


# WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN ANNIVERSARY



1910





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STATUE OF LINCOLN BY ST. GAUDENS.

*God make us worthy of the memory of Abraham Lincoln.*

*—Phillips Brooks.*



# COLORADO MEMORIAL DAY ANNUAL

1910



Compiled and Issued by  
**KATHERINE M. COOK**  
STATE SUPERINTENDENT





### THE FACE OF LINCOLN.



Again his birthday, and again those eyes  
Of "more than mortal ken"  
Look down on us; new meaning in them lies,  
New beauty in the kindly, rugged face.

Stories we read therein of honor, truth,  
Of patriotism pure, of wondrous love;  
Told and retold again unto our youth,  
A heritage of manhood they shall prove.

—*Elizabeth McA. Tully.*





Executive Mansion  
Washington, Nov 21, 1864

To Mrs Bisby, Boston, Mass,

Dear Madam.

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully.

A. Lincoln.





## RECITATION—LINCOLN'S FAMOUS SPEECH.



(At Gettysburg, November 19, 1863.)

“Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on the great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”







## THE LINCOLN CENTENNIAL



Was Recognized and Observed in Every State, by Every Governor, and by Practically Every City's Mayor. It Was the Occasion of Camp-fires, Mass-meetings, Church Services, School Exercises, and of the Establishment of Many Permanent Memorials.



The centennial celebration of Abraham Lincoln's birth, on February 12, was not confined to the ceremonies held at the birthplace farm near Hodgenville, Kentucky, where the President of the United States participated. It has erased all section lines. It belonged to the East and to the West, to the North and to the South. The old Mason and Dixon's line was obliterated in the expression of a new national sentiment; a love for the memory of him who to-day may with perfect truth be called a world-hero.

February 12, 1909, was a national holiday. It was observed by the school children in every state in the Union; and Confederate veterans united with those who wore the blue to do honor to him who saved the flag that now embraces former foes as common countrymen.

The Grand Army of the Republic issued a special order calling upon every post to appropriately celebrate the day, either in co-operation with some other organization or independently. Their camp-fires burned everywhere. The Governor of every state in the Union appointed a special Lincoln Centennial Committee to represent each state respectively in the national celebration that took place at Lincoln's birthplace in Kentucky and to foster local celebrations in every city, village and community within its commonwealth confines.

The national thought was, of course, focused upon Lincoln's birthplace itself, which was the cause of the day's commemoration. On that rude little farm of 110 acres, which three years ago was rescued by The Lincoln Farm Association from a state of sad neglect, has been laid the foundation for a stately memorial that shall house and protect from the devastation of storm and wind and summer sun, for all time to come, the rude little





log cabin home whence Lincoln came. On that foundation President Roosevelt laid the cornerstone and delivered his centennial address. Hon. Joseph W. Folk, former Governor of Missouri and President of The Lincoln Farm Association, spoke of the work and significance of the Association which has inspired this worthy national recognition of the first home of our country's truest patriot. The Hon. Augustus E. Willson, Governor of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, spoke of Lincoln's first neighbors and of his native state; and for the two contending armies that represented Lincoln's divided people General Luke E. Wright, the United States Secretary of War, spoke on behalf of the Confederates, and General James Grant Wilson of New York, a friend of the martyred President, spoke for the Federal soldiers.

In New York the Mayor of the city appointed a committee of one hundred, headed by the dean of the American Bar, the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, former United States Ambassador to England and director of The Lincoln Farm Association, and the venerable John Bigelow, Lincoln's Ambassador to France. Under the guidance of this committee exercises were held, not only in the schools, but in all the principal armories of the city, as well as in practically all the churches; and a group of distinguished speakers, headed by the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, addressed the all too limited audience that could gain admission into Cooper Union hall, where Lincoln, nearly half a century ago, brought the great seaport city to a realization of his greatness and of the national work he had to do. For more than two weeks the College of the City of New York has opened to the public in its museum the greatest loan exhibit of portraits and memorials that has every anywhere illustrated the life of Lincoln.

In Indiana a movement of tender sentiment was inaugurated by the state legislature, which appropriated \$10,000 to provide for the proper marking, decoration and permanent care of the grave of Lincoln's mother. Throughout the state exercises were held in all the colleges and schools in keeping with this generous and appreciative spirit.

In Wisconsin a big afternoon mass-meeting was held in Janesville, at which Chicago's distinguished barrister,



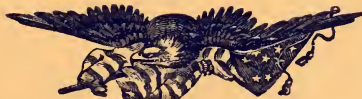


George R. Peck, delivered the principal address. In Milwaukee there were also mass-meetings and banquets, the schools joining with the G. A. R. At Madison the State University, with its 5,000 students, united with the city in a celebration, addressed by the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, at which the Thomas Brittingham gift to the university of a bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln was first publicly announced.

In many of the Rocky Mountain and Pacific states Mayors and Governors issued the picturesque proclamation calling upon all business and all wheels of industry to stop abruptly for five minutes at high noon on February 12, that the centennial anniversary of the birth of Lincoln might be properly impressed upon the minds of the people.

From Birmingham, Alabama; from Fayetteville and Fort Smith, Arkansas; from Savannah, Georgia; from Memphis and Nashville, Tennessee, and many of the cities in South Carolina and Virginia, reports came of special and elaborate programs given by the public schools in the South. New Orleans took a two days' holiday. At Knoxville, Tennessee, the fullest co-operation was extended to the Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap, which has received a large endowment by popular subscription from all parts of the country, the contributors thus expressing their interest in the mountain people from whom Lincoln came.

The cradle home of such a man is too priceless a part of the world's archives to be allowed to crumble away through thoughtless and inconsiderate neglect. As an object-lesson of what man has done and what man may do, is it not worth our while tenderly to care for and protect the few crude logs that have such vital national associations?





## ANECDOTES THAT ILLUSTRATE THE MAN WHOSE ENEMIES LOVED HIM.



The fatherly spirit that later found its way into the hearts of an army in blue—we sang—"We are coming, Father Abraham"—was felt by even the pets that trusted him in his youth and by the helpless animals he always found time to relieve from their distresses.

When the Lincoln family moved from Indiana to Illinois, in the spring of 1830, they had, among their few possessions, a small pet dog. The little fellow fell behind one day and was not missed until the party had crossed a swollen, ice-filled stream, when he made his presence known on the opposite bank by frantic whining. Lincoln's father, anxious to go forward, decided not to recross the stream with oxen and wagons, but the boy Abraham could not endure the idea of abandoning even a dog. Pulling off shoes and socks, he waded across the stream and triumphantly returned with the shivering animal under his arm. Said Lincoln afterward: "His frantic leaps of joy and other evidences of a dog's gratitude amply repaid me for all the exposure I had undergone."

When a county lawyer Lincoln was riding the circuit with friends over a muddy Illinois road, when he got off his horse in a heavy storm and soiled his boots and clothing in the deep mire to release a poor pig that had painfully entangled itself in a fence. When bantered by his companions for his consideration of the animal he replied: "I could not stand the look in that pig's eye as we rode by; it seemed to say to me, 'There goes my last chance.'"

To his early and most timely friend, Joshua F. Speed, he entrusted, years later, the simple story of his mother's death. She called him to her side, laid her hand on him, and said: "I'm going away from here, Abe, and shall not return. I know that you will be a good boy, that you will be kind to Sarah and to your father. I want you to live as I have taught you, and to love your Heavenly





Father." Then he saw his father hew a casket and lay the withered body away in the low prairie hills without even a parson's prayer—stern discipline of isolation. So deep did this enforced neglect eat into his boyish soul that he indited his first letter to the Rev. David Elkins at Little Mound, Kentucky, who three months later rode over a hundred miles to gratify this serious child's wish that at least a prayer be said over his mother's grave.

He was a lawyer who dignified his profession by making love his law. He sanctified the courtroom. He pleaded for justice, not for advantage. He sought truth, not judgment.

On one occasion Lincoln abruptly withdrew from the courtroom during the trial of a case when it was shown that his client was attempting a fraud. He refused to return, sending back this message: "Tell the judge my hands are dirty; I came over to wash them."

The day he left Springfield to go to Washington he stood in his old law office with his old law partner, Billy Herndon.

"Billy," he said, "over sixteen years together and we have not had a cross word during all that time, have we?"

"Not one."

"Don't take the sign down, Billy; let it swing, that our clients may understand that the election of the President makes no change in the firm of Lincoln & Herndon. If I live, I am coming back, and we will go right on practicing law as if nothing had happened." Then the two went down the stairs and across the town to the railroad station.



### SHOOTING WILL DO NO GOOD.



It is a lasting loss to American history that there was not a special secretary at the White House during Lincoln's administration to record the stories of all of Lincoln's pardons. Think of the story that lies back of this short and simple order, "Let this woman have her boy."





In passing upon the case of a lad condemned to death for falling asleep upon his post Lincoln said: "I could not think of going into eternity with the blood of that poor young man on my skirts. It is not to be wondered at that a boy raised on a farm, probably in the habit of going to bed at dark, should, when required to watch, fall asleep, and I can not consent to shoot him for such an act." The impressive sequel of this act of mercy was brought to light when the dead body of this soldier boy was found on the field of Fredericksburg, and next his heart a photograph of the President, across which he had written, "God bless Abraham Lincoln."

A member of congress, after futile entreaties to the commanding general and to the Secretary of War, applied to the President for a reprieve for an old neighbor, condemned to death by court-martial for a serious misdemeanor. The President listened quietly, and at the end remarked: "Well, I don't believe shooting him will do any good; give me that pen," and the reprieve was instantly granted.

After pardoning a deserter (condemned to death), in answer to the prayer of his mother, Lincoln said: "Perhaps I have done wrong, but, at all events, I have made that poor woman happy."

Lincoln's rare sense of humor has very properly been called his safety valve. Without this it is incomprehensible how any human soul could have borne the great load of responsibility which he so conscientiously assumed. His gifted wit was but another side of the great character that has endeared itself to all of us.

Senator Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, called at the White House early one morning. He was told that the President was downstairs; that he could go right down. He found the President polishing his boots. Somewhat amazed, Senator Sumner said: "Why, Mr. President, do you black your own boots?" With a vigorous rub of the brush the President replied, "Whose boots did you think I'd black?"

While walking along a dusty road in Illinois in his circuit days, Lincoln was overtaken by a stranger driving to town. "Will you have the goodness to take my overcoat to town for me?" asked Lincoln. "With pleasure;





but how will you get it again?" "Oh, very readily. I intend to remain in it," was Lincoln's prompt reply.

Lincoln's orders to his generals are filled with the kindly courtesy, the direct argument and the dry humor which are so characteristic of the man. To Grant, who had telegraphed, "If the thing is pressed I think that Lee will surrender," Lincoln replied, "Let the thing be pressed." To McClellan, gently chiding him for his inactivity: "I have just read your despatch about sore tongue and fatigued horses. Will you pardon me for asking what the horses of your army have done since the battle of Antietam that fatigues anything?" To Hooker: "If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg and the tail of it is on the flank road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very slim somewhere. Can't you break him?" Again to Hooker: "I would not take any risk of being entangled on the river, like an ox jumped half over a fence, and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other." To Grant: "Hold on with a bulldog grip, and chew and choke as much as possible."

Some gentlemen, fresh from a western tour, calling at the White House to see President Lincoln, referred to a body of water in Nebraska which bore an Indian name which they could not recall, but which signified weeping water. Instantly Mr. Lincoln replied, "As Laughing Water, according to Mr. Longfellow, is 'Minnehaha,' this must be 'Minneboohoo.'"

Lincoln was the sincerest statesman the world has ever known—so sincere that even his enemies came to love him as he loved them, and when the sad act of a madman took his life at the hour of his triumph, and perhaps at the hour when he was most needed, both General Robert E. Lee and Mr. Jefferson Davis declared that the truest friend of the South had passed away.

Last view of all is that of February 11, 1861, when Lincoln started for Washington to take his oath of office. His wife and children, the two young men, Nicolay and Hay, and other friends were with him. An eye-witness, a warm friend of Lincoln's, remembers the scene perfectly:





the streets lined with people under the heavy February clouds, the fine mist that fell, the private car, the crowd surrounding it, and, last of all, Lincoln coming to the back platform, so weary, so unutterably sad, his eyes resting on the crowds, and then those words of ominous farewell, the last he ever spoke in the town that had so long and so intimately known his presence:

“My friends, no one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and the kindness of these people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return; with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I can not succeed. With that assistance I can not fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.”



**EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH MADE BY SENATOR C. J. HUGHES, JR., AT LINCOLN MEMORIAL EXERCISES HELD IN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, DENVER, FEBRUARY 12, 1909.**



**SADDEST EYES THAT EVER LOOKED ON HUMAN CONFLICT.**

“The saddest eyes that ever looked in sorrow and hope across the fields of human ambition and conflict, longing for fame and future recognition, did not, in their prophetic vision, foresee the glory that should come to him in the universal commemoration of his birth, the forgetting of all political differences, the cessation of all parties and contentions as to his wisdom, his greatness and his true measure as a statesman and man, which is to-day tribute paid in every section of this republic to the memory of Abraham Lincoln; nor does history record, in all the mar-







vels in human affairs, the parallel of the scene witnessed here to-day, throughout the land, and in the far countries beyond the seas.

“What manner of man was he, who, at the distance of a century from his birth, has wrought this miracle in tolerance? For man, human and of the earth, he was, and in his simple, honest and reverent spirit would rebuke the fulsome praise that takes away his humanity and puts not merely the loftiest gifts of men upon his brow, but attempts to idealize and identify it with divinity. How poor and weak must be the praise which distorts because it can not truly take the portrait, and seeks in rhetoric to cover up the defects of its utterances!

“There is yet debate in England whether a monument may be rightly reared in the great city of London to the memory of Cromwell.

“We in this land of tolerance, liberty and humanity, with nothing to learn in government, business or the rights of men from the Old World, have buried the bitterness of the rancorous struggle of the greatest and most destructive war the civilized world has known in the grave of him whom a mad man halted in his great career, just beginning to be greater and more human than before.

“May we marvel that with his spirit abroad in this land upon this day, flowers fall from the loving hands of brave men and gentle women, of every section, faith, creed and race, upon the grave which the tears of a nation have kept green?

“My friends, Dr. Talmage has told you that the typical American has yet to come. Let me tell you that he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonists, Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic—Abraham Lincoln. 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 American, and that in his honest form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government—charging it with such tremendous meaning and elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing the traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored, and in our common glory as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine.'

"This is the tribute not merely of the gifted Grady, but of the people for whom he spoke, who, when their fortunes were dissipated, their homes desolated, gave these sincerest recognitions of the great heart, the genuine sympathy and the expanding mental fullness of the man against whose embattled hosts they had unfalteringly contended for the four years which gave to the world more of glory and of courage than 1,000 years in its history had before revealed.

"In his career and fame we find more at which to wonder than in the life of any of the great dead of our race. Born in the bitterness of intense poverty, suffering from the hardships which the life of the frontier, in its necessity, could impose, he became the chief executive of the greatest nation of his generation. Profoundly sorrowful in his nature, and that sorrow quickened and intensified by the trials of his youth, he yet became the humorist of his age. Unlettered, as an orator he won by the richness of his thought, the simplicity of his language and the immortality of his spirit, a place in the front line of those who have by their eloquence won the front rank among the gifted sons.

"A country lawyer, struggling with the difficulties of his surroundings and dealing with the simple controversies of his neighbors, living in poverty almost as great as his own, yet he dealt with decision, with full grasp of their importance, with the greatest legal and constitutional questions which have arisen in the progress of this republic.





“A child of the western frontier, his soul drank in the inspiration of its environment, and his heart was touched with those qualities and his brain endowed with those inspirations which this larger life, with its perils and its promises, gave to those who, out of the necessity of their hard lives, came in courage to a broader citizenship than those who were tenderly sheltered from those privations, could match. In this he was a type which we may piously hope has not yet passed completely from our national life. Can we imagine that the fabled fairies who hovered about the sleeping babe in the humblest home brought to this child of poverty and the wilderness the promise of the coming splendors of his great career? Yet he struggled with the elemental needs of life in the rude frontier cabin, stripped of every comfort and possessing only the scantiest of necessities, without the opportunities of learning but with a soul hungering for knowledge, firmly seizing upon those great classics of our language, Bunyan, Burns, Milton, Aesop and the universal library of every home, however humble, upon our western border—the Bible—until, mastering them, he became the possessor of a style of utterance and command of English which no institution of learning, with all its wealth of instruction and libraries, could have bestowed, which gave immortality to the simple eloquence of his Gettysburg address and to the prophetic and almost-inspired second inaugural address.

“In those training schools of the republic—the log court houses, in small and scattered communities—he was trained for the more conspicuous, but not more exalting, contests which he fought out upon the theater of a nation’s struggles. In the contests in the log school court room he mastered the principles which enabled him to speak with clearness at Cooper Institute, to dictate an international policy with a great, jealous, and inimical power across the waters upon equal terms with the trained statesmen and lawyers of the mother land.

“He measured himself against the great men of his day, and knew his own strength, and modestly awaited its recognition, but without regrets if it should fail of that recognition.





“He met the great Douglas in debate when in the zenith of his wonderful powers, trained in the great school of controversy, of mental gladiatorship, and while fully conscious of the temporary advantages of his antagonist, was not dismayed, was not afraid, and calmly, clearly and forcibly presented his cause in utter subordination. He did not permit his own political ambitions to temper his presentation of the views which he honestly held, nor did he shrink from the logic of his utterances and the ultimate schism which must come of an attempt to enforce them by national legislation.

“When President, this same modest, self-abnegation was conspicuous. He called to his councils the greatest leader of his party, his rivals for the nomination for President, and with no pangs of jealousy because of the spread of their fame or at their successes to which he so signally contributed. He desired statesmen, not messenger boys, at the council board of the nation, and he secured them.

“Loving the Union with an intensity and patriotism which it is difficult now to fully perceive and comprehend, he believed no sacrifice was too great to be made in order to secure its preservation. He agreed with the sentiment of the distinguished jurist, that ‘We stand the latest, and if we fail, the last experiment of self-government by the people.’ And he permitted neither personal ambition, personal hatred nor friendship to unsteady the hand which firmly controlled the helm of the ship of state. He bore with a sublime patience and forbearance the insolence of Stanton, offensive and persistent, and of which he had been the pathetic object in his professional life, and this because he recognized the force of his rugged dictatorial character and the aid he could be to the administration in the hour of the nation’s peril. No severer test was ever put to his equanimity and self-abnegation than this.

“He forgot the bitterness of the attacks made upon him by the people of the South in the bitterness of a great civil war, and yearned for the hour when the flags of battle should be furled in peace and the wounds of conflict might be healed and its controversies forgotten.

“Along with the simplicity of an eloquence that met the great occasions of his life, he was the master of home-





ly metaphor, of apt anecdote, of convincing comparison, in all of which his vision was as clear and his utterances as unmistakable as those of Aesop, but he was never the coarse jester or the author of the unrepeatable anecdotes which a common but unjust rumor has attributed to him. No soul so profoundly human in its sympathies could love or make an unclean story.

"In many features of his life he has, in history, no parallel. Born in the South, he hurled great armies against her sons, commanded by the marvelous soldiers whom she sent into the field. Winning a bloody and costly victory, his heart was gentle towards the land of his birth and its prostrated people. In the language of Jefferson Davis, born in the same state and only a few miles away, and his great antagonist in the civil war, he was at the hour of his death 'the best friend the South had.' His spared life would have left unwritten some of the darkest and most regrettable chapters in the history of this republic."



### THE MAN OF PEACE.

February 12, 1809—February 12, 1909.



What winter holiday is this?

In Time's great calendar,  
Marked in the rubric of the saints,  
And with a soldier's star,  
Here stands the name of one who lived  
To serve the common weal,  
With humor tender as a prayer  
And honor firm as steel.

No hundred hundred years can dim  
The radiance of his mirth,  
That set unselfish laughter free  
From all the sons of earth.  
Unswerved through stress and scant success,  
Out of his dreamful youth  
He kept an unperverted faith  
In the almighty truth.





Born in the fuiness of the days,  
Up from the teeming soil,  
By the world-mother reared and schooled  
In reverence and toil,  
He stands the test of all life's best  
Through play, defeat, or strain:  
Never a moment was he found  
Unlovable nor vain.

Fondly we set apart this day,  
And mark this plot of earth  
To be forever hallowed ground  
In honor of his birth,  
Where men may come as to a shrine  
And temple of the good,  
To be made sweet and strong of heart  
In Lincoln's brotherhood.

Here walked God's earth in modesty  
The shadow that was man,  
A shade of the divine that moved  
Through His mysterious plan.  
So must we fill the larger mold  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
Fearless, compassionate, contained,  
And masters of the hour.

As men found faithful to a task  
Eternal, pressing, plain,  
Accounting manhood more than wealth,  
And gladness more than gain;  
Distilling happiness from life,  
As vigor from the air,  
Not wresting it with ruthless hands,  
Spoiling our brother's share.

Here shall our children keep alive  
The passion for the right,—  
The cause of justice in the world,  
That was our fathers' fight.  
For this the fair-haired stripling rode,  
The dauntless veteran died,  
For this we keep the ancient code  
In stubbornness and pride.





O South, bring all your chivalry;  
And West, give all your heart;  
And East, your old untarnished dreams  
Of progress and of art!  
Bid waste and war to be no more,  
Bid wanton riot cease;  
At your command give Lincoln's land  
To Paradise,—to peace. —*Bliss Carman, in Collier's.*



### WASHINGTON IN THE DARK DAYS OF THE REVOLUTION.



“Looming above all, we see the grand figure of Washington, steady as a stone mountain. No danger daunts him; no disaster shakes him. The times call for patience, he has it; for resources, he finds them; for courage and fortitude, his never fail; for supreme self-sacrifice, he makes it. Beaten to-day, he will fight again to-morrow. Undermined by treason, discouraged by apathy, fretted by Congress and by State Governors, he locks it all in his own breast, and to the enemy presents the unruffled front. He will not hear of compromise. He will stoop to no concessions. When his nephew writes him that some British officers have been entertained at Mount Vernon as a matter of policy, he writes a rebuke. Let them burn the house if they will; Mount Vernon shall not give shelter to the British!

“Heroic? Yes, sublimely heroic. The world has presented no finer spectacle.

“And that which is most inspiring in the glorious example is the fact that Washington's greatness was due not so much to intellect as to character. He was great because he was brave, resolute, pure, devoted, right-minded and right-hearted. From the straight line of duty he was not to be tempted, frightened, discouraged or misled, and from the oracle of fate he would not take No for an answer. He would fight till he won or he died. Thus he rose above all rivals—not thinking of rivalry. He became not our greatest intellect, not our greatest statesman, not our greatest soldier, but our greatest man.”

—*Thomas E. Watson.*





## LINCOLN'S DESCRIPTION OF HIMSELF.



If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing, on an average, one hundred and eighty pounds; of dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands are recollected.



### *To the Teacher:*

It is suggested that you assign the following quotations to pupils and call for them during the program:

#### WORDS OF LINCOLN.

"Let us have that faith that right makes right, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

"Gold is good in its place; but living patriotic men are better than gold."

"A nation may be said to consist of its territory, its people and its laws."

"The reasonable man has long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all evils among mankind."

"God must like common people, or He would not have made so many."

"The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance."

"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it."







## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



The color of the ground was in him, the red earth,  
The tang and odor of 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.

—*Markham.*



## LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.



Again thy birthday dawns, O man beloved,  
Dawns on the land thy blood was shed to save,  
And hearts of millions, by one impulse moved  
Bow, and fresh laurels lay upon thy grave.

Spirit of Lincoln! Summon all thy loyal;  
Nerve them to follow where thy feet have trod.  
To prove by voice as clear and deed as royal,  
Man's brotherhood in our one Father—God.

—*Woodbury.*



## NO PROUDER DAY.



Yet has no month a prouder day,  
Not even when the summer broods  
O'er meadows in their first array,  
Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again  
Brings, in its annual rounds, the morn  
When, greatest of the sons of men,  
Our glorious Lincoln then was born.

—*Bryant.*





## RECITATION—A KING.



We talked of kings, little Ned and I,  
As we sat in the firelight's glow;  
Of Alfred the Great, in days gone by,  
And his kingdom of long ago.

Of Norman William, who, brave and stern,  
His armies to victory led.  
Then, after a pause: "At school we learn  
Of another great man," said Ned.

"And this one was good to the oppressed,  
He was gentle, and brave, and so  
Wasn't he greater than all the rest?  
'Twas Abraham Lincoln, you know."

"Was Lincoln a king?" I asked him then,  
And in waiting for his reply  
A long procession of noble men  
Seemed to pass in the firelight by.

When, "No?" came slowly from little Ned,  
And thoughtfully; then with a start,  
"He wasn't a king—outside," he said,  
"But I think he was—in his heart."

—Ella Matthews Bangs, in *St. Nicholas*



## A PATRIOTIC MEDLEY.



This medley is *not* meant for a small school room of the youngest children. It is given here for any teacher who would like to have an outdoor play at recess on February 22d, or it might be suitable if all the schools in the building should have the celebration in a large hall, where the "Band" might not seem out of place for a brief exercise to lighten up the program. And, even then, the right sort of boys should be selected, who would not overdo things. Such a play as this needs to be handled with great care.—THE EDITOR.

The children who give this simple arrangement of patriotic airs represent a band, with horns, drums, tri-





angles, etc. The horns are large cones of wrapping paper and each drum is a cylindrical shaped hat box, with small slits in opposite sides through which to run the strap which passes about the drummer's shoulders. The drum may be decorated with bands of colored paper, and the drumsticks are wooden knitting needles or short lengths of broomsticks. Other children carry a small block of wood in each hand, which they beat together, to represent bones. The triangles can be easily obtained at a blacksmith's, or horseshoes will do, with tenpenny nails for tappers. Others carry a tiny patty-pan in each hand, which they tap together with a musical tinkle as chimes, and each tambourine girl carries, in realty, a pie-pan, on which she taps the rhythm.

Each member of the band wears a pointed hat of wrapping paper, ornamented at the top with a tiny flag or tricolor pompom. To make one of these colonial hats, fold a square of paper twenty-four by twenty-four inches to form a square twelve by twelve inches. Turn three of the free corners up diagonally to the folded corner, then fold the remaining free corner in opposite direction to folded corner. Add the decoration, and wear the hats with the points over the ears.

The children sing the airs to the syllable "La," beating time meanwhile; but whenever the cornetists play they sing the words "toot-toot" through their horns, and when not playing they sing with the others. There should be more of the horns than of other instruments—eight or ten horns to two or three of each of the others. One child acts as bandmaster and carries a baton. Children sing and play as indicated in following directions:

I. "BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC."

Enter from hall, in single line, the bandmaster leading. The full band plays "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and repeats it as often as desired while circling about the room, at last falling into double or triple line along front of the room, horns in front line and the leader facing the band.

II. "YANKEE DOODLE."

Just the the horns "toot" out the first part of this air, then the band gives the last part. Repeat.





III. "DIXIE."

While children sing this air to the syllable "La," the triangles beat the time for the first part. The full band then plays the chorus. Repeat.

IV. "RED, WHITE AND BLUE."

Horns and drums give the first part, then all beat time to last part while singing words, "Three cheers for the red, white and blue." Repeat.

V. "AMERICA."

Tambourines and triangles give the first half; full band for last half.

VI. EXIT.

Singing as in I.

—*Harriette Wilbur.*



LINCOLN.



(An exercise for seven children. Pupils march in, singing the following words to air, "America.")

We march with hearts so true,  
Our tributes to renew  
To a hero dear;  
His life to emulate,  
We crown him good and great;  
Each year we celebrate  
His life so dear.

*First child (holding up letter)*

L stands for Lincoln.

*Second child*

I hear he was always generous, loving, and honest.

*Third child*

No one was more loyal and tender than he.

*Fourth child*

Come, listen to the stories we shall tell of his honest, unselfish devotion to his country.

*Fifth child*

Our Lincoln is a good example of the lofty patriot and statesman.





*Sixth child*

Like him, may we have the faith that "right makes might."

*Seventh child*

Never will the Nation forget how he preserved the Union.

*All*

O Lincoln! great, and wise, and good,  
Our homage to thee is due;  
And may we ever strive to become  
So just, so loyal, and so true.

(Pupils march away singing the following to the tune of "Hold the Fort.")

Now for him who saved our country,  
Let our banners wave,  
Honor him, the hero lying  
In his lowly grave;  
And the children of the nation,  
May they keep for aye,  
Just as now we all are keeping,  
Sacred his birthday.



## EXERCISES FOR THE LINCOLN ANNIVERSARY.



It was half-past three on a day in the early part of February. Miss Russell had helped the last straggler on with his overcoat, and now stood by the window watching the furies of snow as they whirled past the window.

She turned and looked at the February calendar on the blackboard, a shield shaped figure with a border of flags done in colored crayons. Two of the dates, the twelfth and the twenty-second, were marked by tiny flags.

"The Lincoln Anniversary," thought Miss Russell; "I must begin to plan for it."

She went to the desk, and from the drawer she took a thick brown note-book. Rapidly she turned the pages until she came to the part marked "February." Here she paused at the page bearing the date, "February 12th, Lincoln Day," and read. "Manual Work, chains, flags, borders, cuttings of mallet, wedge, rail-fence, log-house,





shovel and fire-place. Language, Story of Lincoln, Lincoln booklets."

From an envelope marked "Lincoln Day" fastened to the page of the note-book Miss Russell drew the pattern of the log house, the pattern of a fire shovel and a great many small pictures of Lincoln.

"Here are my pictures for the booklets," she said to herself, and taking a sheet of drawing paper, nine by six inches, she folded it over from left to right, making a booklet. She stuck a picture of Lincoln in the center of this cover, and with crayon she drew a wreath of green leaves about the picture.

"The children can copy the quotation ascribed to Abraham Lincoln about

Good boys who to their books apply  
Will all be great men by and by.

"I must write that on the board to-morrow, so that they will become familiar with it."

The days that followed were full of busy pleasure to the little boys and girls. The room glowed with brilliant chains of red, white and blue paper, festooned from the gas fixtures, over the pictures, draped on the curtains and twined about the organ.

There were flag borders made on strips of white paper with red, white and blue crayons. There were little log houses on the shelf. They were made of white paper and colored brown with darker brown lines to represent the logs.

The booklets formed the work of another day, folding the paper, cutting and pasting the picture of Lincoln on the cover and drawing the wreath of green. The copying of the quotation was the work of a careful writing lesson.

The pattern of the shovel was passed. The children traced around it and wrote on the broad, flat part, "Abraham Lincoln, 1809-1910.

Free-hand cuttings of rail fences, plows, mallets and wedges were pinned to the black curtain.

Stories were told during the language period concerning the early life of Lincoln—how he would sit before the fire in the huge fire-place and read by the light of the glowing embers—and this story Miss Russell had





the children illustrate very prettily in a folding, cutting and pasting lesson.

Four inch squares of buff tinted paper were passed to the children. These were folded so as to have sixteen little squares creased upon the big square. (Lower edge to upper—open—lower edge to center crease—open—upper edge to center crease—open—left edge to right edge—open—left edge to crease in the middle—open—right edge to crease in the middle—open.)

“Now, children,” said Miss Russell, “take your scissors, and, starting from the lower edge, cut on the crease two squares up. That will bring you up to the middle crease. Now cut two squares over and down to the bottom. You see this takes out four of the little squares. Now bend the top row of squares forward, and you have your fire-place. Take your red crayons and draw the bricks. When you have finished you may paste the fire-place on a sheet of white paper, and with red, orange, yellow and black crayons you may draw the fire burning in the fire-place. When this is done let us see who can cut the best figure of a little boy lying down reading. This will be little Abraham Lincoln, and we will paste him in front of the fire.”

The children, always delighted with something new, eagerly followed Miss Russell’s directions, and much of the work was beautifully done, although some of the productions appeared to a better advantage when viewed from a distance.

“What does it matter?” said Miss Russell to Miss Ames, her next door neighbor. “They all tried, and did their best, and Henry’s best, though smeary and crooked, means as much effort as Rosalie’s, clean, precisely cut and folded.”

There were stories of the little black baby, the sunny Southland, the cotton, the connection of Abraham Lincoln with it all, the great love of humanity that was his, his emancipation of the slaves, also any little anecdotes of Lincoln’s life that the children had learned at home.

On the twelfth of February all the children brought little flags, about ten or twelve by fifteen inches. They carried these when they marched, and they waved them when they sang, “Marching Thro’ Georgia,” “Tramp,





Tramp, Tramp," the "Red, White and Blue," and other patriotic songs.

There was a flag drill evolved from some of the calisthenic arm movements, which was very pretty, all the bright flags waving in unison.—*Maud M. Grant, Monroe, Mich.*



## IN COMMEMORATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

1809—1865.



(For a country school.)

The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,  
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,  
New birth of our new soil—the first American.

—*Lowell's Lines on Lincoln.*

Decorate the school room with flags, streamers and festoons of evergreen, and also of red, white and blue. Shields made of cardboard and colored paper, crossed sabres, etc., may be placed here and there among the decorations. Let there be pictures, memory gems, patriotic sentiments, etc., upon the blackboard and about the room. Construct an easel of evergreen boughs and place Lincoln's picture upon it.

References—Read story of Lincoln, Nos. 31 and 176 Five Cent Classics, also Speeches from Lincoln, No. 142 Five Cent Classics. (Educational Publishing Company.)

Pictures—Portrait of Lincoln, Log Cabin, Statue of Lincoln, Lincoln the Railsplitter, Lincoln's Boyhood.

### PROGRAM.

Song—"The Star Spangled Banner."

Quotations from Lincoln.

Recitation—"The Birthday of Lincoln."—*Stoddard.*

Song—"Your Mission" (Lincoln's Favorite)—*Franklin Square, No. 1.*

Biography—"Abraham Lincoln."

Exercise—"Lincoln" (Seven Children).

Recitation—"Captain! My Captain!"—*Walt Whitman.*







Anecdotes of Lincoln.

Recitation—"Abraham Lincoln"—*Susan M. Best.*

Reading—"A Character Sketch Selected from the Crisis."

Song—"Freedom's Martyred Chief"—*Golden Glees.*

SUGGESTED READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

(These may be substituted, if desired, in the above program.)

Ode to Lincoln.—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

The Death of Lincoln.—*William Cullen Bryant.*

Lincoln's Passing Bell.—*Lucy Larcom.*

Of Old, Sat Freedom on the Heights.—*Tennyson.*

With Trumpet and Drum.—*Eugene Field.*

—*Inez N. McFee.*



WHICH GENERAL?



Sometimes mamma calls me "general"—

I wish I knew which one;

But I always try to tell the truth,

So I hope it's Washington.

But when I tell my papa that,

He laughs loud as he can,

And says if she calls me "general,"

She must mean Sheridan.

Because whenever she wants me,

And I am out at play,

I nearly always seem to be

'Bout "twenty miles away." —*Kate W. Hamilton.*



FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.



Although Lincoln's birthday was not made a day of national observance until recent years, it is a most appropriate occasion for memorial exercises in schools.





In preparing the schoolroom there is wide scope for varied and effective decoration, and this should be placed in the hands of a capable committee. On the wall above the platform should be hung the largest and finest portrait of Lincoln obtainable. Let this be wreathed with leaves of laurel or ivy. To the left of it place the date 1809 in gilt figures on white cardboard, wreathed with bright flowers; on the right, the date 1865 in black figures on a white ground, wreathed with purple and white immortelles.

As Lincoln's death always brings to mind the two other martyred Presidents, it is well to have portraits also of Garfield and McKinley in places of honor.

Around the schoolroom may be hung any available portraits of generals or engravings of battles or scenes of the Civil War. Flags and bunting should, of course, be used profusely. Flags may be at half-mast or draped with purple ribbon or immortelles.

If the blackboards are exposed to view, write on them honor rolls of heroes or lists of victories gained, and on a banner or scroll inscribe the words made immortal by Abraham Lincoln:

"With malice toward none:  
With charity for all."

The program for the day should be composed of short and interesting selections, for few visitors care to listen to long, dry orations, even when about a great man. Have much music and singing; all the national songs are appropriate, as are also Southern ballads, and even some of the modern "coon songs." There are some beautiful lullabies among the last named which well represent the race whose welfare Abraham Lincoln had at heart. Recitations, too, are in order, and they should be bright and interesting.

"Bay Billy," by Frank H. Gassaway, is a fine poem for a boy to recite, while "The Pilot's Story," by William Dean Howells, is a dramatic selection of high order. Richard Henry Stoddard's poem, entitled "Abraham Lincoln," is the best short description of the man, and a fine example of Lincoln's own oratory is his "Address at the Dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery."





Other extracts from Lincoln's speeches may be used, or brief appreciations of Garfield and McKinley may be recited.

If a more entertaining program be desired, an illustrated ballad is a capital way to achieve it. "Barbara Frietchie," by Whittier, may be recited, accompanied by one or more tableaux. If only one, let it be a representation of the gray-haired woman leaning from the window, bravely waving the flag in defiance of the enemy.

A very effective musical picture may be arranged, as follows: While the pianist plays "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," let the curtain slowly rise, disclosing on a pedestal a seated figure of Columbia, holding a large oval portrait of Abraham Lincoln, framed in gold. Columbia should be represented by a fair young girl, with long golden hair, dressed in a Goddess of Liberty costume.

The music changes to "Way down upon the Suwanee river," and a figure representing Slavery glides slowly in and kneels, with supplicating gesture, before the portrait, but slightly to the left.

This figure may be a symbolic representation of Slavery. Choose a sweet, sad-faced girl, and dress her simply in a long, flowing robe of gray or tawny material, with her hands shackled by chains that clank as she makes her supplication. While Slavery still kneels, a figure of War enters at the right.

This must be a tall girl of commanding presence, strong features and black eyes and hair. She is robed in black or very dark steel-gray, and carries a sword or a musket. She should wear a helmet, and should advance with firm, martial tread, while the pianist plays "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." War takes her position, standing at the right of Columbia, and, after this, Peace enters at the back. Peace is robed in pure white, with wings and a gilt crown. A dove should rest on her shoulder, and she should carry an olive branch. She mounts a pedestal behind Columbia and spreads her arms above the group in protecting fashion, while the music changes to "America." With carefully selected characters this whole scene may be made extremely beautiful and effective. If preferred, the musical numbers may be sung by a chorus.

—Carolyn Wells.





## TOAST TO THE FLAG.



Your Flag, and my Flag, and now it flies to-day  
In your land and my land, and half a world away.  
Rose red and blood red, its stripes forever gleam,  
Soul white and snow white, the good forefathers' dream.  
Sky blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aright  
A gloried guidon in the day, a shelter thro' the night.

—Nesbitt.



## AN OLD-TIME EXHIBIT.



In one of the many small towns in our country which are reminiscent of Colonial days "An Old-Time Exhibit" was held last summer, with most satisfactory results. It lasted for six days, and was held in the school house, which the village authorities permitted the society which gave the exhibit to have for a week.

When the date had been decided upon and permission to use the school house had been obtained, the members of the society set themselves to work to secure exhibits, and, when this had been done, formulated plans for the arrangement and the cataloguing of the articles, the decoration of the room, the serving of the refreshments, and the arrangement of the posters, which they decided to place on each side of the school house door, so that all who passed might know that something was going on inside, and also be instructed as to the price of tickets.

The walls of the school house were hung with homespun counterpanes and some real old-time patchwork quilts. These formed a good background for old engravings, old pamphlets, old muskets and firearms; also, for some old samplers and some pieces of homespun linen. The floor was covered with strips of rag carpet.

One corner was given up to a cleverly constructed mantelpiece, upon which stood a row of old candlesticks. Beneath the mantel was a fireplace, filled in with green boughs, and a brass fender and andirons. Beside it sat a lady in a chintz gown, with powdered hair and a spinning





wheel. She received the visitors graciously, and offered, for a small recompense, to give lessons in spinning.

Screened off in another corner was a bedroom completely furnished with antique furniture. The old four-poster was draped with dimity. An old-fashioned chest of drawers, with the drawers partly open, disclosed linen garments, silken gowns, stiff corsets that would frighten the girls of to-day, and tiny dresses that sent the eye wandering to the hooded wooden cradle standing beside the four-poster, with its linen-covered pillow and its patchwork quilt.

Farther down the room was an old-fashioned dining table, covered with a piece of gayly flowered chintz. Upon it were displayed all sorts of curious and interesting old-fashioned utensils.

In a conspicuous position stood an old wooden cupboard, which held the rarest of the china which had been loaned. Beside it, upon tables, were arranged the less valuable pieces.

—*Mrs. Garrett Webster.*



### O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!



O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;  
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,  
Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores  
a-crowding;

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;  
Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head;  
It is some dream that on the deck  
You've fallen cold and dead.





My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won:

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!

But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

—Walt Whitman.



### EXERCISE FOR NINE SMALL CHILDREN.



*First Child.*—Abraham Lincoln's mother was a very good woman. She taught him almost everything he knew until he was ten.

*Second Child.*—She read to her children every day from the Bible.

*Third Child.*—Abraham was taught to read that he might learn to read the Bible for himself.

*Fourth Child.*—She taught Abraham to be kind to animals as well as to people.

*Fifth Child.*—She cooked the game that his father taught him to shoot.

*Sixth Child.*—Abraham Lincoln learned from his mother to be honest and to obey the Golden Rule.

*Seventh Child.*—She taught him to keep the Sabbath day holy.

*Eighth Child.*—When during her illness she found she could not live she told him not to lie, not to swear, to read his Bible every day and to say his prayers night and morning.

*Ninth Child.*—When Abraham Lincoln was a man he said: "All that I am, all that I hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."





## RECITATION—"BOYS' THOUGHTS OF LINCOLN."



"Some days in school, when teacher says:  
'Please name the presidents,' I up and commence,  
And say them all from Washington clear through Buchanan, then  
I have to stop and clear my throat—I always have to when  
I come to Abraham Lincoln's name,  
E'en though the teacher whispers: 'Shame!  
Can't you remember, Jim?'  
Can't I remember him?  
Why he's my hero! That is why  
I get choked up and want to cry.  
Once he was just as poor as I,  
And homely, too, and tall and shy;  
And he was brave and made his place,  
Climbed to the top and freed a race!  
When I think what he dared to do  
I just vow I'll do something, too."



## LINCOLN EXERCISE.



(Exercise for fourteen children.)

[Each child is given a twelve-inch-long rod, tied with red, white and blue, at the top of which is tacked a large letter in black. The fourteen letters represent the name Abraham Lincoln. The exercise may be made very effective by having the children dressed in white, with red sashes and the letters of blue. Little red, white and blue caps may be worn by the children. The caps alone would add a pretty patriotic touch. If there is not room for the fourteen to stand in line across the stage, have children with the first seven letters stand above and behind the others.]

*First Child* (steps on the platform).—This is the birthday of the great Abraham Lincoln. If he had lived until to-day he would be just 101 years old. (Holds up letter A.)





*Second Child* (coming to platform).—We celebrate Lincoln's birthday because he was a brave and good man and because he did so much for our country. (Holds up letter B.)

*Third.*—Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky February 12, 1809. The house in which he was born was a little log cabin. (Holds up letter R.)

*Fourth.*—His people were very poor. The house had no floor, nor windows. It had only one room.

*Fifth.*—Abraham Lincoln loved his mother and was a very good boy. She taught him and his sister Sarah to read and write.

*Sixth.*—There were no schools near Abraham Lincoln's home. But he had some good books. These were the Bible, the Life of Washington and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

*Seventh.*—When he was seven years old he moved to Indiana in a wagon drawn by two horses. He lived in the woods and walked six miles every day to school, and six miles home again.

*Eighth.*—When he was nine, his good mother died of a fever. He had afterwards a kind step-mother, who took good care of him and of his sister.

*Ninth.*—Abraham Lincoln was very brave and strong, and very tender. Once, when the family was moving to Illinois, he went back across a wide river to carry his dog, which could not swim.

*Tenth.*—Abraham Lincoln worked at lots of different things. He was a farmer, he ferried boats over the Mississippi, he was clerk in a store.

*Eleventh.*—He was a very smart boy. He studied every minute he could get. He grew up to be a very great man, learned in the law. He was a soldier, too.

*Twelfth.*—Everybody liked Abraham Lincoln. He was unselfish and good. The people chose him to make the laws.

*Thirteenth.*—Then they made him President. That was in 1861, when he was fifty-two years old. He gave freedom to millions of slaves.







*Fourteenth.*—In 1865 he was shot dead by a wicked man. The whole nation mourned for him.

[All sing the following verses to the tune, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."]

Lincoln, so strong and brave,  
Bold champion of the slave,  
Of thee we sing.  
Heroic, gentle guide,  
Thou art our nation's pride,  
From every mountain side  
Thy praises ring.

Lincoln, of noble name,  
Loudly we spread thy fame  
From pole to pole;  
At this centennial day  
Hear all the people say,  
"Lincoln will live always;  
His life extol." —*Jane A. Stewart.*



## STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



(For lower grades.)

Long ago in the state of Kentucky there stood a little hut of logs. Its rooms were poor and small. Wind and rain and snow drifted in through chinks in the walls.

Poor and humble as the cabin was, to this day its pictures are carefully kept. People search old books and papers to find out all they can about it.

For in this same rude hut, one hundred years ago, on the 12th of February, was born a little boy whose name is still known and loved all over the world. This little boy was Abraham Lincoln.

Little Abraham had a kind father and mother, a brother who died when a baby, and a little sister Sarah.

Abraham's mother was a sweet, wise woman. Often in the evening, she would sit with her children about a fire of blazing logs and tell them stories.





She taught her little boy to read. She taught him to be good and kind and honest. When Lincoln had grown to be a man he said, "All I am or hope to be I owe to my angel mother. Blessings on her memory!"

In all his life Abraham Lincoln went to school only about a year. But he had five books which he read over and over again. They were the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," "Aesop's Fables," a "Life of Washington" and a "Life of Henry Clay."

While Sarah and Abraham were still very small the Lincoln family crossed the wilderness to Indiana. Here they cut down trees and built a new home. The new home was much like the old one.

Not long after, the mother died. Poor little Abraham was heart-broken. Sarah tried to take care of him and comfort him. But she was only a little girl. And she, too, missed her mother.

How glad Sarah and Abraham were when their father brought a new mother to their lonely little home in the clearing. With her she brought three children of her own.

Hard as they all worked, the five little folks had some jolly times. In the summer they fished in the streams. In the winter they built snow-forts and snow-balled and coasted.

When Abraham Lincoln was twenty-one he went with his father and mother to Illinois. Here he helped them build a new home. Then he set out to earn his own bread and butter.

Sometimes he was a hired man on a farm. Sometimes he visited large cities carrying farm produce to sell. At such times he went on the river on a raft of logs which he built himself.

Sometimes he went into the great forests to survey the land. He was so poor that his first surveyor's chain is said to have been a wild grape vine.

For awhile he kept a little country store. Once he took six and a quarter cents too much from a poor woman. When he found his mistake, he walked two or three miles to pay her back the money.

Lincoln was made postmaster. He could not afford to spend all his time in the office. So he used to put the





mail in his hat. He would meet a man who would say, "Is there a letter for me, Abe?"

Off would come Lincoln's hat. Then and there he would look over the mail and deal out the letters.

Poor as he was and hard as he worked, Abraham Lincoln spent every spare minute in reading. He read, and read and read—books, newspapers, everything he could get hold of.

He wrote a great deal, too. He made speeches. He said things worth while, which people remembered and told over and over again. To-day people read every word of Lincoln's which can be found.

Lincoln was six feet and four inches tall. He was thin and homely and awkward. His clothes were poor and plain. They never fitted him.

Yet his face was strong. His eyes had a kindly twinkle in them. Wherever he went he made friends. Everyone had a good word to say of him. Children always loved him.

The time came when the United States needed a man to guide it and take care of it—a man with clear head, sure, firm hand, and strong, fearless heart.

People looked about for such a man. There, in the state of Illinois, living his simple, earnest life, they saw Abraham Lincoln—"Honest Abe," as he was called.

"Lincoln! Lincoln!" shouted voices on all sides. "Abraham Lincoln is the man!"

So Abraham Lincoln was made President of the United States. And as he had always been a good and honest man, so he was a good and honest President. Before all else, he loved truth and right.

Forty-five years ago Abraham Lincoln died. But he still lives in the hearts of all who love him. And whenever we look at the beautiful stars of our Flag, let us say, "All honor to Abraham Lincoln!"

—Alice E. Allen, in *Primary Education*.





*To the Principals of High Schools in the State of Colorado:*

*It is suggested that in observing the Lincoln and Washington anniversaries we give particular attention to instructing our high school pupils in their duties to civil government. Standing, as they are, upon the threshold of a complete citizenship, it is of the utmost importance that they should learn now what will be expected of them in public affairs, if they are to fill the standard of patriotic American citizenship.*

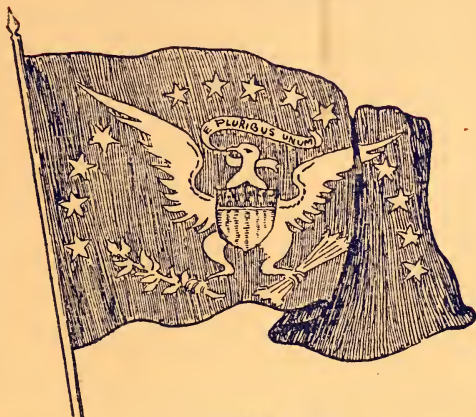
*In furtherance of this purpose, men or women, who are well known for their efforts along the lines of civic righteousness, should be invited to address them upon subjects that will make more clear the fundamental principles which underlie our government.*

**KATHERINE M. COOK.**

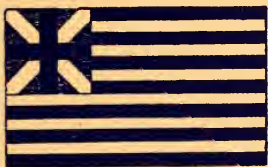




FOR THE BLACKBOARD.



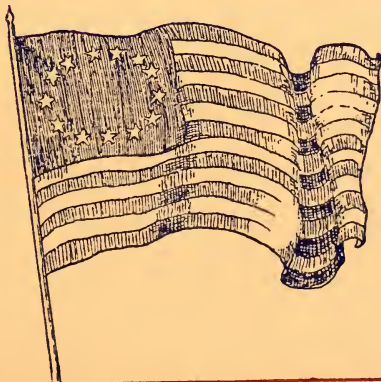
The President's Flag



1774



1770



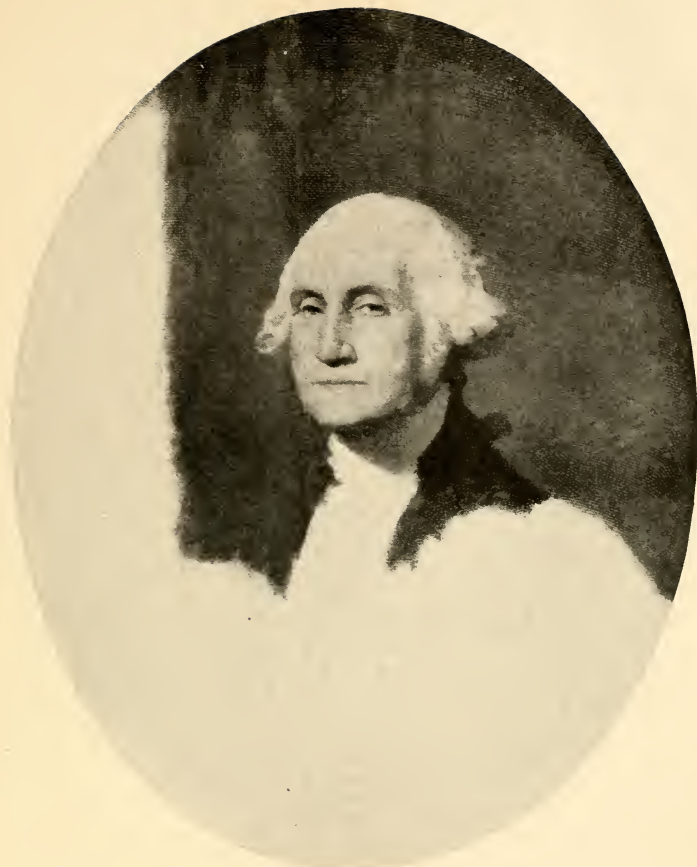


## MOUNT VERNON.



Mount Vernon was the home of Washington. It is situated on the right bank of the Potomac, seventeen miles south of the capitol. 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 writing 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.





WASHINGTON IN 1796. AGE 64. PAINTED BY STUART.

From the original, in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; owned by the Athenæum. This world-famed portrait may properly be termed "The Household Washington," for doubtless there are many in this broad land who know Washington's countenance only through its medium. It was the painter's favorite, and he retained it, unfinished, through life, making from it a vast number of completed copies, a few good, some fair, and many very indifferent, but all showing unmistakable evidence of Stuart's hand. It has been engraved more than three hundred times, and has served as a study for almost every tyro of the brush on this side of the ocean during the present century, so that the country is flooded with Stuart's Washingtons, each, in the estimation of its owner, being "the original from life." During the last few months the writer has had nearly a score of them submitted for his opinion; but all, save one, were copies. Between the limning of his first head of Washington and the present one Stuart painted the whole-length Washington known as the Lansdowne picture, from the supposition that the original had belonged to the Marquis of Lansdowne. The supposition was mistaken, however. The original canvass, painted from life, signed and dated by Stuart, is in the Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. There is not sufficient difference between the head in that picture and the Athenæum head to warrant its reproduction. "Stuart's Washington," as the Athenæum portrait is called, measured by the Houdon bust and other accepted likenesses, is certainly less like the original than the portrait of 1795. This was Mrs. Washington's verdict, who did not consider the Athenæum portrait a "true resemblance."







## QUOTATIONS ABOUT WASHINGTON.



(By Members of School.)

Washington, whose sword was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause!—*John Quincy Adams.*

As long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues anywhere plead, for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, those tongues prolong the fame of George Washington!—*Robert C. Winthrop.*

A great and venerated character like that of Washington, which commands the respect of an entire population, however divided on other questions, is not an isolated fact in history, to be regarded with barren admiration—it is a dispensation of Providence for the good of mankind.—*Savage.*

His mind was great and powerful without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

Washington is the purest figure in human history.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

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 insignificance.—*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 con sanguinity 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.*



### IN MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.



(Many pupils, large and small, dislike the platform parade, but are perfectly willing to rise at their seats and recite in a simple, unostentatious way a brief quotation. The number taking part may be added to or subtracted from at the pleasure of the teacher, and any one can easily arrange for such an exercise without toil and with but little trouble to any one.)

*First speaker.*—Well, boys, busy as ever, I see. I suppose you are trying to find out all you can about Washington, as our teacher requested. I should like to know what you have learned about him.

*First boy.*—I have found that

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

“Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's stormy main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.”

*Second boy.*—And I, that:

“The best of all great men, and the greatest of all good men,”  
was he of whom Horace B. Wallace said:

“In moral qualities the character of Washington is the most truly dignified that was ever presented to the respect and admiration of mankind.”

And Jefferson said that “He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man.”





*Third boy.*—The great Webster wrote:

"America has furnished to the world the character of Washington! And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind."

His fame was not confined to his own country, and Frederick the Great sent him greeting as "The greatest general on earth."

*Fourth boy.*—Napoleon said, "Posterity will talk of him with reverence as the founder of a great empire, when my name shall be lost in the vortex of revolutions." And Charles James Fox said, "I can not, indeed, help admiring the fortune of this great man."

While Byron wrote:

"Washington's a watchword such as ne'er  
Shall sink while there's an echo left to air."

*Fifth boy.*—James Russell Lowell sung his praise in these words:

"Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,  
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,  
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,  
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;  
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed  
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;  
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."

*Sixth boy.*—And Whittier said:

"His rule of justice, order, peace,  
Made possible the world's release;  
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,  
And rule, alone, which serves the ruled, is just;  
That Freedom generous is, but strong  
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong."

\* \* \* \* \*

And we all say with John Marshall, we will ever remember "The Father of Our Country" as one who was—

*All.*—"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

—*Emma Taylor, in Washington's Birthday Exercises.*  
*Ed. Pub. Co.*





## A CHAIN OF DATES.

### Washington's Birthday.



(Each child should carry a small flag, and wear, suspended by a blue ribbon about his neck, a white shield bearing his date in red. They should step upon the platform one by one, and, after speaking, take their places in line.)

In seventeen hundred thirty-two,  
One February morn,  
In far away Virginia,  
George Washington was born.

In seventeen hundred forty-three  
The boy is fatherless,  
A noble mother's love and care  
His youthful days still bless.

In seventeenth hundred forty-five  
He loved both sports and schools,  
And wrote with neat and careful hand  
His famous set of rules.

In seventeen hundred forty-six  
He thought to go to sea,  
But yielded to his mother's wish  
With her at home to be.

In seventeen hundred forty-eight,  
A strong and active youth,  
A careful land surveyor is  
This paragon of truth.

In seventeen hundred fifty-three,  
At Dinwiddie's command,  
He made a dangerous journey to  
The wild and western land.

In seventeen hundred fifty-four,  
In western lands afar,  
He fired the gun which then begun  
The French and Indian war.





In seventeen hundred fifty-five,  
At Braddock's sad defeat,  
Our hero with undaunted skill  
Conducted the retreat.

In seventeen hundred fifty-nine  
A lady fair he won,  
And led to his Mount Vernon home  
Good Martha Washington.

In seventeen hundred seventy-four,  
In his own native land,  
He sits in legislative halls  
Most honored of that band.

In seventeen hundred seventy-five  
His country calls again  
This soldier brave, to free the land  
From England's tyrant chain.

In seventeen hundred seventy-six,  
At Trenton, Christmas night,  
He caught the British at their sports,  
And put their troops to flight.

In seventeen hundred seventy-eight,  
The saddest times, we know,  
How hard he fought at Valley Forge  
With hunger, frost and snow.

In seventeen hundred eighty-one,  
At Yorktown, war was done,  
Cornwallis handed forth his sword  
To our brave Washington.

In seventeen hundred eighty-three  
He gave up his command,  
And seeks his happy home content  
Within a peaceful land.

In seventeen hundred eighty-nine  
His country needs his care,  
And calls her trusted chief to fill  
The presidential chair.





In seventeen hundred ninety-nine  
We gravely bow the head  
To learn that this sad year must tell  
George Washington is dead.

In eighteen hundred ninety-nine  
Our hearts unite as one  
In love and honor to the name  
Of noble Washington.

All

To every loving patriot's heart  
His life shall be the guide,  
So long as freedom's banner floats  
The nation's joy and pride.  
And now three cheers for Washington  
Together we will give,  
All hail our hero Washington!  
Long may his memory live!

(At a signal from the leader or teacher, all should wave their flags above their heads and give three hearty cheers.)

—*Ada Simpson Sherwood, Ed. Pub. Co.'s Birthday Exercises.*



## WASHINGTON'S CHRISTMAS PARTY.



Come, all who love a merry tale  
With joke both true and hearty,  
We'll tell you how George Washington  
Once made a Christmas party.  
Across the Delaware quite plain  
The British flag was vaunted,  
His troops ill-clad, the weather bad,  
And yet he was undaunted.

"Come, boys," he said, "we'll go to-night  
Across the raging river;  
The troops will be at Christmas sports,  
And will suspect it never.





The Hessians all will keep this night  
With games and feasting hearty,  
We'll spoil their fun with sword and gun,  
And take their Christmas party."

And so they row across the stream,  
Though storms and ice pursue them,  
The fishermen from Marblehead  
Knew just how to go through them.  
Upon the farther shore they form  
And then surround the city.  
The Hessians all, after their ball,  
Were sleeping. What a pity!

And when, at last, at call to arms,  
They tried to make a stand, sir,  
They soon took fright and grounded arms  
To Washington's small band, sir.  
Across the stream they took that day  
One thousand Hessians hearty,  
Their fun was spoiled, their tempers roiled.  
By this famed Christmas party.

—Ada Simpson Sherwood.



## THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.



(Any boy or girl in the grammar grade could recite these verses to open a program in honor of Washington.)

Pale is the February sky,  
And brief the midday's sunny hours;  
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh  
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,  
Not even when the Summer broods  
O'er meadows in their fresh array,  
Or Autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again  
Brings, in its annual round, the morn





When, greatest of the sons of men,  
Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,  
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows!  
By snow-clad fell and frozen field  
Broadening the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space,  
And rends the oak with sudden force,  
Can raise no ripple on his face,  
Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus 'mid the wreck of thrones shall live  
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame;  
And years succeeding years shall give  
Increase of honors to his name.

—Bryant.



## A LESSON ON THE AMERICAN FLAG.



(*Aim of Lesson*—To teach patriotism. To teach significance of our emblem. *Plan*—Illustrate love of country by the story of Dom Pedro. Bring out the idea that, if a person loves his country, he will love any memento or symbol of it. Tell the children what the stars and stripes represent in our flag. Lead them to see that, since these represent States, the flag is the symbol of our country. Therefore, if a man loves his country, he will love its emblem, the flag.)

EXERCISE—"THE AMERICAN FLAG."

(Three girls.)

*All* We wear to-day the colors,  
To which our men were true;  
Long may they wave above us,  
The red, the white, the blue.

*Red* Bright as the rays of morning,  
When comes the dawn's first gleam,  
Within our much-loved banner  
The crimson bars are seen.







- White* Pure as the snowflakes falling,  
Or early morning light,  
Among the bars of crimson  
Appear the bars of white.
- Blue* Bright as the sky at evening  
When gleam the stars of night,  
The blue within our banner  
Enfolds the stars of white.
- All* And the red, white and blue  
Forever "shall wave  
O'er the land of the free  
And the home of the brave."

(This exercise requires that each child shall wear a sash of tissue paper of the appropriate color. The sash may be worn over the right shoulder and tied at the waist under the left arm.)

*Singing (School)*

Three cheers for the red, white and blue,  
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,  
The Union, the Union forever,  
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

(Repeat this stanza. Let the children wave handkerchiefs as they sing.)

—*How to Celebrate Washington's Birthday, Ed. Pub. Co.*



## WASHINGTON IS OUR MODEL.



[The following double acrostic may be rendered by five boys and five girls, arranged alternately, or by ten boys or ten girls—best when rendered by five boys and five girls. Each one should be provided with a small sash of red, white and blue, or have a small flag pinned to the right shoulder. Formed in an arch upon the wall behind the stage should be the words, GEORGE WASHINGTON, made by cutting the letters neatly out of pasteboard or cardboard, and tastefully wrapping each with narrow strips of red, white and blue tissue-paper. The letters may be tacked or





pasted on the wall. Under the arch have date of birth and death. Each of the ten pupils must be provided with two large letters, made from bright cardboard, and made so as to be easily attached by the pupils to the front of their clothes at the proper time. A letter may be held in each hand. Before the pupil recites the first part assigned him he carefully fastens the letter to his vest-front by the bent pin in it, and so on through the class, until the word WASHINGTON is spelled. The first pupil then, in a similar manner, recites the second part assigned him, and so on till the motto, "Washington is our Model," is spelled out in plain view to the audience, the second line of letters being attached to the clothes a few inches below the first.]

**W** is for Washington, "the first, the noblest, the best, the Cincinnati of the West."

**A** for Abraham Lincoln, who served his country well, but was killed by a vile assassin.

**S** is for Saratoga, one of those memorable battles which gave us our independence.

**H** stands for the Hessians whom the English hired to fight the Americans.

**I** is for Independence, gained by Washington and his brave fellow-soldiers.

**N** is for New York, the city in which Washington was inaugurated the first President of the United States.

**G** is for General Gates, who defeated the British General Burgoyne at Saratoga, and brought joy to the American people.

**T** stands for Tories, the people who were opposed to independence.

**O** stands for "Our Country," "the home of the brave and the land of the free."

**N** stands for National Flag, the glorious star-spangled banner, which every soldier will fight for, and which every one loves to see.

Three cheers for the flag, the glorious flag, the flag of Washington. (*Two small pupils, stationed one at each end of the class and a little in front, now wave flags which they have kept behind them until now.*)





**I** is for Isaac Van Wart, one of those three daring patriots who captured Major Andre and stopped Arnold's plans.

**S**tands for Soldier, than whom none was braver than Washington, and to whom none was more kind.

**O** is for the Old Independence Bell, which rang out the joyful tidings of "liberty throughout all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof."

**U** stands for Union, firm and strong, made strong by the cementing blood of patriots.

**R** stands for Republic, established by Washington, and the best form of government for a free and progressive people.

**M** is for Monmouth, the battle in which Washington bitterly rebuked a cowardly officer, and personally led the soldiers into battle, thus saving his army from disgrace and defeat.

**O** stands for "Old Ironsides," which, under three different commanders, won brilliant victories against the British in the "Second War for American Independence."

**D** stands for the Declaration of Independence, which at last brought freedom to America.

**E** stands for the English, whom Washington routed on many battle-fields.

**L** stands for the Liberty the Revolutionary war gave us.

ALL.

"Washington is our model,"  
Is the motto we've made for you;  
In the battle of life like him we'll be—  
Brave and generous, kind and true.

"Washington is our model,"  
Is a good motto for us all;  
Like him we will love this country of ours,  
And be ready to answer her call.

"Washington is our model,"  
Straight and strong and brave,  
With eye of light, and frame of might,  
And arm of power to save.





"Washington is our model,"  
Upright, firm and grand,  
With kindly face and heart of grace,  
And firm and fearless hand.

—Henry G. Williams.



## WASHINGTON—HIS BIRTHDAY.



RECITATION—"OLD FATHER TIME."

(By a boy.)

I'm Old Father Time,  
As old as can be;  
I always have lived  
(That's reason, you see).

I should like to remain,  
But I really can't stay,  
For Old Father Time  
Must go on his way.

If I only could stay,  
Some stories I'd tell  
Of things that I've seen  
In this land where you dwell.

But I cannot remain,  
And so, when I go,  
I will send you my daughters;  
They will tell what they know.

TABLEAU—OLD FATHER TIME AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

(This tableau represents Old Father Time sending his daughters, the months, to tell some stories connected with Washington's life and the Revolution. Old Father Time's costume consists of a gray wig, full beard, and a cloak. The months are costumed to represent the seasons to which they belong. Father Time, in the tableau, appears to be speaking, while the months are grouped around him in listening attitudes.)





RECITATION—"THE MONTHS."

(Twelve girls.)

All

Old Father Time sent us;  
Would you like us to stay  
And tell you the things  
That he told us to say?

January

I'm January,  
First month of the year.  
A week after Christmas  
I always appear.

Once I was coming,  
I heard a great roar;  
'Twas just as the battle  
Of Trenton was o'er.

Not very long after  
I heard a big gun;  
They said 'twas the battle  
At Princeton begun.

February

January's gone,  
February's here.  
See! I am the smallest  
Month of all the year.  
Little though I am,  
I am proud, you see,  
For I bring the birthday  
Of Washington with me.

March

You all have heard of Boston,  
And it may be that you know  
About what happened there, one March,  
A long, long time ago.

The British men in Boston  
Tried to keep our men away;  
But, of course, they couldn't do it,  
Weren't smart enough, I say.

April

I shall bring to you the story  
Of the men of Lexington;  
How they hurried to the battle  
When they heard the "minute gun."





I will tell you, too, of Concord,  
How the Red Coats ran away,  
Frightened by a little army  
Not half so large as they.

*May*                   A long time since,  
                          In the month of May,  
                          A fleet was anchored  
                          In Charleston bay.

                          They thought they'd drive  
                          Our army away;  
                          But they found our men  
                          Had come to stay.

*June*                   June is called the month of roses.  
                          Now she comes, with flowers so gay,  
                          In her turn to tell the story  
                          Of one long and dreadful day.

                          All day long the people waited  
                          For the tidings good or ill  
                          That should tell them of the battle,  
                          Who had won on Bunker Hill.

                          With sad hearts they heard the story  
                          How the British twice gave way;  
                          Then came back in larger numbers  
                          And, in triumph, won the day.

*July*                   Do you know why we keep  
                          The Fourth of July?  
                          If you don't know the reason  
                          I'll just tell you why.

                          It all was about  
                          "Independence," it seems;  
                          That's a very long word,  
                          But you know what it means.

*August*               At Bennington's great battle  
                          I heard the general say,  
                          "My Mollie Stark's a widow  
                          Unless we win to-day."

                          "What does he mean?" I wondered.  
                          Can he really mean to say,





If his men lose the battle  
He'll want to die to-day?

But his soldiers didn't want it  
To be that way, I guess;  
For they said, "We'll beat the British,"  
And they fought their very best.

*September*      The story that I bring you  
                         Is neither bright nor glad;  
                         Perhaps I should not tell it,  
                         Because it is so sad.

I tell of Arnold's treason;  
'Tis a sad, sad thing to know  
That he turned against his country  
And went over to the foe.

*October*          April told of war's beginning,  
                         I shall tell you of its close;  
How our men at Yorktown's battle  
                         Won a victory o'er their foes.

When the people heard the story  
Every one was very glad,  
For the thought of war and killing  
                         Often made them very sad.

*November*        The war is over; soldiers,  
                         Come, put away your guns;  
My! won't your dear old mothers  
                         Be glad to see their sons?

And won't the wives and children,  
Who have been so long alone,  
Be almost wild with gladness,  
                         When they know you're coming home?

*December*        I'm the last of all the year,  
                         Soon the New Year will be here;  
But, before I go away,  
                         I have something sad to say.

One December, long ago,  
An angel came and whispered low  
To Washington. She said, "I come  
To take you with me to my home."





## CELEBRATING WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.



[Erect two pillars on the stage or platform a few feet apart, and span them with an arch. Decorate both the pillars and the arch with evergreens. Provide nails or hooks on the arch on which the letters of the word WASHINGTON may be hung. In the centre of the arch place a large picture of Washington and below it hang a shield, which may be made of pasteboard with colored paper pasted on to represent the stripes, field and stars. The pupils march in and separate, five standing by one pillar and five by the other, with the leader in the centre.]

*Leader.*—We wish to-day to do a small part in honoring the memory of the Father of our Country. Our countrymen have so honored his name that cities, towns, counties, societies and streets bear it, and one of the youngest of the sisterhood of states is named after that great and good man. Tell us what some of the orators and others have said about him.

*First pupil recites and then hangs the letter W on the first hook to the left.*

“Washington in the flesh is taken from us, but his memory remains, and let us cling to that memory. Let us make a national festival and holiday of his birthday, and ever as it returns let us remember that while we celebrate the great anniversary our fellow-citizens on the Hudson, on the Potomac, from the Southern plains to the Northern lakes, are engaged in the same offices of gratitude and love.”

*Second pupil recites and hangs his letter up.*

All should strive to emulate his noble qualities. His first utterances upon assuming command of the American army before Boston, on the 2d of July, 1775, were a rebuke of religious bigotry and an impressive protest against gaming, swearing, and all immoral practices which might forfeit Divine aid in the great struggle for national independence.

*Third pupil ditto.*

Succeeding orders, preparatory to the battle of Long Island in August, 1776, breathe the same spirit—that which transfused all his spirit as with celestial fire.

*Fourth pupil ditto.*

“His courage, whether in battle or in council, was as perfect as might be expected from his pure and steady temper of soul.”







*Fifth pupil ditto.*

"If there be one quality more than another in his character which may exercise a useful control over the men of the present hour, it is the total disregard of self when in the most elevated positions for influence and example."

*Sixth pupil ditto.*

"No matter what may have been the immediate birthplace of such a man as Washington! No clime can claim, no country can appropriate him; the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, his residence creation."

*Seventh pupil ditto.*

"Great men of his and other times have been appreciated—many admired by all. But him we love. Him we all love. When the storm of battle lowers darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall move every American arm and cheer every American heart."

*Eighth pupil ditto.*

"Think not to transfer to a tablet or a column the tribute which is due from yourselves. Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. He has built his own monument. We, and those who come after us, are its appointed, its privileged guardians."

*Ninth pupil ditto.*

"Oh, what associations are linked in adamant with that name! Washington, whose sword was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause!"

*Tenth pupil ditto.*

"No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief; No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him victor-chief. He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high disdain, But cast no sceptre from the links when he had rent the chain."

SINGING—"Hail, Columbia, Happy Land!"

—Arranged by V. S. Walsh.





## I WOULD TELL.



(Recitation for five boys.)

*First Boy.*

I would tell of Washington  
When he was a boy like me.  
He learned his lessons well at school,  
And always tried to keep the rule,  
And if at work, or if at play,  
He did his very best each day;  
Was gentle, honest, brave and true,  
And loved by all his comrades, too,  
When he was a boy like me.

*Second Boy.*

I would tell of Washington  
When he was twenty-one—  
How he journeyed through the wilderness,  
Ofttimes in peril and distress,  
Yet never did his stout heart quail,  
For he knew no such word as fall;  
His dauntless courage, even then,  
Showed him a leader among men.  
When he was twenty-one.

*Third Boy.*

I would tell of Washington  
In camp at Valley Forge.  
When everything seemed dark and drear,  
And hope had given place to fear,  
He stood alone unmoved and calm;  
His very presence was like balm  
To soothe the suffering, rouse the faint;  
He cheered each heart, stilled each complaint,  
In camp at Valley Forge.

*Fourth Boy.*

I would tell of Washington  
After the war was o'er.  
By one accord made President,  
As toward the capital he went,  
The streets were decked with banners gay,





And flowers were scattered in his way;  
Gathered about his path, the throng  
Proclaimed him chief with shout and song,  
After the war was o'er.

*Fifth Boy.*

I would tell of Washington  
When came life's peaceful close.  
Where broad Potomac's waters flowed,  
There he took up his last abode;  
Respected, honored, loved, revered,  
By countless friends his days were cheered,  
And when, at length, drew near the end,  
The nation wept to lose a friend,  
So came life's peaceful close.



**FLAG-DRILL NO. 2.**



**DIRECTIONS.**—Twelve pupils at least are necessary for the following drill; twenty-four or thirty-six would add to its effectiveness. Skirts and waists of all should be white; bodice and sash of one-third of class red, one-third white and one-third blue; all wear slippers and stockings to match color of dress. Size of flags, 8 by 12. Flag-staffs should be long and slender. Position of flag in marching, in front of right shoulder. Music, a lively march.

**Figure 1.** Enter half the class from one side and half from the other, the leader on each side wearing red, the second ones white, the third blue, and so on. Those from opposite sides meet at center of back part of stage, march forward in couples to front part, separate, and return to back of stage. Repeat. (Caution: turn square corners.)

**Figure 2.** Partners meet at back of stage (one line changes flags from right to left side); partners cross flags; march to front; separate; return to back. Repeat. In repeating, march only to corners at the back of stage, instead of middle back.





Figure 3. March from corners to center of stage, turn and march to front corners. Repeat.

Figure 4. Return to back part of stage, march forward in four lines, moving in wavy lines. Repeat.

Figure 5. Each line form in trios, red, white, and blue; cross flags; turn twice in a circle. Reverse, holding flags in left hands.

Figure 6. Four lines advance, form a single line; line No. 1, at the left, leading, marches until the front left-hand corner is reached; line No. 2 halts at front right-hand corner; line No. 3 back right-hand corner; line No. 4 back left-hand corner. All march toward center, the four lines forming the diagonals of a square; keep perfectly straight lines; march around the center, preserving this order. Reverse, face, and march in opposite directions.

Figure 7. Lines 1 and 2 and 3 and 4 exchange places, passing each other in center of stage. Line No. 1 marches across front of stage to left-hand corner, while line No. 2 falls into line; at back left-hand corner line No. 3 falls into line; at back right-hand corner, line No. 4. March in single file around the stage, form in four lines, partners facing each other.

Figure 8. Partners march toward each other, meet; touch top of flags, forming an arch, turn as to pass under arch formed, return to places. Repeat.

Figure 9. Lines march, cross over. Nos. 1 and 4 meet in center of stage, touch tops of flags, return to places. Lines 2 and 3 meet in same manner. Lines cross again, 1 and 4 meet, then 2 and 3; the last time 2 and 3 remain in their places.

Figure 10. Raise flags. Lines 1 and 2 and 3 and 4 march in circles towards the right. Reverse.

Figure 11. The following is a figure from the Virginia reel: Have lines and pupils in each line as far apart as possible. Leaders in each set meet, cross flags, swing, or rather march, once and a half around; each leader then crosses flags with the second one on opposite side, swings, then crosses flags with partner, swings, and so on until the leaders have crossed flags with every one in the line. To make it still more effective, after the leaders have reached the third ones in the line, let the





second ones, standing now at the head, march in the same way. Then the third ones follow, and so on, until all the flags are in motion.

Figure 12. Leading couples march outside of lines, others follow, return to places, all arch flags.

Figure 13. Leaders in both sets march through under arch, meet at back part of stage, advance four abreast; others follow in same order. Thus four red ones will march to the front, then four white, then four blue. This entire set (12) pass to the right; the next set pass to the left. The two meet at back and march forward, eight abreast; halt and separate, so that the three colors may be seen. Song, "Nobly Our Flag."

Music changes to a succession of chords. The striking of a new chord is the signal for a change of attitude.

Chord 1. All hold flags in front of right shoulder.

Chord 2. Change to left.

Chord 3. Change back to right.

Chord 4. Hold flags as if taking aim.

Chord 5. Fire—a quick movement forward of flags.

Chord 6. Flags in first position.

Chord 7. Charge—a sudden rush forward, body bent, flags held like bayonets.

Chords 8, 9, 10. Retreat. Take three steps back slowly, flags held in same position as in No. 7.

Chord 11. Repeat 7.

Chords 12, 13, 14. Repeat 8, 9, 10.

Chord 15. Surrender. Lay down flags.

Chord 16. Recover. Pick up flags quickly.

Chord 17. Victory. Wave joyously.

Chord 18. Hold in front of right shoulder.

Marching Song, "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys."

All march to the song, in single file, arranged in the order red, white, blue. Leader march to center of stage, halt, two others stop behind her; then three behind these two, then four, and so on, until the entire class is arranged in the form of a triangle. All sing "Star-spangled Banner." As the chorus is sung, all wave flags.

—Selected.





## Hurrah For The Flag.

1. There are ma - ny flags in ma - ny lands, There are flags of ev - 'ry hue;  
2. I know where the pret - tiest col - ors are, And I'm sure if I only knew  
3. I would cut a piece from an evening sky, Where the stars are shining through,  
4. Then I'd want a part of a fleec - y cloud, And some red from a rain - bow bright;  
5. We shall always love the Stars and Stripes, And we mean to be ever true

But there is no flag, how - ev - er grand, Like our own Red, White and Blue.  
How to get them here I'd make a flag Of glorious "Red, White and Blue."  
And use it, just as it is on high, For my stars and field of blue.  
And put them to - geth - er side by side, For my stripes of red and white.  
To this land of ours and the dear old flag, The Red, the White, the Blue.

**CHORUS.**

Then hurrah for the flag, our country's flag, Its stripes and white stars too;

There is no flag in an - y land Like our own Red, White and Blue.





## HYMN FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.



(To the tune "America.")

All hail, thou glorious morn  
That Washington was born!

All hail to thee!

Whether thy skies be bright,  
Or veiled in clouds of night,  
To thee in joyous right

Our song shall be.

All come with glad acclaim,  
To sing and praise thy name,

O Washington!

O'er all this land so free  
Hearts turn with pride to thee,  
Champion of liberty,

Columbia's son.

When Britain's tyrant hand  
Smote Freedom's native land

With mad decree,

Thy gleaming blade, raised high,

'Mid war-clouds rolling by,

Wrote on thy country's sky,

"Great land, be free!"

Let Freedom each year bring

Chaplets as fresh as spring

To deck her son!

While Freedom's angels stand

Guard o'er that flag and land,

Saved by the mighty hand

Of Washington.

—Charles S. Davis.









## FLAG OF THE FREE.



(May be sung to the March from "Lohengrin.")  
Flag of the free! fairest to see!  
Borne through the strife and the thunder of war,  
Banner so bright with starry light,  
Float ever proudly from mountain to shore.

Emblem of Freedom, hope to the slave,  
Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save;  
While through the sky loud rings the cry,  
Union and Liberty!—one evermore!

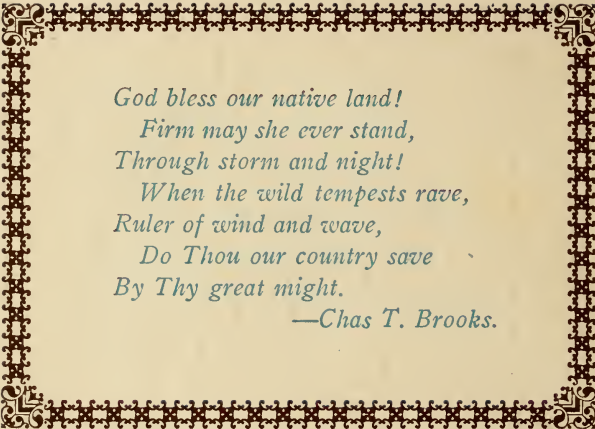
Flag of the brave, long may it wave,  
Chosen of God, while His might we adore;  
In Liberty's van for manhood of man,  
Symbol of Right thro' the years passing o'er.

Pride of our country, honored afar,  
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star  
While through the sky loud rings the cry,  
Union and Liberty!—one evermore!









*God bless our native land!  
Firm may she ever stand,  
Through storm and night!  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of wind and wave,  
Do Thou our country save  
By Thy great might.*

—Chas T. Brooks.