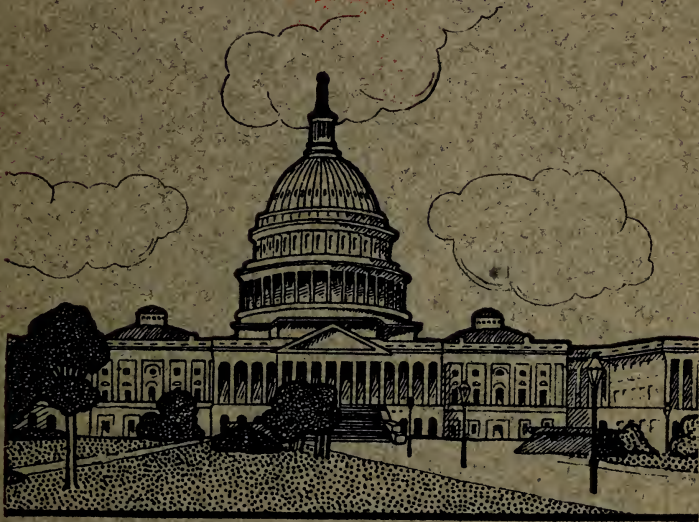


WASHINGTON *and* LINCOLN ANNIVERSARIES

1907



Published by
KATHERINE L. CRAIG
Superintendent of Public Instruction



Denver, Colo., February 8, 1907.

Superintendents and Teachers:

I take pleasure in presenting to you these suggestive exercises for Washington and Lincoln Anniversaries. I trust that they will prove of no little value to you in the preparation of your program, and will meet with the cordial co-operation of patrons and school.

The observance of these two days has become an essential part of school work, and there is no reason why the celebration of them should ever grow old so long as we value courage, honor and patriotism.

The commemoration of heroic lives should inspire in youth a love of service, self-reliance and righteousness.

With best wishes for a continued successful observance of these Anniversaries, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

Katherine J. Craig.

Superintendent of Public Instruction.

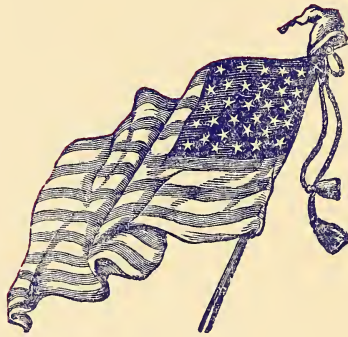


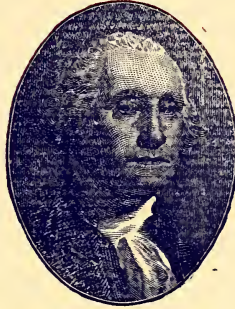




7th and 8th
Grades







WASHINGTON.



The character of Washington! Who can delineate it worthily? Who can describe that priceless gift of America to the world in terms which may do it any sort of justice, or afford any degree of satisfaction to his hearers or to himself?

Modest, disinterested, generous, just—of clean hands and a pure heart—self-denying and self-sacrificing, seeking nothing for himself, declining all remuneration beyond the reimbursement of his outlays, scrupulous to a farthing in keeping his accounts, of spotless integrity, scorning gifts, charitable to the needy, forgiving injuries and injustices, brave, fearless, heroic, with a prudence ever governing his impulses and a wisdom ever guiding his valor—true to his friends, true to his whole country, true to himself—fearing God, believing in Christ, no stranger to private devotion or public worship or to the holiest offices of the Church to which he belonged, but ever gratefully recognizing a Divine aid and direction in





all that he attempted and in all that he accomplished—what epithet, what attribute could be added to that consummate character to commend it as an example above all other characters in merely human history!

A celebrated philosopher of antiquity, who was nearly contemporary with Christ, but who could have known nothing of what was going on in Judea, wrote thus to a younger friend, as a precept for a worthy life: "Some good man must be singled out and kept ever before our eyes, that we may live as if he were looking on, and do everything as if he could see it."

Let me borrow the spirit if not the exact letter, of that precept, and address it to the young men of my Country: "Keep ever in your mind and before your mind's eye the loftiest standard of character. You have it, I need not say, supremely and unapproachably, in Him who spake as never man spake and lived as never man lived, and who died for the sins of the world. That character stands apart and alone. But of merely mortal men the monument we have dedicated today points out the one for all Americans to study, to imitate, and, as far as may be, to emulate. Keep his example and his character ever before your eyes and in your hearts. Live and act as if he were seeing and judging your personal conduct and your public career. Strive to approximate that lofty standard, and measure your integrity and your patriotism by your nearness to it or your departure from it. The prime meridian of universal longitude, on sea or land, may be at Greenwich, or at Paris, or where you will. But the prime meridian of pure, disinterested, patriotic, exalted human character will be marked forever by yonder Washington Obelisk!"

Yes, to the Young Men of America, under God, it remains, as they rise up from generation to generation, to shape the destinies of their Country's future—and woe unto them if, regardless of the great example which is set before them, they prove unfaithful to the tremendous responsibilities which rest upon them!—*Taken from Oration by Hon. R. C. Winthrop, Dedication of the Washington National Monument.*





THE FIRST AMERICAN.



How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity.

His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind
Thrusting to thin air o'er cloudy bars,
A sea-mark, now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie, rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and firm for all human kind
Yet also high to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innate weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory,
Such as the present gives, and cannot want,
Safe in himself as in a fate, so always friendly he;

He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;

These are all gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children's children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

—J. R. Lowell.





ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



(Decorate the school room with various patriotic emblems. Have a portrait of Abraham Lincoln draped in national colors, centrally located, with "Right makes might," or some other appropriate sentiment, and the figures 1809-1865 beneath. Borrow pictures of Lincoln and his cabinet, Lincoln, family, his birthplace, his home in Springfield, etc., to add to the interest.)

Song—"America."

Recitation—"Abraham Lincoln."

This man, whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of Nature's masterful, great men;
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won;
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen.

Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
Wise, too; for what he could not break, he bent.





Upon his back a more than Atlas-load,
The burden of the Commonwealth was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.

Hold, warriors, councilors, kings!—all now give place
To this dear benefactor of the race.

—*R. H. Stoddard.*

Give sketch of Lincoln's humble birth and early life.
(Material on this topic may be found in any of the lives of
Lincoln.)

Anecdote—"Lincoln a Peacemaker."

One afternoon after school, as a party of pupils were passing along the path, a dispute arose between two of the boys about the spelling of a word, which became so serious that the quarrel ended in a challenge for a fight. But, just as the two backwoods knights rushed at each other with a wounded sense of honor in their hearts, and with uplifted arms, a form like a giant passed between them. It took one boy under one of its arms, and the other boy under the other arm, and strode down the timber.

"He called me a liar," said one of the boys. "I won't stand that from any man." Then followed the usual angry words used between boys who are in a quarrel.

The tall form in blue jean shirt and leather breeches strode on with the two boys under its arms.

"I beg," at last said one of the boys. "I beg," said the other. "Then I'll let you go and we'll all be friends again." The tall form dropped the two boys, and soon all was peace.

"Abraham Lincoln will never allow any quarrel in our school," said another boy. "Where he is there has to be peace. It wouldn't be fair for him to use his strength so, only he is always right; and when strength is right it is always for the best."

Song—"There are many flags in many lands."





Give sketch of Lincoln's manhood.

Anecdote—

All through life Mr. Lincoln strove to do right. To one client who had carefully related his case, Mr. Lincoln said: "Yes, there is no reasonable doubt that I can gain your case for you. I can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; I can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you \$600, which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to the woman and her children as it does to you. You must remember that some things that are legally right are not morally right. I shall not take your case, but will give you a little advice, for which I charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly energetic man. I would advise you to try your hand at making \$600 some other way."

A man who had called at the White House on some important business remarked when leaving, "The trouble with your president is that he is so afraid of doing something wrong." All through life Mr. Lincoln strove to do right, and the world called him "Honest Abe."

William Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, says: "When I began business, I saw no reason why I should not gain a true point on a false plea; but Lincoln never would have it. * * * I never knew him to do a mean thing or a dirty trick."

Essay—"Lincoln as President."

Selection—"Burial of Lincoln at Springfield."

And so they buried Lincoln? Strange and vain!
Has any creature thought of Lincoln hid
In any vault, 'neath any coffin lid,
In all the years since that wild spring of pain?
'Tis false,—he never in the grave hath lain.
You could not bury him, although you slid
Upon his clay the Cheop's pyramid,
Or heaped it with the Rocky Mountain chain.
They slew themselves; they but set Lincoln free.
In all the earth his great heart beats as strong,





Shall beat while pulses throb to chivalry,
And burn with hate of tyranny and wrong.
Whoever will may find him, anywhere
Save in the tomb. Not there,—he is not there!

James Thompson McKay.

Essay—"Men Whose Lives Are a Glorious Service."

Recitation—Lincoln's favorite hymn, "Oh, Why
Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?"

Song—"Speed our Republic."

Recitation—

Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is Fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms, and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs,—
Such was he, our martyr-chief.

—James Russell Lowell.





SWEET HOME.



(An incident of the Civil War.)

The sun had sunk into the distant West;
The cannon ceased to roar, which tells of rest;
Rest from the shedding of a nation's blood,
Rest to lay their comrades 'neath the sod.

'Twas early spring, and calm and still the night,
The moon had risen, casting silvery light;
On either side of stream the armies lay
Waiting for morn to then renew the fray.

The Rappahannock silently flowed on,
Between the hills so fair to look upon;
Whose dancing waters tinged with silvery light,
Vied in their beauty, with the starry night.

But list! from northern hill there steals along,
The softest strain of music and of song—
The "Starry Banner," our nation's glorious air,
To tell to all of gallant flag still there.

Then "Hail Columbia," a thousand voices sing
With all their souls, and make the hill-tops ring.
From fire to fire, from tent to tent, then flew
The welcome words, "Lad, sing the 'Boys in Blue,'"
And well they sang; each heart was filled with joy,
From first in rank to little drummer boy.

Their lusty cheering reached the southern ear,
Men who courted danger knew no fear,
And talking o'er their scanty evening meal,
Each did grasp his trusty blade of steel.

Soon upon the northern ear there fell
The air of "Dixie," which was loved so well
By everyone who wore the coat of gray
And is still revered and cherished to this day.





In "Dixie Land" they swore to live and die,
That was their watchword, that their battlecry;
Then rose on high the wild Confederate yell,
Resounding over every hill and dell.

Cheer after cheer went up that starry night,
From men as brave as ever saw the light;
Now all is still, each side has played his part.
How simple songs can fire a soldier's heart!

But hark! from Rappahannock's stream there floats
Another air; but ah, how changed the notes!
Not those that lash men's passions into foam,
But richest gem of song—'twas "Home, Sweet Home."

Played by a band that touched the very soul;
And down the veteran's cheek the tear-drops stole.
Men who would walk to very cannon's mouth,
Now wept like children, from both North and South.

Beneath those well-worn coats of gray and blue,
Were tender, loving hearts, both brave and true.
The sentry stopped and rested on his gun,
While back to home his thoughts did quickly run
Thinking of loving wife and children there
With no one left to guard them, none to care.

The stripling lad not strong enough to bear
The weight of sabre or the knapsack's wear
Tried to stop with foolish, boyish pride
The starting tear; as well might stop the tide
Of ceaseless, rolling ocean, just as well,
As stop those tears which fast and faster fell.

Then lo! by mutual sympathy there rose
A shout tremendous forgetting they were foes;
A simultaneous shout which rang from every voice,
And seemed to make the very heavens rejoice!





Sweet music's charm! one chord doth make us wild,
But change the strain we weep as little child;
Touch yet another, men charge the battery gun
And by those martial tones, a victory's won.
It matters not from whence, how far we roam,
No heart so cold that does not love "Sweet Home."

—Anon.



If ever the face of a man writing solemn words glowed with holy joy, it must have been the face of Abraham Lincoln as he bent over the Emancipation Proclamation. Here was an act in which his whole soul could rejoice, an act that crowned his life. All the past, the free boyhood in the woods, the free youth upon the farm, the free manhood in the honorable citizen's employment—all his freedom gathered and completed in this. And is it any wonder that among the swarthy multitudes, ragged and tired, and hungry, and ignorant, but free forever from anything but the memorial scars of the fetters and the whips,—is it any wonder there grew up in camps and hovels a superstition which saw in Lincoln the image of one who was more than man, and whom with one voice they loved to call "Father Abraham?"—*Phillip Brooks.*



The nation's debt to these men (Washington and Lincoln) is not confined to what it owes them for its material well-being, incalculable though this 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 noble deeds and noble words of Washington and Lincoln. Each of us who reads the Gettysburg speech or the second inaugural address of the greatest American of the nineteenth century, or who studies the long campaigns and lofty statesmanship of that other American who was even greater, can not but feel within him that lift toward things higher and nobler, which can never be bestowed by the enjoyment of mere material prosperity.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*





THAT THINGS ARE NO WORSE, SIRE.



From the time of our old revolution,
When we threw off the yoke of the king,
Has descended this phrase to remember,
To remember, to say, and to sing:
'Tis a phrase that is full of a lesson,
It can comfort and warm like a fire,
It can cheer us when days are the darkest!
"That things are no worse, O my sire."

'Twas King George's prime minister said it,
To the king, who had questioned in heat
What he meant by appointing Thanksgiving,
In such days of ill luck and defeat;
"What's the cause of your day of Thanksgiving?
Tell me, pray," cried the king in his ire;
Said the minister, "This is the reason—
That things are no worse, O my sire."

There has nothing come down in the story
Of the answer returned by the king;
But I think on his throne he sat silent,
And confessed it a sensible thing;
For there's never a burden so heavy
That it might not be heavier still;
There is never so bitter a sorrow,
That the cup could not fuller fill.

And what of care and of sadness
Our life and our duties may bring,
There is always the cause for Thanksgiving
Which the minister told to the king.
'Tis a lesson to sing and remember;
It can comfort and warm like a fire,
Can cheer us when days are the darkest,
"That things are no worse, O my sire."

—Helen Hunt Jackson.





MOUNT VERNON.



Mount Vernon was the home of Washington. It is situated on the right bank of the Potomac, seventeen miles south of the capital. It formerly included a wide tract of eight thousand acres. The Washington mansion, with two hundred acres of land, is now owned by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, who purchased it about thirty years ago for \$200,000; of this sum, \$68,494.59 was a contribution from Edward Everett, being the proceeds of his famous lecture upon "The Life and Character of Washington," and his writings for the New York Ledger. The house is a large wooden structure two stories in height, with a broad piazza extending the entire length of the house on the river side. The house was built by Lawrence Washington in 1743. He named it Mount Vernon in honor of his highly esteemed superior officer in the British navy, Admiral Vernon. After the close of the Revolutionary War, General Washington added the north and south extensions, together with the piazza. The house is ninety-six feet long and thirty feet deep. It stands on a high bluff overlooking the Potomac, and its generous lawns, gardens, and encircling forests present scenes of rare beauty. Here is the tomb of Washington, which is visited by thousands of people from all parts of the world. During the year 1876 forty-five thousand persons visited Mount Vernon.



THE STARS AND STRIPES.



The history of our country is grandly illustrated in our Stars and Stripes. New stars have been added to its field of blue as new states have been admitted into our Union. It had its origin in the era of Washington, when our republic was established, and it had its greatest trial in the epoch of Lincoln, when the mightiest civil war of the world tested its power and vindicated its supreme control and command over the discordant elements ar-





rayed in deadly and brave attempt to destroy it. Today this flag stands for no one party or section, but floats over the whole country, one and undivided, without sectional hates, united in the bonds of universal liberty and in the sentiments of an inspiring American civilization. It is the proud sign of peace among ourselves and with all the world.—*Albert D. Shaw.*



ON FAIR POTOMAC'S SLOPING SHORE.



Mount Vernon! who can tell the charm
Of life on that Virginian farm
Before our country's birth?
For there was simple godly fear,
And woman's grace, and royal cheer,
High thoughts, and tempered mirth.

At twilight, when the chimney glowed,
What wit and wisdom freely flowed,
Laughter and quick retorts!
And then the old-time games—what fun
When George and Lady Washington
Joined in the youthful sports!

And when the night grew dark without,
What mighty themes they talked about
In those historic days!
Or how their souls with rapture soared
When Nelly at her harpsichord
Sang gay and gallant lays!

Oh, brave and bold were women then,
And pure as women were the men—
For that was long ago;
The old then felt the zest of youth,
The young were sober, and in truth
It ever should be so.





On fair Potomac's sloping shore,
Mt. Vernon, as in days of yore,
Is still a lovely place;
But they are gone that gave that scene
Its air domestic and serene,
Its joyous life and grace.

No cavaliers in pointed shoes,
In powdered hair and braided queues,
Converse in high-flown clauses,
While ladies listen, all arrayed
In tabbinets and stiff brocade,
Lustrings and gold-wrought gauzes.

No more they dine and make their puns,
Eating love puffs and Sally Lunn's
Laplands and beaten biscuit;
While little darkies, single file,
Bring plates of waffles in a pile
As high as they dare risk it.

But there today the tourist lingers,
And round the sign, "Keep off your fingers,"
Are relics to be viewed.
And passing boats all toll the bell,
And lower the flag as if to tell
A nation's gratitude.

—Exchange.



STORY OF "AMERICA."



Dr. Smith relates that Mr. Lowell Mason, the pioneer of public school music, received, through his friend, William C. Woodbridge, several school singing books. These he turned over to Dr. Smith for examination, his ability as a poet and a German student and translator being much appreciated by his friends. Dr. Smith entered upon the work of selecting and compiling from these books songs adapted to the public schools of America. The rest of the story he tells in the following manner:





"In looking through the books I came to the tune to which 'America' is written. I spelled out the notes and found the tune bright and stirring. I looked down at the words at the bottom of the page and found them to be a patriotic hymn. Ah, I thought, patriotic, that is just the tune for a patriotic hymn. America shall have one of her own. I reached for a scrap of waste paper, and in less than an hour 'America' was written, very nearly as you see it to-day."



THE COUNTERSIGN.



Alas! the weary hours pass slow,
The night is very dark and still,
And in the marshes far below
I hear the bearded whippoorwill.
I scarce can see a yard ahead;
My ears are strained to catch each sound;
I hear the leaves about me shed,
And the spring's bubbling through the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace
Where white rags mark my sentry's track;
In formless shrubs I seem to trace
The foeman's form, with bending back;
I think I see him crouching low—
I stop and list—I stoop and peer,
Until the neighboring hillocks grow
To groups of soldiers far and near.

With ready piece I wait and watch,
Until my eyes, familiar grown,
Detect each harmless earthen notch,
And turn guerrillas into stone;
And then amid the lonely gloom,
Beneath the tall old chestnut trees,
My silent marches I resume,
And think of other times than these.





"Halt! who goes there?" my challenge cry,
It rings along the watchful line;
"Relief!" I hear a voice reply—
"Advance, and give the countersign!"
With bayonet at the charge I wait—
The corporal gives the mystic spell;
With arms apart I charge my mate,
Then onward pass, and all is well.

But in the tent that night awake,
I ask, if in the fray I fall,
Can I the mystic answer make,
When the angelic sentries call?
And pray that Heaven may so ordain,
Where'er I go, what fate be mine,
Whether in pleasure or in pain,
I still may have the countersign.



LIFE'S BLUE AND GRAY.



There is no cloud so dark or so heavy
But somewhere the sunshine gleams through;
Tho' dismal and gray hangs the fog bank,
Above and beyond is the blue.

Oh, Life's blue and its gray intermingle,
But this we will surely find true,
If only our eyes are uplifted
We will always see plenty of blue.

There's always more brightness than darkness.
More gladness than sorrow and pain;
And tho' the dark storm-clouds may gather,
The sunshine comes after the rain.

'Tis our Father who sendeth the shadows,
Who mingleth the darkness and light;
He formeth for us "Life's Mosaic,"
And he formeth it always aright

—M. F. R.





LINCOLN'S LAST THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.



(For November 24, 1864.)

It has pleased Almighty God to prolong our national life another year. Defending us with His guardian care against unfriendly designs from abroad, and vouchsafing us, in His mercy, many and signal victories over the enemy (who is of our household), it has also pleased our Heavenly Father to favor as well our citizens in their homes as our soldiers in their camps, and our sailors on the rivers and seas, with unusual health.

He has largely augmented our free population by emancipation and by immigration, while He has opened to us new resources of wealth, and has crowned the labor of our workmen in every department of industry with abundant reward.

Moreover, He has been pleased to animate and inspire our minds and hearts with fortitude, courage, and resolution sufficient for the great trial of civil war into which we have been brought by our adherence as a nation to the cause of freedom and humanity, and to afford to us reasonable hopes of an ultimate and happy deliverance from all our dangers and afflictions.

Now, therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, do hereby appoint and set apart the last Thursday in November next as a day which I desire, to be observed by all my fellow-citizens, wherever they may then be, as a day of thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God, the beneficent Creator and Ruler of the Universe.

Done at the City of Washington, this twentieth day of October, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-ninth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:—

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.





UNION.



The blood that flowed at Lexington, and crimsoned bright
Champlain,
Streams still along the Southern Gulf, and by the lakes of Maine;
It flows in veins that swell above Pacific's golden sand
And throbs in hearts that love and grieve by the dark Atlantic's
strand.

It binds in one vast brotherhood the trapper of the West,
With men whose cities glass themselves in Erie's classic breast;
And those to whom September brings the fireside's social hours,
With those who see December's brow enwreathed with gorgeous
flowers!

From where Columbia laughs to meet the smiling western wave
To where Potomac sighs beside the patriot hero's grave;
And from the streaming everglades to Huron's lordly flood,
The glory of a nation's past thrills through a kindred blood!

Say, can the South sell out her share in Bunker's gory height,
Or can the North give up her boast of Yorktown's closing fight?
Can ye divide with equal hand a heritage of graves,
Or rend in twain the starry flag that o'er them proudly waves?

Can ye cast lots for Vernon's soil, or chaffer 'mid the gloom
That hangs its solemn folds about your common Father's tomb?
Or could you meet around his grave as fratricidal foes,
And wake your burning curses o'er his pure and calm repose?

YE DARE NOT! is the Alleghanian thunder-toned decree:
'Tis echoed where Nevada guards the blue and tranquil sea;
Where tropic waves delighted clasp our flowery Southern shore,
And where, through frowning mountain gates, Nebraska's waters
roar!

—Anon.





At different times Washington adopted or assumed the expenses and charge of not less than nine of the children of his kith and kin.

* * * * *

Dumas, the French novelist, relates of his visit to Providence, Rhode Island, with Washington: "We arrived there at night; the whole population had assembled from the suburbs; we were surrounded by a crowd of children carrying torches, reiterating the acclamations of the citizens; all were eager to approach the person of him whom they called their father, and pressed so closely around us that they hindered us from proceeding. General Washington was much affected, stopped a few moments and, pressing my hand, said: "We may be beaten by the English; it is the chance of war; but behold an army (of children) whom they can never conquer."

In his journey through New England, not being able to get lodgings at an inn, Washington spent a night at a private house, and when all payment was refused he wrote his host from his next stopping place:

Being informed that you have given my name to one of your sons and called another after Mrs. Washington's family, and being, moreover, very much pleased with the modest and innocent looks of your two daughters, Patty and Polly, I do for these reasons send each of these girls a piece of chintz; and to Patty (a nickname for Martha), who bears the name of Mrs. Washington, and who waited upon us more than Polly did, I send five guineas, with which she may buy herself any little ornaments she may want, or she may dispose of them in any other manner more agreeable to herself. As I do not give these things with a view to have it talked of, or even of its being known, the less there is said about the matter, the better you will please me; but that I may be sure the chintz and money get safe to hand, let Patty, who I dare say is equal to it, write me a line informing me thereof, directed to the President of the United States at New York.—*From the "True George Washington," by Paul Leicester Ford.*



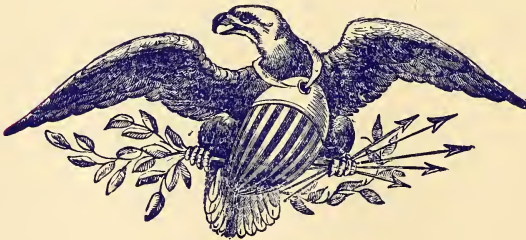


WHERE OUR PRESIDENTS ARE BURIED.



The strangest thing, perhaps, in the history of Washington is that not one of the dead presidents of the republic is buried there. The majority of them sleep in town or city cemeteries near the homes from which they came to the White House. The fact that none of the tombs of the presidents is in Washington is explicable when it is considered that none of them have made their homes in Washington after going out of office.

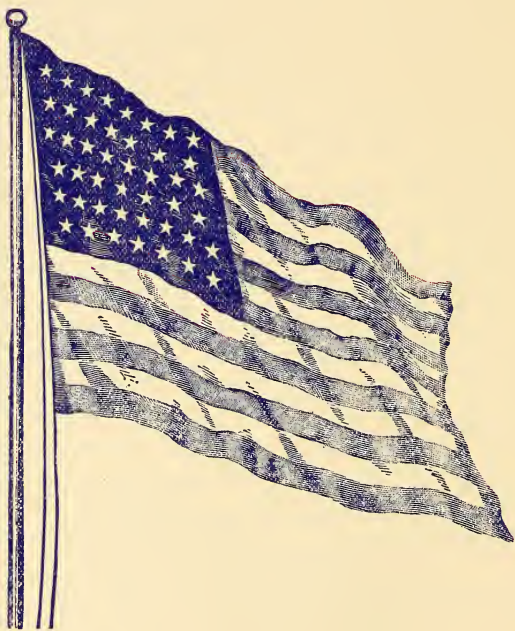
Another strange fact is that only two cemeteries hold the bodies of more than one of the presidents, John Adams and John Quincy Adams both lie in the Congregational burying ground in Quincy, Mass., and Tyler and Monroe lie in Hollywood cemetery, in Richmond. Five of the presidents were buried in Virginia, four each in Ohio and New York, three in Tennessee, two in Massachusetts, and one each in New Hampshire, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Indiana and Illinois.





4th, 5th and 6th
Grades







EXERCISES FOR LINCOLN DAY.



(Reading for several children.)

THE BIRTH OF LINCOLN.

1. Abraham Lincoln was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, February 12, 1809. His birthplace was a cabin in a wilderness. Thomas Lincoln, the father of Abraham, was a restless, thriftless man, living by jobs of carpenter and other work, until finally, deciding to try farming, he settled down in a cabin beside a spring of good water, but in a barren region. In this cabin Abraham was born.

THE MOTHER OF LINCOLN.

2. The mother of Abraham Lincoln was Nancy Hanks. In her youth she was bright and handsome, and possessed of considerable intellectual force; she might have fitly adorned a higher sphere of life. Though she died when her son was ten years of age, he cherished the memory of his "angel mother," saying that to her he owed "all he was or hoped to be."

THE BOYHOOD OF LINCOLN.

3. As a boy Lincoln was fond of hunting and fishing, but at an early age he began to grow serious. At the age of ten years his mother died. The furniture of the Lincoln home was all home-made, hewn out of the trees of the forest. Abraham worked during the day, helping his father and mother. After his mother had been dead about a year, his father married again. His step-mother did all she could to make the poor boy happy. After he had become famous, she said: "Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused to anything I asked him; Abe was the best boy I ever saw."

LINCOLN'S SCHOOL DAYS.

4. Schools were few, irregular, and poor in the backwoods where the Lincolns were living, but Abraham took advantage of every opportunity. There was a log schoolhouse in the woods considerable distance away, and he went to school here a short time. At this school he learned to read and write a little. Lincoln's step-mother encouraged him in his studies. The first letter that Lin-





coln ever wrote was at the time of his mother's death; he then wrote to a Kentucky preacher, asking him to come and preach a sermon over the grave in the wilderness. He had not more than half a dozen books in all, yet he read and re-read these until he could repeat whole pages of them.

LINCOLN AS A YOUNG MAN.

5. When Lincoln was sixteen years of age he was more than six feet in height, wiry and strong, with enormous hands and feet. He wore coarse, home-made clothes and a coon-skin cap. But this overgrown boy had one beauty, that of character—he was always good-natured. He read everything within his reach. His first knowledge of law came from reading the statutes of Indiana, borrowed from a constable. He worked on a ferry-boat for nine months, receiving a salary of \$6 per month. He worked on his father's farm, splitting rails to enclose it; from this work he received the sobriquet of "rail-splitter." He delighted in making speeches, and upon the slightest encouragement would mount a stump and practice upon fellow-laborers. A journey to New Orleans as deck-hand on a flat boat widened his experience of mankind, and gave him his first glimpse of slavery. For several years he served in the capacity of steamboat pilot, clerk in a store and mill. He was faithful in little things, and in that way made himself able to deal with great ones. Once a woman, in paying for some articles she had bought, gave Lincoln six cents too much. After she was gone he discovered that she had overpaid him, and that night, after the store was closed, Lincoln walked to the woman's home, five or six miles and returned the six cents. It was such actions as these that caused him to be called "Honest Abe."

LINCOLN AS A SOLDIER.

6. In 1832 the Black Hawk War began. Because of his popularity Lincoln was asked to become captain of a company; this he did. Lincoln afterward declared that the only battles he fought in this war were with mosquitoes. At the close of the war he returned to his Illinois store and began the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1837, and removed to Springfield, Illinois. He was afterward elected to the State Legislature and to Congress.





7. In 1839 Lincoln became acquainted with Mary Todd, of Lexington, Kentucky. She was a very attractive young woman, noted for her wit, and consequently she had many admirers. She said she had always had an ambition to marry some one who would become president. Miss Todd had a quick temper, which oft times caused trouble. She contributed some articles to a local newspaper, ridiculing a politician, a candidate for state auditor. This caused anger, and Lincoln, to shield her, assumed the authorship of them; he barely avoided a duel by so doing. About six weeks after this event he married Miss Todd.

LINCOLN A PRESIDENT.

8. On the eleventh of February, 1861, Lincoln took leave of his friends and neighbors in a speech of pathetic beauty, and journeyed to Washington to take the oath of office as president of the United States. In less than six weeks after Lincoln actually became president, the Civil War began. This war lasted four years. Many dreadful battles were fought, thousands of brave men fell on both sides. During this war President Lincoln issued the "emancipation proclamation," which declared the slaves to be free. At last the soldiers laid down their arms and peace was made.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.

9. On the evening of April 14, 1865, President Lincoln had gone, by special invitation, to witness a play in Ford's theatre. His party went into a private box, and Lincoln was soon absorbed in the play, "Our American Cousin." At about 11:30 o'clock the box was suddenly invaded by John Wilkes Booth, an actor. In an instant he had placed a pistol at the back of Lincoln's head and fired. He ran from the building and escaped. The president had no further consciousness, he lingered until the next morning, when, surrounded by a little group of friends and relatives, with the members of his cabinet, he passed beyond. A pall of sorrow spread over the land; the old friends in Illinois were overcome with sorrow. The remains of their hero were borne to the old home and laid in the tomb at Springfield. Over the door of the state house, in the city of his old home, where





loving friends had bade him a proud farewell so short a time ago, were these lines; "He left us borne up by our prayers; he returns embalmed in our tears."



THE HARD-WORK PLAN.



From the lowest depths of poverty
To the highest heights of fame,
From obscurity of position
To a bright and shining name;
From the mass of human beings,
Who compose the common clan,
You can earn your way to greatness
By the Hard-Work Plan.

'Twas the key to Lincoln's progress,
'Twas the route to Webster's fame;
And Garfield, by this method,
To distinction laid his claim;
And all earth's noblest heroes,
Since this old world first began,
Have earned their way to honor
By the Hard-Work Plan.

—*Success.*



SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN CONCERNING WASHINGTON.



"Until time shall be no more will a test of the progress which our race has made in Wisdom and Virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington!"—*Lord Brougham.*

"Illustrious Man, before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into significance."—*Charles James Fox.*





If, among all the pedestals supplied by history for public characters of extraordinary nobility and purity, I saw one higher than all the rest, and if I were required at a moment's notice to name the fittest occupant for it, I think my choice, at any time during the last forty-five years, would have lighted, and it would now light, upon Washington.—*Gladstone.*

His integrity was most pure; his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motive of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. Washington's fame will go on increasing until the brightest constellation in yonder heavens is called by his name.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

America has furnished to the world the character of Washington. If our institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.—*Webster.*



STORIES OF LINCOLN.



Mr. Carpenter, a distinguished artist who spent six months almost constantly in the society of the President, says of him:

"Absorbed in his papers, he would become unconscious of my presence, while I intently studied every line and shade of expression in that furrowed face. In repose, it was the saddest face I ever knew. There were days when I could scarcely look into it without crying. During the first week of the battles of the Wilderness, he scarcely slept at all. Passing through the main hall of the domestic apartment on one of those days, I met him, clad in a long morning wrapper, pacing back and forth a narrow passage leading to one of the windows, his hands behind him, great black rings under his eyes, his head bent forward upon his breast.—altogether such a picture of the effects of sorrow, care, and anxiety, as





would have melted the hearts of the worst of his adversaries. With a sorrow almost divine, he, too, could have said of the rebellious States, 'How often would I have gathered you together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!'

The Hon. Mr. Colfax says, "Calling upon the President one morning in the winter of 1863, I found him looking more than usually pale and careworn, and inquired the reason. He replied, that with the bad news he had received at a late hour the previous night, which had not yet been communicated to the press, he had not closed his eyes, or breakfasted; and, with an expression I shall never forget, he exclaimed, 'How willingly would I exchange places to-day with the soldier who sleeps on the ground in the Army of the Potomac!'"

"I hope," said a clergyman to him one day, "that the Lord is on our side." "I am not at all concerned about that," was Mr. Lincoln's reply; "for I know the Lord is *always* on the side of the *right*. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and *this nation* should be on the Lord's Side."

The superintendent of the Five Points' Sabbath-school relates the following incident in reference to Mr. Lincoln during his visit to that city: "One Sunday morning I saw a tall, remarkable looking man enter the room, and take a seat among us. He listened with fixed attention to our exercises: and his countenance expressed such a genuine interest that I approached him, and suggested that he might be willing to say something to the children. He accepted the invitation with evident pleasure, and, coming forward, began a simple address, which at once fascinated every little hearer, and hushed the room into silence. His language was exceedingly beautiful, and his tones musical with intense feeling. The little faces would droop into sad conviction as he uttered sentences of warning, and would brighten into sunshine as he spoke cheerful words of promise. Once or twice he attempted to close his remarks; but the imperative shout of 'Go on! Oh, do go on!' would compel him to resume. As I looked upon the gaunt and sinewy frame of the stranger, and marked his powerful head and determined features, now touched into softness by the impressions of the mo-





ment, I felt an irrepressible curiosity to learn something more about him; and, while he was quietly leaving the room, I begged to know his name. 'It is Abraham Lincoln, from Illinois.'



NUTS TO CRACK.



(For fourteen pupils.)

American Historical Acrostic.

(Note.—Let each write the name in his verse on the black-board so that when the exercise is concluded all can spell the name formed by the initial letters.)

When the dark clouds of war wrapped our country in gloom,
This brave general's victories averted our doom.

This splendid old man, with his eloquent speech
On themes patriotic, all hearts sought to reach.

From England this soldier, philanthropist, came,
To found our fair Georgia and give her a name.

Ride! ride through the country the warning to sound,
Arousing the patriots a nation to found!

Our honored chief magistrate, brave 'fore the foe,
The hand of a murderous assassin laid low.

And thou, Sage of Concord, with word and with pen,
High thinking, pure living did'st seek to teach men.

Of snow-bound New England one sweetly did sing,
Of faith, home and country his verses all ring;

This Puritan youth was both gentle and brave,
The sweetest of maidens her heart to him gave.

Ah, brave Irish soldier! so bold in the fray,
Thy ride makes thee famous the world o'er to-day.





O, noble young patriot! shot as a spy!
He grieved he but once for his country could die.

By the Hudson's broad stream, in a fair sunny nook,
This man's graceful pen gave us many a bright book.

A swarthy King Philip, with war-whoop and shout,
At the head of his tribes sought the whites to drive out.

Thy hand, O fanatic! one sorrowful day
Was raised 'gainst our chief, and his life took away.

Ah, here's Brother Jonathan, Washington's friend,
A soldier, a patriot, his fame shall not end.

See these crowds madly rushing free lands to obtain
In this new territory. Pray, what is its name?

With three little ships bold Columbus came o'er,
This one of the three bore him back from this shore.

Now, friends, take these primals and with them you'll spell
The name we must honor—you all know it well.

"First in war, first in peace,"

Oh, what more can we say?

"In the hearts of his countrymen

First!" Yes, for aye!

—Youth's Companion.



FLAG QUIZ.



- First flag. When made?
How many stripes? Why?
How many stars? Why?
How many red stripes?
How many white stripes?
Why were colors red, white and blue chosen?
When is the flag's birthday?
How old is the flag?
When will the next star be added? Why?
How many stars has the flag of 1907?





WASHINGTON, THE MAN.



John—How old was Washington when he became a surveyor?

William—He was sixteen years old.

John—How much did he earn as a surveyor?

William—From seven to twenty-one dollars a day.

John—What kind of land did he survey?

William—Wild land.

John—What kind of life did he lead?

William—He crossed rough mountains, and rode his horse through swollen streams. He slept out of doors on a little hay. He cooked his own food.

John—How long did he lead this life?

William—Three years.

John—Then what did he become?

William—A soldier.

Roy—Who sent Washington on a journey?

Herbert—The governor of Virginia.

Roy—What for?

Herbert—To carry a letter to some French officers.

Roy—What was the letter about?

Herbert—It told the French to keep off the English ground.

Roy—How long was the journey?

Herbert—Six hundred miles through the woods.

Roy—Tell me some more about the journey.

Herbert—The weather was cold, the river frozen, the ground covered with snow, and the paths hard to find.

Roy—Did he get home safely?

Herbert—Yes, but once he was almost drowned as he was crossing a river on a raft.

Etta—Whom did Washington marry?

Belle—Mrs. Martha Custis.

Etta—Where did they live?

Belle—At Mount Vernon.

Etta—Of what was he fond?

Belle—Hunting and fishing.

Etta—What did he like to do?

Belle—He liked to ride over his large plantation to see that everything was all right.





Joseph—When did the war between England and America begin?

Isaac—On the 19th of April, 1775, by battle at Lexington.

Joseph—What was the war about?

Isaac—Taxes. The English taxed the Americans without asking their consent.

Joseph—How long did the war last?

Isaac—Eight years.

Joseph—Who conquered?

Isaac—The Americans.

Thomas—Did Washington like to be a soldier?

Brenton—No, he would rather be a farmer.

Thomas—When the war was over, what did he do?

Brenton—He went to Mount Vernon.

Thomas—Why didn't he stay there?

Brenton—The American people wanted him to be their president.

Thomas—How long was he president?

Brenton—Eight years.

Thomas—When did he die?

Brenton—In 1779.

Thomas—How old was he when he died?

Brenton—He was sixty-seven years old.

Marion—When Washington was a man he was a surveyor, then he was a soldier, then he was a farmer. After that he was a soldier again. Then he was the first president of the United States.

The exercises closed with a concert, recitation by all, standing and looking at the picture of Washington.

“We honor Washington, first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen.”

This is the program in brief:

1. Salute to the flag.
2. Washington and the flag.
3. Washington pictures.
4. Washington acrostic.
5. Washington, the boy.
6. Washington, the man.
7. Salute to Washington.





WHERE THE FLAG WAS FIRST RAISED.



The spot where Washington unfurled the first American flag is marked by a small park and an observatory on Prospect Hill, in Somerville, Massachusetts. This eminence occupied the same relation to Boston on the northwest that Bunker Hill occupied on the north, and, next to that more famous spot, was the stronghold of Washington's troops. How many Americans could have told where the flag of the United States was first raised?

—*Primary Education.*



WASHINGTON—TRAITS OF CHARACTER.



Serene and steadfast as the hills.
The cheer of lighthouse in the night.
A patriot to the people true.
The wisdom of the thoughtful bee.
A strength like air that yields, yet holds.
The eloquence of wordless worth.
A conscience sleepless as the stars.

—*Edward A. Horton.*



LINCOLN—TRAITS OF CHARACTER.



The rectitude and patience of the rocks.
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn.
The courage of the bird that dares the sea.
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves.
The pity of the snow that hides all scars.
The loving kindness of the wayside well.
The tolerance and equity of light.

—*Edwin Markham.*





FEBRUARY AMERICANS.



Note these February birthdays. Let pupils be prepared to give a brief sketch, or answer a lively quiz on each one as the day comes: Feb. 3, 1811, Horace Greeley; Feb. 3, 1810, Dr. Elisha Kent Kane; Feb. 4, 1802, Mark Hopkins; Feb. 5, 1837, Dwight Lyman Moody; Feb. 6, 1756, Aaron Burr; Feb. 8, 1820, William Tecumseh Sherman; Feb. 9, 1824, Gen. John A. Logan; Feb. 9, 1773, William Henry Harrison; Feb. 9, 1814, Samuel Jones Tilden; Feb. 11, 1735, Daniel Boone; Feb. 11, 1847, Thomas A. Edison; Feb. 12, 1809, Abraham Lincoln; Feb. 14, 1824, Winfield Scott Hancock; Feb. 15, 1803, John Augustus Sutter; Feb. 18, 1797, John D. Pierce; Feb. 20, 1829, Joseph Jefferson; Feb. 22, 1819, James Russell Lowell; Feb. 22, 1732, George Washington; Feb. 23, 1832, Bishop John H. Vincent; Feb. 24, 1824, George Wm. Curtis; Feb. 27, 1836, Gen. Russell A. Alger; Feb. 27, 1807, Henry W. Longfellow.



SMALL BEGINNING OF RICH AND FAMOUS AMERICANS.



Cornelius Vanderbilt ferried his own boat.
John Jacob Astor sold apples in the streets.
Jay Gould was a book agent.
John D. Rockefeller worked in a machine shop.
A. T. Stewart was a school teacher.
John Wanamaker began life at \$1.25 a week.
Andrew Cannegie began life at \$2.50 a week.
Benjamin Franklin was a printer.
Elihu Burritt was a blacksmith.
Abraham Lincoln was a rail-splitter.
James J. Hill began as a roustabout.
William A. Clarke as a young man was a miner.
Henry Villard was a reporter.
Thomas Edison began as a telegraph operator.
Thomas F. Ryan was a clerk in a dry goods store.
William Lloyd Garrison was a printer's devil.
Daniel Drew began as a cattle-trader.
Henry H. Rogers was a grocer's delivery boy.





TRIBUTE OF ALLEGIANCE.



First Pupil—Every good citizen makes his country's honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defense, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it.—*Andrew Jackson.*

Second Pupil—If we are true to our country in our day and generation, and those that come after us shall be true to it also, assuredly shall we elevate her to a pitch of prosperity and happiness, of honor and power, never yet reached by any nation beneath the sun.—*Anon.*

Third Pupil—I love freedom better than slavery; I will speak her words; I will listen to her music; I will acknowledge her impulses; I will stand beneath the flag; I will fight in her ranks; and when I do so, I shall find myself surrounded by the great, the wise, the good, the brave, the noble, of every land.—*E. D. Baker.*

Three pupils in unison—Let us, the rising generation, be inspired with an ardent love of our country, an unquenchable thirst for liberty, and a profound reverence for the constitution and the Union. Let the American youth never forget that they possess a noble inheritance, bought by the toils and sufferings and blood of our ancestors.—(*Adapted from*) *Story.*



LINCOLN—A SONG.



(Air—"Hold the Fort.")

W. W. STONE.

O'er the land to-day is ringing
Praise of Lincoln's name;
Childish voices now are singing
Lincoln's glorious fame.





He had sworn to do his duty,
Sworn to do the right;
And our flag, in all its beauty,
Saved from foeman's spite.

Lord, we come to Thee confessing,
Bound in sin were we;
Lincoln, working with Thy blessing
Wrought—and we are free.

Chorus:

Yes, we love the name of Lincoln,
Lincoln, good and true;
Under God, he saved the nation,
Saved for me, for you.



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY EXERCISE.



First child— Who was Washington and what did he do?

Second child— Don't you know? Then, pray you, listen,
If you'd like to hear us tell
Something of this brave commander,
Whom the children love so well.
First within our hearts so grateful,
First in peace and first in strife;
Hear the pages we shall read you,
From his "Book of Life."

First child— Yes, I will listen while you tell us
When he came to earth,
Year and month. What is the record
Of our hero's birth?

Third child— February snows were falling,
February breezes blew,
When our Washington was born,
In seventeen thirty-two.





(Children form two parallel rows, lock hands and swing arms as if rocking a cradle. Sing. Tune—"Rock-a-by-Baby.")

Rock-a-by-baby, taking your rest,
Cradled from harm on mother's soft breast.
Sleep, little one, for soon you must be
Working for God and humanity.

Lullaby, baby, mother shall sing,
Backward and forward cradle shall swing;
One up above e'er careth for thee,
Sendeth thee down a nation to free.

First child— What can you tell us of his boyhood?

Fourth child— Brave and earnest, honest, faithful,
Wise, yet fond of fun;
Thus he grew from youth to manhood,
Our young Washington.

First child— Tell us something of his early years.

Fifth child— He, Virginia's best and bravest,
Manhood scarce had seen
When the old colonial governor
Sent him unto Fort Du Quesne.

White the snow lay in the woodlands,
Wintry winds ablow;
Dauntlessly he braved all danger,
Faced each lurking foe.

History and dim tradition
Bring the tale to me.
Years and years ago it happened—
In seventeen fifty-two and three.

First child— Tell me more of his brave deeds.

Sixth child— His brave deeds? Ah, no one living
Can their number tell;
History says his work was ever
Wisely done, and well.
Have you read how savage foemen,





In their battle dress,
Fought with Braddock's little army
In the wilderness?
Do you know whose skill and courage
Kept the men alive?
Washington! And this all happened
In seventeen fifty-five.

First child— What part had he in the war for independence?

Seventh child—When the weary war with England
For our rights begun,
Then the nation, all together,
Called for Washington.
Called to him to be their leader
Through the cruel war,
Till, all bannerless and broken,
England's conquered hosts they saw.

First child— How long was he the nation's leader?

Eighth child— Till the cruel war was ended,
And was broken every chain,
Then, his work all done, our leader
To his home returned again.

First child— Was his work now done?

Ninth child— Nay, the nation he had cradled
In its earliest years
Called again for Washington
To calm their doubts and fears.
Faithfully to do his duty
E'er was his intent;
In the ranks once more we find him—
Our first President.

First child— How long did he hold that office?

Tenth child— Eight long years the nation prospered,
So the olden records tell,
While our leader Washington
Wisely ruled, and well.





Song. Tune—"Maryland, My Maryland."

What name is this we hold so dear?
Washington! 'Tis Washington!
Whom do we honor and revere?
Washington, our Washington!
Though o'er his head we drop a tear,
Yet death for him ne'er held a fear;
His name shall brighter grow each year—
Washington, great Washington!



PATRIOTIC SONGS.



I.

Sweet in the innocence of youth,
Born of the brave and the free,
They wove fair garlands while they sang,
"My country, 'tis of thee."
How every bosom swelled with joy,
And thrilled with grateful pride,
As, fond, the whispering cadence breathes,
"Land where my fathers died."

II.

Fair flowers in sweet bouquets they tied,
Breaths from the vales and hill,
While childish voices poured the strain,
"I love thy rocks and rills."
Each face grew radiant with the thought,
"Land of the noble free;"
Each voice seemed reverent as it trilled,
"Sweet land of liberty."

III.

And bud and bloom and leaf they bound,
And bade the living keep,
Unharm'd and pure, the cherished graves,
Where brave men calmly sleep;
And thus while infant lips began
To lisp "Sweet freedom's song,"
Manhood's deep tones from age to age
Shall still "the sound prolong."

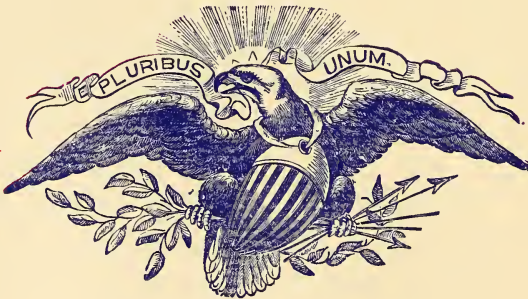




IV.

I hailed the promise of the scene,
Gladness was in the strain;
The glorious land is safe while love
Still swells the fond refrain.
And what shall be our sure defense?
Who guards our liberty?
Not man—not arms alone—we look,
"Our father's God to thee."

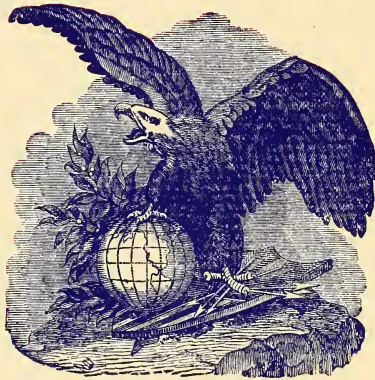
—*Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D.*





1st, 2nd and 3rd
Grades







THE CHILDREN'S STORY OF WASHINGTON.



By Ella Marie Powers.

Events in the life of Washington may be impressed upon the children by means of illustrations.

The following may be given as an exercise, composition work, drawing or card-sewing. If given as an exercise, each child should provide himself with the article mentioned in his lines:

A hatchet like this George Washington had,
But he cut a fine cherry tree.
His father then said, "Who cut this, my lad?"
"I can't lie; I cut it," said he.
"My good, honest boy, I would lose every tree
Than know that one lie
You would tell to me."

George Washington carried a famous old gun;
A soldier was he brave and true.
He fought with the Indians—how they would run
When Washington came into view!

A hat like this George Washington wore,
As the soldiers he wisely drilled.
We think of those battles so fierce of yore,
Of men hungry, starving and chilled.

Washington wore a sword so bright,
In those days of long ago.
'Mid the din and roar and gallant fight
He marched to meet the foe.
He fought for freedom and for right;
Our liberty to him we owe.

Roses like these were once strewn in the street
When Washington to New York came.
Our general now takes a president's seat;
O'er the land ring his praises and fame.





Here are some quills; they were used long ago.
'Twas a century ago, O yes,
That Washington wrote with a quill, you know,
That famous, great farewell address.

A wreath of laurel for Washington bring,
For his life and his deeds so grand.
He is crowned a hero, a royal king,
We praise him throughout our land.

Our flag waves in love for the brave men of old,
For heroes, a great loyal band,
Who marched forth to battle and danger untold,
Who fought and who died for our land.
Their deeds for our country we proudly uphold;
By our flag we will loyally stand.

All:
Teach us to guard, to love, to keep,
The memory of heroes so brave;
And ever be loyal to this, our old flag.
O, long may it gallantly wave!



A LONG STORY MADE SHORT.



The letter "G" does stand for George;
My story is begun.
"W" stands for Washington,
And now my story is done.



WHY AM I LIKE WASHINGTON?



(A Small Boy's Conundrum.)

(A little boy comes on the stage wearing a very little hat,
that he touches, puts on in different ways as he recites, pausing
a little before giving the last stanza.)





I've had this hat, this little hat,
So long, I can't remember;
Worn sometimes this way, sometimes that,
From April to December.

Now, why like Washington am I?
I am, you will confess it,
If my conundrum you will try,
And see if you can guess it.

I am much surprised at such a pause;
That you cannot guess that yet!
I am like Washington because—
I've got this little hat yet.

—M. B. C. S.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.



(The following exercise may be given by sixteen pupils. Each pupil has a large pasteboard letter hung about the neck. The letters are covered with gilt paper, turned and displayed at the beginning of the verse as it is recited. The letters in order spell "George Washington.")

General Washington's name we praise,
In tributes now our voices raise.

Earnest and true, he was noble and good;
I'd be like Washington—that I would!

Obedient always—a manly boy;
His playmates he did not annoy.

Right in word, in act, in deed;
In classes he would always lead.

Good and thoughtful, always kind;
Such boys make friends, we always find.





Eager to learn; he improved each hour;
This gave to him great strength and power

Wisdom he sought, and in this land
No greater general could command.

Alert and quick to do his work;
A duty he would never shirk.

Strong in body and strong in mind,
No greater general can we find.

Happy to do for his country and men,
He bravely fought for freedom then.

Illustrious soldier, statesman, friend,
Our country's cause he did defend.

Noble in thought, in action sure,
Great suffering he did endure.

Great was the work of this soldier's life;
He conquered the foe in the bitter strife.

True to his country, as president, he
Ruled his people in "the land of the free."

Obedient still to duty's command,
He loved our own free native land.

Noted, obedient, great and grand,
Did ever a greater man live in our land?

(The first four boys recite in concert the following, forming
a circle at the appropriate words:)

Four brave little laddies,
Wearing loyal badges.

In a row together, standing hand in hand;
Make a manly circle,
Join hands all together,
So one link we've fastened of a loyal band.





The next four girls recite:

Four true little lassies,
From the world's great masses,
In a row together, standing hand in hand.
Swing into a circle,
Join both lads and lassies,
So two links we've fastened of a loyal band.

(As the two groups come together, four hands meet and cross, thus uniting the two circles.)

The next four repeat:

We four make a circle,
Join each hand to hand;
And a third link we have fastened of our loyal band.
Battlefield may be
Before us by and by,
But strong we'll be to fight in freedom's land.

The last four repeat:

Four more little lassies
From our brightest classes,
In a row together, standing hand in hand;
Make a loving circle,
Join we to the others,
So four links are fastened in our loyal band.

All repeat:

Four strong links for greatness,
In our chain to-day,
Strong and good as Washington's brave, loyal band.
Strong, obedient, tender,
Our love together render,
For Washington's great goodness and our own fair
native land.

All sing to the tune of "Lightly Row":

Gaily sing, gaily sing,
Washington's great fame we bring.
Joyfully, joyfully,
Sing his praise to-day.
May our lives be good and great,
And we armed for any fate,
Joyfully, joyfully, sing his praise to-day,

(At the beginning of the last four lines, the groups separate and march out.)





SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.



Dear little boys, whose birthday comes
With Washington's to-day,
You may not be the President
(Although, *perhaps*, you may);
But each who does the best he can
May be, like him, a noble man.

—*Youth's Companion.*



OURS.



Napoleon was great, I know,
And Julius Cæsar, and all the rest;
But they didn't belong to us, and so
I like George Washington the best.

—*Selected.*



WHO KNOWS?



I wonder if George Washington,
When he was nine years old,
Turned out his toes and brushed his hair,
And always shut the door with care,
And did as he was told.
I wonder if he ever said,
"Oh, dear!" when he was sent to bed.

—*Youth's Companion.*





LITTLE SOLDIERS.



(Air—"Lightly Row.")

A. E. A.

(For any number of small children. Each may wear soldier's cap of red, white or blue, and carry small flag.)

(As if ringing little bells.)

Clearly ring, clearly ring,
Great bells, on this happy day,
Swing and ring, ring and swing,
Backward, forward, sway.
Little bells can do the same,
Ring out one beloved name—
"Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling,"
Ring for Washington.

(As if beating little drums.)

Loudly play, loudly play,
Bands upon the crowded street,
Play away, play away,
Music strong and sweet.
Little drums can bravely beat
Little airs for little feet,
"Rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat,"
Beat for Washington.

(All waving little flags.)

Proudly fly, proudly fly,
Silken banners great and fair,
Fly so high, fly so high,
On the frosty air.
Little flags are floating, too,
All in red and white and blue,
Hip, hurrah! hip, hurrah!
Wave for Washington.





(Forming in line and marching.)

March along, march along,
Soldiers noble, brave and true,
March along, swift and strong,
Uniforms of blue.
Little soldiers, too, can fight
Little battles for the right,
"Forward march! Forward march!"
March for Washington.



WASHINGTON.



First Pupil:

What name is known in every land,
And dear to Freedom's sons,
Ruler of firm yet kindly hand?

All:

That name is Washington's.

Second Pupil:

Who faltered never in the right
Till victory was won;
Till out of war shone Freedom's light?

All:

It was great Washington.

Third Pupil:

Let monarchs boast of warlike deeds
And conquests bravely won,
Where tyranny, not freedom, leads;

All:

We have our Washington.





Fourth Pupil:

A soldier ever first in war,
And steadfast as the sun,
And first in peace and virtue, for—

All:

He was our Washington.

Fifth Pupil:

Till liberty and truth depart,
And freedom's work is done,
Forever first in every heart—

All:

Will be great Washington.



LIKE THE MINUTE MEN.



(Recitation for several boys.)

Long ago, our teacher says,
The sturdy Minute Men
Were ready at a moment's call
To battle bravely then.

Like little Minute Men to-day,
When duty's call we hear,
Let's battle with our school room tasks
Through all the busy year.



HOW TO BE HEROES.



(Recitation for two small boys.)

First:

When Washington was little,
A tiny boy like me,
He was always kind and gentle
And brave as brave could be.





Perhaps he made a few mistakes,
But tried his best, I know;
That's why he made a hero.
Mother told me so.

Second:

When Washington was little,
Just as I am to-day,
He was always very earnest
In all his work and play;
And when he got in mischief
He told the truth, I know.
That's why he made a hero.
Mother told me so.

Both:

And so when boys are little,
As small as you and me,
We must try and try our hardest
If heroes we would be.
For brave and honest little boys
To honest men will grow,
And they're the kind for heroes!
Mother told us so.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.



"How did George Washington look?" asked Nell.
"What was he like? Won't you please to tell?"
Thus I answered: "A courtly man,
Wearing his honors as heroes can.
Erect and tall, with his six feet two;
Knee breeches, buckles, frills and queue;
Powdered brown hair; blue eyes, far apart;
Strong-limbed and fearless, with gentle heart;
Gracious in manner toward every one.
Such, my Nellie, was Washington."

—Selected.





We're studying to be citizens
Of the United States;
We're making ourselves ready
With arithmetic and slates;
With trying to be honest
And generous and true,
With working with our might and main
At all we have to do.

—Selected.



RULE YOURSELF.



Hurrah for the school children! Some day they'll rule,
And lead in our nation as they now lead in school.
Then here is a motto—don't learn it too late—
Who cannot rule himself can never rule a state.
There's something important for each one to do—
Hold up the standard, the red, white and blue.

—Anon.



A YOUNG PATRIOT.



I'm just a very little boy,
I never fired a gun;
I never led an army,
Like brave George Washington.
And though like him I may not fight
To set a people free,
I'll try to be as brave and true,
As kind and good as he.

—Alice Jean Cleator.





A RALLY.



Little folks, come marching forth,
Little feet, keep time,
In the East and West and North
And the Southern clime.
Lay your lesson books away,
Leave your sums undone;
We must celebrate to-day
Brave George Washington.
Little yet you understand
All his worth and truth;
Only know he saved the land,
Faithful from his youth.

—*Youth's Companion.*



GREAT OR GOOD.



To be as great as Washington,
I could not if I would;
So I've made up my mind
To try to be as good.



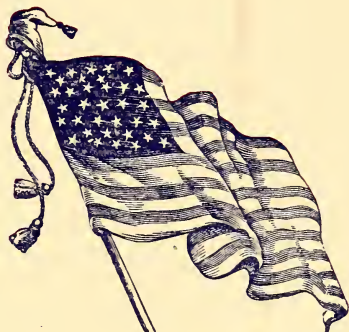
MIGHT AND RIGHT.



Few, few were they whose swords of old
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and goodly land
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand
And glorious must their triumph be.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

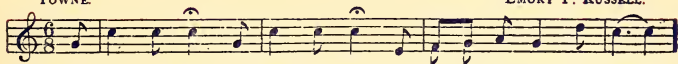




SALUTE THE FLAG.

TOWNE

EMORY P. RUSSELL.



1. Sa - lute the flag! the dear old flag, With col - ors red, white, and blue;
2. We love thy col - ors ev - 'ry one, Thou em - blem of truth and peace,
3. With gleam - ing stars of for - ty - five, Thou hast a world - wide name;



It stands for truth and lib - er - ty, This flag is wav - ing for you.
 Thou art the flag of rich and poor, O may thy lus - tre in - crease.
 O may the God of heav - en bless Our flag of glo - rious fame.





Our Flag

KATHERINE PARKER

Geo. W. Wilcox

With animation. M. M. ♩ = 138

(Unfold small flag)
(Wave flag)
(Place held high, sing reverently.)

Fling out the Flag—With its col - ors true—The Red, and White, And star - ry Blue
Fling out the Flag— We'll cheer a new The Red, and White, And star - ry Blue
Fling out the Flag— God bless it, too, The Red, and White, And star - ry Blue.

CHORUS.

D.C.

We love the Flag, our own dear Flag, We love our own Red, White, and Blue
Three cheers for the Flag, our own dear Flag, Three cheers for our own Red, White, and Blue
God bless the Flag, our own dear Flag, God bless our own Red, White, and Blue





FLAG OF THE FREE.

Arr. by T. M. T.

1 Flag of the free, fair-est to see! Borne thro' the strife and the thun-dre, of war,
 2 Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Cho-sec of God while His might we a dore.

Fine.
 Ban-ner so bright with star-ry light, Float ev-er proud-ly from mountain and shore.
 Lead-log the way for good to man, Sym-bol of right thro' the years pass-ing o'er.

D. S.— While thro' the sky, loud rings the cry Un-ion and lib-er-ty, one ev-er-more

D. S. for Chorus.
 Em-blem of free-dom, hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save;
 Pride of our coun-try, hon-ored a-far, Scat-ter each cloud that would darken a star;





FLAG DRILL.



Children taking part in drill should be dressed, if possible, the boys like George and the girls like Martha Washington. Each must be provided with flag 12x18 inches, with stick not longer than 30 inches. Then each holding flag in right hand resting on right shoulder, march on platform in couples (boy and girl) to music of any patriotic song, and take places across the stage alternating, boy and girl.

Then all children salute with flag, as follows :

Flag in right hand, wave toward left temple, across to right side and down to right foot, then up in place to right shoulder. Throughout drill children's eyes follow direction of flag.

Fig. 1. Music, "Yankee Doodle." (a) Four times, flag in right hand, raised above head and back to right shoulder. Four times, flag in right hand, out from right shoulder and back. Four times, down to right knee and up above head at right side. (b) Same as above with left hand. Alternate eight times down and up with right and left hands.

Fig. 2. Music, "Columbia, the Gem," etc. Four times, flag in right hand, wave across chest to left shoulder and back to right. Four times in left hand across chest to right shoulder. Alternate eight times, right and left hands.

Fig. 3. Music, "John Brown's Body Lies A-Mouldering in the Grave." Four times, flag in right hand, over head to left shoulder, waved across over head to right shoulder. Four times, left hand over head to right shoulder and back to right shoulder. Alternate eight times.

Fig. 4. Music, "Tenting To-Night." Four times in right hand, down to left knee, then up and wave above head. Four times left hand to right knee, up and wave above head. Alternate eight times with right and left hands.

Fig. 5. Music, "Rally Round the Flag." Four times, flag in right hand, down to right foot, up overhead, down





the back to foot, up back, overhead down front to foot. Four or eight times alternate as follows: Flag in right hand to foot, up overhead, down back, change to left hand, across back, up over head down to foot, and change to right hand and continue as stated.

Fig. 6. Music, "Star Spangled Banner" (quick time). Four times, flag in right hand, turn body half wheel to left side, waving flag to left side and back to original position, facing front. Four times, left hand, wheel to right side and back. Eight times alternate.

Fig. 7. Music, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Four times, flag in right hand, describe a complete circle with flag in front of body. Four times, left hand the same. Four times, alternate.

Fig. 8. Music, "Yankee Doodle." Flag in right hand, arm slightly extended frontwards, furl flag to music quickly, then unfurl, furl again and unfurl. Transfer flag to left hand and repeat the motion.

Fig. 9. Music, "Nobly Our Flag." All the children are to sing the song and at the same time wave flags above and across heads from left to right.

Fig. 10. Finale. Two leaders (a girl and a boy) march to the centre of the platform, holding flags with both hands in front as army flag bearers do, other children following in couples, flags in same position. When the centre of the platform is reached, the children form a circle around the two leaders, who raise their flags above their heads with points touching, the others quickly resting their flags against leaders' flags, and march slowly round, forming a wheel, singing "Star Spangled Banner." After which the leaders once more head the line, all holding flags in right hands, arms raised above heads, and all march off to music of "Hail Columbia."





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