quantity, and we ourselves are always adding to the store. This

scrapbook in its construction gives the children great pleasure, and has the advantage of being a work which can be completed at home in case a child is ill or for any reason forced to leave kindergarten before the year is out. In fact, we paste only on the right-hand page, purposely, leaving the left blank for the children to paste pictures on at home.

To meet various needs we have evolved a series of poster-like pictures made by a combination of folding, cutting, and pasting. Sometimes these are put into a book, and again they are mounted on separate sheets of paper or cardboard. A bit of green or brown background is painted or pasted on, and to this is added a picture of simple perspective which is usually an illustration of a thought, story, or experience. Here are some of them:—

House with doors, shutters, and chimney; cut out and add figures of people.

Kitchen picture. Add stove, cupboard, etc.

Dog house and dog.

Cow shed and cow.

Bird house and birds.

Barn with horses, men, and wagon.

Chicken coop and chickens.

Mill and miller.

Wigwam, Indians, and camp-fire.

Blacksmith shop.

Tents and soldiers.

Shoemaker's shop and Brownies, illustrating story of Elves and Shoemaker.

Most children at home or in kindergarten have had the pleasure, by means of paper and scissors, of hanging out a mimic family washing.

One fine incentive to careful cutting was a large manilla paper pantry with many shelves which one of the teachers made and brought to the children. It was only a flat piece of paper with the two outside edges folded in to the middle line to form the doors, but a little paint had made doors, lock, and shelves sufficiently realistic. This was fastened to the wall, and the children were provided with leaves of a hardware catalogue from which good-sized dishes and cooking utensils were to be cut. As only good dishes could go into so fine a cupboard, the incentive to do one's little best was very great. Even after three groups had worked

on it there was still room for more dishes; so it was sent to a sick child to be finished.

At Thanksgiving time a storehouse was made in a similar manner, and filled with fruits and vegetables from flower catalogues. We have also made show windows for the florist and the grocer, not to mention a fine outside showcase which was filled with tastefully arranged shoes. During Christmas week we filled large paper stockings with toys cut from newspapers, magazines, and catalogues. From old pattern books we filled the clothes closet in the scrapbook. We also cut out clothes enough to fill a trunk we had made. While we were playing baker we had lessons in cutting on folded lines, making square, oblong, and triangular crackers which we pasted into little baking pans or packed into cracker boxes.

During the year we get more or less practice and experience in the course of the construction of our cardboard furniture, toys, and Christmas gifts. In addition to this we have free-hand cutting from time to time, at first with some carefully planned incentive,

but later in an absolutely free and unrestrained fashion.

One of these incentives took the form of a Thanksgiving dinner table, which had to be furnished with cloth, napkins, centerpiece, and dishes; another was a chest to be filled with tools; still another a bureau whose drawers must be put to use. Fish were made to congregate in a strip of blue water and birds to appear against a bluer sky. A chart of leaves cut from freshly gathered models was one of the prettiest things we made last spring.

We make use of these ideas as we have need of them, and add to them any of the schools of cutting which appeal to us. We make a point of this work for many reasons, one of which is that our children should go into the first grade with the ability to handle scissors skilfully and to do free-hand and other cutting with some degree of originality and intelligence.

CHAPTER IX.

CONSTRUCTION WORK.

IT WOULD be impossible to give within the limits of this chapter a list of all that can be done in the kindergarten in constructive work, or even of all that we ourselves have accomplished. We can only give a partial idea and but a few of the most successful examples. Most of this work has been done as regular table work, but the making of some articles fitted better into the "before school" time.

Most of the kindergartens, even the most conservative, make a free use of cardboard modeling. The more we use it the more both we ourselves and the children seem to like it. They have such a strong sense of "making something" in this occupation that they are constantly asking for it. Our cardboard is cut into squares 10 x 10 and 8 x 8 , and we

also have it in large sheets. Library paste is much better for this work than gum tragacanth which, however, does well enough for lighter paper.

Of course we make furniture,—everybody does; and we upholster it with beautiful bits of wall paper, to be had for the asking. Sometimes we work persistently at it until we each have a set to play with at home or to give away, but oftener, we make a single piece and play with it after it is made. For instance, there is a cradle like the one Oceanus must have had, which we make about Thanksgiving time. It is great fun to furnish it with soft flannel belongings; and when one of the tiny dolls (a dozen of which can be bought for a few cents) is put into it, we are able to sing "Stork, Stork, Stander," with great significance.

We make trunks with collar-button locks, and we fill them with clothes packed for a journey. We make money, and strong purses to keep it in. Then there are carpenters' chests to be filled with tools; folding beds that really fold; little churns with which we play at butter-making, reproduc-

ing our experiences with the large wooden churn; bellows which blow; strong sleds; wagons of every sort with wheels made of milk-bottle tops; windmills with little doors and fine wheels on top that turn around; dwelling houses, dog houses, bird houses, and barns. There is a way of making a coal chute with which a delightful game of coal-man can be played; and one of our teachers helped her children to make a whole barn-yard. First came a strong fence, then a gate, a barn, a trough, and a chicken coop. Indeed, there seems to be no end to the things that can be done with this delightful material, for it develops inventiveness in both children and teachers.

There is something exceedingly attractive in the idea of a corn-husk doll, but this is one of the things that is better made for and with the children before school. Full directions for making these dolls are given in The American Girl's Handy Book, and these directions can be simplified and adapted to one's own resources and necessities. Clothespin dolls gayly dressed in crimped tissue paper are easier to make and potato

babies easiest of all. A few bits of cloth and some pins, together with a doll-shaped potato, are quickly transformed into a very satisfactory, if dark complexioned child, whose urgent need of a copious bath only adds to her charms. Real rag dolls can be made, and often fill an aching void in some yearning mother-heart, for those cheap abominations in bisque, known as dolls and lavishly bestowed on children, rich and poor, at Christmas time, are so soon broken that many a child is without a doll except for a few all-too-brief weeks.

It is because children so love to string things that we have the stringing of beads and of straws and paper discs. To these we have added adornments, beautiful to behold, made by stringing red corn with the inch straws, as well as necklaces of haws, thorn apples, and mountain ash berries. In dandelion time we string the yellow heads with needle and thread and make ourselves golden crowns, that we may be kings and queens; and one of the prettiest of our yearly kindergarten pictures is that of a group of children coming in from a glorious

morning out of doors, wearing garlands, fashioned by themselves, of big red clover heads. These flower wreaths are greatly prized by the children and can be made of all sorts of field and garden blossoms.

Among the toys which we have made for ourselves are pin wheels, color-tops, kites, little tubs and washboards, pails and dishes of tea-lead, baskets, brooms, dusters, and parasols.

We have learned to make real candles and real iron holders; and once, when playing horse, we manufactured nosebags big enough to wear as we munched our oats at noon.

The weaving of our paper mats taught us how to do cloth weaving on the frames we made in our carpenter shop. We wove rugs for the doll house, mats of felt, and the woolen part of a needlebook which we made for our mothers. We learned how to make mats out of strips of wrapping and newspaper, so that we could weave at home whenever we wanted to; and some of us, the older ones, hammered four nails into a spool and learned how to do old-fashioned spool work

or knitting. We also braided strong string into reins with which to play horse.

Last summer me made "Pinny, Pinny, Poppy Shows," such as our grandmothers used to play with when they were little girls. First you have to go out of doors and gather grass, leaves, and flowers, and you must not forget that weed flowers are often very beautiful. These are laid flat on a piece of glass over which is a paper covering, so fashioned that a little door opens on the face of the glass disclosing the carefully arranged bouquet. Before you open this door you say—

"Pinny, Pinny, Poppy Show!
Give me a pin and I'll let you know!"

and whoever wants to see must give you a pin. One of the teachers made a little flower lady for her Poppy Show. Its head was a daisy and its skirt was made of a hollyhock.

Those latter-day fairies, the Brownies, are very useful folk in the kindergarten. They are responsible for all sorts of games and plays, and lend themselves suggestively to many kinds of handwork. At Hallowe'en time we made acorn Brownies which were very much enjoyed. Then, in order to play

Brownies ourselves, we made masques of paper and string which we wore when we went on our mysterious but always friendly quests. These we wore only for the Hallowe'en play; for use during the rest of the year we made cambric Brownie caps, and shoes of strong cloth with funny pointed toes, which were large enough to go on over our shoes.

During shoemaker week we made ourselves "real" slippers. These had denim-covered pasteboard soles, and the upper part was of bright colored flannel. The stitches that fastened them together were clumsy, but the thread was strong and they held together very well.

The same little fingers that make shoes can make mittens as well. Each child draws around his own hand and cuts out a paper pattern—his size. By these patterns the gray eider-down flannel is cut. Next winter we shall make ourselves little muffs.

We have made flags of various nations, and beautiful knightly banners, and shields of white and gold, not to mention castles, spears, helmets, and breastplates.

While neither sewing nor folding with kindergarten material comes properly under the heading of constructive work as the term is here used, I want to mention a menagerie we made after the universally enjoyed visit of a traveling circus. Each child outlined a square in half-inch stitches on one of the 6 x 6 sewing cards. Inside of this square was pasted a "scrap-picture" lion, tiger, elephant, or other beast, then long stitches were sewn across the card to represent the bars of the cage. When the ten or twelve cards made by a group of children were mounted together, the effect was considered very fine.

We have sewed red, white, and blue borders on our sewing cards to make appropriate frames for our little pictures of Lincoln and Washington. We often fold a piece of paper into a form of beauty, thus making a pretty frame for a picture that has to do with some special subject;—as, for instance, a set of farm and barnyard pictures. We found it quite possible to get a dozen or more photographs of Daisy Ellen from the advertising pages of various maga-

zines, and these were framed with great enthusiasm.

At the very interesting and suggestive exhibit held at the Kindergarten College during the meeting of the I. K. U. in Chicago (1901), we made note of several new things which we shall try at some future time. Among these are various objects woven of hat straw, a floor brush of raveled haircloth, and a table, the legs of which were made of three small spools glued together. There was also a good elevator made of a corset box. Hats and sunbonnets of tea-straw we have, some of us, already tried, so these should be added to our list.

The making of a playhouse is a complex but altogether profitable piece of work. After a suitable box is found, some older carpenter will probably have to lend a hand in the making of windows and partitions; but after these are rightly placed, kindergarten workmen can do the rest. Painting a house is one of the most absorbing of occupations. The day before it is undertaken, the children are asked to bring their overalls and working aprons. These, or other protective

adjuncts, are very necessary, and not until well equipped can the Painters' Union go safely to work. Only a few can paint at one time, but as the watching of processes is so natural and so important a part of a child's education, there is no difficulty about the unavoidable "taking turns." Almost all of our larger pieces of carpentry have been finished in this way. In one of the neighboring kindergartens the children give their own red chairs a fresh coat of paint from time to time as they seem to need it.

After the house is perfectly dry and the papering of walls and ceilings completed, the floors must be carpeted and the windows provided with shades; so another industry, the making of rag carpet, must be undertaken. This is a simpler process than one might at first suppose. The children love to tear the cloth into strips, and their clumsy stitches are quite sufficient to fasten the strips together. When a number of balls have been made of the strips, it is time for the carpenters to construct a small hand-loom consisting of a strong wooden frame with a row of nails on each of two opposite

sides. A warp of strong string is stretched across and then the rag strips are woven in. Small rugs are woven on our 6 x 6 sewing cards,—long stitches from end to end forming the warp, and the woof being woven in with needles or fingers, as one prefers.

The kitchen floor covering is made of our leatherette mats. Bits of fringed paper shade the windows and an appropriate selection of pictures, framed by our own hands with gold paper is hung in each room. The furniture is made of cardboard and some of it is upholstered with wall paper. The stove is painted black, of course. The inventory would read about as follows:—

Bedroom.

1. Bed.
2. Cradle.
3. Folding Bed.
4. Bureau.
5. Washstand.
6. Bathtub.
7. Couch.
8. Chairs.

Kitchen.

1. Stove.
2. Sink.
3. Cupboard
4. Table.
5. Chairs.
6. Wash Bench.
7. Tubs.
8. Clothes Basket.

Dining-room.

1. Table.
2. Chairs.
3. Sideboard.
4. Serving Table.

Sitting-room.

1. Piano.
2. Sofa.
3. Table.
4. Screen.
5. Chairs.
6. Fireplace.

To these items must be added a list of extras, such as clocks, shelves, brooms, dusters, bird cage, flower pots, etc.

During the early autumn, when flies are troublesome, we make fly-chasers of newspaper strips fastened to stout wooden handles. These we give to our mothers or to the cooks, well knowing that they will be useful in the home kitchens.

In the spring we make bird houses, one kind being simply a closed starch box with a large auger hole by way of a front door, which is placed near the roof, Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird, Mr. and Mrs. Wren, and other prospective tenants having a decided preference for such entrances. A house for Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow is made on more conventional lines.

For our own kindergarten we construct a wash bench, a clothes pole and a clothes basket. The basket is woven of rattan by one of the teachers in the "before school" period. She is assisted by many willing fingers belonging to interested spectators, who cry out from time to time, "I can do that! Let me try!"

We make rakes, using nails for the teeth, for use in our gardens. We make hurdles with which to play our game of Jumping Horses, and ladders with which to play Fireman,—these last, of course, just after our visit to the engine house.

In addition to the toys already mentioned, we have made tops, kites, boats, sleds, and wagons. For the kindergarten dolls we have constructed tables, chairs, beds, and sleds. Once in a while we are turned loose among a lot of odds and ends of boards, shingles, and blocks, and we make whatever we like. As a rule, on these occasions, we run to furniture and ladders.

With blocks, boards, spools, and good glue, we can make some excellent household articles. To these we add sometimes a

cherry or mahogany stain, with good results. We also know how to make very good snow shovels—not play ones, but real ones for home use.

CHAPTER X.

CELEBRATIONS.

OUR Thanksgiving celebration is a simple one. For weeks we have been working with the farmer and storing away our harvest, so by the end of November we are quite ready to hear the story of "The First Thanksgiving" and work it out with Gifts, Occupations, and plays. With the older children we give more time to the historic side of the occasion, allowing them to go with the Pilgrims to Holland, that land of windmills, canals, and dikes. In pursuance of this idea, we once made a little Dutch house with an open fire-place, quaint furniture, and sanded floor. It also had a stork's nest on the chimney. From Holland we put to sea and live for a while on shipboard, where we make acquaintance with little Oceanus. Next comes a sojourn in the

new country among the Indians, and their songs, stories, and occupations become the order of the day. We make beautiful blankets, canoes, and wigwams; we are fine to behold in our feathered headdresses; and we learn a real Indian song. Then we are Pilgrims again and become early settlers. We make log cabins, corncribs, barns, stone walls, and rude furniture. We plow, plant, sow, and reap, celebrating our first Thanksgiving with grateful hearts.

During the last three days of the school month we dwell upon our own Thanksgiving experiences. We prepare for company; make journeys by rail, boat, or wagon to see beloved relatives; we go to church and, later, sit down and feast together. Sometimes the day closes with "dancing in the barn."

In one of our schools it is an annual joy to bring the janitor his Thanksgiving dinner. Everybody contributes, even our youngest, and the table, set in the hall, loaded down with good things and presided over by an enormous turkey is one of the sights of the year.

Sometimes an offering is made in the

shape of fruits, vegetables, or other provisions to some one in need. In this matter, however, we try to use great discretion.

After Christmas we always have a doll party and cordially welcome the new dolls, who arrive arrayed in Christmas splendor. On the circle we sing for our guests the songs we think they will most appreciate. They frequently take part themselves, imitating our gestures with impressive earnestness. We play games in which they can join, and, when we go to our tables, are careful to place them in an advantageous position for viewing our work, and where collectively they present a most spectacular appearance. We make things for them to take home, doll chains, doll furniture, doll clothes, and doll scrapbooks. To this festivity those boys who have no dolls have been invited to bring other toys, musical instruments, miniature rolling stock and the like, for the crowning event of the day is a grand procession through some of the other rooms. First comes the band,—drums, trumpets, mouth organs and zithers; then the dolls, borne proudly on their owners' shoulders or seated

in carriages; these are followed by an array of carts, cars, "hookin' ladders," woolly sheep, and other toys. This parade is so enthusiastically received by the older children that we return to the kindergarten proud and happy, and are quite ready to sit down to the old-fashioned dolls' tea party which follows. We have brought or borrowed sets of dishes, and we serve tea made of hot water and milk with lots of sugar in it. We have tiny crackers to eat with it and sometimes California grapes or sliced bananas. At Daisy Ellen's kindergarten this party is given on her birthday and she has a cake with candles on it.

Lincoln's Birthday, being a school holiday, must be celebrated by all school children great and small; so we hear the story of this hero's brave and noble life, and we have drills and marches in our playtime. These are all the more enjoyed because they are not an inevitable part of each day's program, but are used only when occasions call for them. We each make a picture frame in red, white, and blue, on one of our school sewing cards, the youngest children sewing

simple lines and the older children inventing borders. In the center we paste a picture of Abraham Lincoln, and, after a hanger is put on, the whole makes a very satisfactory souvenir of the day.

To George Washington we give more time, and on the twenty-first of February celebrate by the grandest procession of our year. We have made our own caps, epaulets, and badges; we have drilled until we can obey so promptly as to give a very good exhibition of military maneuvers; we have brought from home soldier suits, drums, trumpets, guns, and swords, and we have plenty of flags. Oh, but it is fine to see a kindergarten brigade march down a long hall with colors flying! to see it respond on the instant to *halt! face! wheel! salute! forward march!* or at the command *Charge!* dash away on the double quick.

This same brigade knows many of the bugle calls and if you should chance in upon us some February morning you might see groups of men and officers strolling about, reading papers, building camp-fires, or cooking their food; but as the bugle began to

sound "taps" you would see every man get into his tent, into his bed, and fall asleep, all before the last notes of "lights out" were sounded,—every man, that is, excepting the faithful sentry who must pace up and down the long night through. A little later you would hear "reveille" ring out, and such a dressing, washing, and splashing as there would be before the hurried breakfast. Another call would bring each company to a line before its own quarters, heels together, arms down, heads up, ready for inspection. Then the colonel arrives, gorgeous to behold with his helmet and sword, to put each company through its drill.

All kindergartens make valentines, but I wonder if they have the fun we do sending them to our friends in the other rooms. We find a carefully concealed point of vantage from which we can see our chosen messenger leave the envelopes at the door, knock and run, as for his life. We like poster valentines pretty well, but are fondest of those we make of scrap pictures and paper lace.

Froebel's Birthday we celebrate in many ways, our favorite way being to combine the

kindergartens when we can. It is great fun to have such a big circle, such a grand chorus, and such clapping with the dance music. We have to take all the tables out of the room and sit back against the wall. Each kindergarten has learned certain games, songs, and dances that the others do not know. These are interspersed with the songs and games in which all can join.

On one Froebel's Birthday we serenaded all the mothers for blocks around to their very great surprise and pleasure. Unusually beautiful weather tempted us to this exploit. At other times we have picnics or feasts indoors. Once we brought out all the Gifts and Occupations and had a grand choosing day. Always we hear the story of Froebel's noble life and for weeks before and after we sing with tender feeling that best of songs for this occasion,

"Across the sea in Germany,
A hundred years ago."

When a kindergarten child has a birthday and a cake is sent from home we set in the center of the room a little table on which is

spread a white cloth and artistic decorations of vines, pressed leaves, flowers, or flags, according to the season of the year or the resources of the moment. The cake is placed on the table and its crowning attraction, the candles, added. When we have gathered together on the circle the room is darkened and they are lighted. This, of course, suggests Brownies, and as many are chosen as the birthday child is years old. They come skipping in from Wonderland, they sing their song, they dance around the cake, and then, gathering about the hero of the occasion, present him with the cap and slippers, thus admitting him as a member of the charmed circle. Then there is more dancing and much hilarity.

After the Brownies have whisked themselves away, we sing "Stork, Stork, Stander," in memory of the happy day when the new baby whose birthday we are celebrating came to *his* brothers and sisters. He chooses what he wants to have played or sung, and we do our best for him, all in the soft pretty candlelight. It lasts just about until work time comes, and while all are

busy at the tables the cake is made ready for distribution.

When no cake is forthcoming, and we never regard it as indispensable, we get up picnics, excursions, or bubble parties, according to wind and weather. We go to see a wonderful music box, to a garden, the greenhouse, the factory, the park, or the lake. Sometimes the birthday child's group goes to visit another kindergarten, or the child's own home. We keep a list of the birthdays and try to plan in advance the sort of celebration that will best fit the individual.

CHAPTER XI.

CHRISTMAS WORK.

IN OUR celebration of Christmas we have learned to take advantage of the early days of its anticipation, and at the time when the holiday seems to the children a beautiful but remote occasion and the glamour of recollection is upon them, to present to them the sweeter and more sacred aspect of Christmas. Before the visions of Santa Claus, trees, stockings, and toys become insistent, as they are sure to do later, we tell the story of the shepherds who "watched their flocks by night," of the "star in the East" which the wise men followed, of the "Babe of Bethlehem"; we learn our hymns and carols; we get out our pictures of Madonnas, saints, and angels; we ring our Christmas bells, and hear once more the legend of the Christ-Child. Then, as the tide

of Christmas merriment and cheer rises higher, we float along with it and live in pine forests and among the reindeer; we become helpers in Santa Claus's workshop; we decorate the kindergarten with evergreen and holly; we buy, transport, and trim our own tree, and make ready for the event of the year, our Christmas party.

The big boys and girls are our friends and helpers in the matter of evergreens. They can go farther afield than we can, and memories of their own kindergarten days and Christmas parties seem to give extra zeal and good will. Our smallest children make red and green chains to hang on the walls, and, last year, all of the children worked on the Japanese lanterns which were festooned across the room. We had at first expected to make these like the lanterns we saw in a second grade room, of water-color paper painted by hand in rainbow stripes; but a timely gift of some beautiful sample books of wall paper made us change our minds.

Our Christmas calendar is usually an oblong piece of black cardboard on which shines a crescent moon of gold paper. Every

day we paste on a little gold star, sometimes outlining the great dipper and other easily known constellations. On our day of celebration we add a larger star—"the blessed star," the children call it who know the song of "Ring, Happy Bells"—and the child who adds this crowning touch feels honored above his fellows.

For a number of years we have observed the Swedish custom of making "a Christmas house." This is fashioned out of shoe boxes. Little doors and windows are cut, and red tissue paper is pasted over the openings. A chimney is prominent, and the roof is covered with soft, fluffy cotton to represent snow. The house rests upon a pane of glass with heaped-up cotton around the edges. The whole adorns a window sill, shelf, or table until The Day; and then the kindergarten room having been darkened, a small lighted candle is placed within the miniature house, its radiance gleaming ruddily through the tissue paper windows on the ice and snow outside. This ceremony is usually coincident with the lighting of the tree.

At one Christmas celebration our attention was called to a masterpiece of this sort by woeful wails from some of the children, while other accusing voices cried: "It was William!" "William did it!" "Oh, see what William has done!" and many little fingers pointed to a broken tissue-paper window through which William had thrust his pencil. William answered his teacher's look of reproach by a mischievous glance, a wink and the jocular statement that Santa Claus had done that trying to get in. His teacher was wise enough to meet him on his own ground and laugh at his joke before saying: "Never mind, children; William will put in another pane of glass, won't you, William?" He assented gladly and then evidently regarded the incident as closed; but, later in the morning, he came willingly to a little side table where some paper, paste, the scissors, and the house had been placed for him. He went manfully to work, apparently well satisfied with himself in doing so; but, glancing at the table he had just left, the iron entered into his soul, for the children were painting eggshells *with gold paint* and he

was not there! A realization of the justice of his sentence kept him at work although he asked anxiously if he might go back to his own place after the window was mended. His teacher cordially responded that, of course, he could do so, and divided her attention between the two tables, giving him what little help he needed, but alas! his task was not such a simple one after all, for the paper had to be put in just as well as it was at first, and the folding, cutting, and pasting took a good while. When at last the house was finished so were the eggs. I think this was William's first experience in taking the full consequences of his own rash acts which were many, but as long as we knew him he never needed a second lesson of the sort.

By beginning fully four weeks before Christmas we have plenty of time both to hear and work out the stories of Piccola, The Little Pine Tree, Christmas in the Barn, Mrs. Santa Claus, or others that may be selected. We have beautiful times with our blocks, building houses with large chimneys, fireplaces, toys, and useful gifts. We make

presents for our friends out of the tablets, sticks, and rings, and invent many forms of beauty which we play are ornaments for the tree; we paint pine trees and stockings; we draw Christmas pictures; we make toys and gifts out of clay. We cut out toys from catalogues and newspapers, and paste them on (we play that it is *in*) paper stockings; we also work every day on the gifts we are making for the dear home people, all of whom are to be invited to the party. What do we make? Oh, many things! Here are some of them:—

Pin trays,
Bookmarks,
Match scratchers,
Blank books,
Letter pockets,
Post card pockets,
Sachet bags,
Christmas pictures,
Workbaskets,
Wastebaskets,
Penwipers,
Iron holders,
Receipt books,
Blotters,
Stamp cases,
Needlebooks,
Calendars,
Shaving balls,
Picture frames,
Rattles,
Napkin rings,
Jelly,
Dusters,
Scrapbooks,
Reins,
Etc.

Something new in calendars was brought by a child last year which furnished a suggestion for another gift. It was only a kodak picture of the child himself pasted above the necessary figures on a bit of dark green cardboard, but his teacher was so glad to get it that she immediately had visions of her own kodak being brought into play for the delighted amazement of the mothers of her "this year's flock."

One of my own most welcome gifts last year came to me from a child who had made it herself. On twelve pieces of blotting paper was pasted the calendar for each of the twelve months, and a bit of blue ribbon tied the whole together. No one who has not had a present of this sort can appreciate the convenience of a clean blotter every month on which one can find the date at a glance.

Of course we string popcorn, cranberries, and straws as well as small rings of gold paper; we also make cornucopias, tiny lanterns, folded beauty forms, and paper baskets for the tree; we gild nuts and eggshells, and make birds' nests, out of ravelings, into which we put clay eggs. Sometimes, at the

last moment, we blow a podful of milkweed seeds over the tree, where they look like snowflakes.

A chosen few go down town to buy the tree. We insist on having a spruce, for we must have that delicious Christmas odor which always carries the teacher back to her own childhood and forms like associations for the children. How we love to sing "There's a Wonderful Tree" as we trim it "the day before"! This is a great occasion. Not a mother would be allowed inside the room under any condition. Every child must, of course, share in the work of decoration, and we flatter ourselves that we have learned how to manage this with comfort and satisfaction to all. The trimmings are divided among the children, each having from ten to a dozen fragile treasures to guard; the big step-ladder is brought in and, six at a time, they come and go, bringing some one thing which they put where they think it will look best. The bolder spirits mount the ladder and trim from the top down, while the more conservative keep to the lower branches.

When everything is done and kindergarten is over for the day, the children from the higher grades cluster about the tree like flies around a honey pot. They never seem to tire of the kindergarten Christmas tree, and overwhelm us with offers of help, many of which we are glad to accept since the tree must do duty not only for us but also for the first grade children in the afternoon, and later be carried to somebody's house—somebody having seven children, more or less, apt to be overlooked by Santa Claus.

Experience has taught us that our celebration proper cannot begin until half past ten, although the children and a few coerced parents are at the door long before nine. For obvious reasons the busy mothers, many of whom must bring babies with them, must drift in one by one from the opening of school to the middle of the morning. So we have our morning circle as usual, singing some of our best songs for those who have come, but saving our Christmas program for a later hour. Then we go to our tables for a half hour's work, for we are glad to show our friends not only what kind of work

we do in kindergarten but how well we can do it. After this the tables are taken out of the room and we move our chairs back toward the wall where our guests are sitting, having the privilege of placing ourselves close to our dearest and best. Then comes a half hour's exercise and play, and our carefully prepared "Christmas Dance." By the time this is over everybody has come and we can close the doors and pull down the shades. Amid a breathless silence the candles are lighted, and as the last tiny flame adds its glow to the rest, forty little voices burst forth into

"Oh! this Wonderful Tree
With its branches wide
Is always, is always
Blooming at Christmas-tide!"

Our Christmas program follows this, beginning as we began weeks ago with "In Another Land and Time." Then the piano plays softly "What the Bells Say," and a bell-ringing takes place—*A flat* and *F natural* being used with an echo on *D flat*. We sing "Ring, Happy Bells," "Alone in a Manger," the whole of the Christmas tree song,

and our beloved "Up on the House-top." This song of St. Nick preludes the recital, by us all, of part of " 'Twas the Night Before Christmas." Then comes a pause. Very soft but very lively music is played. What does it mean? Out from somewhere come the Brownies, a few of our chosen ones, who with peaked caps and felt slippers look their parts well. They dance about the tree and sing:

"Brownies are we, etc.,"

until a particular chord on the piano sends them flying.

The shades are raised, the candles blown out, and the kindergartner makes a little speech to the mothers, telling them how welcome they are and warning them on no account to *feel* of the dainty white packages which are to be carried home to-day but not opened until Christmas morning. We sing our good-bye song and after that—the deluge! Informal greetings are supposed to follow, but our own children as well as the little brothers and sisters, all of whom have kept the peace as long as possible, pervade

the place, and there is always a general mix-up of laughter, conversation, wraps, rubbers, babies, and Christmas hilarity; but everybody is happy and the party breaks up with joyful choruses of the dear old words: "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

CHAPTER XII.

GARDENING.

STARTING with very little we have gradually accumulated considerable knowledge of the exigencies of kindergarten gardening. We have come to the conclusion that such window plants as we want we will slip and pot during the summer, or with the children early in September. We tie closely to geraniums and Wandering Jew, although English and other ivies have proved responsive, as have some of the various plants contributed by the children. We enjoy planting an orchard, using apple, orange, lemon, peach, pear, and plum seeds. A vegetable garden consists of a grain of corn, a bean, a pea, a potato, an onion, a turnip, and a carrot also inspires much interest. We buy, as we can afford them, Chinese lily and other bulbs, and some

blooming plants, such as daffodils and chrysanthemums. We get these treasures oftentimes by means of our unique system of banking. In each kindergarten is a toy bank; one bears the semblance of dog with an open and hungry mouth, another of an owl, and the third of a mother eagle who drops pennies placed in her beak in the general direction of two eaglets, who give a fascinating squeak at the dramatic moment. These birds and beasts are all fond of gum and candy pennies, in fact, they care for no other kind. They never under any circumstances eat Sunday school money, and have an aversion for that which is being saved up at home for any good purpose. Since most children who go to public schools, and especially those from the poorer classes have many "gum and candy pennies" given to them, we are, in the course of a year, able to divert quite a considerable sum from the little shops full of alluring prize packages, candy cigars, and yards of licorice, into the hollow and ever-yawning interiors of our menagerie. The animals are always very grateful when fed and clank their thanks in

a way that fills the small benefactor with pride and joy.

One of our earliest purchases was a load of black earth which was placed in one corner of the schoolyard. In the fall we add street scrapings and leaves to this, so that it grows richer from year to year and is just so much the better for filling pots and boxes. From this heap, in small wheelbarrows and wagons, we carry a top dressing to our outdoor garden beds.

In the spring our first work is the clearing away of winter rubbish. Sometimes this necessitates a bonfire. After the garden beds are made, we are, now, sufficiently wily to allow the first growth of weeds to come up before we plant. The main crop consists of wheat, oats, and corn. These are well up before school closes and are reaped for us during vacation, so that when we come back we have sheaves and corn-ears, first for decoration and later for use. The wheat we thresh and grind for a yearly cake-baking festival. Unbolted flour stirred up with a little milk, salt, and baking powder, and fried in butter makes

excellent "panny-cakes," as we have good reason to know. The oat sheaf becomes a birds' Christmas tree on the last day of the winter term, and, when spring comes, is in great demand for sparrows' nests. The corn we shell and use for seed work and chains.

In our other garden beds we have learned to plant for late results. For seed pods we like gourds, wild cucumber, Japanese lantern plant, ground cherry, and a bean which bears a purple pod. In the flower beds we plant asters, dwarf sunflowers, cosmos, marigolds, and snapdragons, because all of these bloom in September or October. For a decorative effect nothing is better than the castor bean, since that impressive plant does not really get down, or rather come up, to business until school opening time.

After our seedlings are well up we have to do one thorough job of weeding before school closes, after which the whole plantation must be surrendered to the tender mercies of the Lord High Janitor. In some of our kindergartens we are most fortunate in finding him a kind and friendly helper. One year we were able to leave a little money

with one, which he used in giving employment to certain well-known restless spirits in the neighborhood who might otherwise have committed depredations on our cherished plot.

In one of our kindergarten yards we have had for years a real tree nursery. In late May and in June the children dig up tiny elms, maples, box-elders, and other trees, and transplant them to a sheltered spot. Some of these are now such good-sized trees that they have had to be transferred to the open lawn. Willow switches planted in the spring soon become trees, as we have found; and we have grown to be especially fond of our little cottonwoods, since they, too, make rapid growth.

A quantity of perennial daisies set out in our gardens is a source of ever-recurring September delight, for in that month the flowers are at their best. Not only do they make beautiful bouquets for the schoolroom, but they seem to nod and smile a cordial welcome as we come back to begin each new year's work.

CHAPTER XIII.

EXCURSIONS.

DURING the early part of the school year, while we are getting acquainted, we often make visits in small groups to each other's homes. We choose for such expeditions those days which are so beautiful that it seems as though one must be out of doors. Fortunately, in our climate they are of frequent occurrence during September and October.

On the way there is so much to see! The beautiful trees, the busy squirrels, the migrating birds surround us; we pass gardens bright with fall flowers and brilliant foliage; we gather mountain ash berries, as well as plantain, chickweed, and catnip for home pets. The little host is always glad to show us his home, his mother, the baby, his garden, and his toys; and he enjoys our interest

in his dog, the pigeons, the kittens, or the chickens. We come away knowing each other better and with that feeling of closer relationship between home and kindergarten which is so desirable.

The teachers secretly take note of the resources of these homes, well knowing that they may draw on them in time of need. They know which family keeps a cow, whose mother has a lovely music-box, what father uses tools, and which one owns a team.

A number of gardens have been open to us for years. To these we go every September for seeds, pods, and berries. Sometimes we bring back seedlings which have come up so late that they will bloom indoors. We make special visits to the places where we are most apt to see the wild birds, and make a point of calling on every family in the neighborhood where pets are kept. One boy has a mother goat and a kid; another keeps Belgian hares; still another raises white rabbits; and another owns a little donkey on which we may ride. We have been to see Harold's parrot, Fanny's Angora cat, Don's turtles, and Harlow's Guinea pigs.

We are fortunate in living in a town where there are many squirrels. These have been so tamed by the school children that they not only take nuts from one's hand but actually waylay the passers-by and demand food. Numbers of these gray and red rascals live in our small parks where there are many oak trees. Here they build their nests and may be seen at almost any time.

Occasionally we go out with the special purpose of looking at the trees, and we enjoy naming every tree we pass within a given limit, as well as bringing back a sample leaf from each variety with which to play guessing games. We have an outdoor guessing game which is greatly enjoyed. The teacher stops and says: "I see a maple tree! One, two, three, *run!*" and the game is to run to a maple tree and stand under it until she comes to assure you that you are all right. All who find the right tree run again, while the rest stay with her, and the game goes on till the last child is puzzled or the time is up. In this way we have learned to know hard, soft, and cut-leaf maples, red

oak, white oak, ash, elm, box elder, linden, cottonwood, and willow trees.

Only a little way from our kindergarten are fields and roadsides bright with sunflowers, golden-rod, asters, and fall daisies. These we gather and send in to the city by the students who are going and coming almost every day, and who seem not only willing but glad to carry baskets, bundles, or bouquets. We gather acorns and seeds for these city friends, and sometimes send them flowers from our home and school gardens.

Of course, we make special excursions to the blacksmith's, the baker's, the shoemaker's, the engine house, the lighthouse, and the life-saving station. On one occasion we were most royally entertained at the Columbia Bakery. Not only were we shown the work rooms, the ovens, the ice crushers, and the huge freezers, but each one of us was allowed to make a candy cane with his own hands; and as if this were not enough, a luncheon of ice cream and cake was served, in our honor.

The event of the year, however, next to the Christmas party, is our visit to the en-

gine house. The men are expecting us for some of them have now or have had children in the kindergarten. They take us first upstairs to the tidy big bedroom with its rows of beds, chairs, and little closets. They show us the great hole in the floor through the middle of which runs a shining brass pole. They invite us to slide down with them, and after a few gasps of astonishment, amid a breathless interest, some bold spirit volunteers. A fireman takes him on one strong arm, and, twining the other and his legs about the pole, goes *whiz* down to the floor below. There is a wild shout, and offers to follow pour in upon the other men, who accept as many as possible. They slide down and come upstairs for another load over and over again until the teachers feel obliged to end the fun by suggesting that all go downstairs to see the engines. The marshal lets us climb all over the engines, hose cart, and hook-and-ladder wagon. We try on the hats, hang on the steps, and rummage about to our hearts' content. Then we all go to a safe place and there is a drill for our benefit. Over and over again the alarm bell

rings; the horses dash to their places, the men come sliding down the pole ready for a run, all in a few seconds.

One of the children who had always given her teacher trouble by tardy or reluctant obedience was greatly impressed by this drill. At one word from the marshal the horses wheeled, ran, and backed into their stalls without an instant's hesitation. After the exhibition was over she drew a long breath, looked up at her teacher and exclaimed, "My! how they do mind!" From that time on her whole conduct changed in the kindergarten, and, it is to be hoped, at home also.

Before we leave the engine house we give our hosts a concert which they seem to enjoy very much. Then our good friend the marshal presents us each with an orange, and invites us cordially to come again. This we promise faithfully to do next year, and we go home happy and grateful, with a tremendous amount of stored-up material for future work and play.

Several times during the year we visit the other rooms in the school, usually at recess

time when our coming will be no interruption. We like to see the pictures on the walls, the plants in the windows, the mounted work, and many other objects of interest sure to be found there. We especially enjoy this at Thanksgiving and Christmas time, on Washington's Birthday and Memorial Day.

After our February class has been in the First Grade a few weeks we visit them, taking our chairs with us and sitting politely through a reading and a writing lesson. Then we go back and play school.

In the spring we go out to hunt the first dandelions, to get twigs or leaves from different trees, to visit gardens and chicken yards, and to gather wild flowers. We go out on the prairie when the meadow larks and the bobolinks sing, and we visit the frog pond. We keep watch of certain robins and bluejays that are building nests, and become acquainted with bluebirds, woodpeckers, thrushes, orioles, and warblers.

When the apple trees are in bloom, we take our work into somebody's garden where we know we are welcome, and spend the

whole morning where the soft white petals can fall into our laps, where the air is full of fragrance and bird song, and where we can almost see spring turn into summer.

Our spring songs never sound so sweet as when sung out of doors in the warm sunshine; so sometimes we go serenading and sing a chosen *repertoire* under the windows of certain mothers whom we know will be glad to hear us.

One perfect day, after we had learned to sing that delightful song,—

"Oh, have you seen the swimming school,
Where the froggies learn to swim?"

we went out on the prairie about half a mile to a good-sized pond where "there truly was a froggies' swimming school." There were dandelions, grass flowers, and birds all about us, and when we reached the pond, we stood on its edge and sang the song as we never did before and never have since. After a luncheon of crackers and milk, we went fishing with poles found on the way, to which were attached strings and crooked pins. Not that we had any idea of catching anything,—but then we might! The big boys said there

were crawfish and shiners there; and, anyway, when you sit on the edge of a pond and dangle your hook in the water, *it's fishing.*

The crowning joy of that spring day was reserved, however, for the last. A tin pail to which a rope was attached was carefully cast into just the right spot and came out full of pollywogs. There were millions of them to be had for the taking, so we fished up as many as we wanted. These were carried back to the kindergarten and made comfortable in our acquarium with ditch water, mud, and weeds. We watched them grow for many weeks, and then, on the last day of school, divided them among the children, who took them home to keep until the pollywogs developed into frogs.

CHAPTER XIV.

INTERVALS.

IN ANY public kindergarten where there are several groups of children there are necessarily times when some have to wait for others to put away work or come to order. A wise teacher will make use of these periods in a variety of ways. There is no better time for the Sense Games, which are as a rule too seldom and too lightly touched upon. These should be played over and over again until time enough has been given them to produce a real result. Games of seeing, hearing, tasting, touching, and smelling can be devised with all sorts of objects, much material being necessarily at hand. Balls, blocks, sticks, tablets, beads, rings, cloth, minerals, seeds, leaves, flowers, nuts, and fruits are a few of many easily procured articles.

During these intervals, the treasures loaned by friends or brought in by the children can again be handled and examined. The color top can be used. Statistics can be taken regarding birthdays, the fathers' work, the children's home work, what they mean to do when they grow up, what they do on Saturdays or Sundays, their journeys, what work or play they like best, and so on.

We play some of the old-fashioned handkerchief games at this time, teaching the children to make the baby's hammock, the jumping rabbit, the grandmother's cap and the dancing dolls.

There is a mystifying bit of play about "Two little blackbirds" which children enjoy greatly when it is new to them and which they like to learn for the sake of mystifying the family at home. Two bits of paper on the extended forefingers become

> "Two little blackbirds sitting on a hill,
> One named Jack and the other named Jill,"

and at the admonitions

> "Fly away, Jack! Fly away, Jill!
> Come again, Jack! Come again, Jill!"

the birds, in a surprising manner, do exactly as they are bidden. The *modus operandi* is simple. At the commands in the third line, the forefingers are raised in turn high in the air, and while there the middle fingers (with no papers on them) are quickly extended in their stead and brought down to view, so that no "little birds" appear after having been ordered to "fly away." At the commands in the fourth line, the middle fingers are raised, and the forefingers quickly substituted for them, so that the "little birds" reappear as the fingers are brought down after the order, "come again."

We also at times, armed with a regular school pointer take turns at finding in the room red, blue, yellow, iron, wood, glass, or metal objects. This leads to talks about similar objects seen at home or out of doors.

Add to these resources the many attractive finger plays, and it would seem that there was material enough and to spare to make use of at these times. In addition, however, we have used many songs, rhymes, and verses, teaching the children, a little at

a time, bits of "Mother Goose" and other nursery classics. From Miss Poulsson's "In the Child's World," we have made good use of the "Johnny-cake Story," "The Tree of the Forest," and other tales. Sometimes we have readings from children's books of poetry, or one group surreptitiously learns a song or a finger play that the other groups do not know, in order to overwhelm them with surprise at some dramatic moment.

Beside all this, we make a point of taking advantage of the oft-presented opportunity to learn certain needed lessons in self-control. While we are playing The Knights and hearing stories of brave deeds, we find it good to practice sitting absolutely still sometimes in a finely stern attitude, with folded arms, while we wait for the others, just to show them that we can do so. This practice is kept up at intervals during the rest of the year for the sake of what will be required in school, church, and other anticipated situations.

By providing systematically for these short and too often wasted periods of kindergarten time, the teacher will be able to

augment her work of development more than one who has not tried it would think possible.

THE END.