THE

ACTION PRIMER

BY

THOMAS O. BAKER, PD.D., PH.D.

PRINCIPAL OF PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 128, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

NEW YORK ·:· CINCINNATI ·:· CHICAGO

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY
THOMAS O. BAKER.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, LONDON.

ACTION PRIMER.

W. P. 1.

PREFACE

CHILDREN love action, and learn most rapidly through their chosen activities. The word of most content for the child is the verb. The Action Primer abounds in verbs. The illustrations are pictures of children and animals in lively action. Many of the actions can be performed in the class room, still further enlisting the glad coöperation of the child in his first reading lessons. The demands of the dynamic side of education thus met, and the text speaking the child's own favorite and most familiar thoughts, the reading period may be a happy and a wholesome one from the first.

The Action Primer provides a progressive text, introducing not too many new words and reviewing sufficiently. It prescribes no method of teaching, but recommends the sentence and word methods for the first lessons and some application of phonetics as soon as the child has learned words enough to illustrate any simple phonetic principle. For this purpose it is best used in connection with such reading

as the various occupations of the class room may suggest for the blackboard.

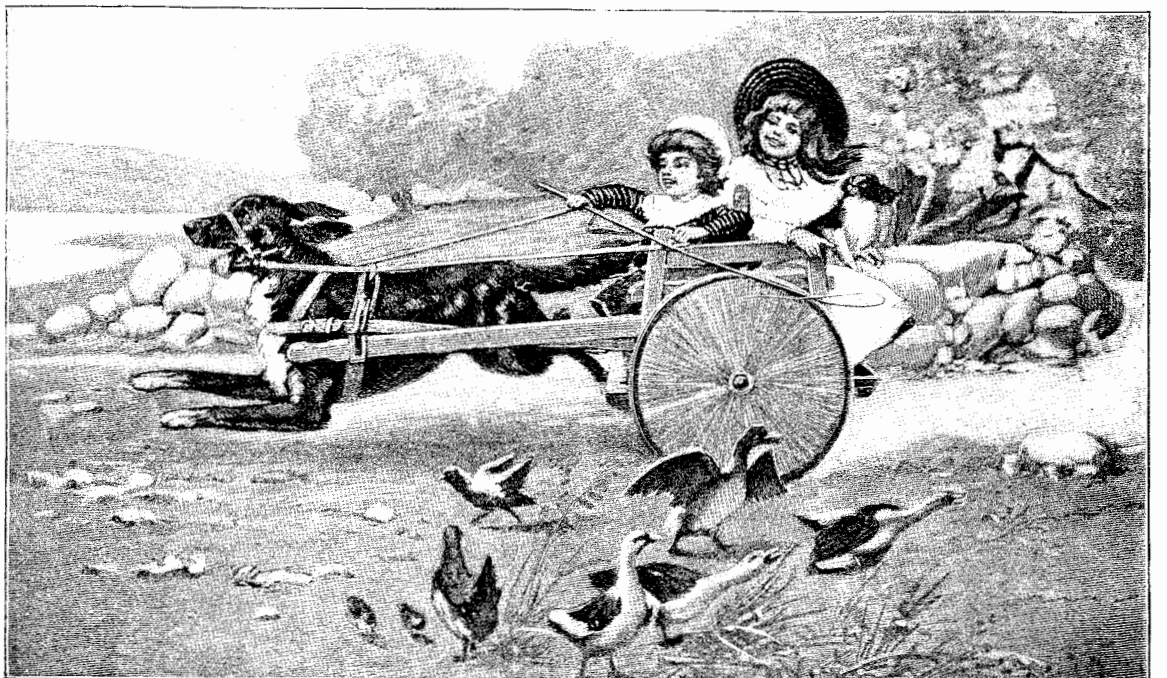
New words are not given in the headings in Part Two. Let the children find the new words. They should then be placed upon the blackboard. The hunt for new words will excite interest.

Nursery rhymes and poetry appeal to children. They enjoy the rhythm. Why not let them read it to begin?

The author desires to express his thanks to Mrs. Hester M. R. Warner, who for twenty years has taught reading to beginners in Brooklyn. Mrs. Warner read the manuscript carefully, and made many valuable suggestions.

BROOKLYN, N.Y.

PART ONE



SEE THE DOG RUN!

	me
See me.	see
Can you see me?	can
I can see you.	you
	I

You can see me.

run

I can run.
See me run.

hide

I can hide.
See me hide.

sew

I can sew.
Can you sew?

sweep

and

I can sweep.
Can you sweep?
I can sew and sweep.

I can run and hide.

boys

little

jump

Little boys can run.
Little boys can jump.
Can you run and jump?

girls

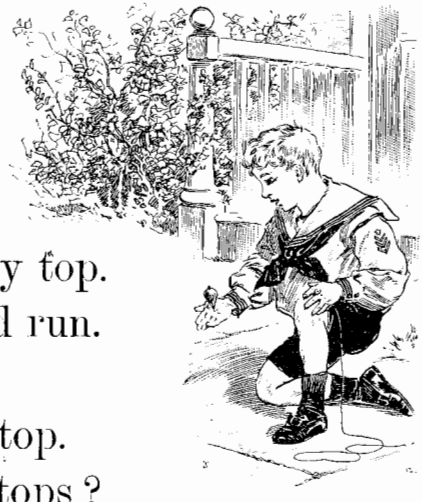
Little girls can sew.
Little girls can sweep.
Can you sew and sweep?
Little girls can sweep and sew.

Can you run and hide?

top

spin

my



See me spin my top.
I can jump and run.
I can hide.
I can spin my top.
Can girls spin tops?

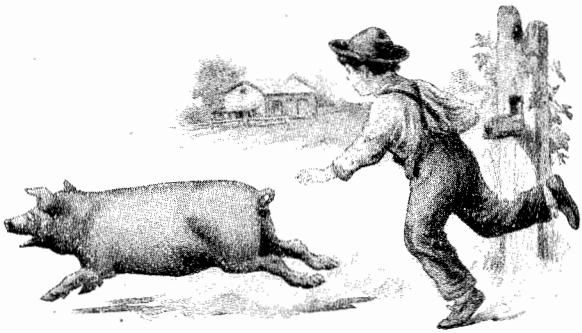
swing

See me swing.
I can sweep and sew.
I can swing.
Can you swing, little boy?
Little boys and girls can swing.

to

like

I like to run and jump.
I like to sweep and sew.
I like to swing.
I like to spin my top.



the pig
has
feet
four
two

See the pig run.
See the boy run.
The pig has four feet.
The boy has two feet.

birds

fly

wings

have

See the little birds.
Little birds can fly.
Birds have wings.
Birds like to fly.
Birds like to jump.

REVIEW

Can the pig sew?
Girls can sew.

Can the girl spin the top?
Boys like to spin tops.

Can the bird sweep?
Girls like to sweep.

Can the boy fly?
Have boys wings?
Birds have wings.

Little boys and little girls can swing.
Little boys can run and jump.
Little girls can sew and sweep.
Little birds can run and fly.

spin	fly	sweep	boy	girls
can	like	has	top	wings

no dog
not he
and has

My dog can run.
He can not fly.
He has no wings.
He can jump.
He has feet.
He has four feet and I have two.

she cat
or rock

My cat can rock.
She can swing.
She can not sew or sweep.
She can jump and run.
She has four feet and I have two.
See my little cat and me.

baby

kite

will

let

if

Can the kite fly?
The kite has no wings.
I can fly the kite.
Will you let me have the kite?
Girls can not fly kites.
Let me see if I can.
I will let you fly the kite, if you like.
I will spin my top.

I will spin my top.

doll

walk

is

yes

she

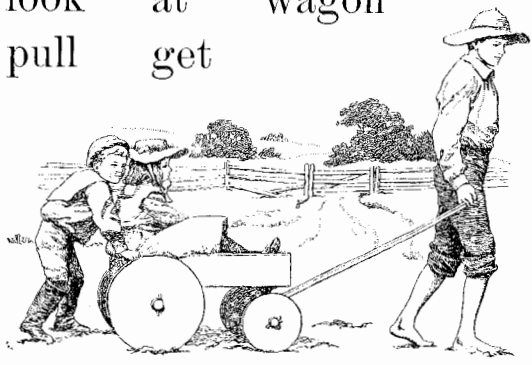
My doll can walk.
She has two little feet, like baby.
My doll is my baby.
I love my doll, and she loves me.
She can not run.
My doll is little.
Have you a doll?
Yes, I have a big doll.

Have you a doll?

us

play

look at wagon
pull get



Look at my little wagon.
Will you let me get in it?
Yes, if you like.
Get in, and I will pull you.
Can a girl have a wagon?
Yes, if she likes.
Boys like wagons.
Girls like dolls.
Can a girl pull a wagon?
Will you let me pull the wagon?

Look at my wagon!

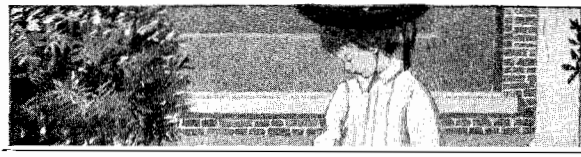
I will tell you what we can do.
We will play hide.
I will run and hide.
Then you can look for me.
Will you hide in the swing?
I will not tell you.
I like to play hide.
Do you, Willie?

We will play hide.

We will have a good run.
I like to play with my dog.
Jack likes to play with me.
He comes if I say, "Come, Jack!"
He runs if I run.
He jumps if I say, "Jump, Jack."
He walks if I walk.
Jack is a good dog to play with.
He and I play with the boys.

Come, Jack! Come with me.

must



What dear little boys and girls they are!

I can see four boys and six girls. How many are four and six?

What are these ten little children doing?

They are holding each other by the hand. I think they have come to have their pictures taken.

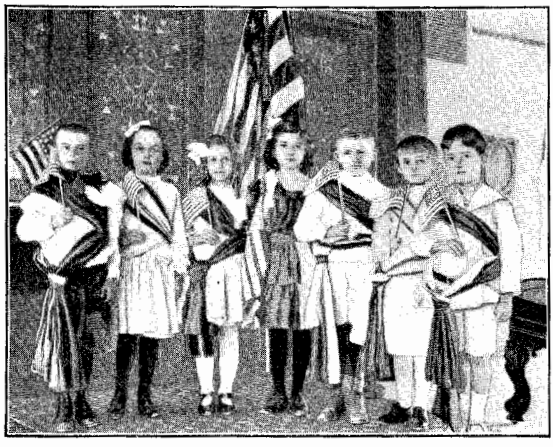
Do you think you would like to wear such a long dress?

These boys and girls look happy. They are having a fine time.

The little girls do not dress this way all the time.

They were dressed this way in school one day. They were dressed like children in Holland.

These little girls are always happy, and so are the boys.



FLAG DAY

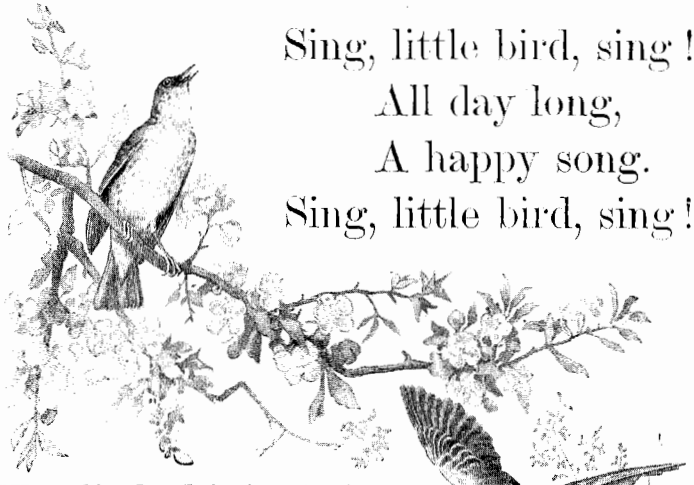
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Three girls and four boys all in a row.

They have flags in their hands. They have red, white, and blue sashes.

This is flag day. The boys and girls have been telling about our flag.

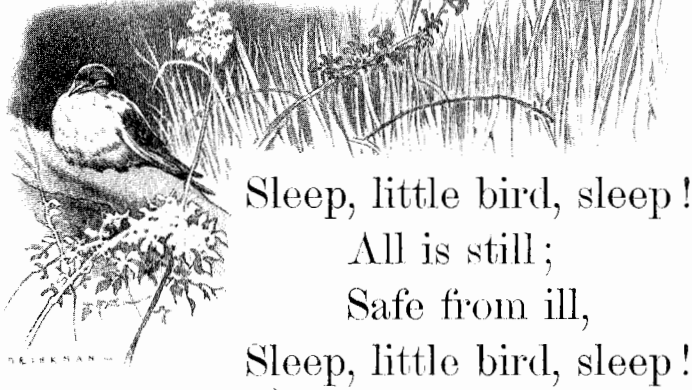
Do you know the colors in our flag? Yes. Hurrah for the red, white, and blue.

SING, LITTLE BIRD

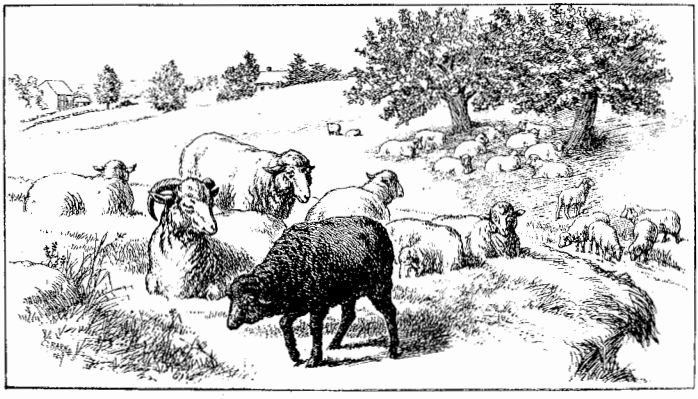


Sing, little bird, sing!
All day long,
A happy song.
Sing, little bird, sing!

Fly, little bird, fly!
Do not fear;
I love you, dear.
Fly, little bird, fly!



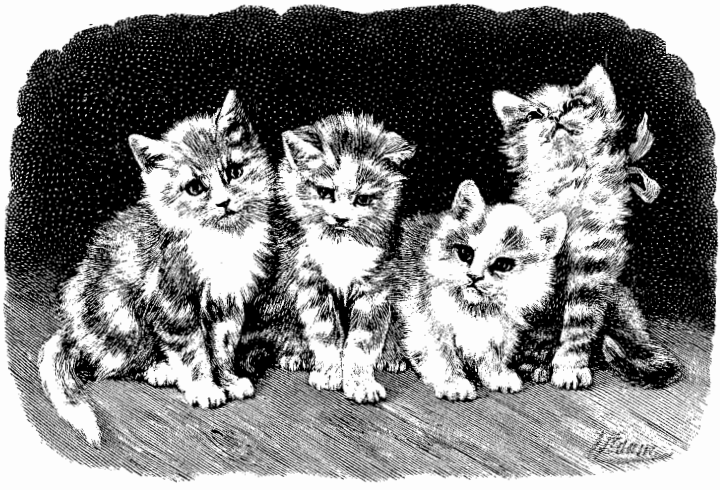
Sleep, little bird, sleep!
All is still;
Safe from ill,
Sleep, little bird, sleep!



THE BLACK SHEEP

Black sheep, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
I have, I have,
Three bags full.

A bag for my master,
A bag for the dame,
And one for the little boy,
Down in the lane.



LITTLE PUSSY

I like little Pussy,
Her coat is so warm.
And if I don't hurt her,
She will do me no harm.

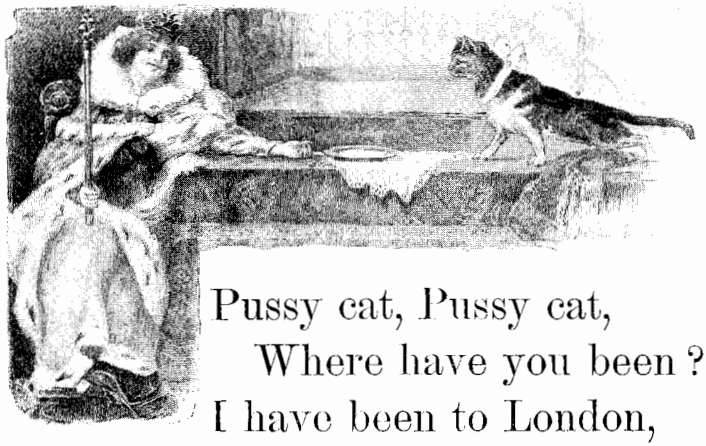
So I will not pull her tail,
Nor keep her away,
But Pussy and I
So gently will play.

THE FLY

Baby-by,
Here's a fly;
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Up the walls,
Yet he never falls.

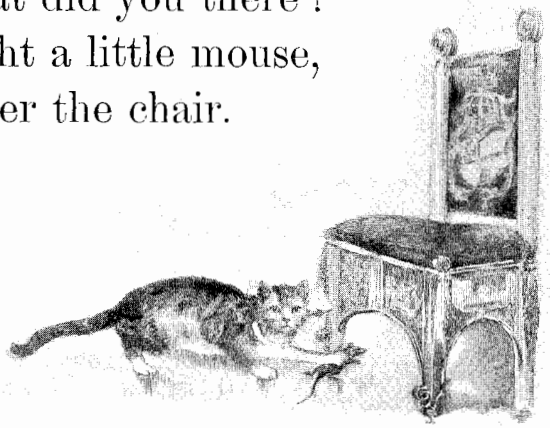
I believe with six such legs
You and I could walk on eggs.
There he goes,
On his toes,
Tickling baby's nose.

Flies can see more than we,
See how bright their eyes must be!
Little fly,
Ope your eye;
Spiders are near by.



Pussy cat, Pussy cat,
Where have you been?
I have been to London,
To see the Queen.

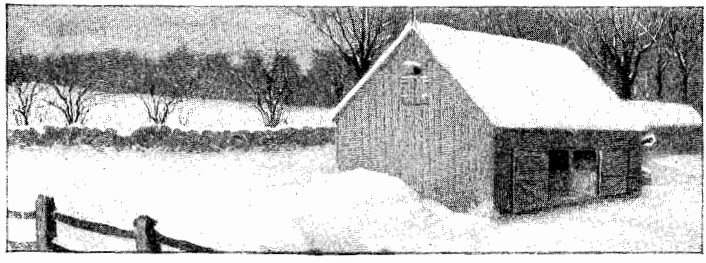
Pussy cat, Pussy cat,
What did you there?
I caught a little mouse,
Under the chair.

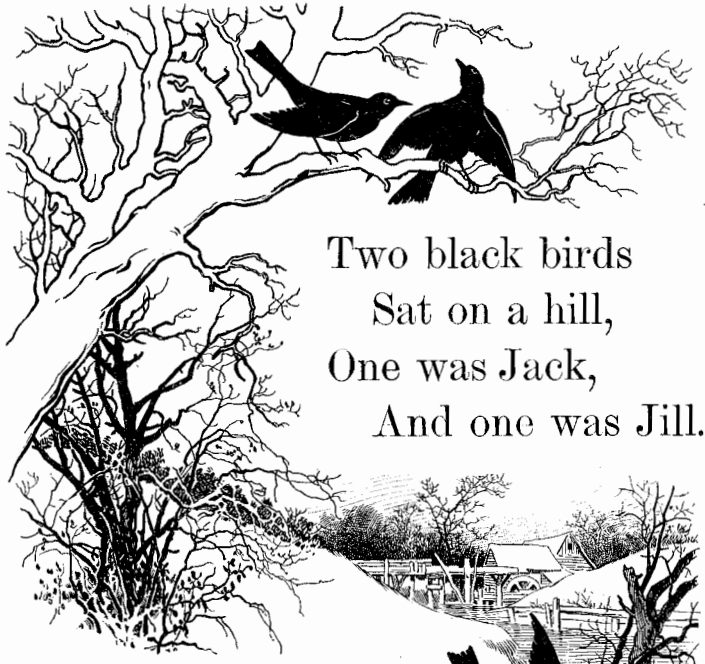


POOR ROBIN

The North Wind will blow,
And there will be snow,
And what will the robin do then?
Poor thing!

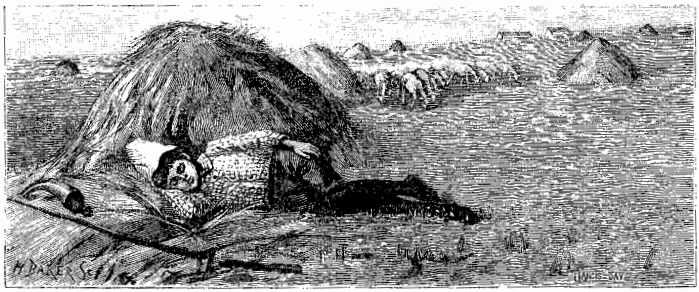
He will sit in the barn,
To keep himself warm,
And put his head under his wing.
Poor thing!





Two black birds
Sat on a hill,
One was Jack,
And one was Jill.

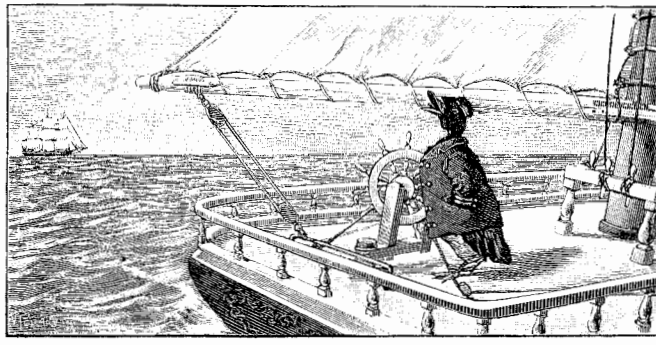
Fly away, Jack,
Fly away, Jill.
Come again, Jack,
Come again, Jill.



LITTLE BOY BLUE

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
What, is that the way you mind your sheep,
Under the haycock fast asleep?

Star light, star bright,
First star I see to-night;
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish to-night.



A ship, a ship, a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee.

There were toys in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The captain was a duck,
With a jacket on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! Quack!"

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again some other day,
Little Johnny wants to play.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

Early to bed and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, happy, and wise.

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water

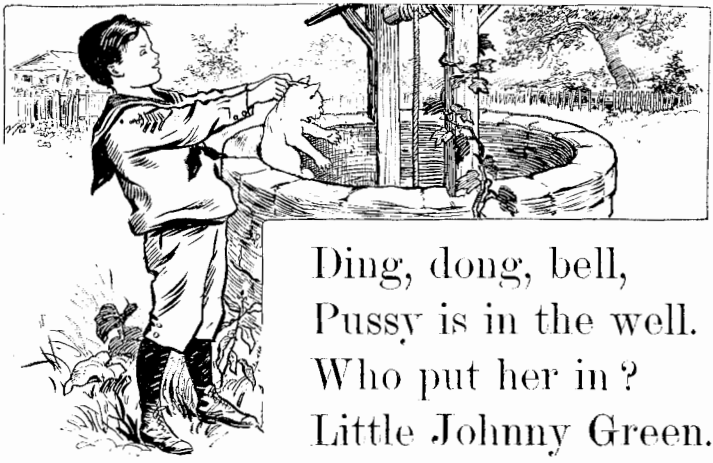
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

The friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart.
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple tart.

—R. L. Stevenson.

Rock-a-bye baby,
On the tree top,
When the wind blows;
The cradle will rock

When the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall;
Down will come Baby,
Cradle, and all.



Ding, dong, bell,
Pussy is in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green.

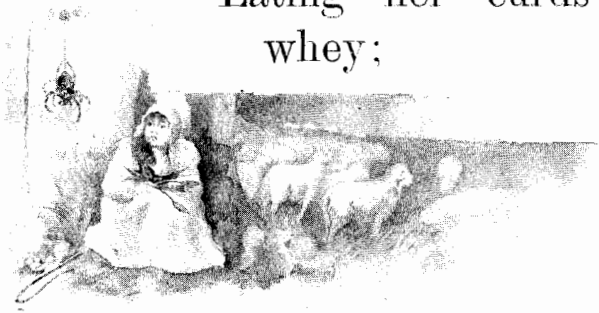
Who will pull her out?
Great Johnny Stout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown the poor, poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in the barn.

BABY-LAND

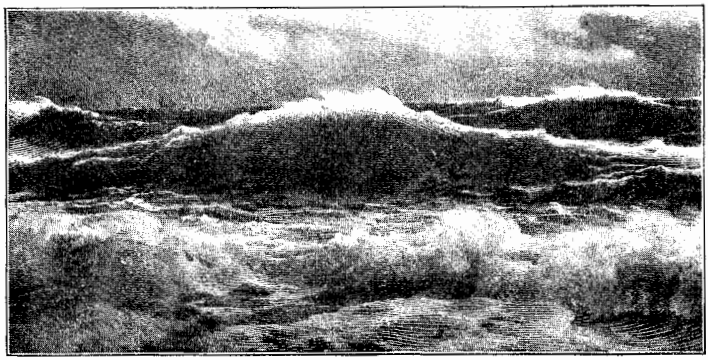
How many miles to baby-land?
Any one can tell.
Up one flight,
To your right,
Please to pull the bell.

What do they do in baby-land?
Dream and wake and play;
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow;
Happy times have they.

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey;



There came a big spider,
Which sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.



THE OCEAN

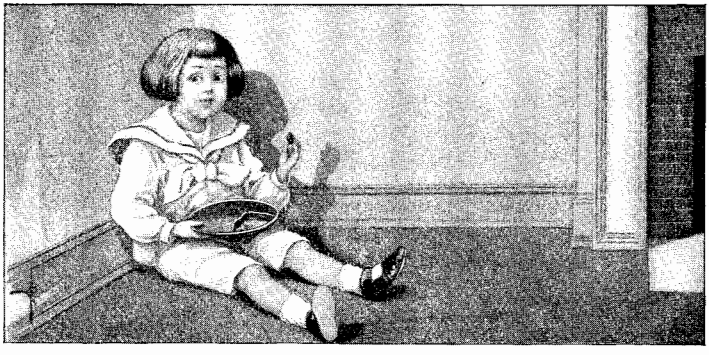
Did you ever see the ocean?

Children love the ocean. They love to play in the sand.

The children love to go to the ocean and wade in the water when it is warm.

Would you like to see the ocean?

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.



Little Jack Horner sat in the corner
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb and pulled out
a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am
I!"

Good night,
Sleep tight,
Wake up bright,
In the morning light;
So do what's right,
With all your might.

PEASE PORRIDGE HOT

Pease porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot
Nine days old.
Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot
Nine days old.

There's nothing so good, it seems to me,
As a good little boy, unless it be
A good little girl as good as he.

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
And down he run,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night,
And dress by yellow candle light;
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

—R. L. Stevenson.

THE BOY AND THE WOLF

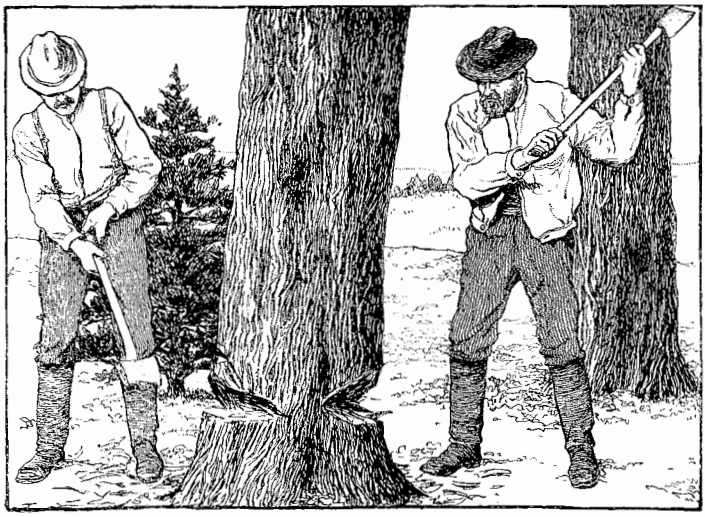
There was once a boy who took care of a flock of sheep near a town. One day when the men in the town were at work, they heard the boy call, "Wolf! Wolf! The wolves are among my lambs!" The men ran to him in great haste, but found his lambs quite safe. He had only called them for a joke.

He did that two or three times.

One day the wolf came and began

to carry off the lambs. The boy cried, "Wolf! Wolf!" The men did not come to help him.

So the boy lost his sheep.



THE TREES AND THE WOODCUTTER

A woodcutter once went into the woods and asked the trees to give him a handle for his ax.

"Very well," said the trees, "you shall have it. The slender young

ash which stands on the hillside shall serve you."

As soon as the man had made the new handle for his ax, he began to use it. Day after day his strokes could be heard, and soon all the great trees in the woods were laid low.

"Ah," said an old oak, as he fell crashing to the ground, "it is all our own fault that we are thus lost. If we had taken the part of the ash tree and not given up its rights, we might have stood here safe from harm for many years."

"Very true," said a tall pine tree that was lying close by. "When those who are strong fail to take the part of those who are weak, they are sure to be the losers for it."

LITTLE BO PEEP

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them.
Leave them alone and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamed she heard them bleating,
But when she awoke she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed! but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

MORNING SONG

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie;
"Mother, let me fly away."

"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."

"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger."
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

— TENNYSON.

BIRDS IN THE NEST.

ROBIN RED BREAST

Little Robin Red Breast
Sat in a tree.
Up went Pussy cat,
And down went he.

Down came Pussy cat,
And away Robin ran.
Said little Robin Red Breast,
"Catch me if you can."

Little Robin Red Breast
Sat on a wall.
Pussy cat jumped after him,
And Pussy got a fall.

Little Robin chirped and sang,
And what did Pussy say?
Pussy cat said, "Mew, mew,"
And Robin flew away.

THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field or tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

— R. L. Stevenson.

THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at any thing.

Now with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

—R. L. Stevenson.

THE BOY AND THE BROOK

One day a little boy who lived in the country was sent to town with a basket of butter and eggs to sell.

His mother said, "Go straight to town, and do not stop on the road."

"Yes, mother," said the lad; and he set off in high glee.

He soon came to a brook, and as he did not wish to get his feet wet, he sat down on the bank to wait for the water to pass by.

"It runs so very fast, I am sure it will not take long for it to pass."

So he waited all day for the water to pass. When the sun went down, and it was growing dark, the little boy took his basket and ran home to his mother.

"What does this mean?" said his mother.

"Why did you stay so long, my boy? And why did you not sell your butter and eggs? I told you to go straight to town and not to stop on the road."

"I came to a brook, mother," said the boy, "and I did not want to get my feet wet; so I sat down to wait until the water had all passed by. It is running there still."

"My dear boy," said his mother, "you will never sell your butter and eggs if you wait until the water has all passed by."

Many, many years have passed, and the water is still running in the brook.

VOCABULARY — PART I

am	basket	did	gave	I
as		don't	give	if
are	Carlo	day	get	in
and	can	dear	go	is
any	cat	dove	good	it
away	cold	Daisy	glad	indeed
always	catch	dew	gathers	
against	catches	dunce	girls	Jack
apples	catching	donkey	grass	Jinks
again	care	drop		jump
ashamed	careful	dress	has	
	careless		have	kite
by	calf	each	had	know
be	cow	eat	hand	keep
but	come	ever	her	Kitty
big	came	eight	himself	
blocks	coo		herself	let
boys	clean	face	him	love
birds	curl	fly	hard	like
book	Curly	for	hide	look
been	cherries	foot	how	looked
before	children	feet	he	late
better		four	his	Lily
baby	do	fine	hop	learn
birdie	dog	from	hoppers	learned
back	doll	floor	hair	little
bow-wow	does	five	here	lesson

me
my
mew
must
make
many
Mary
much
more
mamma
master
mud
morning

nothing
neat
never
nest
no
not
nor
now
nuts
new
naughty

off
of
or

oh
old
on
out
one

pet
pig
Piggy
plate
play
playing
papa
please
peep
pretty
peaches
pears
pull
pictures

Queue

run
ride
rock
rake
ruler
read

Rose
Rob

so
see
say
saw
she
sew
said
sky
sing
still
stop
show
skate
sorry
spin
swing
sent
stool
sweep
squirrel
school
some
shall
sled
slate
scold

such
shoes
selfish

to
too
two
top
tell
talk
then
that
they
take
told
tree
thing
thank
time
tie
tied
them
to-day
their
there
think
this
ten
toes

up
us

very

was
wagon
way
who
what
we
with
wet
well
why
Willie
wheel
wheelbarrow
walk
wings
will
wig
wash
works
want
when
where

yes
you