

February, 1908.

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To the Teachers of Colorado:

The observance of Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays grows constantly with the passing years in importance and value in our schools.

These two days are a part of our national history, and in their observance patriotism, love of beautiful characters and noble sentiment should be taught.

It hardly seems necessary to impress upon you the necessity of teaching patriotism, yet in the numerous subjects which claim our attention there is a possibility of overlooking the importance of cultivating the minds of the children with gratitude toward the nation's heroes.

"The bright-eyed boys who crowd our schools,

The knights of book and pen,

Weary of childish games and moods,

Will soon be stalwart men-

The leaders in the race of life,

The men to win applause;

The great minds born to guide the State, The wise to make the laws.

"Teach them to guard with jealous care -The land that gave them birth—

As patriot sons of patriot sires,

The dearest spot on earth:

Teach them the sacred trust to keep,

Like true men, pure and brave, And o'er them through the ages bid Freedom's fair banner wave."

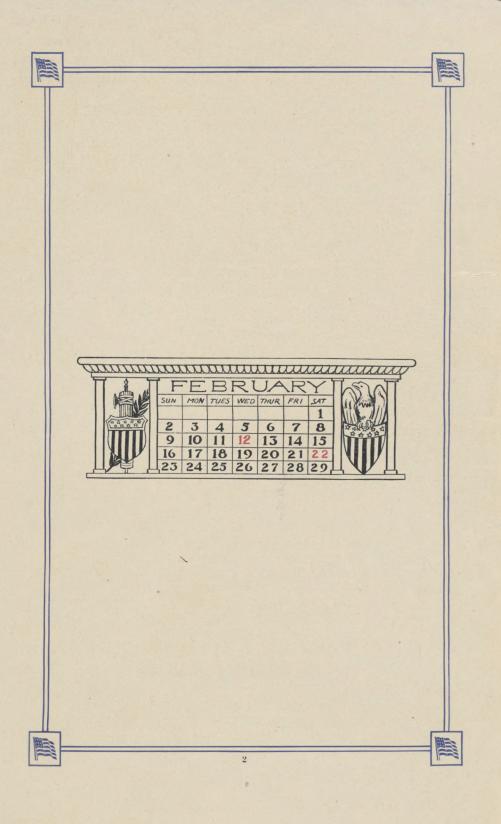
Again I take pleasure in presenting to you these suggestive exercises for your program, and trust that they may prove to be of service in making interesting these two holidays.

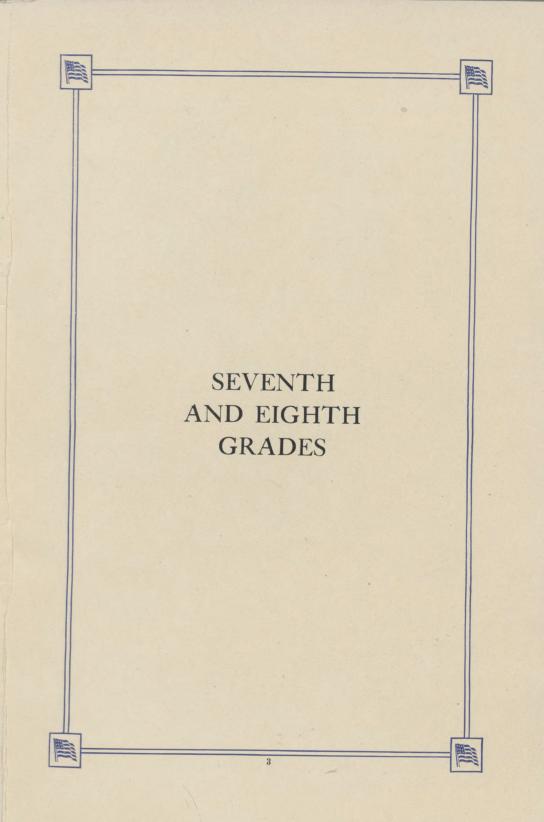
With best wishes for a continued successful observance of these special days, I remain,

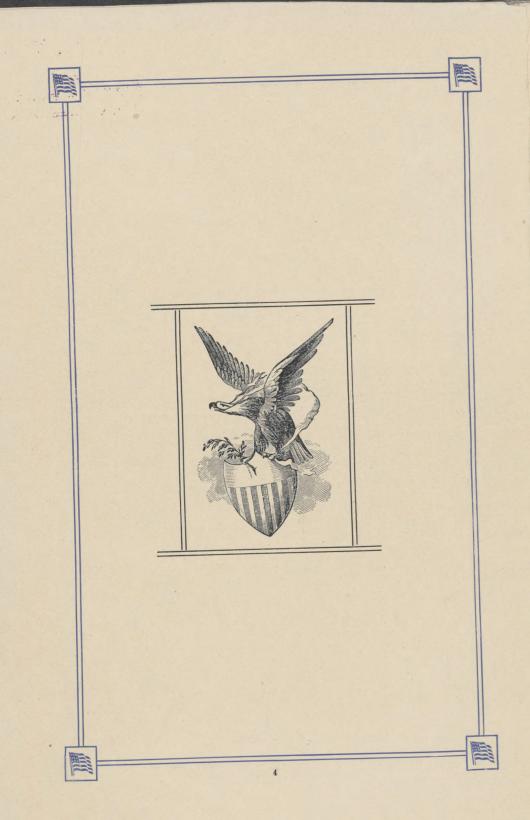
Respectfully yours,

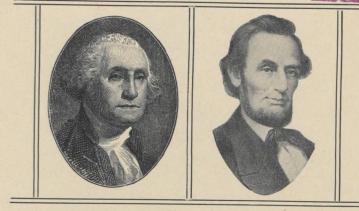
atherine S. Craig

Superintendent of Public Instruction.









WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.

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In the month of February were born two of the greatest of our countrymen. Under the leadership of George Washington our independence as a nation was secured and a free constitutional government was established. It was a government of the people, for the people, and by the people; and a government so framed could not be carried on in peace and harmony so long as a part of the people were held as slaves and bought and sold like cattle.

In less than a century after the founding of this nation slavery had grown so powerful that it determined to break in pieces the nation which it could not control. Then arose Abraham Lincoln from the midst of the common people, who declared that a nation that was half free and half slave could not endure, and that the remedy for disunion was the freedom of the slave. He, like Washington, led his country through the perils of a bloody war which abolished slavery, and conquered a peace in which it was acknowledged that all men, white and black, had "An inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." George Washington is, and of right ought to be, called the father of his country, and Abraham Lincoln is, and of right ought to be, called its savior. It is a duty and a privilege to set apart one day in each year in which our great obligations to these two noble men and sincere patriots may be recalled and our love and gratitude to them expressed.

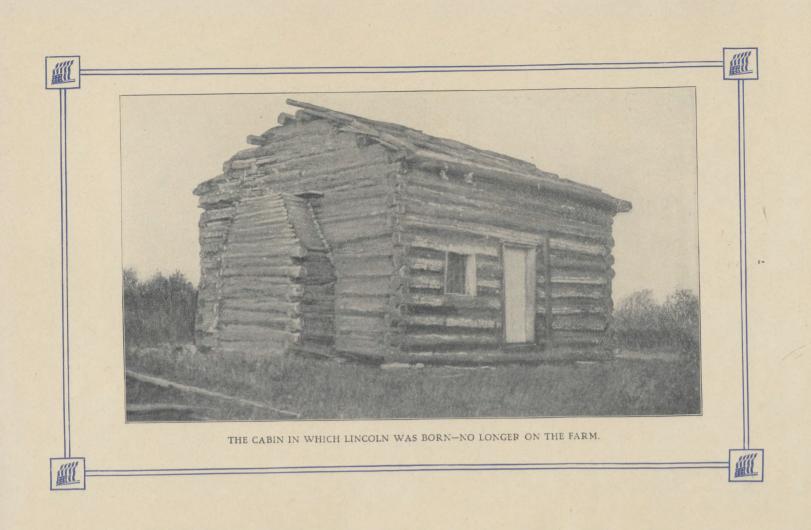
GOD BLESS OUR FATHERLAND.

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God bless our fatherland, Keep her in heart and hand One with our own; From all her foes defend, Be her brave people's friend; On all her realms descend; Protect her throne.

Father, in loving care Guard thou her kingdom's heir, Guide all her ways; Thine arm his shelter be From harm by land and sea; Bid storm and danger flee; Prolong his days.

Lord, bid war's trumpet cease; Fold the whole earth in peace Under Thy wings; Make all Thy nations one All hearts beneath Thy sun, Till Thou shalt reign alone, Great King of kings. -O. W. Holmes.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ala

Edwin Markham's Tribute.

(At a dinner of the Republican Club, held in New York, Edwin Markham, the poet, recited an original ode, entitled "Abraham Lincoln, the Great Commoner," from which the following is an extract.)

> The color of the ground was in him, the red earth, The tang and odor of the primal things; 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 That gives as freely to the shrinking weed As to the great oak flaring to the wind, To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn That shoulders out the sky.



LINCOLN.

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His towering figure, sharp and spare, Was with such nervous tension strung As if on each strained sinew swung The burden of a people's care.

His changing face what pen can draw? Pathetic, kindly, droll, or stern; And with a glance so quick to learn The inmost truth of all he saw. —*Charles G. Halpine.*

His country saved, his work achieved, He boasted not of what he'd done, But rather in his goodness grieved For all sad hearts beneath the sun. --G. Martin.

All the kindly grace, The tender love, the loyalty to truth, That flow and mingle in the gentlest blood, Were met together in his blameless life. —Mary A. Ripley.

The form is vanished and the footsteps still, But from the silence Lincoln's answer thrills; "Peace, charity, and love!" in all the world's best needs The master stands transfigured in his deeds. —Kate M. B. Sherwood.

Heroic soul, in homely garb half hid,
Sincere, sagacious, melancholy, quaint;
What he endured, no less than what he did,
Has reared his monument and crowned him saint.
-J. T. Trowbridge.

Mr. Lincoln was not what you would call an educated man. The college that he had attended was that which a man attends who gets up at daylight to hoe the corn, and sits up at night to read the best book he can find, by the side of a burning pine knot. What education he had, he picked up in that way. He had read a great many books; and all the books that he had read, he knew. He had a tenacious memory, just as he had the ability to see the essential thing. He never took an unimportant point and went off upon that; but he always laid hold of the real thing, of the real question, and attended to that without attending to the others any more than was indispensably necessary.

-Charles A. Dana.

Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men As might some prophet of the elder day, Brooding above the tempest and the fray With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken A power was his beyond the touch of art Or armed strength: his pure and mighty heart. —*Richard W. Gilder.*

SUCCESS.

ala

O my America, whose flag Peace thrones amid the sky, Beneath whose folds 'tis life to live And noblest death to die; The time a higher aim demands For cycles yet to run! Achievement nobler fields commands Than Charlemagne's heroes won! War folds her tent: humanity Unites the races, and for thee, O Youth, the silver bugles call A grander march from sea to sea; And that is best which most inspires And fills the soul with high desires. Success leads onward to success: Young Knight advance, fulfil the dream Of saints and sages; - thee awaits The Century supreme;-

That man his birthright may be given, And toil its dues, and Virtue crown All men who strive and all who've striven, The highest standard of renown. Not wealth, but welfare, is success; Beneficence life's crown must bring, For nothing lives but righteousness And character is everything! —Hezekiah Butterworth.



OUR STANDING ARMY.

ale

We have no standing army? Nay, look around and see! The man who ploughs the furrow, The man who fells the tree, The statesman and the scholar— At the first word of fear Turn to their country, breathing "My mother, I am here!"

Not of a dumb, blind people, Is this, our army made; Where schoolhouse and where steeple Have cast their friendly shade. Our army grows in knowledge, As it to manhood grows,

• And, trained in school and college, Stands ready for its foes.

The brawny arms of gunners Serve minds alert and keen; The sailor's thought has traveled

To lands he has not seen. Not for the joy of killing,

Not for the lust of strife, Have these come forth with gladness To offer up their life.

Behold our standing army— Not, as in other lands, An army standing idle, With empty minds and hands— But each one in his station; And peaceful victory Is training for the nation

Heroes of land and sea. -Margaret Vandegrift.

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WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

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The bells of Mount Vernon are ringing to day, And what say their melodious numbers

To the flag-blooming air? List! What do they say? "The fame of the hero ne'er slumbers."

The world's monument stands the Potomac beside,

And what says the shaft to the river?

"When the hero has lived for his country, and died, Death crowns him a hero forever."

The bards crown the heroes, and children rehearse The songs that give heroes to story,

And what say the bards to the children? "No verse Can yet measure Washington's glory!"

For freedom outlives the crowns of the earth,

And freedom shall triumph forever;

And time must long wait the true song of his birth, Who sleeps by the beautiful river.

-Hezekiah Butterworth.

QUOTATIONS FROM LOWELL'S "UNDER THE OLD ELM."

A

(By Ten Pupils.)

- 1. What figure more immovably august Than that grave strength so patient and so pure, Calm in good fortune; when it wavered, sure!
- 2. That mind serene, impenetrably just Modelled on classic lines so simple they endure.
- 3. That soul so softly radiant and so white, The track it left seems less of fire than light!
- 4. His was the true enthusiasm that burns long, Fed from itself and shy of human sight, The hidden force that makes a lifetime strong, And not the short-lived fuel of a song.
- 5. Soldier and statesman, rarest unison; High poised example of great duties done!
- 6. Dumb for himself, unless it were to God, But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent!
- 7. Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed Save by the men his nobler temper shamed.
- Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will.
- 9. Not honored then or now because he wooed The popular voice; but that he still withstood.
- Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one Who was all this and ours, and all men's—Washington.

OLD PATRIOTIC SONGS.

ale

Every boy in the land enjoys "Yankee Doodle." Tell them what the "grand old man" of England, Gladstone, said of this song. Said he, "The Americans have one old song which touched the heart of every patriot and still rings on with fresh power. It is called by the quaint, but spirit-stirring name of "Yankee Doodle."

This air came to us by adoption. Its parentage is mysterious. An old history of songs says it was a famous vintage song of France; in another old history it is recorded that the Spaniards claim it; England claims it as an ancient and national ballad, sung before the days of Cromwell; then the Dutchmen comes and says it was a song of the Low Countries.

Whatever may be the shadowy traditions associated with it, we are told that it first appeared in America on the banks of the Hudson in 1755, being introduced into the American camp by a Dr. Shuckburgh of the British army. Our colonial companies were at that time marching after music quite two centuries old. This Dr. Richard Shuckburgh told them that their music was far too old and he promised to them a new song. In two days the new song was completed; it immediately captivated the hearts of the troops and for the time no other song was heard. It became our battle march in the Revolution.

Dr. Holmes said: "This queer old, plucky, continental, saltpetre-and-brimstone tune has out-soldiered its enemies; although given to us as a joke, it led us to our victory." It has done much for us, and in its reckless, hoydenish tempo, we see the bravery and the victory of our old heroes. Upon this song was placed the fair name of Freedom; it enhances the glory of old Faneuil Hall; it was a source of inspiration to the old orators, and it was taken home by every old soldier and patriot to live forever.

After telling the pupils all this, secure a copy of the old song and let the children sing it. They will sing it better than ever after knowing more of the song.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

The hearty peal of "Hail Columbia" has many a time urged forward our brave soldiers to win the freedom of our glorious country. It has done much to save our nation from political destruction.

An old air called, "The President's March," had been composed in 1789. It was a general favorite. In 1798 a singer, named Fox, was to sing at a theater in Philadelphia upon a certain Monday evening. Saturday came and no tickets had been sold. Fox was in despair; something must be done. Congress was in session; the storm clouds of war were threatening, and he thought a patriotic song, sung to the music of "The President's March," might be a great attraction and people would be induced by that song to come and buy tickets and thus save him. He stated his trouble to a clever young lawyer—a Joseph Hopkinson—who said, "I'll see what I can get up for a song to-morrow; call and see me in the afternoon."

Sunday afternoon Fox called and was given the words to read:

"Hail Columbia, happy land, Hail ye heroes, heaven-born band, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,"

"Splendid!" exclaimed Fox, reading the lines:

"Firm, united let us be, Rallying round our liberty; As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safety we shall find."

And then, with eyes glistening, Fox read:

"Immortal patriots rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore."

And still grander it rolled along to the climax:

"Sound, sound the trump of fame; Let Washington's great name Ring through the world with loud acclaim."

Fox rushed forth with enthusiasm. He advertised the new song. No such song had ever before been heard. All who would come would agree with him. The night came. His theater was filled.

Nine times the audience called for the song and then all the people present arose in one body and joined in the full chorus. The voices filled the theater, the spirit

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of the song filled the national heart. It bound the people in political union. It was a clarion peal. Hand in hand it has stood with Jefferson's "Declaration of Independence," Hamilton's "Constitution," and Washington's "Farewell Address."



A comparison of the country as Washington knew it at the time of his inauguration and the country as we know it now. The following topics may be used as a basis for the comparison:

I. Map of the States in 1790.

Reference.-McMaster's History, page 175.

II. Territory—Frontier.

III. Population.

IV. The Cities: Large cities and small towns.

V. City-life.

VI. Newspapers and Magazines.

VII. Protection from Fire.

VIII. The Postoffice.

IX. Condition of the Laborer.

X. Homes of the Well-to-Do.

XI. Farming.

XII. Slaves.

XIII. Travel.

XIV. The West.

XV. The Franchise.

XVI. Punishments.

(Use maps freely.)

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THE SHIP'S COLORS.

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Oh, sailor, young sailor, with tan on your cheek, What flag is your schooner to fly at her peak? Oh, Jack in blue jacket, I pray you, declare What colors your busy, brown fingers prepare?

"What flag but the grandest?" my sailor-boy said; "The star spangled Union, the stripes white and red; The flower of all ensigns, the pride of the sky; No flag but 'Old Glory' my beauty shall fly!" Oh, sailor, my sailor, you've chosen aright! Thus prize it forever, that banner of light, Each stripe has a meaning you yet cannot guess; Each star is more sacred than words may express.

O'er desolate ice-fields,—'mid islands of palm,— It lives through the storm, and it sleeps through the calm, It guides, through the war-cloud, on perilous ways; It decks the glad cities on festival days.

In far-away harbors, where many ships meet, Where dark foreign faces look strange in the street, The flag flaps a greeting, and kinsmen who roam All bless the brave colors that tell them of home.

Wherever it flutters, the bride of the breeze, A message of freedom it flings o'er the seas, A hope for the world,—and the heart that beats true Must leap at the sight of the red, white, and blue. —Helen Gray Cone.



WASHINGTON'S APPOINTMENTS.

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President Washington entertained notions about appointments to office which in these days would be thought Quixotic. He accepted the presidency with the purpose not to be "swayed in the disposal of places by motives arising from the ties of friendship and blood." There were hundreds of competitors for every office of any importance, among whom were friends, but Washington acted with sole reference to the public good.

A friend and a political opponent applied for the same office, and Washington gave it to the latter. He thus explains the act:

"My friend I receive with cordial welcome. He is welcome to my house, and welcome to my heart, but with all his good qualities he is not a man of business. My opponent, with all his politics, so hostile to me, *is* a man of business. My private feelings have nothing to do in the case. I am not George Washington, but president of the United States. As George Washington, I would do this man any kindness in my power. As president of the United States, I can do nothing."—Youth's Companion.



WASHINGTON'S PUNCTILIOUSNESS.

When President Adams was inaugurated, General Washington was present. After Mr. Adams had left the hall of the house of representatives, it so chanced that ex-President Washington and Vice-President Jefferson rose at the same moment to follow him. Mr. Jefferson, of course, stood aside to let General Washington go out first. The general, however, was now a private citizen. He distinctly refused to take precedence, and obliged the vice-president to go first.—Youth's Companion.

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OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM.

This nation has a banner; the symbol of liberty. It is the banner of dawn. It means liberty; and the galley slave, the poor, the trodden down creature of foreign despotism, sees in the American flag that very promise and prediction of God.

Our flag carries American ideas, American history and American feeling. Beginning with the colonies and coming down to our time, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: Divine right of liberty in man. Every color means liberty; every form of star and beam of stripe of light means liberty; liberty through law, and laws for liberty!

How glorious has been its history! How divine is its meaning! In all the world is there a banner that carried such hope, such grandeur of spirit, such soulinspiring truth, as our dear old American flag? Made by liberty, made for liberty, nourished in its spirit, carried in its service.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.



(This may suggest a debate for the older boys who have read or studied the events of the lives of the two greatest generals of the world.)

Washington was not like Bonaparte, of a race which surpasses the stature of humanity. He was not placed in a vast theater. He was not pitted against the most skillful generals and the mightiest monarchs of his age. He did not rush from Memphis to Vienna, from Cadiz to Moscow. He defended himself with a handful of fellowcitizens in an unhistoric land, in a narrow circle of domestic firesides. He did not fight battles which recalled the triumphs of Arbela and Pharsalia. He did not overturn thrones to construct others from their ruins.

Something of reserve and repose surrounds the movements of Washington. He acted with deliberation. It is as if he felt himself charged with the liberty of the future and feared to compromise its interests. It was not his own destiny that weighed upon this hero—it was the destiny of his country. He did not allow himself to trifle with what was not his. But from this deep humility what a light breaks forth! Seek the forests where shone the sword of Washington. What do you find? A place of tombs? No, a world! Washington has left the United States as a trophy on his battle field.

The Republic of Washington endures. The Empire of Bonaparte has perished. Washington and Bonaparte both sprang from the bosom of Democracy. Both were sons of Liberty. The one was faithful to her. The other betrayed her.—*Open Sesame*.

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HERO GEMS.

Monday-

The true hero is the great wise man of duty—he whose soul is armed by truth and supported by the smile of God; he who meets life's perils with a cautious, but tranquil spirit gathers strength by facing its storms and dies, if he is called to die, as a Christian victor at the post of duty. And if we must have heroes and wars wherein to make them, there is no war so brilliant as

a war with wrong and no hero, so fit to be sung as he who has gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy.—*Horace Bushnell*.

Tuesday-

Count we o'er earth's chosen heroes-they were souls that stood alone.

While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone, Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beams incline To the side of perfect justice mastered by their faith divine, By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design. -J. R. Lowell.

Wednesday-

"Mourn not for the vanished ages, With the great, heroic men, Who dwell in history's pages, And live in the poet's pen. For the grandest times are before us, And the world is yet to see The noblest worth of this old world In the men that are to be."

Thursday-

We little dream of the conflict Fought in each human soul, And earth knows not of the heroes Upon God's honor roll.

-Eben E. Rexford.

Friday-

"He alone is great Who by a life heroic conquers fate."

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THE NAME OF OLD GLORY.

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Old Glory! say, who By the ships and the crew, And the long, blended ranks of the Gray and the Blue, And 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 delightfullest 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.

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 sorrow 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, 1898.



THE BEST DECORATION.

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They've hung a big Old Glory on a rope across the street, And just to see it flutter puts a tickle in my feet, And sends a crinkle up my back and down into each arm— It makes me hear the bugle call and feel war's awful charm; I hear the fife notes shrilling and the throbbing of the drum; I hear the yell of battle as the thund'rous hoof thuds come; I see men's bodies falling, though their spirits never lag— Such thrills as this run through me when I see that swaying flag!

Look-look! The breeze has caught it up and holds it, while the sun

Sets all its stripes a-glitter, while the ripples race and run! The glory of those ruddy bands shut in by lanes of white Floods all my dusky deskroom with a lingering, loving light; I drop my work enraptured; while, to break that magic spell, I doff my hat and wave it with a loud ecstatic yell— I love that flag! I love it with a love 'twould dare and die— God bless those glorious stripes and stars flung out against the

sky!

I love it as did Francis Key, who penned th' immortal song; I love it with a fervor that can never think it wrong; I love it for the freedom it has given unto men; I love it for its beauty, for its gracefulness, and then I love it with the patriot love that never wonders why, But sheds hot tears whene'er those folds he sees athwart the sky; I love it for the lessons it has taught to men of brag— But, most of all, I love it just because it is our flag!

-Baltimore American.

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What is it to be an American? Putting aside all the outer shows of dress and manners, social customs and physical peculiarities, is it not to believe in America, and in the American people? Is it not to have an abiding and moving faith in the future and in the destiny of America?—something above and beyond the patriotism and love which every man whose soul is not dead within him feels toward the land of his birth? Is it not to be national, and not sectional, independent, and not colonial? Is it not to have a high conception of what this great new country should be, and to follow out that ideal with loyalty and truth?—Henry Cabot Lodge.



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.



RECITATION.

A

(Five pupils go to the platform.)

1. Could any better thoughts be given than those found in the last words of President Lincoln's second inaugural address?

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to 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 his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

2. What a restful verse Longfellow has written for us:

"Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals

The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!

But beautiful as songs of the immortals,

The holy melodies of love arise."

3. But why were the soldiers so good and brave? 'Twas for love for their country, which they freely gave. And better than all, they gained glory above, For they gained their homes and their lives with their love. Yes—love for their country they did not spare; We were not in the war, but we'll do our share, For life is full of battles to be won— Battles enough for everyone.

4. Battles of life! Yes. Our daily struggles with ourselves. The best of it is, it is in our power to win all these battles; and we should say: "We will win."

5. With Longfellow we can say:

"Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time."



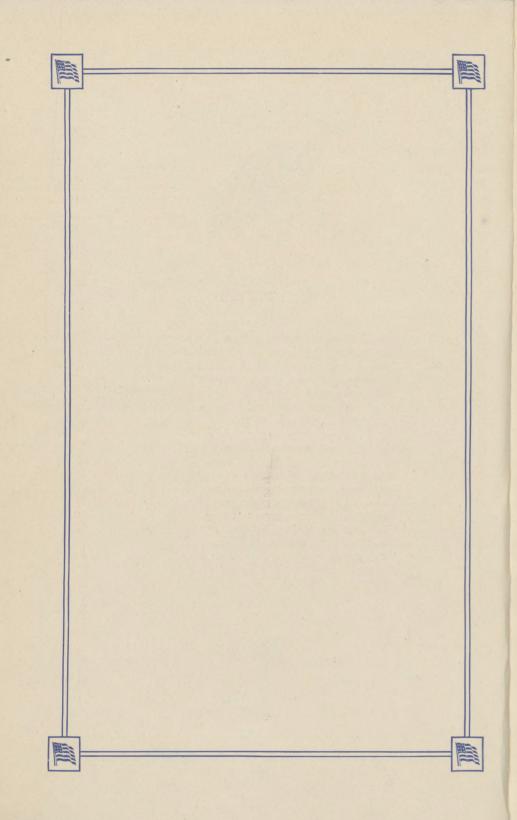
HAIL! COLUMBIA.

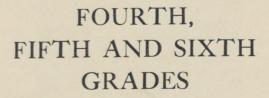
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Sound, sound the trump of Fame! Let Washington's great name Ring through the world with loud applause; Let every clime to Freedom dear Listen with a joyful ear. With equal skill, with god-like power, He governs in the fearful hour Of horrid war, or guides with ease The happier times of honest peace.

Behold the chief, who now commands. Once more to serve his country stands— The rock on which the storm will beat; But armed in virtue, firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heaven and you. When hope was sinking in dismay, When glooms obscured Columbia's day, His steady mind from changes free, Resolved on death or liberty!











LINCOLN.

His life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up and say to all the world, "This was a man."—*Shakespeare*.

Perhaps a greater man never ruled in this or in any other nation. He was good, pure, incorruptible.—Bolton.

He was raised up for the times. He was a leader of leaders. By instinct the common heart trusted him. He was of the people and for the people. He had been poor and laborious, but greatness did not change the tone of his spirit, or lessen the sympathies of his nature. His character was strangely symmetrical. He was temperate without austerity; brave without rashness; constant without obstinacy. His love of justice was only equalled by his delight in compassion. His regard for personal honor was only excelled by love of country. His integrity was never questioned.—J. P. Newman.

So ended in darkness, but not in shame, the career of Abraham Lincoln. He was one of the most remarkable men of any age or any country—a man in whom the qualities of genius and common sense were strangely mingled. He was prudent, far-sighted and resolute; thoughtful, calm and just; patient, tender-hearted and great.—*Ridpath*.

He was the sum of Puritan and cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than cavalier, in that he was an American, and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of this ideal government—charging it with such tremendous meaning and so elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from its cradle to human liberty. —Grady.

> His was the troubled life, The conflict and the pain, The grief, the bitterness of strife, The honor without stain.

When the Emancipation, the second Declaration of Independence, came, then, and not till then, was that flag purified, glorified, sanctified—made holy. When the bugle's reveille sounds the roll call of heroes crowned and uncrowned, on high, methinks of all the jewels in the diadems that deck the brows of "just men made perfect," none other will shine so bright as the broken fetters in Father Abraham's crown.

Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe, this divine, loving man. 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 self-denial, the courage, the hope, and 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. Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*



THE SCHOOLHOUSE FLAG.

In cities and in villages, in country districts scattered wide, Above the schoolhouse door it floats—a thing of beauty and pride; The poorest child, the richest heir—'tis theirs in common to adore,

For 'tis their flag that proudly floats—the flag above the schoolhouse door!

What does it mean, O careless boy, O thoughtless girl at happy play?

Red for the blood your fathers shed on some far-off eventful day— White for the loyalty and faith of countless women who forebore To mourn, but gave their all to save the flag above the schoolhouse door.

• And blue—sweet hope's ethereal hue—the color of true loyalty— Red, white and blue, united in one grand, harmonious trinity! 'Tis yours to love! 'tis yours to serve! 'tis yours to cherish

evermore!

God keep it ever floating there—the flag above the schoolhouse door!

-Harriet C. LeRoy in Youth's Companion.

O'ER THE SCHOOLHOUSE FLOATS THE FLAG.

ale

Raise the flag on every schoolhouse, let it float upon the breeze; Sing our famed "Star Spangled Banner" as it towers among the trees.

Tell the children all its story on the land and on the sea-

Tell its pet names, first "Old Glory," then "The Banner of the Free;"

Tell them how its blood reminds us of the blood of heroes shed— That we might dwell in freedom's land, when they were with the dead

Tell the children that its symbol is a state for every star, Tell of its victorious record in the days of strife and war; Tell them it is theirs to cherish, that its stars must never set, And in future they'll defend it—wheresoe'er a foe is met; Keep the flag and school united, North and South and East and West.

Cheer for loyalty and learning in the land we love the best. —Adapted from Werner's Magazine.



MY COUNTRY IS FREE.

Sp

(Tune, "Jesus Loves Me.")

I am so glad that the bright, starry heav'n Shines on our land that to liberty's giv'n; Wonderful things in this world do I see, But this is the dearest, my country is free.

Chorus. I am so glad my country is free,

Country is free, country is free; I am so glad my country is free, Country is ever free.

Though I should travel far, far away, The flag will protect me wherever I stay. Back to its sheltering folds will I flee, When I remember my country is free. (Chorus.)

Oh, if there's only this right given me, To dwell in a land by my fathers made free, With glad heart and voice will I sing in glee, I am so glad my country is free. (Chorus.)

29

-By Bee Cullen.

MEANING OF THE COLORS.

ale

First Pupil.

Red, from the leaves of the autumn's woods, Of our frost-kissed northern hills; Red, to show that patriot blood Is beating now in a hurrying flood In the hearts of American men.

Second Pupil.

White, from the fields of stainless drift, On our wide western plains; White, to show that as pure as snow, We believe the Christ light yet shall glow In the souls of American men.

Third Pupil.

Blue, from the arch of the winter sky, O'er our fatherland outspread; Blue, to show that as wide as heaven, Shall justice to all mankind be given, At the hands of American men.

All Together.

Red, white, and blue, and the light of stars, Through our holy colors shine; Love, truth, and justice, virtues three, That shall bloom in the land of liberty, In the hearts of American men.

>€

THE FIRST SCHOOLHOUSE FLAG.

The first American flag that ever floated over a schoolhouse was at Catamount Hill, Colerain, Mass., in 1812.

Twenty-nine states have laws preventing or punishing the desecration of the American flag. To use it in advertising is deemed a desecration, and so is forbidden. On the twelfth day of April, 1861, the American flag

was first fired upon at Fort Sumter. That very flag is

in the War Department at Washington, and was willed to it by Mrs. Anderson—the wife of Major Anderson, who defended the fort at the time.

The naval vessels carry a different flag from that used by the army, or by merchant vessels. The flagship in the navy is the one that carries the colors of the admiral in command. Flags are used as signals for ships to communicate with each other at sea. With about twenty flags they can talk to one another.

A flag at half-mast is used as a sign of mourning and respect. When a vessel comes into a harbor with its flag at half-mast everybody who sees it knows that there has been some death on board. It is pathetic to see a fishing vessel come into Gloucester with the flag at half-mast, for it tells the old, sad story of a brave fisherman having been lost.

A vessel of the United States navy when on a foreign cruise has about two hundred and fifty different flags in her lockers, so as to salute the flags of the nations in whose ports she may be, and to signal to other vessels. The flags necessary for the navy are nearly all made at the Brooklyn navy yard. One hundred and twenty thousand yards of bunting are made into flags there each year. Since 1865 this bunting has been almost entirely made at Lowell, Mass.

There are thirty flag manufactories in the United States, and they use each year about seven million yards of cotton bunting and silk. Of one kind and another nearly ten million flags are made annually. Some of these are quite cheap affairs, bringing but a few cents each; while others are very costly. A fine embroidered silk banner costs some hundreds of dollars.

The largest Stars and Stripes ever floated in the United States was made by Miss Josephine Mulford of New Jersey. It was seen by thousands of people at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo in 1901. It was 100 feet long and sixty-five feet broad. Each star measured two feet eight inches across.

Lieutenant Peary carried the American flag nearer to the North Pole than the flag of any other nation has ever gone, just a little further than Abruzzi carried the Italian flag, and Nansen the Norwegian flag.—Olive Parker, American Primary Teacher.

SELECTIONS FOR CHILDREN'S READINGS.

A

BETSY BRANDON'S GUEST.

A True Tale of How a Little Maid Entertained General Washington.

It was a bright spring morning in 1791, and the sun shone as bright over the Brandon plantation as it did in the county town of Salisbury. Yet little Miss Betsy Brandon, sitting lonely and disconsolate on the piazza of the great plantation house, did not think of the sunshine, did not notice the gay tulips nodding good morning, did not listen to the merry songs of the birds, for her thoughts were in Salisbury, and she longed to be there.

For not more than an hour ago all the family had driven to the town to see General Washington, who was to be received there with great honor, and with as handsome a demonstration as the brave, patriotic folk of the town and county could make for him.

It was a wonderful thing, this Southern tour of the General—now President of the United States. He had traveled in his family carriage all the way down from Virginia, through the Carolinas and Georgia, near the coast to Savannah, and was now returning through the "upcountry," stopping at Augusta, Camden, Charlotte and other towns. All along the route people united to do him honor, and war-worn veterans who had followed his standard pressed near to grasp his hand.

And now that he was coming to Salisbury such grand things were to be done! Capt. John Baird, in command of the "Rowan Light Horse Company," had gone to meet him at Charlotte and escort him to Salisbury. A company of boys—one of whom was Betsy's brother—were to meet him half a mile from town and march as his escort with the men. And the boys were to be in uniform, and were to wear buck tails in their hats. And Betsy's sister was to be one of the little girls, all dressed in white, to scatter flowers before the General when he entered the town. Oh, it would all be beautiful! Yet Betsy must stay at home.

Was it not a little hard? And was it altogether strange that twelve-year-old Betsy, in spite of the selfcontrol taught by the strict old-time discipline, must, from time to time, wipe away the gathering tears?

Yet not everyone had gone to Salisbury, for after a while Betsy was surprised to see two gentlemen riding

up the avenue. On reaching the house they dismounted, and one—a gentleman of very grand and handsome appearance—bowed low to the little maid and asked if she would be kind enough to give breakfast to two tired wayfarers.

Betsy curtsied, in a pretty, old fashion, and said that as all the grown people had gone to town to see General Washington, she was afraid the breakfast might not be very nice, but she would have something ready in a little while, and would they please be seated on the piazza.

"I am a plain old man," said the gentleman who had spoken, "and only want a cup of milk and piece of cornbread." The "plain old man" was very dignified and courteous, and there was something in his bearing so noble that somehow his little hostess felt that here was a man fit to stand with the greatest. "I promise you," he continued, "that you shall see General Washington before any of your people do."

How that might be Betsy did not know, nor did she question. For there was something about this unexpected guest that won her trust from the beginning. So she hurried away to the kitchen to interview old Dinah. Then, while Dinah was making ready the hoecake, and Cindy was setting the table, Betsy herself ran down the hill to the spring house for the milk and butter. In a little while the simple repast was ready, and the guests were bidden to partake of it.

Betsy was pleased, as any hostess would have been, to see how the breakfast was enjoyed. Encouraged by the kindness of the gentleman who had promised that she should see General Washington, she talked freely of the great doings in town that day. There was to be a grand reception in the afternoon and a ball at night. Her mother had the most beautiful gown for the ball, and no doubt all the other ladies had beautiful gowns. But her father would wear his old uniform. And then she told of how her father honored and loved General Washington, and of how he said that he was the greatest man and the best in all the world.

But now the guests rose, and he who had asked for the breakfast thanked Betsy for it. "The milk you gave me," he said, "is the best I have drunk for many a day, and the hoecake is delicious. I thank you for your kindness. I must now bid you farewell and go on my journey."



"Farewell, sir," said Betsy, curtsying. "But when—" for now the question would come—"when do I see General Washington?"

She raised her eager eyes to meet those of the stranger who had given her the promise. With a kind smile he answered simply: "I am General Washington."

Like all other wonderful things, it had all come about very naturally. The General was fatigued by his journey, and knowing that he would have little opportunity of rest during the day, left his party for awhile, and, with one attendant, rode on horseback to the Brandon house for some refreshment before going on to Salisbury, six miles further. And so it came to pass that the little girl in the North Carolina farmhouse not only saw the great man, but entertained him at breakfast.—*Caroline Mays Brevard, in February St. Nicholas.*



WASHINGTON.

Washington is the mightiest name on earth, long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation.

On that name a eulogy is expected. It can not be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it.

In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor, leave it shining on.—*Abraham Lincoln*.



HEROES OF HISTORY.

ale

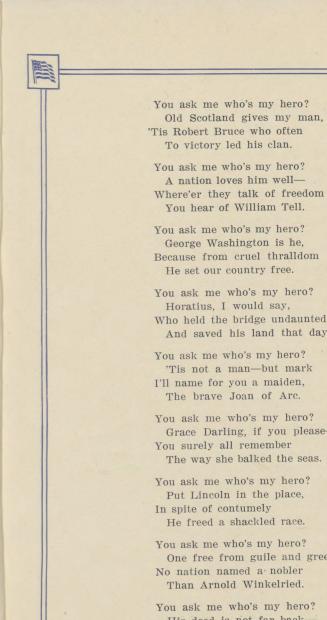
(A recitation for several children.)

You ask me who's my hero?

Leonidas he'll be,

Who with three hundred Spartans Fought at Thermopylae.

You ask me who's my hero? Columbus, brave and bold, On history's brightest pages His daring deeds are told.



You ask me who's my hero? His deed is not far back-Hurrah! Hurrah! for Hobson, Who sank the Merrimac!

No nation named a nobler Than Arnold Winkelried.

Old Scotland gives my man,

To victory led his clan.

A nation loves him well-

You hear of William Tell.

George Washington is he,

He set our country free.

Horatius, I would say,

And saved his land that day.

Grace Darling, if you please-

The way she balked the seas.

Put Lincoln in the place, In spite of contumely He freed a shackled race. You ask me who's my hero? One free from guile and greed,

'Tis not a man-but mark I'll name for you a maiden, The brave Joan of Arc.

You ask me who's my hero? He has no special name, For each who does his duty A hero's rights may claim. -By Susie M. Best.

FOURTEEN NINETY-TWO.

A

I think, of all the things at school A boy has got to do, That studyin' hist'ry, as a rule,

Is worst of all, don't you? Of dates there are an awful sight, An' though I study day an' night, There's only one I've got just right— That's fourteen ninety-two.

Columbus crossed the Delaware In fourteen ninety-two; We whipped the British, fair an' square, In fourteen ninety-two; At Concord an' at Lexington We kept the red-coats on the run While the band played Johnny Get Your Gun, In fourteen ninety-two.

Pat. Henry, with his dyin' breath— In fourteen ninety-two— Said, "Gimme liberty or death!" In fourteen ninety-two. An' Barbara Frietchie, so 'tis said, Cried, "Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, But I'd rather 'twould be your own instead," In fourteen ninety-two.

The Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock In fourteen ninety-two,

An' the Indians standin' on the dock Asked "What are you goin' to do?" An' they said, "We seek your harbor drear That our children's children dear May boast that their forefathers landed here In fourteen ninety-two.

Kentucky was settled by Daniel Boone In fourteen ninety-two,

An' I think the cow jumped over the moon In fourteen ninety-two.

Ben. Franklin flew his kite so high He drew the lightnin' from the sky.

An' Washington couldn't tell a lie

36

In fourteen ninety-two.

-Nixon Waterman, in Saturday Evening Post.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION FOREVER.

ale

The union of lakes, the union of lands, The union of States, none can sever; The union of hearts, and the union of hands, And the flag our our Union forever.

-Lowell.



STAND BY THE FLAG.

ala

Stand by the flag! Its stripes have streamed in glory, To foes a fear, to friends a festal robe,And spread in rhythmic lines the sacred story Of Freedom's triumph over all the globe.

Stand by the flag! On land and ocean billow By it your fathers stood unmoved and true, Living, defended—dying, from their pillow

With their last blessing, passed it on to you.

Stand by the flag, though death-shots round it rattle, And underneath its waving folds have met,

In all the dread array of sanguine battle,

The quivering lance and glittering bayonet!

Stand by the flag, all doubt and treason scorning! Believe with courage firm, and faith sublime, That it will float, until the eternal morning Pales in its glories all the lights of Time.

-J. N. Wilder.

MY COUNTRY.

36

A

"Oh, Beautiful, my country!" Be thine a nobler care Than all thy wealth of commerce, Thy harvests waving fair; Be it thy pride to lift up The manhood of the poor; Be then to the oppressed Fair freedom's open door!

.37



For thee our fathers suffered; For thee they toiled and prayed; Upon thy holy altar

Their willing lives they laid. Thou hast no common birthright;

Grand memories on thee shine; The blood of pilgrim nations

Commingled flows in thine.

Oh, Beautiful, our country! 'Round thee in love we draw; Thine is the grace of freedom, The majesty of law.

Be righteousness thy sceptre, Justice thy diadem; And in thy shining forehead

Be peace the crowning gem.

€

STORY OF VIRGINIA DARE.

In the spring of 1587 colonists came from England to settle on Roanoke Island. On this trip there were women and children with the company. The year before none but men had come, and they soon became homesick and returned to England.

ale

John White was governor, and he had over a hundred people with him. Manteo (an Indian) was with him, too. He had gone to England with Governor Lane the year before, and now came back with Governor White.

They repaired the houses that Lane had built, and put up others. Then the women and children went ashore. Soon the old houses began to look homelike, and the children began to play and enjoy themselves in their wild homes. But they were afraid of the Indians, and every time one would come to the village the children would run and hide.

One day George Howe was out in the sound all alone catching crabs. Some Indians that were angry with the white people crept up and killed him. This murder scared all the children in the colony. They never went very far from their homes after that. They were afraid the Indians would kill them.



On the eighteenth of August, soon after all the houses were repaired and the people began to feel at home, a little baby girl was born at the house of Ananias Dare. Her mother, Mrs. Eleanor Dare, was the daughter of Governor White.

Governor White was very proud of his little granddaughter. He named her Virginia, as all the new country was then called Virginia, after the Virgin Queen Elizabeth. He did not know that Virginia Dare, the first white child born in this new country, would become one of the most famous names in North Carolina history.

When Virginia was nine days old, Governor White had to go back to England to get provisions for the colony. He did not wish to go, and tried to get somebody to go in his place. He wished to stay at Roanoke Island with his little granddaughter. But as no one else was willing, Governor White felt that it was his duty to go.

He said good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Dare, took little Virginia up in his arms and kissed her several times. Then he went down to the ship that was waiting for him, and was soon out of sight.

That was the last time Governor White ever saw his granddaughter or any of the colonists. He went to England and found his people at war with Spain. On account of the war, he could not get supplies. He had to wait three years. When the war closed, he got the supplies and came back to the settlement; but he could not find the colony, nor any member of it.

No one knows exactly what became of little Virginia and her mother and father, or any of the colonists that Governor White left. Many years after that time the Indians said that Virginia grew up and became a queen among the Indians. According to this Indian story, a year or more passed by, and, as the colonists heard nothing from Governor White, they began to feel uneasy. Provisions were scarce, and they were in danger of starving. They did not know what to do. They waited another year, living on crabs and fish, but the governor did not return.

"What can be the matter?" asked Mrs. Dare; but no one could answer. Every one thought that the governor had been lost at sea. Still they hoped on, but despair began to settle upon all.

At last they decided to cross over to the mainland, which was called Croatan, and built other homes. The

Indians there were friendly and had invited them to come. So they cut the word *Croatan* on a tree and left.

0

There they lived several years with the friendly Indians. Little Virginia grew up to be a very beautiful girl. The Indians loved her, and called her the daughter of the Great Spirit. Thus it was that several years passed. But one day a terrible thing happened. The powerful Powhatan, an Indian king, who lived on the Powhatan river, now called James river, in Virginia, made war upon the Croatan Indians, captured their town, and put all the people to death except a few who escaped. All the white people were murdered except four men, two boys and a little girl. That little girl was Virginia Dare.

Manteo, who was there, escaped, and with these seven white persons went to Hatteras, where his kindred dwelt. There Virginia grew to womanhood. She was so beautiful and wise that the Indians regarded her as some being that the Great Spirit had sent to them to guide and teach them.

So they made her the queen of the tribe, and for many years the "Fair Goddess," as they called her, ruled wisely and well. The white men, who had escaped with her, married Indian girls. Thus the two races became united.

No one knows whether the story of Virginia Dare is true or not. It is a pretty one, and all of us would be glad to know that she really lived among the Indians and became their "Fair Goddess."—*History Stories of North Carolina*.

€

A TRUE SOLDIER.

afe

(Tune—"Hold the Fort.")

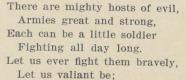
Though we never may be soldiers On the battlefield,

Though we may not carry banner, Bayonet or shield:

Each can be as true and valiant Till life's work is done,

Each can be as brave a soldier As George Washington.

40



Fight the host of falsehood, envy, Pride and cruelty.

Oh, how valiant are the soldiers Who to battle go, Yet more brave are they who struggle With an unseen foe. When the battles all are ended And the victory's won, Each will be as true a soldier As George Washington.

-Alice Jean Cleator, in Normal Instructor.



OUR FLAG.

Sp

And when we wanted an emblem To carry in war and peace, A flag to tell to the nations That the Union never should cease, We looked to the heavens above us, To the stars in the fair blue skies, And we copied the red from the sunset clouds In the west when daylight dies.

-Selected.

-Benjamin Franklin.

GEMS FOR THE BLACKBOARD.

>€

Sp

Oh, Washington! thou hero, patriot, sage, Friend of all climes and pride of every age! —*Thomas Paine*. Washington is the mightiest name on earth. —*Abraham Lincoln*. One of the greatest captains of the age.



The voice of mankind shall ascend in acclaim; And the watchword of nations be Washington's name. —James G. Brooks.

Washington is to my mind the purest figure in history. —William Ewart Gladstone.

No nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life. —John Richard Green.

>€

FLAG EXERCISE.

BY JANE A. STEWART.

(Enter twenty-two little girls and boys, each carrying the flag of a nation. These flags may be made of cotton, uniform in size, from the design to be found in colored plates in the dictionaries and flag books. Each child may furnish its own flag. A little girl dressed as Columbia welcomes the procession, which marches around and takes its place on the platform. At her right stands a boy with the flag of the United States. The school may be asked to name each flag as it appears.)

Columbia (after all have taken place). What a lot of beautiful flags! I wonder what they are?

First flag. This bright flag of red, white and blue is the flag of France. It was first made in 1789. France is a republic like the United States. Forty million people love and salute this flag.

(The boy with United States flag waves it. Columbia bows. This act is repeated as each flag is presented.)

Second flag (Germany). This red, white and black flag belongs to Germany. It is the flag of more than fifty million people. Emperor William is their ruler. This flag first floated in 1867.

(Salute by Columbia and United States flag.)

Third (Belgium). I am the flag of Belgium. My colors are scarlet, yellow and black. King Leopold rules six million people under this flag, which was first seen in 1831.

(Salute.)

Fourth (Italy). Red, white and green are the colors of the flag of Italy. Napoleon gave this flag to Italy in 1805. Thirty million people love and salute it. King Victor Immanuel is their ruler.



Fifth (Holland). Holland's flag is red, white and blue. Queen Wilhelmina is the ruler of Holland. Five million people love her and their pretty flag.

Sixth (Greece). Blue and white are the colors of the flag of Greece. There are only two and one-half million people under this flag.

Seventh (Austria-Hungary). Austria-Hungary has this gay flag of red, white and green, which was adopted in 1869.

Eighth (Russia). Do you like this flag? Its stripes are just like those of Holland, only the blue comes between the red and white instead of at the bottom. More people live under this flag than any other, except one. It's a big number—106 million.

Ninth (Portugal). This blue and white flag is the flag of Portugal, which used to be part of Spain. There are five million people in Portugal.

Tenth (Spain). Spain has nearly twenty million people. King Alfonso is the ruler. The flag is red and yellow.

Eleventh (Switzerland). A white cross on red—that is the flag of Switzerland. Only three million people live there.

Twelfth (Turkey). A white moon and star on red form the flag of Turkey. Turkey is a big country. It has over twenty million people.

Thirteenth (Norway). Red and blue are the colors of Norway. King Haakon rules in Norway now.

Fourteenth (Sweden). A yellow cross on blue makes the flag of Sweden. Sweden is separate from Norway now.

Fifteenth (China). This funny three-cornered flag with the black dragon on it is the flag of China. There are more people under the emperor of China than I can tell you.

Sixteenth (Egypt). Egypt has this pretty flag. It looks like the new moon in a red sky.

Seventeenth (Japan). You know this flag? It is the flag of Japan. I think it is very pretty.

Eighteenth (Siam). This red flag with the white elephant on it is the flag of Siam.

Nineteenth (Persia). Persia has a yellow lion holding a sword on its blue and white flag. This looks as though it was ready to fight.



Twentieth (Siberia). This flag looks just like our own dear star-spangled banner. But it has only one star.

Twenty-first (Great Britain). Nearly 400 million people call this flag theirs. It is the flag of Great Britain, where King Edward VII. rules.

Twenty-second (Denmark). This is the most honored of all flags, because it is the oldest. It was in 1219 that King Waldemar of Denmark saw a cross in the sky. This sign he put on his flag, and it has been there ever since.

Columbia. I am so glad to learn about all these flags. And I want to know more about the countries where they belong.

United States flag. Only three countries—Denmark, Switzerland and Russia—have flags older than the beautiful Stars and Stripes. Its birthday, which we celebrate to-day, was one hundred and thirty years ago. Some of the oldest countries, like China and Japan, have not had their flags as long as we have had ours.

Columbia (takes United States flag and waves it).-

"There are many flags in many lands, And there are flags of every hue, But there's no flag, however grand, Like our own red, white and blue!"

Foreign flags are waved. Procession is formed, which marches round the schoolroom, the United States flag leading, and all singing, to the tune of "America."

Dear banner, flag so dear, We come to hail thee here Flag of the free. We come with flying feet, Thy sacred folds to greet, Banner, so bright and sweet, Of liberty.

For thee, our love we tell, For thee, good wishes dwell In every heart. Flags here of every land, In a united band, Closer together stand, Though far apart. And while we lowly bow, Here close beside you now, Flag of the brave, Far pilgrims though we be Our hearts shall cling to thee, And long we look to see Old Glory wave!

€

THE OLD FLAG.

ale

Off with your hat as the flag goes by! And let the heart have its say; You're man enough for a tear in your eye

That you will not wipe away.

You're man enough for a thrill that goes To your very finger-tips—

Ay! the lump just then in your throat that rose Spoke more than your parted lips.

Lift up the boy on your shoulder, high, And show him the faded shred—

Those stripes would be red as the sunset sky If death could have dyed them red.

The man that bore it with death has lain This twenty years and more—

He died that the work should not be vain Of the men who bore it before.

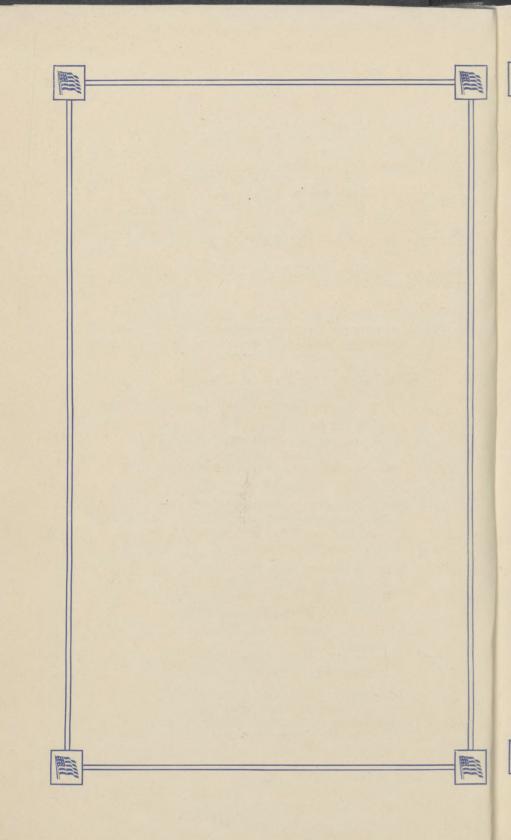
The man that bears it is bent and old, And ragged his beard and gray—

But look at his eye-fire young and bold, At the tune that he hears them play.

The old tune thunders through all the air, And strikes right into the heart—

If ever it call you, boy, be there! Be there, and ready to start.

Off with your hat as the flag goes by! Uncover the youngster's head! Teach him to hold it holy and high, For the sake of its sacred dead.--Henry C. Bunner.



FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD GRADES

47



Washington.

ise can be made very picturesque by selecting among the who are very nearly of the same height. Each child the apron, and a mob cap made of blue muslin. Each of rd WASHINGTON should be twelve inches and painted ne letter hong around her neck, and in the right turn and speaks, all the children together spelling the word

tigging on the platform and speaks, all the children together spelling the word [First] titles grid tight spinor the platform, itstands in the center while the repeats her startness, and when through steps to the end). W. We celebrate Washington's birthalp because he was a brave and good man, and because he did so much for his country (Second child advances, utands in the center to speak and then mores on to the stafe of the first child. All follow thereform A George Washington was born in Virginia in 1923. The house not standing now, but a stone with his name on it marks the place

house is not standing, not set sets old he wrote out a great many the place. Spers, and rules to help him in his education. H. He was no wrise and just that his school-mates often called upon him to settle their disputes

His lavorite games were military ones. At school he divided ins playmates into two armes which he named the French and American He took command of the American sule, and use the school of the American sule, and the school of the School of the School of the American sule, and the school of the School

The superitor in neuror eight years (The simplicity of the language and brief remarks, make this-exercise of special use to the primary children. But the repre-sentation is so pretry that it in may be enlarged upon for an inter-mediate or grammar grade by introducing longer speeches and relitions that are to the point.)



FOR MY COUNTRY.

als.

I ought to love my country, The land in which I live; Yes, I am very sure my heart Its truest love should give.

I must be good and honest,

I must be kind and true.

I never should be lazy; I must be gentle, too.

For if I love my country, I'll try to be a man My country may be proud of; And if I try, I can.

She wants men brave and noble, She needs men brave and kind, My country needs that I should be The best man she can find.

CHERRY DIALOGUE AND DRILL.

First.-

I would hate to be a cherry, Hanging on a tree, For robins flying in the air, Might take a peck at me!

Second .--

 I would hate to be a cherry, And be made into a pie.
 I would rather be the little girl That ate the cherry pie.

Third .--

I would hate to be the cherries Upon the famous tree That Washington cut down, Because, that would have ended me!

Fourth.-

I would hate to be a cherry, And have the children hush To hear that tale of Washington, I think 'twould make me blush.

Fifth.-

Oh, cherries ripe are very good, Their color is so pretty. But if girls should turn into them, I think 'twould be a pity.

Song—Tune: "Vive L'Amour." He cut down the cherry tree long ago, Hurrah! for Washington! He told his father the deed he had done. Hurrah! for Washington!

Chorus.-

He was a good man and leader bold, And always told the truth, we're told. He was our dear first president, Hurrah! for Washington!

He was "first in peace and first in war." Hurrah! for Washington! He was "first in the hearts of his countrymen." Hurrah! for Washington.—Chorus.

Drill to waltz time, every motion to six counts of the music.

1. Hoops held straight in front.

2. Hoops held to the left.

3. Hoops held to the right.

4. Hoops held over heads.

5. Hoops held on right hip.

6. Hoops held on left hip.

7. Hoops held showing faces.

8. Every other one take one step forward and repeat first seven.

9. Back in line, face each other two and two, and hold hoops up.

10. Wave over heads.

11. Hoops held up touching.

12. Face front, hoops touch floor, in front, right and left.

13. Right foot forward, kneel on left knee, hoop touching floor.

14. Same position, hoops showing faces.

15. Left foot forward, kneel on right knee, hoops touching floor.

16. Same position, hoops over faces.

17. Rise, wave hoops around in front.

18. Wave over heads.

19. Six to right, six to left, march, pass each other several times.

20. Meet in twos, march forward, face each other four steps apart and repeat chorus to last song. March out.



STORIES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

There was once a bright little boy named Abe. He liked to go to school, but as his parents were very poor, he could not go often.

Every evening he wrote his lessons. His only light was from the fire. Poor little Abe had neither pencil nor paper, so he wrote upon the coal shovel with a piece of charcoal.

This little boy grew to be a great man. He became the president of our country. His name was Abraham Lincoln.



ABE'S NICKNAME.

As Abe grew up he had to work very hard. He worked early and late. He split rails for fences and hoed corn for the farmers.

He was always willing and obliging. He never did a mean nor dishonest thing. He was often called "Honest Abe" by his boy friends.

HOW ABE BOUGHT HIS FIRST BOOK.

Abe liked to read very much. Often in the evenings he would lie on the floor and read by the firelight.

This poor little boy only had three books. He read them over and over. One day, a gentleman who felt very sorry for him, loaned him another book. It was a story about George Washington.

That evening Abe read part of the new book. Then he put it away very carefully in the closet. Soon a heavy rain storm came. The rain beat through the closet wall and the book was ruined.

Poor Abe felt very sorry. He ran to tell his friend. The man was very angry. He said, "You must either pay seventy-five cents for that book or work three days in my field."

As Abe had no money he had to work the three days instead.

WHAT ABE DID WHEN HE GREW UP.

One day Abraham Lincoln was out riding. He had on some new clothes. He passed by a deep hole. There he saw a little pig trying to get out of the mud. Mr. Lincoln looked at the pig and then at his clothes. He rode away and left the little pig in the mud. He kept thinking about the pig, and when he had ridden two miles he went back and dragged out the poor little pig. His new clothes were spoiled, but he felt much happier.



A YOUNG PATRIOT.

ale

I'm just a very little boy, I never fired a gun;

I never led an army,

Like brave Geoorge 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.

₹

FEBRUARY 22.

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No country's had a hero More steadfast, true, and great Than Washington; a captain To guide the ship of state.

With hand more strong and steady, Or eye more true and keen— Long live his name, his deathless fame Let memory keep green.

In our love we set apart His birthday every year,With rev'rence tell the children His history so dear;

'Tis for him we bow alow And bend the willing knee, For him we fly our banner Upon the land and sea.

So let the honored name survive Of our great Washington; To our country he was father, Yet America's best son.

-Clive Newcomb Elliot.



WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.

As

No countries have the heroes So loyal, good and great, As Washington and Lincoln, Whose deeds we celebrate.

We celebrate each year with love Their birthdays far and near; Our flags and banners wave on high, For honored names so dear.

₹

RECITATION.

S.

(Boy with Drum.)

I'm a little drummer boy, Very small, 'tis true, But I love the bonnie flag, And my country too. If my country calls me I come with my rat-tat-too, Tho' I'm a little drummer boy, My very best I'll do.

I'm a little drummer boy, I never went to war, But I could play my little drum, Tho' I never did before! Now if the war was very long There's something I would miss, When evening came on the battle field I'd want my mother's kiss!

54

BALLAD OF "BETTY ROSS."

So

(Sung by the chorus.)

 Just out of the history, primly she comes, With slender, pink fingers and deft little thumbs, She brings a bright needle—a skein of soft floss, A thimble, and scissors, this quaint Betty Ross.

2 She skilfully sews some long strips, red and white—
And cuts with quick fingers five-pointed stars bright,
Then puts all together, and with a proud toss,
She holds up a banner—this quaint Betty Ross.

3 Beloved Old Glory! So fearless and true, In bright, starry splendor of red, white and blue, Forever your stars, with their beautiful gloss,

4 Shall bring us sweet thoughts of our quaint Betty Ross!

1. Each "Betty" has two strips of cloth or ribbon—one red, one white—fastened at her belt. A large star hangs from one, a pair of scissors from the other. She has a needle, threaded with silk, stuck in front of her dress. She wears flag fastened prettily on head as a cap. While chorus sings, she pretends to thread needle—she fits thimble—she opens and shuts scissors.

2. She sews strips together—cuts and holds up star—tosses head, removing flag—waves flag.

3. Chorus lift high their stars and stripes.

4. Chorus bows low to Betty, as she trips from stage.

Music changes to Sousa's march, "Stars and Stripes." (If impossible to obtain this, substitute "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.")

Chorus, boys and girls, march from each side to back and center of stage. First two remove large flag, placed there conveniently, and lead, others following—two and two—down center to front. Two bearing flag occupy central postion, others form in one or two lines back of them. (Introduce any pretty drill with flags, here, if desirable.) As soon as line of chorusboys and girls is formed on front of stage, all characters march upon stage, form in groups back of chorus. All sing chorus of Sousa's "Stars and Stripes," waving flags. Repeat chorus, and close with grand tableau—all characters in effective poses— Daughters of Liberty, spinning; Indians, emptying tea-chest; Bell-ringers, ringing, and Betty Ross sewing—in background. Large flag held gracefully in center, other chorus, boys and girls facing it, their own flags held high.

LINCOLN.

ale

(For five small boys.)

L^{OVE} and honor, praise and fame, All belong to Lincoln's name.

I^N peace or war advice he gave, He was a general, true and brave.

N^O more may we behold his face. But in our hearts he holds a place.

COME and sing of him to-day, Who will help us, tell me, pray?

O^{VER} land and over sea, Green shall Lincoln's memory be.

LEARN to love brave men, and so Into useful men we'll grow.

N^{EVER} shall his name depart, From a faithful patriot's heart.



RECITATION.

S.

(Recitation by three girls with flags.)
Oh, who shall say when drums shall beat? America! America!
And who will train the little feet? America! America!
While we are young we will repeat
The stories that to us seem sweet,
And lay our laurels at their feet. America! America!
Oh, who shall say when we grow old, America! America!

That some place of honor we may hold? America! America!

And though the story oft is told, Of leaders true and leaders bold, Our love for them shall not grow cold, America!



All.—

Oh, who'll be soldiers by and by? America! America!
And who will hold the banner high? America! America!
The years are passing swiftly by, And little children join the cry,
While round about them duties lie. America! America!
Song—"America."

36

A RALLY.

h

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.

RECITATION.

ala

(By Four Boys Carrying Drums.)

First Boy-

I'm a beautiful red, red drum, And I train with the soldier boys; As up the street we come, Wonderful is our noise! There's Tom and Jim and Phil, And Dick and Nat and Fred, While Widow Cutler's Bill And I march on ahead,

All (beating drums)-

With a r-r-rat-tat-tat And a tum-titty-um-tum-Oh, there's bushels of fun in that For boys with a little red drum!

Second Boy-

The Injuns came last night While the soldiers were abed; And they gobbled a Chinese kite, And off to the woods they fled. The woods are the cherry trees Down in the orchard lot, And the soldiers are marching to seize The booty the Indians got.

All (beating drums)-

With a tum-titty-um-tum-tum, And r-r-rat-tat-tat— When soldiers marching come Injuns had better scat.

Third Boy-

OUR LITTLE HERO-A WASHINGTON EXERCISE.

ala

From colored paper cut large size cherries, as many as there are girls in the exercise. From pasteboard cut hatchets, as many as there are boys. To the music of "Tramp, Tramp," boys and girls march to stage, and take positions—girls standing, one directly back of another on right; boys, one back of another on left. Girls carry cherries, boys hatchets, all held out of sight until last line, when they are lifted and held high over heads.

(One girl recites first three lines, all last line.)

We know some famous fruit that grows,

In stormy Februaries,

So red and round, the sweetest found— The Washingtonian Cherries!

(All sing, holding cherries high, marching forward three steps, then backward three, to music of chorus of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.")

All in step, we girls come marching,

Little patriots every one,

Stirring little songs to sing,

Thanks and praise and love to bring

To the hero of the cherries-Washington!

(One boy recites first three, all last line.) We know a famous weapon small, In sharpness none can match it, So brave and bold, it can't grow old,

The Washingtonian Hatchet!

(Boys as above, holding hatchets high.)

All in step, we boys come marching,

Little patriots, etc.

To the hero of the cherries-Washington!

(Girls hold cherries high, boys carrying hatchets over shoulders, march across stage toward each other, bow to each other, and march two and two about stage, or room. Come back to stage, and sing while marching and forming in a straight line across front, alternating boys and girls.)

Left, right, left, we all come marching,

Little patriots, etc.

To our loyal, little hero, Washington.

Give simple drill to music, boys with hatchets, girls with cherries, introducing pretty poses, two and two, with hatchets and cherries. Close with picturesque tableau.

SOLDIER SONG.

afe

(Air-"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!")

We are soldiers brave and true, And we'll gladly march for you

While we sing this merry, merry, ringing song. Little feet can march in time, Little voices sing the rhyme,

Little hearts can all be brave and true and strong.

Chorus.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, we're gaily marching, Tramp, tramp, tramp, we march along, While our drummer beats his drum, Don't you like to see us come, And to hear our merry, merry ringing song?

Loyal soldiers we would be In this country of the free,

Loyal to the starry flag that shines so bright. Forward! march with heads held high! We'll be bigger by and by,

But our hearts will still be true to God and right.



TOMMIE'S QUERIES.

sp

(To be recited by a very little boy as he stands before George Washington's picture.)

O you, who were so strong and bold, George Washington in the days of old, It seems so very strange to me That you a tiny babe could be! That you a little boy were, too, And all a little boy's games could do.

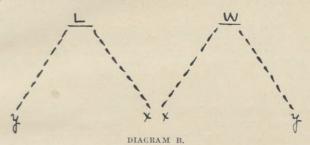
George Washington, I love you true, I love you, yes, indeed, I do, For your kind old face and honest eyes, For lips that never told wicked lies, For all the things you said and did, Which in the great, great books are hid.



Honor to the general Who made our country free, Don't forget the honest boy And the cherry tree! 8 + PPPP - - J PPPP IS PPPP - - J PPPP P.5 Jodd J.S. Joppppf PPPPPS PPPS JJJ PPPP PS Give three cheers for Washington, Chorus. Raise a loud huzza! Shout it all together, Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! Note-If this exercise is desired for Washington's Birthday alone, the first verse may be sung as follows: February now has come, Children should be gay! Wave the banners, beat the drum, On this holiday. Month of birthdays, month of song, Merriment and fun, Now we meet to sing the praise Of our good Washington. Cho.-Give three cheers for Washington, etc. STAGE SETTING AND DRILL. At the rear of the platform have a large picture of Lincoln and one of Washington, either on easels or hanging within reach DIAGRAM A. of the children. The picture frames should be covered with laurel or some other evergreen. Between the pictures station 62

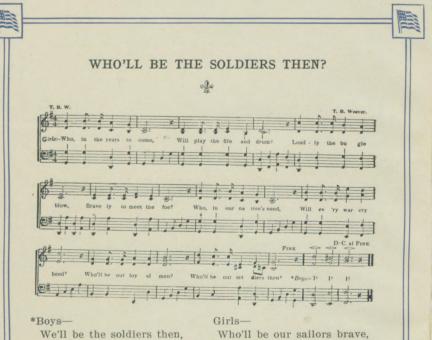
the baby orchestra, members of the class who can beat the time upon real or improvised instruments. Drum, tambourine, triangle, clappers, a baby's rattle, sleigh bells, the teacher's bell lightly tapped, are suggestions; if there is a piano, so much the better; if not, the children can sing the tune for the marching.

Enough children should take part in the drill to make a double line across the front of the platform. They enter by twos from the dressing room, each bearing a flag. When the first two children reach the platform, they cross their flags for the next couple to march under; this proceeds until all have entered, marched under the uplifted flags, and crossed their own flags. Then the front row turns around to face the school, when all sing the first verse and chorus. The flags should be held still in



the position of "carry arms" until the last line of the chorus, when they should be waved. At the end of the chorus the children march in time with the singing of the tune and the playing of the orchestra. The double line divides in the centre, one half marching to right and the other half to left, then to the back of the stage until directly in front of one of the pictures; here the couples separate, as indicated in diagram A, and march diagonally toward the front until they are standing as shown by diagram B. In this position they sing the second verse and chorus. Then each X line faces a Y line, and they march toward each other until they can cross flags.

The two couples farthest away from the pictures march under the arch, and place their flags among the evergreens, and then pass directly to their seats. Each couple does the same, leaving the flags as decorations for the picture frames. Last of all, the orchestra marches down to its own music.—By Mary A. Stillman.



We'll be the soldiers then, Loyal and sturdy men; We'll play the fife and drum, Soon in the years to come. Loudly the bugle blow, Bravely to meet the foe— We'll be our loyal men, We'll be the soldiers then.

Who'll be our sailors brave, Out on the rolling wave? Carry to ev'ry sea, Our banner of the free? Guard well our nation's coast, From an invading host? Who, in the years to be, Will sail the rolling sea?

*Boys-

Ho! hi! ho!-We will the sailors be, Out on the rolling sea; Steady our hand and aim, For Freedom's holy name; Carry, to all the world, Our matchless flag unfurled; We will the sailors be, Out on the rolling sea.

*Boys, at end of first half of stanza sung by the girls, rise, and standing in aisles, wave hands above heads as in a cheer, making one complete circle with hand for each exclamation; then they march through aisles as they sing and are again seated. The girls might march through aisles while they sing. The music should be played in strict march time.

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