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THE BIRTHDAYS OF
WASHINGTON
AND LINCOLN

COLORADO ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

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*Prepared for the Public Schools by
Helen L. Grenfell, Superintendent of Public Instruction
February, 1902*



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OF THE
CITY OF DENVER.

Denver, Colorado, February, 1902.

To the Superintendents and Teachers :

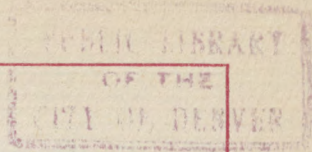
Our state having recently passed her quarto-centennial birthday, it seems a time especially appropriate for a consideration of Colorado's history in connection with the remembrance of the birthdays of those two great men so dear to the hearts of the whole nation.

It is therefore suggested that in connection with the celebration of the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, special attention be paid to Colorado's position as a loyal and progressive state, whose sturdy pioneers with courage, faith and industry have given to the children of to-day a rich and beautiful heritage to uphold and enjoy. We wish that the patriotic exercises which may be held in our schools during the present month might contribute towards building up a greater pride and interest in our noble state on the part of our school children, and show to them that as the future citizens of a state so blessed they owe the deeper debt of gratitude to the nation that has made possible the state's existence.

We offer the following material with the sincere hope that it may, to some extent, assist the faithful band of teachers in the work of making effective the exercises of the coming birthdays of Washington and Lincoln.

Very truly yours,

Helen L. Greenfell.



Denver, Colorado, February, 1902.

Dear Girls and Boys of the Centennial State :

You will all remember that on August 1, 1901, Colorado celebrated her twenty-fifth birthday with joy and gratitude for the wonderful progress and prosperity that has been granted to her ever since the first settlement of her territory.

And I have thought that while you are this month doing honor to our great presidents, Washington and Lincoln, and celebrating their birthdays by songs, recitations and essays, you would also like to pay some attention to the history of your own state. In the book that has been sent to your teachers you will find some things that may interest you concerning the part that Washington took as a pioneer in the early days of our nation, and even before it was a nation at all, and how Lincoln, a true pioneer boy, living in a newly settled country, poor, and obliged to constantly work for his living, with no school to attend as every boy in Colorado now has, yet through hard study and constant effort rose to greatness.

We still have among us many of the brave men and women who in '59 and the early '60's crossed the plains and in spite of all hardships conquered the wilderness and built up the great and glorious state of which

you will be the citizens and which it will be your duty to foster and protect. To do this well you must be ready to do your part in conquering whatever difficulties arise. There are no more wild Indians to be subdued or frontier dangers to be encountered, and our people will never again have to seek their fortunes across the dusty plains in emigrant wagons. But there is much work to be done and there are questions of right and wrong constantly to be solved, and by becoming more intelligent concerning the history of our country and state, you will be better prepared to help solve those problems and to be men and women who will lead our state to a further greatness and our country to a nobler place among nations.

Will not each one of you try to learn from the lessons of Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays something that will make you better fitted for the work that is before you?

Your sincere friend,

Helen L Greenfell



Sketch of Colorado's History



It is interesting to know that the first white men to step foot upon Colorado soil were the band of eight hundred Spaniards who set forth under the command of Francisco de Coronado, in 1540. Their purpose was to find gold, but they were seeking with the expectation of finding it in the treasuries and the ornamentation of king's palaces in grand cities. So the gold and silver in the vast treasuries of the Rocky mountains remained buried for three centuries more, and of Coronado's once brilliant array of explorers, the small remnant that escaped the perils of the wilderness left the newly discovered country to the red man. For many, many years more he roamed unmolested, except for his quarrels with his own race, and America remained almost ignorant of this part of her domain until after the Louisiana Purchase, in 1803. The coming celebration of that great event is of much interest to Colorado, for a portion of the state was acquired through that purchase.

The vast tract of land constituting the province of Louisiana, and extending from the Mississippi to the Rocky mountains, and northern Texas, and from the Gulf of Mexico to British America, was ceded by France to Spain in 1763, restored to France in 1801, and sold through negotiations of Napoleon Bonaparte with President Jefferson in 1803, to the United States for the sum of fifteen million dollars. By this acquisition the area of the United States at that time was more than doubled, and afterwards from this region were formed the states of Louisiana (admitted as a state, 1812), Arkansas (1836),

Missouri (1820), Iowa (1846), Kansas (1861), Nebraska (1867), Wyoming (1890), Montana (1889), and North and South Dakota (1889), with a large part of the states of Minnesota (1858), and Colorado (1876), and also the Indian Territory and Oklahoma.

All the northeastern section of what is now Colorado, and as far south as the Arkansas river, remained in the Louisiana Territory up to 1812, from then until 1854 in Missouri Territory, and from 1854 until 1861, when the Territory of Colorado was formed, in Kansas and Nebraska Territories. The division of our present state lying south of the Arkansas river belonged to the Republic of Texas from the foundation of that republic (1835) until it became one of the United States (1845). Then the region was annexed, part of it to New Mexico and part to Kansas.

In 1806 Lieutenant Pike, with twenty-three men, was sent out by the United States government to explore and report upon the new possessions. The entire route of this historical journey is well worth following, but to the majority of Coloradoans, its crowning day was November 15, 1806, when the party first came in sight of the most prominent and beautiful peak of the Rocky Mountains, fifty years afterwards named for its discoverer.

In most of the territory visited by Lieutenant Pike's men, they were the first white visitors, although in southern Colorado a few military posts had already been established on the Rio Grande and other rivers.

The next expedition sent out by the government was commanded by Colonel Long, who discovered the peak which bears his name, in the summer of 1820.

The most complete and valuable of all these exploring expeditions was that made under Fremont in 1842-44. He traversed North, Middle and South Parks, and made a complete and satisfactory report.

As early as 1852 some wandering Cherokees discovered gold near the foothills, but it was not until 1858 that a company of people from Georgia and from Kansas began the washing of gold from the sands of the South Platte.

When, in May, 1859, John H. Gregory discovered gold on Clear creek, in what was thereafter known as Gregory gulch, and since as Black Hawk, the announcement was the signal for the beginning of a vast migration across the trackless prairies, with Pike's Peak as the goal of the perilous journey, for that name then, to the East, stood for the country.

In 1858, at a time when the entire region comprised less than two hundred men, a county was defined, called Arapahoe, and delegates elected to Congress and the Kansas Legislature.

When, in 1861, the Territory of Colorado was founded, it was the wisdom of Governor Gilpin which secured the western slope of the mountains, a portion of territory acquired through the Texas cession in 1850. This made the area of the new territory equal to that of the New England States and Ohio combined. The people began at once the agitation for statehood. They adopted a Constitution in 1865, but although the bill for admitting the territory was passed by Congress, it was vetoed by President Johnson, and the young aspirant to the Union was obliged to wait ten years more, thus becoming the "Centennial State," by reason of its formal entrance as a state during our nation's one hundredth year.



Some Valuable Books on Colorado



Across the Continent.....	Bowles
Camps in the Rockies.....	Grohman
Cliff Dwellers of the Mesa Verde.....	Nordenskiold
Cosmopolitan Railway.....	William Gilpin
Colorado.....	Frank Fosseti
Colorado—A Summer Trip.....	Bayard Taylor
Great West.....	Hall
Great West.....	Howe
Greeley's Overland Journeys.....	
History of Colorado.....	Bancroft
History of Colorado.....	Frank Hall

History of the Arkansas Valley.....	
.....O. L. Baskin & Co., Publishers, Chicago	
History of Clear Creek and Boulder Valleys.....	
.....O. L. Baskin & Co., Publishers, Chicago	
History of Denver.....	
.....O. L. Baskin & Co., Publishers, Chicago	
History of Greeley and the Union Colony of Colo- rado.....	Boyd
Knocking 'Round the Rockies.....	Ingersoll
Land of the Cliff Dwellers.....	Chapin
Life of Captain Gunnison.....	
Life of Kit Carson.....	Burdett
Life in the Far West.....	Ruxton
Long's Expeditions.....	
Marvels of the New West.....	Thayer
Memoirs of John C. Fremont.....	
Mission of the North American People.....	Wm. Gilpin
Mines of Colorado.....	Hollister
On the Frontier.....	J. S. Campion
Our New West.....	Bowles
Our Western Empire.....	Brckett
Our Wild Indians.....	R. I. Dodge
Prairie and Rocky Mountain Adventures....	Van Tramp
Prairie Travelers.....	Marcy
Pike's Expeditions.....	
Resources of the Rocky Mountains.....	Farmer
Seventy Years on the Frontier.....	Majors

Governors of Colorado

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Territorial

William Gilpin.....	1861-62
John Evans.....	1862-65
Alexander Cummings.....	1865-67
A. Cameron Hunt.....	1867-69
Edward M. McCook.....	1869-73
Samuel H. Elbert.....	1873-74
John L. Routt.....	1874-76

State

John L. Routt.....	1877-79
Frederick W. Pitkin.....	1879-83
James B. Grant.....	1883-85
Benjamin H. Eaton.....	1885-87
Alva Adams.....	1887-89
Job A. Cooper.....	1889-91
John L. Routt.....	1891-93
Davis H. Waite.....	1893-95
Albert McIntire.....	1895-97
Alva Adams.....	1897-99
Charles S. Thomas.....	1899-1901
James B. Orman.....	1901-1903

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Capitals of Colorado

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Denver	1861
Colorado City.....	July 7-11, 1862
Denver.....	July 11-August 15, 1862
Golden.....	February 1-4, 1864
Denver.....	February 4-March 11, 1864
Golden.....	January 2, February 10, 1865
Golden.....	January 1-4, 1866
Denver.....	January 4-February 9, 1866
Golden.....	December 2, 1866-January 11, 1867
Golden.....	December 2-9, 1867
Denver.....	December, 9, 1867-January 10, 1868
Denver.....	(Permanent since 1870)

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Sessions of Legislature

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Territorial

First.....	September 9, 1861
Second.....	July 7, 1862
Third.....	February 1, 1864
Fourth.....	January 2, 1865

Fifth.....	January 2, 1866
Sixth.....	December 3, 1866
Seventh.....	December 2, 1867
Eighth.....	January 3, 1870
Ninth.....	January 1, 1872
Tenth.....	January 5, 1874
Eleventh.....	January 3, 1876

State

First.....	First Wednesday, November, 1876
Second.....	First Wednesday, January, 1879

All succeeding sessions have convened on the first Wednesday in January, each alternate year.



List of Counties in 1861



When Colorado Territory was organized:

Arapahoe.	El Paso.	Larimer.
Boulder.	Fremont.	Park.
Clear Creek.	Gilpin.	Pueblo.
Conejos.	Huerfano.	Summit.
Costilla.	Jefferson.	Weld.
Douglas.	Lake.	

Weld, Arapahoe, Douglas and Huerfano Counties extended to the eastern boundary of the Territory, with the Indian Reserve lying between Douglas and Huerfano. The entire western slope was occupied by three counties, Summit, Lake and Conejos.

To this list had been added by 1876:

Bent.	Hinsdale.	Routt.
Custer.	La Plata.	Saguache.
Elbert.	Las Animas.	San Juan.
Grand.	Ouray.	
Gunnison.	Rio Grande.	

1866
1866
1867
1870
1872
1874
1876

1876
1879
irst

And to these have been since added:

Archuleta.	Kit Carson.	Phillips.
Baca.	Lincoln.	Pitkin.
Chaffee.	Logan.	Prowers.
Cheyenne.	Mesa.	Rio Blanco.
Delta.	Mineral.	San Miguel.
Dolores.	Montezuma.	Sedgwick.
Eagle.	Montrose.	Teller.
Garfield.	Morgan.	Washington.
Kiowa.	Otero.	Yuma.



Historical Sketch of Our Public Schools



There is no other institution connected with our American life and civilization that has so warm a place in the hearts of the people as the common schools, and the founders of Colorado were not behind those of her sister states in their provision for the education of their children.

In 1861 the first Territorial Legislature assembled in Denver, passed a very comprehensive school law and provided for the support of a system of schools and for the appointment of a Territorial Superintendent of Common Schools, who was to receive a salary of five hundred dollars a year, and whose duties were similar to those prescribed to-day for the same official.

But it seems that the Superintendent could do very little along educational lines, since the essential elements of success for school work—namely, children—were wanting.

Some of the school districts organized at that time were as large as any of the New England States, while their school population numbered less than twenty. But as the years went on, in addition to the gold-seekers, permanent home-seekers located in the Territory, and the necessity for school organization and development became apparent.

The second Territorial Legislature, which met in 1862, passed a law to the effect that "Hereafter, when

any new mineral lode of either gold-bearing quartz, silver or other valuable metal, shall be discovered in this Territory, one claim of 100 feet in length shall be set apart and held in perpetuity for the use and benefit of the schools in this Territory." Unfortunately the requirements of this law were never met.

The first public school house erected in the state was at Boulder, in 1860, and cost \$1,200. This building was also used for town and church purposes.

The first school held in Arapahoe County was taught in Denver in 1862, but the first school house built there was erected in 1871 on Arapahoe street. The first permanent school buildings in the state were a stone school house in Central City, costing \$20,000, and a frame school house at Black Hawk, costing \$15,000, erected in 1870 and still well serving their purpose.

The historian of education in Colorado states that with the year 1870 a new era began—the transition from infancy to youth, when temporary measures and temporary structures gave way to permanency. The advent of the railroad brought a great increase of population, with greater confidence in the stability of the new commonwealth. Soon more divisions of territory into counties and school districts were made. The schools of the cities were placed under skillful superintendence and progress was rapid in the next decade. By the passing of the succeeding ten years—1880 to 1890—the schools of Colorado attained a reputation second to none in the United States.

In 1886 there were nearly one thousand pupils attending High Schools. Provision for higher education was liberally made, beginning with the establishment of the School of Mines in 1874, and continuing with the State University in 1877, the Agricultural College in 1879, and the Normal School in 1889, so that any child in the state can be freely admitted to the advantages of a complete college education.

A school for the Deaf and Blind was established at Colorado Springs, in 1874.

The establishment, also, of private institutions of a high order, has kept pace with the rapid growth of the state.

Kindergartens have been opened in the public schools of our larger cities and of many of the smaller ones. The district schools have nearly all adopted a uniform state course of study.

Altogether we feel that the prophecy uttered in 1877 by the President of the Second Meeting of the Colorado Teachers' Association has already been fulfilled:

"Thirty years from to-day the pupils of Colorado public schools will be the product of a people made up of the very best elements of the world, bred and trained in the purest air and under the brightest sky of earth, surrounded by the comforts of a plenteous civilization, without its attendant evils."

Some Educational Statistics

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	1870.	1876.	1901.
Number of school children	6,417	21,612	162,419
Teachers	132	530	2,093
Districts	129	313	1,500
School houses.....	110	219	1,753
Value of school houses.....	\$66,166	\$414,000	\$7,128,000
Income for school purposes	64,839	193,903	3,382,958

The State School of Mines was opened at Golden, in 1874, with 12 students. In 1901 it had 200.

The State University was opened at Boulder, in 1877, with 40 students. In 1901, it had 833.

The State Agricultural College was opened at Fort Collins, in 1879, with 44 students. In 1901, it had 387.

The State Normal School was opened at Greeley, in 1889, with 76 students. In 1901, it had 271.

Colorado Census

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1860.	1870.	1900.
34,277	39,864	539,700

Notes



The earliest inhabitants of this region of whom we have any record, were a people whose origin and fate are shrouded in mystery. Southwestern Colorado is one vast network of ruins, showing that in some remote age it was the home of a large population. We call these people the Cliff-dwellers, and their houses were built either in the river bottoms or in the bluffs, or hundreds of feet up in the cliffs. A locality particularly rich in the extent and variety of these ruins is the famous Mesa Verde in Montezuma County. Undoubtedly, the cliff dwellings were thus curiously situated for protection against enemies. The antiquity of this prehistoric people is variously estimated from hundreds to thousands of years, and by many it is supposed that they were ancestors of the modern Pueblo Indians, but it is confidently expected that the scholars of the future will learn to decipher the numerous rock-inscriptions, and that the lives of the Cliff-dwellers will come within authentic history at no far distant time.

The Indians found in Colorado by the early settlers belonged to the general division of Shoshones or Snakes, and to the various tribes of Utes, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, and Kiowas. These were at times re-enforced by representatives of the Sioux and the Apaches from the East and South.

The Utes have been placed on two reservations, one in Eastern Utah, one in Southwestern Colorado. The other tribes have scattered to reservations in the Indian Territory and elsewhere.

Chief Ouray, the most notable friend of the white people amongst the Indians of Colorado, died in 1881. It is owing to his efforts that a peace policy chiefly prevailed in their councils. Ouray fortunately was the ruler of the Utes during the years from 1865 to 1880, when mining, railway construction and industrial development were advancing most rapidly. It was he who made them understand the changes coming to their mountain haunts, and prepared them for the inevitable restrictions to follow.

In 1860 all of what is now Colorado that was settled by white men was included in the County of Arapahoe, which then formed a part of the Territory of Kansas. This was the year after the first rush to the "Pike's Peak Gold Mines," so-called.

Early Colorado—then a portion of Missouri Territory—took part in the Mexican War, sending expeditions under Major Gilpin (afterward Colorado's governor) and Colonel Doniphan.

During the Civil War, large forces of volunteers from Colorado performed distinguished service.

In the Spanish-American and Philippine wars the country was served by one regiment of infantry, two troops of cavalry, a battery of artillery and a company of engineers from Colorado.

Colorado is the leading State in the Union in the production of gold and silver, and one of the leading States in the production of wheat.

The name of our State was given first to the Colorado River by the Spaniards, the word signifying "colored red," as the reddish soil of some portions of the country through which the river flows, gave the color to its waters.

Colorado was admitted as a State, August 1, 1876.

The first railroad to enter Colorado was the Union Pacific, which was opened for travel on June 24, 1870.

The first newspaper published in Colorado was the *Rocky Mountain News*, brought out by William Byers & Co., April 23, 1859.

The right of suffrage became universal in Colorado by being granted to women in 1893.

The first steps toward deciding upon the erection of a State Capitol building were taken in 1881. The corner-stone was laid on July 4, 1890. The building was completed (except for the statue on the dome yet to be placed, and some interior decoration) in 1900. The total cost has been \$2,600,000.

The United States Census Bulletin of 1900 gives the following list of Colorado's manufactures: Awnings, tents and sails, bicycle and tricycle repairs, blank books, beet sugar, boots and shoes, bottles, brass castings, bread, and other bakery products, brick and tile, brooms and brushes, carpets, carriages and wagons, cars and general shop construction for railroads, chemicals, cheese, butter and condensed milk, china decorating, clothing, men's and women's, coke, confectionery, electric apparatus, flour, food preparations, foundry and machine shop products, fruit and vegetable canning, fur goods, furniture, gas, glass, ice, artificial, iron and steel, jewelry, leather, lime and cement, liquors, malt, mattresses and spring beds, millinery, mining machinery, mineral and soda waters, monuments and tombstones, optical goods, paper, patent medicines, paint, pottery, terra cotta and fire clay products, roofing, saddlery and harness, sewing machines, soap and candles, tobacco and cigars, trunks and valises, wire works, including wire rope and cable.

The following is a list of Colorado's chief products: Mineral—Gold, silver, iron, white, pink and gray lava stone, white, gray, red and brown sandstone, blue, gray, pink, purple and mottled granite, black, white, serpentine and variegated marble, roofing slate, bituminous, anthracite and lignite coal, coke, clay and kaoline, used in pottery, zinc, petroleum, lead, copper. Agricultural—Alfalfa, clover and timothy and natural grasses, wheat, corn, oats and barley, melons and cantelope, fruits and garden products, sugar beets, hops, hemp and flax, hides, wool, honey, dairy products.

William McKinley



The year that has passed since our last celebration of these memorable birthdays has been saddened for the whole nation by the assassination of one of the worthiest of the successors to Washington and Lincoln, and it seems fitting now that we should pause to do honor to his memory, and to accord a place in our own records to the memorial observances of last fall, which have become a part of the history of our State, and our country.

In the general tokens of mourning and the services in memory of the late President, the schools and children participated by meetings, September 19, rendering special programs and listening to addresses, impressing upon the minds of young and old the lessons of a noble life and heroic death.

The boyhood history of William McKinley is that of an affectionate and dutiful son, and an earnest and successful student at school and at college.

A lad of eighteen, when he volunteered his services as a private in the Civil War, his capacity for being always ready for whatever hard duty called and his gallantry in action led to promotion so rapid that at the age of twenty-one he had successively held the ranks of sergeant, second lieutenant, first lieutenant and captain, and was then brevetted major of United States Volunteers.

Turning his attention to the study of law, he was not long in achieving distinction in his chosen profession.

For several years he made a careful study of politics, and in 1876 began, with his election to the National House of Representatives, that brilliant public life, whose ever-increasing usefulness brought him to the highest office in the gift of the people.

How grandly he met the ever-increasing burdens of his high position is a matter of household knowledge, and his well-known devotion to his home life is no less dear to his fellow countrymen.

When, in the first year of his second term as President, the news was telegraphed from the Pan-American grounds at Buffalo, that McKinley had been shot and dangerously wounded, the whole nation was stunned.

No citizen of our land old enough to read, hear and understand will ever forget the revelation of character unfolded during that week of suspense. The strong, calm fortitude with which he bore pain and suffering, was equalled only by the tenderness of his care for the heavy affliction of his wife, the humanity and justice of his appeal for his wretched assassin, and the nobility of his resignation to the Divine will.

The chief lesson to be learned from the noble life of William McKinley is the practical use in this world of faith. It has been said that the keynote of his character was faith. It was this which sustained him through the pain and apprehension of that last week, as it had sustained him throughout his public career.

If any of us may hope to render such service and achieve such results, as did McKinley, whether in the higher or the humbler walks of life, it will be by cherishing, as he did, faith in God, faith in American institutions and faith in ourselves.

Proclamation

✦

Whereas, William McKinley, the beloved and honored President of the United States, who was stricken down by a cowardly assassin, has, through the will of the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, been taken from the nation; and,

Whereas, In the loss of the President, whose sterling qualities, upright character and lovable disposition are thoroughly appreciated and revered by all the true and loyal citizens of these United States, and all persons throughout the world, every citizen of this state has sustained a genuine personal loss almost beyond repair;

Therefore, I, James B. Orman, Governor of the State of Colorado, do order, as a token of respect to the memory of our beloved President:

That the flag of the United States, for which William McKinley fought so valiantly in his youth, and whose honor he has so nobly upheld in his maturer years, be floated at half-mast over the State Capitol, in the City of Denver, for a period of thirty days.

That the offices of the State Capitol be closed during the entire day on Saturday, the fourteenth day of September, and on the day of the funeral services over the body of the beloved President, now departed.

And, furthermore, I do recommend that Sunday, the fifteenth day of September, be observed as a special day of prayer for the future welfare of the Nation, and as a day on which special memorial services be held for the Nation's late chief executive, in partial and only too inadequate recognition of his noble, honorable and truly Christian character, and that the prayers of the citizens of this state be heartily offered for the comfort of Mrs. McKinley, the widow of the departed President.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the state to be affixed, this fourteenth day of September, A. D. 1901.

JAMES B. ORMAN.

By the Governor:

DAVID A. MILLS,

(Great Seal of State)

Secretary of State.

Under the cloudless skies of one of Colorado's beautiful September days, thirty thousand people gathered on the capitol grounds to participate in memorial services, which were among the most complete and impressive of all rendered throughout the country.

Program of the President McKinley Memorial Services



State Capitol Grounds, Denver, Colorado, Thursday, September 19, 1901, at 3 p. m., Mayor R. R. Wright, Jr., presiding:

Prayer.....	Chancellor Buchtel
Hymn—"Lead, Kindly Light".....	
.....	Mr. Peter Menzies, Director
Resolutions.....	Hon. I. E. Barnum
Address.....	Governor James B. Orman
Address.....	Hon. Charles Hartzell
Hymn—"Nearer, My God, to Thee".....	
.....	Mr. Henry Houseley, Director
Address.....	Hon. H. M. Teller
Hymn—"America".....	Mr. Herbert Griggs, Director
Benediction.....	Rev. Robert F. Coyle
Burial Salute....	By Detail of Colorado National Guard
Taps.....	Sounded by Milton N. Campbell (Trumpeter of President McKinley's Regiment.)

One-half hour guns will be fired during the day, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., at the Capitol grounds, by the Chaffee Light Artillery.

Proclamation



To the People and Children of Colorado:

The McKinley National Memorial Association has been organized for the purpose of raising the money necessary for the erection of a suitable monument at the grave of William McKinley, the late President of the United States.

This organization is composed of men of national reputation, who have requested the Governors of the various states to make an appeal to the churches and schools of the states for assistance in raising the amount necessary for the building of a fitting memorial in his honor.

Wednesday, the twenty-ninth day of January, 1902, will be the fifty-ninth anniversary of the birth of William McKinley, and it has been suggested that this day be set apart by all the schools of Colorado as "McKinley Day," and that it be observed by them with special exercises, befitting the character of such a man as our late President. He was a man who took great interest in the welfare and happiness of the children of our land. He ever had a kind word and loving hand to extend to them. His heart was filled with tender memories for the children, and his eye was ever watchful for an opportunity to assist them.

As a man he ever walked humbly before his Master, and the influences which have gone forth from his inspiring Christian life have done much to upbuild and mould the nation in the Christian faith.

Therefore, pursuant to the request that has been made upon me, and by virtue of the authority vested in me by law, I, James B. Orman, Governor of the State of Colorado, do most earnestly recommend and request that the 29th day of January, A. D. 1902, be observed by the schools of this state as "McKinley Day," and I do further recommend and suggest that the Sunday preceding the twenty-ninth, namely, the twenty-sixth day of January, be specially observed in the churches by such exercises

as may suggest themselves as being a most fitting and appropriate remembrance of a truly great and noble Christian life, and that at such time an opportunity be given to all to contribute such sum to the memorial fund as they may desire.

Each person or child making a contribution is requested to give his or her name and postoffice address, with the contribution, so that a suitable memorial receipt may be returned therefor by the National Association.

The contributions from the various schools, together with the names and addresses of the contributors, should be transmitted to Helen L. Grenfell, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Denver, Colorado, and the contributions from the congregations should be turned over to the ministers in charge.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of State, in Denver, the State Capital, this thirteenth day of January, A. D. 1902.

JAMES B. ORMAN.

By the Governor:

DAVID A. MILLS,

Secretary of State.

(Great Seal of State.)

Washington



George Washington was born in Virginia on February 22, 1732, one year before the founding of the last of the thirteen original colonies, which he was destined to bind into indissoluble union.

His father was a wealthy planter, and when George was seven years of age the family moved to their plantation on the Rappahannock river, opposite Fredericksburg. There the boy began his school life under the teaching of a sexton of the church, who gave him training in reading, writing and ciphering.

George's father died when George was eleven, leaving to him the plantation on the Rappahannock, and to his elder brother the great plantation on the Potomac, afterward called Mount Vernon. This brother, Lawrence, was fourteen years George's senior, had been well educated in England and played an important part in forming his younger brother's character. George was fortunate in having a mother of strong practical mind, capable of firmly and wisely training her children. In boyhood George was fond of warlike plays, probably at first catching the spirit of them from his brother. He organized his playmates into military companies, drilled and paraded them and led their sham battles. He naturally became a leader at an early age, for boys admired athletic skill then as much as they do now, and George was the champion in running, leaping, wrestling and riding. Boys then, as now, loved fair and honest play, also, and they found George always manly and truthful. His quick temper gave him his greatest trial as a child, but how well he learned to control it we see in the entire course of his life.

At the age of sixteen George went to live with his brother, Lawrence, and there met an English gentleman, Lord Fairfax, who, although a man of sixty, became the boy's devoted friend. Undoubtedly this cultured, courtly-mannered man had much to do with forming the manners

of the shy, awkward lad, who afterwards bore himself with such grace and dignity.

It was Lord Fairfax who gave George his first commission at surveying, sending him in company with his own son to survey an immense plantation owned by him in the Shenandoah Valley.

The two young fellows made a hundred-mile trip through the forest, riding horses, and carrying guns, as they had to procure much of their food by hunting. On one occasion, during their journey, they fell in with a war party of painted Indians, joined them by their camp fire and watched their evening dance with eager interest. The work upon which George was sent was so well accomplished that his employer secured his appointment as public surveyor.

For three years George continued at this work, gaining valuable knowledge of Indian life, as well as of his native country.

After reaching manhood Washington became heir, through the death of his brother Lawrence, to the large and beautiful estate of Mount Vernon, and thus to a considerable fortune, but his energetic temperament and his naturally patriotic spirit prevented his settling to a life of ease. At the age of twenty-one he was selected by Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia as the most able man he knew for the execution of a difficult mission—that of warning the French at Lake Erie to proceed no further in their encroachments upon territory claimed by the English.

The work involved a thousand miles of travel through the wilderness, in winter, in danger of encounters with hostile Indians, but then, as ever, Washington did not hesitate over a call to the service of his country. Although the answer of the French commandant was unsatisfactory, he received the message, and the duty of the youthful messenger was done. Upon his return with his report to Virginia a company of men was dispatched to build a fort at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, and soon after Washington was sent as lieutenant colonel in command of two companies to the frontier. In his first encounter with a body of the French he was successful, but in the second, at his little

earthwork defense, called Fort Necessity, he and his men, although fighting bravely for nine hours in a heavy rain and up to their knees in mud and water, were finally overpowered by numbers, and the youthful commander thus early made acquainted with misfortune.

Washington's next engagement was with the gallant, rash and ill-fated General Braddock, whose defeat on the way to Fort Du Quesne was the signal for better preparation on the part of the British and a long warfare. In this disastrous battle two horses were killed under Washington and four bullets tore through his clothing, but he escaped uninjured.

After his return from service in the French and Indian war he was elected to the House of Burgesses in his own state, and it is interesting to note that, like some other great men, Washington found it difficult to make a speech. The House gave him a vote of thanks, and he, rising to reply, stood blushing and stammering, unable to utter a word, whereupon the speaker relieved him of the attempt, saying:

"Sit down, Colonel Washington, your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language to express."

The truth of this opinion was repeatedly proved in after years. When the time came to strike the great blow for American liberty all eyes turned to Washington, and he was the universal choice of the people for commander-in-chief of their armies.

During all the stirring events of the time between June 17, 1775, and October 19, 1781, Washington was head, heart and hands of America. He was the inspiration of his men through desperate battles, and still more desperate privations and suffering. He led them, finally, to the magnificent achievement of his country's liberty, and then, when an equally critical time came, in laying the foundations of a great and wise government, he did not fail.

For eight years President of the infant Republic, George Washington nobly met all the trials of that era and continued faithfully to stand throughout his life by the principle chosen in early manhood—the placing of his country's service above all other earthly considerations.

Lincoln



Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky, February 12, 1809, six years after the Louisiana Purchase, through which that portion of America which includes Colorado became United States territory. The pioneer life and scenes to be in another fifty years enacted in Colorado, made the setting for our mental picture of Lincoln, for then Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois—the homes of his boyhood—were on the frontier.

The rough log cabin in which Abraham was born gave place, when he was seven years of age, to the shed constructed of poles, open on one side and warmed only by an out-door fire, which constituted the Indiana home. The rudest home-made furniture sufficed in this cabin, and the cooking, being done over the open camp-fire, was very primitive. Potatoes, and "corn-dodgers"—bread made of meal and baked in the ashes—were the staple articles, with deer and bear meat, wild turkey and fish, and in summer wild fruits from the forest.

After the coming of Abraham's stepmother, when he was ten years old, a much more comfortable cabin was provided, and the little opportunity for education offered by the district school was secured for him. It is hard for children in the schools of the present day to imagine what the little pioneer underwent in his efforts to learn. The school buildings were low, log cabins, with dirt floors and oiled paper for windows. There were no desks, and only benches and stools for seats, and but the scantiest supply of books. At home, Abraham's reading was mainly done by the light of the big open fire, the long-legged boy lying prone on the hearth for hours at a time. He afterwards said that he managed to borrow and read every book within a radius of fifty miles around him. Among the books of his childhood's reading were the Bible, Æsop's "Fables," Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," Weem's "Life of Washington," and Weem's "Life of Marion."

It is said that Lincoln never regarded his education as complete. To the night of his death he was a seeker for knowledge. He made of life his school, and strove to master every subject it presented to him. He studied with his own children, digging out every question to the roots. He made up perfectly his early deficiencies in spelling, so that a friend remarked of him that very few college graduates spell as well as Lincoln spelled. How keenly he felt the deficiencies of his early opportunities is attested by this continued application, and how well the passion for study requites its followers is learned from Lincoln's successes.

Until he was nearly twenty, his father hired him out at all sorts of work. About that time, the family moved to Illinois, and made a new home on the Sangamon River, Abraham helping to clear the ground, and build the new cabin. Then in the fall his father gave him his permission to start out for himself and seek his fortune. We see him now, a young man, six feet and four inches tall, all his earthly possessions in a pack on his back, stepping forth into the wide world, and with what dreams and ambitions hidden under the plain exterior we may imagine.

He engaged first in the work of splitting rails at so much per hundred, and this early occupation was often alluded to in the brilliant period of his after career,—the Rail Splitter of Illinois being one of his principal nicknames. His next work was on a flat boat, that carried corn, hogs, hay, etc., down to New Orleans. It was in that city that he first came face to face with the horrors of slavery, when he saw men, women and children sold on the auction block. As he gazed, his indignation grew until he turned to his companions, saying: "Boys, let's get away from this—if I ever get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard!"

How hard he hit it there is a monument to tell,—the proclamation of January 1, 1863.

His next business was that of clerk in an Illinois village, and there his reputation for fair dealing and absolute honesty became established. The closing of this store left him without employment, and this led to his

enlisting as a volunteer in the Black Hawk War, giving him his first experience of war.

Returning from this expedition, he put into practice his longing for the study of law, meanwhile serving as postmaster in New Salem, and then as County Surveyor of Sangamon County. After devoting all his spare time for four years to his law studies, he was admitted to the bar, and established an office at Springfield, Ill. From boyhood, he had been fond of making stump speeches, and the practice gained helped him now in his entrance into the political field. He sought and won his election to the Illinois State Legislature in 1834, and later was elected to Congress as Representative from his State. From then on he was the acknowledged leader in his State, both in politics and in his profession. His championship in oratory was unquestioned after his successful encounter with Stephen A. Douglas, the "Little Giant," when they were rival candidates for the position of United States Senator in 1858. Although not elected at this time, the impression made upon his fellow countrymen by his power in argument and illustration, his influence in convincing his audiences, and his service to the Republican party, led to his nomination as its candidate for the Presidency in 1860, and his election.

Before Lincoln was inaugurated, the secession of the Southern States had begun. Excitement was intense. Would this awkward, plain man of the people be equal to the demand now? Had God indeed called him to save his country?

It must have been so, else he would have been overwhelmed by the burdens of the next four years. But the character that had been forming in all the previous fifty years,—the result of the struggle with the wilderness, with ignorance, poverty, deprivation, hardship of every kind, of that persistent study and incorruptible integrity of his young manhood, of the faithful labors of his maturer years, the character thus made stood the test. With unflinching courage, with marvelous judgment, with heaven-sustained wisdom, Abraham Lincoln guided the country through its period of greatest danger.

When on April 9, 1865, General Lee surrendered his army to General Grant, at Appomatox, the war came to

a close, and great was the rejoicing. Suddenly the universal joy was overcome by universal sorrow, for the beloved President and Liberator was struck down by the assassin's bullet, in the hour of his success and his country's triumph.

To estimate the value of Lincoln's life, we have but to ask what would be the condition of America to-day without that life? He stands on a level with Washington. As Washington's birth, education and training fitted him to stand at the helm when the Ship of State was launched, so Lincoln's preparation and experience fitted him to guide the Ship through its greatest storm.



Tribute to Washington



W. M. Harrison

Hard indeed was the contest for freedom and the struggle for independence. The golden sun of liberty had well nigh set in the gloom of an eternal night, ere its radiant beams illumined our western horizon. Had not the tutelary saint of Columbia hovered around the American camp, and presided over her destinies, freedom must have met with an untimely grave. Never can we sufficiently admire the wisdom of those statesmen, and the skill and bravery of those unconquerable veterans, who, by their unwearied exertions in the cabinet and in the field, achieved for us the glorious revolution.

Never can we duly appreciate the merits of a Washington, who, with but a handful of undisciplined yeomanry, triumphed over a royal army, and prostrated the Lion of England at the feet of the American Eagle. His name—so terrible to his foes, so welcome to his friends—shall live forever upon the brightest page of the historian, and be remembered with the warmest emotions of gratitude and pleasure by those whom he has contributed to make happy, and by all mankind, when kings and princes and nobles, for ages, shall have sunk to their merited oblivion.

Unlike them, he needs not the assistance of the sculptor or the architect to perpetuate his memory; he needs no princely dome, no monumental pile, no stately pyramid, whose towering height shall pierce the stormy clouds, and rear its lofty head to heaven to tell posterity his fame. His deeds, his worthy deeds alone, have rendered him immortal! When oblivion shall have swept away thrones, kingdoms and principalities—when every vestige of human greatness, and grandeur and glory shall have mouldered into dust, and the last period of time become extinct—eternity itself shall catch the glowing theme, and dwell with increasing rapture on his name!

Abraham Lincoln



Robert G. Ingersoll

Lincoln had the advantage of living in a new country, of social equality, or personal freedom. He knew and mingled with men of every kind; and, after all, men are the best books. He became acquainted with the ambitions and hopes of the heart, the means used to accomplish ends, the springs of action, and the seeds of thought. He was familiar with nature, with actual things, with common facts.

Lincoln was a many sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light; and his words, candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thought. No man had keener wit or kinder humor. He was natural in his life and thought—master of the story-teller's art. He was an orator—clear, sincere, natural. He knew that the greatest ideas should be expressed in the shortest words.

Lincoln was an immense personality—firm, but not obstinate. He knew others, because perfectly acquainted with himself. He was severe with himself, and for that reason lenient with others. He cared nothing for place, but everything for principle; nothing for money, but everything for independence. He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master, seeking to conquer, not persons, but prejudices, he was the embodiment of the courage, the hope, the self-denial, the nobility of a nation. He spoke, not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction. He longed to pardon. He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world.

**Extract from Second Inaugural Address of Abraham Lincoln
March 4, 1865**

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease when, or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh. If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which in the providence of God, must needs come, but which having continued through his appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern there any departure from those Divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Who Patriots Are



Charles F. Dole

Who are the patriots in America? No doubt many would answer at once, "The patriots are the men who fight for their country; the men who stood with Warren on Bunker Hill, and with Sumter and Marion and Morgan in the Carolinas; the men who made Cornwallis surrender at Yorktown; the sailors who fought alongside of Paul Jones; the sailors on the good ship Constitution; the soldiers who followed Grant to Richmond; the men in Farragut's fleet; the men who rode with Custer on the plains of the far West, Dewey and his men at Manila, Roosevelt and Hobson at Santiago—all these were patriots."

There is something wrong in thinking that patriots must be soldiers and sailors. What shall we say of the women, who do not fight? What shall we call Martha Washington, who had to stay at home while her husband was at Valley Forge? What shall we call the thousands of women who sent their brothers and sons to help Washington and Grant? Were not these women as good patriots as their husbands and brothers? Indeed, the women often had the hardest time. They had to carry on the farms, while the men were away; they suffered from anxiety and loneliness. For many a brave woman it would have been easier to die herself than to send her boy away to die with wounds or with fever. We must surely call all brave women patriots who love their country well enough to let their husbands and sons go to war for the sake of the flag.

We must not forget a multitude of men who, even in the War of the Revolution, and in the great Civil War, were never soldiers or sailors, and yet were patriots. There was Benjamin Franklin, for instance. He did not fight, but who loved America better than he? If it had not been for his services at the French king's court, no one knows how many weary years the War of Independence might have lasted.

There was Samuel Adams; who ever heard of his fighting a battle? But he was as brave and sturdy a patriot as any soldier could be.

There was Washington's friend, Robert Morris, of Philadelphia, who helped get money to pay the soldiers.

To be a patriot is to love one's country; it is to be ready and willing, if need comes, to die for the country, as a good seaman would die to save his ship and his crew.

Yes! To love our country, to work so as to make it strong and rich, to support its government, to obey its laws, to pay fair taxes into the treasury, to treat our fellow citizens as we like to be treated ourselves—this is to be good American patriots.



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Our Heritage from Washington and Lincoln

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Theodore Roosevelt

Without Washington we should probably never have won our independence of the British crown, and we should almost certainly have failed to become a great nation, remaining, instead, a cluster of jangling little communities. Without Lincoln we might, perhaps, have failed to keep the political unity we had won. Yet the nation's debt to these men is not confined to what it owes them for its material well being, incalculable though the debt is. Beyond the fact that we are an independent and united people, with half a continent as our heritage, lies the fact that every American is richer by the heritage of the noble deeds and noble words of Washington and Lincoln.

It is not only the country which these men helped to make and helped to save that is ours by inheritance; we inherit also all that is best and highest in their characters and in their lives. We inherit from Lincoln and from the might of Lincoln's generation not merely the freedom of those who once were slaves, for we inherit also the fact of the freeing them, we inherit the glory and the honor and the wonder of the deed that was done, no less than the actual results of the deed when done. As men think over the real nature of the triumph then scored for humankind their hearts shall ever throb as they can not over any victory won at less cost than ours. We are the richer for each grim campaign, for each hard fought battle. We are the richer for valor displayed alike by those who fought so valiantly for the right, and by those who, no less valiantly, fought for what they deemed the right. We have in us nobler capacities for what is great and good, because of the infinite woe and suffering, and because of the splendid ultimate triumph.

My Country



I love my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her sunshine and her storms;
Her rough and rugged rocks, that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air
In wild, fantastic forms.

I love her rivers, deep and wide,
Those mighty streams that seaward glide
To seek the ocean's breast;
Her smiling fields, her pleasant vales,
Her shady dells, her flowery dales,
Her haunts of peaceful rest.

I love her forests, dark and lone,
For there the wild bird's merry tone
Is heard from morn till night,
And there are lovelier flowers, I ween,
Than ere in Eastern land were seen,
In varied colors bright.

Her forests and her valleys fair,
Her flowers that scent the morning air,
Have all their charms for me;
But more I love my country's name,
Those words that echo deathless fame,—
"The Land of Liberty."

—HESPERION.

Colorado



What hands shall sweep the trembling strings
That hold a symphony divine,
The meed that lavish Nature brings—
Where sits enthroned the columbine?

There is no art, aspiring, high,
Can move the soul as these do mine—
These glories of the earth and sky,
Where blows the chosen columbine?

Yon monarch peak! What touch but mars
Its breast on which the clouds recline?
Whose head is pillowed with the stars—
Where sleeps below the columbine.

Here fan the plain the west winds mild,
The dreamy vale, the wanton vine;
There canons crash with thunders wild,
Where hides the timid columbine.

The pioneers, with hearts unmoved,
Who came t' unlock the treasure mine,
Beholding, paused, and pausing, loved,
Where sweetly blooms the columbine.

Now on the trail gleam hearthstones bright,
And fanes proclaim the sacred shrine,
And cities rise in grace and might,
Where proudly waves the columbine.

Fair State, commanding, hopeful, strong—
Thy sons' the virtues that are thine—
May God thy days in peace prolong,
Where fondly glows the columbine.

—EDITH PAXTON EBBERT.

Pueblo, December 20, 1891.

Many in One



Though many and bright are the stars that appear
In that flag by our country unfurled,
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there,
Like a rainbow adorning the world,
Their light is unsullied as those in the sky,
And they're linked in as true and as holy a tie
By their motto of "Many in one."

Then up with our flag! let it stream on the air;
Though our fathers are cold in their graves,
They had hands that could strike, they had souls
that could dare,
And their sons were not born to be slaves.
Up, up with that banner! where'er it may call,
Our millions shall rally around;
And a nation of freemen that moment shall fall,
When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

—G. W. CUTTER.



Independence Bell, July 4, 1776



There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker's town,—
And the streets were rife with people,
Pacing restless up and down;—
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples,
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,—
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

“Will they do it?”—“Dare they do it?”—
“Who is speaking?”—“What's the news?”—
“What of Adams?”—“What of Sherman?”—
“Oh, God grant they won't refuse!”—
“Make some way there!”—“Let me nearer!”—
“I am stifling!”—“Stifle then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!”

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled;
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of Freedom,
All unconquered, rise again.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his small hands upward lifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's strong, joyous cry!
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring, Grandpa,
Ring, Oh, Ring for Liberty!"
And, straightway, at the signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand,
And sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of Freedom ruffled
The calm, gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Illumed the night's repose,
And from the flames, like Phoenix,
Fair Liberty arose!

That old bell now is silent,
And hushed its iron tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
Still lives,—forever young.
And while we greet the sunlight,
On the Fourth of each July,
We'll ne'er forget the bellman,
Who, 'twixt the earth and sky,
Rung out OUR INDEPENDENCE;
Which, please God, *shall never die!*

Bunker Hill

*

To the wail of the fife and the snarl of the drum
Those Hedgers and Ditchers of Bunker Hill come,
Down out of the battle with rumble and roll,
Straight across the two ages, right into the soul,
And bringing for captive the Day that they won
With a deed that, like Joshua, halted the sun.
Like bells in their towers tolled the guns from the town,
Beat that low, earthen bulwark so sullen and brown,
As if Titans last night had plowed the one bout
And abandoned the field for a Yankee redoubt;
But for token of life that the parapet gave
They might as well play on Miles Standish's grave!
Then up the green hill rolled the red of the Georges
And down the green vale rolled the grime of the forges;
Ten rods from the ridges hung the live surge,
Not a murmur to meet it broke over the verge,
But the click of flint-locks in the furrow along,
And the chirp of a sparrow just singing her song.
In the flash of an eye, as the dead shall be raised,
The dull bastion kindled, the parapet blazed,
And the musketry cracked, glowing hotter and higher,
Like a forest of hemlock, its lashes of fire,
And redder the scarlet and riven the ranks,
And Putnam's guns hung, with a roar on the flanks.
Now the battle grows dumb and the grenadiers wheel,
'Tis the crash of clubbed musket, the thrust of cold steel,
At bay all the way, while the guns held their breath,
Foot to foot, eye to eye, with each other and Death.
Call the roll, Sergeant Time! Match the day if you can;
Waterloo was for Britons—Bunker Hill is for man!

—B. F. TAYLOR.

Crown Our Washington



Arise! 'tis the day of our Washington's glory,
The garlands uplift for our liberties won,
O, sing in your gladness his echoing story,
Whose sword swept for freedom the fields of the sun!
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the banners of stars that the continent span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
Who lifted his sword for the birthright of man!

He gave us a nation to make it immortal;
He laid down for freedom the sword that he drew,
And his faith leads us on through the uplifting portal,
Of the glories of peace and our destinies new.
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the flags that the nations of liberty span,
Crown, crown him the chief of the heroes eternal,
Who laid down his sword for the birthright of man!

Lead, Face of the Future, serene in thy beauty,
Till o'er the dead heroes the peace star shall gleam,
Till Right shall be Might in the counsels of duty,
And the service of man be life's glory supreme.
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the flags that the nations in brotherhood span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
Whose honor was gained by his service to man!

O, Spirit of Liberty, sweet are thy numbers!
The winds to thy banners their tribute shall bring,
While rolls the Potomac where Washington slumbers,
And his natal day comes with the angels of spring.
We follow thy counsels,
O, hero eternal!

To highest achievement the school leads the van,
And, crowning thy brow with the evergreen vernal,
We pledge thee our all to the service of man!

—HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

Arnold or Washington



"What is honor to me?" the traitor said,
As he muttered a curse, and shook his head,
" 'Tis money I want, and 'tis nothing to me,
In this bloody strife who the victors be
If I but flee to a foreign shore
Gaily I'll live when the war is o'er."

So he offered his country, his birthright grand,
To a red-coat sent from a foreign land;
But God had heard our Nation's cry
And watched the traitor from on high;
And just when all seemed fair and bright,
And in the silent dead of night,
The traitor thought to sell this land,
He snatched the victory from his hand,
And Arnold as an outcast groaned,
Despised abroad, at home, disowned.

How different was that other man
Who said, "I'll do the best I can
To save this country from the curse
Of toil to fill old England's purse,"
And nobly, grandly did his part,
With willing hands and generous heart.

Arnold, the traitor, and Washington, true,
Stand, dear children, as models for you;
Choose one of the two, which shall it be,
Arnold, despised on land and sea,
Or he whose fame was nobly won,
The brave, the loyal Washington?

—CLARA HAUENSCHILD.

The Bravest Battle



The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon, or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent words or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently, bore her part—
Lo! there is that battlefield.

No marshaling troops, no bivouac song;
No banner to gleam and wave;
But, oh! these battles, they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen—goes down.

O, ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise.
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Were fought in these silent ways.

O, spotless woman in a world of shame!
With a splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born!

JOAQUIN MILLER.

The Washington Monument



Have you seen by the Potomac that shaft in the skies,
From the meadow exulting to mate with the sun?—
Now misty and gray as the clouds it defies,
Now bright in the splendor its daring has won!
The winds are its comrades, the lightnings, the storm;
The first flush of dawn on its summit shines fair;
And the last ray of evening illumines its form,
 Towering grand and alone in the limitless air.

By Nile rise the pyramids, wrapped in the shade
Of ages that passed as the waves on the shore;
And Karnak, majestic, whose vast colonnades
A god might have fashioned for man to adore;
And Baalbec uplifts like a vision divine
Its wonder of beauty by Lebanon's wall;—
But captive and slave reared in sorrow the shrine
 The palace, the temple, the pyramid tall.

To Freedom Potomac's proud obelisk towers,
And Karnak and Baalbec in beauty outvies,
For Washington's glory its grandeur empowers,
And freemen with joy piled its stones to the skies!
O, Symbol of Liberty, matchless, sublime,
Still soar from the meadows to mate with the sun,
And see thy Republic, to uttermost time,
 The noble, the peerless, the Many in One!

—EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.



The Flower of Liberty



What flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land:
O tell us what its name may be,—
Is this the Flower of Liberty?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage Nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed.
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,
Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite,
One mingling flood of braided light,—
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister Star of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round,
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew,—
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

—O. W. HOLMES.

The Better Way



He serves his country best
Who joins the tide that lifts her nobly on;
For speech has myriad tongues for every day,
And song but one; and law within the breast
Is stronger than the graven law on stone;
There is a better way.

He serves his country best
Who lives pure life and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths, however others stray,
And leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest,
A stainless record, which all men may read;
This is the better way.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.



Mount Vernon, the Home of Washington



[The following lines were written on the back of a picture at Mount Vernon,
by Rev. William Day.]

There dwelt the Man, the flower of human kind,
Whose visage mild bespoke his nobler mind.

There dwelt the Soldier, who his sword ne'er drew
But in a righteous cause, to Freedom true.

There dwelt the Hero, who ne'er killed for fame,
Yet gained more glory than a Cæsar's name.

There dwelt the Statesman, who, devoid of art,
Gave soundest counsels from an upright heart.

And, O Columbia, by thy sons caressed,
There dwelt the Father of the realms he blessed;
Who no wish felt to make his mighty praise,
Like other chiefs, the means himself to raise;
But there retiring, breathed in pure renown,
And felt a grandeur that disdained a crown.

Recessional



God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!
Amen.

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Two Sonnets



I. WASHINGTON.

When Liberty was fair and lithe and young,
And high ambition ruled his boyish grace,
The world in awe gazed on his handsome face
As he disported Western people 'mong,
And offered to all hearts so tyrant-wrung
Sure solace, would they yield to his embrace,
And stand God-fearing as a newer race,
While kingly shackles should aside be flung.

When Liberty stood in the Western world,
And looked about him with his eagle eye,
To see by whom his work would best be done,
His gaze first dwelt upon the flag unfurled,
Which flaunted proudly 'gainst the morning sky,
And rested then, serene, on Washington.

II. LINCOLN.

Ere yet a century had passed away,
The shrine of Liberty had grown unclean,
And black men held in blacker crime between
Him and his people held defiant sway,
Which into night seemed turning his bright day,
When once again the bayonets grew keen,
And Liberty, grown weary, fain would lean
Upon his cohorts in dread war's array.

In manhood came the issue as in youth,
And Liberty, with glory panoplied,
Shone as in glitter of a million suns,
While the republic from its woeful ruth
And worship of foul Slavery's queans was rid,
And Lincoln's name is linked with Washington's.

—EARL MARBLE.

Denver, Colo., 1902.

Abraham Lincoln



The world admires the statesman pure,
So strong in purpose, wise to plan,
But, while the years of time endure,
All hearts revere the peerless man,

Who, through that ordeal, "as by fire,"
All the long way his feet have trod,
Left nothing greater to admire
Than his unbounded faith in God.

The years that come, the years that go,
Give added luster to that name,
Now dear alike to friend and foe,
So high upon the rolls of fame.

So long as human weakness needs
The strength that noble manhood gives
In kind, unselfish, Christlike deeds—
So long the name of Lincoln lives.

MRS. M. A. WILSON.

Canon City.



The Cumberland

✦

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board the Cumberland sloop of war,
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarum of drums swept past,
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside!
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain,
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies;
"It is better to sink than to yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.
Lord, how beautiful was Thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream;
Thy flag that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

† † †

The Grand Advance

†

When War's wild clamor filled the land, when Porter swept the
sea,
When Grant held Vicksburg by the throat and Halleck strove
with Lee,
It chanced that Custer's cavaliers—the flower of all our horse—
Held Hood's brigade at Carroll's Ford, where it still strove to
cross.
Two days the stubborn skirmish raged—the lines still closer
grew;
And now the rebels gained an inch, and now the men in blue,
Until at length the Northern swords hemmed in the footmen
gray,
And both sides girded for the shock that won or lost the day.
'Twas scarce a lance's length between the torn and slipp'ry
banks
O'er which our neighing squadrons faced the hard-pressed
Southern ranks.
And while Hood's sullen ambush crouched along the river's
marge,
Their pickets brought a prisoner in, captured in some brief
charge.
This was a stripling trumpeter, a mere lad—fitter far
To grace some mother's loving hearth than these grim scenes
of war.
But still, with proud, defiant mien, he bore his soldier's crest,
And smiled above the shattered arm that hung upon his breast.

For was not *he* Staff Trumpeter of Custer's famed brigade?
Did not through *him* the General speak, in camp, or on parade?
'Twas *his* to form the battle line. *His* was the clarion peal
That launched upon the frightened foe that surging sea of steel!
They led him to the outer posts within the tangled wood,
Beyond whose shade on chafing steeds his waiting comrades
stood.

They placed his bugle in his hands (a musket level nigh),
"Now, Yankee, sound a loud 'Retreat,'" they whispered,
"Sound—or die!"

The lad looked up a little space—a lark's song sounded near,
As though to ask why men had brought their deeds of hatred
here.

High in the blue the south wind swept a single cloud of foam,
A messenger, it seemed to him, to bear his last thought home,
And casting t'ward the Northland far one sad, but steadfast,
glance,

He raised the bugle to his lips and blew—the "Grand Advance!"
A bullet cut the pean short—but, ere his senses fled,
He heard that avalanche of hoofs thunder above his head!
He saw his comrades' sabres sweep resistless o'er the plain,
And knew his trumpet's loyal note had sounded not in vain.
For when they laid him in his rest (his bugle by his side),
His lips still smiled—for Victory had kissed them ere he died!

—FRANK H. GASSAWAY.



The Name of Old Glory—1898



When, why, and by whom, was our flag, The Stars and Stripes, first called "Old Glory?"

—Daily Query to Press.

I.

Old Glory! say, who,
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the Gray and the Blue,
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere,
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air,
And leap out full length, as we're wanting you to?
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best overhead—
By day or by night
Their delightfulest light
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue;
Who gave you the name of Old Glory—say, who—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*The old banner lifted, and faltering then
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.*

II.

Old Glory—speak out! We are asking about
How you happened to "favor" a name, so to say,
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay,
As we cheer it, and shout in our wild, breezy way—
We—the crowd, every man of us, calling you that—
We, Tom, Dick and Harry, each swinging his hat
And hurrahing "Old Glory!" like you were our kin,
When—*Lord!*—we all know we're as common as sin!
And yet it just seems like you *humor* us all
And waft us your thanks, as we hail you and fall
Into line, with you over us, waving us on
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone.
And this is the reason we're wanting to know
(And we're wanting it *so!*)

Where our own fathers went we are willing to go)
Who gave you the name of Old Glory—O-ho!—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill
For an instant; then wistfully sighed and was still.*

III.

Old Glory! the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were,—
For your name—just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear;
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye,
And an aching to live for you always—or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

*Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last.*

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said:—
By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,
My name is as old as the glory of God.

. . . So I came by the name of Old Glory.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The Atlantic Monthly, December, 1898.



Our Flag



Mary—

Tell me, who can, about our flag,
With its red, and white, and blue?
How came it to have so many stars,
And of pretty stripes so few?

John—

The thirteen stripes are for thirteen states
That first into the Union came;
For each new state we have added a star,
But have kept the stripes the same.

Bessie—

The number has now reached forty-five!
So here's an example for you:
Take the "old thirteen" from forty-five,
And how many states are new?

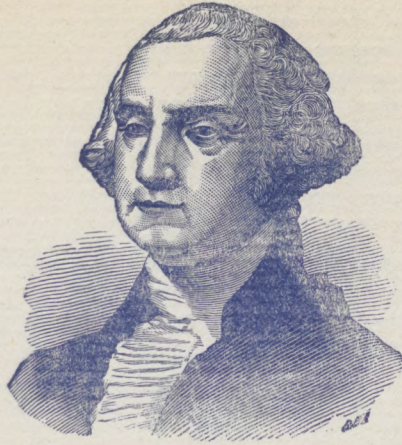
Charles—

Thirteen from forty-five? Let's see;
Well, three from five leaves two,
And one from four leaves three; there'll be
Of new states,—thirty-two.

All in Concert—

And these all reach from East to West,
To both the ocean shores;
And over all the proud flag waves,
And the Bird of Freedom soars!





Washington's Birthday



I have somewhere read the story
Of a day long, long ago,
When the earth lay hushed and silent
'Neath the drifting winter snow,
That the Father, up in heaven,
Looking down on us in love,
Sent to earth a little baby
From the starry realms above.
And 'tis said that kindly fairies
Stood beside his cradle bed,
And, like autumn leaves a-falling,
Showered blessings on his head.
"May you ever," said one fairy,
"Judge betwixt the wrong and right."
Then her fingers on his eyelids
Pressed the gift of clearer sight.
"Be you ever kind and gentle,
Unto old and unto young;"
And the second fairy, lightly,
Put her fingers on his tongue.
One said, "Be always truthful!"
One, "Love your country well."
But the half they said unto him
I haven't time to tell.

I know they blessed this baby,
His tongue, his lips and eyes;
And promised in the future
He should be both great and wise.
"Do they keep their word?" you ask me;
Yes, history's pages tell
That every promise made him
Was wisely kept and well.
And, though long years have vanished—
To the past have sped away,
Still the children of the nation
Keep Washington's birthday.

—LIZZIE M. HADLEY, in *School Education*.



The Truthful Boy



Once there did live a little boy
With clear and noble eye—
A boy who always told the truth,
And never told a lie.
And when he trotted off to school,
The children all would cry,
"There goes the curly-headed boy
Who never tells a lie."
And everybody loved him so,
Because he told the truth,
That every day, as he grew up,
They called him "honest youth."
And when the people that stood near
Would ask the reason why,
The answer would be always this:
"He never tells a lie."



The Hatchet Story

(Just for Fun!)



Seven quite little boys come in, bearing over their shoulders
wands, with pasteboard hatchet heads upon them.

Marching soberly in from one side of the stage, they march across, each one halting in his place. The leader, when all are in place, calls: "Front, face!" Each child now gives a verse:

George Washington, tho' great was he,
Was once a little lad like me.

And when a little lad like me,
They *say*, he chopped a cherry tree.

But when his father came to see,
He stood erect and brave like—me!

And he told the truth about that tree
He wasn't a coward—O no, not he!

Now there *are* those who smile and say,
That of truth in this fine story, there isn't a single ray.

Perhaps they are right, we can not tell:
But the *moral's* as clear as the ring of a bell.

(Last boy—a noble looking one—steps forward and says in clear firm tones.)

And we boys know the moral,
We'll *live* it if we can;

(All together.)

If you *have* done a mean thing,
Own up like a man.

Popular Educator.

Exercise for Washington's Birthday

+

(To be spoken by thirteen children representing the thirteen original colonies.)

First Child—I am Virginia. I have given many noble sons to my country, but to-day I wish to speak only of one, the fairest, the most illustrious—Washington.

Second Child—I am New Jersey, and the elms at Princeton still whisper of his fame.

Third Child—I am Massachusetts, and his name is still as powerful among my people as when his cannon frowned upon Boston from Dorchester Heights.

Fourth Child—I am New York, and in my noblest city the first President took his oath of office.

Fifth Child—I am New Hampshire, and I bring granite from my mountains, that his deeds may be written on imperishable tablets.

Sixth Child—I am Maryland, and my Potomac's stream murmurs ever of love as it glides past his tomb.

Seventh Child—I am Connecticut, the land of steady habits, and as a model for our children we hold him up whose title was "An Honest Man."

Eighth Child—I am Rhode Island, and the name of Roger Williams is not more dear to me than the memory of Washington.

Ninth Child—I am Delaware, and when the ice cracks and booms on my noble river it seems to thunder the story of that Christmas night so long ago.

Tenth Child—I am North Carolina, and the shade of Francis Marion bids me join in reverence to his valiant leader.

Eleventh Child—I am South Carolina, and through the storm of war I have kept his memory sacred.

Twelfth Child—I am Pennsylvania, and the old State House at Philadelphia seems to be filled with his invisible presence.

Thirteenth Child—I am Georgia, youngest of all, and I bring palms to celebrate his victories.

Virginia—Let us speak of his truthfulness.

New Jersey—Let us admire his modesty.

Massachusetts—Let us praise his courage.

New York—Let us remember his deeds.

New Hampshire—Let us emulate his piety.

Maryland—Honor the statesman!

Connecticut—The general!

Rhode Island—The truth-teller!

Delaware—The hero!

North Carolina—The Cincinnatus of the West!

South Carolina—The Father of His Country!

Pennsylvania—"Providence left him childless that his country might call him father."

Georgia—Then let us speak of him still as "First in War (all joining in), First in Peace, First in the Hearts of His Countrymen."

—LUCIA M. MOONEY.



The Name of Lincoln



There's a name that brings a picture
Of a man great souled and grand;
One whose deeds on history's pages,
Carved in bold relief shall stand.

There's a name that brings a picture
Of a time when blood was shed,
When the boom of cannon sounded
And the star of War was red.

There's a name that brings a picture
Of a shackled race set free,
Brought from out the ban of bondage
To the joys of liberty.

There's a name that brings a picture
Of a nation bowed in woe,
For the hand of an assassin
Laid a noble spirit low.

'T is the name of martyred Lincoln
Calls these pictures from the past,
And that name with the Immortals
Shall endure while earth shall last.

—SUSIE M. BEST, in *Teacher's World*.

Lincoln's Story



Very often when President Lincoln could not or did not care to give a direct reply or comment, he would tell a story, sometimes funny, but not always so, and these stories were the best responses possible.

In the gloomiest period of the war he had a call from a large delegation of bank presidents. In the talk after business was settled, one of the bankers asked Mr. Lincoln if his confidence in the permanency of the Union was not beginning to be shaken—whereupon, says Walt Whitman, the homely president told a little story.

"When I was a young man in Illinois," said he, "I boarded for a time with a deacon of the Presbyterian church. One night I was roused from my sleep by a rap at the door, and I heard the deacon's voice exclaiming, 'Arise, Abraham! the day of judgment has come!'

"I sprang from my bed and rushed to the window, and saw the stars falling in great showers; but looking back of them in the heavens I saw the grand old constellations, with which I was so well acquainted, fixed and true in their places.

"Gentlemen, the world did not come to an end then, nor will the Union now."—*Youth's Companion*.



Four Soldier Boys

‡

First Soldier:

An honest soldier I would be,
And serve my country, grand and free.
I'll fight for truth, be good and great,
I'll bravely march and fear no fate.

All (waving flags):

Hurrah! Hurrah! Wave, flags, wave!
Wave for the soldier who is true and brave!

Second Soldier:

A loving soldier I would be,
And serve my country, grand and free.
Loving God and loving man,
I'll always do the best I can.

All:

Hurrah! Hurrah! Wave, flags, wave!
Wave for this country and our soldiers brave!

Third Soldier:

A soldier brave I'll try to be,
And serve my country, grand and free.
In dangers I'll be brave and true;
For this my country I will do.

All:

Hurrah! Hurrah! Wave, flags, wave!
Wave for the country and our soldiers brave!

Fourth Soldier:

The best of soldiers we will be,
And serve our country, grand and free.
Honest, loving, brave and true,
O, much for our country we can do!

All:

Hurrah! Hurrah! Wave, flags, wave!
Wave for our country and our soldiers brave!

North Dakota Memorial Day Circular, 1901.



Hurrah for the Flag



There are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag, however grand,
Like our own "Red, White and Blue."

I know where the prettiest colors are,
And I'm sure, if I only knew
How to get them here, I could make a flag
Of glorious "Red, White and Blue."

I would cut a piece from an evening sky,
Where the stars were shining through,
And use it, just as it was on high,
For my stars and field of blue.

Then I'd want a part of a fleecy cloud,
And some red of a rainbow bright;
And put them together, side by side,
For my stripes of red and white.

We shall always love the "Stars and Stripes,"
And we mean to be ever true
To this land of ours and the dear old flag,
The Red, the White and the Blue.

Then hurrah for the flag! our country's flag,
Its stripes and white stars, too;
There is no flag in any land
Like our own "Red, White and Blue!"

—ANON.



Toby



The guns were banging in the street,
The drums were beating loud,
The crackers snapped, the cannon boomed
Hurrahed the merry crowd.

"What's this?" cried grandpa, looking glum,
(Of course 'twas all in fun)
"Has Fourth July got round again?
There goes another gun!"

He put his glasses on to look,
He held his ears to hear;
"What is this racket all about?
Just hear those youngsters cheer!"

The children laughed in merry glee;
"This is—now don't you know?
The day that Washington was born
So many years ago."

"And why?" asked grandpa, puzzled still,
Though he is seventy-nine,
"Should you his birthday celebrate
With better cheer than mine?"

Then up spoke honest little Ted;
"Grandpa, I'll tell you why.
Because—because in all his life
He never told a lie."

—ANON.



Our Flag



O'er the school-house, floating high,
We see our flag as we pass by.

It has thirteen stripes, and seven are red,
And six are white as the snow instead.

With a little piece of star-filled sky
Set in the corner to gladden the eye.

You may search and search the whole world through,
There is naught so dear as its red, white and blue.

—BERTHA E. BUSH.



A Vered Question



I went in the schoolroom one morning;
My two little girls were there,
And over their atlas bending,
Each with a puzzled air.

Mary glanced up as I entered,
And said, with an anxious look:
"Mamma, perhaps you can help us.
It says here, in this book,

"That we bought Louisiana
From the French. Now that seems queer!
For Nellie and I don't understand
How they could send it here.

"Whoever brought the land over
Must have taken so many trips.
Nell says they put it in baskets
But I think it must have been ships."

ELLA JOHNSON KERR, in *St. Nicholas*.

Soldier Boys



(To be given by three little boys bearing—one a drum, one a flag, and the third a toy gun. The first two lines may be given by the school, the boys replying).

Drummer boy, drummer boy, where are you speeding,
Rolling so gaily your bold rataplan?

Drummer Boy:

I go where my country my service is needing,
Rolling so gaily my bold rataplan.

Color boy, color boy, where are you hieing,
Waving your banner of red, white and blue?

Color Boy:

I go where the flag of the free should be flying,
Waving my banner of red, white and blue.

Soldier boy, soldier boy, where are you going,
Bearing so proudly your knapsack and gun?

Soldier Boy:

I go where my country my duty is showing,
Bearing so proudly my knapsack and gun.

When will you come again, soldier boys playing,
Drumming and waving and bearing the gun?

Boys:

Not while our country our duty is showing,
Drumming and waving and bearing the gun.



The Banner of the Union



(Air: "Marching Through Georgia.")

Bring the good old banner, boys, the flag our fathers bore;
Let it float across the land and shimmer on the shore,
Liberty is marching on to many conquests more,
Bearing the banner of the Union.

Chorus.—Hurrah! hurrah! we'll bring the jubilee;
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes us free;
So we'll sing the chorus of truth and liberty,
Bearing the banner of the Union.

How the nation thundered when that flag was menaced long,
How the boys enlisted and the girls grew bold and strong,
How the hosts of victory triumphant swept along,
Bearing the banner of the Union.

Rally 'round the colors, boys, and keep them at the fore,
Take your stand for liberty and fight her battles o'er,
True to home and freedom, ever loyal to the core,
Bearing the banner of the Union.

Written for the Acme Haversack by KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.



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Safe is the freedom we cherish—
Safe is the rule of the right!
Children will hold it and guard it—
Liberty's beacon of light!

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