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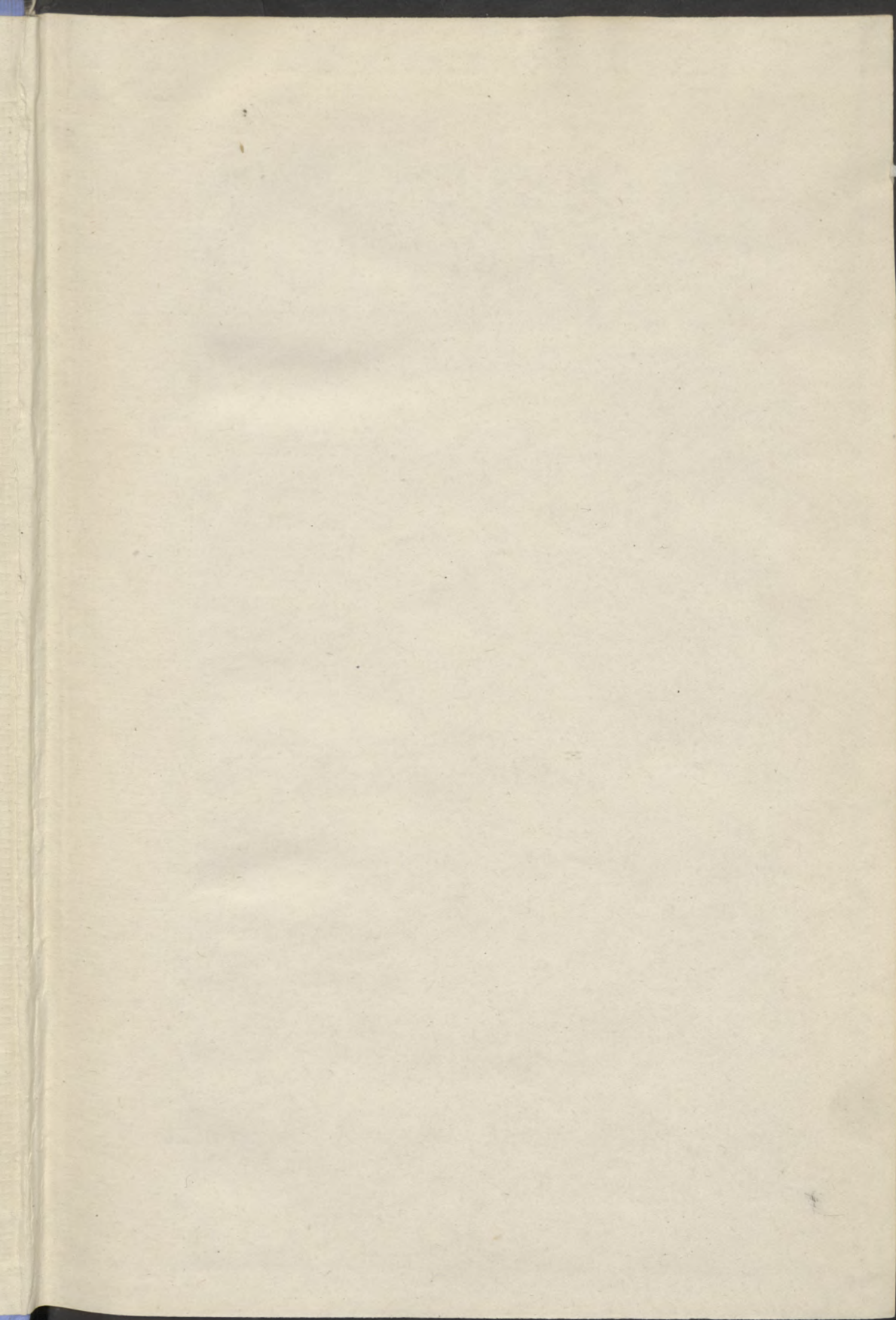
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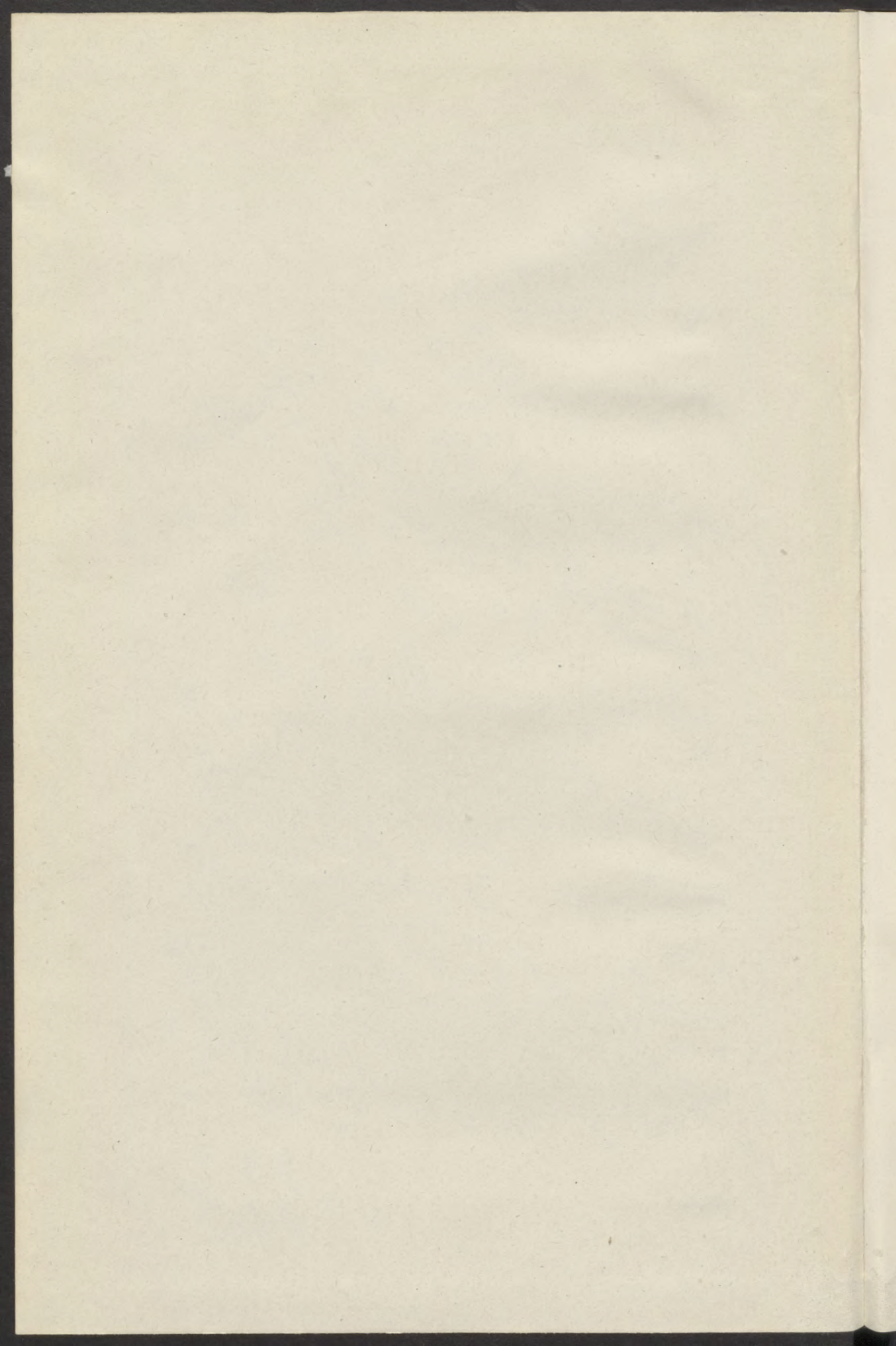
*"LIBERTY ENTHRONED UPON LAW"*

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A BOOK OF  
HOLIDAYS  
COLORADO

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# A BOOK OF HOLIDAYS

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LABOR DAY - - - - -	September 7
CENTENARY OF STAR SPANGLED BANNER -	September 14
COLUMBUS DAY - - - - -	October 12
THANKSGIVING DAY - - - - -	November 26
CHRISTMAS DAY - - - - -	December 25
NEW YEAR'S DAY - - - - -	January 1
LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY - - - - -	February 12
ST. VALENTINE'S DAY - - - - -	February 14
SUSAN B. ANTHONY'S BIRTHDAY - - - -	February 15
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY - - - - -	February 22
ARBOR AND BIRD DAY - - - - -	April 19
GOOD ROADS DAY - - - - -	May 10
MOTHER'S DAY - - - - -	May 14
FATHER'S DAY - - - - -	May 17
PEACE DAY - - - - -	May 18
MEMORIAL DAY - - - - -	May 30
FLAG DAY - - - - -	June 14
INDEPENDENCE DAY - - - - -	July 4
COLORADO DAY - - - - -	August 1

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## STATE OF COLORADO

1914-1915




ISSUED BY

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

MARY C. C. BRADFORD

STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

SMITH-BROOKS  PRESS, DENVER

LETTER OF THE SUPERINTENDENT TO THE  
SCHOOL CHILDREN

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS:

A happy school year to you all! May each day give you the enjoyment that comes from study and work and play.

I know that you liked the Holiday Book sent out last year, because some of you wrote me "that you loved the stories and pictures and verses, and that you were very glad to have the state flag on the cover." This year you are to have Old Glory—our dearly beloved stars and stripes—looking at you the minute your teacher shows you the 1914-1915 Holiday Book, and the good friends of little children all over the world have written about things that I am sure all Colorado boys and girls will have a good time in reading.

So I am certain that you will think this year's Holiday Book is another lovely present for you—the giver being the State of Colorado, your mother-state—that cares more for her children than for anything else within the borders of the commonwealth.

With the most loving thoughts for you always, I am,  
dear children,

Faithfully yours,

*Mary C. C. Bradford.*

State Superintendent  
of Public Instruction.

TO THE TEACHERS AND SCHOOL OFFICIALS OF COLORADO.

Greeting: The Department of Public Instruction of the State of Colorado sends its Book of Holidays for 1914-1915 to all the schools of the state, feeling proud and glad that last year's volume met with such appreciative response, and with the hope that the present collection may mean even more in the character-building process that alone deserves the name of education.

The message of each great holiday is given again this year, but from the view-point of different writers and the vantage ground of another year of development in the life of the commonwealth and nation.

This year being observed as the centenary of the adoption of the "Star Spangled Banner" as the National hymn of the United States, the National flag—the mighty symbol which is the heart of the great song—is reproduced upon the cover of this book, which also contains the proclamation of the Governor of Colorado, calling upon all citizens to join in a celebration of this historic event.

All the schools of the state are requested by the Department of Public Instruction to hold exercises on the morning of the fourteenth of September, the chief part of which shall consist of the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by the children, the words having been previously memorized. Throughout the United States these celebrations will be held on that day, the thirteenth—the actual date of the adoption—occurring on Sunday.

It is hoped that not one school will fail to hold this celebration. The "Star Spangled Banner" stands for union, peace, justice, industry, self-sacrifice, and love. To rightly interpret its mighty meaning in the development of world history is to inculcate a type of citizenship that will become the glory of civilization. Let Colorado's two hundred and seventy-five thousand school children, its

nearly seven thousand teachers, its more than five thousand school directors lead in the observance of this day.

Let the meaning of "Labor Day" be made clear; the majesty of "Columbus Day" be revealed; the devoutness of "Thanksgiving Day" be cherished; let the "Christmas Day" joy radiate like sunlight; let "New Year's Day" be faced with courage.

Teach the lesson of the august humility of the great "Lincoln;" and participate in the harmless fun in the day that belongs to "St. Valentine." Remember with reverence the contribution to civilization made by "Susan B. Anthony," and express prideful possession of the majestic life of "Washington." And "Arbor Day" and "Bird Day"—let them sing in your hearts and on your lips, while "Mother's" and "Father's Day" cast a halo over the year.

Emphasize "Peace Day" as never before, so that the present war clash may be but the dying gasp of race hatred, and the cannon's roar the prophecy of the shouting of united races of whom it has been written that—"Of one blood hath He made all the peoples of the earth."

May the tender memories of "Memorial Day" sanctify the present; the acclaim of "Flag Day" be strong and thrilling; the birthday of our Nation, "Independence Day," be interpreted—not only as political independence—but as the recognition of the freedom of the human spirit, and make "Colorado Day"—the birthday of our home state—as full of joy and hope and devotion as this great commonwealth deserves to receive from its children.

Fraternally,

*Mary C. C. Bradford.*

State Superintendent  
of Public Instruction.





ONE OF MRS. BRADFORD'S SCHOOL  
BABIES



OLD-TYPE COUNTRY SCHOOL



WEST FAIRHAVEN, DISTRICT NO. 8, KIT CARSON COUNTY  
Mrs. Bradford and Her Children



EAST FAIRHAVEN, DISTRICT NO. 8, KIT CARSON COUNTY  
Mrs. Bradford and Her Children

LABOR DAY

Work thou for pleasure; paint or sing or carve  
The thing thou lovest, though the body starve.  
Who works for glory misses off the goal;  
Who works for money coins his very soul.  
Work for work's sake, then, and it well may be  
That these things shall be added unto thee.

KENYON COX.

---

#### CHILD LABOR

Ah, who are these on whom the vital bloom  
Of life has withered to the dust of doom?  
These little pilgrims prematurely worn,  
And bent as if they bore the weight of years?  
The childish faces, pallid and forlorn,  
Too dull for laughter and too hard for tears?  
Is this the ghost of that insane crusade  
That led ten thousand children long ago,  
A flock of innocents, deceived, betrayed,  
Yet pressing on through want and woe  
To meet their fate, faithful and unafraid?  
Nay, for a million children now  
Are marching in the long, pathetic line,  
With weary step and early wrinkled brow;  
And at their head appears no holy sign  
Of hope in heaven;  
For unto them is given  
No cross to carry, but a cross to drag.  
Before their strength is ripe they bear  
The load of labor, toiling underground  
In dangerous mines, and breathing heavy air  
Of crowded shops; their tender lives are bound  
To service of the whirling, clattering wheels  
That fill the factories with dust and noise;  
They are not girls and boys,  
But little "hands," who blindly, dumbly feed  
With their own blood the hungry god of Greed.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

### THE MAN WITH THE HOE

*"God made man in His own image."—Genesis.*

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans  
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,  
The emptiness of ages in his face,  
And on his back the burden of the world.  
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,  
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,  
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?  
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?  
Whose was the hand that stunted back this brow?  
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave  
To have dominion over sea and land;  
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;  
To feel the passion of Eternity?  
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns  
And pillared the blue firmament with light?  
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf  
There is no shape more terrible than this,  
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed,  
More filled with signs and portents for the soul,  
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!  
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him  
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?  
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,  
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?  
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;  
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;  
Through this dread shape humanity, betrayed,  
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,  
Cries protest to the Judges of the World—  
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands.  
Is this the handiwork you give to God—  
This monstrous thing, distorted and soul-quenched?  
How will you ever straighten up this shape;  
Touch it again with immortality;  
Give back the upward-looking and the light;  
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;  
Make right the immemorial infamies,  
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,  
How will the Future reckon with this Man?  
How answer his brute question in that hour  
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?  
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—  
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—  
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,  
After the silence of the centuries?

EDWIN MARKHAM.

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Preaching is an alluring occupation, and it is an occupation not limited to those who are regularly licensed to preach. Teachers preach sometimes, and editors and the cracker-box oracle of the corner grocery. The father of Huckleberry Finn, when he was under the influence of his favorite beverage, used to dwell with considerable fervor on the shortcoming of his neighbors and of the national government.

The Great Teacher understood this human tendency to preach when He said: "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye and considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" And His own life illustrated the truth that example is better than precept, for He went about doing good. It was what He did that gave significance to what He said; His deeds gave Him power to speak as never man spake.

We all need to get the spirit of Stevenson expressed in his Christmas sermon: "There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may." Living up to this doctrine, we shall lose none of the zest of the strenuous life, and it may finally appear that we have discharged our duty to our generation in advancing the cause of truth and righteousness.

H. M. BARRETT.

### IT ALL RESTS WITH YOU

It's all up to you to succeed or to fail;  
To sit down and grumble, or take to the trail;  
To climb to the heights, or to sit down supine  
Far below where the rays of the morning sun shine  
On the steeps. It isn't genius or talent at all  
That takes a man up where the morn's voices call.  
It's just work, and more work, and still work all the time!  
Will you sit still, or start out and climb?

Author unknown.

---

Better to stem with heart and hand  
The roaring tide of life, than lie,  
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,  
Of God's occasions drifting by!  
Better with naked nerve to bear  
The needles of this goading air,  
Than in the lap of sensual ease forego  
The godlike power to do, the godlike power to know!

WHITTIER.

### INSCRUTABILITY

(The following poem, written by GEORGE E. JOHN, a member of Galveston Typographical Union No. 28, is reproduced from the *Dallas-Galveston Semi-Weekly Farm News*.)

Some there are who rule and reign,  
And live and die in high estate.  
They view their kind with proud disdain,  
And leave a name of fear and hate.  
All through their lives of selfish greed,  
Linked with sinful, wasteful vice,  
No cheerful word, no kindly deed,  
Gives hint of thought or sacrifice.  
Yet, to their every beck and call  
The gods of fortune swiftly turn,  
Bestowing favors, great and small,  
Despoiled of those they daily spurn.  
No thought have they of future day,  
Of hunger, cold, or fortune's frown.  
In idle ease life takes its way,  
Till ended on a bed of down.

Some there are whose love of God  
Shines brightly through their love of man.  
They bow themselves before the rod,  
And bear the cross as best they can.  
To him who needs they give their all,  
They sacrifice the mite their own,  
And, answering to their brother's call,  
They share the load that bears him down.  
And yet, no god of fortune hears—  
Or, hearing, gives the slightest heed  
To plea for help to dry the tears,  
Or heal the pangs of direst need.  
No thought have they of future day;  
They strive but for their brother's lot.  
Life bravely takes its patient way,  
Till ended on an humble cot.

Two pictures here of human lives  
That few will dare to call untrue:  
Of sordid ease, of love that strives  
That daily pass in plain review.  
For Wrong is often on a throne,  
And sits 'neath waving silken flags,  
While Right on prison floor is prone,  
Or lives in hunger, clothed in rags.  
And, wide apart as cold and heat,  
Yet, side by side, walk love and lust,  
While tongues of thousands oft repeat:  
"Why should this be, if God is just?"  
In every clime and every age  
Was sought this riddle to unfold,  
By prophet, priest, and hoary sage;  
And yet the truth remains untold.

O, God of love, the Foe of hate,  
Who sees the trembling sparrow fall,  
And rules the fateful hand of Fate,  
The essence and the soul of all,  
Is there no better, fairer land,  
Where Compensation crowns her own,  
And Retribution lifts her hand,  
That each shall reap as each has sown?  
Where those who dwelt in mortal clay,  
And measured things with mortal mind,  
Will know the depths of Wisdom's way,  
And grope no longer with the blind?



Where all can read Thy plan aright,  
This mingling evil with the good,  
And myst'ries of Thy saving might  
Are reconciled and understood?

\* \* \* \*

When mortals yield to nature's call,  
And man has passed his second birth,  
Shall it be shown to each and all  
The good and bad they did on earth?

Will those who lived for self alone  
Then try to do some kindly deed,  
And, growing wise, when it is done,  
Learn thus their famished souls to feed?

Will those who sought their brother's weal,  
And tried to smooth the path he trod,  
Then aid these stricken souls to heal,  
And turn their aching hearts to God?  
When scythe of Time has ceased to reap,  
Will Love Eternal's trumpet blast  
Call each wandering, erring sheep  
Into the fold of God at last?

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#### TWO SOWERS' SONGS

Now hands to seed-sheet, boys!  
We step and we cast; old Time's on wing;  
And would we partake of harvest's joys,  
The corn must be sown in spring.  
Fall gently and still, good corn;  
Lie warm in thy earthy bed;  
And stand so yellow some morn;  
For beast and man must be fed.

Old earth is a pleasure to see  
In sunshiny cloak of red and green;  
The furrow lies fresh; this year will be  
As years that are past have been.  
Fall gently and still, good corn;  
Lie warm in thy earthy bed;  
And stand so yellow some morn;  
For beast and man must be fed.

Old earth, receive this corn,  
The son of six thousand golden sires;  
All these on thy kindly breast were born;  
One more thy poor child requires.  
Fall gently and still, good corn;  
Lie warm in thy earthy bed;  
And stand so yellow some morn;  
For beast and man must be fed.

Now steady and sure again,  
And measure of stroke and step we keep;  
Thus up and down we cast our grain;  
Sow well and you gladly reap.  
Fall gently and still, good corn;  
Lie warm in thy earthy bed;  
And stand so yellow some morn;  
For beast and man must be fed.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

---

And I must work thro' months of toil,  
And years of cultivation,  
Upon my proper patch of soil  
To grow my own plantation.  
I'll take the showers as they fall;  
I will not vex my bosom;  
Enough if at the end of all  
A little garden blossom.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

---

#### HIGH AND LOW

The showers fall as softly  
Upon the lowly grass  
As on the stately roses  
That tremble as they pass.

The sunlight shines as brightly  
On fern-leaves bent and torn  
As on the golden harvest,  
The fields of waving corn.

The wild birds sing as sweetly  
To rugged, jagged pines  
As to the blossoming orchards,  
And to the cultured vines.

DORA R. GOODALE.

## INSPIRATION

*Without inspiration the best powers of the mind are dormant.  
There is a tinder in us which needs to be quickened with sparks.—*  
HERDER.

Act well your part; there all the honor lies.—POPE.

To a valiant heart nothing is impossible.—French  
proverb.

Difficulties are meant to rouse, not discourage.—  
CHANNING.

Above the cloud with its shadow is the star with its  
light.—HUGO.

Carry on every enterprise as if all depended on the  
success of it.—RICHELIEU.

The impartial earth opens alike to the child of the  
pauper and the king.—HORACE.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if  
he have lost no time.—BACON.

Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope  
too much or dare too much.—EMERSON.

Attempt the end and never stand to doubt; nothing's  
so hard but search will find it out.—HERRICK.

Five minutes of today are worth as much to me as  
five years in the next millennium.—EMERSON.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time; for  
that is the stuff life is made of.—FRANKLIN.

Devote each day to the object then in time, and every  
evening will find something done.—GOETHE.

Each one learns only what he can; yet he who seizes  
the passing moment is the proper man.—GOETHE.

A good inclination is only the first rude draught of  
virtue, but the finishing strokes are from the will.—  
SOUTH.

Every man who observes vigilantly and resolves stead-  
fastly grows unconsciously into a genius.—BULWER-  
LYTTON.

Don't dissipate your powers; strive constantly to concentrate them. Genius thinks it can do whatever it sees others doing, but it is sure to repent of every ill-judged outlay.—GOETHE.

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#### A PARABLE ON BROTHERLY LOVE

In those days there was no worker of iron in all the land. And the merchants of Midian passed by with their camels, bearing spices, and myrrh, and balm, and wares of iron.

And Reuben bought an ax of the Ishmaelite merchants, which he prized highly; for there was none in his father's house.

And Simeon said unto Reuben, his brother: "Lend me, I pray thee, thine ax." But he refused, and would not.

And Levi also said unto him: "My brother, lend me, I pray thee, thine ax." And he refused him also.

Then came Judah unto Reuben, and entreated him, saying: "Lo, thou lovest me, and I have always loved thee; do not refuse me the use of thine ax."

But Reuben turned from him, and refused him likewise.

Now it came to pass that Reuben hewed timber on the bank of the river, and his ax fell therein, and he could by no means find it.

But Simeon, and Levi, and Judah had sent a messenger after the Ishmaelites, with money, and had bought for themselves each an ax.

Then came Reuben unto Simeon, and said: "Lo, I have lost mine ax, and my work is unfinished; lend me thine, I pray thee."

And Simeon answered him, saying: "Thou wouldst not lend me thine ax; therefore will I not lend thee mine."

Then went he unto Levi, and said unto him: "My brother, thou knowest my loss and my necessity; lend me, I pray thee, thine ax."

And Levi reproached him, saying: "Thou wouldst not lend me thine ax when I desired it; but I will be better than thou, and I will lend thee mine."

And Reuben was grieved at the rebuke of Levi, and, being ashamed, turned from him, and took not the ax, but sought his brother Judah.

And as he drew near, Judah beheld his countenance as it were covered with grief and shame; and he prevented him, saying: "My brother, I know thy loss, but why should it trouble thee? Lo, have I not an ax that will serve both thee and me? Take it, I pray thee, and use it as thine own."

And Reuben fell upon his neck, and kissed him, with tears, saying: "Thy kindness is great, but thy goodness in forgiving me is greater. Thou art indeed my brother, and whilst I live will I surely love thee."

And Judah said: "Let us also love our other brethren; behold, are we not all of one blood?"

And Joseph saw these things, and reported them to his father, Jacob.

And Jacob said: "Reuben did wrong, but he repented; Simeon also did wrong; and Levi was not altogether blameless. But the heart of Judah is princely. Judah has the soul of a king. His father's children shall bow down before him, and he shall rule over his brethren."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

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"The Holy Supper is kept indeed  
In whatso we share with another's need;  
Not what we give, but what we share;  
For the gift without the giver is bare."

LOWELL.

### THE SONG OF MAN

I am the heir of all unending Time;  
My name is Man.  
I've brooked no limitations since sublime  
Earth first began.  
Sing out, my soul! Defy the very skies!  
Why should I cringe  
Before the things on which men's pious lies  
Are made to hinge?  
I stand erect, foot-firm upon the sod—  
I gain to give.  
And every star and every lowly clod  
Shall help me live!

BELLE FLIGELMAN.

---

American intelligence must be prepared by American enterprise in finding its true place for every man, and seeing to it, as far as possible, that every man shall get into that place in life which shall be not only his shop, but his school; not alone his living, but also his advancing culture.

FRANK W. GUNSAULUS.

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### HONEST WORK

"Men said the old man was foolishly careful when he wrought on the great chain he was making in his dingy shop in the heart of the great city. But he heeded not their words, and only wrought with greater painstaking. Link after link he fashioned and welded and finished, and at last the great chain was completed.

"Years passed. One night there was a terrible storm, and the ship was in sore peril of being dashed upon the rocks. Anchor after anchor was dropped, but none of them held. At last the mighty sheet anchor was cast into the sea, and the old chain quickly uncoiled and ran out till it grew taut. All watched to see if it would bear the

awful strain. It sank in the wild storm as the vessel's weight surged upon it. It was a moment of intense anxiety. The ship with its thousand lives depended upon this one chain. What now if the old smith had wrought carelessly even one link of his chain? But he put honesty and truth and invincible strength into every part of it, and it stood the test, holding the ship in safety until the storm was over."

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#### THE OPTIMISTIC PHILOSOPHER

"The common herd"—God bless us, every one,  
We common folk who toil from sun to sun;  
Nor strive to hide the callous on each hand;  
We who in countless thousands throng the street,  
Oft silent, though in sympathy we greet!  
Without our help what great thing has been done?  
"The common herd"—God bless us, every one!

"The common herd"—that flinches not from toil  
Through freezing winters, when the summers broil;  
That bravely trends its round from day to day,  
And clothes and feeds itself on meager pay;  
That comes more near contents than they who boast  
A daily income that would feed a host;  
That sweetly sleeps when each day's toil is done—  
"The common herd"—God bless us, every one!

---

#### TOO YOUNG TO WORK

Child labor is usually a sign of apathy on the part of the general public, and can best be prevented by calling attention to the facts. This is the way one of our Children's Aid Society agents brought about improvement:

"The foreman of a street construction gang had taken on a young boy to carry drills; much too hard work for a boy.

"1. The boy was small enough to be eight years.

"2. Dirty beyond description in person and clothes.

"3. Loaded with four heavy drills, weighing not less than twenty-five pounds, to be carried back and forward.

"4. Made him drop his load and took him to the shelter.

"5. Notified the father and employer to appear before the magistrate.

"6. Did not want to push the case to the limit of the law, hence did not get a warrant for arrest. The magistrate explained the seriousness of the offense and read the law to a large audience. After some general remarks on child protection, asked that the case be dismissed if the contractor would pay court expenses. Parents had been only two weeks in the country."

This spectacular warning has already stopped others from like offenses.

J. J. KELSO.

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#### ROOSEVELT'S MESSAGE TO BOYS

The following message from ex-President Roosevelt to boys is to be read through the agency of the Boy Scout movement in schoolrooms throughout the United States:

"If a boy is not fearless and energetic, he is a poor creature; but he is even a poorer creature if he is a bully of smaller boys or girls; if he is guilty of cruel mischief; and if in his own home, especially in his relations with his own mother and sisters, he is selfish and unfeeling.

"I believe in play with all my heart; but I believe in work even more. While a boy or man plays, I want to see him play hard; and when he works, I do not want to see him play at all.

"Fraternally yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."



CENTENARY OF  
STAR SPANGLED BANNER

SEPTEMBER 14

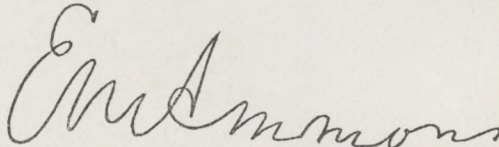


August 19, 1914.

HON. MARY C. C. BRADFORD, State Superintendent of  
Schools, Denver.

Dear Madam: I note with pleasure your proposal to have the school children of the state take part in celebrating the centenary of "The Star Spangled Banner." This song found its origin in patriotic inspiration, and the observance of its century of splendid influence is a most praiseworthy move. I hope and urge that all school authorities will see that on September 14th appropriate exercises shall be conducted in every school in the state. I shall take pleasure in requesting that patriotic organizations of adults shall join in this celebration with day or evening programs, believing that such meetings will redound to the credit and benefit of our people.

Very truly yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "E. A. Johnson". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name "Governor.".

Governor.

COLUMBUS DAY

## GAME FOR COLUMBUS DAY

The children stand in a circle.

They choose a child for Columbus.

They choose three children to represent the vessels, as "The Nina," "The Pinta," the "Santa Maria."

Columbus stands inside the circle.

The "vessels" run in and out among the children standing in the circle. They tap certain children on the back, who take their places, and the first to represent vessels stand in the circle, while the others run in and out. The children in the circle sing:

"The Nina, the Pinta, the Santa Maria,  
Sail o'er the waters blue.  
The Nina, the Pinta, the Santa Maria,  
Wait now for their crew."

The children in the circle wave their arms up and down, singing:

"Jolly sailors, jolly sailors,  
With Columbus we will go.  
Jolly sailors, jolly sailors,  
We all sing, 'Ye-ho, ye-ho!'"

Each time after the verses are sung Columbus says:

"Who will go and ride with me,  
Far across the dark blue sea?"

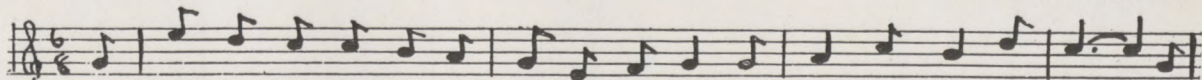
Any child answers, and runs in and stands beside Columbus.

When half the children have become the "crew," Columbus says: "Westward—Ho!" The children then march round him in two circles, singing "Jolly sailors," etc., and march to their seats, and the game is ended.

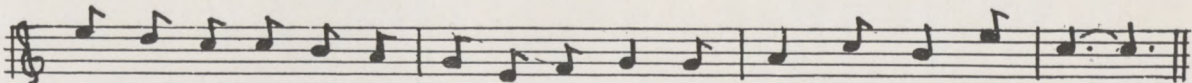
L. Rountree Smith

# COLUMBUS GAME SONG

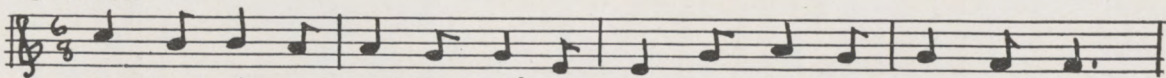
Earl F. Blades



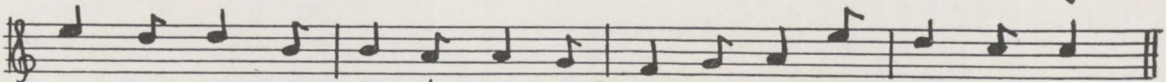
The Ni-na the Pin-ta, the San-ta Ma-ri-a, Sail o'er waters blue, The



Ni-na, the Pin-ta, the San-ta Ma-ri-a, Wait now for their crew,  
Chorus-



Jol-ly sail-ors, jol-ly sail-ors, With Co-lum-bus we will go,



Jol-ly sail-ors, jol-ly sail-ors, We all sing "Ye-ho, ye-ho!"

## A COLUMBUS PLAY FOR THE ENTIRE SCHOOL.

### COSTUMES

A little costuming will add much to the success of the play. Costumes may be made of simple material; even tissue paper will do.

Columbus wears knee-breeches, loose blouse, long cape.

The Queen wears a black velvet dress, long cape trimmed with ermine (made by basting cotton batting on any cape and lining it off with ink), gold-paper crown, big white collar.

The King wears velvet suit, long cape, gold crown, collar.

The Trumpeters wear knee-breeches, blouses, and large flat hats with long feathers; carry horns.

The Sailors and Indians should also be in costume.

All the children who take part in the court scene should be in gay attire, except a Nun and a Father Superior.

Where no costumes can be provided the stage may be set with flags of different nations, the American and Spanish flags being most prominent.

Spanish flag—white ground, initial red, cross green.

### PART I. COLUMBUS AT HOME

(Columbus sits by a table on which are maps, books, and charts. He is slowly turning the globe round. Enter Father.)

*Father*—O Columbus! Why will you sit there so idle? Do you not know that there is work to do? You sit dreaming among your books and charts full half the day!

*Columbus*—I cannot help but dream, father; I cannot help but long to sail upon the sea.

*Father*—If you do sail away, what good can ever come of it?

*Columbus*—I believe I have a divine commission to plant the flag in a new land.

*Father*—It would be far better for you to come and help me with my wool-combing than to sit and dream dreams. (Father goes out.)

*Columbus*—I am possessed with a wonderful idea. I believe the earth is round and not flat. See this rudely constructed globe, how it turns! Suppose the earth also turns round!

I have read in history that Seneca said to Nero that there was a new land to be discovered. Did he also believe, as I do, that the earth is round?

I believe there is a land westward, and by the grace of God I will find it!

Men call me crazy because I will not believe that the earth is flat. I care little for their opinion. I will sail on a voyage of discovery. Even now I hear the call of the sea!

(Columbus goes out; walks up and down; meets many boys and girls, who tap their foreheads and whisper: "Here is the crazy Columbus.")

#### PART II. AT THE COURT OF SPAIN

(The King and Queen enter and are seated with a great band of attendants. The Trumpeters enter, bow, and blow horns. The Father Superior, Juan, enters and bows low.)

*King*—Speak, Father Superior! What is the message you bring?

*Juan*—O King, I come to tell you about Columbus.

*King*—Who, then, is Columbus?

*Juan*—He is a wonderful man, I think. He has new ideas. He says the world is round and not flat. He believes, if this be true, he can sail around it. He wants to discover a new route to India.

*King*—I have heard before of this crazy Columbus. I think there can be no land westward. Do you not know that there have been many sailors who have traveled a little way upon unknown seas, and they have all failed!

*Isabella*—I should like to hear and see the plans Columbus has made.

*King*—We will let Columbus speak for himself.

(The Trumpeters blow horns, or trumpets, as before, and Columbus enters, kneels before King and Queen, rises. He carries flag of Spain.)

*King*—We are ready now to hear your plans, Columbus, and my wise men also are in waiting.

*Columbus—*

Most noble King, I come to you,  
For I'll discover countries new,  
And to the Indies I will find  
A direct route I have in m'nd.  
But thoughts, alas! are of no avail  
If I have no ships in which to sail!

*King—*Come, bring out your maps and charts, and explain your plans to us.

(Columbus and the Wise Men sit at a table while Columbus shows his maps, etc.)

*King—*I do not feel like giving this fellow aid. You see by the way the Wise Men look they think he is crazy.

*Isabella—*His story is at least very interesting. I hope we may hear of him again.

*King—*We will wait until we know what the Wise Men think. Let us go into the garden.

(They go out, followed by attendants, and the curtain falls. Use a screen where there is no curtain.)

### PART III. IN THE GARDEN

(Slow music, as Lange's "Flower Song," is played. The Queen and ladies in waiting come in. The Queen sits by a table and opens a box of jewels. She takes out beads, pins, etc. The Trumpeters come and announce Columbus as before.)

*Columbus—*O Queen, I have come to ask your aid. I need money for the ships. I need sailors to go with me.

*Isabella—*And aid you shall have. If the King will not give it, I will part with some of my jewels to help you.

*Columbus—*The King still thinks I am a mere dreamer. Think for a moment what a glorious thing it will be to plant the flag of Spain on foreign shores! Think what gold mines we may discover! Think what it will mean to the world to find a shorter route to India!

*Isabella—*I will help you. You shall have your ships.

*Columbus—*I find no words in which to thank you.



*Queen*—Go forth with good courage and plant the flag upon the land in the name of the King and Queen of Spain.

(Exit Columbus; slow music again; the Queen still looks at her jewels.)

(In the interval between this and the next act the Trumpeters call the people together, and one of the Wise Men announces:)

Columbus will soon set sail. He will have three vessels at his command: the "Nina," the "Pinta," the "Santa Maria." Many prisoners have been set free to go with him. He has received aid from Queen Isabella of Spain. He carries the Spanish flag. He goes on a voyage of discovery in this year 1492.

#### PART IV. THE VOYAGE

(Boat songs may be sung behind the scenes, and if ships can be constructed, so much the better. Columbus waves a large flag of Spain, and the sailors are prepared to climb the masts, etc. Large tennis nets, draped at the back of the room, give a somewhat sealike effect.)

*Sailors*—Farewell to land, the blessed land!

*Columbus*—At last we are starting on our great voyage. I will never despair, long and hard as the voyage may be. I shall never be satisfied until I plant the flag of Spain on a new shore.

*First Captain*—O Columbus, do you know that no ship has ever before sailed so far? We may see great sea-monsters. We may be overtaken by storms.

*Second Captain*—O Columbus, let us turn back before it is too late!

*Third Captain*—It is better to sail upon familiar seas and keep in sight of land.

*Columbus*—You call yourselves captains, and you are afraid!

*First Captain*—The sailors are rough men. They even talk of throwing you overboard.

*Columbus*—"We have started to the Indies, and, by the grace of God, to the Indies we are going."

(Exit Captains. Columbus holds up a sign, "Westward Ho!" The Sailors come and crowd about him.)

*First*—We shall all perish.

*Second*—We have traveled weeks and weeks, and no land is in sight.

*Third*—We want to turn back at once.

*Fourth*—We will sail no longer on unknown seas.

*Fifth*—We cannot tell what fresh dangers await us.

*Sixth*—The compass even acts strangely. The needle no longer points north.

*Seventh*—We are terrified by this long voyage. We fear the dark seas.

*Columbus*—Courage, my men! Be patient a few days more! We may even now be near the land.

*Eighth*—Ah! See here is a bit of sea-weed I found!

*Ninth*—Here is a bit of wood I found in the water!

*All*—Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! We are near the land!

(One enters with a stuffed bird.)

See, here is a bird that flew up on the rigging!

*All*—Land! land! land! Let us fire a cannon!

*Columbus*—We will go below and give thanks.

(They kneel, rise, and Columbus steps out in front upon the land, kneels, kisses the earth, and plants the flag upon the land. The rest follow. The Indians run to and fro, as though frightened.)

*Columbus*—I take possession of the land in the name of the King and Queen of Spain.

#### PART V. THE RETURN

(The court scene as before. Enter Trumpeters to announce the coming of Columbus. He enters with Sailors and Indians. They carry stuffed birds, gold, wood carved by Indians, plants, etc.)

*Columbus*—I found these strange-looking men in the new country, and they have strange trees and plants there

also. (The Indians show plants.) I also found much gold.

*King and Queen*—We welcome you home, Columbus! You may go again to the new world, with many ships this time. All the sailors will be eager to go with you this time.

*King*—Give three cheers for the year of 1492!

(All cheer.)

*Queen*—Give three cheers for Christopher Columbus!

(All cheer.)

(Closes with tableau, Columbus standing in front of King and Queen, carrying the Spanish flag. The rest are grouped around.)

Bring out the fact that Columbus was not discouraged because others had made voyages and failed. He was not discouraged by the opinions of others. He kept on until he met with success. Be sure every child takes part in the play.



LANDING OF COLUMBUS

### THE BOY COLUMBUS

"'Tis a wonderful story," I heard you say,  
"How he struggled and worked and pleaded and prayed,  
And faced every danger undismayed,  
With a will that would neither break nor bend,  
And discovered a new world in the end—  
But what does it teach to a boy of today?  
All the worlds are discovered, you know, of course;  
All the rivers are traced to their utmost source:  
There is nothing left for a boy to find,  
If he had ever so much a mind  
To become a discoverer famous;  
And if we'd much rather read a book  
About someone else, and the risks he took,  
Why nobody, surely, can blame us."

So you think all the worlds are discovered now;  
All the lands have been chartered and sailed about,  
Their mountains climbed, their secrets found out;  
All the seas have been sailed, and their currents known;  
To the uttermost isles the winds have blown  
They have carried a venturing prow?  
Yet their lie all about us new worlds, everywhere,  
That await their discoverer's footfall. Spread fair  
Are electrical worlds that no eye has yet seen,  
And mechanical worlds that lie hidden serene  
And await their Columbus securely.  
There are new worlds in Science, and new worlds in Art,  
And the boy who will work with his head and his heart  
Will discover his new world surely.

*Manual of Patriotism.*



DISTRICT NO. 41, KIT CARSON COUNTY



DISTRICT NO. 20, JEFFERSON COUNTY  
The three rooms are represented here

THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving! How dear was the word to our childhood!  
Its mystical charm from old Puritan days  
Held sacred the purpose for which it was founded,  
And turned towards Heaven our hearts' deepest praise.

To old and to young its holiday message  
Is mingling harmonious of thanks and good cheer;  
It bids us remember the Giver of all Good,  
And gather in thanks from far and from near.

E'en the feasts that we spread have their meaning symbolic  
Of plenty and comfort, of service and love,  
Carrying help to the needy and cheer to the household,  
Commingled with thought of the Father above.

As in days when our forefathers founded our nation,  
There are struggles and failures and famines to meet;  
But the bright star of Faith that guided them safely  
Our own clouds will scatter, fairer fortunes to greet.

May the children in homes and in schoolrooms, far scattered,  
All gather in bands bright as rainbows of youth,  
While they learn the deep meaning and joy of Thanksgiving,  
And pledge them anew to the service of Truth.

With the Faith of the Pilgrims, the Hope of the Harvest,  
And Charity broad for the peoples of earth,  
May we all join in gladness, in praise and thanksgiving  
To God and the country that gave us our birth!

CELIA O. PETERSON.

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#### THANKSGIVING HYMN

Praise God for wheat, so white and sweet,  
Of which to make our bread!  
Praise God for yellow corn, with which  
His waiting world is fed!  
Praise God for fish and flesh and fowl  
He gave to men for food!  
Praise God for every creature which  
He made, and called it good!



Praise God for winter's store of ice!  
Praise God for summer's heat!  
Praise God for fruit trees, bearing seed;  
"To you it is for meat!"  
Praise God for all the bounty  
By which the world is fed!  
Praise God, ye children all, to whom  
He gives your daily bread!

Anonymous.



"GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?"

# Peter Pumpkin.

MARION MITCHELL.

CHURCHILL-GRINDELL,  
Authors and Publishers of Children's Songs.

1. My name is Pe - ter Pump - kin, I am jol - ly, fat and round; When au - tumn winds be - gin to moan, I  
2. Now on my face is such a grin, Or hor - rid tooth - less smile, And in - side I am burn - ing From that

lie still on the ground, And shud - der there in mor - tal fear, For some dark, gloom - y night, They'll  
can - dle all the while; I wish to tell you what you seem To nev - er learn in books: Don't

gash a hor - rid grin on me, And in me put a light. "Pe - ter Pump - kin," the  
judge a pump - kin's hap - pi - ness By the way a pump - kin looks.

chil - dren shout in glee. "What a jol - ly Jack - o' - lan - tern you will make for me!"

"Pe - ter Pump - kin," hear them shout in glee. "What a jol - ly Jack - o' - lan - tern you will be."

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Lonely and dark the night comes down;  
Between rent clouds a few stars glow;  
The dim lights of the hillside town  
Look blurred through squalls of snow.

Yet, to and fro, light hearts and free  
Since dawn have passed along the way,  
To hold their anniversary  
This glad Thanksgiving Day.

They gather, all our land about,  
Unheedful of the north wind's din,  
Home, home once more. Cold gloom without,  
But warmth and joy within!

EUGENE C. DOLSON.

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### THE TURKEY'S NEST

(This story lends itself to dramatization, should the teacher wish for material from which the pupils themselves may evolve the dialogue; or the story may be treated simply as a reading lesson.)

1. One day an old turkey hen went out to find a place to make her nest. She went a long way and took a long time, but when at last she found what she liked, she said to herself:

"They may go to the East, and go to the West,  
But they'll never be able to find my nest."

2. And she was so proud of herself that she walked all the way home to the barnyard with her head in the air.

3. Her friends, the Gray Goose, the White Duck, and the Brown Hen, were waiting for her; and when they saw her coming they called out: "Where in the world did you make your nest?"

"Guess," said the turkey hen.

4. "Well," said the Gray Goose, "when I make my nest I always try to get near the water, for there is nothing so good for my health as water; so I'll guess the goose pond."

5. "Right," cried the duck; "the pond is the place."

6. "I don't think so," said the Brown Hen. "There is nothing better than hay for one's health; so I'll guess the haystack."

But, though they did their very best,  
They never could guess where she'd made her nest.

And the turkey grew prouder and prouder as she walked about the barnyard.

7. One day Grandfather Hunt said: "That old turkey hen has made herself a nest somewhere."

8. "I think I can find it," said Gertrude.

9. "I am sure I can find it," said Paul.

10. "No, I'll find it," said Fred. "She can't hide her nest from me."

So they all started out to find the nest.

11. Gertrude ran down to the meadow and looked among the tall grasses and bushes.

But, though she did her very best,  
She couldn't find the turkey's nest.

12. Paul went over to the hill to the flour-mill; then round by the goose pond, where he found the Gray Goose and the White Duck taking a swim.

But, though he did his very best,  
He couldn't find the turkey's nest.

13. Fred began at home to look. First he peeped under the barn, and then back of the wood-pile and haystack.

But, though he did his very best,  
He couldn't find the turkey's nest.

14. The next day Aunt Mary said she guessed she could find the nest. So she went out into the garden and sat down under a tree, just as quiet as she could be.

15. By and by the turkey hen came along. She saw Aunt Mary and Aunt Mary saw her, but neither of them said a word.

16. The turkey walked round and round in the garden, just as if she wasn't thinking about anything at

all; but at last she went through the gate into the road.

17. Then Aunt Mary followed her as still as a mouse, and the turkey—

Went up the hill and down the hill,  
And through the fields and by the mill,  
And down across the meadow brook,  
By many a turn and many a crook.  
She went to the East and she went to the West,  
But she never went near the hidden nest.

18. "I'll give up," said Aunt Mary. And the old turkey hen was prouder than ever.

19. "Now I guess it is my turn," said grandfather. So early one morning he started out to look for the nest.

"He will find it, if anyone can," said Paul.

20. Grandfather was gone so long, and the children grew so tired of waiting, that at last they ran down the road to meet him.

21. And when he saw them he called out:

"I tell you I have done my best,  
But I can't find that turkey's nest."

And the turkey hen grew prouder and prouder.

22. She stayed at her nest, wherever it was, nearly all the time now, and only came to the barnyard when she wanted something to eat.

23. The Gray Goose and the White Duck and the Brown Hen said they wouldn't be surprised at anything she did.

24. But they were surprised, and so were the children, when one morning she walked into the yard with twelve little turkeys, as fine as you please.

25. "Just look at my children," she said. "I hatched them all out in my nest *down in the corner of the old rail fence.*"

26. And she whispered to herself:

"I tell you what, I did my best  
When I found that place to make my nest."

MARIAN GEORGE.

### A TURKEY'S SOLILOQUY

I am only just a turkey,  
But it kind o' seems to me  
That there must be trouble brewing  
For the feathered family.

We used to have to call and call  
To get our morning's stint of wheat;  
And now they're stuffing us so full  
It is hardly fun to eat.

Last night they came down to the pen,  
And I heard the farmer say:  
"The flock is certainly quite prime;  
Monday will be market day."

Today my dearest friend, small Ben,  
Came a-peeping in the door,  
And he said: "Good-bye, old gobbler!  
I won't see you any more."

So I think there's trouble brewing  
For my feathered friends and me;  
And we strike the trail at sunset,  
To roost in the highest tree.

DORA H. STOCKMAN.

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### THANKSGIVING DAY

It is not the yellow, ripened corn,  
Nor wheat that's stored away;  
It is not health, it is not wealth,  
That makes Thanksgiving day.

'Tis something sweeter, dearer still,  
That ne'er can know decay;  
'Tis country, home, and friends in one  
That make Thanksgiving day.

Selected.

## NOVEMBER

And now, with autumn's moonlit eyes,  
Its harvest-time has come;  
We pluck away the frosted leaves  
And bear the treasure home.  
Then let the good old crop adorn  
The hills our fathers trod.  
Still let us, for His golden corn,  
Send up our thanks to God.

Selected.

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## A THANKSGIVING WOOING

The frost was on the cottage pane,  
The skies were gray and chill;  
But with a trembling hand she smoothed  
Her kerchief's dainty frill;  
For then she saw the youthful squire  
Dismounting in the snow,  
In velvet coat and buckled shoes—  
Thanksgiving long ago.

While with her wrinkled sire he talked  
Of weather and of wheat,  
His ear was ever strained to catch  
The music of her feet.  
Her dimpled arms were deep in flour,  
Her rounded cheek a-glow.  
Her father slept; he stole a kiss—  
Thanksgiving long ago.

His stately mother and her guests  
Were waiting at the Hall  
Before the feast in silver served;  
But he forgot them all;  
And at the farmer's humble board,  
With curly head bent low,  
He called a courtly blessing down—  
Thanksgiving long ago.

Clear rose the moon above the woods,  
And twilight veiled the farm;  
But still he lingered at the gate,  
The bridle on his arm.  
"Oh, bake and brew for me alone!  
Be mine for weal or woe!  
I love you, dear!" he softly said—  
Thanksgiving long ago.

In yonder carven frame she stands,  
In pearls and blue brocade;  
And still tradition fondly keeps  
The pumpkin pies she made,  
And tells again the story sweet,  
When granaries overflow,  
Of how the squire a-wooing went—  
Thanksgiving long ago.

MINNA IRVING.

---

#### OUR THANKSGIVING

Let us give thanks that we have earned our bread,  
Our daily bread—and robbed no man thereby;  
Let us give thanks that many mouths are fed—  
Fed with our corn and wheat and oats and rye;  
Let us give thanks for strength to do our work—  
That work which makes the desert as the rose,  
Which brings the harvest up from muck and murk,  
Making a poem of earth's dullest prose;  
For sun and rain by which this beauty grows,  
Let us give thanks!

Let us give thanks for minds that know repose—  
Repose that comes to honest weariness;  
Let us give thanks for sleep the worker knows,  
Who toils his best—and brings no soul distress;  
For hearts unfretted and for horny hands;  
For sinews great and calm, unfeared eyes;  
For good brown earth, and wide and fecund lands;  
For science ever making us more wise;  
For hearth and home and all the rest we prize,  
Let us give thanks!



For peace of soul—which money never buys;  
For freedom in a world which is not free;  
For God's outdoors and overarching skies;  
For all the season's changing mystery;  
For life and love that comes to me and thee,  
Let us give thanks!

BERTON BRALEY.

---

CHILDREN OF PLYMOUTH TOWN

Little Constance, Pris, and Prue,  
Long ago what did you do,  
In that quiet Plymouth town?  
Did you ever laugh or frown  
At the men in steeple hats,  
At the witches with their cats?

Little John and Miles and Truth,  
Tell us of your Pilgrim youth!  
Did you like to lift a gun,  
Making hostile Indians run?  
Were you really, truly boys,  
Full of fun and life and noise?

FRANCES KIRKLAND.

---

AT GRANDMA'S

Thanksgiving day we always go,  
In the sunshine, rain, or snow,  
No matter if the wind does blow,  
To Grandma's.

All the aunts and uncles, too,  
And cousins old and cousins new,  
Have welcome warm and sweet and true,  
At Grandma's.

'Most always there's a baby new,  
And then, of course, we love it too,  
And hug and kiss it, guess we do,  
At Grandma's!

A turkey big and fat and brown,  
And vegetables, the table crown;  
And Oh, how gaily we sit down,  
At Grandma's!

Then Grandpa, with the silver hair,  
Looks round about the table fair,  
And smiles on everybody there,  
At Grandma's.

And then he bows his head and says:  
"We thank Thee, Lord, and give Thee praise  
For all the blessings of these days,"  
At Grandma's.

"For all the comforts of the year;  
For all the dear ones gathered here,  
And may we meet again next year  
At Grandma's."

Oh, how we love Thanksgiving Day!  
We eat and laugh; then in the hay  
In Grandpa's barn we go and play,  
At Grandma's.

It seems as if 'twas hardly fair  
To always have such good times there,  
And never with another share,  
At Grandma's.

So, if some little child is here  
Who hasn't any Grandma dear,  
I'd like to take her there, next year,  
To Grandma's.

M. LOUISE FORD.

## THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

One spring the Pilgrims planted corn, as the Indians had taught them. Summer brought the sunshine and the rain to ripen the corn. Such a harvest as there was when autumn came!

"Let us have a day of thanksgiving for this great blessing," said the Governor.

"A Thanksgiving Day! A Thanksgiving Day!" cried the Pilgrims.

"The Indians have been kind to us. We will ask them to our feast," said the Governor.

So they began to get ready for the first Thanksgiving Day. The Pilgrim fathers went hunting and fishing. They carried home duck, turkey, and fish. The Pilgrim mothers made bread and cake from the corn. They baked plenty of pumpkin pies.

What a good time the children had getting ready for the feast! They gathered the wild plums and grapes. They put pop-corn in the ashes of the wide fireplace. Then they watched until the "Snap! Crack! Snap!" was heard.

The Indians came, gaily dressed in skins, and paint, and feathers. They brought five large deer to the feast.

The Indians came in time for breakfast and stayed three whole days. So they must have had a good time. They played games, and danced, and sang.

Before the feast the Indians and the Pilgrims thanked God for His goodness to them. Ever since then the people have kept Thanksgiving Day.

*Summers Second Reader.*

NOVEMBER

The leaves are fading and falling;  
The winds are rough and wild;  
The birds have ceased their calling;  
But let me tell you, my child,  
Tho' day by day, as it closes,  
Doth it darker and colder grow,  
The roots of the bright, red roses  
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,  
The boughs will get new leaves,  
The quail come back to the clover,  
The swallow come back to the eaves;  
The robin will wear on his bosom  
A vest that is bright and new;  
And the loveliest wayside blossom  
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves today are whirling;  
The brooks are dry and dumb;  
But let me tell you, my darling,  
The spring will be sure to come.  
So, when some dear joy loses  
Its beauteous summer glow,  
Think how the roots of the roses  
Are kept alive in the snow.

ALICE CARY.

---

STORY OF THE PILGRIMS

Children, do you know the story  
Of the first Thanksgiving Day,  
Founded by our Pilgrim Fathers  
In that time so far away?

They had given for religion  
Wealth and comfort—yes, and more:  
Left their homes and friends and kindred  
For a bleak and barren shore.

On New England's rugged headlands,  
Now where peaceful Plymouth lies,  
There they built their rude log-cabins  
'Neath the cold, forbidding skies.

And too often e'en the bravest  
Felt his blood run cold with dread  
Lest the wild and savage red man  
Burn the roof above his head.

Want and sickness, death and sorrow,  
Met their eye on every hand;  
And before the spring-time reached them  
They had buried half their band.

But their noble, brave endurance  
Was not exercised in vain;  
Summer brought them brighter prospects—  
Ripening seed and waving grain.

And the patient Pilgrim mothers,  
As the harvest time drew near,  
Looked with happy, thankful faces  
At the full corn in the ear.

So the Governor, William Bradford,  
In the gladness of his heart,  
To praise God for all His mercies  
Set a special day apart.

This was in the autumn, children,  
Sixteen hundred twenty-one;  
Scarce a year from when they landed  
And the colony begun.

And now, when in late November  
Our Thanksgiving feast is spread,  
'Tis the same time-honored custom  
Of those Pilgrims long since dead.

We shall never know the terrors  
That they braved, years, years ago;  
But for all their struggles gave us,  
We our gratitude can show.

Selected.

## FOR THANKSGIVING DAY

### A LITTLE PILGRIM DIALOGUE

*Characters:* Any number of Pilgrim boys and girls in costume. The dialogue is written for six, but may just as well be given by a greater or a less number. The boys and girls come running to the stage as if just sent out from their houses, and group themselves in any natural way.

*First Speaker*—We are the boys and girls who came over on the “Mayflower.”

*Second Speaker*—It was almost a year ago, and the Governor hath proclaimed a feast of Thanksgiving for God’s mercy in keeping us through the year and giving us harvests, that we may be fed.

*Third Speaker*—All the Indians about are invited to the feast.

*Fourth Speaker*—Our mothers are busy now getting the dinner ready.

*Fifth Speaker*—They told us that we had better go out of the kitchens now, for we might be in the way.

*Sixth Speaker*—No wonder, with a dinner to prepare for ninety Indians and all the settlement! It is not strange that our mothers don’t want us children under foot while they are cooking it!

*First Speaker*—Well, we helped get the things they will have for dinner, anyway.

*Second Speaker*—Indeed we did! I shot one of the turkeys myself.

*Third Speaker*—And I went with father to get a deer for venison, and helped to carry it home.

*Fourth Speaker*—I planted the beans.

*Fifth Speaker*—I shelled the corn and pounded it into corn-meal for the Indian pudding. My, but it made my arms ache!

*Sixth Speaker*—I helped plant the corn. Squanto showed us how. He told us to put a fish in every hill and

that would make it grow. It was so, too! The hills we put fish in grew up fine, but the others didn't amount to anything.

*First Speaker*—I sowed the pumpkin seed in the corn-field. Squanto showed us how to do that, too. We would have thought we had to make ready another patch of ground, one for corn and one for pumpkins. But he told us to plant them in the same field.

*Second Speaker*—I helped to take the shells off from the big basketful of oysters that the Indians brought. Mistress Brewster is going to make the most delicious stew out of them.

*Third Speaker*—I went into the woods and gathered the nuts. Black walnuts and butternuts and hickory nuts! Not much like the kind we had in England, with their thick shells. But Oh, they are so good when we get them cracked!

*Fourth Speaker*—Everything we are going to have is good. I was glad to get out of the kitchen. Everything smelled so good that I didn't see how I could wait till dinner time before I ate.

*Fifth Speaker* (sniffing the air hungrily)—Oh, that turkey!

*Sixth Speaker* (sniffing likewise)—Oh, that venison!

*First Speaker*—Oh, that oyster stew!

*Second Speaker*—Oh, those pumpkin pies!

*Third Speaker*—Oh, that Indian pudding!

*All* (sniffing together)—Oh, everything!

*Fourth Speaker*—We can't stand it just to stay and smell the good things cooking. It will make us crazy wanting them before dinner time. Let us repeat the verses of Thanksgiving that Mrs. Mary Chilton made for us to give at the Thanksgiving table.

*All repeat—*

Praise God for shelter from the snow!  
Praise God for making corn to grow!  
Praise God for raising friends in need—  
Dark-skinned, but with hearts white indeed!

Praise God, Oh, praise Him more and more,  
For bounties of the field and shore,  
For fish and fowl and lordly deer,  
All given us for our table here!

Praise God for life! Praise God for breath!  
Praise God for help through time of death!  
Praise God for winter, summer, fall!  
Praise God who helped us through them all!

*A Mother* (appearing)—Children, come! Dinner is ready! •

*All* (clapping their hands and executing any capers that express delight)—Oh, good! good! good!

They all run in.

BERTHA E. BUSH.

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## THANKSGIVING DAY

*Study—*

The Life of the Pilgrims: in Holland; in America; in England.

*Books of Reference—*

“The Rise of the Dutch Republic,” Motley.

“Holland and Its People,” De’Amicus.

“The Puritan in Holland, England, and America,”  
Campbell.

“The Beginning of New England,” Fiske.



*Suggestive Poems—*

“The Landing of the Pilgrims,” Kemans.

“The Mayflower,” Ellsworth.

“The Pilgrim Fathers,” Pierpont.

“The Rock of the Pilgrims,” Morris.

THANKSGIVING—

Its Origin—Read from “Old Town Folks,” Stowe.

Governor Bradford’s Proclamation, “Colonial Ballads.”

*Suggestive Poems—*

“The Coon Song,” Whittier.

“The First Thanksgiving Day,” Margaret E. Preston.

“The First Thanksgiving,” *Youth’s Companion*.

“The Dolly’s Thanksgiving,” Sangster.

“The First Thanksgiving,” American History Stories.

*Picture Study (Numbers from Perry Pictures)—*

“Embarkation of the Pilgrims” (1331).

“Landing of the Pilgrims” (1332).

“Plymouth Rock” (1333).

“Pilgrim Exiles” (1336).

“John Alden and Priscilla” (1338).

“Pilgrims Going to Church” (1339).

“Miles Standish and His Soldiers” (1340).

*Special Literature Study—*

“The Courtship of Miles Standish,” Longfellow.

*Story-Teller’s Hour—*

Myths and Legends, “Ceres and Proserpina.”

### A BOY'S PRAYER

God, who created me  
Nimble and light of limb;  
In three elements free—  
To run, to ride, to swim;  
Not when the sense is dim,  
But now, from the heart of joy,  
I would remember Him;  
Take the thanks of a boy!

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### THANKSGIVING GAME

The children stand in a circle, with hands clasped.  
They go toward the center of the circle and back, singing:

It is glad Thanksgiving Day!  
We will ride in Grandpa's sleigh!  
Over hill and dale we're going!  
What care we though winds are blowing?  
Who tips o'er the sleigh,  
Upon glad Thanksgiving Day?

A half-dozen children stand outside the circle. They now try to break through at any point. If any of the children succeed in breaking through the circle, the sleigh is "tipped over," all the children sit down in the circle, and the game is then begun again. If they do not break through, the song is sung as before, and the children try again to break through the circle.

As soon as a child breaks in, he may choose a child in the circle to go outside and take his place.



THANKSGIVING PRAYER

O Father, up there in the skies,  
Hear me on this Thanksgiving Day,  
And please read in my little heart  
The "Thank yous" I forget to say!

## A GOOD THANKSGIVING

Said Old Gentleman Gay: "On a Thanksgiving Day,  
If you want a good time, then give something away."  
So he sent a fat turkey to Shoemaker Price,  
And the shoemaker said: "What a big bird! How nice!  
And since a good dinner's before me, I ought  
To give poor Widow Lee this small chicken I bought."

"This fine chicken, Oh, see!" said the pleased Widow Lee;  
"And the kindness that sent it, how precious to me!  
I would like to make someone as happy as I—  
I'll give Washwoman Bidly my big pumpkin pie."  
"And, Oh, sure," Bidly said, "'tis the queen of all pies!  
Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes.  
Now it's my turn, I think; and a sweet ginger cake  
For the motherless Finnigan children I'll bake."

"A sweet-cake all our own! 'Tis too good to be true!"  
Said the Finnigan children, Rose, Denny, and Hugh.  
"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice  
To poor little Lame Jake, who has nothing that's nice."

"Oh, I thank you, and thank you!" said little Lame Jake.  
"Oh, what a bootiful, bootiful, bootiful cake!  
And Oh, such a big slice! I will save all the crumbs,  
And will give 'em to each little sparrow that comes!"

The best thing that hearts that are thankful can do  
Is this: to make thankful some other hearts too.

Selected.

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## THE TURKEY'S OPINION

"What dost thou think of drum-sticks?"  
I asked a barnyard bird.  
He grinned a turkey grin, and then  
He answered me this word:  
"They're good to eat; they're good to beat;  
But, sure as I am living,  
They're best to run away with,  
The week before Thanksgiving."

ANNA M. PRATT.



"COME ALONG AND GET DRESSED"

### WE THANK THEE

For flowers that bloom about our feet;  
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;  
For song of bird, and hum of bee;  
For all things fair we hear or see,  
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky;  
For pleasant shade of branches high;  
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;  
For beauty of the blooming trees,  
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

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### LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

The breaking waves dashed high  
On the stern and rock-bound coast;  
And the woods against the stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed.

The heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted came;  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

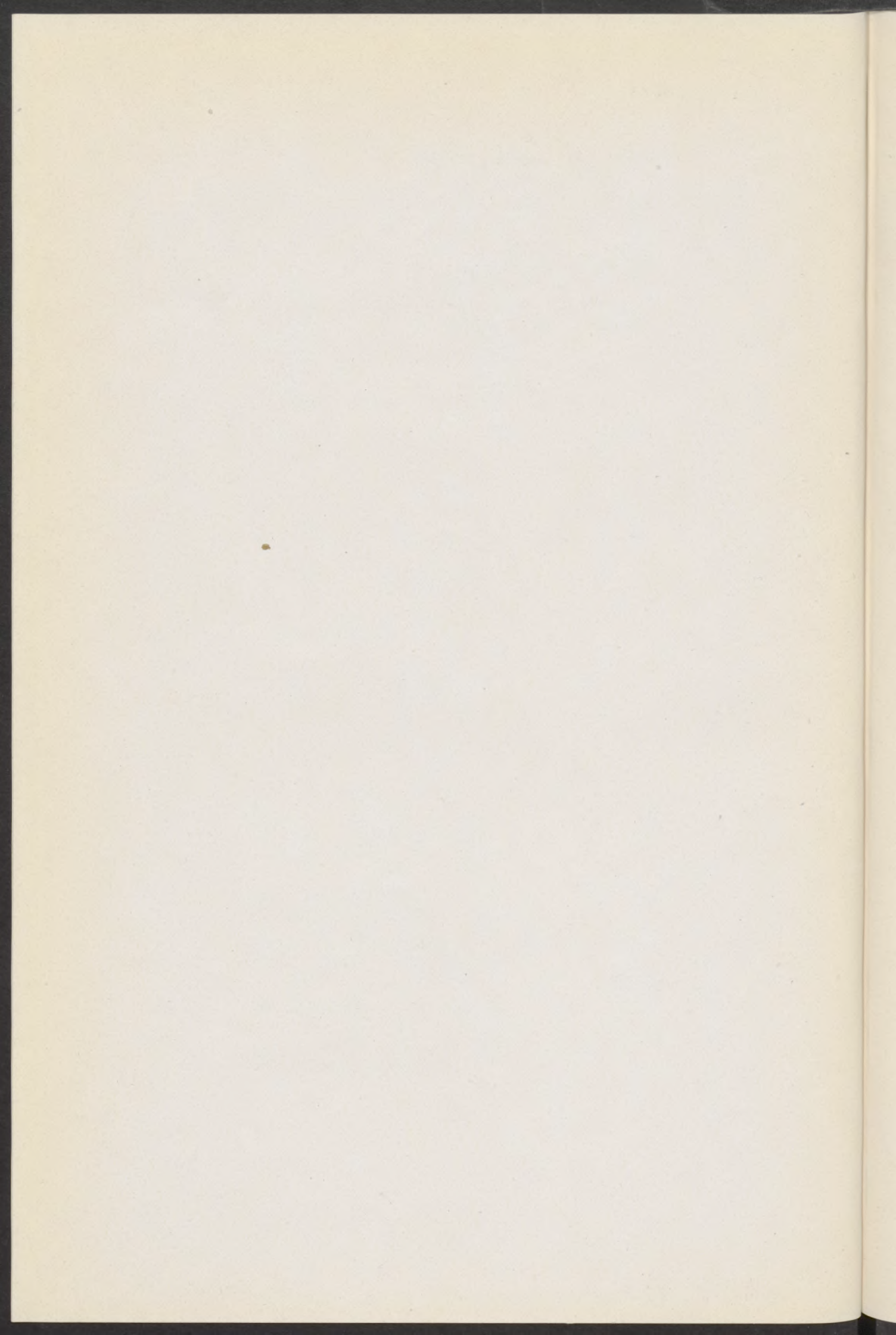
Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear;  
They shook the depths of the desert gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
To the anthems of the free!

What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—  
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod.  
They have left unstained what there they found—  
Freedom to worship God.

HEMANS.





CHRISTMAS DAY

## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE

Many different tales are told of the origin of the Christmas tree. Of all these tales there is none more beautiful than the story of St. Boniface, which many claim is the story of the first Christmas tree.

Once upon a time, many hundreds of years ago, before the people of Germany had heard of the Christian religion, they worshipped many gods, among them the great oak trees of the forest. A young man, traveling through the country and seeing the altars under the trees where the people offered sacrifices to these gods, sometimes of animals, and sometimes of human beings, decided to spend his life in teaching the people the true religion.

For many years he worked very hard, preaching, teaching and living among them. Usually they listened to him, but only a few gave up their old worship.

In the forest stood a gigantic oak called the "Thunder Oak." It was very old and very much honored by the people. For many generations they had offered sacrifices to the god Thor under this oak, which they believed was especially guarded by the mighty Thor. So long as this oak stood, St. Boniface, the missionary, saw it would be almost impossible to turn the people to another religion, however good it might be. So he determined to cut it down.

One cold winter's night, toward the end of the year, he went out to the forest where the people had gathered to celebrate the passing of the longest night of the year, and the turning of the sun toward them again. There he saw a crowd of men and women. At the foot of the Thunder Oak was a bright fire; around it was a company of white-robed priests, and in the center knelt a young boy, who was to be sacrificed to Thor. As the big hammer, called Thor's hammer, was lifted over the head of the boy, St. Boniface struck it away with the cross he carried.

Then, in the midst of the great crowd of pagans and a small group of Christians, he began to cut down the oak.

As he cut farther and farther into the heart of the tree, the people, trembling with fear, watched for the stroke from Thor, which should strike him dead. But the missionary chopped away, the chips flew all around, a crackling sound was heard in the top branches, the tree swayed and groaned, and with a terrible crash, fell to the ground. The people stood amazed—the sacred oak had fallen, and the man who dared to cut it down was unhurt.

When the tree lay on the ground, there, almost as if it had sprung from the very place where the oak had been, stood a beautiful, slender, green fir tree, straight and graceful, with its branches reaching upward to the stars that shone and twinkled in the sky above. St. Boniface saw it as a gift from heaven, and pointing to it said: "This little tree, a young child of the forest, shall be your holy tree tonight. It is the wood of peace, for your houses are built of fir. It is the sign of an endless life, for its leaves are green. See how it points upward to heaven! Let this be called the tree of the Christ-child. Gather about it, not in the wild wood, but in your own homes. There it will shelter not deeds of blood, but loving gifts and rites of kindness."

So the people took the young fir trees of the forest to their homes, and ever since, wherever this beautiful custom has spread, fathers and mothers and children gather around the green fir trees, to celebrate the birth of the Christ-child, who came to the world to put "peace on earth, good will to men" into the hearts of men and women and children everywhere.

EMMA G. SELDON.

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#### A CHRISTMAS CAROL

"What means this glory round our feet,"

The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"

And voices chanted clear and sweet,

"Today the Prince of Peace is born."

"What means that star," the Shepherds said,  
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"  
And angels answering overhead,  
Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

\* \* \*

All round about our feet shall shine  
A light like that the wise men saw;  
If we our willing hearts incline  
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand  
The simple faith of shepherds then,  
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,  
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

And they who do their souls no wrong,  
But keep at eve the faith of morn,  
Shall daily hear the angel-song,  
"Today the Prince of Peace is born."

JAMES R. LOWELL.

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### CHRISTMAS-TIME

I have always thought of Christmas-time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, generous, pleasant time; a time when men and women and little children seem by one consent to open their heart freely; and so I say, "God bless Christmas."—CHARLES DICKENS.

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### AN OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL

God bless the master of this house,  
The mistress also,  
And all the little children  
That round the table go,  
And all your kin and kinsmen  
That dwell both far and near;  
I wish you a Merry Christmas,  
And a Happy New Year.

AN OLD ENGLISH CAROL

Sing high, sing low,  
Sing to and fro,  
Go tell it out with speed,  
Cry out and shout  
All round about,  
That Christ is born indeed!

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WHILE STARS OF CHRISTMAS SHINE

While stars of Christmas shine,  
Lighting the skies,  
Let only loving looks  
Beam from our eyes.

While bells of Christmas ring,  
Joyous and clear,  
Speak only happy words,  
All love and cheer.

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O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

One of the great Christmas poems that should be taught in  
all schoolrooms.

O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by;  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary,  
And, gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.  
O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth!  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven.  
No ear may hear His coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
Be born in us today.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell;  
Oh, come to us, abide with us  
Our Lord Emanuel!

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

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#### A CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC

Thirteen children each hold a letter covered with gilt paper or holly. Teach each reciter to emphasize the two rhyme-words in his line.

Christ in Bethlehem was born, long ago on Christmas morn.  
Herald Angels sweetly sang; "Peace on earth," the chorus rang.  
Roused the shepherds from their sleep, as they lay among the  
sheep.

In the heavens a wondrous star led the wise men from afar,  
Safely o'er the desert wild, till they reached the Holy Child.  
There the new-born baby lay, cradled in the fragrant hay.  
Mary, kneeling by His side, watched Him with a mother's pride.  
All about Him stood the kine, gazing on the babe divine,  
Sleeping in the lowly manger, safely guarded from all danger.

Many a year has passed away, since that first glad Christmas day,  
Over all the earth are told those glad tidings, sung of old.  
Ring the bells with joy today! Sing the Christmas carols gay!  
Ne'er forget that holy morn, when the Prince of Peace was born!

MONIRA F. McINTOSH.

Sing, Christmas bells,—  
Sing to all men, the bond, the free,  
The rich, the poor, the high, the low;  
The little child that sports in glee,  
That Christ is born,  
The aged folk that tottering go,  
Proclaim the morn  
That saveth them and saveth me.

EUGENE FIELD.

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### SOME CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

The custom of sending the Christmas card seems to be the outgrowth of "Christmas pieces," which were popular from about 1800 to 1850. The first real cards appeared to have been printed in London in 1846, by Joseph Cumball, who admits, however, that the idea was not his own, but Sir Henry Cole's. This custom did not become popular until about 1862, since which time it has increased tremendously.

Holly grows in practically every country in the world, and as there are more than one hundred and fifty varieties, some form flourishes in every climate. The custom of using holly at the Christmas festival is one of great antiquity, and it is believed to have come from the ancient Pagan festival. It was used at Christmas by the early Christians. According to tradition, holly is the bush in which Jehovah appeared to Moses.

The custom of lighted candles on Christmas trees was probably merged into the Christian celebration of Christmas, as lighted candles were a feature of the ancient Jewish feast of dedication, or feast of lights. This was held about Christmas, and it is likely that lights were twinkling in every Jewish home in Bethlehem and Nazareth at the time of the birth of Christ. Some authorities claim that the candles are a survival of the huge "Yule" candle, used as a sign of the light that came into the world as prophesied by John the Baptist.

In former years it was the custom to have some one impersonate Santa Claus and distribute gifts to the children in person. Gradually this custom died out and the presents were left for them generally at the hearthstone. As the giver was no longer seen by the children, some explanation was necessary, and the little ones were told that Santa Claus came down the chimney, left their presents and departed the same way. Undoubtedly the poem "'Twas the Night Before Christmas," published in the United States in the early days of the nineteenth century, spread the myth enormously in the English-speaking country.

At Christmas time in the Russian provinces, as at Halloween in other countries, popular superstitions hold that it is easy to read the future. The girls read the future by breaking eggs in a glass of water and deducting their fate from the shape it takes, first leaving it before the shrine of some saint, or by pouring melted wax into cold water. The final test of fate is to put a ring of each guest into a large pan, covered with a cloth, being careful to place three bits of charcoal and small pieces of bread and salt at the psychic angles of the pan. The rings are all turned with a spoon while the girls sing songs. At the end of each song a ring is pulled out and the song that has been sung is known to foretell the future of the owner of the ring.

A. B. C.

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### A TUNEFUL CHRISTMAS

Humming a cheerful tune, Miss Carroll made her way along the narrow crowded sidewalks to her school near the Borden Silk Mills. The wind was keen, but she did not seem to notice it. She bent her head and walked briskly along, her mind full of plans for Christmas. In sheltered corners here and there she passed groups of Italian women chattering busily, their babies tucked away beneath their gaily-colored shawls. Miss Carroll nodded



pleasantly as she passed, but no signs of recognition crossed the swarthy faces; in fact, some of the women even turned their backs in marked avoidance.

The gay little song died on Miss Carroll's lips.

"Three months in Bordensville, and I am a stranger yet!" she said. And her face was very sober as she entered the quiet schoolhouse.

Those three months, from September to early December, had not been easy ones for Miss Carroll, but she had done her best to get acquainted with her pupils, and through them with their people. When she had received her appointment to the Bordensville school she knew that she had hard work before her. The district was a hard one, for the pupils were the children of the Italian mill-hands, who by reputation were noisy, quarrelsome, and vindictive. The fact that she did not understand Italian did not trouble Miss Carroll much in September, but in December it loomed up before her like a mighty barrier over which she could not seem to make her way.

"I must study Italian during vacation," she said to herself. "I *must* find the time. If I cannot reach these people in some way, how can I teach their children?"

From the first she had honestly done her best, but her efforts at friendliness were met with sullen suspicion. She had attempted to visit the homes of her pupils, but the blank unsmiling faces that greeted her at every door chilled her so that the well-meant calls were very short and unsatisfactory, and she finally gave them up entirely.

"If I cannot go to them, perhaps I can persuade them to come to me," she said to herself, hopefully. "I will get up some sort of a Christmas entertainment and invite all the parents to come. It may not succeed, but I will try it anyway."

Her first plan was very simple. She would have a little Christmas play with Santa Claus, stockings, etc. It was not easy to find a play simple enough for her little foreigners, so she dramatized a little Christmas story herself. Proud of her literary effort, she told the chil-

dren about the play and assigned the parts. The next morning trouble began.

"My father, he likes not what I tell him about the show, teacher," said Tomasso Garafano. "He licks me if I plays in school. He says I work, study hard the American, yes, teacher."

A murmur of assent from the group surrounding Tomasso showed that the sentiment was a common one. In vain Miss Carroll explained that taking part in a play was not playing it, it was really "studying the American." But her words evidently fell on deaf ears. The play was doomed.

Miss Carroll was in despair, for a general program was of course out of the question on such short notice. Day after day passed, and still she was no nearer the solution of her difficulty. They were hard days too. The boys seemed to grow more and more unmanageable, the girls more sullen. Reading seemed a grievous task, arithmetic an insurmountable difficulty, and spelling quite beyond comprehension. One period only in the day met with smiling response, and that was the time devoted to music. When the chart was drawn down, and Miss Carroll stood with pitch-pipe in hand before her class, their very faces seemed changed. They understood very little of the dry details of the lesson, but as soon as she gave them a chance to sing, they sang with all their hearts.

And one day, when they were singing, *the* idea came to Miss Carroll.

"I have it!" she said. "They love to sing, and they *shall* sing. And I'll invite the mothers to hear them. I think they will come."

The "show," as Tomasso persisted in calling it, was arranged for the last day of school preceding the Christmas holidays. Miss Carroll wrote the invitations herself and sent one to each family by her pupils.

To Miss Carroll's delight and surprise every visitor's seat was full when the eventful Friday afternoon came.

The honor of a written invitation evidently had been appreciated. The mothers came with babies in their arms. The little brothers and sisters clung to their mother's skirts, with their big black eyes staring solemnly about. The mothers sat in an unsmiling row like so many judges. To them it was evidently a formal occasion. Miss Carroll tried in vain to make them feel at home. She greeted each mother cordially, and even tried to get acquainted with the small, black-eyed toddlers, but the mothers so evidently mistrusted her advances that she hurriedly withdrew and started the program.

When the children began to sing, the mothers unbent somewhat, and when the first song was finished they nodded their heads, smiling as if well pleased. By the time the program was finished, they felt quite at home and chattered volubly to each other in their Italian patois.

The program was over and yet they made no attempt to move, but sat talking together excitedly. The children sat listening as Miss Carroll stood wondering what to do next. Tomasso Garafano fixed his questioning eyes on her face.

"What do they say, Tomasso?" Miss Carroll asked.

"My mother, she say she sing a Christmas song," he answered rather shamefacedly. "She knows not the English, teacher. Shall she sing, yes?"

"By all means," answered the surprised Miss Carroll. Tomasso interpreted her reply to his mother.

Mrs. Garafano smiled, and simply, without rising, sang:—

Dormi, non piangere,  
Gesu diletto,  
Dormi, non piangere,  
Mio Redentor.  
Quegli occhi, amabile,  
Bel Pargoletto,  
T'affretta a chiudeli,  
Nel fosco orror.  
Dormi, non piangere, etc.

CHRISTMAS HYMN

"Sleep, don't cry,  
Dear Jesus,  
Sleep, don't cry,  
My Redeemer.  
Your kind eyes, O pretty bird,  
Look fearfully about in the dark.  
Sleep, don't cry," etc.

When she repeated the refrain, the children joined with her, turning unconsciously toward her as they sang. The other women joined in the song one by one, their soft musical voices, blending with those of the children, filling the room with melody.

Miss Carroll listened spellbound. To her the row of Italian mothers with their babies in their arms looked like so many Madonnas.

"Can these be the same women who so openly avoided me?" she asked herself, as she looked into the faces softened by tender feeling. "They have good kind hearts, after all. We must be friends. We will be yet."

When the song was finished, the women rose to go.

"Thank your mother for the song, Tomasso," said Miss Carroll. "Ask her if I may have the Italian words. I must learn the song too, for I like it."

Tomasso smiled. "My mother says yes!" he said. "And they have all liked the show. They say they will come again this evening. The men they come too. Yes, teacher?"

Surprised and delighted, Miss Carroll seconded the invitation cordially, and the women, smiling and talking together, made their way out of the building, the children following close at their heels.

When evening came Miss Carroll was quite ready for her company. She had secured permission to use the schoolroom, borrowed extra chairs, and hired a Victrola for the evening.

"They shall have music," she said, "plenty of it!"

Her guests were of the same mind evidently, for when they came Miss Carroll saw that two of the men had brought their mandolins with them. The women and children came too, and the room was full.

During the general stir of gathering Miss Carroll started the Victrola, and soon the talking ceased and all listened with rapt faces to the music.

The children then sang their Christmas songs, and the parents listened, smiling. When Mrs. Garafano started her Christmas song everyone joined with her; the tenor and bass of the men's voices added much to the harmony, and the mandolins tinkled a silvery accompaniment.

But another surprise awaited Miss Carroll. The Christmas song over, the men gathered together. At a word from Arnaldo Cherubini (first mandolin player) they all joined in the Garibaldi Hymn, the stirring national air of their much beloved Italy.

MARY ELLERTON.

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## CHRISTMAS PLAYS AND EXERCISES FOR THE LITTLE ONES

### KING WINTER'S THRONE

Miss Engle wrote this entertainment for her highest grade. We think that our readers will recommend it. It is natural, simple, and the entire schoolroom appears to share in it. We recommend it to your attention.

#### CHARACTERS

King Winter—Boy dressed to represent winter. White suit with imitation white fur trimmings, scepter, etc.

December Lady—Girl dressed in bright red with holly trimmings.

Jack Frost—Small boy in white suit.

Snow Fairy—Small girl in white dress.

Shepherds—Four boys dressed in flowing robes with girdles and carrying staffs.

Wise Men—Three boys dressed in gowns that may be small sheets draped and tied about the waist with cords. Turbans of bright color.

Door Keeper, who introduces characters, in blue uniform with gilt braid.

#### SCENE

Raised platform with two chairs for King Winter and the December Lady. Chairs arranged at sides for other characters. The platform should be made a pleasing setting for the characters. Cover with green boughs sprinkled with snow. Enter Door Keeper briskly. He announces:

Door Keeper—Old King Winter.

(Enter King. Steps upon the platform. School rises and sings:)

• (Tune: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean.")

Hail to the King of the Winter!  
A welcome we offer to you;  
Here is a throne for your highness,  
And we'll be your subjects most true.

Winter, Winter,  
Sports that are glad and gay you bring,  
Winter, Winter,  
Hail to our Winter King!

*King Winter—*

Thanks, thanks, my loyal subjects;  
Your greeting gives me joy,  
For I'm sure I hold the friendship  
Of every girl and boy.

I am Old King Winter.  
I reign o'er this land today;  
But my Summer home in the Northland  
Is ever so far away.

I come when Autumn leaves you,  
The blustering winds I bring,  
And I only go when the sunshine  
Announces the return of Spring.

When I wave my icy scepter  
And loud on the winds send a call,  
Jack Frost comes to do my bidding,  
And softly the snowflakes fall.

(Rap at door.)

Door Keeper—The December Lady.

(Enter December Lady. King Winter goes to side of platform, takes the hand of December Lady and leads her to front of platform.)

*King—*

This is the December Lady,  
By everyone held dear,  
To sit on the throne beside me,  
Today I have called her here.

Now bring me a wreath of holly,  
A crown of red and green,  
While I am Old King Winter  
December shall be my Queen.

(Little girl brings wreath of holly to front of platform. The wreath may be carried on a cushion. King Winter places wreath on the head of December Lady while school, standing, sings:)

Tune: "America."

We bring to thee, our queen,  
This holly, red and green,  
To deck thy brow.  
We hail December's cold,  
Her stories often told  
Of that sweet time of old  
That's precious now.

*December Lady—*

I thank you most sincerely  
For the honor you show to me;  
With so many loyal subjects  
A happy queen I should be.

I am proud of my month December,  
'Tis the month that our Savior was born,  
When the angels sang for gladness  
On that first bright Christmas morn.

Now sing your sweetest carols  
And let every heart be gay,  
For I bring you December's blessing  
The dear, dear Christmas day.

(Song by school, standing.)

(Tune: "America.")

Long live December's maid!  
Her glory ne'er can fade,  
'Tis from above.  
We welcome Christmas day,  
Our hearts with joy are gay,  
For all along our way  
Bloom flowers of love.

(All seated.)

Door Keeper (ushering in the Snow Fairy and Jack Frost)—

Here is Jack Frost, the painter,  
With the Snow Fairy by his side.  
They are friends of Old King Winter,  
So I asked them to step inside.

*School—*

You are very, very welcome;  
Where did you come from, pray?

*Jack Frost and Snow Fairy—*

We came from the frozen Northland  
Ever so far away.

*Jack Frost—*

I paint you pretty pictures  
Wherever I find a place;  
I freeze the pond for skaters  
And I trim the trees with lace.

*Snow Fairy—*

I cover the dear seed babies  
With a blanket soft and warm;  
They sleep like tired children  
Through the winter's cold and storm.



A pupil stands and speaks:

I am sure you are kind little fairies,  
Wherever you may roam;  
Now sit beside King Winter  
Where you will feel at home.

(They sit on platform at the feet of King Winter who  
pats them on the head as they are seated.)

Enter Shepherds.

*Door Keeper—*

These are the humble shepherds  
Who watched their sheep at night,  
When the angels came in glory  
That bathed the world in light.

A pupil stands and speaks:

Oh, tell us the beautiful story,  
Dear Shepherds, of long ago;  
It will make us happy to hear it;  
'Tis a lovely story, we know.

*First Shepherd—*

We were watching our sheep on the hillside,  
When the sky was filled with a glow,  
Golden and silvery and rosy,  
Lighting up all the darkness below.

*Second Shepherd—*

Then out of the wonderful glory  
A band of angels appeared  
Singing for joy of the Savior,  
As slowly the earth they neared.

*Third Shepherd—*

"Peace on earth," they were singing  
As only angels can;  
"Peace on earth," they repeated,  
"Peace and good will to man."

*Fourth Shepherd—*

Then they told us of the Baby  
That lay in his manger bed;  
And we found the blessed Christ-Child  
With a halo of light round his head.

A pupil, standing, speaks :

Oh, that is a beautiful story ;  
Now sit and rest, I pray,  
And we will ask the Wise Men to tell us  
Of the Star they followed that day.

(Enter the Wise Men)

*Door Keeper—*

Here are the three great Wise Men  
Who watched the stars to know  
When God had sent a Savior  
To the waiting earth below.

A pupil, standing, speaks :

You are welcome here, O Wise Men!  
We are very glad to know  
That you will tell us your story  
Of that wonderful long ago.

*First Wise Man—*

When we saw that Star in the heavens  
We knew that our Savior dear  
Had left His home in glory  
To save His children here.

*Second Wise Man—*

We took rich gifts most precious,  
For our hearts were filled with joy,  
And we followed the Star to Bethlehem  
Where we found the Baby Boy.

*Third Wise Man—*

As we reverently knelt before Him,  
We offered our gifts, and then  
We thanked our Heavenly Father  
For His gift to the children of men.

A pupil, standing, speaks :

Now sit with our friends, dear Wise Men.  
We know that our Savior today  
Lives in the hearts of His children,  
Though He has gone from our sight away.

*King and December Lady—*

You have entertained us nicely  
With stories of long ago;  
Now, children, please speak some pieces  
And sing some songs you know.

A short program of songs and recitations follows, each child bowing to the King and Lady as he goes forward. The program should close with a Christmas song, all standing.

STELLA N. INGLE.

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CHRISTMAS BELLS

Used by the composer in her second-grade room as a feature of a Christmas entertainment. It was sung by a chorus of girls.

On Christmas morn, across the snow,  
We hear the church bells ring.  
Do, te, la, sol, fa, me, ra, do—  
Yes, that's the song they sing.

(Before the chorus is sung after this verse, allow two children who have previously practiced it, to play it on the piano, as a duet.)

*Chorus—*

Do, te, la, sol, fa, me, ra, do,  
(Sing in ordinary tone.)  
Do, te, la, sol, fa, me.  
(Sing as a soft echo.)  
Do, te, la, sol, fa, me, ra, do,  
(Sing in ordinary tone.)  
Me, fa, la, sol, te, do.  
(Sing as a soft echo.)

When first to school the children go,  
That's how they learn to sing.  
Do, te, la, sol, fa, me, ra, do—  
Just like the bells' "dong ding."

*Chorus—*

When music lessons first we take,  
And learn to play the scale,  
As we the notes in order take,  
You'll hear the same old tale.

*Chorus—*

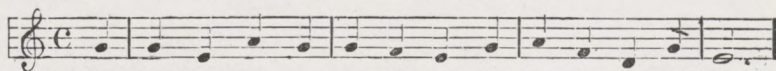
Ring Christmas bells, across the snow,  
 Tell of our Savior's birth,  
 To rich and poor, to high and low,  
 The sweetest song on earth.

*Chorus—*

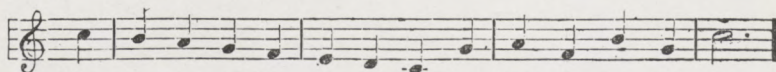
AUTHOR'S NOTE.—I would suggest that eight children be supplied with toy bells (clappers muffled) which they ring in turn as the notes of the scale are sung. I secured a very pretty effect by allowing the children with the bells to sing Phrases I and III in an ordinary tone—the remainder of the class singing Phrases II and IV as a soft echo after each respective phrase; or, if bells are not used, it is most effective to have the chorus sung all through, in ordinary tones, the first time, and repeated to "la," with the echoes.

CAROLINE CAWTHORNE.

**Music to "Christmas Bells"**

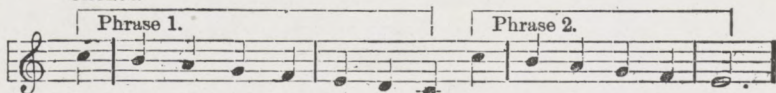


On Christ-mas morn, a - cross the snow, We hear the church-bells ring:

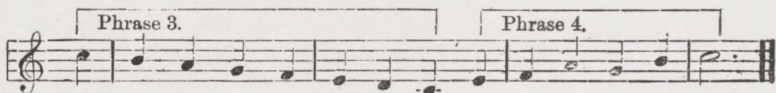


Do te la so fa me ra do, Yes, that's the song they sing.

**CHORUS.**



Do te la so fa me ra do. Do te la so fa me.



Do te la so fa me ra do. Me fa la so te do.

*Repeat Chorus using word "La."*

### MILDRED'S LETTER

The little girl who recites this may hold a sheet of letter paper in her hand and make believe that she is reading from it.

Dear Santa Claus:

Please bring a nice big doll this year,  
And lots of dolly clothes;  
But do not leave them at my house,  
Take them to Annie Rose,

Who in a dirty alley lives  
And has no pretty toys,  
But plays such noisy, foolish games  
With all her brother boys.

And I, dear Santa, I can make  
My doll do one more year,  
And, if you have some fine, new toys,  
We shall not want them here.

There are more Annies in the world,  
Mamma says: will you go  
And give them all your prettiest things?  
And I will love you so!

And then, if any you have left,  
Dear Santa, don't you see,  
You might just hang up one or two  
On our big Christmas tree.

LITTLE MILDRED.

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### WHY DO BELLS FOR CHRISTMAS RING?

Why do bells for Christmas ring?  
Why do happy children sing?

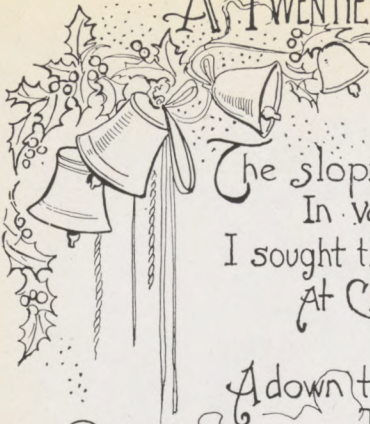
Once a lovely, shining star,  
Seen by wise men from afar,  
Gently moved until its light  
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay  
Pillowed soft upon the hay,  
And its mother sang and smiled,  
"This is Christ, the Holy Child."

Therefore Christmas bells do ring;  
Therefore happy children sing.

# A TWENTIETH CENTURY MADONNA

BY ADELAIDE  
REYNOLDS  
HALDEMAN.



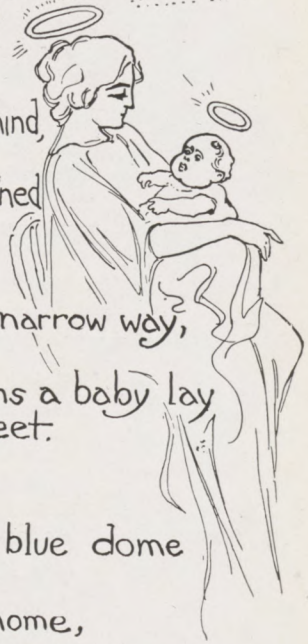
The sloping street ran down from Nabob Hill,  
In vaunting pride,  
I sought the lower town—'twas cold and still—  
At Christmastide.

Adown the narrow street toward tenment row,  
Through humble door,  
Where shadows lurked, of sickness, want and woe,  
And dank bare floor.

Where over-crowded dens, with smoked 'grimed walls  
Lived toiling folk,  
Where factory boom and hurried engine calls  
The silence broke.

I thought of homes of wealth, I'd left behind,  
Where air was sweet,  
Where fortune's favored ones in luxury dined  
And light hearts beat.

When—like a vision on the narrow way,  
Divinely sweet,  
Within the mother's arms a baby lay  
beside the street.



In calm content beneath the great blue dome  
She sat at rest,  
A lowly mother in her simple home,  
Her babe at breast.



Illustrated by  
HOWARD MACON.

A slender matron of a score of years,  
With soft brown eyes;  
Full of delights that trembled into fears,  
Young-mother wise.

Bending, she gazed upon the little head,  
Nor heard the din,  
Her lips drawn up to bless, were tender, red,  
Her Heav'n within.

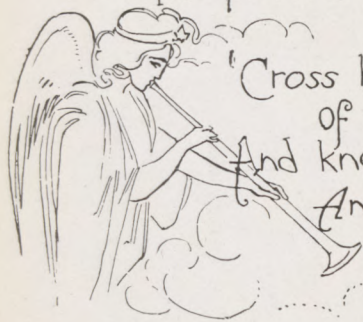
And, fainter than her cheeks' autumnal rose,  
A pale sweet glow  
Lay round her, as if wings in white repose  
Guarded her so.

Methought it was the magic color made  
By some old brush;  
A halo like a light within a shade,  
A holy hush.

I knew no time—my spirit scarce awoke—  
Nor fevered air;  
Nor clanging bell through rattling engine's smoke  
Made echo there.

I stood in Bethlehem; heard "Peace on Earth"  
That sacred Morn,  
Where in a manger—Oh, Imperial birth!  
The Christ was born.

And then, before immortal works of yore,  
That men revere,  
But each Madonna paled and shrunk before  
The picture here.



'Cross barrier of years I gained the land  
of tend'rest Art,  
And knew the golden masters, hand to hand  
And heart to heart.

GOOD WILL TO MEN





#### A MESSAGE OF THE CANDLES

Groups of three or more children are preferable to one child. The costumes are easy to make. Take two strips of cheesecloth cut long enough just to escape the floor and sew up on either side—like a pillow case. This is slipped over the child's head, and tied around the neck. The caps are of orange crepe paper, cone-shaped, with a few touches of red at the top, to imitate flame.

This little exercise was given by the author in her primary room, Weehawken, N. J.:

*All—*

Little candles bright are we,  
Sparkling on the Christmas tree;  
Children raise a happy shout  
When our little lights shine out—  
Dance and sing and laugh with glee,  
When we twinkle on the tree.

*First Group—*

White the light of Christmas peace—  
In its rays all quarrels cease.

*Second Group—*

Red our candles glow with love,  
Sent at Christmas from above.



*Third Group—*

Christmas hope is ever seen  
When burn bright our candles green.

*Fourth Group—*

Truth, the thought we bring to you  
In the light of candles blue.

*Fifth Group—*

Warmth and light and Christmas cheer  
In our yellow flames appear.

*All—*

Shining on the Christmas tree,  
Happy thoughts we bring to thee;  
Ever may our memory throw  
O'er the path on which you go  
Light, by which the Christmas cheer  
May be yours throughout the year.

HELEN L. SHERWOOD.

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THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

Over the hills of Bethlehem  
A white star hung one night;  
The low gray walls of the little town  
All lay in a silvery light.

Over the hills of Bethlehem  
Three wise men came from far;  
"Where is the baby King," they said,  
"Who leadeth us by His star?"

Over the hills of Bethlehem  
The great white star hung low;  
And they found the King on a manger throne,  
Alight with the star's soft glow.

The gentle shepherds were at His feet,  
And over the manger throne—  
A pale and radiant star of love—  
The face of the Mother shone.

Over the hills of Bethlehem,  
To herald the kingly birth,  
The angel choirs in gladness sang  
Of joy and peace on earth.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

### A CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC

This may be used as a recitation for fourteen children. Each child recites one line, holding in his hand a card on which is printed the initial with which his line begins.

Merry glad Christmas is here once again.  
Each Christmas carol bids "Good will to men."  
Red are the berries, and green is the tree,  
Rich are the presents for you and for me.  
Yule logs are blazing; then ope wide the door.  
Christ gave His love to the rich *and* the poor.  
Hang up the stockings, a dangling row.  
Ring out the glad bells across the white snow.  
In the still hours, list, girls, and list, boys!  
Santa Claus comes with his sleighful of toys!  
Take your full stockings, but think ere you play  
Many a poor child has no Christmas Day.  
And with this sharing, this "Good will to men!"  
Singing, we welcome glad Christmas again.

MARY E. JACKSON.

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### BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS

A dialogue between a little girl who represents Susie and a larger one who represents Mother. They stand before a fireplace. Susie has a tiny stocking in her hand. Susie should be a bright little actress with an enthusiastic manner.

*Mother—*

Hang up the baby's stocking,  
Be sure that you don't forget;  
The dear little dimpled darling,  
She never saw Christmas yet.

*Sister Susie—*

But I've told her all about it,  
And she opened her big blue eyes,  
And I'm sure that she understood me,  
She looked so funny and wise.

*Mother—*

Dear, dear! what a tiny stocking!  
It doesn't take much to hold  
Such little pink toes as baby's  
Away from the frost and cold.

*Sister Susie—*

But then for the baby's Christmas  
It never would do at all.  
Why, Santa Claus wouldn't be looking  
For anything half so small.

*Mother—*

I know what we'll do for baby—  
I've thought of the very best plan:  
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,  
The longest that ever I can.

*Sister Susie—*

And you'll hang it up by mine, dear mamma,  
Right here on the corner—so,  
And write a letter to Santa,  
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking  
That hangs in the corner here;  
You never have seen her, Santa,  
For she only came this year,

But she's just the darlinest baby!  
And now, before you go,  
Just cram her stocking with goodies  
From the top clear down to the toe."

EMILY H. MILLER, in the Horace Mann Second Reader.

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#### TO SANTA CLAUS

A small boy stands before a fireplace and announces his Christmas wishes.

Dear Santa Claus, I'll let you know  
The few things that I need,  
And if you'll bring them to me  
I'll be much obliged, indeed.

I want a horse and wagon  
And a boat that's painted red,  
An elephant, a jumping-jack—  
You need not bring a sled,  
For I have one, very pretty,  
But I want a trotting-horse,  
A man who wheels a wheel-barrow,  
And candy, too, of course.

Now, Santa dear, you'll not forget,—  
I wish you'd write them down,  
And leave them all at my house  
When you journey through the town.

---

PREPARATION

There's a stir and a start among thousands of toys—  
Think of it, think of it, dear little boys!  
Thousands of dollies are brushing their curls—  
Think of it, think of it, dear little girls!  
Santa is coming with reindeer and sleigh,  
And softly and swiftly he'll speed them away;  
When you find in your stocking he's left some for you,  
You'll know by that token my story is true.

*Selected.*

---

A CHRISTMAS TREE FARM

When I am a man I will buy a farm  
As big as I can see,  
And set it all out as thick as grass  
With many a Christmas tree.

---

A GROUP OF CHRISTMAS POEMS

These poems have been used by the author in her primary  
room at Belleville, N. J.

OLD SANTA CLAUS

Old Santa Claus is coming soon,  
He'll sure remember me,  
For I am trying very hard  
A real good child to be.

MY HOPE

I hope you'll have plenty of turkey,  
I hope you'll have plenty of pie;  
I hope they'll agree with the pudding  
And not cause you pain by and by.

A QUERY

Dear Santa, oft I've wondered—  
I pray you, tell me true—  
How you come down the chimney,  
It seems so hard to do.

My mother couldn't tell me.  
She says she thinks you shrink.  
I know that's not the secret  
For I'm sure I saw her wink

At father who was smiling,  
Tho' looking very wise;  
'Tis really quite a puzzle  
To little folks my size.

AN ALARMING POSSIBILITY

Glad Christmas day is coming,  
When all good girls and boys  
Have turkey for their dinner,  
And get fine dolls or toys.

And I shall hang my stocking;  
But Father said last night  
That if I were no better  
I'd see a sorry sight

When Christmas morning comes around,—  
I'd find within that stocking  
No gifts at all—just *lumps of coal*—  
Now wouldn't that be shocking!

So QUEER

Down through the moonlight,  
Through cloud and o'er steeple,  
Old Santa Claus comes  
To all good little people.

His sleigh is crammed full  
Of fine presents and toys—  
There are dolls for the girlies,  
And drums for the boys.

Now isn't it queer,  
When so full is his sleigh,  
That nothing gets broken  
Or lost by the way?

And isn't it odd  
That you never can hear  
The tiniest sound  
Of those prancing reindeer?

LILIAN M. JONES.



### CHRISTMAS STAR

(Tune: "Lightly Row.")

Christmas star, Christmas star,  
Shining o'er the hills afar;  
Christmas star, Christmas star,  
Lovely shining star.

Message bright, message bright,  
Told the star that joyful night;  
Message bright, message bright,  
Told the shining star.

Peace on earth, peace on earth,  
Sweet peace came with Jesus' birth;  
Peace on earth, peace on earth,  
And good will to men.

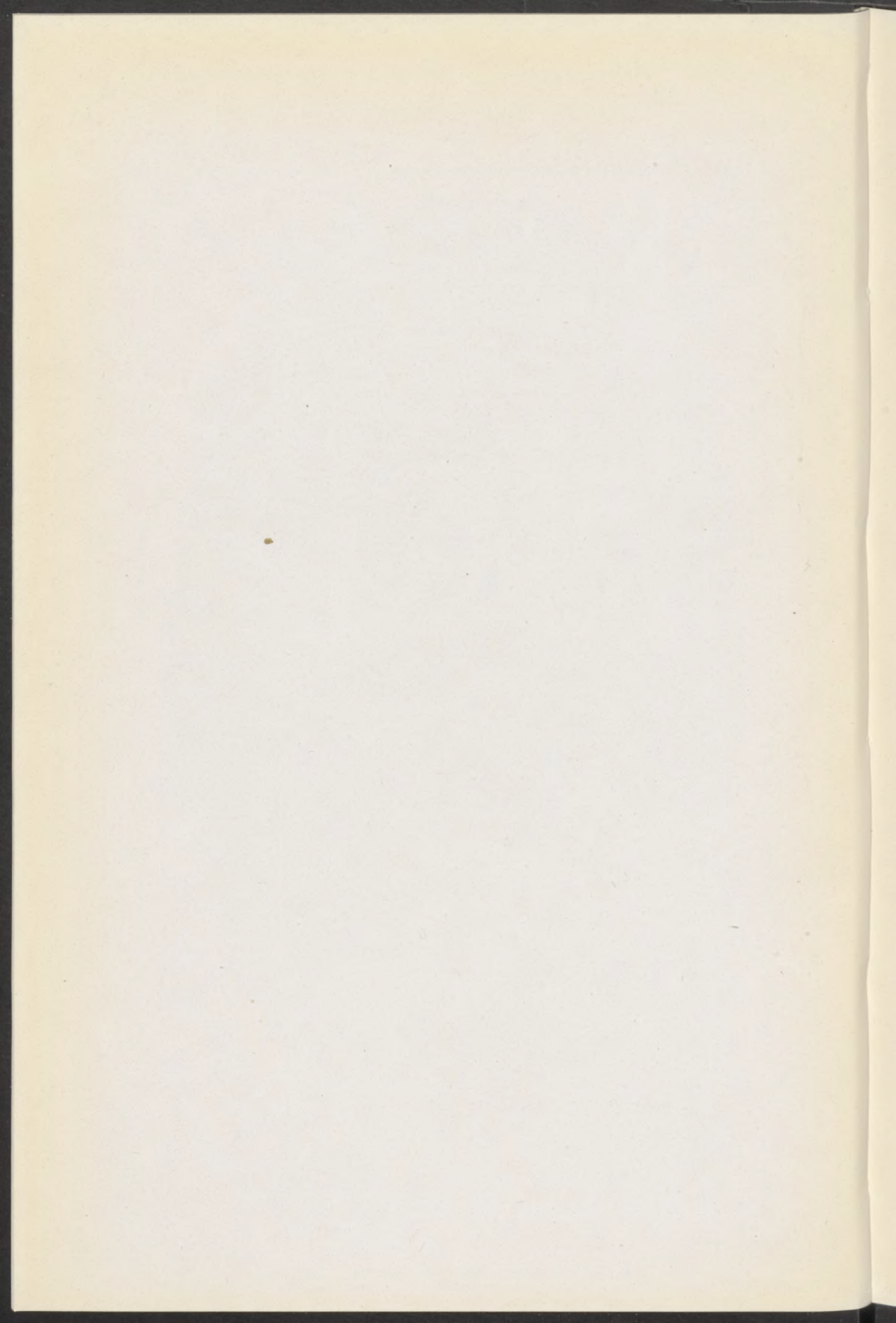
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### MY DOLLIE

Little girl holds a doll behind her until she recites the first line.

Would you like to see my dolly?  
Her dress is just washed clean,  
And I know you'll think her bonnet  
Is the sweetest ever seen!

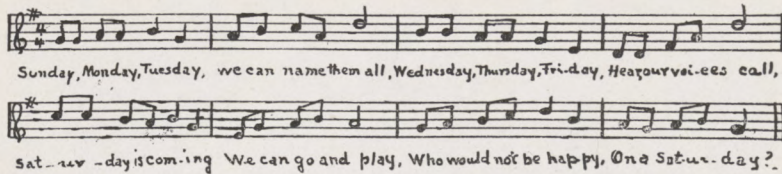
It was Santa Claus that brought her,  
When I was fast asleep,  
He wrote it in a letter  
That she's all my own to keep.





NEW YEAR'S DAY

## Song of Days



### NEW YEAR PLAY

(Little girls, wearing white dresses and carrying baskets full of small pieces of white paper, recite:)

*First—*

I heard the Old Year pass last night,  
With the snowflake fairies pure and white,

*Second—*

I heard him laugh with a merry: "Ho, ho!  
Good-bye, good-bye! On my way I go."

*Third—*

The little New Year came tripping along,  
Singing and singing a right merry song.

*Fourth—*

We'll sing and dance, as all fairies do.  
A Happy, Happy New Year to you!

(All scatter pieces of paper from their baskets, whirl and sing—tune, "Lightly Row"):

Snowflakes fall, snowflakes fall!  
See them lightly cover all!  
Snowflakes white, snowflakes white,  
Are a pretty sight.  
January now is here;  
So we greet the glad New Year.  
Snowflakes fall, snowflakes fall,  
Softly thro' the night!

(They skip off. Enter New Year and the Months. The Months wear pasteboard shields or girdles containing their names. The Days also bear their names.)

*New Year—*

I am the rollicking glad New Year;  
I am very glad to meet you here.  
Ring, sweet bells, so loud and clear,  
To welcome in the glad New Year!

(Bells are rung behind the curtain.)

*Months—*

Who are we? Who are we?  
Merry Months, as all can see.  
Who are we? Who are we?  
The Months, as all can see!

*New Year—*

Welcome, Months! The time draws near  
To wish you all a glad New Year.

*January—*

In January comes the snow,  
And the glad New Year, you know.

*February—*

In February banners gay  
Float for Washington's Birthday.

*March—*

In March the merry winds are blowing.  
What care we for ice and snowing?

*April—*

In April, 'mid the sun and rain,  
Flowers spring up once again.

*May—*

In May, when apple blossoms blow,  
Round the May Pole we will go.

*June—*

In June we sing a merry tune.  
Glad vacation is coming soon.

*July—*

In July, our glad July,  
Rockets soar up toward the sky.

*August—*

In August dusty goldenrod  
Springs up where the fairies trod.

*September—*

In September school bells ring;  
All the birds are on the wing.

*October—*

In October overhead  
All the leaves turn yellow and red.

*November—*

In November get the sleigh;  
Soon will come Thanksgiving Day.

*December—*

In December, if you please,  
We will trim the Christmas trees.

*New Year—*

Merry Months, so glad and true,  
Bring happy days to me and you!

(Enter *Jack Frost*)—

Little Jack Frost comes tripping along  
Over the hill-tops, with laughter and song,  
With a tinkle of bells and a merry "Ho, Ho!"  
Little Jack Frost is coming, you know.  
He sings to the river: "Ha, ha, I will freeze you!"  
He sings to the children: "Ho, ho, I will tease you!"  
Little Jack Frost comes tripping along  
Over the hill-tops, with laughter and song.

---

WHICH?

Which will you be,  
Bond-slave or free?  
Through the year's span  
Which will you heed—  
Honor—or Greed,  
Mammon—or Man?

The Old Year's gone the destined way of time and all mortality,  
With all its good and all its bad, its woe and comicality;  
With all its love and hate and strife, its loafing and its laboring;  
Its placid victories of peace, its warriors fiercely savoring;  
We've left it all behind us, and we're not at all regretting it.  
The Old Year's very, very dead; so let us be forgetting it!

But now the New Year claims the stage. And what shall be our  
attitude?  
Shall fellowship have larger room? Shall love have greater lati-  
tude?  
Will *you* make life a sweeter thing, the world a place more lyrical  
With laughter and with joyous song, or selfish and satirical?  
Will you go grumbling through the days, with sullen thoughts and  
smoldering,  
Or trample through the crowded ways your fellows roughly shoul-  
dering?

Gold is indeed a goodly thing, and pleasant is the touch of it,  
And man should seek to earn his share—but never think too much  
of it.  
And when gold means the world to you, and all life takes the  
hue of it;  
When gold means more than faith and friends, it's time to change  
your view of it.  
"A man must live!" That's true enough—a proverb of veracity;  
And yet he needn't live a slave to money-mad rapacity.  
The Old Year's finished, ended, done! To speak of it is vanity.  
How will you serve throughout the *New*—for Gold or for  
Humanity?

Which will you be,  
Bond-slave or free?  
Through the year's span  
Which will you heed—  
Honor—or Greed?  
Mammon—or Man?

BERTON BRALEY.

TODAY

Sure, this world is full of trouble—  
I ain't said it ain't.  
Lord, I've had enough, and double,  
Reason for complaint.  
Rain an' storm have come to fret me;  
Skies were often gray;  
Thorns an' brambles have beset me  
On the road. But, say,  
Ain't it fine today!

What's the use of always weepin',  
Makin' trouble last?  
What's the use of always keepin'  
Thinkin' of the past?  
Each must have his tribulation—  
Water with his wine.  
Life it ain't no celebration.  
Trouble, I've had mine—  
But today is fine!

It's today that I am livin'—  
Not a month ago;  
Havin', losin', takin', givin',  
As time wills it so.  
Yesterday a cloud of sorrow  
Fell across the way;  
It may rain again tomorrow—  
It may rain. But, say,  
Ain't it fine today!

*Argonaut.*

---

It is the sadness of life that there is never any going back. The hour, with its opportunity, its own individual beauty, comes but once.

MYRTLE REED.

UNCONSCIOUS POWER

More than he knoweth, man doth have dominion;  
Thought, grown to word or deed,  
Sweeps toward the future, as on airy pinion  
Sweeps the wind-wafted seed.

True, it may seem to perish; toward drear places  
Its aimless flight may fare;  
Yet, it may show, for other years and faces,  
Some fruitage sweet and rare.

Or thorns may grow, upon some far-off morrow,  
From seeds but idly cast;  
And life be dimmed with an inherent sorrow,  
Sown in the unknown past.

Vain is the toil which seeks but wealth and glory;  
Fame's loftiest tower may fall.  
He liveth best in deeds, if not in story,  
Who seeks the Good of All.

ADELAIDE R. HALDEMAN.

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Be gentle! Unto griefs and needs  
Be pitiful as woman should;  
And, spite of all the lies of creeds,  
Hold fast the truth that God is good.

WHITTIER.

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He who has learned to obey will know how to command.—**SOLON.**

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost: that is where they should be. Now put foundations under them.—**THOREAU.**

Faithfulness in little things fits one for heroism when the great trials come.—**LOUISA M. ALCOTT.**

He who freely praises what he means to purchase, and he who enumerates the faults of what he means to sell, may set up a partnership with honesty.—**LAVATER.**

Threefold the stride of Time, from first to last:  
Loitering slow, the Future creepeth;  
Arrow-swift, the Present sweepeth;  
And motionless forever stands the Past.

SCHILLER.

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### A NEW YEAR PLEDGE

As life is measured by what we put into the world, I  
shall make this year more valuable than any previous one  
by crowding more service into it.

*Commoner.*

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### OPPORTUNITY

I am the treasured hope, the dream, the deed;  
The living courage and the faith you need  
To brave the even road of daily toil,  
And master trifles that you else would spoil;  
I am the certain answer to your need.

I am the sign from heaven sent to lead;  
The lonely star that waited through the night.  
Knowing that men would need my gleam of light,  
I am the dark that frightened them to prayer,  
And made them learn to call on God, and care  
For sonship as a little child should care.

I am the mocking pain that follows vice;  
The flaming sword that shuts out paradise;  
I am the grief that sobs itself to sleep;  
I am the sleep that all men's sorrows keep  
Safe from themselves—spotless, without a flaw.

*Outlook.*



### OPTIMISM

There's a bad side, 'tis the sad side—  
    Never mind it!  
There's a bright side, 'tis the right side—  
    Try to find it!  
Pessimism's but a screen,  
Thrust the light and you between;  
But the sun shines bright, I ween,  
    Just behind it!

JEAN D. FRANKLIN.

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### THE LITTLE NEW YEAR

Why, here you are, you little tot!  
You hove straight in, right on the dot.  
Well, now, I do declare you are  
The brightest Baby Year so far!  
And I've seen sixty, all just new,  
Start on this trip the same as you.

I've given them welcome, one by one,  
And watched them till their work was done.  
They marched along into the past,  
Each an improvement o'er the last.  
And, judging by your looks, I'll bet  
You'll be the very best one yet!

ANNE P. JOHNSON.

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### A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Just at the turn of the midnight,  
    When the children are fast asleep,  
The tired Old Year slips out by himself,  
Glad of a chance to be laid on the shelf,  
    And the New Year takes a peep

At the beautiful world that is waiting  
    For the hours that he will bring;  
For the wonderful things in his peddler's pack;  
Weather, all sorts, there will be no lack,  
    And many a marvelous thing!

Flowers by hosts and armies;  
Stars and sunshine and rain;  
The merry times and the sorrowful times;  
Quickstep and jingle and dirge and chimes,  
And the weaving of joy and pain.

When the children wake in the morning,  
Shouting their "Happy New Year,"  
The year will be started well on his way,  
Swinging along through his first white day,  
With the path before him clear.

Twelve long months for his journey!  
Fifty-two weeks of a spell!  
At the end of it all he'll slip out by himself,  
Glad of a chance to be laid on the shelf,  
At the stroke of the midnight bell.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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#### ON THE DEATH OF THE YEAR

When the snows grow bold, and the stars are cold,  
And the winter night winds prey;  
When the ice holds fast, and the world is cast  
In a mold of white and gray;  
Then the gloaming falls on the sky's soft walls,  
And the lights of the dark are hung,  
While the hushed year lies under brooding skies  
Where the censer moon is hung.  
Then the silence speaks over plains and peaks,  
And the hush of life draws near,  
Till the screaming wail of the wind and hail  
Sounds the death song of the year.

LILLIAN LAUFERTY.

A Flower unblown; a Book unread;  
A Tree with fruit unharvested;  
A Path untrod; a House whose rooms  
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes;  
A Landscape whose wide border lies  
In silent shade, 'neath silent skies;  
A wondrous Fountain yet unsealed;  
A Casket with its gift concealed—  
This is the Year that for you waits  
Beyond Tomorrow's mystic gates.

HORATIO N. POWERS.

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It's easy enough to be pleasant  
When life flows on like a song;  
But the man worth while  
Is the man who can smile  
When everything goes dead wrong.

ELLA W. WILCOX.

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WHATEVER IS, IS BEST

I know, as my life grows older  
And mine eyes have clearer sight  
That under each rank Wrong somewhere  
There lies the root of Right;  
That each sorrow has its purpose,  
By the sorrowing oft unguessed;  
But, as sure as the sun brings morning,  
Whatever is, is best.

I know that each sinful action,  
As sure as the night brings shade,  
Is sometime, somewhere, punished,  
Though the hour be long delayed.  
I know that the soul is aided  
Sometimes by the heart's unrest;  
And to grow means often to suffer;  
But whatever is, is best.

Selected.

### THE NEW YEAR

We are standing on the threshold; we are in the opened door;  
We are treading on a borderland we have never trod before.  
Another year is opening, and another year is gone.  
We have passed the darkness of the night; we are in the early  
morn;  
We have left the fields behind us o'er which we scattered seed;  
We pass into the future which none of us can read.

The corn among the weeds, the stones, the surface mold,  
May yield a partial harvest: we hope for sixty-fold.  
Then hasten to fresh labor—to thresh, and reap, and sow;  
Then bid the New Year welcome and let the Old Year go;  
Then gather all your vigor; press forward in the fight;  
And let this be your motto: "For God and for the Right."

Selected.

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### DO IT NOW

Lose this day loitering—'twill be the same story  
Tomorrow, and the next more dilatory;  
Then indecision brings its own delays,  
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.  
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute—  
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.  
Courage has genius, power, and magic in it.  
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated—  
Begin it, and the work will be completed.

GOETHE.

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### SOME DAY

A kindly nurse shall come some day  
To us, with solemn mien, and say:  
" 'Tis time to go to bed and sleep."  
And we, mayhap, shall sigh or weep  
To leave our playthings and our play,  
And pray a longer while to stay.

But she, unheeding our alarms,  
Shall fold us close within her arms,  
Until, upon her mother breast,  
We sink at last to sleep and rest,  
And wake to read in angel eyes  
Our welcome sweet to Paradise.

ZITELA COCKE.

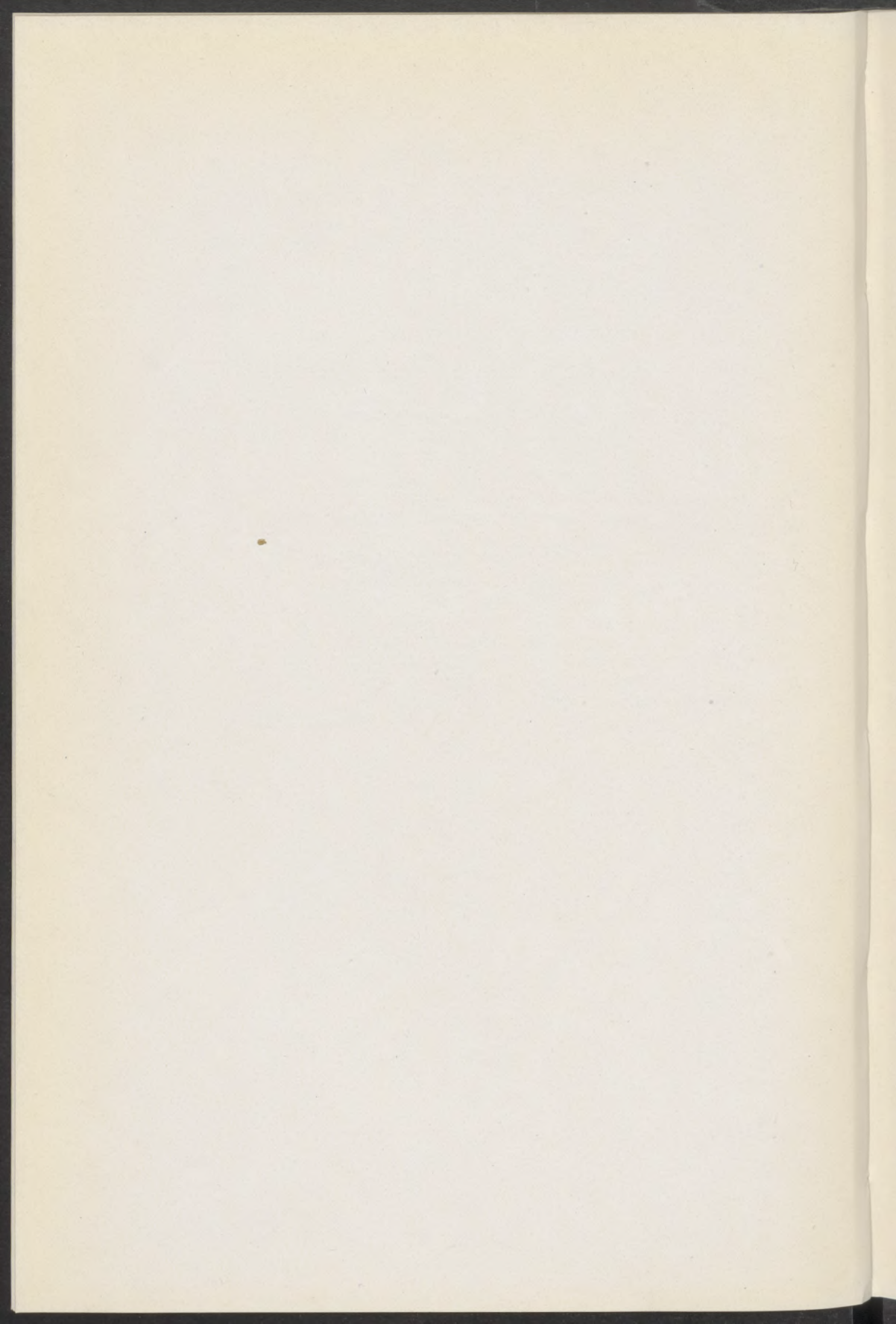
### IN GOD'S KEEPING

The star-light, the bright, shining star-light,  
Illumines the blue dome o'er head;  
The moon-light, the soft, silv'ry moon-light,  
Falls on the dear graves of our dead.  
The earth in her orbit doth run,  
Controlled by the central sun;  
The planets sweep onward apace  
Through limitless oceans of space.

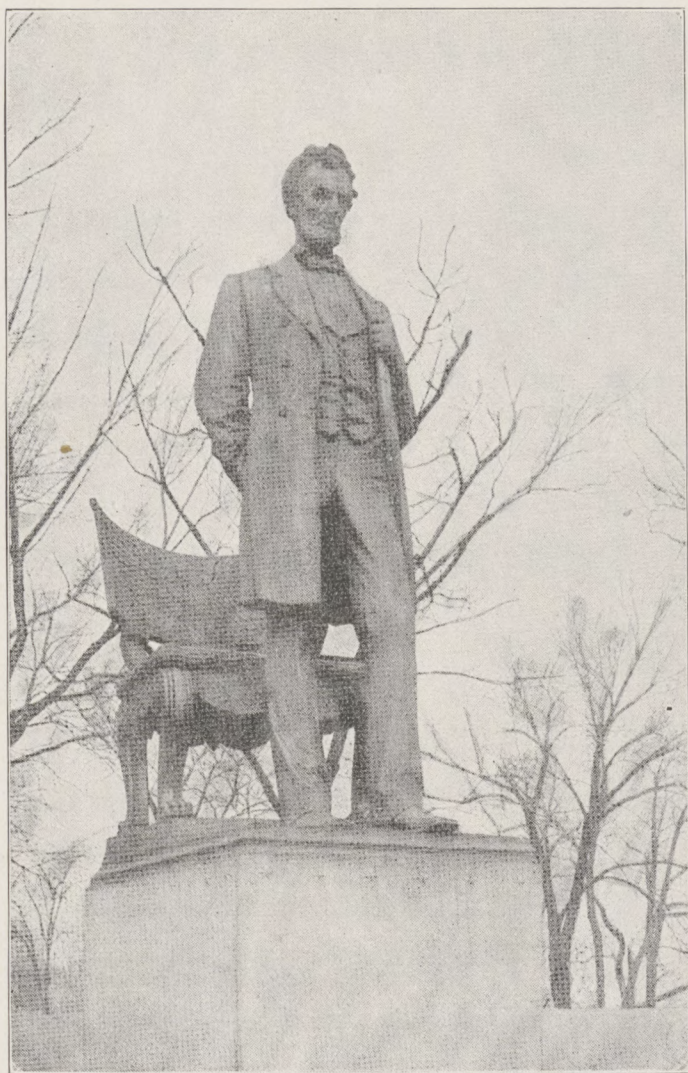
The star-light, the bright, shining star-light,  
Beautifies the blue dome o'er head;  
The moon-light, the soft, silv'ry moon-light,  
Surrounds the dear graves of our dead.  
Time passes, with steady, still stream;  
Years seem like the flow of a dream;  
Loving friendships, with their warm rays,  
Scatter blessings through all the days.

The sun-light, the bright, blazing sun-light,  
Makes brilliant the blue dome o'er head;  
The moon-light, the soft, silv'ry moon-light,  
Lights up the dear graves of our dead.  
God watches us through the long years;  
We hear His "All's well" 'midst our fears;  
Though the way be rugged and steep,  
His love shall eternally keep.

ARTHUR E. HAYNES.



LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY



LINCOLN



LINCOLN

I know of no other name  
Among the names well known to fame  
That shines with so clear a flame  
As the name of Lincoln.

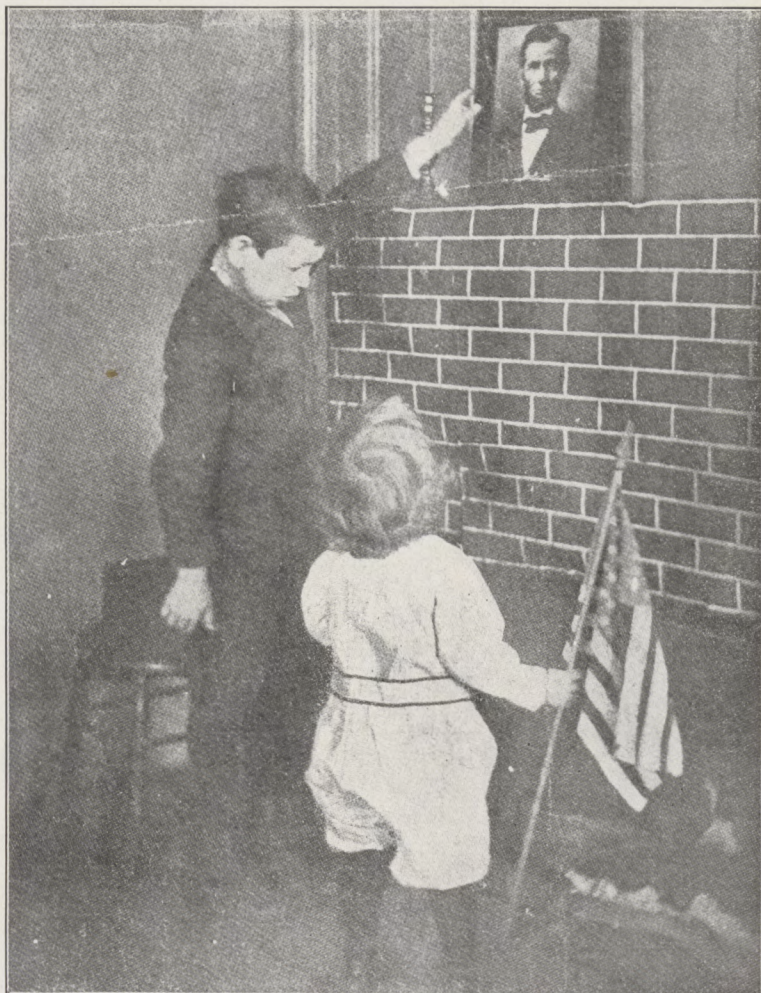
I know no other hand more strong  
To shield the right and crush the wrong,  
Nor to guide a restless throng,  
Than the hand of Lincoln.

There are no other feet I know  
That, at the call of pain and woe,  
So quickly and so surely go  
As the feet of Lincoln.

I know no other heart that bleeds  
More quickly at another's needs,  
Or more scorns dishonest deeds,  
Than the heart of Lincoln.

I know no other soul more pure,  
More free from guile of gold's bright lure,  
Servant on earth, of heaven sure,  
Than the soul of Lincoln.

ELVA J. SMITH.



—From Normal Instructor

LINCOLN

Out of the shadows we see him rise—  
Face that is haunting, and sorrowful eyes.

Scarred by his burden and bowed 'neath its weight;  
Slave to a mission and shackled by fate.

Poor was the soil where his schooling began;  
Rugged the boyhood that molded the man.

Prone with his book by the flickering blaze—  
What saw he there in the hearth's ruddy blaze?

Slowly he rose while the Fates gave no sign,  
Fitting himself for that labor divine.

Deep in the shadows we see him again—  
Savior, and martyr, and brother of men!

W. R. ROSE.

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Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves; and, under a just God, cannot long retain it.

If all that has been said by orators and poets since creation in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them full justice for their conduct during the war.

I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go.

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

No man is good enough to govern another man without that other man's consent.

Why should there not be confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?

Repeal the Missouri Compromise, repeal all compromises, repeal the Declaration of Independence, repeal all past history, still you cannot repeal human nature.—From LINCOLN'S speech at Peoria, Ill., October 16, 1854.

## LINCOLN'S LOVE OF THE SONG "DIXIE"

This popular song was written by Daniel Decatur Emmet. Born near Mount Vernon, Ohio, October 29, 1815, he left home while young, spending some twenty years traveling in the South. He first played the air on a southern tour before the Civil War, but it was not made public until 1859, in New York, while he was a member of "Bryant's Minstrels." After a performance he was asked to write a new song for the following week. He composed the "Walk Around," as it was called, and took it to the rehearsal Monday morning. It became very popular in the South during the Civil War. A special performance for the cause was given in New Orleans in the fall of 1860. A national march and song was wanted for the final chorus. Many songs and marches were tried, but none seemed satisfactory until "Dixie" was played. It was unanimously accepted and was given at the performance. Soon it was taken up by the people, and became the most popular of southern songs.

President Lincoln was an admirer of the tune. After the surrender at Appomattox he requested the band to play "Dixie," remarking: "As we have captured the Confederate army, we have also captured the Confederate tune, and both belong to us."

From that day to this "Dixie" has been a general favorite. "Its beginning was in the minstrel show; it was dedicated as a Battle Song by the South in the Civil War; and in its last estate it has place among the enduring music of the Union."

Arranged by H. G. R. W.

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### DIXIE

I wish I was in de land of cotton!  
Old times dar are not forgotten.  
Look away, look away, look away—  
Dixie land!

In Dixie land, whar I was born in,  
Early on one frosty mornin'.  
Look away, look away, look away—  
Dixie land!

Chorus

Den I wish I was in Dixie! Hooray, hooray!  
In Dixie's land  
I'll take my stand,  
To lib and die in Dixie!  
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!  
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

*First Child—*

I speak of Lincoln, the little child  
Whose home was in the backwoods wild;  
Who, ere he reached the age of ten,  
Worked with his ax, as a man among men.  
Little he knew of childhood's joys;  
Nothing of childhood's games and toys;  
What he called home, a cabin rude,  
All his surroundings rough and crude.

*Second Child—*

I speak of Lincoln, the half-grown lad,  
In simple home-spun garments clad;  
Working by day, learning by night;  
Reading his books by the pine-knot's light;  
Writing letters for backwoodsmen,  
Who could use a rifle, but not a pen;  
Garnering wisdom patiently;  
Ever striving wiser to be.

*Third Child—*

I speak of Lincoln, the awkward youth;  
Honest, industrious, lover of truth;  
Splitting fence rails with careful pains,  
To earn his clothing of home-made jeans;  
Now in a flat-boat, then in a store,  
But thinking and learning more and more;  
Awkward, unpolished, but doing each day  
All that he could in the very best way.

*Fourth Child—*

I speak of Lincoln, the young man who  
Steadfastly did what he found to do;  
Facing all trouble with calmness and grit;  
Winning all hearts by his wisdom and wit;  
In his spare moments studying law,  
Till came the moment that he was called for  
To serve in the legislature of his state,  
Where his first laurels were won in debate.

*Fifth Child—*

I speak of Lincoln, the statesman brave,  
Boldly espousing the cause of the slave;  
Hated by some with a terrible hate;  
Well loved by others, and deemed good and great;  
Earnest in manner, simple and true,  
But forcible, soul-stirring, eloquent too;  
Heedless of ridicule, censure, or slight;  
Saying and doing the things he thought right.

*Sixth Child—*

I speak of Lincoln, the ruler great,  
Who wisely guided the ship of state,  
When war's fierce storm swept over the land,  
And peril loomed dark on every hand;  
Calm and undaunted, at the wheel  
He steadfast stood through woe and weal,  
Until the seas grew calm once more,  
And the stout ship came safe to shore.

HOPE NELSON.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be!  
How in good fortune and in ill the same!  
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he!  
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few  
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—  
As one who knows, when there's a task to do,  
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow;  
That God makes instruments to work His will,  
If but that will we can arrive to know,  
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

## LINCOLN

Fate struck the hour—

A crisis hour of Time.

The tocsin of the people, clanging forth  
Thro' the wild South and thro' the startled North,  
Called for a leader, master of his kind,  
Fearless and firm, with a clear, foreseeing mind;  
Who should not flinch from calumny or scorn;  
Who in the depth of night could ken the morn;

Wielding a giant power

Humbly, with faith sublime,

God knew the man His sovereign grace had sealed;  
God touched the man, and Lincoln stood revealed.

J. L. H. in *Outlook*.

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## LITTLE BOY ABE

Little Boy Abe had a homely face,  
But his heart was kindly and true;  
And I think that I will try to be  
Like Little Boy Abe—wouldn't you?

Little Boy Abe had an awkward way,  
But his thoughts were noble and wise;  
And I think a boy can be like him,  
If hard, very hard, he tries.

Little Boy Abe dressed in homespun clothes,  
But his wit was keen and bright;  
And I think a boy will never be dull  
If he thinks with all his might.

Little Boy Abe was very poor,  
But he did his best every day;  
And I think a boy can do his best, too,  
If he follows Little Abe's way.

Little Boy Abe grew into a man  
Beloved by the people all;  
And I'm going to try to grow great, like him,  
Even if, now, I am small.

VIRGINIA BAKER.

"IF I HAD THIS OR THAT—"

When Abraham Lincoln was a lad,  
And lived in a hut in the wood,  
No books, no lamp, no time he had;  
And yet it is understood  
He trudged many miles to borrow a book.  
The light of the flickering fire he took,  
And studied whenever he could.  
And none of his friends ever heard him say,  
In a self-excusing and hopeless way:  
"If I had this or that, I would."

When Joan of Arc was a little maid,  
Untutored, gentle, good,  
And France was conquered and dismayed  
By England's masterhood,  
She had no wealth nor armament;  
Alone with her faith, the little maid went  
And freed her land as she could.  
And nobody ever heard her say,  
In a listless, longing, empty way:  
"If I had this or that, I would."

When young James Watt sat by the fire  
And watched the burning wood,  
He saw the kettle's lid mount higher—  
Observed and understood.  
He had no need of a laboratory  
To plan his great steam engine's glory;  
He used his eyes as he could.  
And he never once was heard to say,  
In a shiftless, thriftless, futile way:  
"If I had this or that, I would."

If now you will read your histories o'er  
(As I earnestly think you should),  
The fact will impress you more and more,  
In the lives of the great and good,  
That they were those who never held back  
For circumstance or material lack,  
But arose and did what they could;  
And never a one was heard to say,  
In the weak, surrendering, doubting way:  
"If I had this or that, I would."

STELLA G. S. PERRY.



## WHY PRESIDENT LINCOLN WOULD NOT APPOINT THEIR NICE FRIEND TO OFFICE

A dozen Congressmen had spoken for him, as a delightfully good fellow; and Mr. Lincoln replied: "I once steered a raft down the Mississippi River, and it went along delightfully with the current; but I didn't meet any rafts going up-stream. They were all steamboats."

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### LINCOLN'S PROMISE

Once, when Abraham Lincoln was a member of Congress, a friend criticised him for his seeming rudeness in declining to test the rare wines provided by their host, urging as a reason for the reproof: "There is certainly no danger of a man of your years and habits becoming addicted to its use."

"I mean no disrespect, John," answered Lincoln, "but I promised my precious mother, a few days before she died, that I would never use anything intoxicating as a beverage; and I consider that promise as binding today as it was the day I gave it."

"There is a difference between a child surrounded by a rough class of drinkers and a man in a home of refinement," insisted the friend.

"But a promise is a promise forever, John; and when made to a mother it is doubly binding," replied Mr. Lincoln. *Children's Friend.*

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### LINCOLN

With life unsullied from his youth,  
He meekly took the ruler's rod,  
And, wielding it in love and truth,  
He lived, the noblest work of God.  
He knew no fierce, unbalanced zeal,  
That spurns all human differings,  
Nor craven fear that shuns the steel  
That carves the way to better things.

And in the night of blood and grief,  
When horror rested on the ark,  
His was the calm, undimmed belief  
That felt God's presence in the dark;  
Full well he knew each wandering star  
That once had decked the azure dome  
Would tremble through the clouds of war,  
And, like a prodigal, come home.

He perished ere the angel Peace  
Had rolled war's curtains from the sky;  
But he shall live when wars shall cease—  
The good and great can never die;  
For, though his heart lies cold and still,  
We feel its beatings warm and grand,  
And still his spirit pulses thrill  
Through all the councils of the land.

Oh, for the hosts that sleep today,  
Lulled by the sound of southern waves!  
The sun that lit them in the fray  
Now warms the flowers upon their graves—  
Sweet flowers that speak like words of love  
Between the forms of friend and foe.  
Perchance their spirits meet above,  
Who crossed their battle-blades below.

Selected.

---

The doors of opportunity are marked "Push" and  
"Pull."

The present, the present is all thou hast  
For thy sure possessing.  
Like the patriarch's angel, hold it fast  
Till it yield its blessing!

Know the true value of time; watch, seize, and enjoy  
every moment of it.—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Pass no day idly; youth does not return.—Chinese  
proverb.

As we have opportunity, let us work that which is  
good toward all men.—*Bible*.

Some people walk by the golden gate of an opportunity, thinking that it is just a brass door that opens upon nothing in particular.—M. P. S.

Men who are resolved to find a way for themselves will always find opportunities enough; and if they do not lie ready to their hand, they will make them.—SAMUEL SMILES.

Opportunities do not come with their values stamped upon them.—MALTBIE D. BABCOCK.

Time goes, you say? Ah no!  
Alas, Time stays; we go.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Hope was ever on her mountain, watching till the day begun,  
Crown'd with sunlight—over darkness—from the still unrisen sun.

TENNYSON.

In life's small things be resolute and great,  
To keep thy muscle trained: Knowest thou when Fate  
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee:  
"I find thee worthy; do this deed for me"?

LOWELL.

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### LINCOLN'S OWN STORY

I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where a year or two later he was killed by the Indians, not in a battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both

families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the state came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond "readin', writin', and ciph-erin'" to the rule of three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store.

Then came the Black Hawk war; and I was elected a captain of volunteers—a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went through the campaign, was elected, ran for the legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten—the only time I ever have been beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During this legislative period I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was once elected to the lower House of Congress. Was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practiced law more assidu-

ously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics; and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

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; dark complexion, with coarse dark hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.—  
Springfield, December 20, 1859.

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#### THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG

A cloud possessed the hollow field—  
The gathering battle's smoky shield.  
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,  
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,  
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then, at the brief command of Lee,  
Moved out that matchless infantry,  
With Pickett leading grandly down,  
To rush against the roaring crown  
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns,  
A cry across the tumult runs—  
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods  
And Chickamauga's solitudes—  
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah! how the withering tempest blew  
Against the front of Pettigrew!  
A Khamsin wind that scorched and singed  
Like that infernal flame that fringed  
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;  
A thousand died where Garnett bled;  
In blinding flame and strangling smoke,  
The remnant through the batteries broke  
And crossed the works with Armistead.

WILL H. THOMPSON, an Ex-Confederate Soldier.

## DOUBLE CELEBRATION ON LINCOLN'S ANNIVERSARY

"It's my birthday in just one week," exclaimed Edward.

"And the birthday of Lincoln as well," said mother.

"Then we'll have to celebrate both birthdays at once," said sister Lill.

"Then why can't I ask Miss Haines home to dinner?" suggested the lad.

"I shall be pleased to have you," replied Mrs. Day. "I'm glad that my young son cares so much for his teacher as to want her to have a part in the celebration."

During the week abundant preparations were made for the celebration when Edward was to invite his Sunday-school teacher to his home to dine with him. In the meantime he had contributed to the birthday fund of his Sunday school, not only as many cents as he was years old, but likewise as many cents as there were years which had elapsed since the birth of Lincoln; and a candle had been burned to represent each year of his own life.

The birthday dinner, which mother had prepared, was indeed an excellent one. The turkey was baked as brown as could be, and all of the "belongings" which went with it tasted as they generally do at Thanksgiving; and the dessert was equally as tempting, especially the birthday cake, which had at one end a large D made of candies and standing for Day, and at the other a large L, made in a similar fashion, and standing for Lincoln. As to the ice-cream, there were two kinds, and Edward said that two kinds were needed, since the celebration was a double one.

After dinner all gathered in the library and had a social hour. Mother had planned a special Bible service, in which the six people present—father, mother, Aunt Mary, Miss Haines, Lill, and Edward—were given each a letter and asked to find passages in the Bible whose initial letter was like the one held. The letters were LINCOLN. Then father told the story of the life of the great President, and a pleasant afternoon was passed, not

the least enjoyable part being the presentation of the birthday gifts to Edward, one of which was the "Life of Lincoln."

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LINCOLN  
(Slain April 14, 1865)

The centuries,  
Under command,  
Each counting God's decrees,  
Must choose a land  
Wherein shall stand  
One human height the rest exceeding,  
That all the world was needing—  
And henceforth sees.

Whereto liken?  
In the far time  
A mighty soul was stricken,  
And fearful burden bearing  
Was undespairing;  
Under a mystic rod  
That never man had known before—  
Yet to Moriah's mountain top he bore—  
And felt for God!

Was it dim pantomime  
Of greater one whose heart must sicken  
At duty, seeming crime?  
How did our pulses quicken,  
Beholding in his eyes  
A soul that burned in sacrifice,  
But with a faith sublime,  
Dowered as that of old to climb  
And force the yielding of the skies!

Like Father of the Faithful, his beloved  
He bore to height that moved  
Eternal Justice; and a Voice  
That thrilled the earth bade all the bound rejoice.  
But for himself, with sorrows bent,  
Message was sent;  
And thro' all nations went  
Eulogy of lament.

A. A. B. CAVANESS.

## EXERCISE FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

(Children enter one by one, recite, and then remain standing in a half-circle.)

*First Child*, carrying model of log-cabin or picture of Lincoln's birthplace:

In a Kentucky log-cabin Abraham Lincoln was born on February 12, 1809. The cabin had only one room, with a huge outside chimney, a dirt floor, and skins hung up over the open doorway. The baby was named Abraham after his grandfather.

*Second Child*, bearing fur cap with tail hanging down:

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were poor people, who were obliged to make clothing for themselves and their children as best they could. When the little boy was able to run around, he wore a linsey-woolsey shirt, deer-skin trousers and moccasins, and a coon-skin cap with the tail hanging down behind. He grew so fast that his clothes always appeared too small for him.

*Third Child*, with Bible and spelling-book:

Schools in Kentucky were very poor indeed. Lincoln's first teacher did not know how to write nor to make figures, but he taught the boy to read in the five or six weeks that the school kept. The only books that the Lincolns had at this time were a Bible, a spelling-book, and a catechism, and these the little Abraham read over and over again.

*Fourth Child*, with wooden shovel:

The only schoolhouse in that region was four miles away from the Lincoln cabin. Mr. Hazel kept school there for eight or ten weeks. Abraham and his little sister walked to this school and back, not being absent a single day. Here the pupils learned to write and to make figures, as well as to read. Abraham had no paper; so he would practice writing his name in the snow in winter, or in the soft earth of the garden in summer. He used a piece of



charcoal and a board, or even his mother's fire shovel, for figuring.

*Fifth Child, with ax:*

When Abraham was eight years old the family moved to Indiana. Mr. Lincoln moved part of the goods on a flat boat, but this tipped over in the Ohio River, and many of the goods were lost. Little Abraham was obliged to help his father cut the poles for their new camp, and from this time until he was a man he used the ax nearly every day. This made him very strong, and he became one of the best wood-choppers in the country.

*Sixth Child, with a written letter:*

The hardships of life in Indiana were too great for Mrs. Lincoln, who was a delicate and refined woman. She died and was buried when her boy was only nine years old. There was no minister within a hundred miles, but little Abraham was not satisfied to have no funeral service; so, as his father could not write, the boy wrote a letter to Parson Elkins, asking him to come and preach a funeral sermon. This was the first letter that Lincoln ever wrote, but after that he often wrote letters for the neighbors, many of whom could neither read nor write.

*Seventh Child, with story-book:*

After Abraham's mother died he was very sad for a long time. To cheer him, his father borrowed some books for him to read. They were "Pilgrim's Progress," "Aesop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," and "The Life of Washington." He read all these through more than once, and some of them he almost learned by heart. He was much impressed by the greatness and truthfulness of Washington, and when asked what he would like to be when he grew up, he said that he should like to be President. It did not seem very likely at that time that a poor boy in a backwoods cabin would ever be President of the United States.

*Eighth Child*, with toy bureau :

The furniture in the Indiana cabin had all been made by Mr. Lincoln and Abraham. The tables and stools were rough slabs of wood with legs fitted in; there was one bedstead made of rough poles, but Abraham slept on a pile of dry leaves in the loft. When his stepmother came to live there, she brought a fine bureau, a table, a set of chairs, and other furniture, so that the house took on a more comfortable appearance. The second Mrs. Lincoln became very fond of Abraham, and she often said that he was the best boy she ever knew.

*Ninth Child*, with toy gun :

Pioneer boys were obliged to learn to shoot; for in this way much of the food for the family was obtained; and there were often wild cats and other wild animals to be killed, too. The first thing that Abraham shot was a turkey, and he was much excited by his good luck. He never was very fond of hunting, as he much preferred a book to a gun. He was very kind-hearted; he would not let the other boys tease even the lowest animals. He acted as peacemaker when the boys wanted to quarrel.

*Tenth Child*, with newspaper :

Lincoln was a great story-teller and speech-maker. He also loved to write compositions and poetry. Although most of the people about him used whiskey freely, he never would touch a drop of liquor. He wrote a long composition on the subject of "Temperance," which was so good that the editor of a temperance paper was glad to publish it.

*Eleventh Child*, with two silver half-dollars :

After a time Abraham built a flat boat to use upon the river. One day two gentlemen drove down to the river and asked the boy to take them and their trunks out to meet the steamer, which he did. For this service they each paid him half a dollar—the first money that

Lincoln could call his own. The thought that by honest work he had earned a dollar seemed to make a man of him.

*Twelfth Child*, with picture of President Lincoln:

The poor boy continued to work hard and to study whenever he had opportunity. He wrote:

“Good boys who to their books apply  
Will all be great men by and by;”

but he little thought how great a man he himself would be. When our country needed him, Lincoln was called to be its leader, and he became the sixteenth President of the United States.

(All sing the following song to the tune of “Auld Lang Syne”):

When Lincoln was our President  
He was both good and great;  
So brave in war, so strong in peace,  
So wise in school and state.

*Chorus*

Then raise a song in Lincoln’s praise,  
Of Lincoln’s greatness sing!  
Let Lincoln’s name and Lincoln’s fame  
A-down the ages ring!

A thousand tongues swell Lincoln’s praise;  
A thousand hearts respond,  
While young and old throughout our land  
Unite in common bond.—*Chorus*.

Unfurl the banner to the breeze,  
And lift the standard high!  
Enshrined in loyal, loving hearts,  
Our Lincoln cannot die.—*Chorus*.

(Enter standard-bearer with American flag:)

This is the flag that Lincoln loved,  
The flag men died to save;  
It stands for freedom, truth, and peace.  
Long may its colors wave!

(Salute to the flag by whole school.)

MARY A. STILLMAN.

## THE GREATNESS OF LINCOLN

Washington and Lincoln are regarded as the two most distinguished Americans. Theirs is a superlative greatness. In character and achievements they overtop all the other illustrious sons of our country. Not only this; they rank among the foremost of the world's greatest men of ancient and modern times. This supreme honor has not been arbitrarily awarded to Washington and Lincoln. To Washington belongs the credit of establishing the Republic; to Lincoln is due the praise of saving it intact to be the home of freedom when sectionalism threatened its very existence. Could any other Colonial leader have done the work that Washington did? Would any of Lincoln's contemporaries have succeeded so well as he as chief executive during the Civil War?

According to Carlyle, great men are good company. The lessons of Lincoln's life have a value for us. Nearly half a century has passed since his tragic death, but the lapse of time has not dimmed his glory. He stands peerless among his fellows in statesmanship and moral heroism. His public services are appreciated now as never before. We now fully realize that he was the chief figure in a great period of history.

The appearance of a great man is always something of a mystery. In the case of Abraham Lincoln it is especially hard to account for his rise from poverty and obscurity. Unlike Washington, who belonged to the aristocracy, Lincoln sprang from the common people. By accident of birth he seemed doomed to live and labor in a humble sphere, but he felt within him the stirrings of ambition and forged to the front in spite of adverse circumstances, until he reached the highest position in the gift of the American people. A rugged constitution, natural ability, wit, shrewdness, good sense, tact, honesty, and other sterling qualities contributed largely to his advancement; and yet we must confess that something more went to the making of Lincoln. Growing up in a

pioneer settlement, and spending most of the years of his manhood in a western commonwealth, he was brought in contact with all sorts and conditions of men except the gilded aristocrat; so he was in the fullest sense an American product—a man of the people, a man with a conscience. But when all this is said, something is left unexplained. We cannot account for Lincoln unless we hold, with Shakespeare, that “There’s a divinity that shapes our ends.”

Lincoln was born in a backwoods log-cabin. However, it would be a mistake to suppose that his parents were “poor trash.” On the contrary, they were good, religious people, and some of his ancestors were above the average in property and intelligence, though their names are not enrolled in Burke’s “Peerage.”

Abraham, the second child of Thomas and Nancy Lincoln, seems to have owed more to his mother than to his father. Mrs. Lincoln was a superior woman, who left a lasting impress on her son, although the death angel called her when he was only nine years old. Possessed of little book lore—she could read, but not write—she nevertheless was a strong-minded woman of excellent and genuine piety. From her he seems to have inherited his serious temperament, relieved and brightened at times by that spirit of playfulness that was a characteristic of the great War President.

Of Lincoln it could be said, if of anyone, that he was a self-made man. We rightly emphasize the importance of early training—of the help that the schools afford the boy of today. Lincoln had few educational opportunities in his childhood and youth. His mother taught him to read, and the schoolmasters of the wilderness gave him a start in writing and ciphering. He put in only three months of the year at school, such as it was. During the spring, summer, and fall the lad was doing outdoor work or hunting. He got, all told, a year’s schooling; and yet, by dint of perseverance, he acquired some knowledge and intellectual discipline, handicapped as he was in his

efforts to obtain an education. To the father's honor be it said that he recognized the genius of his son and encouraged him in the pursuit of learning. He borrowed books of neighbors for the boy to read. Abe eagerly devoured the lives of Washington and Henry Clay; also, "Robinson Crusoe," "Aesop's Fables," "Pilgrim's Progress," the Bible, and a few other volumes that he read and re-read. Later it was his good fortune to get hold of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare. At the age of twenty he had gained what may be called a fair education; for a mind like Lincoln's extracts meat out of works that most young persons of our day would throw aside as unpromising material. Moreover, this youth digested what he read; he was observing; and he assimilated facts and ideas gleaned from conversation. When older, he studied law by himself, and mastered Euclid in intervals of leisure. He also attacked books of history and political economy. Public questions interested him, and he ran for the legislature when only twenty-five. Thenceforth politics and law absorbed his attention. He served one term in Congress, and declined the nomination for governor of Illinois. Meanwhile he had "stumped" the state and debated with Douglas. As the years passed, he grew in popularity as a campaign orator. His speeches were full of strong arguments and quotable phrases that stuck like a burr in the minds of his hearers. Because of his position on the slavery question he became the logical candidate of the new Republican party for President in 1860.

The year of 1861 was a memorable year in American history. A crisis had been reached in the long struggle between North and South over slavery. During the closing months of Buchanan's administration secession was in the air in the southern states. Before Lincoln assumed the reins of government he foresaw the conflict that was ere long precipitated. He felt weighed down by a sense of the responsibility resting upon him as the President-elect, but was sustained by a firm trust that he would have the aid and support of the Almighty Being.

However skeptical Lincoln may have been in his early manhood, he was then and throughout the rebellion a man of faith and prayer.

Lincoln was severely tested and savagely criticised in the first year of his administration. He showed his greatness by his devotion to impersonal ends—he knew how to sink his private feelings for the public good. He had an old grudge against Stanton, but this did not prevent him from selecting Stanton for the post that he was eminently qualified to fill as secretary of war. There were other strong men in the cabinet upon whom he could rely. Masterful men as they were, they recognized the superiority of their chief.

Looking back to those dark days in the light of experience, we can see when Lincoln made mistakes; but even his failings “leaned to virtue’s side.” The war dragged on four years. Napoleon would have made quick work of the secessionists—he would have crushed the rebellion in a short time. But—who would wish Lincoln to be a cruel, heartless Napoleon? It was better for the President to be patient and forbearing. When a boy, and afterward as a lawyer, he was ever a peacemaker; and such he tried to be when head of the nation. For a long while Lincoln did not give up the hope of getting the rebels to adopt voluntary abolishment of slavery; he proposed to compensate the slave-owners; but they would have none of his plan of “compensated emancipation.” It was his sense of fairness that caused him to make this concession, time and again, to the southerners. He hated slavery, and he prized liberty—the dearest treasure of mankind; yet he waited and put off freeing the blacks from bondage because he wanted to see the quarrel between the free states and slave states settled justly and amicably. Thus he hoped bloodshed would be brought to an end. His paramount object was to save the Union. He considered the matter seriously in all its lights before he acted. To an anti-slavery committee visiting him he made this solemn declaration: “Whatever shall appear to be God’s will, I

will do." With long-suffering patience he hesitated till forbearance ceased to be a virtue. His course seemed plain, and the slaves were freed from bondage.

President Lincoln's peace policy does him credit. Not until he was convinced that it was necessary as a war measure did he issue the Emancipation Proclamation. It was magnanimous in him to try to meet the foe half-way.

Lincoln's noble nature was displayed later, when the fortunes of battle favored the North. The majestic Gettysburg speech breathes a fine spirit, as does his Thanksgiving proclamation of 1863, which is a classic, marked by lofty sentiment and felicitous expression. Perhaps the noblest of his public utterances is his second inaugural, in which he spoke those unsurpassable words:

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

Whatever other qualities belong to greatness of intellect, it must have depth and simplicity. Lincoln's thinking was characterized by depth and simplicity to a rare degree. His sayings were so incisive that they were remembered by his audiences. His power of putting things tersely and clearly made his appeal effective with the average man. The people understood him; they reposed the utmost confidence in his judgment and wisdom; they believed that he would do that which was for the best in the long run. Nor did he betray them or mislead them. This was the secret of his popularity and his far-reaching influence. Here was a man whose hold on his countrymen made him a tower of strength to the cause he espoused. Lincoln's mentality was greater than that of Washington, and in practical common-sense he ranks as the equal of Washington. It may be his was not

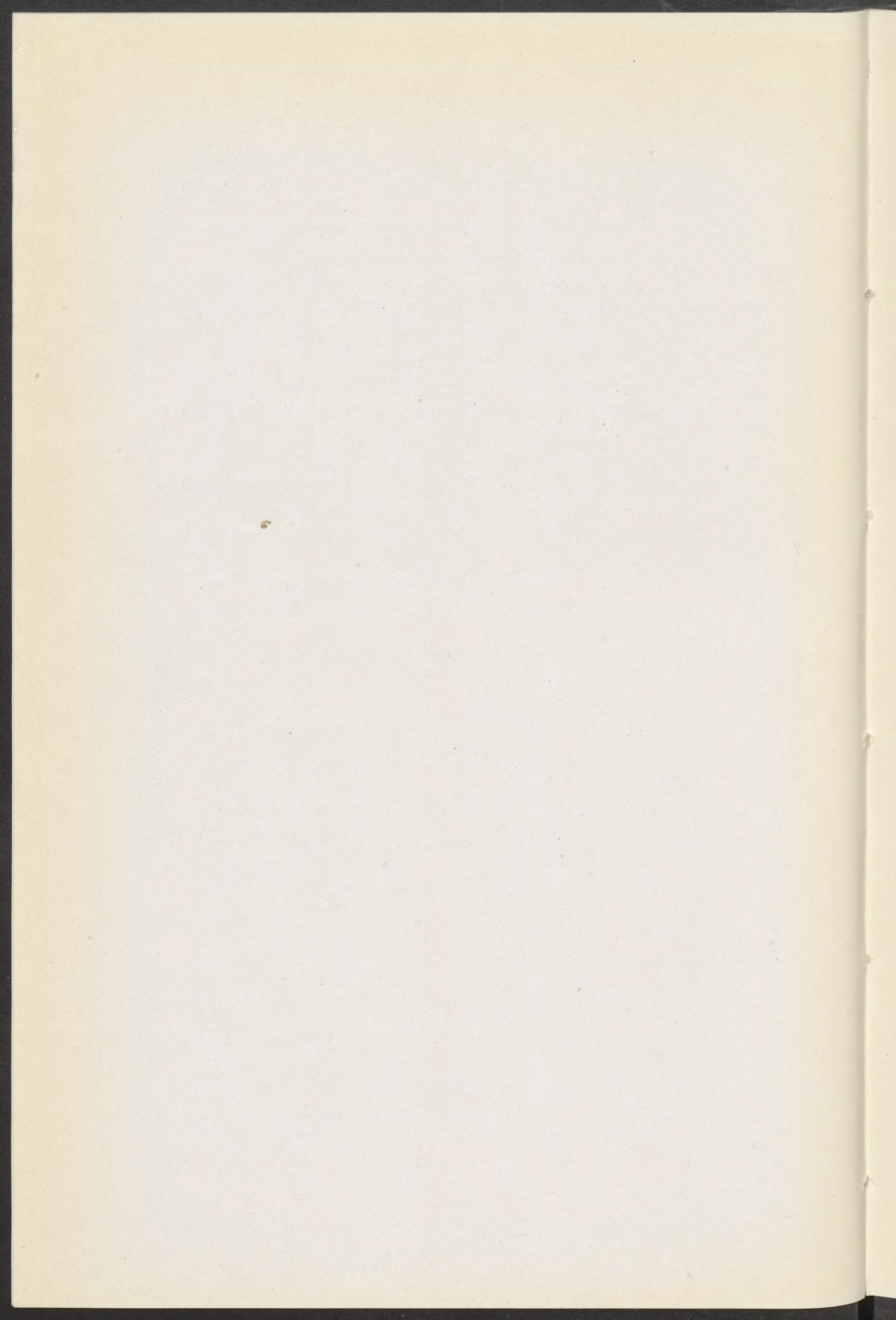


so great a mind as Webster's, but Webster was addicted to some bad habits from which Lincoln was free. He did not drink or smoke or swear. He was never boastful or proud. He was faithful to his wife. He loved truth and justice. He was above deceit and trickery.

Lincoln was an open-minded man, ready "to correct errors when shown to be errors," and to adopt new views when they "appeared to be true views." There was never a more conscientious man in the world.

Fortunate is the the nation that has a cautious, far-sighted pilot of the ship of state in time of storm and stress. Can we not reverently say that God raised up the great and good Lincoln to be our leader when the Union cause most needed him? A masterful man, a merciful man, a humorous man, a religious man, a tremendously earnest man, was the martyred Emancipator whom Americans love and revere.

EUGENE PARSONS.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

## A VALENTINE

I know a little maiden—  
Just the sweetest one, I'm told;  
Her eyes are truest blue, her tresses spun of gold;  
A red, red rose for love of her soft kissed her on the cheek,  
Just above a roguish dimple where a smile plays hide-and-peek.  
Such a pretty little maiden—would you like to know her, too?  
Such a dainty little maiden—she looks just like you.

I know a little maiden;  
So loving is her word  
That echo laughs in music whene'er her voice is heard;  
The sunbeams frolic with her as a sister-sprite, I ween;  
The flowers bend to greet her, and are proud to crown her queen.  
Everybody loves her, and I love her leal and true.  
Such a precious little maiden could none other be—but you.

EDITH GILES.

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## VALENTINE DAY EXERCISES

### APRON MOTION SONG AND DRILL

(Tune: "There's Music in the Air." For eight little girls, wearing white dresses and heart-shaped aprons made from red crepe paper.)

(1) St. Valentine is here—  
Jolly saint we love so well;  
And hearts do now appear; (2)  
Words of love to all they tell.  
Hearts held high (3) and hearts held low, (4)  
Hearts of crimson brightly glow,  
Tripping left (5) and tripping right. (6)  
Valentine's Day brings delight.

These hearts we'll softly sway, (7)  
These bright hearts all glowing red.  
Behind (8) each heart so gay  
We will quickly hide each head.  
Then we'll wave (9) them in the air;  
Hearts, bright hearts are everywhere.  
Now each flutt'ring heart can rest. (10)  
Valentine's Day is the best.

#### MOTIONS

(1) Children march on platform with hands rolled up in aprons. (2) Unroll aprons. (3) Take hold of bottom of heart and lift it up against chest. (4) Return to former position. (5) Two side steps to left. (6) Two side steps to right. Repeat steps during last line. (7) Unpin aprons. Hold at shoulder level and sway right and left. (8) Hold hearts in front of faces. (9) Wave above heads. (10) Hold hearts in position of aprons.

#### DRILL

(1) March right and left. Meet at back of platform. March down center, by couples, holding hearts high.

(2) First couple marches right, second left, third right, fourth left. Meet at back. March down center by fours. Hearts held at waist.

(3) First four right, second four left. Meet at back. March down center in straight line. Hearts held at shoulders. Hold position—and each following one—for twelve counts of music. (4) Hearts held in both hands above heads. (5) Hearts held at arms' length, right. (6) Hearts held at arms' length, left. (7) Kneel. Hearts held straight in front. (8) Wave back and forth in time to music. (9) Hold behind backs. (10) March from platform.

#### RECITATION

“My Valentine Box” (by little girl who carries gaily decorated box and who displays each object as it is mentioned; box may be suspended about neck to leave hands free).

For weeks I have been putting  
Into this box of mine  
All sorts of things for making  
A pretty valentine.  
This bit of bright red paper  
I'll cut up into hearts;  
This scrap of golden cardboard  
Will do for Cupid's darts.

Here's red ribbon for tying;  
This bottle's full of glue;  
Mother gave me these scissors;  
This lacy paper, too.  
I've birds and flowers for pasting,  
All blue and red and pink.  
I've nearly reached the bottom  
Of this big box, I think.

But here in this dark corner  
Are seven pennies bright.  
With each one I'll be buying  
A valentine tonight.  
And then I'll make the others.  
I'll have a lot to send  
To mother, sister, brothers,  
To teacher and each friend.

*Chorus*

("Valentine's Day;" tune, "Robin Adair")

What day is this we greet?  
Valentine's Day.  
Why sing the birds so sweet?  
Valentine's Day.  
Why do we laugh with glee?  
Why all these hearts we see?  
What makes us haste to meet  
The postman on his beat?  
Valentine's Day.

What makes this month so fair?  
Valentine's Day.  
Why do we treasures share?  
Valentine's Day.  
Why do we greetings send  
Unto each little friend?  
Why do we work with glue,  
With scissors, ribbon, too?  
Valentine's Day.

EXERCISE

"The Postmen's Brigade" (for five boys, dressed as letter-carriers, and each one with sack crammed with valentines).

*All recite—*

We are the Postmen's Brigade,  
We're busy as busy can be.  
No moment must we be delayed;  
Our sacks are crammed full, you can see.

(As each boy recites his stanza he runs from platform.)

*First Boy—*

I must hurry along to the street  
Where stands the big hospital white;  
I have valentines here that will greet  
All those who are sick there tonight.

*Second Boy—*

My sack I must carry today  
To the depot where waits the long train.  
To those who live far, far away  
We're sending our greetings again.

*Third Boy—*

I'll be running all over the town;  
For my mail is for each little friend.  
I must search every street up and down,  
And deliver these letters you send.

*Fourth Boy—*

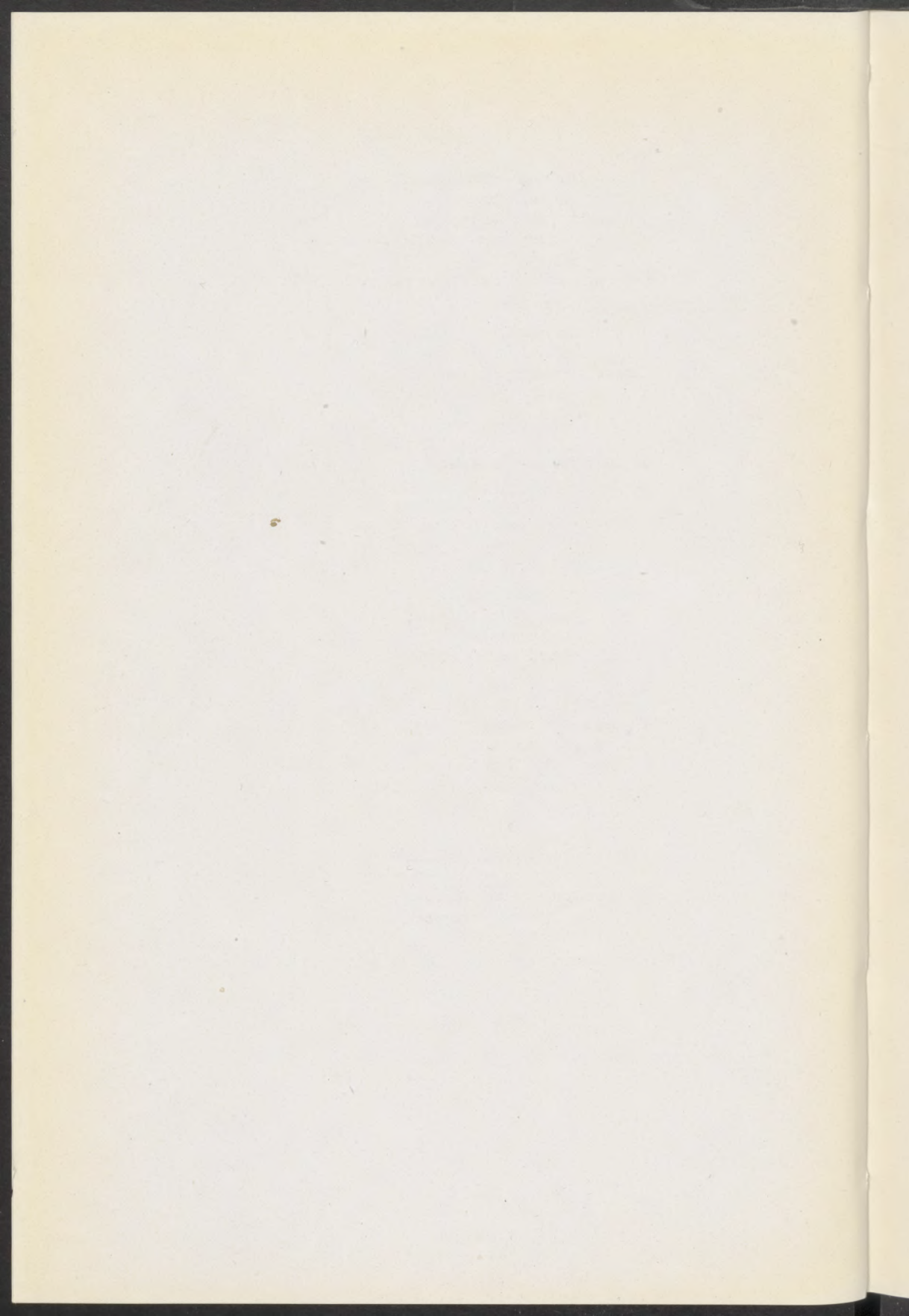
I must hasten as fast as I can,  
And find all the fathers at work.  
I've a valentine here for each one.  
My task not a moment I'll shirk.

*Fifth Boy—*

From the boxes I gathered this mail;  
But before it can start on its way,  
To the office it goes without fail,  
To be sorted and postmarked, you see.

(Boys run back on stage and display sacks nearly emptied.)

MARTINA G. OWEN.





SUSAN B. ANTHONY'S  
BIRTHDAY



GREAT NATIONAL BENEFACTORS

1. Mary Ball, Mother of George Washington.
2. Julia Ward Howe, Author of "Battle Hymn of the Republic."
3. Frances E. Willard, Sister of Humanity.
4. Mary A. Livermore, Noted Advocate of Woman's Suffrage.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

A royal woman, nobly planned  
"To warn, to comfort and command;"  
The noblest lady in the land;  
Fair honor stands at her right hand.

"Why was she noble?" do you ask.  
"What was her message, what her task?  
What did she say, what did she do,  
To herald her as 'Who is who'?  
Why wore she honor's glitt'ring crown?  
For work? Or worship? Or a—gown?"

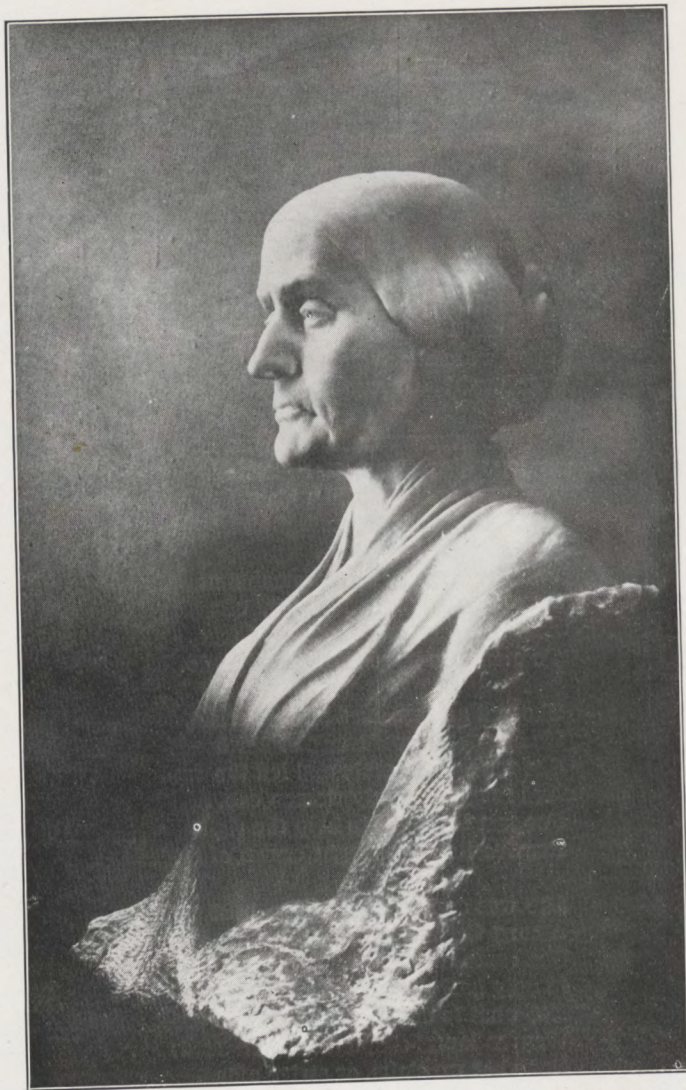
"A martyr, say you, to a cause;  
A Joan d'Arc for better laws;  
A target for the foolish blame  
That follows each exalted aim."

She lived to teach all womankind  
To rise from mental slavery blind,  
And be a helpmate fond and true  
To men who have life's work to do.

She had no rose-hued path to tread,  
No cloistered roof-tree o'er her head;  
She braved the mob, and led the van,  
And fought, as only women can,  
For just the right to help the right  
Receive its dear-bought crown of might.

She was so brave, she was so true,  
Among the world's immortal few!  
She came to teach that what is done  
Is only half the vict'ry won;  
Not what is done, or dreamed, or said,  
Weaves laurel-chaplets for the head;  
Not what we claim, or strive afar,  
Outweighs results of what we *are*.

AGNES L. HILL.



Reproduction of Portrait Bust by Mrs. Adelaide Johnson, of Rome, Italy, the famous American sculptress and intimate friend of Susan B. Anthony. Contributed by the artist, with her good wishes, to the women and children of Colorado.

The Colorado state constitution ordered the submission of equal suffrage to a vote of the people. The election was held in 1877.

Miss Susan B. Anthony came to canvass Colorado. At that time I was doing business at Garland, a temporary terminus of the Rio Grande Railroad. Garland was a turbulent, lawless, busy town. The committee notified us to prepare a meeting for Miss Anthony. There being no church, school or hall, a large unfinished storeroom was secured and seats provided. I had been selected to introduce the speaker, but thought it best to ask Thomas M. Field, the principal merchant of the town, to present Miss Anthony. Mr. Field started to give the history of woman from the Garden of Eden. After a rambling half-hour, Miss Anthony became restless, especially when she detected a spirit of chaffing. In his historic travels Mr. Field touched upon the Marys at the crucifixion, when Miss Anthony jumped up, saying: "This is a Christian audience and wise in Christian history, and the speaker may omit the last eighteen centuries of his remarks and sit down, and I will consider myself introduced." Mr. Field curbed his eloquence, and Miss Anthony took the floor.

She was often sarcastic—sometimes bitter. In puncturing the sophistry of the enemy, she was as keen and merciless as a Randolph or an Ingalls, but, as a rule, her speech kept to the high plane of right, justice, and liberty. Her audience was good-natured, but not sympathetic. It was made up mostly of men—of freighters, prospectors, railroad workers, merchants, gamblers, saloon men. It was a motley crowd, as mixed as were those who gathered around David in the wilderness. However, there was the spirit of chivalry that pervades all frontier audiences.

During the argument a well-known traveling newspaper man attempted to show his drunken wit by interrupting with silly questions. Miss Anthony figuratively hung his pelt upon the rafters, but the poor fool thought the crowd were laughing with him instead of at him, and

persisted in his folly. Up rose a half-dozen burly freighters and gamblers, who picked up the disturber, carried him out, and dropped him in Willow Creek.

At the close Miss Anthony did not add to my serenity by ordering me to take up a collection, saying that, "though Mr. Adams was too bashful to introduce the speaker, she was sure that he would be brave enough to pass the hat, and insist upon liberal contributions in so good a cause." As we were counting the collection, a belated contributor handed us a two-dollar bill, saying he wished to give half a dollar. As we were picking out the change, Miss Anthony exclaimed: "No change allowed at this donation party!" The contributor was old Jim Lowrey, or "Whispering Jim," who went off laughing and singing: "She has no husband to keep her tame, and now she wants to vote."

At five next morning Miss Anthony took the stage for Del Norte, nearly fourteen hours away. The only other passenger was the poor fool who interrupted the meeting the evening before. With less wit than a setting hen, the ducking had not cured him of his folly, and during that long and dreary ride he tried, whenever she would tolerate his talk, to convince her that woman suffrage was wrong. Arriving in Del Norte just in time for her meeting, she opened it by saying that "all day she had been sitting opposite a traveling distillery, and that they must forgive her if she was not sweet-tempered or tolerant of her lord and master, man."

This was my first personal acquaintance with Miss Anthony. In this Colorado campaign she made a splendid impression. She had the zeal of a prophet, the self-sacrificing spirit of a saint. Life was for a long time a battle; her back was often against the wall; but she never surrendered, never faltered. Abuse, ridicule, falsehood, may have touched her temper—even curdled the natural sweetness of her disposition; but it never weakened her purpose. Her life was dedicated to her ideals. Until they won, she

must fight—and, if need be, fight alone—for freedom and equal rights.

I saw her last in Washington in 1904. She was then as different from the Susan B. Anthony of 1877 as the Washington at Mount Vernon was different from the Washington at Valley Forge in 1778. Her battle had been won; victory had crowned her life. There was no ridicule, no aversion, no criticism. Thousands flocked around to do her honor. It was more than respect—it was almost veneration—that women and statesmen alike paid to this venerable woman. It was not to the militant warrior, but to the woman triumphant, that the chivalry of the nation bowed. She received this homage as a queen of royal blood. Her smile was a benediction. There was no harshness in her features; the hard lines of her battle days had faded and softened into an expression of wondrous kindness. Her smile was as sweet and winning as the smile of a mother who listens to the story of a son's achievement and praise.

My last glimpse of this noble woman was in the White House. I was at her side in the line that was being received by President and Mrs. Roosevelt. As we approached the President, he grasped Miss Anthony by the hand and arm, and with enthusiastic greeting pulled her to his side, there to remain during the reception. I passed on, and as I looked back upon these two dominant characters, there flashed into my mind the thought that, when this great woman and this great man are weighed in the scales of God, the woman will not be found to be the lesser figure.

ALVA ADAMS.

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#### MISS ANTHONY'S CO-WORKERS

Many brave men and women took part in the long fight to get equal rights for women. They were laughed at and pelted and mobbed; for most people really believed

that it was wrong for women to be educated, or speak in public, or vote, or be free to do any kind of work they chose. One woman's experience will serve as a sample.

Lucy Stone was a Massachusetts farmer's daughter. When she wanted to go to college, her father said: "Is the child crazy?" No woman in Massachusetts had ever taken a college degree. He would not help her. It took her nine years to earn the money to take her to Oberlin, Ohio—the only college in the United States that admitted women. Graduating in 1847, she began at once to lecture for woman's rights and against slavery. She was a little woman, very gentle but very brave, with a wonderfully sweet voice. She asked only that women should have a fair chance, such as they have in Colorado today. Yet the newspapers called her bad names and made all sorts of fun of her, ministers preached against her, and she and the other woman's-rights lecturers were pelted with mud and with eggs. Once a pane of glass was taken out of the window and a hose put through, and she was deluged with cold water in the middle of her speech. But she kept right on. Sometimes the meetings were broken up by mobs, and the speakers were in danger of their lives. But she talked so well and so sweetly that the mobs would listen to her when they howled down every other speaker. For years she lectured all up and down the land, and she was the first person by whom the heart of the public was widely and deeply stirred on the woman question.

Many others helped to get women the rights that they now enjoy. Margaret Brent, of Maryland, asked for a vote away back in 1647. Abigail Adams, of Massachusetts (who was later the wife of one President of the United States and the mother of another), made a plea for larger rights for women in 1776. Mrs. Corbin, the sister of Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, petitioned for a vote in 1778. Frances Wright, a young Scotchwoman, lectured in the United States in 1826, and edited a paper, advocating advanced ideas, with Robert Dale Owen, of Indiana. The



sisters Sarah and Angelina Grimke, of South Carolina, in 1828 freed their slaves, reducing themselves to poverty, and spoke and wrote against slavery and for woman's rights. Then there was Margaret Fuller, of Massachusetts, a distinguished literary woman; and Ernestine L. Rose, a beautiful Polish woman, a rabbi's daughter, who wrote and lectured in America. In the winter of 1836-37 she circulated a petition that married women in New York State might control their own property, and she could get only five signatures.

One of the most noteworthy pioneer suffragists was Lucretia Mott. She was a saintly Quakeress, an active abolitionist, and a great preacher, people coming many miles to hear her. With Elizabeth Cady Stanton and two other women, she called the first Woman's Rights Convention, held at Seneca Falls, New York, in 1848. Mrs. Stanton, a distinguished lawyer's daughter, had early had her attention drawn to the injustice of the laws relating to women, and begun to work to get them changed. Susan B. Anthony joined the woman's rights movement in 1852, and soon after she and Mrs. Stanton began their lifelong friendship. Mrs. Stanton was a very able writer and speaker, but was kept much at home by her seven small children; so for years "she forged the thunderbolts and Susan launched them;" that is, Mrs. Stanton wrote declarations, protests, resolutions, etc., and Miss Anthony went out and delivered them to the public.

The struggle for women's admission to the professions went hand in hand with the struggle for the ballot. Elizabeth Blackwell, of Cincinnati, the first woman in modern times to take a medical degree, applied to twelve medical colleges before she found one that would admit her. When she began to practice, she had to buy a house, because no respectable boarding-house in New York City would take in a woman doctor.

When Antoinette Brown, the first woman to be ordained a minister, was elected as a delegate to the World's

Temperance Convention in New York in 1853, that convention, made up largely of ministers, hooted and yelled for two days to keep her voice from being heard.

Among the early workers for equal rights were Julia Ward Howe, author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic;" Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross; Mary A. Livermore, army nurse and raiser of vast quantities of sanitary supplies for the soldiers in the Civil War—a woman unequalled in her majestic eloquence; Frances E. Willard, the beloved leader of the National W. C. T. U.; Louisa Alcott, author of "Little Women;" and many other courageous women, whom there is not space even to name.

Hand in hand with them worked a band of noble men. Abraham Lincoln had come out for woman suffrage in 1836; Henry B. Blackwell, who married Lucy Stone, devoted his life to the cause; and powerful aid was given by William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, George William Curtis, Henry Ward Beecher, and a long list of men who were the giants of their time.

Rights won with so much labor and sacrifice should be exercised as a sacred trust, for the good of all.

ALICE S. BLACKWELL.

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### "PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!"

Every peaceful forward movement of the world in civilized times has been led by women.

Elizabeth Fry began the work of prison reform.

Florence Nightingale brought sympathy, decent and intelligent methods into army hospitals.

Frances Willard was the greatest organizer and inspiration the temperance cause ever had.

Mary Lyon started the movement for the higher and better education of girls. Out of her efforts came the opening of schools and colleges for women.

Mrs. Blackburn, Dr. Ross, Dr. Mary Walker, Rev. Antoinette Brown, and many others, paved the way for the entrance of women into the professions.

Leading up to all these activities were the efforts to obtain political recognition for women. Many noble men recognized the justice of the claim and the convincing logic accompanying the arguments in its favor. There were many earnest women who helped in the woman's cause, as will be seen in another article.

Of all the number, none gave a whole life to the cause, as did the greatest trail-breaker in this movement, Susan B. Anthony.

She trod the lonely, thorny path almost alone, year after year—scoffed at, ridiculed, treated with shameful abuse, taunted with bitter accusations. Undaunted, she walked on, blazing the way for the now unafraid, unashamed women, sustained by the cheers of thousands, walking in triumph the broad way she marked for them with weary feet and heavy heart.

Great heart, beating for all your sisters in all the world! Great leader of a once despised cause, now winning in all the world! Great patriot of justice and champion of human liberty! We, now recognized an equal part of the human family, greet your name with love and reverence. We thank Providence you lived to see the dawning of the day bringing freedom, liberty, and equality to the women of your country, and the awakening of women everywhere in the world.

As the world swings onward into greater development, your fame will endure and grow more sacred to a happier, more enlightened humanity. Oh, great pioneer in woman's cause! Oh, splendid, loving sister-heart! Oh, noble prophet and preacher! Your name will be revered by countless millions of proud, free women!

HARRIET G. R. WRIGHT.



SUFFRAGIST AROUSING HER SISTERS

—Ella Buchanan, Sculptress

### THE CALL OF THIS YEAR

Quit you like women, be strong!  
There's a burden to bear,  
There's a grief to share,  
There's a heart that breaks 'neath a load of care—  
But fare ye forth with a song!

Quit you like women, be strong!  
There's a battle to fight,  
There's a wrong to right,  
There's a God who blesses the good with might—  
So fare ye forth with a song!

Quit you like women, be strong!  
There's a work to do,  
There's a world to make new,  
There's a call for women brave and true—  
So on, on, with a song!

Quit you like women, be strong!  
There's a year of grace,  
There's a God to face,  
There's another heat in the great world-race—  
So speed, speed, with a song!

Adapted from WILLIAM HERBERT HUDNUT.

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### THE DEAD FORERUNNER

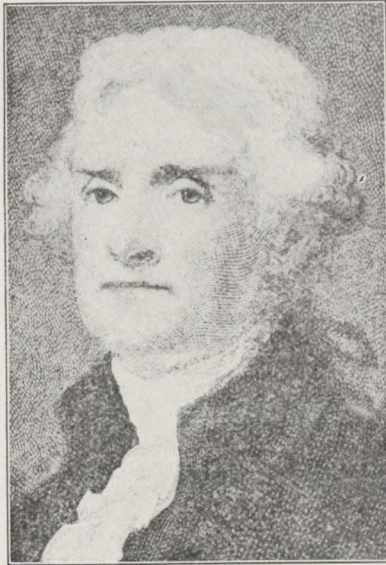
Do you hear the women marching, little mother,  
Where you slumber in your narrow bed apart,  
With your little hands locked fast,  
Icy, motionless, at last,  
Above the ashen crater of your heart?  
You, the passionate forerunner of the morrow;  
You, who died before the breaking of the light;  
Frail, Promethean foe of hoary wrong and sorrow,  
Can you hear the women marching through the night?

Not so piteous the lot of those who perished  
Long years before the breaking of the day—  
Who took into their graves the vision cherished  
With fruition still millenniums away!  
But the army you awaited, Banner-Bearer,  
Was just around the corner of the years!  
O little dauntless ghost,  
Was it you who led the host,  
When I watched it flashing past me, through my tears?

Can you hear the women marching, little woman,  
In the little, narrow bed wherein you sleep?  
All the crowding, hurrying feet,  
Marching with victorious beat  
Above the graves of sowers—these who reap?  
Oh, I think my heart could bear its memories better,  
Recall without so passionate a tear  
Your soul's unconquered wearing of the fetter,  
If only you could know the day is here!

They are coming, they are coming, little mother!  
Some with fierce, fanatic sword and foolish spear;  
But the many girl with love of son and brother,  
Mother-tolerance, and sturdy mother-cheer.  
But I wish that you could see them thronging, singing,  
Up the lonely path the lantern-bearers trod,  
On the journey of the soul  
Toward the ever-luring goal  
Of man, the tireless traveler to God.

C. W., in *Scribner's*.



THOMAS JEFFERSON

Virginia Democrat; patriot and statesman; author of the Declaration of Independence; cabinet minister; ambassador to France; advocate of woman suffrage.

A government is not yet complete that withholds from its most enlightened women what it freely gives to its most benighted men.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

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Women are near relatives of men.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

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### ABOUT WOMEN

Women are more fond of flattery than men, but believe it less.

A completely happy woman can be a wife, may be a mother, but must be a grandmother.—“Grannie’s” Philosophy.

A candidate for office in New Hampshire has announced his wish to represent “the plain people.” Are women plain people? Or the fair sex?

In convention in Reading, Pa., recently, the State Grangers officially indorsed woman suffrage. By an overwhelming vote the motion was passed. Miss Louise Hall, the State Suffrage Association’s executive secretary, is a Granger from Massachusetts, so had the privilege of speaking.

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### SHE KNEW

One woman, at least, knows what is meant by “feminism.” A farm woman happened to stray into a meeting of the votes-for-women league in a large city, when the question was asked as to what really constituted woman’s sphere, and what was meant by “feminism.” The woman from the country stood up, and with a do-or-die determination in every syllable said: “Yes, I know. ‘Feminism’ is when one ninety-pound woman cooks for a family of six and about ten farm ‘hands.’”

A man is, in general, better pleased when he has a good dinner upon his table than when his wife speaks Greek.

SAM JOHNSON.

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#### WHO WIPES THE DISHES?

The Bible is a mighty handy book when you are in an argument—you can find a text to fit almost any contention.

A married suffragist the other day used it with stunning effect on an old-fashioned husband.

She wanted him to wipe the dishes. He demurred. Then she quoted scripture—this verse from Second Kings:

“I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down.”

Being a pious chap, what could he do? Of course he gave in.

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Teach children to work and to be industrious, but religiously observe the difference between work and labor, between children working and working children.

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#### VOTES FOR FILIPINOS

Do you know that Congress is said to be preparing a bill granting independence to Filipino men?

Mr. Taft, when President, said:

“The fact is, not only among the Tagalogs, but among the Christian Filipinos, the woman is the active member of the family; so, if you expect to confer political power upon the Filipinos, it ought to be conferred upon the women.”

Since the women of the United States first asked for the suffrage they have been forced to wait while the franchise was extended to the negroes and the Indians. It hardly seems possible that they will be asked to wait for the Filipino men.



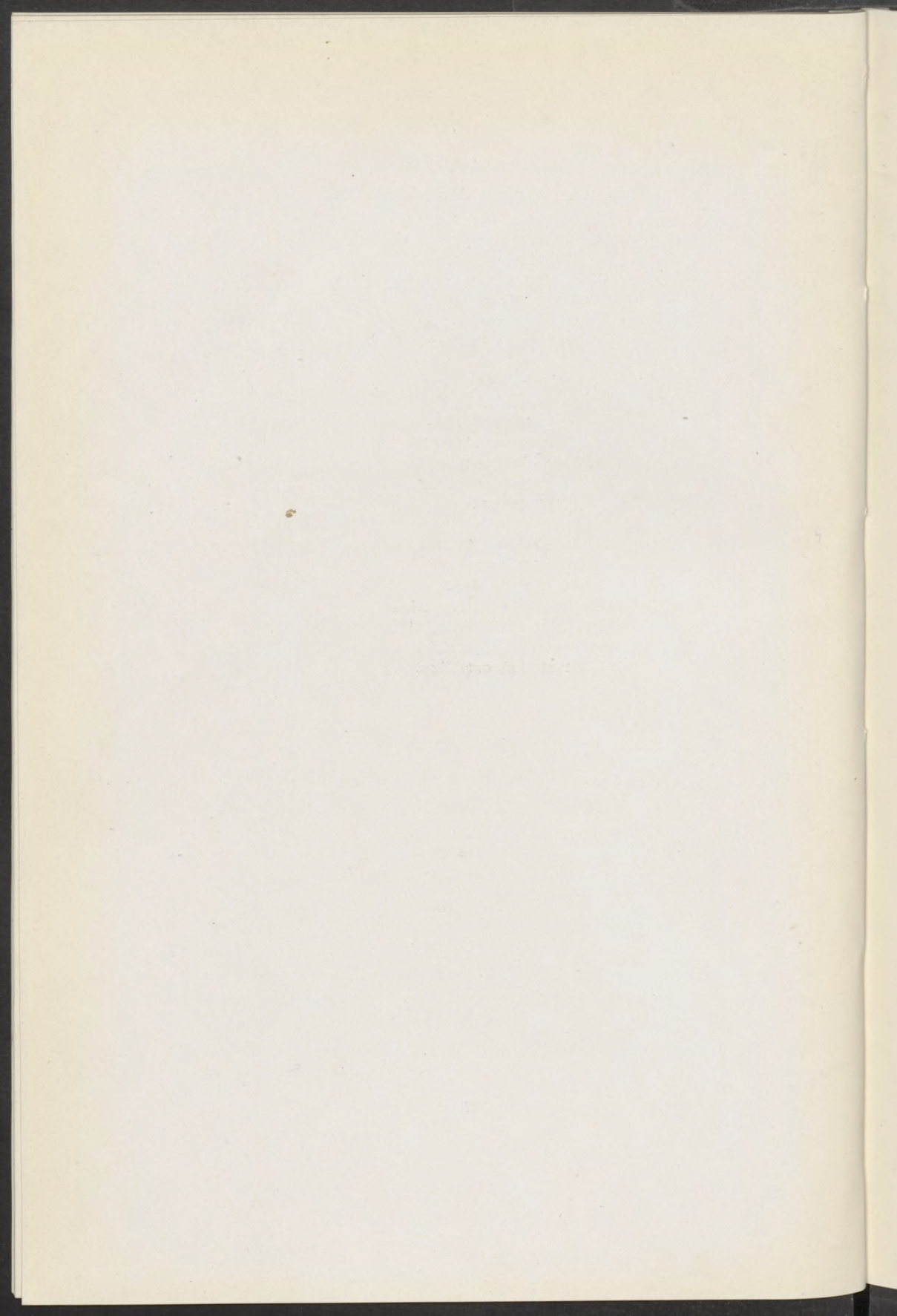
SUFFRAGE SONG

(Tune: "America.")

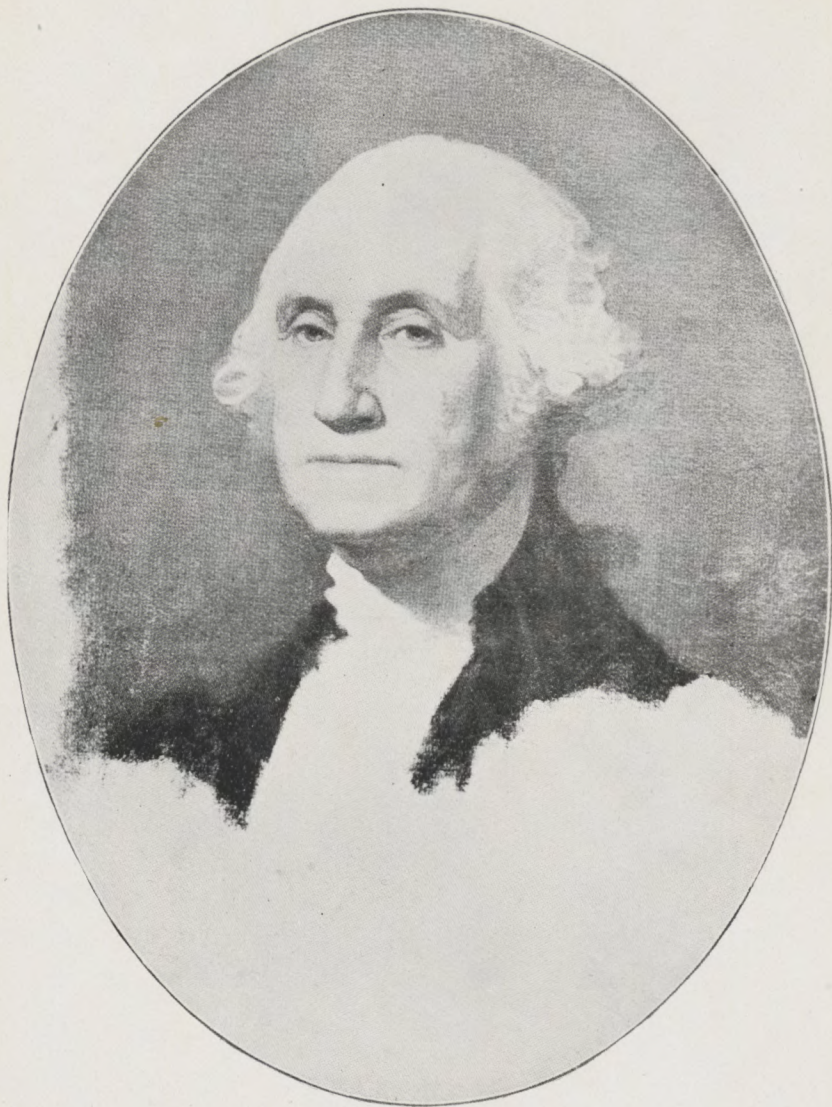
My country, 'tis for thee  
To make thy women free—  
    This is our plea.  
High have our hopes been raised,  
In these enlightened days,  
That for her justice praised  
    Our land might be.

My native country, thee!  
Grant us equality!  
    Then shall we see,  
In this fair land of light,  
Justice and truth and right  
Ruling, instead of might!  
    Trust liberty!

Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
    To Thee we sing!  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light!  
Protect us by Thy might,  
    Great God, our King!



WASHINGTON'S  
BIRTHDAY



GEORGE WASHINGTON  
The Stuart Portrait in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts

## MOUNT VERNON—WASHINGTON'S HOME

Dear young citizens of Colorado, how I do hope that you will all some day have the opportunity of visiting Mount Vernon, the stately and beautiful place that was once the home of General George Washington.

About three years ago I was the fortunate chaperon of twelve lovely young girls of the Denver public schools on a trip to Washington, and one day of that never-to-be-forgotten wonder-time in the capital of our nation was spent on the glorious estate of the Washingtons.

The day selected for our visit happened to be unusually damp and cold for balmy Washington, and the sun was more obscured by a film of cloud than in our land of turquoise skies. To me, however, it seemed fitting that nature should be less dazzling during the time we were to spend at the home and tomb of the "Father of His Country."

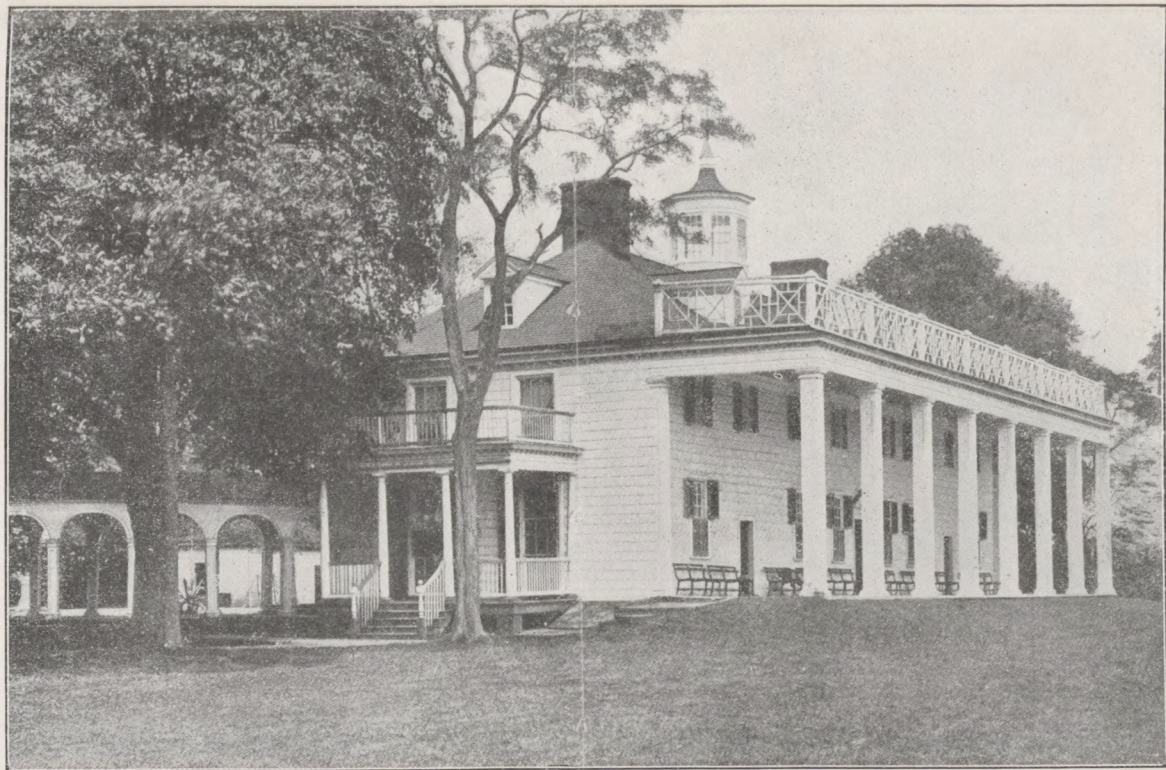
The quaint brick walks, like those I remember at my grandfather's home in the East, were covered with a shimmer of frost or thin ice, as we walked up to the white house, with its many windows set in green blinds watching us. Great blocks of wood were shaped and painted to resemble stones in the far-off years when this home was built, and it is of such that the walls are made. Nothing could be more hospitably inviting to the stranger than the wide, tiled, white-pillared porch of this Virginia home-temple, and one can easily picture to himself the pleasure of Washington's guests as they grouped themselves on the roomy porch seats and rested their eyes on the sloping lawns and close-clipped green boxwood hedges, said to have been planted a hundred and fifty years ago. We picked up, almost with reverence, some of the fallen leaves, to carry home with us. One of the trees, of the Kentucky coffee variety, was planted by Lafayette in 1824, and four strawberry shrubs were sent to Washington by Jefferson from his home grounds at Monticello. In the garden is the famous Mary Washington rose, named by our first President for his mother.

Washington loved trees and flowers, and gave them a great deal of time and attention. The last year of his life he brought a magnificent magnolia from the James River and planted it near the butler's house at Mount Vernon. Many trees on the place have been planted by distinguished American visitors, and by emperors and princes from foreign countries.

A few days before our trip to Mount Vernon we had had the pleasure of meeting two cousins of the custodian who has been in charge of this historic mansion for a quarter of a century; and, on presentation of their card to him, he accompanied us over every foot of the house, admitting us to places where the general public is not usually permitted, and explaining in a most delightful way the history of the furniture, pictures, etc. You boys would be interested in the swords of the great general, which hang in the hall, and in the key of the Bastille, the great French prison, after whose capture Lafayette sent this relic to Washington.

I believe the girls would especially like to see the east parlor or music-room, with its quaint harpsichord, presented by George Washington to Nellie Custis. A harpsichord, you know, was the piano of the olden days. It has fewer keys and shorter strings than the pianoforte of our day, and its tones are more tinkling—less resonant. Reposing on the old instrument is the rosewood flute, silver-mounted, which belonged to the first President. In this room is also the card-table on which he played whist with his loyal friend Lafayette. In a cabinet near by are such articles of note as Washington's plan of the piazza tiles, a steel camp fork, a silver slipper heel worn by Martha Washington, a lock of Washington's hair, and part of a set of dishes given by Lafayette.

In the library are other equally interesting relics: Here is seen Washington's tripod, used in the days when he was a surveyor in the American wilderness that is today a thickly peopled region, dotted with great cities



WASHINGTON'S MANSION, MOUNT VERNON

Photo copyright, 1898, by Leet Bros.

and traversed by railroads. An inkstand, snuffers, and tray used by the great man are in the bookcase.

It seems as if I could go on interminably, enumerating the pieces of furniture, pictures, and curios which belonged to the great man; but I must hurry you through the banquet-room (which after our visit to the White House seemed very modest in comparison), Mrs. Washington's sitting-room, and the family dining-room, upstairs to the room in which Washington breathed his last. Here we stood with bated breath before the high, canopied bed, with its spotless spread and plump, white pillows. A great chair in this room belonged to Washington's mother, and a dressing-case to his wife.

The river room contains almost priceless mementos of this distinguished family. On a pane of glass, over one hundred years old, is the name of Mrs. Washington's niece, and the date, August 2, 1792, scratched with her diamond ring. The room is called the "river room" from the fact that it overlooks the mighty Potomac, stretching in peaceful majesty through its beautiful valley.

Mrs. Washington's room is in the attic. After the death of her husband she took this south room on the top floor because it overlooked the grave of her husband. It was here she died.

Before going to the old coach-house, we visited the kitchen. A fire-place with its great crane made us smilingly contrast our mothers' cooking equipment with that of colonial dames, and we were thankful to live in a more modern age.

The old barn was built in 1753, of bricks imported from England; and if some day you see the great coach inside, with its cumbersome springs, I am sure you will contrast it with the swift automobile of your day, which, by the time you may visit this historic place, will be even more marvelous than in the day of my visit.

Last, before we left this dear old Virginia home of bygone days, we stood before the tomb of George and Martha Washington—a plain structure of brick, with an



arched gateway in front. The marble sarcophagus on the right bears the name and coat-of-arms of the United States, and the name "Washington;" the left bears the simple inscription, "Martha, Consort of Washington," with the dates of her birth and death.

Those who visit Mount Vernon, truly a shrine of patriotism, learn that it is through the perseverance and courage of a woman, Ann Pamela Cunningham, that it is preserved so completely and beautifully. In 1855, when the owner, John Augustine Washington, being without money to maintain the estate, offered it for sale, this lady set herself the task of raising the \$200,000 necessary for its purchase. School children, authors, and others finally contributed the needed sum, and the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of America, the organization which was formed at that time, with this patriotic daughter at its head, maintains the estate.

ALICE LAMBERT.

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#### A LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

We usually think of Washington as a serious, grave, rather stern man; but he appeared so because he had so much serious and stern work to do. As a boy, he was much like other boys—full of life and fond of play. One of his playmates was Richard Henry Lee, afterwards famous in our history. When Washington was about nine years old, he wrote this letter to Lee:

"Dear Dickey—I thank you very much for the pretty picture-book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures, and I showed him all the pictures in it; and I read to him how the tame elephant took care of the master's little boy, and put him on his back, and would not let anybody touch his master's little son. I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word. Ma says I may go to see you and stay all day with you next week, if it be not rainy. She says I may ride my

pony, Hero, if Uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero. I have a little piece of poetry about the picture-book you gave me, but I mustn't tell who wrote the poetry:

"G. W.'s compliments to R. H. L.,  
And likes his book full well;  
Henceforth will count him his friend,  
And hopes many happy days he may spend.

"Your good friend,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"I am going to get a whip-top soon, and you may see it and whip it."

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#### WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

The bells of Mount Vernon are ringing today;  
And what say their melodious numbers  
To the flag blooming air? List! What do they say?  
"The fame of the hero ne'er slumbers!"

The world's monument stands the Potomac beside;  
And what says the shaft to the river?  
"When the hero has lived for his country, and died,  
Death crowns him a hero forever."

The bards crown the heroes, and children rehearse  
The songs that give heroes to story;  
And what say the bards to the children? "No verse  
Can yet measure Washington's glory.

"For Freedom outlives the old crowns of the earth,  
And Freedom shall triumph forever,  
And Time must long wait the true song of his birth,  
Who sleeps by the beautiful river."

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

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#### THEN AND NOW

When Washington was a little boy—  
You have heard the tale, no doubt—  
He hacked a favorite cherry tree,  
And his father found it out.

Did George deny when they questioned him?  
Oh, no! he told them the truth.  
And his father clasped him to his breast,  
And called him a noble youth.

When I was naughty one day last week,  
That same plan by me was tried.  
When she said: "Tom, did you break that vase?"  
"Yes, mother dear," I replied.

She rushed to me—took me in her arms—  
And laid me across her knee.  
Then plied her slipper—feelingly, too;  
At least so it seemed to me.

The times must be changed. My pa and ma  
Are not like the ones George had.  
I must be good because it is right,  
And be punished if I am bad.

EVA HAMILTON.

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#### LITTLE GEORGE

What do they say of little George?  
That he was brave and true.  
O George, little George, I am going to try  
To think and to act like you!

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#### LIKE GEORGE WASHINGTON

George Washington was always  
A very truthful boy;  
To see him brave and honest  
Gave his dear mother joy.  
I'm sure I love my mother—  
Yes, quite as much as he;  
And so, to make her happy,  
Like George I'll try to be.

## QUOTATIONS

Washington is to my mind the purest figure in history.—WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

The fame of Washington stands apart from every other in history, shining with a truer luster and more benignant glory.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

The voice of mankind shall ascend in acclaim,  
And the watchword of nations be Washington's name.

JAMES BROOKS.

The more clearly Washington's teaching and example are understood, the more faithfully they are followed, the purer, the stronger, the more glorious will this Republic become.—CARL SCHURZ.

His memory will be cherished by the wise and good of every nation, and truth will transmit his character to posterity in all its genuine luster.—JOHN JAY.

Simple and brave, his faith awoke  
Ploughmen to struggle with their fate;  
Armies won battles when he spoke,  
And out of chaos sprang the State.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

Where may the wearied eye repose  
When gazing on the great,  
Where neither guilty glory glows  
Nor despicable state?  
Yes—one, the first, the last, the best,  
The Cincinnatus of the West,  
Whom envy dared not hate,  
Bequeathed the name of Washington  
To make men blush there was but one.

LORD BYRON.

He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love, and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and of might.—RUFUS CHOATE.

Three times Washington's character saved the country: once by keeping up the courage of the nation till the Revolutionary War was ended; then by uniting the nation in the acceptance of the Federal Constitution; thirdly by saving it from being swept away into anarchy and civil war during the immense excitement of the French Revolution. Such was the gift of Washington, a gift of God to the nation, as far beyond any other of God's gifts as virtue is more than genius, as character is more than intellect, as wise conduct is better than outward prosperity.—  
JAMES F. CLARKE.

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. The widespread republic is the true monument to Washington. Maintain its independence; uphold its constitution; preserve its union; defend its liberty; let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom to all within its boundaries, and shedding light and hope and joy unto the pathway of human liberty throughout the world—and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fitly testify our veneration for him; this, this alone, can adequately illustrate his services to mankind.—ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

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

O Spirit of Liberty, sweet are thy numbers!  
The winds to thy banners their tribute shall bring  
While rolls the Potomac where Washington slumbers,  
And his natal day comes with the angels of spring.  
We follow thy counsels,  
O hero eternal!  
To highest achievement the school leads the van,  
And, crowning thy brow with the evergreen vernal,  
We pledge thee our all to the service of man.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

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AN ACROSTIC

WASHINGTON, an honored name,  
Always loved, of glorious fame.  
Sing him, Patriots, History—  
Him who gave us Liberty!  
In the records of our land,  
Now with Lincoln, rugged, grand,  
Give them honor, give them love,  
Taken to fair worlds above:  
Ours fore'er is Washington;  
Naught can hide that burning sun.

ALFRED KUMMER.

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Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of  
celestial fire called conscience.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, in  
"Virtue and Vice."

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THE HIGHEST TITLE

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue  
enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of  
all titles—the character of an "honest man."—GEORGE  
WASHINGTON.

## FROM WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

The name of *American*, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of Patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations.

While, then every part of our country feels an immediate interest in Union, all the parts of this Union combined cannot fail to find greater strength, greater recourse, less interruption of peace by foreign nations. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of overgrown military establishments, which under any form of government, are inauspicious to liberty and hostile to Republican Liberty.

\* \* \*

The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their Constitutions of Government. \* \* \* The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish Government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey established Government.

\* \* \*

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all.

It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and a great nation, to give to mankind the too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. \* \* \*

I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that "honesty is the best policy."

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## WASHINGTON DAY

The story of George Washington's life is one that has a perennial freshness. Washington did so much to establish this republic of ours that he may almost be called its founder. Every citizen of the land should read Irving's "Life of Washington," or some other biography of the man who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the

hearts of his countrymen." No boy or girl in our schools can be well informed in American affairs who is not familiar with the principal events of his long public career.

The writer of this brief sketch will feel himself abundantly repaid for his labor if he succeeds in arousing some reader's interest and induce him to master the contents of at least one well-written book on Washington—not merely glance hastily through its pages, but read it sympathetically, with some regard for the historic sense, because to understand and appreciate the "Father of His Country" one must see him in the right perspective on the background of his times. It is worth while to study his life and grasp the significance of the part he played in a drama of far-reaching influence on the course of subsequent history. The record of the American Revolution is one of the brightest pages in the history of human liberty.

It is not by an accident that Washington's birthday has been singled out for recognition. He deserves this distinguished honor. His is the foremost figure of his century. Washington's natal day, like that of Lincoln, is consecrated—a holy day as well as a day of festivity and rejoicing. It is profitably observed. We do well to rekindle the fires of patriotism by recalling the sacrifices he made for the cause he had at heart. We do well to come into closer contact with this peerless leader of the colonial struggle for independence. It nerves us for the performance of our civic duties. Is there in our day patriotism like his? Did not Washington serve his country with "the last full measure of devotion"? Fortunate they who enjoyed his companionship, who were permitted to feel the influence of his majestic personality. The life of this masterful man has its lessons for us who live one hundred and eighty-two years after his birth (February 22, 1732).

A mighty man of valor was the commander-in-chief of the continental army; he was also a man who inspired confidence and compelled respect. Before the close of the American Revolution General Washington's natal day was



observed by his admiring contemporaries. After independence was won, loyal and patriotic Americans commemorated two days with unfeigned enthusiasm—the fourth of July and the twenty-second of February. So long ago as 1784 that day was celebrated with appropriate exercises in the City of New York. This half-educated Virginian held the foremost place in the hearts of his countrymen by virtue of transcendent leadership, although he was not a lawyer or public speaker. As the years went by, the feeling of gratitude deepened, and in 1790, the first year Washington was chief magistrate of the young republic, Americans showed their respect for him in many celebrations. Says a newspaper of the time: "Posterity will long remember the day which gave to America its political savior." The celebration of 1792 was a notable one in Philadelphia, President Washington himself being present with Mrs. Washington. Vice-President John Adams, too, was there.

Harvard College honored the day in 1798, and in time the Washington's birthday banquet became a fixed institution in many of the colleges and universities of the United States. The public schools gradually came to observe the occasion with speeches and songs that served to keep alive the memory of his deeds, and especially his sterling virtues. His extraordinary services to the nation were the theme of countless sermons and orations. So Washington's fame has grown with the passing years. He is one of the immortals. By common consent he is accorded a place among the world's greatest men. No other American, except Lincoln, is considered the equal of Washington. His greatness is something beyond challenge or controversy.

Among modern European statesmen were men of possibly greater mental ability—Gladstone, Bismarck, and Cavour; and among the great captains were Bonaparte, Grant, and Lee, to mention no others possessed of military genius greater than Washington had. But Washington's is an all-round superiority of mind, character, and achieve-

ment, such as gives him a sort of supremacy among the heroes of his age and the succeeding generation. In our own land Hamilton, Clay, and Webster tower aloft above their fellows; and yet, notwithstanding their eminence, these statesmen have not the exalted place in the hearts of Americans that rightfully belongs to the "Father of His Country," who, like Chevalier Bayard, was "without fear and reproach." Said Charles James Fox in the British Parliament: "Without one suspicion of his integrity, without one stain upon his character, he has made himself the first man in the world."

Washington's well-rounded character affords many lessons, for young and old alike, in heroism, self-control, and the other shining qualities that distinguish the man of upright life. May his natal day "ever be freshly remembered by American hearts"!

There is a voluminous Washington literature. The biography by Weems (published in 1800 and 1806) is worthless, containing, as it does, so many anecdotes and other details that cannot be verified. The lives by Marshall and Irving, though important in their day, are hardly satisfactory now. Of course, all of the later writings of Washington Irving have their value for the charm of style that makes his books attractive. His long-planned and elaborate "Life of Washington" may almost be described as a classic. Lodge's two-volume performance (in the "American Statesmen" series) is a painstaking piece of biographical and historical writing. General B. T. Johnson made a careful study of Washington's military career ("Great Commanders" series). Paul L. Ford, in "The True George Washington," avoided everything that might savor of overpraise; he was eminently successful in "humanizing Washington." Woodrow Wilson's "George Washington" is a scholarly appreciation of the illustrious Virginian in various aspects of his career. The studies of W. S. Baker—"Early Sketches of George Washington," "Itinerary of George Washington, 1775-1783," and "Wash-

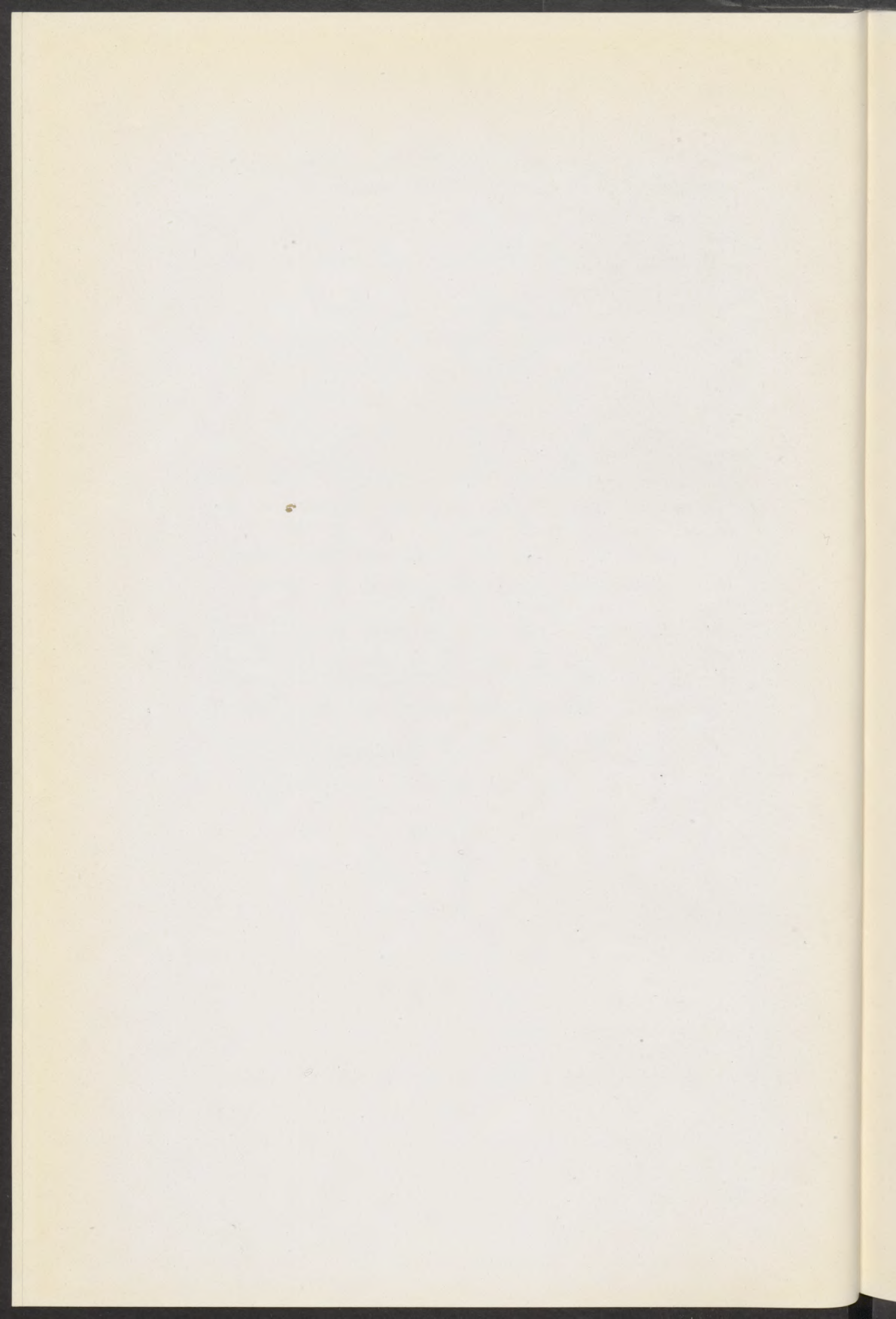
ington after the Revolution, 1784-1799"—are exceedingly valuable contributions to Washington literature.

The only complete edition of Washington's writings is that edited by W. C. Ford (fourteen volumes). Dr. J. M. Toner ably edited Washington's "Journals" (1747-48, 1751-52, and 1754).

"The First American," by Lelia Herbert, furnishes many interesting details respecting Washington's homes and his households. For concise estimates the reader can perhaps find nothing better than the lectures by John Lord (in "Beacon Lights of History") and J. N. Larned ("Greatness in Men"). The writer modestly refers to his little book, "George Washington: A Character Sketch" (in the series "Great Americans of History"). There are hundreds of other attempts to portray Washington the man, the soldier, and the president.

With so much material at hand, no one is excusable for ignorance of George Washington's life and character. Great men are good company. Washington is one of the noblest and wisest of mortals. In reading about this peerless colonial leader one finds himself in the presence of grandeur. He was not only lofty in stature, but in thought and feeling. Whatever position in life he filled he ennobled.

EUGENE PARSONS.



ARBOR AND BIRD DAY

## THE AMERICAN FORESTS

The forests of America, however slighted by man, must have been a great delight to God; for they were the best He ever planted. The whole continent was a garden, and from the beginning it seemed to be favored above all the other wild parks and gardens of the globe. To prepare the ground, it was rolled and sifted in seas with infinite loving deliberation and forethought; lifted into the light; submerged, and warmed over and over again; pressed and crumpled into folds and ridges, mountains and hills; subsoiled with heaving volcanic fires; plowed and ground and sculptured into scenery and soil with glaciers and rivers—every feature growing and changing from beauty to beauty, higher and higher. And in the fulness of time it was planted in groves and belts, and broad, exuberant, mantling forest, with the largest, most varied, most fruitful, and most beautiful trees in the world. Bright seas made its border, with wave embroidery and icebergs; gray deserts were outspread in the middle of it—mossy tundras on the north, savannas on the south, and blooming prairies and plains; while lakes and rivers shone through all the vast forests and openings, and happy birds and beasts gave delightful animation. Everywhere, everywhere over all the blessed continent, there were beauty and melody, and kindly, wholesome, foodful abundance.

Selected.

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## THE LESSON OF A TREE

*September 1.*—I should not take either the biggest or the most picturesque tree to illustrate it. Here is one of my favorites now before me—a fine yellow poplar, quite straight, perhaps ninety feet high, and four thick at the butt. How strong, vital, enduring! How dumbly eloquent! What suggestions of imperturbability and being, as against the human trait of mere seeming! Then the

qualities, almost emotional, palpably artistic, heroic, of a tree; so innocent and harmless, yet so savage. It is, yet says nothing. How it rebukes by its tough and equable serenity all weathers, this gusty-temper'd little whiffet, man, that runs indoors at a mite of rain or snow. Science (or rather half-way science) scoffs at reminiscence of dryad and hamadryad, and of trees speaking. But, if they don't, they do as well as most speaking, writing, poetry, sermons—or rather they do a great deal better. I should say indeed that those old dryad reminiscences are quite as true as any, and profounder than most reminiscences we get. ("Cut this out," as the quack mediciners say, and keep by you.) Go and sit in a grove or woods, with one or more of those voiceless companions, and read the foregoing, and think.

WALT WHITMAN.

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#### FOREST HOME

O forest-mother, I have stayed  
Too long away from thee;  
Let me come home for these few hours  
That from the world are free.

O mother, they have saddened me  
With all their foolish din;  
Lowly I knock at thy green gate;  
Dear mother, let me in!

Down where the tumbled towers of rock  
Their perilous stairs have made,  
Holding the tough young hemlock boughs  
For slender balustrade,

I find my pleasant home, far off  
From all men say and do—  
Far as the world from which we flash  
When some swift dream breaks through.

Again the 'grave old hemlock trees  
Stretch down their feathery palms,  
And murmur up against the blue  
Their solemn breath of psalms;

And here my little brothers are—  
The sparrow and the bee,  
The wren that almost used to dare  
To perch upon my knee;

The dust of sunshine under foot,  
The darkness over head;  
The sliding gleam that swings along  
The unseen spider's thread;

The low-arched path beneath the boughs,  
And half-way down it laid  
A falling fringe of sun-lit leaves  
Against the roof of shade;

The sunshine clasping round both sides  
A broken cedar old,  
Rimming its shaft so dark and wet  
In green and massy gold,

In hollows where the evening glooms  
Rest drowsily all day,  
In the blue shadows of the pines,  
Sprinkled with golden spray.

Dimpled red cheeks of berries hid  
A wary eye discerns,  
And timid little pale-faced flowers  
Peep through the latticed ferns.

O mother, they are proud and blind  
Who from all these would stay;  
Yet do not scorn them unforgiven,  
But woo them day by day.

Let all sweet winds from all fair dells,  
And whispering breath of pine,  
Pursue and lure the wanderer  
Back to thy rest divine.



If I must build in Babel still  
Till that last summons come,  
Oh, call me when the hour is near,  
And let me die at home!

'Twere sweet, I know, to stay; but so  
'Twere sweetest to depart,  
Thy cool, still hand upon my face,  
Thy silence in my heart.

EDWARD R. SILL.

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### A TREE CALENDAR

Making a tree calendar will prove a most interesting and useful task for anyone. It will be as interesting to the children as to the older pupils. It can be continued from year to year, and as the child grows older there will continue to be more and more new facts to enter in the record. If such a calendar were kept for a season, it would make the field work of the next year more interesting and would show variations from season to season that would be a surprise to many. On the other hand, there would be some surprises in the uniformity of the trees, in spite of apparent differences in the weather.

Such a calendar need not begin at the beginning of the year. Arbor Day is as good as any other time for beginning. All that is needed for keeping such a record is a good blank-book and a pencil. We begin by writing the date, and under this record anything we may notice about the trees which we see in our daily walks. The time when the flowers appear will be one of the things that will form part of the record. We may also notice the time when the flowers are in full bloom, and when they begin to fall, and also note when the last of the flowers have fallen. We would also notice when the fruit begins to appear and when it begins to ripen, and, later, when the ripened fruit begins to fall to the ground.

If the calendar is begun early in the year, we can also notice when the buds begin to burst and the first leaves

begin to unfold, and when they are full grown, and whether the flowers appear before the leaves or later.

During the summer time we can notice, in small trees, how much they have grown during the spring, and whether they keep growing during the summer, or whether there is a short period of rapid growth in the spring.

As the summer passes, one will be surprised to see how early the trees begin to prepare for winter. Buds for the next year are prepared, and the work of the season is slowly closed up. The leaves of some trees begin to grow yellow very early, and with the appearance of the first frosts a great change begins to come over the trees. It is very interesting to notice which of the leaves turn yellow, which turn red, and also that in some trees the leaves are still green when they fall to the ground. With some trees the leaves shrivel up and turn brown, but do not fall to the ground, but remain hanging to the twigs for a long time.

The fruits or seeds of trees make an interesting subject for records. Some of the maple trees drop their seeds in early summer, and those of the elm fall soon after. Other trees ripen their seeds in the middle of the summer, and many more let them fall in the autumn. Some of them hold their seeds until winter has set in, while a few trees hold their fruit all winter long and only let them go in the spring of the next year.

After a record of this kind has been kept for a whole season, it will prove most interesting to go through the story as written out day by day through the year, and arrange the items which have been gleaned for each kind of tree in a single record; and this will give the season's story for that tree.

One interesting thing that can be observed in this way is the individual peculiarities of trees. It is usually possible to find a tree that blossoms or puts out its leaves a little earlier or later than most of the trees of its kind. If such a tree is found, it will be interesting to notice

whether it does the same the next year. But one must be careful to compare trees of the same kind; for we have a good many kinds of trees that are called usually by the same name, such as maples, oaks, and poplars.

The following summary of the blossoming time of a few of our trees will show what a large field there is for this kind of a record:

March  
Willow—White Maple  
April 1-15  
Alder—Red Maple—Elm—Larch—Sugar Maple  
April 15-30  
Poplar—Peach—Red Oak  
May 1-15  
Shadbush—Birch—Cherry—Plum—Pear—Several Oaks  
May 15-31  
Pine—Black Walnut—Sassafras—Ash—Locust—Dogwood—Apple  
June 1-15  
Hawthorn—Horse Chestnut  
June 15-30  
Chestnut  
July 1-15  
Tulip  
July 15-31  
Linden or Basswood

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### ROBIN REDBREAST

It happened at the time when our Lord created the world, when He not only made heaven and earth, but all the animals and the plants as well, at the same time giving them their names.

There have been many histories concerning that time, and if we knew them all, we should have light upon everything in this world which we cannot now comprehend.

At that time it happened one day, when our Lord sat in His Paradise and painted the little birds, that the colors in our Lord's paint pot gave out, and the goldfinch would have been without color if our Lord had not wiped all His paint brushes on its feathers.

It was then that the donkey got his long ears, because he could not remember the name that had been given him.

No sooner had he taken a few steps over the meadows of Paradise than he forgot, and three times he came back to ask his name. At last our Lord grew somewhat impatient, took him by his two ears, and said :

“Thy name is donkey, donkey, donkey!” And while He thus spake, our Lord pulled both of his ears, that the donkey might hear better, and remember what was said to him. It was on the same day, also, that the bee was punished.

Now, when the bee was created, she began immediately to gather honey, and the animals and human beings who caught the delicious odor of the honey came and wanted to taste of it. But the bee wanted to keep it all for herself, and with her poisonous sting pursued every living creature that approached her hive. Our Lord saw this, and at once called the bee to Him and punished her.

“I gave thee the gift of gathering honey, which is the sweetest thing in all creation,” said our Lord; “but I did not give thee the right to be cruel to thy neighbor. Remember well that every time thou stingest any creature who desires to taste of thy honey, thou shalt surely die!”

Ah, yes, it was at that time, too, that the cricket became blind and the ant missed her wings. So many strange things happened on that day!

Our Lord sat there, big and gentle, and planned and created all day long; and toward evening He conceived the idea of making a little gray bird. “Remember your name is Robin Redbreast,” said our Lord to the bird, as soon as it was finished. Then He held it in the palm of His open hand and let it fly.

After the bird had been testing his wings awhile, and had seen something of the beautiful world in which he was destined to live, he became curious to see what he himself was like. He noticed that he was entirely gray, and that

his breast was just as gray as all the rest of him. Robin Redbreast twisted and turned in all directions, as he viewed himself in the mirror of a clear lake; but he couldn't find a single red feather. Then he flew back to our Lord.

Our Lord sat there on His throne, big and gentle. Out of His hands came butterflies that fluttered about His head; doves cooed on His shoulders; and out of the earth beneath Him grew the rose, the lily, and the daisy.

The little bird's heart beat heavily with fright, but with easy curves he flew nearer and nearer our Lord, till at last he rested on our Lord's hand. Then our Lord asked what the little bird wanted. "I only wish to ask you about one thing," said the little bird. "What is it you wish to know?" said our Lord. "Why should I be called Red Breast, when I am all gray, from the bill to the very end of my tail. Why am I called Red Breast when I do not possess one single red feather?" The bird looked beseechingly on our Lord with his tiny black eyes—then turned his head. About him he saw pheasants all red under a sprinkle of gold dust, parrots with marvelous red neckbands, cocks with red combs, to say nothing about the butterflies, the goldfinches, and the roses! And naturally he thought how little he needed—just one tiny drop of color on his breast and he, too, would be a beautiful bird, and his name would fit him. "Why should I be called Red Breast when I am so entirely gray?" asked the bird once again, and waited for our Lord to say: "Ah, my friend, I see that I have forgotten to paint your breast feathers red, but wait a moment and it shall be done."

But our Lord only smiled a little and said: "I have called you Robin Redbreast, and Robin Redbreast shall your name be, but you must look to it that you yourself earn your red breast feathers." Then our Lord lifted His hand and let the bird fly once more—out into the world.

The bird flew down into Paradise, meditating deeply.

What could a little bird like him do to earn for himself red feathers? The only thing he could think of was to make his nest in a brier bush. He built it in among the thorns in the close thicket. It looked as if he waited for a rose leaf to cling to his throat and give him color.

Countless years had come and gone since that day, which was the happiest in all the world! Human beings had already advanced so far that they had learned to cultivate the earth and sail the seas. They had procured clothes and ornaments for themselves, and had long since learned to build big temples and great cities—such as Thebes, Rome, and Jerusalem.

Then there dawned a new day—one that will long be remembered in the world's history. On the morning of this day Robin Redbreast sat upon a little naked hillock outside of Jerusalem's walls, and sang to his young ones, who rested in a tiny nest in a brier bush.

Robin Redbreast told the little ones all about that wonderful day of creation, and how the Lord had given names to everything, just as each Redbreast had told it ever since the first Redbreast had heard God's word, and gone out of God's hand. "And mark you," he ended sorrowfully, "so many years have gone; so many roses have bloomed; so many little birds have come out of their eggs since Creation Day; but Robin Redbreast is still a little gray bird. He has not yet succeeded in gaining his red feathers."

The little young ones opened wide their tiny bills, and asked if their forebears had never tried to do any great thing to earn the priceless red color.

"We have all done what we could," said the little bird, "but we have all gone amiss. Even the first Robin Redbreast met one day another bird exactly like himself, and he began immediately to love it with such a mighty love that he could feel his breast burn. 'Ah!' he thought then, 'now I understand! It was our Lord's meaning that I should love with so much ardor that my breast should

grow red in color from the very warmth of the love that lives in my heart.' But he missed it, as all those who came after him have missed it, and as even you shall miss it."

The little young ones twittered utterly bewildered, and already began to mourn because the red color would not come to beautify their little downy gray breasts.

"We had also hoped that song would help us," said the grown-up bird, speaking in long-drawn-out tones. "The first Robin Redbreast sang until his heart swelled within him, he was so carried away, and he dared to hope anew. 'Ah!' he thought, 'it is the glow of the song which lives in my soul that will color my breast feathers red.' But he missed it, as all the others have missed it and as even you shall miss it."

Again was heard a sad "peep" from the young ones' half-naked throats.

"We had also counted on our courage and our valor," said the bird. "The first Robin Redbreast fought bravely with other birds, until his breast flamed with the pride of conquest. 'Ah!' he thought, 'my breast feathers shall become red from the love of battle which burns in my heart.' He, too, missed it, and as even you shall miss it."

The little young ones peeped courageously that they still wished to try and win the much-sought-for prize; but the bird answered them sorrowfully that it would be impossible. What could they do when so many splendid ancestors had missed the mark? What could they do more than love, sing, and fight? What could — The little bird stopped short, for out of one of the gates of Jerusalem came a crowd of people marching, and the whole procession rushed toward the hillock where the bird had its nest. There were riders on proud horses, soldiers with long spears, executioners with nails and hammers. There were judges and priests in the procession, weeping women, and above all a mob of mad, loose people running about—a filthy, howling mob of loiterers.

The little gray bird sat trembling on the edge of his nest. He feared each instant that the little brier bush would be trampled down and his young ones killed!

"Be careful!" he cried to the little defenseless young ones. "Creep together and remain quiet. Here comes a horse that will ride right over us! Here comes a warrior with iron-shod sandals! Here comes the whole wild, storming mob!"

Immediately the bird ceased his cry of warning and grew calm and quiet. He almost forgot the danger hovering over him. Finally he hopped down into the nest and spread his wings over the young ones.

"Oh, this is too terrible!" said he. "I don't wish you to witness this awful sight! There are three miscreants who are going to be crucified!" And he spread his wings so that the little ones could see nothing.

They caught only the sound of hammers, the cries of anguish, and the wild shrieks of the mob.

Robin Redbreast followed the whole spectacle with his eyes, which grew big with terror. He could not take his glance from the three unfortunates.

"How terrible human beings are!" said the bird after a little while. "It isn't enough that they nail these poor creatures to a cross, but they must needs place a crown of piercing thorns upon the head of one of them. I see that the thorns have wounded his brow, so that the blood flows," he continued. "And this man is so beautiful, and looks about him with such mild glances that everyone ought to love him. I feel as if an arrow were shooting through my heart, when I see him suffer!"

The little bird began to feel a stronger and stronger pity for the thorn-crowned sufferer. "Oh, if I were only my brother the eagle!" thought he, "I would draw the nails from his hands, and with my strong claws I would drive away all those who torture him!" He saw how the blood trickled down from the brow of the Crucified One, and he could no longer remain quiet in his nest. "Even if I am



little and weak, I can still do something for this poor tortured one," thought the bird.

Then he left his nest and flew out into the air, striking wide circles around the Crucified One. He flew around him several times, without daring to approach; for he was a shy little bird, who had never dared to go near a human being. But little by little he gained courage, flew close to him, and drew with his little bill a thorn that had become imbedded in the brow of the Crucified One. And, as he did this, there fell on his breast a drop of blood from the face of the Crucified One; and it spread quickly, and floated out, and colored all the little fine breast feathers.

Then the Crucified One opened his lips and whispered to the bird: "Because of thy compassion, thou hast won all that thy kind have been striving after, ever since the world was created."

As soon as the bird had returned to his nest, his young ones cried to him: "Thy breast is red! Thy breast feathers are redder than the roses!"

"It is only a drop of blood from the poor man's forehead," said the bird; "it will vanish as soon as I bathe in a pool or a clear well."

But no matter how much the little bird bathed, the red color did not vanish. And when his little young ones grew up, the blood-red color shone also on their breast feathers, just as it shines on every Robin Redbreast's throat and breast until this very day.

SELMA LAGERLOF.

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HYMN FOR TREE-PLANTING

God, save this tree we plant,  
And to all nature grant  
Sunshine and rain!  
Let not its branches fade;  
Save it from ax and spade;  
Save it for joyful shade—  
Guarding the plain!

When it is ripe to fall,  
Neighbored by trees as tall,  
    Shape it for good!  
Shape it to bench and stool;  
Shape it to square and rule;  
Shape it for home and school—  
    God bless the wood!

Lord of the earth and sea,  
Prosper our planted tree!  
    Save with Thy might!  
Save us from indolence,  
Waste and improvidence,  
And in Thy excellence,  
    Lead us aright!

HENRY H. HAY.

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To own a bit of ground, to scratch it with a hoe, to  
plant seeds and watch their renewal of life—this is the  
commonest delight of the race, the most satisfactory thing  
one can do.

CHARLES D. WARNER.

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#### COUNTING THE COST

To make one little golden grain  
Requires the sunshine and the rain,  
The hoarded richness of the sod—  
    And God.

To form and tint one lovely flower  
That lives to bless for one short hour  
Doth need the skies, the clouds above—  
    And love.

To make one life that's white and good,  
Fit for this human brotherhood,  
Demands the toil of weary years—  
    And tears.

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.



IRRIGATED APPLE ORCHARD, NORTH FORK VALLEY

## THE PURPOSE OF ARBOR DAY

To avert treelessness; to improve the climatic conditions; for the sanitation and embellishment of home environments; for the love of the beautiful and useful combined in the music and majesty of a tree, as fancy and truth unite in an epic poem, Arbor Day was created. It has grown with the vigor and beneficence of a grand truth, or a great tree.

J. STERLING MORTON.

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## STATE FLOWERS

The following are "state flowers," as adopted in most instances by the vote of the public-school pupils of the respective states:

- Alabama—Goldenrod.
- Arkansas—Apple blossom.
- California—Eschscholtzia.
- Colorado—Columbine.
- Delaware—Peach blossom.
- Idaho—Syringa.
- Illinois—Rose.
- Indiana—Corn.
- Iowa—Wild rose.
- Louisiana—Magnolia.
- Kansas—Sunflower.
- Kentucky—Goldenrod.
- Maine—Pine cone and tassel.
- Maryland—Goldenrod.
- Michigan—Apple blossom.
- Minnesota—Moccasin.
- Mississippi—Magnolia.
- Missouri—Goldenrod.
- Montana—Bitter root.
- Nebraska—Goldenrod.
- New York—Rose.
- North Dakota—Wild rose.

Ohio—Scarlet carnation.  
Oklahoma—Mistletoe.  
Oregon—Oregon grape.  
Pennsylvania—Goldenrod.  
Rhode Island—Violet.  
South Dakota—Pasque.  
Texas—Blue bonnet.  
Utah—Sego lily.  
Vermont—Red clover.  
Washington—Rhododendron.  
West Virginia—Rhododendron.  
Wisconsin—Violet.

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THE INDIGNANT FARMER

“I’m just as mad as I can be,”  
An angry farmer said;  
“Those early strawberries of mine  
Desire a folding bed!”

“And my potatoes have declined  
To ripen underground,  
Unless, to keep dust from their eyes,  
Smoked goggles I have found!”

“The cabbage-heads, among themselves,  
Indulge in secret chats;  
But I have overheard them, and  
They vow they’ll have straw hats!”

“Such foolishness I cannot stand;  
And now—just as I feared—  
Each single stalk of wheat demands  
A barber for its beard!”

“The squashes, too, are getting proud;  
It almost makes me smile;  
They want the very finest neckwear,  
Of the very latest style!”

“But now the very limit’s reached!  
I learn, with stifled groan,  
Each ear of corn insists upon  
A private telephone!”

CAROLYN WELLS.

## BIRDS AND POETS

(Colored pictures of the sixteen birds presented in this program may be secured; and, as each child recites his stanza, he holds up the colored plate so all may see; after finishing, he places it where it will be seen for the remainder of the exercise. After giving the title of the stanza, the name of the poet shall be added; then the selection recited.)

(Any pretty bird-songs may be inserted here and there.)

### 1. *The Bluebird*

Winged lute that we call a bluebird,  
You blend in your silver strain  
The sound of laughing water,  
The patter of spring's sweet rain,  
The voice of the winds, the sunshine,  
The fragrance of blossoming things.  
Ah, you are an April poem  
That God has dowered with wings!

EBEN E. REXFORD.

### 2. *The Robin*

Ring it out o'er hill and plain,  
Through the garden's lonely bowers,  
Till the green leaves dance again,  
Till the air is sweet with flowers!  
Wake the cowslips by the rill,  
Wake the yellow daffodil!  
Robin's come!

WILLIAM W. CALDWELL.

### 3. *The Song Sparrow*

There is a bird I know so well,  
It seems that if he must have sung  
Beside my crib when I was young;  
Before I knew the way to spell  
The name of even the smallest bird,  
His gentle-joyful song I heard.  
Now, see if you can tell, my dear,  
What bird it is that every year  
Sings, "Sweet! sweet! sweet! very merry cheer!"

HENRY VAN DYKE.

4. *The Baltimore Oriole*

At some glad moment was it Nature's choice  
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?  
Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,  
In some forgotten garden, ages back,  
Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was heard,  
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

EDGAR FAWCETT.

5. *The English Sparrow*

So dainty in plumage and hue!  
A study in grey and in brown!  
How little, how little we knew  
The pest he would prove to the town!

MARY I. FORSYTH.

6. *The Humming-Bird*

A flash of harmless lightning,  
A mist of rainbow dyes,  
The burnished sunbeams bright'ning,  
From flower to flower he flies.

JOHN B. TAB.

7. *The Oven Bird*

In the days of spring migrations,  
Days when nesting birds move northward  
To the forest, to the leaf beds,  
Comes the tiny oven builder.

Daintily the dead leaves lifting,  
Underneath them builds his oven,  
Arched and framed with last year's oak leaves,  
Roofed and walled against the raindrops.

Hour by hour his voice he raises;  
"Teach us! teach us!" is his asking;  
"Teach us! teach us!" comes responsive  
From the solemn, listening forest.

FRANK BOLLES.

8. *The Pewee*

In the deep, lonely forest I sat me down  
Beside the brook, irresolute,  
And watched a little bird in suit  
Of sober olive, soft and brown,  
Perched in the maple branches mute.  
With greenish gold its vest was fringed;  
Its tiny cap was ebon-tinged;  
With ivory pale its wings were barred,  
And its dark eyes were tender-starred.  
"Dear bird," I said, "what is thy name?"  
And thrice the mournful answer came,  
So faint, and far, and yet so near:  
"Pe-wee! pe-wee! peer!"

JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE.

9. *Wild Geese*

Hark, what a clamor goes winging through the sky!  
Look, children! Listen to the sound so wild and high!  
Like a peal of broken bells—kling, klang, kling—  
Far and high the wild geese cry: "Spring! It is spring!"

CELIA THAXTER.

10. *The Sandpiper*

Across the narrow beach we flit,  
One little sandpiper and I;  
And fast I gather, bit by bit,  
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.  
The wild waves reach their hands for it,  
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,  
As up and down the beach we flit—  
One little sandpiper and I.

CELIA THAXTER.

11. *The Whip-Poor-Will*

Now all the twilight range seemed still,  
The night air settled soft and sweet,  
When forth it burst—clear, slow, complete—  
The evening call of "Whip-poor-will!"  
Then suddenly, across the hill—  
Long, low, and sweet, with dreamy fall,  
Yet true and mellow, call for call,  
Elate, and with a human thrill—  
Came the far answer: "Whip-poor-will!"

MARY M. DODGE.



12. "Bob White"

I see you on the zigzag rails,  
You cheery little fellow,  
While purple leaves are whirling down,  
And scarlet, brown, and yellow.  
I hear you when the air is full  
Of snow-down of the thistle;  
All in your speckled jacket trim,  
"Bob White! Bob White!" you whistle.

GEORGE COOPER.

13. *The White Owl*

When cats run home, and light is come,  
And dew is cold on the ground,  
And the far-off stream is dumb,  
And the whirring sail goes round,  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

14. *The Downy Woodpecker*

Do you know a little bird  
That in mourning shades is dressed—  
Black and white upon his wings,  
Black and white upon his head;  
Underneath, a bib of white  
On his pretty throat and breast;  
While above, upon his nape,  
Gleams a shining bow of red?

MRS. M. A. B. KELLY.

15. *Crows*

There is a distant cawing,  
Growing louder—coming nearer;  
Tells of crows returning inland  
From the winter on the marshes.

FRANK BOLLES.

16. *The Bobolink*

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,  
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;  
White are his shoulders and white his crest.  
Hear him calling his merry note:  
"Bob—o—link, bob—o—link!  
Spink, spank, spink!  
Look what a nice new coat is mine!  
Sure there never was a bird so fine!  
Chee, chee, chee!"

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

Into the woods my Master went,  
Clean forspent, forspent.  
Into the woods my Master came,  
Forspent with love and shame.  
But the olives they were not blind to Him,  
The little gray leaves were kind to Him:  
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,  
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,  
And He was well content.  
Out of the woods my Master came,  
Content with death and shame.  
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,  
From under the trees they drew Him last:  
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last,  
When out of the woods He came.

SIDNEY LANIER.

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HOW THE INDIANS LEARNED TO MAKE MAPLE  
SUGAR

*(Algonquin Legend)*

One day there came a great embassy of Indians from the far South with words of peace and good-will. They said that in their country they had no cold weather, and very seldom saw any snow. They said that the trees were different, and that many things grew there that they did not see in our northern country. They brought with them many presents, and were kindly received by our people; and then, after some weeks of feasting and speech-making, they returned home, laden with the best gifts our tribes could bestow.

Among the presents which these southern Indians brought was a large quantity of sugar. This was the first time it was ever seen among the Indians of the North. It was very much prized, and was very carefully divided among the people, so that each one had a small quantity. It did not last very long, for everybody was fond of it.

When it was all gone the people were sorry, and the question was asked: "Why cannot we send a company of our own people and get more of it?"

This suggestion met with the favor of the tribes, and a large party of the best runners was selected, and, being well supplied with rich presents and pipes of peace, they started off to find the Southland and to obtain abundance of the sugar. Some weeks passed by before word was heard from them, and the news was very bad. Fierce wars had broken out among the tribes that lived between ours and those who dwelt in that far South. Our Indians had to fight for their lives. Many of them were killed, others were badly wounded, and of the large company that started out not more than half ever returned to their homes. The expedition was a complete failure.

Still there was the memory of the sugar among them, and it happened that one day in the council somebody said: "Why not send to Nanahboozhoo?" So it was decided to send a deputation to Nanahboozhoo to tell him of the wish of the tribes to have *se-se-pask-wut* (sugar), as had the tribes of the Southland.

The deputation who started off to find Nanahboozhoo had a great deal of difficulty in finding him. It seems that a great strife had arisen between Nanahboozhoo and some of the underground Muche Munedoos—bad spirits, sometimes called the Anamak-quin, who had determined to kill Nokomis, the grandmother of Nanahboozhoo, because of their spiteful hatred of Nanahboozhoo, whom they knew they could not kill because he had supernatural powers.

Nanahboozhoo had, as usual, been playing some of his pranks on them, and that was why they were determined to kill Nokomis.

Nanahboozhoo dearly loved his grandmother, although he was often giving her great frights, just as other grandsons sometimes do. So, when he heard of what the Muche Munedoos were threatening, he took up his grandmother on his strong back, and carried her far away, and made

for her a tent of maples in a great forest among the mountains. The only access to it was across a single log at a dizzy height over a wild, rushing river.

It was now in the fall of the year, and the leaves of these trees were all crimson and yellow—so brilliant that when seen from a long distance they looked like a great fire. Thus it happened that when the bad spirits, following after Nanahboozhoo and Nokomis, saw the brilliant colors through the haze of that Indian summer day, they thought the whole country was on fire, and they turned back and troubled them no more. Nanahboozhoo was pleased that the beautiful maple trees had been of so much assistance to him. He decided to dwell among them for some time, so he prepared a comfortable wigwam for himself and his grandmother.

At first Nanahboozhoo was perplexed. He was such a great traveler that he had often been down in the great Southland, and well knew how the sugar was there made. He had seen the fields of sugar cane, and knew the whole process by which the juice was squeezed out and then boiled down into sugar. He also knew that it required a lot of hard work before the sugar was made.

When Nokomis heard the request of the deputation to her grandson, she was very much interested; for had not Nanahboozhoo several times, when returning from those trips to the South, brought back to her some of the sugar? And she had liked it very much. And so now she added her pleadings to theirs that he would in some way grant them their request.

Of course, Nanahboozhoo could not refuse now; so he told them that, as the beautiful maple trees had been so good to him and Nokomis, from this time forward they should, like the sugar cane of the South, yield the sweet sap that, when boiled down, would make the sugar they liked so much.

He told them, however, that it was not for the lazy ones to have, but only for those who were industrious and would carry out his commands. Then Nanahboozhoo

described to them the whole process of sugar-making. He told them that only in the spring of the year would the sweet sap flow. Then they were to have ready their tapping gouges, their spiles and buckets. Great fireplaces were to be built, and here, as fast as the sap was gathered from the trees, it was to be boiled down in their little kettles into the nice molasses; and then a little more, so that when it cooled it would harden into sugar.

"Now," added Nanahboozhoo, "go back to your people and tell them that it depends on their industry between now and the spring who shall have the most of the sugar you love so well." Then he skilfully modeled out a stone tapping-gouge of the shape required to make the incision in the tree from which the sap would flow. With his knife he made a sample spile of cedar, the thin end of which was to be driven into the hole made by the gouge and along which the sap would flow. Then he told them to make plenty of buckets of birch bark, and thus be ready when the time came to secure an abundant supply of sap. Thus the art of making maple sugar first came to be known. Nanahboozhoo gave it to the Indians long ago. Then, when the palefaces came, they followed the same process. That is the way Nanahboozhoo showed us how to get the maple sugar.

EGERTON R. YOUNG.

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## HOW GLOOSKAP MADE THE ELVES AND FAIRIES, AND THEN MAN

*(Myth of the Passamaquoddy Indians).*

Glooskap came first of all into this country, into Nova Scotia, Maine, Canada, into the land of the Wabanaki, next to sunrise. There were no Indians here then (only wild Indians very far to the west).

First born were the Mikumwess, the Oonabgenessuk, the small elves, little men, dwellers in rocks.

And in this way he made man: He took his bow and arrows and shot at trees, the basket trees, the ash. Then Indians came out of the bark of the ash trees.

Glooskap made all the animals. He made them at first very large. Then he said to moose, the great Moose who was as tall as Ketawkqu's: "What would you do, should you see an Indian coming?" Moose replied: "I would tear down the trees on him." The Glooskap saw that the moose was too strong, and made him smaller, so that Indians could kill him.

Then he said to the squirrel, who was the size of a wolf: "What would you do if you should meet an Indian?" And the squirrel answered: "I would scratch down trees on him." The Glooskap said: "You are also too strong;" and he made him little.

Then he asked the great white bear what he would do if he met an Indian; and the bear said: "Eat him." And the Master bade him go and live among rocks and ice, where he would see no Indians.

So he questioned all the beasts, changing their size or allotting their lives according to their answers.

He took the loon for his dog; but the loon absented himself so much that he chose for this service two wolves, one black and one white. But the loons are always his talebearers.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

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## HOW GLOOSKAP FOUND THE SUMMER

*(An Algonquin Legend)*

In the long-ago time, when people lived always in the early red morning, before sunrise, before the *Squid to neck* was peopled as today, Glooskap went very far north, where all was ice.

He came to a wigwam. Therein he found a giant—a great giant; for he was Winter. Glooskap entered; he

sat down. Then Winter gave him a pipe; he smoked, and the giant told tales of the old times.

The charm was on him; it was the Frost. The giant talked on and froze, and Glooskap fell asleep. He slept for six months, like a toad. Then the charm fled, and he awoke. He went his way home; he went to the South, and at every step it grew warmer, and the flowers began to come up and talk to him.

He came to where there were many little ones dancing in the forest; their queen was Summer. I am singing the truth: it was Summer, the most beautiful one ever born. He caught her up; he kept her by a crafty trick. The Master cut a moose hide into a long cord; as he ran away with Summer, he let the end trail behind him.

They, the fairies of light, pulled at the cord; but, as Glooskap ran, the cord ran out, and, though they pulled, he left them far away. So he came to the lodge of Winter, but now he had Summer in his bosom; and Winter welcomed him, for he hoped to freeze him again to sleep. I am singing the song of Summer.

But this time the Master did the talking. This time his *m'teoulin* was the strongest. And ere long the sweat ran down Winter's face, and then he melted more and quite away, as did the wigwam. Then everything awoke; the grass grew, the fairies came out, and the snow ran down the rivers, carrying away the dead leaves. Then Glooskap left Summer with them, and went home.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

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## THE CREATION

*(Myth of the Achomaw Indians)*

Coyote began the creation of the earth, but Eagle completed it. Coyote scratched it up with his paws out of nothingness, but Eagle complained there were no mountains for him to perch on. So Coyote made hills, but they were not high enough. Therefore Eagle scratched up

great ridges. When Eagle flew over them, his feathers dropped down, took root, and became trees. The pin feathers became bushes and plants.

KATHARINE B. JUDSON.

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#### THE DEATH OF PUCK

I fear that Puck is dead—it is so long  
Since men last saw him; dead with all the rest  
Of that sweet elfin crew that made their nest  
In hollow nuts, where hazels sing their song;  
Dead and for ever, like the antique throng  
The elves replaced: the Dryad that you guess'd  
Behind the leaves; the Naiad weed-bedress'd;  
The leaf-ear'd Faun that loved to lead you wrong.

Tell me, thou hopping robin, hast thou met  
A little man, no bigger than thyself,  
Whom they call Puck, where woodland bells are wet?  
Tell me, thou wood mouse, hast thou seen an elf  
Whom they call Puck, and is he seated yet,  
Capp'd with a snail-shell, on his mushroom shelf?

The robin gave three hops, and chirp'd, and said:  
"Yes, I knew Puck, and loved him; though I trow  
He mimick'd oft my whistle, chuckling low.  
Yes, I knew cousin Puck; but he is dead.  
We found him lying on his mushroom bed—  
The wren and I—half cover'd up with snow,  
As we were hopping where the berries grow.  
We think he died of cold. Aye, Puck is fled."

And then the wood mouse said: "We made the mole  
Dig him a little grave beneath the moss,  
And four big dormice placed him in the hole.  
The squirrel made with sticks a little cross;  
Puck was a Christian elf, and had a soul;  
And all we velvet jackets mourn his loss."

EUGENE L. HAMILTON.

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#### FORESTRY

Everybody, both young and old, should cultivate an interest in forestry; they should learn to love trees and to



plant them in every vacant space where they can be grown. In that way they will add to the beauty of their homes and the attractiveness of the community; they will be doing something which will please others as well as themselves—something which will be good in their day and generation and in the generations to come. Our country was greatly favored by nature with forests. When our forefathers landed upon the Atlantic coast, the forests were filled with Indians and wild animals. They were obliged to subdue their natural foes and cut down the forests, so that they could erect their log-cabins and churches, build cities, cultivate fields, reap harvests, and construct great railroads. They endured many hardships in carving their homes out of the wilderness. In many instances they went too far in destroying forests; they cut many trees from hillsides where they should have been left to protect the soil, which, without the trees, was washed away and the land was destroyed. We now have many large areas which have been entirely robbed of their forests. The few forests we still have are rapidly disappearing, and unless we take some steps to conserve them we shall become a treeless community.

Many people do not plant trees because it requires so many years for them to grow to maturity; there are more who are selfish and not willing to go to the trouble of planting trees because they feel that they will not get much benefit out of them. The right view for us to take is that we should do those things which not only help ourselves, but which also add to the comfort and happiness of those who come after us. Boys and girls who plant trees will live to enjoy them, and at the same time they will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are doing something which will benefit others for many years to come.

Some of the old countries I have visited have been robbed of their trees and are desolate-looking places. A treeless country is not good to look upon, and we naturally pity folks who cannot enjoy the companionship of the

trees. Trees are our friends. They protect us in the heat of summer with their shade; they make us pleasant homes, and add to our comfort in many other ways.

When in Egypt, I visited the tombs, and saw the mummy of one of the old kings who ruled about fifteen centuries before Christ was born. All this takes our minds far back. Much has happened since then in the history of the world, particularly in our own country. It is interesting to know that there are trees now living which began to grow many centuries before the old Egyptian kings were born. Some of the great Mariposa trees in California were many years old when the Egyptian king whose mummy I saw ruled in Egypt.

There are many other interesting historic trees in the world. There are many in our own state, as well as in other states of the Union. We are all familiar with the Constitutional Elm at Corydon. It is a magnificent tree, and everyone in Indiana feels a personal interest in it, because under its far-reaching branches some of the men who drafted the Constitution of Indiana deliberated more than a half-century ago. In Cambridge, near Boston, stands the elm under which George Washington assumed control of the Continental Army. It is badly decayed, but the people preserve it with all of the affection and solicitude they could bestow upon a human being.

I saw trees along the highway leading to Nikko, Japan, where there are many great temples. They were planted on either side of the roadway, and there they stand like sentinels in close touch with each other. Between these two rows is a narrow roadway along which the rulers of Japan for many years traveled with great pomp and ceremony.

Poets have sung of trees in their sweetest songs, because they loved them and understand how dear they are to the hearts of the people; and great orators have paid tribute to them.

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned  
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave  
. . . . .  
. . . . . in the darkling wood  
. . . . . He knelt down,  
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks  
And supplication."

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

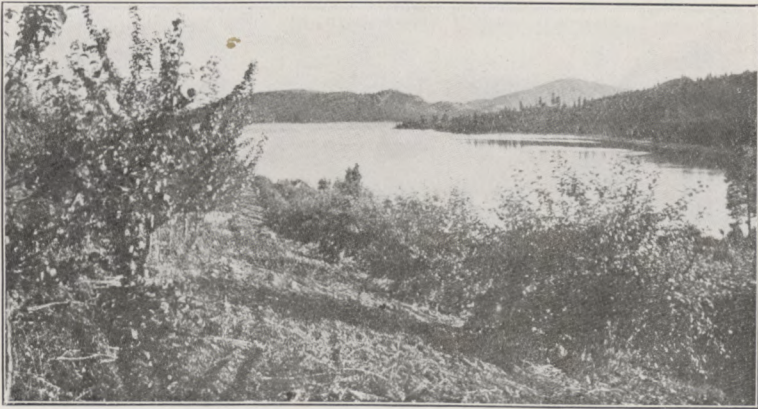
"Of all man's work of art a cathedral is greatest.  
A vast and majestic tree is greater than that."

HENRY W. BEECHER.

"When we plant a tree we are doing what we can to make  
our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling-place  
for those who come after us if not for ourselves."—  
OLIVER W. HOLMES.

What a fine thing it is to plant a tree, and see it grow  
into strength and beauty! We should all learn what trees  
to plant, and when and where to plant them. In addition  
to this, we should also know how to care for them. We  
should plant them about our homes; along the streets in  
towns, cities, and villages; about schoolhouses and  
churches; upon the banks of running brooks; along lanes  
and highways. What a noble thing it would be if every  
boy and girl in "Colorado" should every year plant at least  
one tree! How it would enrich the community in the  
course of years! And, better than that, what a splendid  
influence it would have upon all who planted. Everyone  
who does a good and generous act is made better by the  
doing; the very thought of it is stimulating and ennobling.

CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.



ON THE BORDER OF THE WILD

GOOD ROADS DAY



VIEW ON NATIONAL ROAD IN WESTERN MARYLAND

## THE ROAD

I sing you an ode  
Of the country road—  
The lumpy road  
And the bumpy road,  
That jolts the wagon and spills the load.  
Mud to the hubs when the rain comes down;  
Flooded wherever the creeks run high;  
Filled with ruts when the fields are brown,  
And the sun is hot, and the air is dry.  
It's clogged with gravel and packed with sand;  
So built and graded and laid and planned  
That it takes a team,  
And sometimes two,  
To do the work one horse should do.  
It racks the wagons with jolts and jars;  
It ruins horses and motor-cars;  
Keeps back crops from the market-place;  
Piles up debt on the farmer's place—  
The old-time road is a plain disgrace.  
But the modern road is a different thing—  
A worthy theme for the bard to sing:  
Put together  
For every weather,  
Smooth and dustless and good to see,  
And graded *right*, as a road should be;  
Useful always and muddy never;  
A thing of beauty—a joy forever.

BERTON BRALEY.

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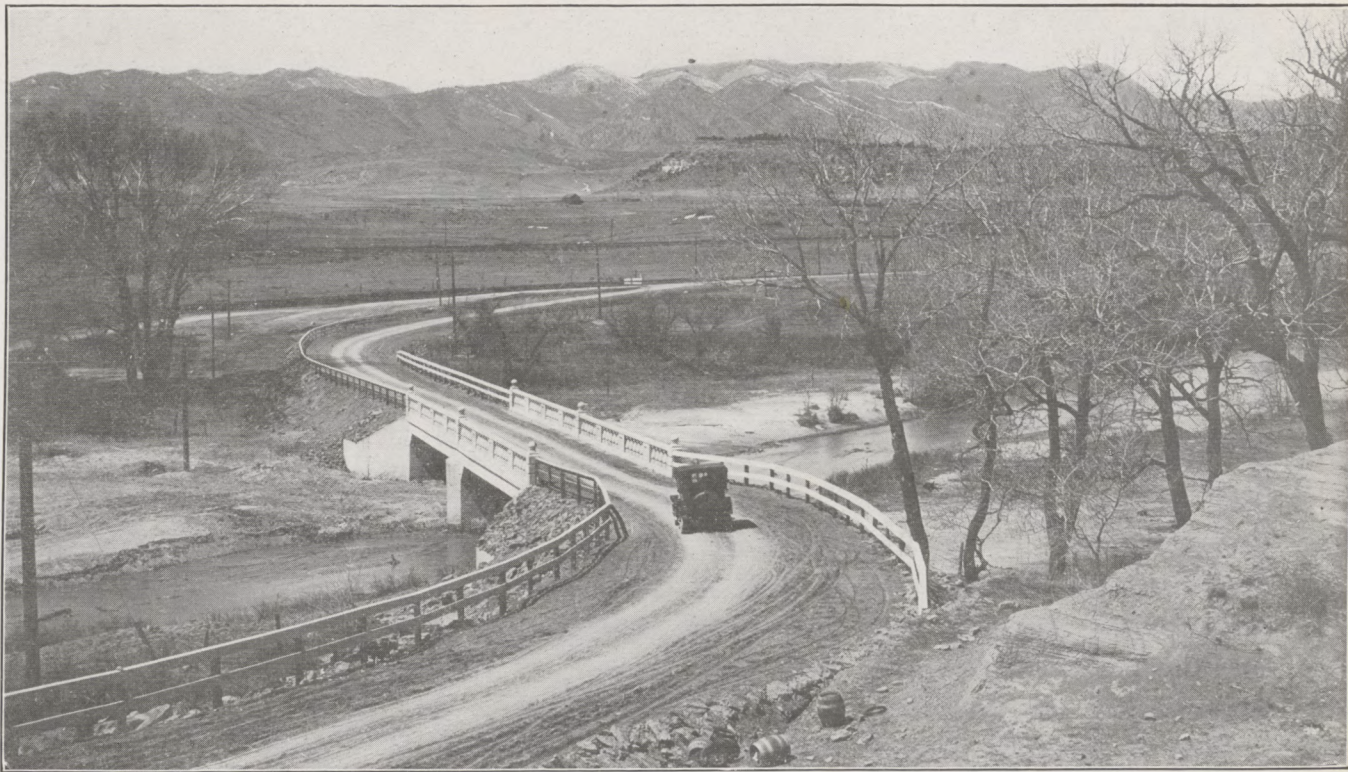
## ROADSIDE GLEANINGS FROM PROSE AND POETRY

Set thee up way marks. Set thine heart toward the highway.—JEREMIAH 1:21.

America pays more for bad roads than good roads would cost.

Good roads are neighbor-makers and trade-builders.

Mud roads belong to the log-cabin days, and log-cabin days belong to the past.



#### ON THE COLORADO SPRINGS-DENVER ROAD

From Colorado Springs to Denver, a distance of seventy-five miles, the road parallels the mountain range. It is one of the most popular automobile drives in the State of Colorado. This picture is taken from a point a few miles north of Colorado Springs, and shows the excellent road and the substantial and artistic bridge which has recently been built by El Paso County.



You can ship wheat at 3.3 cents a bushel from New York to Liverpool, but it costs you 5.4 cents to haul a bushel 9.4 miles from the farm to the railroad.

Mud tax and taxes levied by ignorance are the most burdensome of all taxes.

When we wish to use descriptive terms fit to characterize great empires and the men who made those empires great, invariably one of the terms used is to signify that that empire built good roads.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The first and last commandment in the maintenance of earth roads is to keep the surface well drained.—L. W. PAGE.

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The good road is a sign of the culture, knowledge, and civilization in a county, a state, or a nation. Does your community stand the test?

“If a country is stagnant, the condition of the roads will indicate the fact; if a people have no roads, they are savages.”

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## ROAD BUILDING IN HISTORY

### THE ROMANS

The Romans were the greatest road-builders of ancient times. The Appian Way, named after the censor Appius Claudius, was the first road they built and, on account of its excellence, was called the “Queen of Roads.” In the zenith of Roman glory twenty-nine imperial highways radiated from the golden milepost in Rome to the uttermost limits of her empire. Thus came the proverb: “All roads lead to Rome.” The surfacing of these roads was three feet thick, and, while the roads were but five yards wide, they could not now be duplicated for less than \$50,000 per mile. They were practically indestructible. Many of them still remain, forming the bed for some of



THE THREE HAIRPINS, UNDER CONSTRUCTION

the modern roads, and in a few instances the surface as well. These roads ran in straight lines, always taking the shortest distance between two points. If a hill were in the way, it was leveled; if a ravine, it was filled. The longer hills they climbed. A huge trench was dug, a foundation of heavy stones was put in, and then layers of stone in mortar, and finally huge blocks of stone set in mortar. The road in places was elevated above the adjacent land, and was then protected by stone parapets. No trees decorated the roadside. Their decorations were stone mounting blocks for the convenience of the cavalry, milestones showing the distance from the Roman Forum, and great monuments—gifts of conquerors or rich merchants. Roman roads were the best and only roads in Europe for nearly two thousand years. No later nation had the cause, the army, the wealth to build such roads; so with the passing of the Romans the era of road-building ended.

#### MIDDLE AGES

During the Middle Ages the old Roman roads were regarded with terror. Robbers lurked along them, ready to kill as well as plunder. In 1285 a law was passed in England directing that all bushes and trees along roads leading from one market to another should be cut away two hundred feet on either side, to prevent robbers hiding therein.

#### INCAS

The Incas in Peru built roads that compared well with the Roman roads, and that at an elevation of twelve thousand feet. Their roads were bordered by shade trees and running streams.

#### MODERN TIMES

Tresaguet, a French engineer of the latter part of the eighteenth century; Telford, an English engineer of the early part of the nineteenth century, and MacAdam, an

observing Scotchman with no training as an engineer, were the originators of modern methods of road-building.

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Straighten young trees blown over by the wind.

Break the heads from the burdocks, cockleburrs, and thistles along the road before they go to seed.

Feed the birds in winter around the school. Scraps of lunches, grain, fat meat, will help them through the hard, ice-bound days. Put a little grain in your pocket, and scatter it along the road as you go to school.

Make bird-houses for the trees around your home.

In consolidated high schools manual-training classes can make neat signboards for road crossings.

Keep a constant watch on the condition of all roads you travel, and talk about them to older people.

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The isolation of American farm life is the great curse of that life, more particularly for women. It falls upon them with a hardship that the men cannot appreciate, and drives the young of both sexes away.

F. W. W.

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By furnishing better means of communication, good roads will add to the selling price of farm products, and in every way will contribute to the comfort and happiness of the people. Then, furthermore, we can have a good system of consolidated schools only where we have good roads.—*West Virginia Arbor and Bird Day Annual*, 1908.

To man and beast alike the roadway that offers few obstacles to easy travel is a delight which shortens the journey by mitigating the pangs of fatigue.—BYRNE.

The foot that is familiar with grass usually belongs to a man of lighter heart than he whose soles seldom wander from the pavement.—LEO H. GRINDON.



ON CIMARRON SIDE OF CERRO HILL, RAINBOW ROUTE

“POOR ROADS—POOR SCHOOLS—IGNORANCE—  
POVERTY,” OR “GOOD ROADS—GOOD  
SCHOOLS—KNOWLEDGE—PROSPERITY”

This is the alternative, as presented by the National Highways Association, to which association we are indebted for the accompanying interesting pictures. The pictures tell the story impressively.

Good roads have a moral, civic, and educational value which cannot be measured in dollars. There are 18,000,000 children who endeavor to attend school. There are over 30,000,000 who should attend school. Why don't they? Because the schools are not provided, nor attendance required. Why not? Because during much of the school term a considerable part of 2,000,000 miles of our roads are impassable. This is shown by the fact that only 0.9 per cent of the urban white population of the United States of native parentage is illiterate, while rural illiteracy is 600 per cent greater in the same class of inhabitants. How can we have or get good schools in the rural districts if we have not the good roads to reach them at all times and in all seasons?

The children of today are the electors, the representatives, the senators, the judges, one of them the President, of tomorrow. The population is increasing by leaps and bounds. If education means liberty, and if poor roads mean illiteracy or worse, have we a right *not* to build good roads, even if they would not pay for themselves well within the generation which builds them?

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THE FARMER CAN GET WHAT HE WANTS

Another direction in which government encouragement is to be extended to the agricultural community is that of roads. Whether we believe in it or not—a good many real farmers don't—it is plain as daylight that the national government is going presently into the business



GOOD FARM ROAD

of building country roads. The beginnings will be modest and rather experimental; but it is an enterprise that, once entered upon, is certain to absorb more and more importance to itself. We can all recollect how tentatively and cautiously the first experiments in rural free delivery were undertaken. Nobody would have dared tackle it if it had been realized that inside of twenty years Uncle Sam would actually be lugging a daily mail to almost every farmhouse door. They would have been certain that such a stunt would bankrupt the government. It did nothing of the kind; the postoffice keeps right on providing new facilities, and coming closer and closer to a profit.

Perhaps, therefore, it is safe for the government to jump into the good-roads business, in partnership with the states. One thing is certain: If the farmers want federal aid in building roads, they can get it by going after it. Congress is in a melting mood. Nobody is prepared to vote against anything the farmers are agreed in wanting; partly because of the farmer's political importance, partly because of this new disposition to transfer the pampering from the manufacturer to the farmer. If you want your fur stroked the right way, Mr. Farmer, just hump your back and rub up against Congress.

The last Congress named a special joint committee of House and Senate to study this question of federal aid in the construction of roads. Senator Bourne, of Oregon—now out of the Senate, but remaining chairman of this committee—was head of the thing, and he has taken a keen interest in the investigation. He thinks that the determination should be made to combine national and state credit for the purpose of road-building, so as to get the cheapest possible money. He would do that in an ingenious fashion. Taking a total investment of a billion dollars as a basis, he would apportion it among the states in proportion to their needs, areas, wealth, etc.





MEMBERS OF THE WOMAN'S GOOD ROADS CLUB AT WORK ON GOOD ROADS DAY

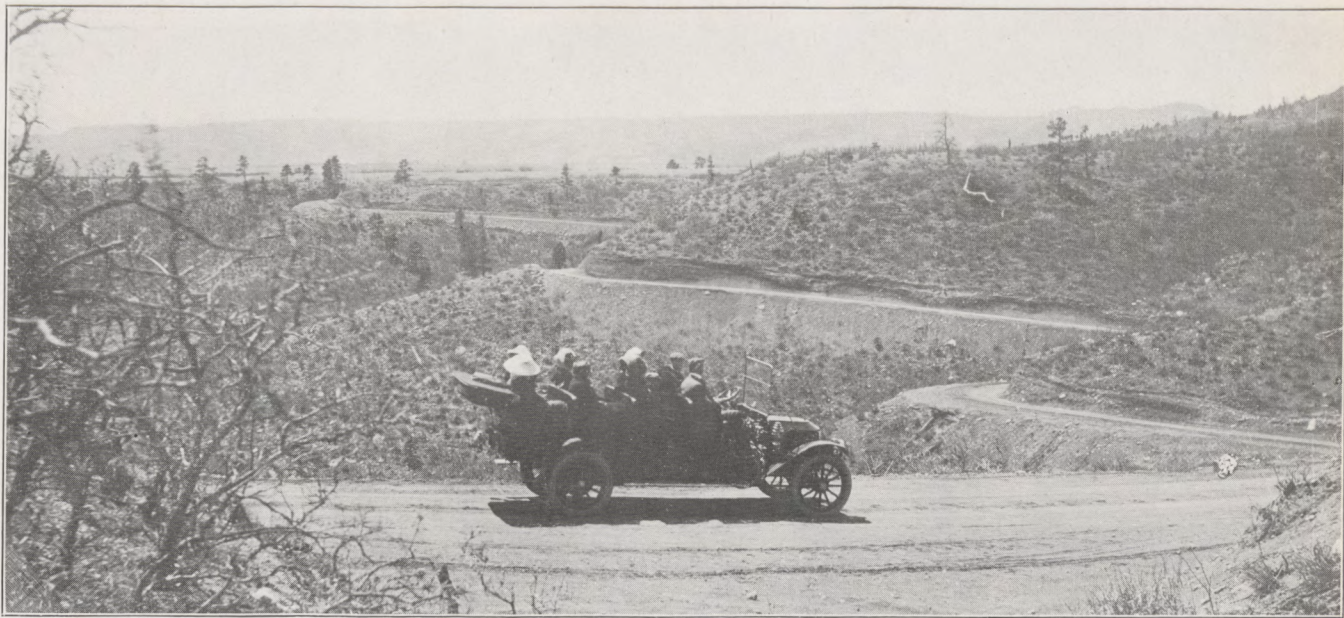
#### A BIG FINANCIAL SCHEME

Alabama would be entitled to \$17,200,000, and New York to \$78,600,000. The national government would raise this money by selling 3 per cent bonds, to run fifty years. When New York wanted its \$78,600,000 from the fund, it would deposit bonds of New York State, running fifty years and drawing 4 per cent interest, with the treasury at Washington. That is, the national government would accept state bonds drawing 4 per cent as security, and sell national bonds drawing 3 per cent, and turn the money over to the state. The state would, of course, pay the interest on its bonds direct to the national treasury; 3 per cent, out of the 4, would go to paying the interest on the corresponding national bonds, and the other 1 per cent would become a sinking fund. Invested properly, it would amount, at the end of the fifty-year term of the bonds, to enough to retire the entire issue of government securities; whereupon the national government would cancel and destroy the state bonds it has held for security, and the transaction would close.

#### HOW TO GET GOOD ROADS

If that scheme is not worthy of a veritable Napoleon of finance, I never heard of one that was! Senator Bourne has invited all comers to throw bricks through it—to point out where the hole is in his skimmer; and, truth to say, nobody has succeeded very effectively in breaking down the plan, so far as concerns financing. But there is a good deal of impression that the administration might get careless, when there was division of responsibility between the state and federal government.

This plan would permit the states to have whatever road laws they liked, provided only that the federal money was legitimately and wisely used, and the roads kept in good repair. To the maintenance of the roads thus built the Bourne plan would have the national treasury make a direct annual contribution, probably of 2 per cent on



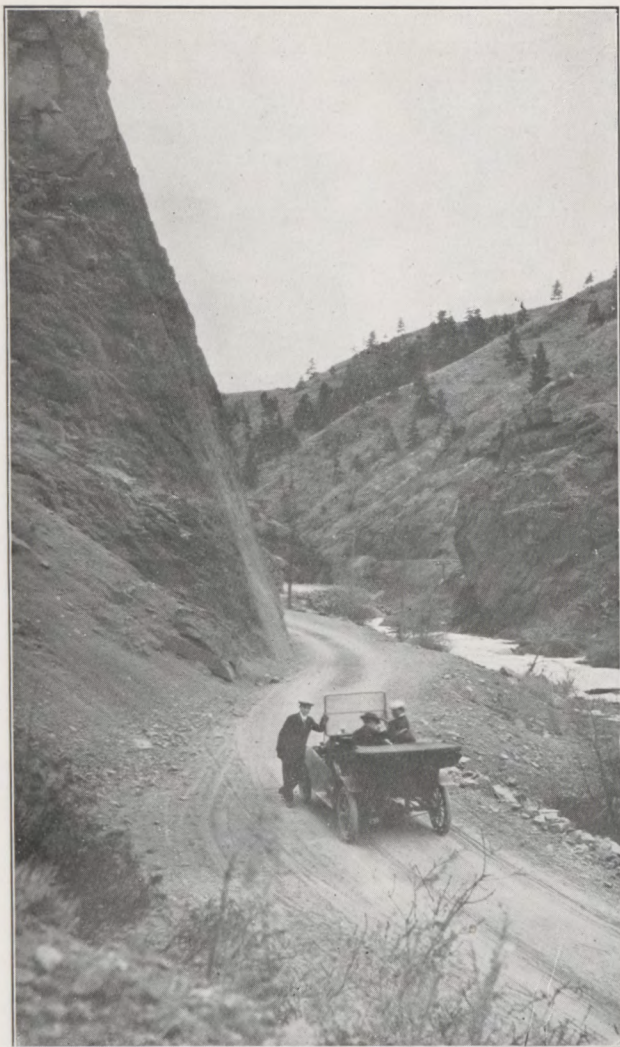
**IN THE FOOTHILLS, NEAR COLORADO SPRINGS, ON THE COLORADO SPRINGS-CANON CITY ROAD**

This view gives an excellent idea of the engineering feat accomplished by road building in Colorado. This is a section of the Colorado Springs-Canon City State Highway, which has just been completed

the entire amount thus raised. But this would be granted only on condition that the state regularly paid its interest on the bonds it had deposited in the treasury, and, further, that the state paid its own proportion toward maintenance of the roads. The operations of the plan would be under charge of a federal Highway Commission, whose authority would be very wide, extending to the point of dictating the conditions under which states must use their federal road money. That would seem to be absolutely necessary, indeed, unless we take chance on endless graft and waste. The experience of the different states in spending even their own revenues for roads does not justify great confidence in their administrative methods. They need to be watched very closely.

CONGRESS WILL LISTEN TO THE PEOPLE

Mr. Bourne proposes to spread out the workings of his plan so that no state may get more than one-fifth of its entire allotment of the fund in a single year. He would not feed out a new allotment until the Highway Commission had reported that the preceding one had been wisely used, and that there was good reason for going ahead with the arrangement. Senator Bourne is confident that this plan, with perhaps a good many modifications, will at length be adopted. He is devoting himself to its promotion, with the same zeal that he devoted to the parcel post a few years ago. His methods now are much the same as then; and it is to be remembered that in the parcel-post affair he got what he wanted: he passed a parcel-post law, which was more than anybody else had been able to do. He organized a nation-wide movement for it that Congress simply could not withstand; and he is plugging away now, organizing a like movement in favor of his federal-aid-to-roads scheme. It need be no surprise if he wins. His methods are the methods that usually win in such campaigns.



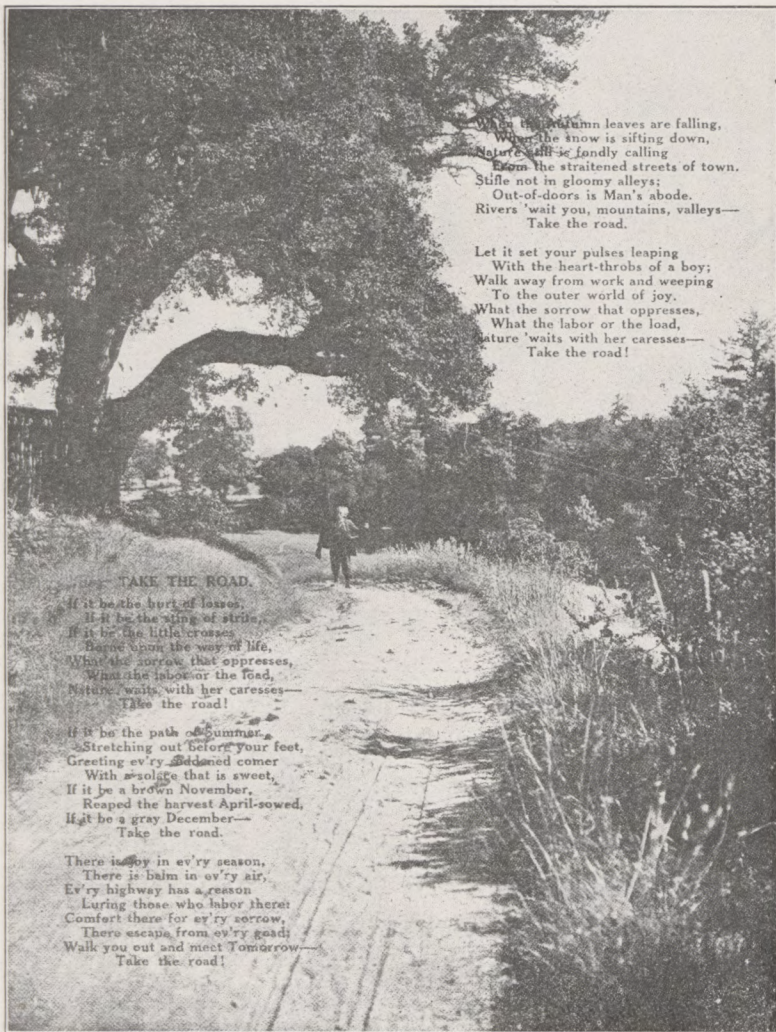
**ON THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY, NEAR COLORADO SPRINGS**

The Lincoln Highway is the central transcontinental route through Colorado. Just west of Colorado Springs and Manitou it enters the mountains by way of Ute Pass. This picture is taken in Ute Pass, and shows not only the excellent road bed, but gives an idea of the scenic features of the trip.

Oh, who will walk a mile with me  
Along life's merry way?  
A comrade blithe and full of glee,  
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,  
And let his frolic fancy play,  
Like a happy child through the flowers gay  
That fill the field and fringe the way,  
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me  
Along life's weary way?  
A friend whose heart has eyes to see  
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,  
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day;  
A friend who knows, and dares to say,  
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way,  
Where he walks a mile with me.

HENRY VAN DYKE.



When the autumn leaves are falling,  
When the snow is sifting down,  
Nature still is fondly calling  
From the straitened streets of town.  
Stille not in gloomy alleys;  
Out-of-doors is Man's abode.  
Rivers 'wait you, mountains, valleys—  
Take the road.

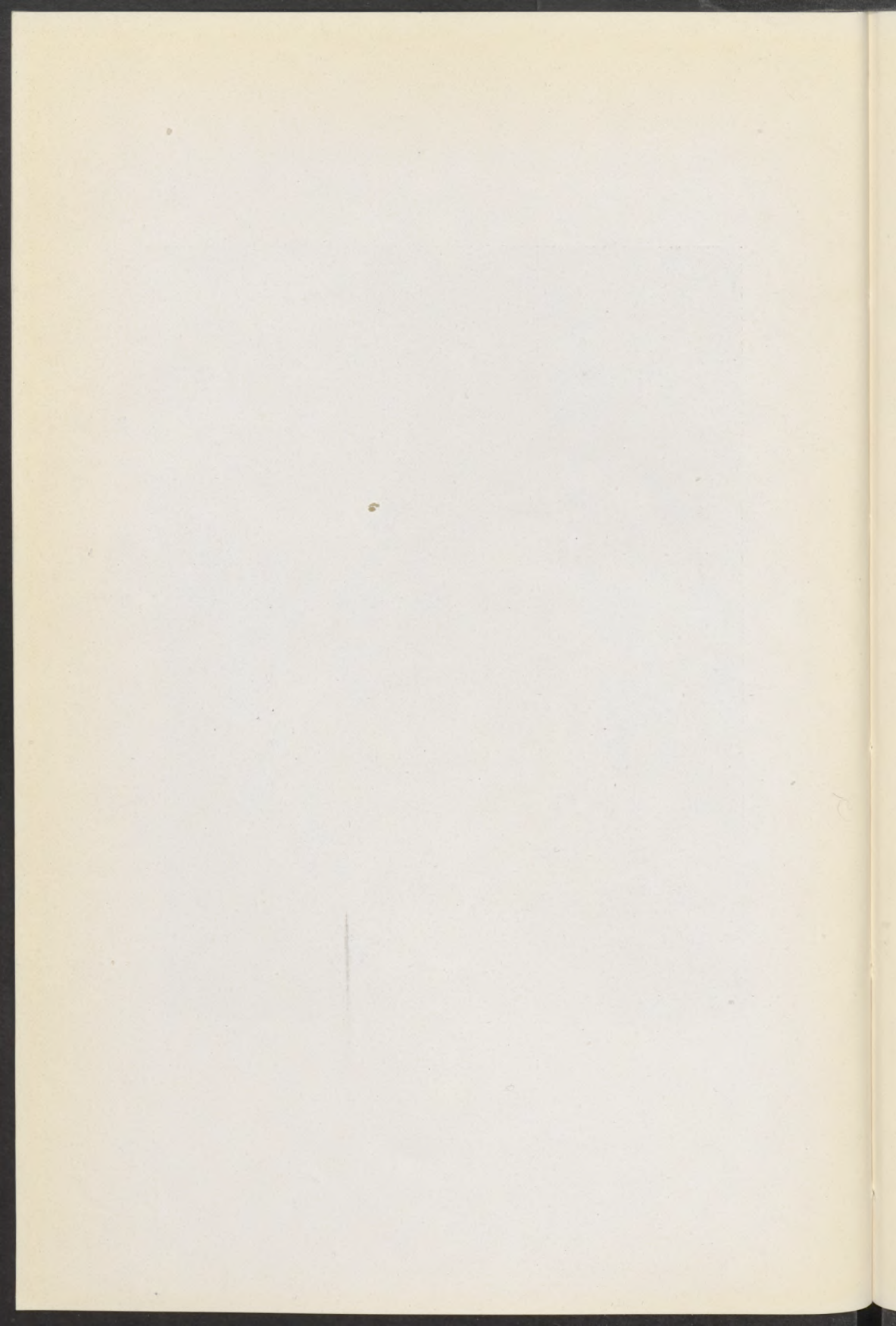
Let it set your pulses leaping  
With the heart-throbs of a boy;  
Walk away from work and weeping  
To the outer world of joy.  
What the sorrow that oppresses,  
What the labor or the load,  
Nature 'waits with her caresses—  
Take the road!

#### TAKE THE ROAD.

If it be the burt of losses,  
If it be the sting of strife,  
If it be the little crosses  
Borne upon the way of life,  
What the sorrow that oppresses,  
What the labor or the load,  
Nature 'waits with her caresses—  
Take the road!

If it be the path of summer,  
Stretching out before your feet,  
Greeting ev'ry ~~and~~ comer  
With a smile that is sweet,  
If it be a brown November,  
Reaped the harvest April-sowed,  
If it be a gray December—  
Take the road.

There is joy in ev'ry season,  
There is balm in ev'ry air,  
Ev'ry highway has a reason  
Luring those who labor there;  
Comfort there for ev'ry sorrow,  
There escape from ev'ry goad;  
Walk you out and meet Tomorrow—  
Take the road!





MOTHER'S DAY



### LOVING

How much he loved her he could not say;  
And yet he troubled her day by day.  
He rarely thought of her peace and ease;  
For he said in his heart: "I'll do as I please."  
At last he learned from his patient mother  
That loving means—we must please each other.

MARY F. BUTTS.

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### MOTHER'S ALMANAC

Tell you, when it comes to dates,  
My mother's just "the boss"!  
She tells me all I want to know,  
'Thout ever gettin' cross.

You'd think she'd get mixed up sometimes—  
At school I know I do—  
'Bout Washington and Plymouth Rock,  
And 1492.

But mother says: "The war with Spain  
Was fought in '98—  
The year you all had chicken-pox,  
Exceptin' little Kate.

"That year, of course, the Spanish ships  
Were sunk in Cuba's channels;  
'Twas summer, for I'd put away  
You children's winter flannels.

"The Boer war in Africa—  
That was a dreadful thing!—  
Began in '99, I know.  
Jack broke his arm that spring.

"'Twas 1904, and winter, too,  
When Japs and Russians fought.  
You almost had pneumonia then  
From that bad cold you caught."

There's six of us, and we're mixed up  
With hist'ry just that way.  
Sometimes it's measles, croup, or mumps;  
But there's no date that ever stumps  
My mother, night or day!

C. LEO.

"I WON'T BE LONG"

"I won't be long," the Little Boy said,  
As he clattered down the stair,  
And found him a hat for his curly head,  
And called to a dog somewhere.  
Then off like a flash down the sandy lane,  
With a whistle and cry and song,  
And back to us ever it came again:  
"I won't be gone very long."

"I won't be long," the Little Boy said,  
As we saw him among the trees,  
His eyes all bright and his cheeks all red,  
A friend of the birds and bees;  
Then, through the hedges and out of the gate;  
For naught in the world goes wrong  
With a boy of six, or seven, or eight—  
"I won't be gone very long."

"I won't be long," the Little Boy said;  
"I'm just going out to play."  
And the little dog barked, and the two of them sped  
Over the clover away.  
He waved us a kiss with a little brown hand,  
And cries rose from here and there;  
For Oh, but a boy does understand  
A dog in the open air!

"I won't be long," the Little Boy said;  
"Don't wait any supper—you see,  
I'll just have a bowl of milk and bread,  
And my dog he will eat with me."  
Then he swung his hat on its tangled string,  
Till the curly dog wagged his tail,  
And romped and played like a boy in spring,  
And barked him a comrade's hail.

"I won't be long," the Little Boy said.  
O, mother of him, don't cry!  
The leaves come green again, yellow and red,  
And the years and years go by.  
But sometimes he'll come, as we've seen him do,  
With the bark of a dog and a song;  
For it must be true—Oh, it must be true—  
That he'll not be gone very long!

J. W. FOLEY.



WHISTLER'S SKETCH OF HIS MOTHER

### A MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

Lord Jesus, Thou hast known  
A mother's love and tender care;  
And thou wilt hear  
While for my own  
Mother most dear  
I make this birthday prayer.

Protect her life, I pray,  
Who gave the gift of life to me;  
And may she know,  
From day to day,  
The deepening glow  
Of joy that comes from Thee.

As once upon her breast,  
Fearless and well content, I lay,  
So let her heart,  
On Thee at rest,  
Feel fear depart  
And trouble fade away.

Ah, hold her by the hand,  
As once her hand held mine;  
And though she may  
Not understand  
Life's winding way,  
Lead her in peace divine.

I cannot pay my debt  
For all the love that she has given;  
But Thou, love's Lord,  
Wilt not forget  
Her due reward—  
Bless her in earth and Heaven.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

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### BECAUSE OUR MOTHERS DREAMED

Because our mothers dreamed we may have hope;  
Facing the dawn and pain with lovely eyes;  
Seeing the rapture where the shadow lies—  
Because our mothers dreamed we may have hope.

Because our mothers dreamed we may have love;  
Casting their hearts at young things everywhere;  
Finding such selfless service all their care—  
Because our mothers dreamed we may have love.

Because our mothers dreamed we may have God;  
Exultingly, creation as their goal,  
Molding out flesh from flesh and soul from soul—  
Because our mothers dreamed we may have God.

GLAD MADONE.

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### WE MUST SEND THEM OUT TO PLAY

Now much there is need of doing must not be done in haste,  
But slowly and with patience, as a jungle is changed to a town.  
But listen, my Brothers, listen: it is not always so.  
When a murderer's hand is lifted to kill, there is no time to waste;  
And the way to change his purpose is first to knock him down,  
And teach him the law of kindness after you give him the  
blow.

The acorn you plant in the morning will not give shade at noon;  
And the thornless cactus must be bred by year on year of toil.  
But listen, my Brothers, listen: it is not ever the way.  
For the roots of the poison ivy plant you cannot pull too soon;  
If you would better your garden, and make the most of your soil,  
Hurry and dig up the evil things, and cast them out today.

The ancient sin of the nations no law can ever efface;  
We must wait for the mothers of men to grow and give clean  
souls to their sons.  
But listen, my Brothers, listen: when a child cries out in pain,  
We must rise from the banquet board and go, though the host is  
saying grace;  
We must rise and find the Herod of Greed who is killing our  
little ones;  
Nor ever go back to the banquet until the monster is slain.

The strong man waits for justice with lifted soul and eyes,  
As a sturdy oak will face the storm and does not break or bow.  
But listen, my Brothers, listen: the child is a child for a day;  
If a merciless foot treads down each shoot, how can the forest rise?  
We are robbing the race when we rob a child; we must rescue  
the children *now*;  
We must rescue the little slaves of Greed and send them out to  
play.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

# Home, Sweet Home.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

H. R. BISHOP.

1. 'Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it  
 2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And  
 3. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain, Oh,

ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home; A  
 feel that my moth - er now thinks of her child; As she  
 give me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The

charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the  
 looks on that moon from our own cottage door, Thro' the woodbine whose  
 birds sing - ing gay - ly, that came at my call; Oh, give me that

world, is ne'er met with else-where. Home, home, sweet, sweet  
 fra - grance shall cheer me no more. Home, etc.  
 peace of mind dear - er than all. Home, etc.

home, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home.



"NEVER MIND!"

When childish cares assailed his heart,  
Her voice was always kind,  
As lovingly she took his part  
And said: "There, never mind!"

The boy who once had boyish cares  
And wept o'er little woes  
Now dabbles in the world's affairs  
And faces heartless foes.

But when the skies are dark today,  
He may not turn to find  
Her comfort, and to hear her say:  
"Ah, well, dear; never mind!"



The grieving boy had need of cheer—  
What of the man who frets  
When he is crowded to the rear  
Or plagued by vain regrets?

Relieved of care, she sleeps away;  
The man remains behind,  
And there is no one left to say:  
“Ah, well, dear; never mind!”

S. E. KISER.

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CHILD AND MOTHER

O Mother-My-Love, if you'll give me your hand,  
And go where I ask you to wander,  
I will lead you away to a beautiful land—  
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder.  
We'll walk in a sweet-posie garden out there  
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming,  
And the flowers and the birds are filling the air  
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,  
No questions or cares to perplex you;  
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,  
Nor patching of stockings to vex you.  
For I'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,  
And sing you asleep when you're weary;  
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream  
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head  
In the bosom that's soothed me so often,  
And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead  
A song which our dreaming shall soften.  
So, Mother-My-Love, let me take your dear hand,  
And away through the starlight we'll wander—  
Away through the mist to the beautiful land—  
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder!

EUGENE FIELD.

### HE HADN'T TIME

He hadn't time, when the days were fair  
And others were giving him praise,  
To think of her, with her whitened hair,  
And her homely, old-fashioned ways;  
He hadn't time to remember how  
She had taught him his childhood prayers,  
And smoothed the lines from his troubled brow,  
When he fretted with boyish cares.

He hadn't the time, when the fair winds blew  
And his dreams were of proud success,  
When his hopes were high and his sorrows few,  
To think of her loneliness;  
But he found the time in the later days  
To wish that he might forget,  
And to feel, while he listened to empty praise,  
The ache of a vain regret.

S. E. KISER.

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### ONE MOTHER

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;  
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;  
Hundreds of birds that go singing by—  
Hundreds of birds in the sunny weather.  
Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn;  
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover;  
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn;  
But only one mother the wide world over.

Selected.

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### HONOR YOUR MOTHER

To the drummer boy of Balaklava, with his face half shot away, piteously calling for his mother, came Florence Nightingale. As she folded him in her arms and laid his mangled face on her breast he cried: "O mother, I knew you'd come!"

Perishing in the fearful antarctic cold, Captain Oats' last thoughts were of his mother.

Boy or man, girl or woman, we never outgrow our mothering; but, oftentimes, we fail to honor it.

Gracious was your mother, and gentle; but withal she was purposeful. She gave herself a living sacrifice for your welfare. In the time of your need she distinguished not between night and day. You were her gift to this generation—her gift of love.

Beyond all that was physical, she trusted in invisible and spiritual forces, and, with unbounded faith, enlisted them on your behalf. Reckon, if you can, how much her religious ministrations have contributed to what you are today.

Her old Bible, her loyalty to the church, her daily prayers, were testimony to her faith in a God who directed the destinies of her home.

Mayhap you have not brought to full realization the spiritual heritage she secured for you. So few of us have.

Tender memories of your mother will mock you if you do not honor her ideals.

Whether she be here, whether she be yonder in the old home place, or whether she be yonder in the Spirit Land, she will know and rejoice.

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#### MY MOTHER—A PRAYER

For the body you gave me, the bone and the sinew, the heart and the brain that are yours, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for the light in my eyes, the blood in my veins, for my speech, for my life, for my being. All that I am is from you who bore me.

For all the love that you gave me, unmeasured from the beginning, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for the hand that led me, the voice that directed me, the breast that nestled me, the arm that shielded me, the lap that rested me. All that I am is by you, who nursed me.

For your smile in the morning and your kiss at night, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for the tears you

shed over me, the songs that you sung to me, the prayers you said for me, for your vigils and ministrings. All that I am is by you, who reared me.

For the faith you had in me, the hope you had for me, for your trust and your pride, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for your praise and your chiding, for the justice you bred into me and the honor you made mine. All that I am you taught me.

For the sore travail that I caused you, for the visions and despairs, my mother, forgive me. Forgive me the peril I brought you to, the sobs and the moans I wrung from you, and for the strength I took from you, mother, forgive me.

For the fears I gave you, for the alarms and the dreads, my mother, forgive me. Forgive me the joys I deprived you, the toils I made for you, for the hours, the days, and the years I claimed from you, mother, forgive me.

For the times that I hurt you, the times I had no smile for you, the caresses I did not give you, my mother, forgive me. Forgive me for my angers and revolts, for my deceits and evasions, for all the pangs and sorrows I brought to you, mother, forgive me.

For your lessons I did not learn, for your wishes I did not heed, for the counsels I did not obey, my mother, forgive me. Forgive me my pride in my youth and my glory in my strength, that forgot the holiness of your years and the veneration of your weakness; for my neglect, for my selfishness, for all the great debts of your love that I have not paid, mother, sweet mother, forgive me.

And may the peace and the joy that passeth all understanding be yours, my mother, forever and ever. Amen.

TOM DILLON.

"GOD BLESS MY MOTHER"

A little child with flaxen hair,  
And sunlit eyes so sweet and fair,  
Who kneels when twilight darkens all,  
And from those loving lips there fall  
The accents of this simple prayer:  
"God bless—God bless my mother!"

A youth upon life's threshold wide,  
Who leaves a gentle mother's side,  
Yet keeps enshrined within his breast  
Her words of warning—still the best;  
And whispers when temptation tries:  
"God bless—God bless my mother!"

A white-haired man who gazes back  
Along life's weary, furrowed track,  
And sees one face—an angel now!—  
Hears words of light that led aright,  
And prays with reverential brow:  
"God bless—God bless my mother!"

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Mrs. Pingsa Hu Chu represented China. She is young and charming, a Wellesley graduate, and claimed that no other country so honored its mothers as does China, where monuments and tablets to mothers are common all over the land. Mrs. Zorita Turnagieff represented Bulgaria, and told of the thousands of women and 78,000 fatherless and orphaned children needing food, shelter, and education. "This," she said, "is our greatest burden; for these children are the nation's true living capital."

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## FATHER'S DAY

## HER PAPA

My papa's all dressed up today;  
He never looked so fine;  
I thought, when I first looked at him,  
My papa wasn't mine.

He's got a beautiful new suit—  
The old one was so old;  
It's blue, with buttons, Oh, so bright;  
I guess they must be gold.

And papa's sort o' glad and sort  
O' sad—I wonder why?  
And every time she looks at him  
It makes my mamma cry.

Who's Uncle Sam? My papa says  
That he belongs to him;  
But papa's joking, 'cause he knows  
My uncle's name is Jim.

My papa just belongs to me  
And mamma. And I guess  
The folks are blind who cannot see  
His buttons, marked U. S.

U. S. spells us. He's ours—and yet  
My mamma can't help cry;  
And papa tries to smile at me,  
And can't—I wonder why?

---

## TEN BEATITUDES FOR FATHER

1. Blessed is the father who is brought up in the way he should go; for when he is old his children will not depart from his precepts.

2. Blessed is the father who chooses wisely the mother of his children; for a greater factor in life than fatherhood is motherhood.

3. Blessed is the father who knows his children; for they will remember him in the day of adversity.



4. Blessed is the father who makes his home his club; for a man's best chums are his wife and children.

5. Blessed is the father who does not forget that he was once a boy; for his boys will not forget that he is a father.

6. Blessed is the father who knows how to live while he is making a living; for the good cheer he brings to his home is better than his week's salary.

7. Blessed is the father who chooses to put \$1,000 in the higher education of his boy, rather than set him up in business with a capital of like amount; for the investment is gilt-edged and not subject to the fluctuations of the market.

8. Blessed is the father who preserves the unbroken fellowship of the home; for the united affection of the family is a crown in old age which is of greater satisfaction than the iniquitous anomalies of the divorce courts.

9. Blessed is the father who is able to bequeath to his family the record of a clean life; for a good name is more to be desired than a ninety-nine-year lease on a piece of real estate.

10. Blessed is the father whose life is a religion; for deeds are better than dogma and spirit is better than symbol, and he whose religion is life will be rewarded in realizing his ideals in his children in a life which is truly religious.

REV. INGRAM E. BILL.

NICHOLAS OBERTING

A hero of ancient mold is Nicholas Oberting, of Hardentown, Indiana, who, in saving three boys from being gored to death by his infuriated bull, performed a feat of daring comparable only with the valorous deeds of Roman gladiators.—*Indianapolis Star*.

Sing! O Voice of Valor, sing!  
Sing of Nicholas Oberting!  
Giant of the strength of ten,  
Yet the gentlest of all men.

He it was that loved the air,  
And the green fields everywhere—  
Loved the meadow slopes and rills,  
And the cattle on the hills—  
Loved all out-o'-doors, and took  
Off his hat, with reverent look,  
As the balmy winds of spring  
Waved the peach-bough, blossoming  
At the orchard edge, where he  
Paused to mark the minstrelsy  
Of the daring first redbreast,  
Whose lilt, at its loveliest,  
Was not lovelier to hear  
Than the laughter, ringing near,  
Of child-voices—Truants—three  
Little stragglers, he could see,  
Crossing the near pasture-land  
Loiteringly, hand in hand,  
Laughing as they came. . . . Until—  
Sudden ran a sickening chill  
Through the strong man's heart! . . . He heard  
Scarce his own voice, afterward,  
For the maddened, bellowing roar  
Of the monster beast that bore  
Down upon the lads. . . . Out rang  
His quick warning.—Then he sprang  
Forth to meet them, crying: "Run!—  
Straight for me!—Come on!—Well done!"  
Praised them—cheered them: "Good! Hooray!  
Now, Red-top, you throw away  
That cap! but don't"—And breathless hung  
The sentence; for a root had flung  
The youngster—stunned—prone on the ground.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

PEACE DAY

# SONG OF PEACE

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

G. F. WILSON

*mf* *Tempo di marcia*

1. Sing, for - ev - er sing the he - roes, Who for men have died. Let the names of  
 2. Sing, for - ev - er sing the he - roes, Ours is their re - nown. Let the chil - dren  
 3. Sing the graves of he - roes glo - rious, 'Mid the flow'rs that lie, — While the free flag

he - roes glo - rious Be the na - tion's pride. When the hol - low bu - gles blow - ing,  
 know the na - tion By the men we crown. When the hol - low bu - gles blow - ing,  
 of the na - tions, Sen - ti - nels the sky. When the hol - low bu - gles blow - ing,

*tempo cres - - cen - - - do*

On the red fields cease, And pros - per - i - ty stands glow - ing, As the years in -  
 On the red fields cease, And pros - per - i - ty stands glow - ing, As the years in -  
 On the war fields cease, And pros - per - i - ty stands glow - ing, As the years in -

*tempo cres - - cen - - - do*

*f* *rit.*

crease, Let the names of he - roes glo - rious Be the song, the song of peace.  
 cease, Let the fame of he - roes glo - rious Be our song, our song of peace.  
 cease, Let the green graves of our he - roes Be our song, our song of peace.

*f* *rit.*

Beacon Series, No. 190, SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY

## ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF PEACE

(Peace pageant, celebrating one hundred years of peace between Great Britain and the United States. Suitable for any number of performers and adaptable to platform or school yard.)

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

*Peace*—Classic costume; holds olive branch; fillet of forget-me-nots.

*Abundance*—Cornucopia of grain, fruit, etc.; white fillet.

*Industry*—Distaff; white fillet.

*Contentment*—Bouquet; white fillet.

*War*—Tall, thin; clad in coat of mail; helmet under arm; beetling brows, but dignified bearing.

*Famine*—Black and white rags; hair down; gaunt.

*Pestilence*—Yellow.

*Horror*—Red rags; holds bundle of something.

*Columbia*—Classic; white, with Stars and Stripes for mantle; red Liberty Cap; spear.

*Britannia*—Minerva's helmet, Neptune's trident; cuirasse; shield emblazoned with Union Jack, etc.

*Brother Jonathan*—Tall; white trousers, strapped under top boots; red-and-white striped waistcoat; blue swallowtail; cordon of blue silk with stars; beaver hat, white, with blue-starred white hatpin; chin whiskers.

*John Bull*—Short and stocky; yellow tan top boots; small clothes; Union Jack waistcoat; bell-crown black top hat; blue swallowtail; hunting crop; side whiskers; ruddy.

Supernumerary Performers, the variety of whom may be commensurate with the number of children taking part in the pageant.

Indians, Canadian, and American, with the usual costumes. These must be strictly modern, though gala, as also the following, the number of whom is optional:

Chief Justice(s) of the Supreme Court; Senators; Rough Riders; Sheriff; Cowboys; Rangers; Maine Fisherman; Southern Planter; Mobile Roustabout; "Arkansas Traveler;" New Mexicans; Harvard, Yale, Princeton; Police; Salvation Army; Missionaries with their Flocks—Korean, Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, etc.; Episcopal and Roman Catholic Bishops and Clergy; Firemen.

Artisans—Iron-Worker, Carpenter, Mason, etc.

Wireless Operator, Airman, Diver, Miner, etc.

American Army and Navy—Major General and Admiral.

West Pointers; Annapolis Midshipmen; Boy Scouts; Baseballer; Bevy of American Belles.

Canadian Indians, with snowshoes and fur; British Chief Justice(s); Lords of High Degree; Highlanders; Irish Paddy; Manxman; Crofter; Frocked Farmer; Hull Trawler; London Costee; Eaton, Rugby, Charterhouse Boys; Lord, Mayor, etc.; Crickette; Beefeater.

Grenadiers, Guardsmen, Constables; Master of Hounds; Bevy of English Belles; Indian Princes; etc.

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(Enter Peace and Attendants: Abundance, Contentment, and Industry; War and Attendants: Pestilence, Horror, and Famine—left or right. Peace stops in center and addresses War.)

*Peace*—Why am I always thus followed?

*War*—I am War. In my strong arms lies the safety of nations.

*Peace*—Nay; you speak unknowingly. In my train come Abundance, Contentment, and Industry. Look who it is that follow you, grim War—Pestilence, Horror, and Famine!

*War*—Have done! I stand here ever present, and by me heroes stand. These be only a chattel horde—begone!

*Famine*—Not while War is abroad. Ha! Ha! Ha!

*Pestilence*—You'll have me, Pestilence, always by your side. Ha! Ha! Ha!

*Horror* (does not speak, but points to herself)—Ha! Ha! Ha!

*Peace*—Horror! Famine! Pestilence!

*War*—Man is not ready to give me up.

*Peace*—False! This very hour two nations old in your care—two great nations whose blood was one, but which you ruthlessly spilt in years ago—even in this very hour they come to celebrate me—Peace.

(Enter Columbia at some distance.)

*War*—Your dreams are but vain. Nations must war, or die.

*Peace*—Vain dreams? Look thou! Here they come. See! This one is the spirit of a Land of the Free: broad land of many climes, spreading from sea to sea—from the rock-bound coasts of pine-sweet Maine to the rainbow sands of hazy Florida; prairies of the Golden West; azure peaks of Mauna Loa; thirsty sands of Yuba; winding rivers, and the busy market places. The spirit of this land of a billion men—look where she stands, Columbia!

*War*—But with her come armed men—my own warring men-of-war. For she has warred, and warred again!

*Peace*—To be ready for war is war's prevention. But must always man follow the past?

*War*—Man is bound to his past.

*Peace*—You speak in accents of the past. Hear, harken now to words of the newer day! My time is dawning. Harken, and learn! (Turning to Columbia.) Hail, Columbia!

(Columbia, Jonathan, and the Americans salute Peace by raising the open palm of their right hand.)

(Music: "Hail Columbia.")

*Columbia*—Brother Jonathan! (Gives her hand.)

*Jonathan* (kissing her hand)—My country!

(All approach to the center.)

*Peace*—Your errand, my good friends, is written in your faces. I think I see my advocates.

(War turns away and retires back, where he and his train cower.)

*Peace*—Glad smiles are here, and gentleness. Is it I whom you seek?

*Jonathan*—It is, O Peace! We come this day to sit in your happy shadow, while we celebrate in your presence, and by your leave, a momentous event in our history and that of our race.

*Peace*—Abundance, Industry, and Contentment shall wait upon you.

(A., I., and C. descend as escort.)

Be you very welcome, Columbia! Brother Jonathan and all the Americans!

(Music: "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean.")

(The American cortege sits at left of stage. Peace presides. Columbia, etc., grouped.)

*Peace*—All the world knows of this day. So shall our celebration be worthy of the time and the occasion.

(Fanfare of trumpets. This may be played on a piano.)

But soft! Here are our friends, the British. Albion—bulwark of justice, founder of good government! Isles of the North, vales of Devon, downs of Suffolk, fens of York! Girt by the sea! Great nation—the seat of an empire wide as the earth! Rule, Britannia!

(Music: "Rule, Rule, Britannia.")

(Britannia lifts her trident. The English uncover in a courtly way; the Americans rise.)

*Peace*—Welcome all! You too are full of smiles. Come, come hither! This shall be a day of days.

*Britannia*—Greetings to you, Peace, and to all our cousins! Peace be with us!

(The English cortege now moves to its arranged place—right. John Bull bows Britannia to her seat—right center.)

(War looks grieved and slinks farther away.)

*Jonathan*—Well met, Brother John, on this the one-hundredth anniversary of the Treaty of Ghent, since when no strife of arms between us twain has come to pass.

*John Bull*—Brother Jonathan, we are well met this day. One hundred years of peace have come and gone. Let us shake hands; for this is my boast, that where my hand goes, there goes my heart.

*Jonathan*—I too am ready for this. Our common language, religion, laws, government, blood—identity of these makes men of one race, one country.

*John Bull*—So be it! In this time of a century the relations between us have so improved that I think we are warranted in believing, what all reflecting men earnestly



hope, that another war between England and America has become an impossibility.

*Peace*—O dawn of the new era! Happy consummation!

*Britannia* (to *Columbia*)—Daughter, never again let us do aught to make us weep for Anglo-Saxon dead! If blood was the price of peace, all has been paid in full.

*Columbia*—My mother! (Embraces her.)

(*Music*: "Hymn to Peace.")

(*John* and *Jonathan* shake hands.)

(*Jonathan* makes a sign. Indian Chiefs of both nations approach, yelling.)

*Jonathan*—Silence! *John*, among us children of the plains we have a custom long in use: to cement our peace that was, and our peace that is to be.

*Peace*—Let it be forever, good my friends!

*John Bull*—Hear! Hear!

*Jonathan*—Let us bury the hatchet, and smoke the pipe of peace.

*John Bull*—A very good idea!

(Indians dance. The Canadians [Mackinaw coats, furs, trappers, Eskimos] let forth a yell; likewise the Sioux and Seminoles. Stag dance with drums, around pit previously dug, and calumet.)

*A Sachem*—Hold! Land of the long border, land of the great fields, the impenetrable forest, and rivers without end! Between us three thousand miles of frontier stretch from ocean to ocean. On this long line no fortress, no redoubt, stands menacing. Our walls are stronger than stone and iron—they are builded in the heart. These boundaries, unguarded, are yet stronger than walls of steel.

*Canada*—Bring forth the calumet! So shall the nations of the world take heed that where man wills to be just, and where friends and brothers stand face to face, no forts, no battlements, need there be to mark our lines.

(All the Indians yell. Sachems solemnly bring forth a hatchet. Sachem solemnly passes it to *Peace*.)

*Peace*—Here is a mighty ax. Regard it well! It is the symbol of contention. Alas, alas, I see on it stains! Alas, its dreadful edge, look you, is nicked by wars!

*Jonathan* (points to edge)—Lexington!

*John Bull*—Concord!

*Peace*—No more! The tale is told. Our children's children will remember only Concord. Concordia—one of my names! Bury the hatchet! (Gives it to the Sachem.)

*War*—It shall be reddened yet again.

*All* (rising)—No, no! Never! False prophet, etc., etc. (Tumult.)

*John Bull*—Who is this one?

*Jonathan*—Who breaks in upon our ceremony of burying the hatchet?

*Peace*—Old War! Old, decrepit *War without just cause*, go now!

*John Bull*—Off with you!

*Jonathan*—Trot along!

*War*—You may need me yet! (Starts to go.)

#### ARBITRATION

(A little ragged girl appears in War's path. He avoids her with a detour.)

*Peace*—This is no place for him. But who is this ragged little waif?

*Arbitration*—May I play too? I have nobody to play with! (All regard her.) I am—I am Arbitration.

*Britannia*—Come here, little girl! Who are you?

*Arbitration*—My name is Arbitration. I have nobody to play with. Mister Carnegie builded me a house, but they won't let me live in it.

*Britannia*—Poor little girl!

*Columbia*—Make way for Arbitration! Gentlemen of the law, cannot you welcome this little girl?

(The English Chief Justice and the United States Chief Justice come to her side.)

*Peace*—These are old friends of yours—Britannia and the British; Columbia and the Americans. They have

been at peace one hundred years, and are now ready to bury the hatchet and smoke the pipe of peace.

*Jonathan*—And, now I come to think of it, it was yonder little girl who did so much to bring this day about.

*John Bull*—Right! You are quite right. I move that Arbitration be given her place among us. (Raps the table.)

*Jonathan*—I second the motion. (Rises.) All in favor of this motion say "Aye."

*All*—Aye!

*John Bull*—Carried.

(Music.) (Columbia and Britannia remove Arbitration's rags, and deck her in a tunic of cloth of gold, while Peace crowns her with a chaplet of white lilies of the valley.)

(The Sachem holds the hatchet to Arbitration. She touches it. Then, in turn, Columbia, Britannia, John Bull, and Jonathan. The Sachem bears it aloft, descends to the ground (or floor), and buries it.)

(Jonathan now lights the calumet. John Bull and Jonathan put the double stem to their mouths. Arbitration lights the pipe. A dense smoke goes up.)

(A salute is fired from the hills [bass drum from school yard].)

*The English*—Hip, Hip, Hip—Hooray! Cheers for Columbia and Uncle Sam!

*The Yankees*—Rah, Rah, Rah! Hip, Hip, Hip—Hooray! Hip, Hip, Hip—Hooray!

*Jonathan*—All up, boys! Three times three for Britannia and John Bull!

*The Yankees*—Rah, Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah, Rah, Britann-i-a; John Bu-ull!

*Britannia*—And now, nine cheers for little Arbitration—the hope of the Anglo-Saxons!

(All cheer lustily: hurrahs, rebel yells, Rah RaHS, and the Indian hullabaloo.)

*Columbia*—I proclaim Arbitration our Queen of the May! Take your partners!

(John steps up to claim Columbia; Jonathan claims  
Britannia.)

(Peace, Abundance, Industry, and Contentment lift  
Arbitration to the throne.)

(In a large representation a contingent of our army may  
fraternize with the English, as often they have in history, and  
march past to a common tune, like "Annie Laurie.")

JAMES A. WILDER.

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#### THE STATUTE OF PEACE

(The following poem has been inspired by the proposed pres-  
entation of the United States of a statute of Peace to the Peace  
Palace of the Hague, now awaiting an appropriation by Congress  
and the choice of a sculptor.)

The Daughter of Tradition—that fair Maid  
Called, falsely, by the splendid name of Peace—  
Still haunts the Land in marble and in bronze;  
Her graceful garments fall in quiet folds,  
Enriched with leaves of laurel at the hem;  
Before the fevered eyes of baffled men,  
In the mad struggle of a frenzied world,  
She holds a futile olive-branch—and smiles;  
Her sweetly placid lips would seem to say,  
"Peace dwells apart, safe-sheltered from the storm."

O Sculptor of the Future, bring to us  
The larger mind, endowed with power to see  
Behind the veil the Vision of the Truth!  
The conscious marble waits your quickening hand!  
Show forth the true embodiment of Peace!

Peace is no limp and pallid Negative!  
Peace is the living Positive of God!  
Her life abundant is unending work;  
Her course is ceaseless movement to the stars!

Make her a noble woman, brave to dare;  
In every line of figure and of face  
Chisel bold strokes of action and of strength.  
Her mission is to master—not to yield;  
Her destined duty to wage constant war  
On Sin and Evil through the mortal years—  
Not with the ancient weapons of the world,  
But with the white flame of her valiant Soul!

Carve on her dauntless lips a lofty scorn  
Of brutal practices employed by men  
Who stoop to bloodshed and to cruel fight,  
Like savage beasts that rend and tear their prey;  
Poise her proud head as one who would not bend  
To passing gusts of passion and revenge;  
Fashion her hands outstretched to help mankind  
Create new harmonies where discords jar;  
Blow back her storm-tossed garments in the wind.  
She stays not for the sunshine—she goes forth  
Though tempests roar and threatening thunders roll;  
She knows no fear to die—no fear to live.

Peace is a Spirit-Warrior! She strives  
With unseen forces, fiercer to subdue  
Than marshaled hosts equipped with armaments;  
And when she conquers 'tis immortal gain;  
Hers is no transient triumph of the hour;  
Her conquest is the victory supreme.  
The Victory of Spirit over flesh.

Crown her, O Master, with the crown of crowns,  
And show her mighty in the might of God!

KATRINA TRASK.

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#### PEACE

What was the first prophetic word that rang  
When down the starry sky the angels sang,  
That night they came as envoys of the Birth—  
What Word but peace—"Peace and good will on earth"?

And what was the last word the Master said  
That parting night when they broke brother-bread,  
That night He knew men would not let Him live—  
Oh, what but "peace I leave" and "peace I give"?

And yet behold: Near twice a thousand years,  
And still the battle-wrath, the grief, the tears!  
Let mercy speed the hour when swords shall cease,  
And men cry back to God: "There shall be peace!"

EDWARD MARKHAM.

## THE ISLAND KINGDOM

### A STORY FOR PEACE DAY

Once upon a time—you know that is the way that all true stories must begin—there was a beautiful island in the midst of the great blue sea. It was a wonderful island, filled with waving fields of grain, with fruit trees and flowers, and with beautiful songbirds singing in the golden sunshine. So lovely was the island that the people who lived there called it Paradise, which means a garden. Nature had done everything in her power to make the island a “paradise”—a garden flooded with radiant sunshine and fair flowers, where the song of birds and the laughter of children at play should be always heard, and where all the people should be happy.

But the people on that island were not happy, in spite of everything which Nature had done to make them happy. A story had been handed down from father to son, and from mother to daughter, of how in a time long past the people on the island had lived together as one happy family. But great changes had occurred since that time. The people who lived in different parts of the island were almost strangers to each other. Those who lived in the southern part and were in the hot sun most of the time had had their skins made black by the sun's rays. Those who lived in the north were white. Those who lived in the east and west and center had their skins made yellow and red and brown, and nearly all colors, by the climate in which they lived. They could not even understand each other's language. At first they had all spoken the same tongue, but gradually differences developed in one part of the island which did not spread to other parts on account of the great distances; words were adopted into the language in some parts, but not in others, and the differences in the climate made people pronounce the words differently. So great did these differences become in time that people living upon the opposite banks of the great rivers of the island could no longer understand each other, nor

could people living upon the opposite sides of the same mountains, separated by a mountain range, communicate with each other any more.

Then there came an age when mighty bridge-builders and engineers arose. They tunneled the mountains and drained the swamps; they built bridges over the chasms and rivers, and made roads through the pathless forests, so that a person could go from one part of the island to any other part in a very short time. They connected the different parts of the island by telegraph and telephone lines; and they established a postal system, so that a person could drop a letter in a box in any part of the island, and it would be delivered to the person with whom he wished to communicate in any obscure little corner or village within a few hours.

After the work of these great scientists and engineers and bridge-builders was done, the whole island became like one great city, and all the people on the island were so closely bound together that they were in reality one great family again.

But the people of the island did not live together like a happy family, for a terrible disease had fallen upon them. The worst part of this disease was a great blindness which seized all the people, so that they were unable to see who were their real enemies and who were their friends. Because they were so blind, they could no longer protect themselves from the terrible beasts which came down from the mountains and out of the jungle and carried off their children and their brothers and sisters. These beasts had long Latin names, as beasts usually have—names like Destitution and Tuberculosis, and even double Latin names, like Infant Mortality. One particularly ugly beast, which carried away many of the boys of the island, had the Arabic name of Alcohol. The blindness of the people and the raids of these terrible beasts, which were their real enemies, brought great misery and wretchedness to the people of the island. In their misery they grew very bitter, and blamed each other for all the

troubles which had come upon them. Thus the people in one part of the island began to consider the people in the other parts as their natural enemies, and the belief arose that the only way that they could bring happiness back to the island was to go out and conquer the people in the other parts of the island. Then there grew up among them certain medicine-men, who made charms and sold them to the people, telling them that if they wore these things they would be free from their misery and wretchedness and could never be harmed by their enemies. Some of these charms were very complicated and expensive. One of them was called Standing Army, and another very costly one was called Dreadnought. This Dreadnought charm had to be worn around the neck, and it was so heavy and cumbersome that the people who wore it were bent over nearly double and their backs were almost broken. When two people wearing these charms would accidentally bump together, the charms would explode and blow the people into little pieces, so that they were less safe when they were carrying them than they had been before. But the medicine-men told them that that was the only way they could be safe. So they went on burdening themselves more heavily, giving nearly all their time and energy and money to protecting themselves against their fancied enemies in other parts of the island, and paying no attention whatever to the ugly beasts that crawled among them and caused so much of their unhappiness and misery.

One day there came among them, however, a great healer, who was called the Peacemaker. He restored their sight, so that they were able to tell their real enemies from their fancied enemies, and he showed them that all the people on the island were brothers and sisters—members of one great family. He taught them that the true foundation of society was love and not physical force, as they had believed heretofore; and he showed them the way in which a great kingdom might be built upon this principle of love. In this kingdom, he said, the great



healers, the peacemakers, would hold the highest place. They should be called the sons of God. Many of his sayings the people did not understand until a long time afterward, but his character was so beautiful and his life so noble that all the people loved him and treasured up his sayings; and the story was handed down from generation to generation of how the heavens had opened when the great Peacemaker came among them, and how angels had come down and sung of a time when peace should reign on the island and good-will to all men should be the law of its inhabitants.

When the people began to apply the teachings of the Peacemaker, a great change came over the island. They were now able to see that their real enemies were the ugly beasts with the long Latin names, and they made war on these beasts and killed them off and chased them back to their mountain lairs. They proclaimed the fact that all the people on the island were members of one great family, and that thereafter they should live together in one great brotherhood. They decided to hold a meeting to consider all matters affecting the common welfare of the island. To this meeting twenty-six of the tribes who dwelt in the five parts of the island sent ambassadors, and they worked out such splendid plans that a second meeting was called, when forty-four of the tribes were represented. Other meetings were held, and they decided to establish one government for the whole island. They built a beautiful palace in the middle of the island, where its congress might meet, and each of the tribes sent gifts to adorn the palace. One sent a beautiful piece of marble statuary; another, a rich gateway; others, beautiful windows, and ornaments of gold and silver, and precious stones. Afterwards the people of the island celebrated the day on which the first meeting was held—May 18; for on that day a new era had begun, and the men of the island had begun to realize that they were all brothers and that they were all citizens of one great kingdom. They made plowshares out of their old swords and turned their spears into pruning-

hooks. The island became again the Paradise which it had been at the beginning, and all the people of the island dwelt there in happiness ever after.

GEORGE W. NASMYTH.

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### THE AMERICAN SCHOOL PEACE LEAGUE

The American School Peace League was organized in 1908 for the purpose of promoting through the schools and the educational public of America the interests of international justice and fraternity.

All teachers in the schools of the country; students in secondary schools, normal schools, and colleges; and persons otherwise enlisted in the general work of education, may become members, without the payment of dues, by signifying their devotion to the purpose of the league. Any person who pays annually \$1 is a "sustaining member;" any person who pays annually \$5 is a "contributing member;" and any person who pays \$25 or more annually is a "patron."

The aims of the league are:

1. To acquaint the teachers of the United States with the movement for promoting a fuller acquaintance and better understanding among the peoples of different nations.
2. To prepare material which will enable teachers to make appropriate applications to the specific work of the school.
3. To secure the interest of teachers in all countries in the movement for international co-operation, so that the coming generations of all nations may be trained simultaneously to recognize the efficiency of judicial and legislative measures in the constantly increasing relations among the nations of the world.

## ILLUSIONS OF WAR

War  
I abhor;  
And yet how sweet  
The sound along the marching street  
Of drum and fife! And I forget  
Wet eyes of widows, and forget  
Broken old mothers, and the whole  
Dark butchery without a soul.

Without a soul—save this bright drink  
Of heavy music, sweet as death;  
And even my peace-abiding feet  
Go marching with the marching street;  
For yonder, yonder, goes the fife,  
And what care I for human life?

The tears fill my astonished eyes,  
And my full heart is like to break;  
And yet 'tis all embannered lies,  
A dream those little drummers make.

Oh, it is wickedness to clothe  
Yon hideous grinning thing that stalks  
Hidden in music, like a queen  
That in a garden of glory walks  
Till good men love the thing they loathe!

Art, thou hast many infamies,  
But not an infamy like this.  
Oh, snap the fife and still the drum,  
And show the monster as she is!

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

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## NEED OF THE HOUR

Fling forth the triple-colored flag to dare  
The bright, untraveled highways of the air.  
Blow the undaunted bugles, blow; and yet  
Let not the boast betray us to forget.  
Lo, there are high adventures for this hour,  
Toursneys to test the sinews of our power;  
For we must parry, as the years increase,  
The hazards of success, the risks of peace!

What do we need to keep the nation whole,  
To guard the pillars of the state? We need  
The fine audacities of honest deed,  
The homely old integrities of soul,  
The swift temerities that take the part  
Of outcast right, the wisdom of the heart—  
Brave hopes that Mammon never can detain  
Nor sully with his gainless clutch for gain.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

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THE COMING DAY OF PEACE

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic.")

Mine eyes have seen the dawning  
Of a bright and glorious day,  
When the war god's reign of anguish  
Shall fore'er have passed away;  
When the Prince of Peace in beauty  
O'er the nations shall hold sway;  
For truth the day must gain.

*Chorus*

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah! The Prince of Peace shall reign!

No more shall mangled corpses  
Strew the cursed battle-plain,  
While the tears of stricken women  
Fall like floods of scalding rain,  
And the nation's hands are branded  
With the bloody mark of Cain;  
For peace the day must gain.

The plow in peaceful industry  
Shall supersede the sword,  
And the pruning-hook the bloody spear;  
For so hath said His word;  
While the nations trust for safety  
In the banner of the Lord;  
For peace at last must reign.

*Virginia Journal of Education.*

### A LOFTIER RACE

(Tune: "Duke Street.")

These things shall be! A loftier race  
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,  
With flame of freedom in their souls  
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong;  
Not to spill human blood, but dare  
All that may plant man's lordship firm  
On earth and fire and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,  
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;  
In every heart and brain shall throb  
The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom, of loftier mold,  
And mightier music thrill the skies;  
And every life shall be a song,  
When all the earth is paradise.

There shall be no more sin nor shame,  
And wrath and wrong shall fettered lie;  
For man shall be at one with God  
In bonds of firm necessity.

JOHN A. SYMONDS.

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Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall  
meet,  
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;  
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the  
ends of the earth!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

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### GOD BLESS OUR FATHERLAND

(Tune: "America.")

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

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

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

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

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#### RING IN THE LARGER HEART

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant men and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land.  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

TENNYSON.

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#### TO THE TEACHERS OF THE UNITED STATES

The peace movement has taken on three aspects—as a religion, as a science, and as a warfare. As a religion, it appeals to our highest duties toward God and man, and we have to preach it. As a science, its arguments are based on natural history, on statistics, on political econ-

omy, on sociology, and we have to teach it. As a warfare, it rouses our courage for victory, it deepens our contempt for the follies and the cruelties of the other side, and we have to fight for it.

The enemy—I mean the spirit and the institutions of war—is a very powerful one. The whole military system is based on secular traditions, on deep-rooted prejudices, on violent passions, and on far-reaching vested interests. To conquer this foe with the weapons of reason, of morals, of logic, inspired by a passionate love of humanity—this will be the most glorious battle record which the twentieth century has in store for your youth of America. I have the conviction that it is your country, which is young itself and has all the enthusiasm and daring of youth, which is untrammelled by ancient traditions—I have the conviction that your country is destined to take the lead in this campaign for world-wide peace. In Europe, where the military spirit is supported by thrones, schools, and even churches, the peace-workers fight under difficult conditions, and we confide in the help and initiative of the New World. There, your very flag with its forty-eight stars is a symbol of peace; for it shows the possibility of the union of autonomic states, and therefore the possibility of what is the peace movement's ultimate aim—the federation of the world. To you, as a nation, you know of all others the price of liberty and independence; peace means the independence of humanity. The slaves have been set free; but as long as the institution of war persists, as long as every man can be compelled to kill his fellow-men, we are—all of us—in slavery.

The future will set you many high tasks and many important problems, but certainly the highest and most important of all is the peace question; for it involves almost every other; peace being the chief condition of human civilization and welfare. This is not merely the opinion of the members of organized peace societies. I find it corroborated by the utterances of hundreds of your

most prominent men. I will only quote two. Commissioner P. P. Claxton said in a circular to the schools:

“Among the many movements of modern times for the advancement of civilization and the relief of humanity from unnecessary burdens of expenditure and paralyzing fear, none is more significant than that for arbitration and world-wide peace.”

And President Taft, whose initiative in proposing the unrestricted treaties with England and France constitutes a title to everlasting glory, said:

“The development of the doctrine of international arbitration, considered from the standpoint of its ultimate benefits to the human race, is the most vital movement of modern times.”

Yes, the most vital. Let me illustrate this with a parable:

Suppose that we are on board a splendid ship bound to the land of promise. The journey is a long one. Much work is done by the officers and the crew, each at his post; and among the passengers many amusements are indulged in. But the vessel has a leak. If this is not stopped, the vessel must sink. To mend the matter would not be difficult at all—but people simply do not see the leak. Is it not natural that the few who do see it unceasingly clamor for the remedy, and is it not the height of absurdity that the others refuse to listen and eagerly continue to steer the ship, and to rub and polish all its parts, instead of, first of all, saving it from destruction?

Our civilization, my dear fellow-passengers, is such a ship. Its machinery is ever more efficient; its sails, swelled by every higher aspiration, flutter triumphantly in the wind; but it has a leak—the old barbaric system of force—and there the destroying waters pour in.

But here the simile ends. The ship must not sink into the deep. There are many now, and their number increases daily, who see the leak, who know the remedy, and who will apply it. Civilization will not perish. Its safety and development is the task of the coming generation, and



the development of that generation lies in the hands of teachers.

BERTHA VON SUTTNER.

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### ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF PEACE

A hundred years of peace between elbow-touching nations, wherein the thoughts and purposes of each have run in parallel lines in unbroken course, notes a great era of the world.

The signing of the Treaty of Ghent marks a new source from which spring the fountains of English-speaking history. Since that day the two mighty rivers of Anglo-Saxon life and influence have flowed steadily on, side by side, never overflowing their banks, but in their onward course bound, in the very nature of things, to mingle their waters in the great ocean of a common destiny and accomplishment. It would be interesting to follow them in their history, under this figure of speech, from small beginnings to the mighty present, and to peer, as far as the mere human may, into the region of the coming days.

The similarity is so apparent that it has been often remarked. Common in language, literature, history, and traditions; with similar religious and ethical conceptions; possessed of the same ideas as to the fundamentals in government, they have both sought, through all these means of expression, to obtain and give that liberty which means the exaltation of the individual life to a place where it may fulfil the duty of its created purpose.

The common goal is quite apparent. The waters may overflow the banks, and—God forbid it!—wars may come to hinder and delay. But, as surely as the day is day, as right is right, and rivers flow to ocean, the Anglo-Saxon problem will ultimately find solution in the broadest and deepest unity of purpose.

Among the world's great thinkers of other races the peculiar aptitude of the Anglo-Saxon to grasp the thought

of his own and others' rights in his quest for liberty has been pointed out. He has been intensely, but not selfishly, individualistic in his views. To him personal liberty has meant individual liberty, if one may here differentiate in terms. Not merely the liberty to throw off restraint, but liberty to do and be and think and to acquire; liberty to express himself in life and influence, to reach the topmost rung, to climb the highest peak, to fulfil within himself the high possibility of his created being.

One hundred years of peace have not been years of sluggish sleep. Great problems have been met and solved, and these in turn have made new problems, which now meet the English-speaking peoples. During this lapse of time the Anglo-Saxon has contributed largely to modern civilization, and in turn received of its benefits. He has demanded for himself liberty, and he has attained it, and has increased in stature by the attainment. With liberty came enlightenment; this gave him a vision of opportunity, and he has seized it.

The rank and file have answered the Anglo-Saxon cry to step up higher. Thus far their destiny is accomplished. It has brought an influx of great numbers—the inevitable result of our conception of personal liberty—into the activity incident to national governments, and so influencing the international relations. And now they are turning the wheels of our body politic. National consensus of opinion, always potent, rests not now with the few, but with the many.

The spirit of unrest, concerning which so much has been said, comes as a necessary sequence in the development of the liberty of thought among the English peoples, and it has caused some to question whether after all we have not made a bad solution. I have no fears, nor would I retrograde in Anglo-Saxon purpose, but meet the issue squarely.

The problem is profoundly international; it is intensely national; it is pre-eminently individual; involved in it are the principles which sustain world peace.

Referring again to the accepted and well-recognized similarity between British and American conditions and thought, as elements contributing materially to a continuance of English peace, it may well be said that men who think alike have little chance to dispute. So strong is this that, were the boundary lines of government suddenly removed, with their attendant prejudices, the English-speaking peoples would coalesce, as by the law of attraction, to a common thought and interest.

The point, then, is for us to know that we think alike. This brings international confidence. If we do not know that our neighbor across the line is thinking similar thoughts, having similar hopes, and is actuated by similar ambitions, we have no common interest in each other. But when we find that he grows roses and we like roses, the door opens, and we may go back and forth in newborn comity.

History, travel, commerce, intercommunication, arbitral treaties, and arbitrations lead nations to know each other better and bring about a common understanding—an international public opinion.

Nations express themselves through their peoples; and public opinion, considered in the light of the greater number of those whose thought create it, is more powerful than ever before. It is the power which hereafter can influence war or sustain peace between the English-speaking peoples. It must be addressed; it must be considered; it must be reckoned with.

Mankind yields to two great influences—the intellectual, which affects his judgment, and the moral, affecting his sentiment. The world has ever strongly emphasized the first and too oft minimized the second as being effeminate and intangible.

It has been the intangible, if you please—sympathy, love, honor, patriotic devotion, high unselfishness—which has left its impress in every step of progress in individual or world development. On no other basis can the brotherhood of man be established and maintained; on no other

consideration can world peace and home peace be assured. To its gentle attractions the multitudes have ever yielded a ready response. But if it be not offered to the people, what then? There soon is found a lodgment for the world-destroying counterfeit—war-producing hate.

To bring about an international understanding, using the apt term formulated by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, so freighted in meaning as to be quickly seized by the English world, we need an "international mind."

We may not stop here; else we fail in our philosophy to realize how much the great world hangs its activities upon the broad sympathies of mankind; the potency of the emotional in man; its quick response to words of love or hate, to kiss or blow; the ready yielding of both men and nations to the common influence of a kindred feeling.

WILLIAM D. B. AINEY.

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#### SONG OF PEACE

To be sung by school. (Tune: "Onward, Christian Soldiers.")

Forward, all ye faithful,  
Seeking love and peace,  
Hast'ning on the era  
When all strife shall cease!  
All the saintly sages  
Lead us in the way.  
Forward in their footsteps,  
T'ward that perfect day!

#### *Chorus*

Forward, all ye faithful,  
Seeking love and peace,  
Hast'ning on the era  
When all strife shall cease!

Raise the voice of triumph:  
"Peace on earth, good-will!"  
Angels sang this anthem;  
Let us sing it still!

War's foundations quiver  
At this song of peace.  
Brothers, let us sing it  
Till all strife shall cease!

*Chorus*

Wealth and pow'r shall perish;  
Nations rise and wane;  
Love of others only  
Steadfast will remain.  
Hate and greed can never  
'Gainst this love prevail;  
It shall stand triumphant  
When all else shall fail.

*Chorus*

A. S. SULLIVAN.

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A VISION OF PEACE

Come, Peace! Not like a mourner bowed  
For honor lost an' dear ones wasted,  
But proud, to meet a people proud,  
With eyes that tell o' triumph tasted!  
Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,  
An' step that proves ye Victory's daughter!  
Longin' for you, our spirits wilt  
Like shipwrecked men's on raf's for water.

LOWELL.

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For you who love heroic things  
In summer dream or winter tale,  
I tell of warriors, saints, and kings,  
In scarlet, sackcloth, glittering mail,  
And helmets peaked with iron wings.

They beat down Wrong; they strove for Right.  
In ringing fields, on grappled ships,  
Singing they flung into the fight;  
They fell with triumph on their lips,  
And in their eyes a glorious light.

That light still gleams. From far away  
Their brave song greets us like a cheer;  
We fight the same great fight as they—  
Right against Wrong; we, now and here;  
They, in their fashion, yesterday.

WILLIAM CANTON.

Peace beginning to be,  
Deep as the sleep of the sea  
When the stars their faces glass  
In its blue tranquillity:  
Hearts of men upon earth,  
From the first to the second birth,  
To rest as the wild waters rest  
With the colors of Heaven on their breast.

Love, which is sunlight of peace,  
Age by age to increase,  
Till Anger and Hate are dead,  
And Sorrow and Death shall cease.  
"Peace on Earth and Good-will!"  
Souls that are gentle and still  
Hear the first music of this  
Far-off, infinite Bliss!

Good-will! Consider this:  
What easy, perfect bliss  
If over all the Earth the one change spread  
That Hate and Fraud should die,  
And all in amity  
Let go rapine, and wrath, and wrong, and dread!

What lack of Paradise  
If, in angelic wise,  
Each unto each, as to himself, were dear?  
If we in souls descried,  
Whatever form might hide,  
Own brother, and own sister, everywhere?

EDWIN ARNOLD.

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### THE HIGHER BATTLES

Would you see loyalty, implicit obedience, and the complete acceptance of a law which is supreme? Where will you find them so absolute as in the eager intensity with which the scientist watches the face of Nature to catch the slightest intimation of her will? Would you see magnanimity? Where is it so entire as in the heart of the true merchant who feels the common wealth surrounding his personal fortunes and furnishing at once the sufficient means and the worthy purpose of his becoming rich?

Would you see self-surrender? Its noblest specimens have not been on the field of battle, where the dying soldier has handed the cup of water to his dying foe. They have been in the lanes and alleys of great cities, where quiet and determined men and women have bowed before the facts of human brotherhood and human need, and given the full cups of their entire lives to the parched lips of their poor brethren. We learned during the great war that the heroism of the President might be every whit as great and splendid as the heroism of the general. The enthusiasm of the truth-seeker may be as glowing and unselfish as the enthusiasm which scales the height and captures the citadel with the resistless sword.

There is nothing good or glorious which war has brought forth in human nature which peace may not produce more richly and more permanently. When we cease to think of peace as the negative of war, and think of war as the negative of peace, making war and not peace the exception and interruption of human life, making peace and not war the type and glory of existence, then shall shine forth the higher soldiership of the higher battles. Then the first military spirit and its works shall seem to be but crude struggles after, and rehearsals for, that higher fight—the fight after the eternal facts and their obedience, the fight against the perpetually intrusive lie, which is the richer glory of the riper man. The facts of government, the facts of commerce, the facts of society, the facts of history, the facts of man, the facts of God—in these, in the perception of their glory, in the obedience to their compulsion, shall be the possibility and promise of the soldier statesman, the soldier scientist, the soldier philanthropist, the soldier priest, the soldier man. “The sword is beaten into the plowshare, the spear into the pruning-hook.” “The war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled.” But it is not that the power of fight has perished: it is that the battle has gone up on to higher ground, and into higher light. The battle is above the clouds.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

A COURSE IN CITIZENSHIP  
 "WITH GOOD WILL DOING SERVICE"

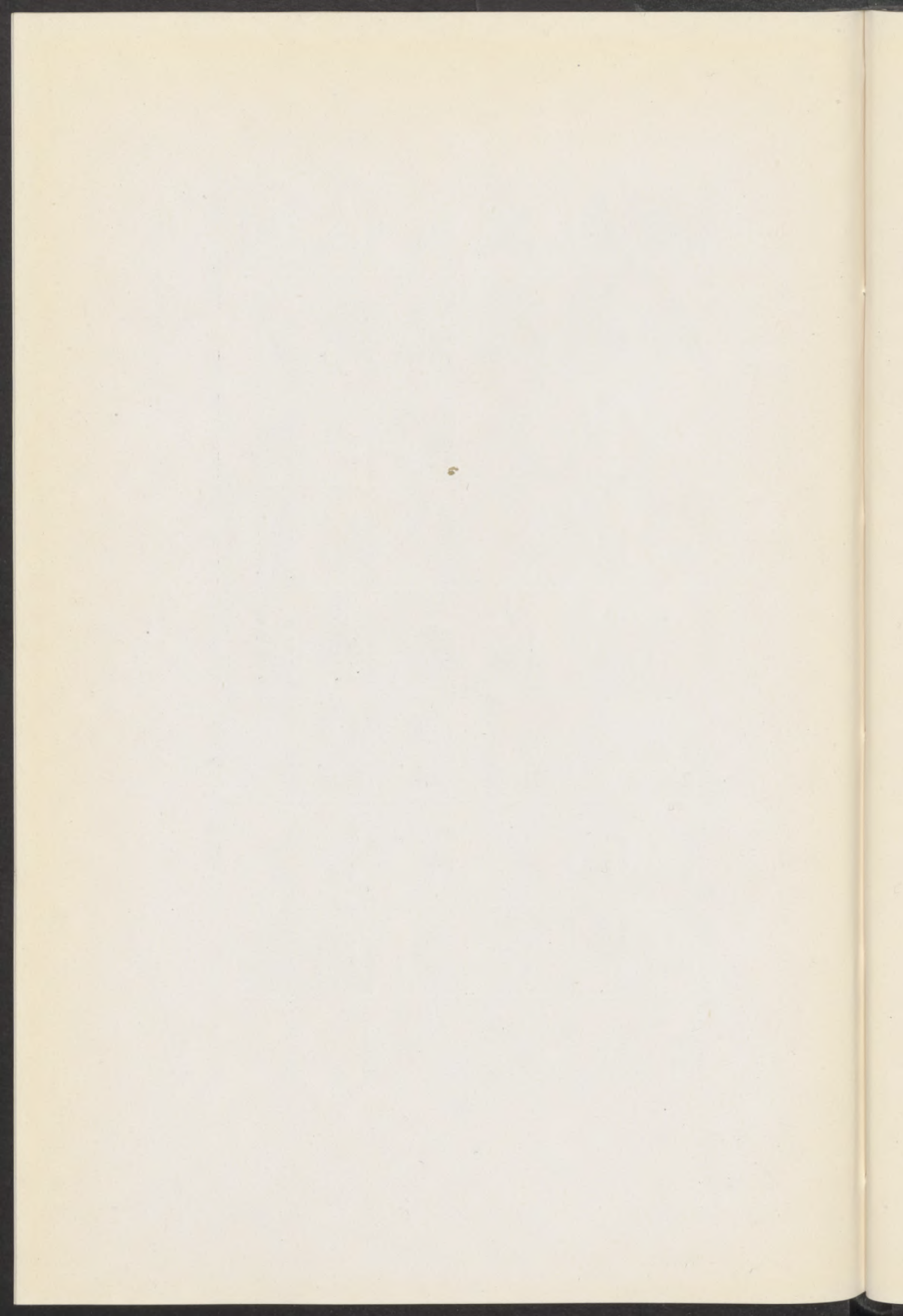
Arranged by a Committee of the Massachusetts Branch of the American School Peace League

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	GRADE I	GRADE II	GRADE III	GRADE IV	GRADE V	GRADE VI	GRADE VII	GRADE VIII
Subjects for the year	Home	School and Playground	The Neighborhood	Town and State	Nation	American Ideals	The United States and the World	The World Family
September..	Kindness to playmates.	Helpfulness.	Loyalty.	The influence of the home.	Heroic virtues of early settlers.	Sympathy and courtesy.	Our beginnings in Europe.	National characteristics.
October....	Kindness to animals.	Obedience.	Perseverance.	The influence of the school.	The contribution of each race to American life.	Honesty.	The influence of Europe on our early history.	Each nation's contribution to the world.
November..	Responsibility for cleanliness and care.	Trustworthiness in work.	Ways of service.	The care of public property.	Government by the people.	Courage to overcome difficulties.	The United States in the Napoleonic period.	Above all nations is humanity.
December..	Making others happy.	Gratitude.	Hospitality.	The fireman and policeman.	The meaning of E Pluribus Unum.	Sacred regard for truth.	European interest in Spanish America.	Interdependence of nations.



January . . .	Faithfulness.	Other homes than ours.	Respect for authority.	Public health.	The responsibility of each citizen.	Reverence.	The United States a melting-pot for races.	Justice and honor between nations.
February . . .	Kindness of great men.	Childhood of great men.	Fair play.	Obedience to community laws.	Our great statesmen.	Self-control.	The influence of the United States upon Asia and Africa.	Effects of war between nations.
March . . . . .	Generosity.	Keeping our word.	Good work.	Loyalty to public officials.	Social service.	Regard for civic beauty.	The United States and the American Continent.	Growth of law as an agency for promoting good-will.
April . . . . .	Kindness shown by good manners.	Helpfulness to the old and feeble.	Cheerfulness under defeat and failure.	Good-will among communities.	Patriotism.	Industry and thrift.	The United States and the world's culture.	Agreements between nations.
May . . . . .	Avoiding quarrels and making peace.	Peace among the children.	Peace in the playground.	Good-will among all classes of citizens.	Friendships with other nations.	Heroes of peace.	The United States and world-brotherhood.	World-conferences leading to world-federation.
June . . . . .	Protection and care of plants and flowers.	The Golden Rule.	Working together.	How can we help our community?	How can we serve our country?	The working members of society.	American ideals yet to be achieved.	How can we be of service in the world-family?



MEMORIAL DAY

### THE BEST MEMORIAL

Over the graves of our hero dead  
Fragrant blossoms we freely shed.  
Over each mound love's hand uprears  
A tribute of stone, baptized with tears.  
Green to the eye their memory stands,  
Kept by faithful and tender hands;  
Yet, hidden deep from the changing skies,  
A monument more enduring lies—  
Flowers of memory, towers of thought  
That firm in the hearts of men are wrought;  
Fixed in the soul of him who feels  
The power of deathless sublime ideals.  
Down through the march of age on age,  
From old to young as a heritage,  
The hero spirit is ever passed,  
While good men live and time shall last.

CARL W. MASON.

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### A FLAG PRESENTATION

During our Civil War the colonel of a fine Union regiment came to his general in a high state of excitement.

"General," said he, "I was waited on by two lovely ladies this morning, who wish to present a flag to my regiment on the coming Fourth of July."

As the brigade was at that time quartered in a very hostile southern city, this produced considerable surprise on the part of the general; but he finally said:

"Well, it will be worth seeing. Turn out your regiment and let the ceremonies go on."

When the famous day arrived, every soldier was clad in his best, and the colonel looked fairly resplendent in his finest uniform. There were quite a large number of spectators present. The young ladies appeared, escorted by some of their male friends, and were given a post of honor.

One of them made a speech, in which she mentioned liberty as among the choicest blessings in the world, and extolled the conduct of our brave Revolutionary fore-

fathers. It was a very eloquent address, and was heard by all with approval and delight.

At its close, she uncovered and unrolled the flag, and, with a smile upon her face, said sweetly:

"I now have the pleasure of presenting, sir, to you and your regiment the grandest and most characteristic symbol of the liberty for which our forefathers fought, that has ever seen the light of day."

She unrolled the flag, which, to the unlimited surprise of most of those present, proved to be a Confederate one!

For a moment there was an intense silence. The southerners present did not dare to cheer, however much they felt like it; the soldiers were sternly restrained by their officers, as well as by their natural chivalry toward the sex.

The colonel's eyes flashed fire; but he was a man of the world, and had been an accomplished politician before entering the war; and, with a gentle and engaging smile, he advanced, and received the flag from the hand of his fair (and unfair) guest. Then, in a clear, resonant, Fourth-of-July tone, he responded:

"Madam, you are my guest, and a lady. I am the colonel of this regiment, which is composed entirely of gentlemen, as well as soldiers, and I trust I am deserving the same appellations. We have listened with interest to your views as to which is the symbol most typical of freedom of any in the world. We" (looking at the colors of the regiment) "hold a different opinion, or we should not be here. We are glad to know, too, that our views are gradually gaining ground. We have already received in surrender several flags similar to the one you have just handed me, and shall keep this as a token that at last even the fair daughters of the Confederacy have decided that their cause is a hopeless one, and have commenced capitulating their colors—eulogizing them, very naturally, as they so do."

The turning of the tables had been accomplished so neatly that the crowd cheered, in spite of themselves; the

young lady, who had perhaps harbored an idea that she would be arrested, and made a sort of martyr, rushed away in confusion; and the colonel marched his regiment back to quarters with flying colors. He afterwards received a merry note from his acquaintance of a day, apologizing for the trick she had attempted to play upon him, thanking him for the gentlemanly manner in which he had treated her, and acknowledging that he had had the best of the incident.

During a late visit to the Nashville Exposition he enjoyed the pleasure of meeting her—now a handsome “Colonial Dame”—and of laughing with her over the incident.

Selected.

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#### ORIGIN OF DECORATION DAY

The observance of May 30 as Memorial Day had its official origin in an order issued in 1862 by General John A. Logan, then commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. General Logan often said afterward that the issuing of that order was the proudest act of his life. The strewing of flowers upon graves is old in some countries. It is said that the first decoration of graves of soldiers of the civil war was done on April 13, 1862, by two little girls, daughters of a Michigan chaplain. They had been out gathering wild flowers, and, returning, came across a rough, unmarked mound which covered some northern boy.

One of the girls said: “Oh, let’s put our flowers on this grave! He was a soldier boy.” They kneeled down and made garlands of flowers on that grave. This grave was in Virginia, not far from Mount Vernon. The next day they interested their family and friends in a plan to decorate all the graves, and the plan was carried out. Each year afterward, in May, they did the same wherever they happened to be. Others saw them and did the same.

The later date of May 30 was chosen by General Logan, so that flowers could be had in all the northern states.

From decorating the graves of soldiers, the custom has extended to the graves of all who have relatives or friends to remember them. In time the soldiers will be forgotten, but the custom of decorating graves with flowers will doubtless continue for many generations to come. The spirit which prompts it is a noble one, which should ever be cherished.

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COME UP FROM THE FIELDS, FATHER!

Come up from the fields, father; here is a letter from our Pete;  
And come to the front door, mother; here's a letter from thy dear son.

Lo, 'tis autumn;

Lo, where the fields, deeper green, yellower and redder,

Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages, with leaves fluttering in the moderate wine;

Where apples ripe in the orchards hang, and grapes on the trellised vines.

(Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines?)

Smell you the buckwheat, where the bees were lately buzzing?)

Above all, lo! the sky is so calm, so transparent after the rain,  
and with wondrous clouds;

Below, too, all calm, all vital and beautiful—and the farm prospers well.

Down in the fields all prospers well;

But now from the fields come, father—come at the daughter's call;

And come to the entry, mother—to the front door come right away.

Fast as she can she hurries—something ominous—her steps trembling;

She does not tarry to smooth her white hair, nor adjust her cap.

Open the envelope quickly!

Oh, this is not our son's writing, yet his name is signed!

Oh, a strange hand writes for our dear son—O stricken mother's soul!

All swims before her eyes—flashes with black—she catches the  
main words only;  
Sentence is broken—“*gun-shot wound in the breast—cavalry  
skirmish—taken to hospital—  
At present low, but will soon be better.*”

Ah! now the single figure to me  
Amid all teaming and wealthy Ohio, with all its cities and farms.  
Sickly white in the face and dull in the head, very faint,  
By the jam of the door leans.

Grieve not so, dear mother (the just grown daughter speaks  
through her sobs;  
The little sisters huddle around, speechless and dismayed).  
See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better.  
Alas, poor boy! he will never be better (nor, maybe, needs to be  
better, that brave and simple soul).  
While they stand at home at the door he is dead already,  
*The only son is dead.*

WALT WHITMAN.

---

SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE O'ER

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er;  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;  
Dream of battled fields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking.  
In our isle's enchanted hall,  
Hands unseen thy coach are strewing;  
Fairy strains of music fall,  
Every sense in slumber dewing.  
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er;  
Dream of fighting fields no more;  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,  
Trump nor pibroch summon here  
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping;  
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come  
At the daybreak from the fallow,  
And the bittern sound his drum,  
Booming from the sedgy shallow.  
Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
Guards nor warders challenge here;  
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,  
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.



Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,  
While our slumberous spells assail ye;  
Dream not, with the rising sun,  
Bugles here shall sound reveille.  
Sleep! the deer is in his den;  
Sleep! the hounds are by thee lying;  
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen  
How thy gallant steed lay dying.  
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;  
Think not of the rising sun;  
For, at dawning to assail ye,  
Here no bugles sound reveille.

WALTER SCOTT.

---

Let us scatter over their graves the brightest beauties  
of life—the glad tokens of a blessed immortality.

GEORGE S. MITCHELL.

---

Every act of noble sacrifice to the country, every  
instance of patriotic devotion to her cause, has its bene-  
ficial influence. A nation's character is the sum of its  
splendid deeds; they constitute our common patrimony,  
the nation's inheritance.

HENRY CLAY.

---

“A nation without memories is poor indeed.”

---

#### WHAT MY GRANDPA SAID

(Recitation for a Boy Carrying a Flag)

This is my country's flag;  
I love each snowy star  
Set in its azure corner space,  
Each white and crimson bar.

I'd love to see it float  
Above a battlefield;  
I'd fight for it until I died,  
And never, never yield.

I told my grandpa so.  
He smiled and stroked my head.  
"You can defend the flag today,"  
That's what my grandpa said.

He said that to fight in war-time  
Was not the only way  
To serve the country that we love;  
We can serve her every day.

He said that every wrong thing done  
Was weakening our land;  
Unless the evils are put down,  
Our country may not stand.

He talked of Greece and Egypt  
And Rome and Babylon,  
And how, because they were not good,  
Their mighty power is gone.

"A boy who loves his flag," he said,  
"Will battle for the right.  
A boy can serve our country,  
Being good with all his might."

He said that the dearest country,  
And the best the sun shines on,  
Should have the best and bravest boys  
To put the wrong things down.

I mean to always think of this,  
When I see our banner bright;  
We boys may serve our country well  
By trying to do right.

Selected.

## MEMORIAL DAY

A little over half a century ago there rang out a cry for help from the nation's President, calling upon the men of America to make the supreme sacrifice, and offer themselves in behalf of God and human rights upon their country's altar. This cry was heard and nobly responded to by the boys and young men of the land; Americans all—many, it is true, born in foreign lands, yet Americans all. Out from the homes of the North they came, thrilled with the lessons of patriotism which they had learned, and ready to do—and, if need be, to die—that the Union might be preserved, our country purged from the foul blot of human slavery, and "Old Glory" forever wave unsullied over a united people.

More than four years of privation, of toil, of wearisome marching, of terrible battling, ensued; but at last the sounds of war were hushed, peace was declared, and the Stars and Stripes appeared more glorious than ever—more full of messages of cheer and encouragement to downtrodden humanity.

The Union was preserved unbroken—but what a fearful price was paid! More than four hundred thousand of those boys, in hospital and camp, upon the battlefield or in horrid prison pen, had given up their lives and returned no more to the loving ones who were broken-hearted because of their loss. A pæan of joy was heard throughout the land, echoed from across the seas; but amid all the rejoicing a sad, wailing, minor strain was heard: "Rachel weeping for her children;" hearts of mothers, wives, and sisters of loved ones crying: "O my country! Gladly would I join in this song of rejoicing, but the beauty of my Israel is slain upon thy high places."

To honor those who laid down their lives in the nation's defense; to honor their comrades who in the years of peace have given noble, manly living to the nation's maintenance, a day of solemn, beautiful memorial is set apart. Not a day of revelry and sports and

dissipation, but a day when these, though dead, speak to the living—to the men and women of tomorrow—urging them to noble lives of the highest and most unselfish patriotism.

It is well that we should observe this Memorial Day by beautiful floral offerings, by songs and words of burning eloquence; but in one sense every day of our lives should be a Memorial Day. We most truly honor our dead by upholding and exemplifying the principles for which they fought, for which they died; by demanding honor and purity in public affairs; by opposing corruption and wrong in politics; by ever insisting upon the strict and impartial enforcement of law, no matter who the violator may be; and, most of all, by such personal purity and integrity as shall present to the young the highest and noblest ideals of manhood and womanhood, the true ideal of Christian citizenship.

Over every school the flag should wave; in every school should it be daily saluted as the emblem of law and order, of equal rights, of national unity, of highest opportunity to all, regardless of creed, race, or color; and as a constant recognition of indebtedness to patriot soldiers, and a pledge on our part ever to stand loyally by the institutions and principles for which they nobly lived and died. Memorial Day is a nation's monument of honor to the memory of the men behind the guns, the American private soldiers, the boys from American homes and American schools, imbued with the spirit of Lincoln when he said: "Without contemplating consequences, before high Heaven and in the face of the world, I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause—as I deem it—of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love;" with the spirit of Christ who said: "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends."

C. A. BROOKS,

Past Commander, Department of  
Colorado and Wyoming, G. A. R.

### OUR FLAG

Our flag is red and white and blue.  
I know some more about it, too.  
The red says: "Love!"  
The blue: "Be true!"  
The white: "Be pure  
In all you do!"  
Now, this is all I have to tell  
About the flag we love so well.

---

### KEEPING MEMORIAL DAY

(A small girl has a still smaller one by the hand, whom she partially addresses.)

I've dressed you in a sash, my dear,  
Of red and white and blue,  
In honor of the soldiers  
Who were so brave and true.

My teacher says 'tis Mem'ry Day,  
In honor of the dead.  
"Scatter flowers upon their graves,"  
Is what my teacher said.

But we haven't any flowers yet  
In our garden bed,  
So I have dressed *you* up, my dear,  
In these colors instead.

And every time I look at you  
Throughout the whole day's play,  
I'll think of the poor dead soldiers,  
And keep Memorial Day.

---

### WHY THEY MARCH

"There is no school tomorrow,"  
Our teacher said today.  
Tomorrow is the Thirtieth,  
And that's Memorial Day.

The soldiers will be marching,  
With banners waving gay,  
And crowds will go to see them  
Upon Memorial Day.

My mother told me why they march,  
And why the banners wave;  
They're going to lay sweet flowers  
Upon each soldier's grave.

---

#### MEMORIAL DAY

Bring your wreaths and garlands fair;  
Strew the roses 'round;  
For a hero's sleeping there  
Under every mound.  
Leave the flag they held so dear  
For their history;  
Flowers for love—perhaps a tear  
For a memory.

Ah, their coats were bright and blue,  
In a gallant row,  
And their hearts were light and true—  
Fifty years ago;  
And their shibboleth was Right,  
Their reliance Faith,  
When the long line passed from sight,  
Marching on to death.

Gettysburg and Malvern Hill—  
Oh, the fights they made!  
Wilderness and Chancellorsville—  
Oh, the price they paid!  
Oh, the lesson that they taught,  
And the strength they gave,  
And the flaring fields they fought,  
And the nameless grave!

Come away! They are not dead  
Whose renown is fair.  
See, a nation bows its head  
In a hallowed prayer:  
"God of heroes, who didst fill  
Them with purpose pure,  
May their souls be with us still!  
May their strength endure!"

*Independent.*

## MEMORIAL FLOWERS

(For Four Girls. Each speaker should carry a bouquet of the flowers.)

*First—*

A bunch of fragrant violets  
As my offering I've brought,  
True blue as were the soldiers  
When for the right they fought.

*Second—*

I bring the golden buttercups,  
So hardy and so brave;  
What flowers can be more fitting  
To deck a soldier's grave?

*Third—*

I bring a bunch of daisies,  
Some humble grave to crown,  
As innocent as the pure young lives  
So willingly laid down.

*Fourth—*

This bunch of purple lilacs  
As my offering I bring;  
'Tis fragrant as the memory  
Of those whose praise I sing.

*All—*

We've often heard the story  
Of how the brave men fought,  
And, as a tribute of our love,  
These flowers we have brought.

---

## DECORATION DAY

Yes, scatter flowers above the graves  
Where the nation's dead are sleeping,  
To tell that comrades, left behind,  
Their memories green are keeping.  
'Tis many a year since they marched forth,  
All the battle's perils braving,  
And many a year above their graves  
Has the long green grass been waving.

Yes, scatter the flowers—'tis a kindly thought—  
Pale lilies and fair red roses,  
With lavish hands o'er the graves where each  
Brave soldier in peace reposes.  
Long years have passed since they sank to rest,  
'Mid a nation's bitter mourning,  
But their faithful comrades, year by year,  
Bring flowers for their graves' adorning.

But far away upon hill and plain,  
Nameless, forgotten, are lying  
The bones of many who bravely fought,  
In their country's service dying.  
But though their graves are unknown, unsought,  
Our dear Lord covers them over  
With the sweetest flowers, and the greenest grass,  
And blossoms of scented clover.

And, instead of the muffled beat of drums,  
Its saddening memories bringing,  
The only sound that the silence breaks  
Is the note of some wild bird singing;  
Or a rush of timid, rapid feet,  
As the wild gray rabbit passes;  
Or the drowsy hum of the honey bee,  
As it flits among the grasses.

But peacefully still at rest they lie,  
And little it matters whether  
Alone they sleep in their nameless graves,  
Or in churchyards close together;  
For a grateful country in its heart  
Is fresh their memory keeping;  
So, scatter flowers with generous hand  
Where a nation's dead are sleeping.

JOHN V. CHENEY.

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#### WHAT CAN CHILDREN DO?

*First—*

What can the little children do,  
When Decoration Day is here,  
To show their love for soldiers brave,  
Who, fighting for their country, gave  
The life that was to them so dear?



*Second—*

We'll bring the lovely flowers of spring,  
That in the fields and gardens grow,  
And on the soldiers' graves today  
Our garlands we will gladly lay,  
Our loving thoughts of them to show.

*Third—*

We'll raise aloft the Stars and Stripes  
On this Memorial Day, to show  
We honor those who for it bled.  
Some now are living, many dead;  
For this was many years ago.

*Fourth—*

We'll sing our patriotic songs;  
We'll truly sing with heart and voice;  
And to our country we'll be true,  
And honor our Red, White, and Blue,  
And in our freedom we'll rejoice.

(All sing some patriotic song.)

---

#### MEMORIAL DAY

Not costly domes, nor marble towers,  
Shall mark where friendship comes to weep;  
Let clustering vines and fragrant flowers  
Tell where the nation's heroes sleep.

They rest in many a shaded vale,  
By and beneath the sounding sea;  
The forest winds their requiem wail,  
The glorious sons of liberty!

They merit all our hearts can give;  
Our praises and our love they claim;  
Long shall their precious names survive,  
Held sacred by immortal fame.

Blest be the land for which they fought—  
The land where Freedom's banners wave;  
The land by blood and treasure bought,  
Where dwell the free, where sleep the brave.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

We will ne'er forget the soldiers;  
And when we've passed away,  
May other hands the flowers bring  
Each Decoration Day.

SADIE S. PALMER.

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RECITATION

(Recitation by Two Girls with Flags.)

*First—*

Oh, who shall say when drums shall beat?  
America! America!  
And who will train the little feet?  
America! America!  
While we are young we will repeat  
The stories that to us seem sweet,  
And lay our laurels at their feet.  
America! America!

*Second—*

Oh, who shall say when we grow old,  
America! America!  
That some place of honor we may hold?  
America! America!  
And though the story oft is told  
Of leaders true and leaders bold,  
Our love for them shall not grow cold.  
America! America!

*Both—*

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

*Teacher's Yearbook.*

## SCATTER THE FLOWERS

(To be recited or sung. Tune: "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.")

We come with gifts of flowers sweet  
For each dear soldier's grave;  
We'll cover the mounds where they gently sleep,  
Those boys so true and brave.

### *Chorus—*

Many are the boys who are sleeping for aye  
Under the sod and dew;  
Many are the hearts sending love today  
To those brave boys in blue.  
Scatter the flowers, scatter the flowers,  
Over the soldiers' graves!  
Scatter the flowers, scatter the flowers,  
Over the soldiers' graves!

We'll honor the graves of our soldiers dead,  
Who heard their country's cry,  
Who left their homes, and fought and bled  
And died for liberty.

We'll bring them today the violets blue,  
And roses red and white;  
Those colors bright they bore so true  
For God and Home and Right.

ADA S. SHERWOOD.

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Off with your hat, as the flag goes by,  
And let the heart have its say!  
You're man enough for a tear in your eye  
That will not wipe away.

You're man enough for a thrill that goes  
To your very finger tips.  
Aye! the lump just then in your throat that rose  
Spoke more than your parted lips.

Lift up the boy on your shoulder high,  
And show him the faded shred—  
Those stripes would be red as the sunset sky,  
If Death could have dyed them red.

The man that bore it with Death has lain  
These fifty years and more.  
He died that the work should not be vain  
Of men who bore it before.

The man who bears it is bent and old,  
And ragged his beard, and gray;  
But look at his eye-fire young and bold,  
At the tune he hears them play.

The old tune thunders through the air,  
And strikes right into the heart.  
If ever it calls for you, boy, be there—  
Be there and ready to start!

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

TOM MOORE.

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#### GRANDPA'S OLD CHUM

My grandpa he was in the war—  
Grandpa and his old chum,  
Who lives down there at Eagle Bar;  
It's fun to have him come.  
And grandpa shakes him by the hand,  
And pounds him on the back—my land!  
'Tis fun to see them laugh, and I  
Have seen them laughing when they cry.  
When his old chum said he had been  
To the Encampment, and had seen  
Those fellows they call G. A. R.,  
Who'd fought with grandpa in the war,  
Then grandpa cried. Tears in his eyes,  
He laughed and said: "Now, don't tell lies!  
You say that you saw Tom McClure—  
I'd give a hundred dollars sure  
To see that fellow. And say, was he  
As jolly as he used to be?  
There's many a time we would have died  
Of homesickness, and sick beside,  
But for his monkey shines—and say,  
How he could sing! Well, anyway,  
He was a trump! And you saw him?  
I want to know! And lanky Jim,

George Jones, and Bill, and Bob Balloo!  
I wish that I had gone there too.  
What's that, old chum, I heard you say?  
You're going? No! You're going to stay  
And lunch with me;" and grandpa he  
Just makes him stay; and ma and me,  
And little sister what's just come,  
He don't like as well as his old chum.

LIBBIE C. BAER.

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The Northern lights are blending  
With the rays of the Southern Cross,  
And the gulf is bridged between them  
By a common sense of loss.

SUSAN J. ADAMS.

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#### THE PALMETTO AND THE PINE

There grows a fair palmetto in the sunny Southern lands;  
Upon the stern New England hills a somber pine tree stands,  
And each towers like a monument above the perished brave;  
A grave 'neath the palmetto—beneath the pine a grave.

The Carolina widow comes this bright May day to spread  
Magnolia and jessamine above her soldier dead.  
And the Northern mother violets strews upon her son below—  
Her only son, who fell so many weary years ago.

Tears for the gallant Yankee boy—one of Grant's heroes he.  
Tears for the stalwart Southern man—the man who marched with  
Lee.

But love, and only love, between the lonely ones who twine  
Their wreaths 'neath the palmetto—their chaplets 'neath the pine.

Oh, tried tree of the Southland, from out whose trunks were  
wrought

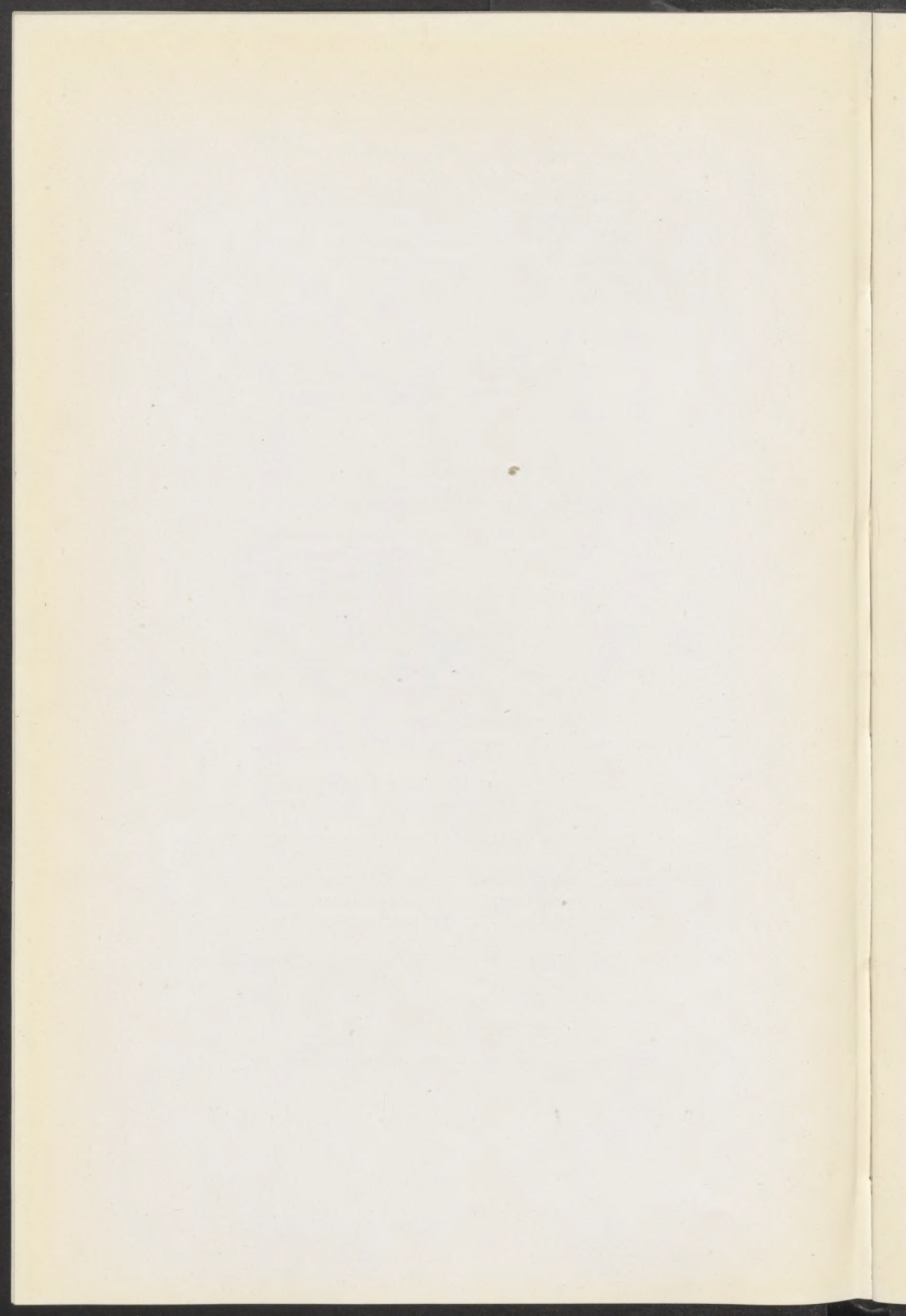
The ramparts of that glorious fort where Sergeant Jasper fought!  
Oh, true tree of the Northland, whose pictured form supplied  
The emblem of our earliest flag, that waved where Warren died!

Still watch the dead you've watched so long, the dead who died so  
well;

And matrons mourn, as mourn you must, your lost dear ones who  
fell;

But joy and peace and hope to all, now North and South combine  
In one grand whole, as one soil bears the palmetto and the pine!

MANLEY H. PIKE.



FLAG DAY

## MAKERS OF THE FLAG

I am whatever you make me. I am your belief in yourself; your dream of what a people may become. I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for. I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope. I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring. I am the clutch of an idea; I am the reasoned purpose of resolution. I am no more than what you believe me to be; and I am all that you believe I can be. My stars and my stripes are your dreams and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you made them so out of your hearts. For you are the Makers of the Flag.

FRANKLIN K. LANE.

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## A FLAG GAME

The children all stand in a circle. One child has a flag, and he passes it to the next child, and this child passes it on; and so it goes around the circle. At the close of the singing of the verse, the child who holds the flag runs inside the circle and says, pointing to any three children:

"The red, the white, the blue—  
To our country we are true."

These three children join him, and they all run in and out among the children standing in the circle. They all sing the chorus to the verse several times.

When they stop singing this time, the four children run in and out of the circle, and the children in the circle lower their arms, with hands clasped, at any time, to keep them inside.

As soon as they are caught they are out of the game, and the game continues as before.



SONG FOR FLAG GAME

(Tune: "Marching through Georgia.")

We will honor Washington,  
And Lincoln, too, today;  
We will sing of heroes gone,  
While waves the flag so gay.  
Wave the flag then, everyone!  
We'll honor Washington,  
While we are singing of heroes.

*Chorus*

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, for Washington!  
Hurrah, hurrah, for battles he has won!  
Sing hurrah for Lincoln, too!  
Wave on red, white, and blue,  
While we are singing of heroes!

---

THE VOICE OF PEACE—INDEPENDENCE BELL

Though now forever still  
Your voice of jubilee,  
We hear—we hear, and ever will,  
The bell of liberty!  
Clear as the voice to them,  
In that far night agone,  
Pealed from the heavens o'er Bethlehem,  
The voice of Peace peals on!

Stir all your memories up,  
O Independence Bell,  
And pour from your inverted cup  
The song we love so well!  
As you rang in the dawn  
Of Freedom—toll'd the knell  
Of Tyranny—ring on—ring on—  
O Independence Bell!

Ring numb the wounds of wrong  
Unhealed of brain and breast!  
With music like a slumber-song  
Dull tearful eyes to rest!  
Ring, Independence Bell!  
Ring on till worlds to be  
Shall listen to the tale you tell  
Of Love and Liberty!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

## BATTLE FLAGS

I have stood with uncovered head and looked upon the tattered and stained battle flags and guidons now safely sheltered within the walls of our lordly State Capitol—a few of them at one time borne by the soldiers of Rhode Island in the battles of the Revolution, but most of them by Rhode Island boys in the great battles of the Civil War—and have fancied I could hear the tramp of marching columns, the din and clamor of battle, the hoarse cries of command, and see the colors borne by dauntless hands far in advance, and the men gallantly pressing forward amid the withering fire of hurtling shot and singing bullets, steadily lining up to them for a bloody struggle. It was but a momentary illusion, and my eyes rested again only on torn, stained, and tattered flags. The poet in his imagination has yet more vividly portrayed the weird vision :

“Nothing but flags; yet, methinks, at night  
They tell each other their tale of fight;  
And dim specters come, and their thin arms twine  
Round each standard torn, as they stand in line,  
As the word is given—they charge, they form,  
And the dim hall rings with the battle's storm;  
And once again, through smoke and strife,  
These colors lead to a nation's life.”

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## SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM

Theme for Flag Day, 1914—“Veterans of Peace.”

Song. Salute to the Flag. Commissioner's Message.  
Recitation.

Song. Group Exercise—Our Veterans in Peace.

Recitations—Short Selections. Song. Group Exercise.

Address—By a Veteran as Guest. Song.

## THE FLAG

It is henceforth to stand for self-possession, for dignity, for the assertion of the right of one nation to serve the other nations of the world—an emblem that will not condescend to use for purposes of aggression and self-aggrandizement; that is too great to be debased by selfishness; that has indicated its right to be honored by all nations of the world and feared by none to do righteousness.

WOODROW WILSON.

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### FLAG DAY—1914

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., May 10, 1914.

In accordance with its custom for the past seventeen years, the American Flag Association reminds you that Monday, June 14, 1915, will be the 138th anniversary of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes as the flag of our country. The public recognition of Flag Day as a national anniversary, each year becoming more and more general, would seem to make unnecessary any reminder to secure your co-operation in securing the widest possible observance this year.

The governors of many of the states have in the past, by their proclamations, called public attention to the day and ordered the flag to be displayed on all state buildings, and invited their fellow-citizens to celebrate the day.

Mayors of cities, for recognition of this anniversary, have in the past also ordered flags to be displayed upon the municipal buildings of their respective cities, and, by formal proclamation or otherwise, invited their fellow-citizens to do the same upon their private buildings.

Editors of newspapers, by general action among them all, have by editorial comment and the publication of historical articles upon the subject of the flag, called attention to the day, and urged the public to display the national colors on Flag Day.

School officers and teachers have arranged for patriotic exercises appropriate to the day.

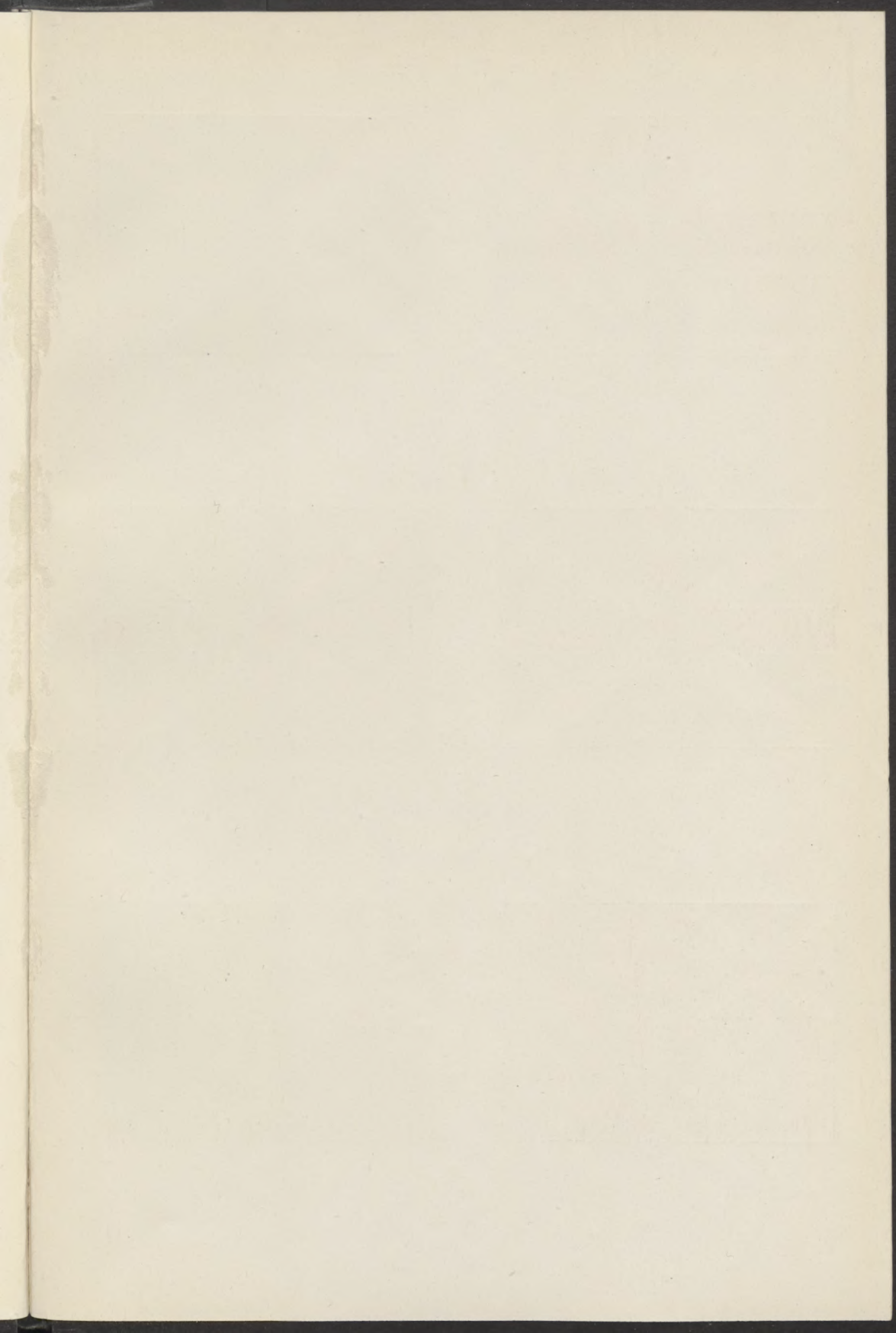
American patriotic societies, through their officers and members, have stirred up popular enthusiasm by public appeals through local mediums and by observances of the anniversary.

The American people, from year to year, more and more, and with a growing enthusiasm, have celebrated the day.

All American citizens are again earnestly invited to join in the public recognition of the birthday of the emblem of our nationality. In many of the states, pursuant to law, in the public schools, and also voluntarily in private schools, exercises will be conducted in celebration of Flag Day. Let us extend this practice. Teach the story of the flag, what it represents, and have the young people pledge their fealty and loyalty to it.

On the 14th day of June, 1777, Congress enacted: "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." The number of the stripes having been increased by the admission of new states, the possibilities of the nation's future development dawned upon our fathers, and the original thirteen stripes were unchangeably restored by act of Congress on April 4, 1818, when it was enacted: "That from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be twenty stars, white in a blue field, and that on the admission of a new state into the Union one star be added to the union of the flag, and such addition take effect on the fourth day of July next succeeding such admission."

Since the struggle of 1861-65 the flag has become the symbol of a mighty nation. It has been carried to the utmost parts of the earth, carrying liberty wherever it has been thrown to the breeze.





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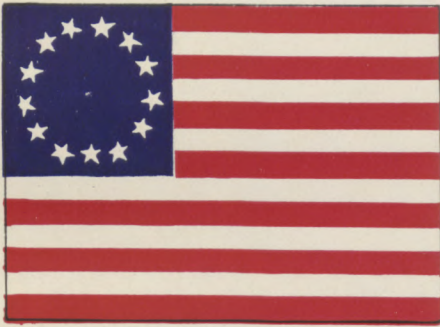
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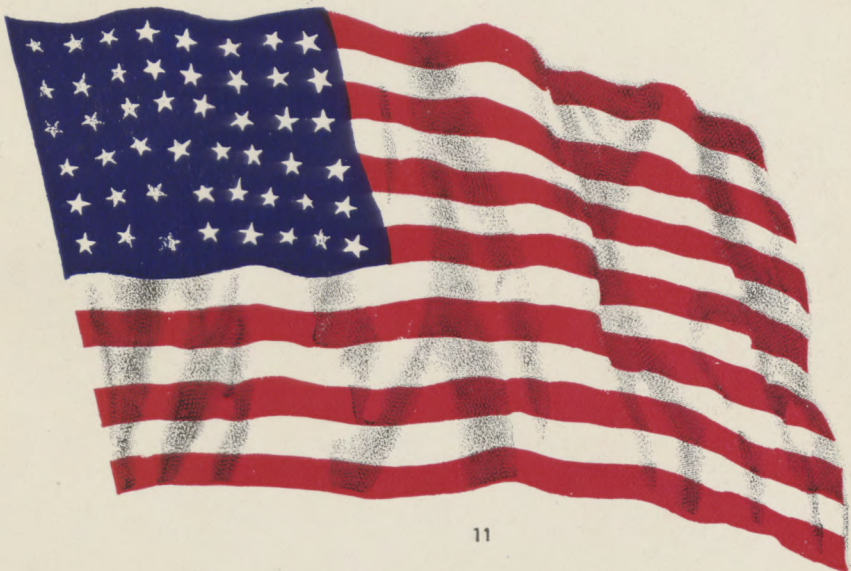
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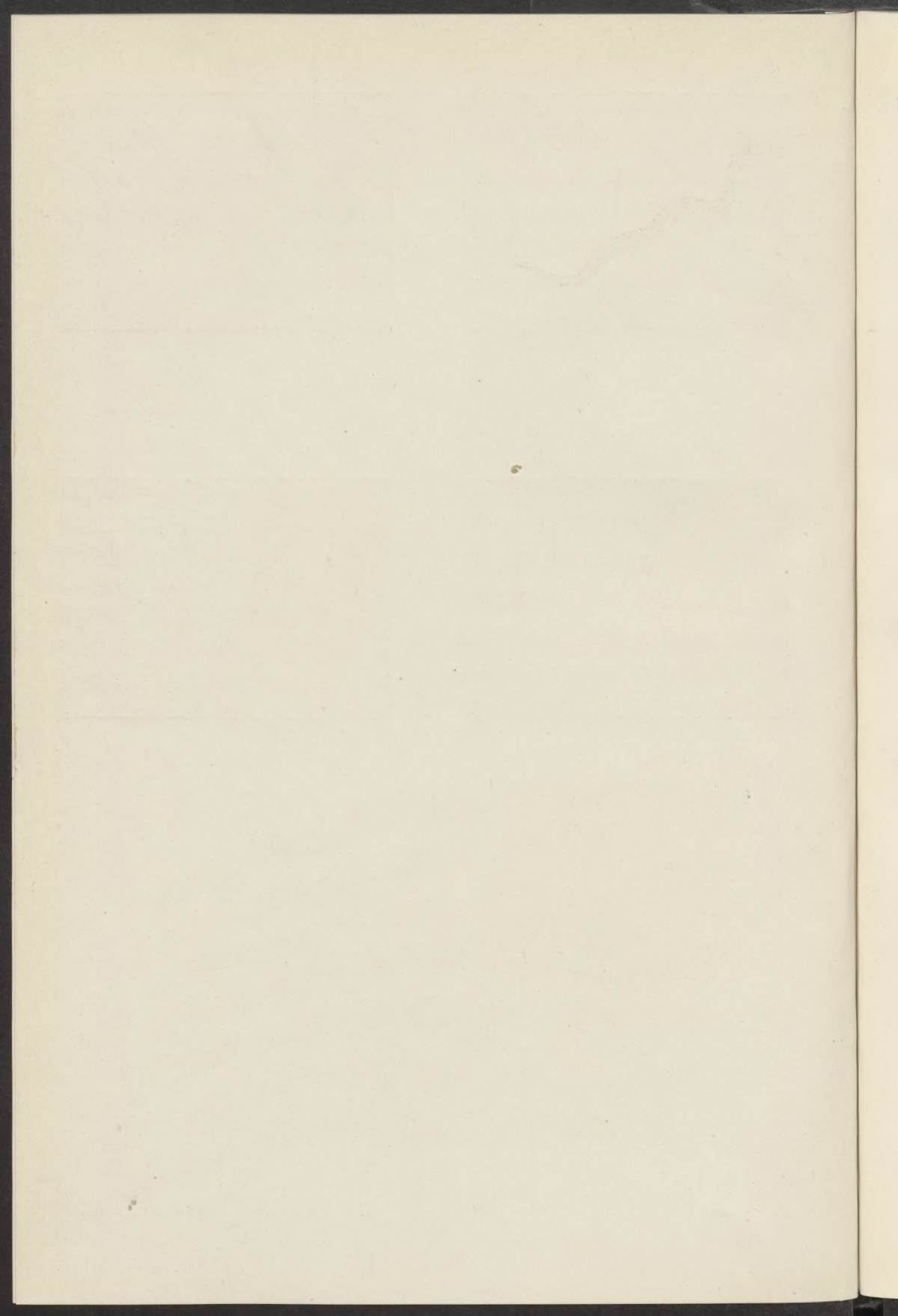
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We are now in the midst of an anxious time in all our nation, again calling for an expression of our most sincere devotion to the flag of our country, and what it stands for. The Stars and Stripes have come to possess new beauty for friendly eyes, and new terror for the foes of liberty, and of law and order, and of lawful government.

We respectfully appeal to the President of the United States of America, to the governors of all the states of our land, and to the mayor of each American city, to herald the coming and celebration of Flag Day, June 14, 1915, by proclamation; we call upon every public officer, every teacher of the youth of our country, the editors of all newspapers, the daily instructors of the youth of our land, to call public attention, to arouse enthusiasm, and to provide for public exercises and general celebration of the day.

We earnestly exhort our citizens to join in making Flag Day an event, and its celebration in 1915 a great event. Let us, from one end of our land to the other, fling the Stars and Stripes to the breeze on June 14, 1915. May it greet the rising and salute the setting sun, and float all day long from every church edifice, school, and building, public and private, and however humble, throughout the entire land!

RALPH E. PRIME,  
President.

LOUIS ANNIN AMES,  
Secretary.

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### SALUTE TO THE FLAG FOR SCHOOLS

At a given hour in the morning the pupils are assembled and in their places in the school. A signal is given by the principal of the school. Every pupil rises in his place. The flag is brought forward to the principal or teacher. While it is being brought forward from the door to the stand of the principal or teacher, every pupil gives the flag the military salute, which is as follows:

The right hand uplifted, palm upward, to a line with the forehead, close to it. While thus standing with palm

upward and in the attitude of salute, all the pupils repeat together, slowly and distinctly, the following pledge:

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the republic for which it stands. One nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

At the words, as pronounced in this pledge, "to my flag," each one extends the right hand gracefully, palm upward, toward the flag until the end of the pledge affirmation. Then all hands drop to the side. The pupils, still standing, all sing together in unison the song "America": "My country, 'tis of thee."

In the primary departments, where the children are very small, they are taught to repeat this instead of the pledge as given for the older children:

"I give my head and my heart to God and my country. One country, one language, one flag."

In some schools the salute is given in silence, as an act of reverence, unaccompanied by any pledge. At a signal, as the flag reaches its station, the right hand is raised, palm downward, to a horizontal position against the forehead, and held there until the flag is dipped and returned to a vertical position. Then, at the second signal, the hand is dropped to the side and the pupil takes his seat.

The silent salute conforms very closely to the military and naval salute to the flag.

Principals may adopt the "silent salute" for a daily exercise and the "pledge salute" for special occasions.

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### THE AMERICAN FLAG

(A Toast Dedicated to the American Flag Association.)

To the dear Stars and Stripes: That Flag which hath a gospel of its own; its beauty making beautiful and glorifying the noblest sentiments and patriotic hopes of our national life.

Majestic as the sky; perfect as a star; the sign of a triumphant hope; its mystic harmony of grace and order proclaiming to the world the freedom and divinity of man.

ALICE J. BLOOMER.

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On June 14, 1777, the American Congress adopted a resolution providing the design for the Flag of the United States; that it should consist of thirteen stripes of alternate red and white; the union to be thirteen stars—white in a blue field. Mrs. Elizabeth (“Betsy”) Ross, of Philadelphia, was the first flag maker for the government, although shortly before the act of Congress, which decided the colors and design of our national flag, a little band of patriotic women met in the Swedish church in Philadelphia and under the supervision of Commodore John Barry and John Brown, Secretary of the United States Marine, planned and made a flag of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, but with only twelve stars on the blue field, as Georgia had not yet entered the Union.

This flag was presented to Captain John Paul Jones, and was destined to be the first Star Spangled Banner carried to sea and receive the first salute ever fired by a foreign naval power, when Captain John Paul Jones, entering Queberon Bay, February 14, 1778, demanded and received a salute of nine guns from the admiral commanding the French fleet.

The first military occasion on which the flag of the Stars and Stripes was displayed was at Fort Stanwix, New York, August 6, 1777. The garrison was without a flag, but their pride and ingenuity soon supplied one, conforming to the design adopted by Congress. Shirts were cut up to form the white stripes; bits of scarlet cloth were joined for the red, and the blue ground for the stars was composed of a cloth cloak belonging to Colonel Abraham Swartwout, of Dutchess County, New York, who was then in the fort.

Before sunset, the flag made by this band of patriots was floating above the besieged fort, and was the first to inspire and encourage the American soldiers in the many battles of the Revolution, fought for the freedom of this land from foreign oppression.

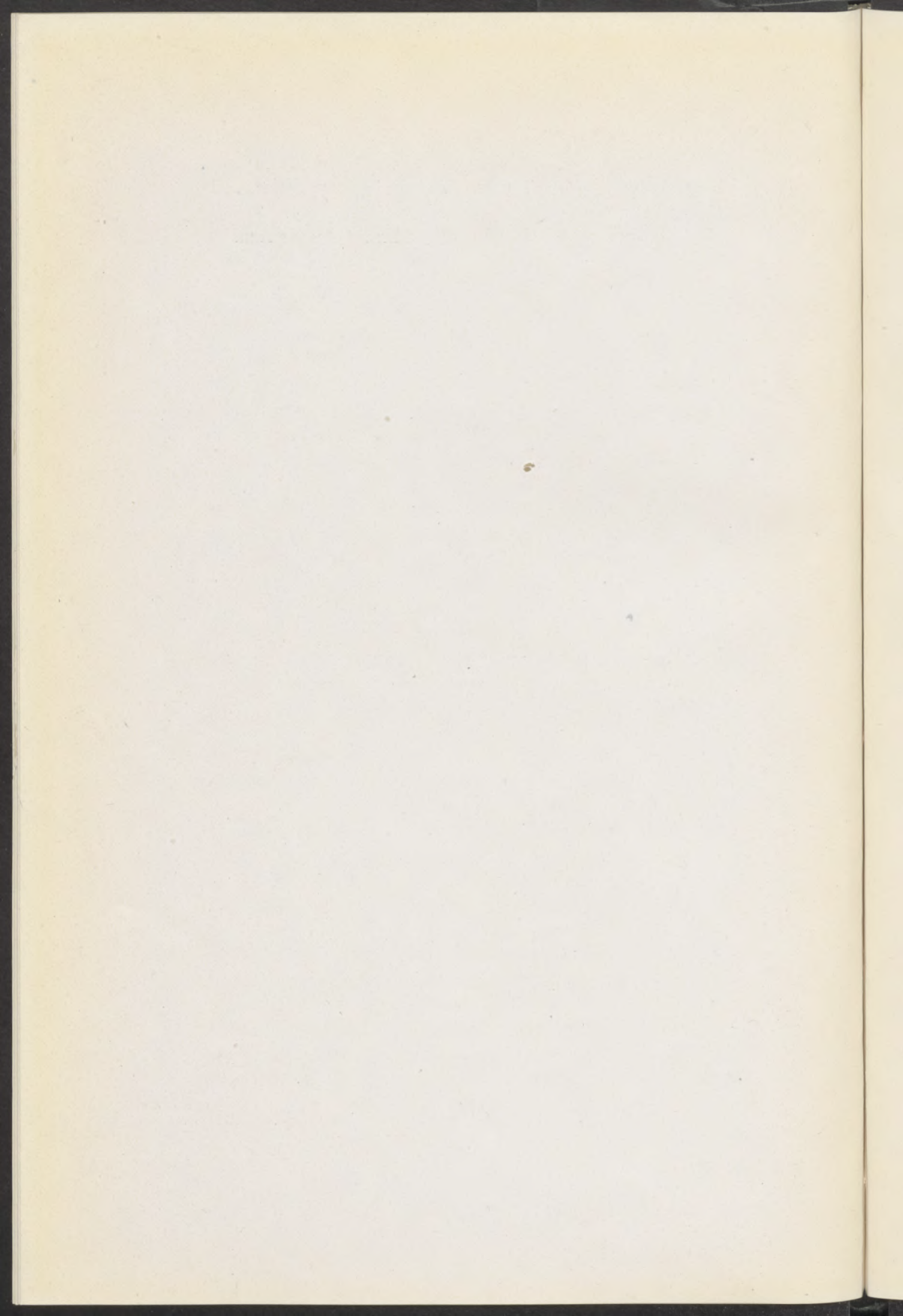
When one thinks of the bravery, as well as the love and loyalty to their land, of those who endured such terrible hardships during the many years of struggle for freedom and independence, it should inspire us with loyalty and veneration for that Flag of Stars and Stripes, which was destined seven years later at Fort McHenry to be the inspiration of our National Anthem.

The design of the Flag is symbolic of the nation's construction and ideals. The thirteen horizontal stripes keep ever before us the thirteen original states, whose struggle for freedom, during so many years, made possible the independence and growth of the rest of the country. Whenever a new state is admitted a new star appears upon the field of blue and thus can we measure the increase in number of the units which constitute our nation. The red must represent the valor of our ancestors who so bravely suffered hardships and gave up their lives for their country; white shows the purity of the ideal for which they fought—the ideal of liberty and individual freedom; and blue indicates the loyalty and devotion to such a cause, shared not only by those who were able to go to war and actually fight for it, but also by those who remained at home and lent their encouragement in other ways.

Even though today we do not go into battle to subdue the nation's enemies, there still remains much that we can do to preserve the honor and standard of the Flag. We can keep pure the ideal of freedom by living as members of a true Republic, unselfishly regarding one another's rights, all working together for the good of the country. We can keep alive the same courage and bravery our forefathers had by being strong, capable citizens, and may the sight of our Flag of the Stars and Stripes ever remind

us of the liberty they fought to accomplish, and may we  
always bring to that Flag our undying loyalty, honor, and  
devotion.

MARY O. SCHUYLER.



INDEPENDENCE DAY

#### A CONCERT RECITATION

O country dear, whose record, full of glory,  
Brings tears of gladness into watching eyes;  
Whose deeds of heroes, handed down in story,  
Thrill human hearts with wonder and surprise!  
We pledge to thee our service and devotion,  
To keep the rights by honored soldiers won,  
Long as thy shores are washed by either ocean,  
Thou fairest, greatest land beneath the sun!

Selected.

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Be just and fear not;  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's.

SHAKESPEARE.

#### PATRIOTIC THOUGHTS

How shall I serve my fathers' land?  
There are no battles to be won,  
No deeds that heroes might have done,  
No lives to give at her command.

Nay, none of these—but lives to live:  
Within, of gentle soul and pure;  
Without, of zeal and courage sure,  
For all the best that life can give.

And then, to crown the finished span,  
To honor country and her dead,  
'Twere meed enough that it be said:  
"He lived a true American."

M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE, JR.

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Patriotism is devotion with the human christening.  
It idealizes, almost deifies, one's country. It enkindles the  
worshipful side of our being humanward.

Selected.





FRANCIS SCOTT KEY  
Author of "Star-Spangled Banner"

## HISTORY OF THE WRITING OF "THE STAR- SPANGLED BANNER"

Differences between the United States and Great Britain led to the War of 1812. The frigates built during that time, when "Hail Columbia" was written, formed a part of the navy that was now to dispute with Great Britain her title of "Mistress of the Seas."

A British fleet was anchored in Chesapeake Bay. Dr. Beans, an old resident of Upper Marlborough, Maryland, had been captured and sent as a prisoner to Admiral Cochran's flag ship.

Francis Scott Key, a young lawyer of Baltimore, hearing of the misfortune of Dr. Beans, who was his personal friend, hastened to the British commander to endeavor to have his friend released. The enemy was about to attack Fort McHenry, and so refused to allow Mr. Key and Dr. Beans to return until after the fort was captured.

All through the night of September 13 the bombardment was kept up. And in the light of "the rocket's red glare" they could see the American flag still waving over the old fort. And when the first rays of the dawn still showed the glorious banner waving from its accustomed place, Francis Scott Key was so overjoyed that he expressed his feeling by writing a rough draft of our wonderful song "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The next day Key went ashore, and, after copying the poem, showed it to a friend and relative, Judge Nicholson. He saw its worth, and at his suggestion it was printed. Soon after it was adapted to the old English air "To Anacreon in Heaven," and sung in one of the Baltimore theaters.

The flag of Fort McHenry which inspired the song is still owned and kept by Eben Appleton, of Yonkers, New York, whose grandfather was one of the soldiers of the fort. This flag was made by a daughter of Rebecca Young, who made the first flag carried by the soldiers of the Revolution.



THE SPIRIT OF '76

—Willard

## A BOY WHO SERVED HIS COUNTRY

One of the stories told of revolutionary times in America is about a boy who went into New York, when the British soldiers held it, to get a newspaper for General Washington. The general and Lafayette were at an inn that stood on the edge of the river. They offered the boy a horse, but he said that he would go in his canoe. He bought some chickens and eggs with the money they gave him, and paddled into the city as if he were going to market. He was admitted to the city and went up to the old "Sauerkraut" Clubhouse, as it was called, in the Bowery. There he got the newspaper of the day and slipped it into his pocket, and also an English paper that had just come in a ship from England. No one could hide away the day's news of New York in his pocket now!

When the boy got to the wharf again, the redcoats, as the British soldiers were known, stopped him; but he said that he had been to the market, and showed them the basket that had held his eggs and chickens. So he paddled quickly back to Weehauk, as it was then called, and the two generals were very glad to see him. When Washington offered him money for the service, the boy refused it. He said that he was an American, and that his father would not let him take money for serving his country. Washington then told him that, if ever he were in need of anything at any time, to let him know and he would help him. We know that Washington himself refused to receive money for serving his country during the war. He had money of his own, and did not need more; and, indeed, he gave a great deal to the cause.

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## FREEDOM

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,  
The thunders breaking at her feet;  
Above her shook the starry lights;  
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,  
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind;  
But fragments of her mighty voice  
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field,  
To mingle with the human race,  
And part by part to men reveal'd  
The fulness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,  
From her isle-altar gazing down,  
Who, Godlike, grasps the triple forks,  
And, kinglike, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.  
The wisdom of a thousand years  
Is in them. May perpetual youth  
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,  
Make bright our days and light our dreams,  
Turning to scorn with lips divine  
The falsehood of extremes!

TENNYSON.

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#### FOR MY COUNTRY

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

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

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

Selected.

## MY COUNTRY

I owe my country Pride in its beauty, its extent, its progress. I owe my country Love of its history and its traditions, and obedience to its laws.

I owe my country a Patriot's Heart; a Citizen's Interest and Industry; a Family's Health and Happiness.

And I owe my country one kindly, helpful, tolerant, honest, happy, hard-working, law-honoring Human Being.

My country owes me Protection of life and property;

A sound, elementary Education;

An honest and disinterested Government in which I can place my trust;

Reliable public Servants;

Preservation of the great natural resources of my land;

Wise expenditure of public funds;

A just system of taxation;

Opportunity to live and work and grow with high ideals of truth, probity, and justice.

My country owes me the condition in which my children may become kindly, helpful, tolerant, honest, happy, hard-working, law-honoring Human Beings.

*Delineator.*

# INDEPENDENCE DAY

BERNHARD KLEIN

*Joyfully*  
*mf*

1. Tell me, boys, what mean those voi - ces That are shout - ing in the  
2. Man - y, man - y years have float - ed On time's rest - less, chang - ing  
3. It was then our youth - ful na - tion Raised its con - se - crat - ed  
4. Let us join those hap - py voi - ces That are shout - ing in the

street? Ev - 'ry one I see re - joi - ces; Bands play tunes for march - ing  
sea, Since our na - tion rose and - vot - ed That the coun - try should be  
hand, Sealed with blood the Dec - la - ra - tion Of her In - de - pend - ence  
street; Ev - 'ry free - man's heart re - joi - ces; Bright beams ev - 'ry eye we

*p*

feet; And the stars and stripes are blow - ing On the o - cean and the shore;  
free. Gay the stars and stripes are blow - ing On the o - cean and the shore;  
grand. Gay the stars and stripes are blow - ing On the o - cean and the shore;  
meet. Gay the stars and stripes are blow - ing On the o - cean and the shore;

*f* *ff* *sf*

All our hearts with thanks o'er - flow - ing, In - de - pend - ence Day once more.

## THE CAUSE OF THE DECLINE OF NATIONS

(Oration for Older Pupil.)

Do you know how empires find their end? Yes; the great states eat up the little. As with fish, so with nations.

Come with me! Let us bring up the awful shadows of empires buried long ago, and learn a lesson from the tomb.

Come, old Assyria, with the Ninevite dove upon thine emerald crown—what laid thee low?

Assyria answers: "I fell by my own injustice. Thereby Nineveh and Babylon came with me to the ground."

O queenly Persia, flame of the nations—wherefore art thou so fallen—thou who trodst the people under thee, bridged the Hellespont with ships, and poured thy temple-wasting millions on the western world?

"I fell by my own misdeeds!"

And thou, muselike Grecian queen, fairest of all thy classic sisterhood of states, enchanting yet the world with thy sweet witchery, speaking in art, and most seductive in song—why liest thou there with thy beautiful, yet dishonored brow, reposing on thy broken harp?

Greece answers: "I loved the loveliness of flesh, embalmed in Parian stone. I loved the loveliness of thought, and treasured that more than Parian speech. But the beauty of justice, the loveliness of love, I trod down to earth. Lo! therefore have I become as those barbarian states, and one of them."

O manly, majestic Rome, with thy seven-fold mural crown all broken at thy feet—why art thou here? 'Twas not injustice brought thee low, for thy great Book of Law is prefaced: "Justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his right." It was not the saint's ideal; it was the hypocrite's pretense.

Rome says: "I made iniquity my law. I trod the nations under me. Their wealth gilded my palaces, where



now thou may'st see the fox and hear the owl. Wicked men were my counselors. Millions of bondmen wet the soil with tears and blood. Do you not hear it crying yet to God?

“Go back and tell the new-born child who sitteth on the Alleghanies, laying his either hand upon a tributary sea—tell him there are rights which states must keep, or they shall suffer punishment. Tell him there is a God who hurls to earth the loftiest realm that breaks His just, eternal law. Warn the young empire that he come not down, dim and dishonored, to my shameful tomb. Tell him that ‘justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his right.’ I knew this law. I broke it. Bid him keep it, and be forever safe.”

THEODORE PARKER.

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## THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

In the Continental Congress, meeting in Philadelphia, the matter of independence of the colonies and the separation from England was first brought up by John Adams, of Massachusetts, in May of 1776.

On May 10 a resolution was passed recommending to the thirteen colonies the formation of an independent government. The various colonies, one by one, placed themselves on record as favoring such action. On June 10 a committee of five was appointed to draw up a declaration. On this committee were Jefferson, Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman, and R. R. Livingstone. They reported on June 28, but action was delayed until July 4, when the declaration was adopted by delegates from twelve colonies.

It is universally conceded that this immortal document was written by Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia.

This copy is from a copper plate made in 1823 from the original by order of John Quincy Adams, then secretary of state of the nation:

#### “DECLARATION

“When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature’s God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

“We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having, in direct object, the establish-

ment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world:

“He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

“He has forbidden his Governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

“He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the Legislature; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

“He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

“He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

“He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the State remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without and convulsions within.

“He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the laws for the naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

“He has obstructed the administration of justice by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

“He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

“He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.

“He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures.

“He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

“He has combined, with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution and unacknowledged by our laws, giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation :

“For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us :

“For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment, for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States :

“For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world :

“For imposing taxes on us without our consent :

“For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury :

“For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offenses :

“For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies :

“For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the powers of our governments :

“For suspending our own legislatures and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

“He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

“He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

“He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

“He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

“He has excited domestic insurrections among us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

“In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

“Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts made by their legislature to extend an unwarranted jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connection and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace, friends.

“We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appeal-

ing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare,—That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, *free and independent States*; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as *free and independent States*, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which *independent States* may of right do. And, for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.”

NOTE.—This is the most famous document ever signed by any body of men, and the most famous declaration of the rights of men since the signing of Magna Charta. There were fifty-six signers of this Declaration, representing twelve colonies. On July 9 the New York convention formally pledged that colony and notified its delegates to sign the Declaration.

To the Teachers:

It is hoped that every teacher will read this whole document to the pupils, and have them memorize as much as possible.

MARY C. C. BRADFORD.

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#### PRIZE CONTEST ON “THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER”

The Daughters of the American Revolution of the State of Colorado offer two prizes of \$15 and \$10, in gold, for the best and second best original essays on “The Star-Spangled Banner,” this year being the one hundredth anniversary of its composition. This contest is open to all pupils in the seventh and eighth grades in the public schools of Colorado.

RULES

Essays not to exceed five hundred words.

To be in pupil's own writing.

Written on one side of paper only.

Essays must be sent by October 10.

Essays must be signed by a *nom de plume*; the real name to be written on a slip of paper and put in sealed envelope which has *nom de plume* written on outside, and sent with essay.

Essays must be sent to name and address, as per directions below.

Principal points considered: Originality; neatness; spelling; punctuation; conciseness.

MRS. GERALD L. SCHUYLER, *Chairman.*

MRS. WINFIELD SCOTT TARBELL, *State Regent.*

MRS. L. C. GREENLEE.

MRS. E. A. WIXSON.

MRS. S. W. LEE.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAILING ESSAYS

To find the address to which their essays must be mailed, pupils will refer to the alphabetical list of counties given below. After the name of the county in which their school is located will be found a number. This number refers to the list of names and addresses which appears below the names of the counties. Mail the essay to the address bearing the number which appears after the name of your county. For instance, all essays from schools in Adams County (No. 4) must be mailed to Mrs. E. A. Wixson, Argonaut Hotel, Denver. All essays from schools in Routt County (No. 17) must be mailed to Miss Eleanore Casey, Boulder.

Adams .....	4	Conejos .....	3
Alamosa .....	3	Costilla .....	3
Arapahoe .....	4	Crowley .....	5
Archuleta .....	3	Custer .....	8
Baca .....	16	Delta .....	11
Bent .....	18	Denver .....	2
Boulder .....	15	Dolores .....	7
Chaffee .....	14	Douglas .....	20
Cheyenne .....	1	Eagle .....	19
Clear Creek .....	13	Elbert .....	20

El Paso .....	1	Montrose .....	11
Fremont .....	8	Morgan .....	10
Garfield .....	12	Otero .....	18
Gilpin .....	17	Ouray .....	7
Grand .....	19	Park .....	8
Gunnison .....	11	Phillips .....	10
Hinsdale .....	11	Pitkin .....	12
Huerfano .....	16	Prowers .....	18
Jackson .....	9	Pueblo .....	5
Jefferson .....	13	Rio Blanco .....	12
Kiowa .....	5	Rio Grande .....	3
Kit Carson .....	20	Routt .....	17
Lake .....	14	Saguache .....	14
La Plata .....	7	San Juan .....	7
Larimer .....	9	San Miguel .....	7
Las Animas .....	16	Sedgwick .....	12
Lincoln .....	1	Summit .....	13
Logan .....	10	Teller .....	1
Mesa .....	12	Washington .....	2
Mineral .....	3	Weld .....	6
Moffat .....	17	Yuma .....	4
Montezuma .....	7		

1. Mrs. David Elliott, 16 East Columbia Street, Colorado Springs.
2. Mrs. Lewis C. Greenlee, 736 Washington Street, Denver.
3. Mrs. Frederick O. Roof, 2 Pitkin Place, Pueblo.
4. Mrs. E. A. Wixson, Argonaut Hotel, Denver.
5. Mrs. C. H. Bacon, 2211 Elizabeth Street, Pueblo.
6. Miss Katherine McElroy, Greeley.
7. Mrs. Isabelle M. Watkins, Ouray.
8. Mrs. W. E. Galley, 423 Greenwood Avenue, Canon City.
9. Mrs. P. F. McHugh, 215 East Oak Street, Fort Collins.
10. Mrs. J. H. Raediger, 509 Grant Street, Fort Morgan.
11. Mrs. E. L. Osborn, So. Fifth and Townsend Aves., Montrose.
12. Mrs. Merle McClintock, 855 Ouray Avenue, Grand Junction.
13. Mrs. S. W. Lee, 1236 Clarkson Street, Denver.
14. Mrs. G. W. Larimer, 125 East Fifth Street, Salida.
15. Mrs. Frederick C. Moys, 421 Pine Street, Boulder.
16. Mrs. A. Watson McHendrie, Trinidad.
17. Miss Eleanore Casey, Boulder.
18. Mrs. J. A. Armstrong, 615 San Juan Avenue, La Junta.
19. Mrs. C. A. Carlton, R. F. D. No. 1, Loveland.
20. Miss Grace Loper, 320 North Cascade Ave., Colorado Springs.



COLORADO DAY

# Colorado, Thee We Love

WORDS AND MUSIC  
BY  
ANDREW CARLISLE CARSON

*Marziale* *mf*

1 O  
2 Of  
3 On

*mf*

*cresc.*

Col o ra - do, thee we love! Thy child - ren all a -  
thee we sing, our glo - rious state! All tongues now join in  
top the world, O Land Sub-lime! No state in all this

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

O COLORADO, THEE WE LOVE

*f* *mf*

dore thee. We see thy splen - dor  
 prais - ing; Thy moun - tain peaks reach  
 na - tion Can match thy beau - ty

*cresc.* *f*

of to - day Out - shone by fu - ture glo - ry. We  
 in the sky, The heav'n - ly dome up - rais - ing. Thy  
 or thy wealth, Thou mar - vel of cre - a - tion! God

*cresc.*

*Marcato*

love thy chaste e - ter - nal snow, Plains  
 blaz - ing bea - con flames on high, To  
 broke the mold when of pure gold He

*Marcato*

*Marcato*

O COLORADO, THEE WE LOVE

rich be - yond the know - ing; All  
 earth glad - tid - ings giv - ing; Of  
 made thee all - com - bin - ing! A -

mor - tal bless - ings we en - joy, While  
 pla - sure's ways through gol - den days, While  
 mong the stars thou art the SUN, Out -

grow - ing — grow - ing — grow - ing!  
 liv - ing — liv - ing — liv - ing!  
 shin - ing — shin - ing — shin - ing!

*mf* *f* *cresc.* *Broad* *f* *cresc.* *f* *Broad* *cresc.* *f* *D.C.* *cresc.* *f* *D.C.*

## O COLORADO, THEE WE LOVE

O Colorado, thee we love!  
Thy children all adore thee.  
We see thy splendor of today  
Outshone by future glory.  
We love thy chaste eternal snow,  
Plains rich beyond the knowing;  
All mortal blessings we enjoy,  
While growing—growing—growing!

Of thee we sing, our glorious state!  
All tongues now join in praising;  
Thy mountain peaks reach in the sky,  
The heavenly dome upraising;  
Thy blazing beacon flames on high,  
To earth glad tidings giving  
Of pleasure's ways through golden days,  
While living—living—living!

On top the world, O land sublime!  
No state in all this nation  
Can match thy beauty or thy wealth,  
Thou marvel of creation!  
God broke the mold when of pure gold  
He made thee all-combining.  
Among the stars thou art the Sun,  
Outshining—shining—shining!

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## A LESSON IN CHERRY CULTURE

BY AN EX-TEACHER

Deep in every woman's heart there is a longing for a home among the trees and flowers; and yet fruit culture as an ideal outdoor occupation is an almost undiscovered paradise—an untrodden path in the wilderness of woman's work.

Fruit and flowers carry a message of contentment which a woman understands. To her they are nature's poetry, and speak in a language unknown in cold-blooded business transactions.

The cherry has been one of the most popular door-yard fruits, but few have made a business of growing it for profit. Its hardiness and vigorous growth, and the fact that it bears annually, when properly treated, make it a most desirable tree to cultivate.

One of the most tempting arguments in favor of cherry culture is the early harvest. Trees come into bearing in from two to four years, and mature the crop early in the season, thus eliminating the long wait for returns which has ever been a handicap for orchardists without capital.

Many a wage-earning woman, bound to a hopeless struggle for existence in the city, with nothing ahead of her but wages earned and wages spent, could begin to grow cherries (or other fruits, if she preferred) on a small scale, with but little capital, and in a short time establish herself in a remunerative business.

There is no place in "God's Great Out-of-Doors" but that some fruit will be found adapted to the soil and climate. Even cranberries, in the far north, can be made to pay a handsome dividend.

Some might hesitate because the work of caring for an orchard would be too laborious. It is true that there is much work to be done, but that objection might hold good in any business. Women have been very successful with poultry, and some of the largest poultry plants are owned and managed by women. Yet, as a rule, they do not build the poultry-houses, nor do they perform the heavy work connected with it.

Women have succeeded in dairying and stock-raising without donning a cowboy's suit and riding the range after their cattle. So a woman can plant, cultivate, and care for an orchard without doing the hard manual labor. Brains count for more than brawn in cherry culture.

There is no occupation in the world that calls for more brains than scientific horticulture. Industry, thrift, good judgment, and adaptability for the work are all indispensable. But to those who have a longing in their



A WINTER SCENE AT CITY PARK

souls to get close to nature and live "under their own vine and fig tree," and can measure up to the standard, there is success in the highest sense—success that means health and happiness in a remunerative business under the blue sky in the free, open country.

The demand on the market for cherries has never been supplied, and their popularity is increasing every year. The value of the cherry as a food and a solvent for uric acid in the blood is but little known, but the cherry cure for rheumatism is being practiced by many eminent physicians. This fact alone ought to induce thousands of women to engage in the business.

The necessary outlay of a few hundred dollars to start with could often be saved in a single season in doctor's bills and health resorts.

Cherries could be grown in many localities. However, great care should be exercised in selecting a site for the planting. The trees must have a well-drained, sandy loam; they will not thrive with cold, wet feet, and loving care and forethought are necessary from the time the little tree is planted. It should be headed low, for convenience in gathering the fruit, and great care should be taken in shaping the head of the future tree. Limbs should be pruned out while they are small, as the cutting of large branches is always dangerous to the life of the tree. This work can be done by a woman, and every day the work becomes more intensely interesting. The unfolding of the fruit-buds in spring, the distinguishing between the leaf-bud and blossom, the fruit prospect, and a thousand other beautiful things, will delight the owner.

Nothing is more beautiful than a cherry tree in flower; earth has no sweeter appeal to the eye. Its color reminds one of the spotless soul of a little child, and of the "Pearly Gates of the Celestial City" described in Revelations. No wonder the art-loving Japanese have chosen the cherry blossom as their national emblem. If the cherry bore no fruit at all, it would still be worth





CLEAR CREEK, FROM WINDY SADDLE

cultivating as an asset to the flower garden. What could be more inspiring than a fine May morning in the cherry orchard, where the birds and bees hold high carnival among the snow-white blossoms, and the air is laden with a perfume indescribable?

There is no lonesomeness or lack of company, even if one is alone, in a home like this. Every bird becomes a friend, and even the trees seem to vie with each other as to which can carry the greatest load of fruit to its maturity.

Harmony and peace are everywhere apparent, instead of dissatisfaction and fault-finding which one gets accustomed to in dealing with humanity, and one feels "in tune with the infinite"—a co-worker with God.

Another impressive thought in the cultivation of "things that grow" is that with the return of spring all things are new. One may blot out everything in the past but pleasant memories, and begin life again. Each year a plainer vision of a new heaven and a new earth passes before the delighted owner, as she sees the fruits of her labors, and realizes that she has joined hands with nature and become a producer.

Scarcely have the blossoms fallen from the tree when almost a full-grown cherry appears, and day by day the tint, which no artist can successfully imitate, deepens, until, behold! the branches red with the delicious fruit and bowing to the ground under their burden.

This beautiful picture gives the owner a practical sensation that does not in the least detract from the æsthetic side. She knows that an ever-ready market is waiting to pay a liberal price for her product. Single cherry trees, in an orchard planted by the writer, have yielded fourteen crates of twenty-four quarts each. These sold for two dollars per crate at the nearest railroad station, making the gross income from a single tree amount to twenty-eight dollars.

Other orchardists in the vicinity report as much as thirty-six dollars from a single tree. A three-acre orchard



CATHEDRAL DRIVE, BETWEEN WAUNITA SPRINGS AND PITKIN

has yielded twenty-seven hundred dollars in a single season. One of the most interesting facts about the business is that each year, after the fruit is harvested, the trees are left, and begin at once to recuperate and throw out fruit-buds for another season, while the owner may close up her doors and take a vacation, with only an occasional visit until the approach of spring is signal for another delightful campaign.

BELLE V. D. HARBERT,  
President International Congress  
of Farm Women, Manzanola, Colo.

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#### THE COLUMBINE

An idle angel, one sunny day,  
Sought new means to pass the time away,  
And cut a patch from heaven's blue,  
And looked for something else to do.

Then from a cloud he took some white,  
And into its center he put sunlight;  
Then in the azure he placed the two,  
Producing this flower—gold, white, and blue.

This was the birth of the Columbine;  
And as it follows its mission divine,  
Originating at heaven's gate,  
Let it ever be emblem of this grand state.

J. M. WHITE.

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#### THE ROCKIES

O my Rockies, ye are my pride!  
From inland sea to prairies wide  
Ye fill the sky, ye feed the streams;  
Ye are to me the Gift of Dreams.

O my Rockies, I love you well,  
From weathered crag to flowered dell!  
Your unscaled cliffs and summits white  
Are to mine eyes the Gift of Light.

O my Rockies, ye are God's Book:  
The Word I read in peak and nook,  
Where tall pines wave and lilies nod:  
Ye are to me the Gift of God.

D. W. WORKING.

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## HOW TO GROW THE STATE FLOWER

The blue-and-white columbine (*Aquilegia caerulea*) was made the state flower by vote of the school children on Arbor Day, April 17, 1891. The vote was taken as a part of the Arbor Day exercises, under directions prescribed by the State Superintendent, Hon. Nathan B. Coy. Of the 22,316 votes cast the columbine received 14,472. Of the nearly fifty other flowers voted for no one received over 1,200 votes.

No other state has a floral emblem more beautiful or more admired than our columbine. But, unfortunately, our state flower is not generally grown in gardens and parks. There is a common, but mistaken, belief that it is a difficult flower to grow; that it is hard to transplant, and that, when transplanted, it is more apt to die than to live. Many intelligent people who love and grow flowers share in this unfortunate opinion.

The facts are that the state flower is very easily cultivated, and should be grown and bloom in every yard, garden, and park of the state. It is a very hardy plant, and can be handled and transplanted quite successfully, and, when established, will stand a lot of neglect and abuse.

The usual reason why so many of the plants brought from the mountains die is because they are generally lifted just before or during the blooming period. Very few plants will stand moving during that season, and the facilities for transplanting the columbine from its home in the mountains to the altitude of the plains are usually so poor that the results are frequently unsatisfactory. If

the transplanting were done in the fall or in the very early spring, the chances of success would be greatly increased.

However, it is much better to grow the columbine from seed. Not only is success more certain, but a large number of plants can be secured, instead of a few struggling, uncertain roots.

The plant is native to the mountains and seems to prefer partial shade. Hence, in growing, it is well to note a few simple directions in order to insure the best results:

1. *Get good seed.*—Seed can usually be had from any florist, but care should be taken that the seed offered is not some other kind of columbine, of which there are many. It is best to ask for the *Aquilegia caerulea*. Or, better yet, gather the seed yourself from the mountains.

2. *Have the soil fertile, and spade it up at least eight inches deep.*—While the columbine will grow in almost any soil, in the mountains it is usually found where there is plenty of leaf mold, and it grows tallest and most beautiful where the soil is rich. To grow plants in their full glory, they must have proper food and plenty of it.

3. *Do not plant the seeds over one-eighth of an inch deep, and press the soil down firmly.*—Many people plant the seeds too deep, and are disappointed because they never come up. The seeds should be covered just enough so they will not easily dry out.

4. *Plant the seed on the north side of the house or some building, or a tight board fence.*—During germination the seeds must be protected from the midday sun. It is all right for the little plants to have sunshine in the morning and the late afternoon, but the hot noonday sun is generally fatal to them. Well-established plants stand the full sunshine, but the young plans need partial shade.

5. *Water freely; a little every day is a good plan.*—While the seeds are germinating the soil must not be allowed to dry out, as at that time a lack of moisture for a few hours will prove fatal.

6. *The plants will begin to come up in about six weeks.*—Like most perennials, the columbine is slow to

germinate. When planted in the spring, while the earth is yet cool, the little plants usually begin to appear in about six weeks, and they may be coming up for another six weeks. If planted during midsummer, when the earth is warm, the plantlets will show in less time. But the coming-up period will vary greatly according to the location. The important thing is for the grower not to get discouraged and to quit watering. Give nature a chance, and be sure she will do her part.

The plants are very small at first and grow quite slowly. Spring-grown seed under favorable conditions should produce plants four inches high by September. They will not bloom the first season. About the first of December they should be covered with a mulch of leaves or straw or coarse manure four or five inches deep. This will protect the plants from the freezing and thawing of winter. Near the last of March the mulch should be removed, and the plants will then grow rapidly, and will be in bloom about the first of June.

After blooming it is well to cut down and remove the stalks. The root-leaves then make a pretty clump and are quite ornamental of themselves.

If you get flowers of good size and color, save the seed for your neighbors. Help make the state flower grow everywhere.

P. L. CLARKE,  
Berkeley School, Denver.

The school children of Colorado are fortunate in their surroundings. They live in a climate the rule of which is sunshine and an atmosphere that breathes health, vigor, and ambition. About them are world-wide opportunities and a country of almost limitless, undeveloped resources. While many industries have already been placed on the firm foundation of certain success, into which the youth may enter with confidence, there are still vast fields to lure the venturesome pioneer. As our industrialism has been widely diversified, it has attracted the best experience from all quarters of the globe, assisting materially in solving the problems of a new country. Fitting this condition, our educational facilities are broad enough to call out the best capabilities of our boys and girls to satisfy our numerous industrial opportunities. With the splendid material at hand, let the ambition of Colorado's youth inspire all to make this the most attractive state in which to live!

ELIAS M. AMMONS,  
Governor of Colorado.



# THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST.

By ELIAS M. AMMONS  
GOVERNOR OF  
COLORADO.

**T**HE SPIRIT THAT CONQUERED THE DESERT,  
AND MADE IT RICH WITH GRAIN;  
THAT SCALED THE PEAKS OF THE MOUNTAINS  
THEIR HIDDEN TREASURE TO GAIN;  
THAT CHISELED THROUGH ROCKY GORGES  
THE PATHS TO THE PARKS OF REST—  
'TIS THE SPIRIT OF COLORADO,  
THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST.

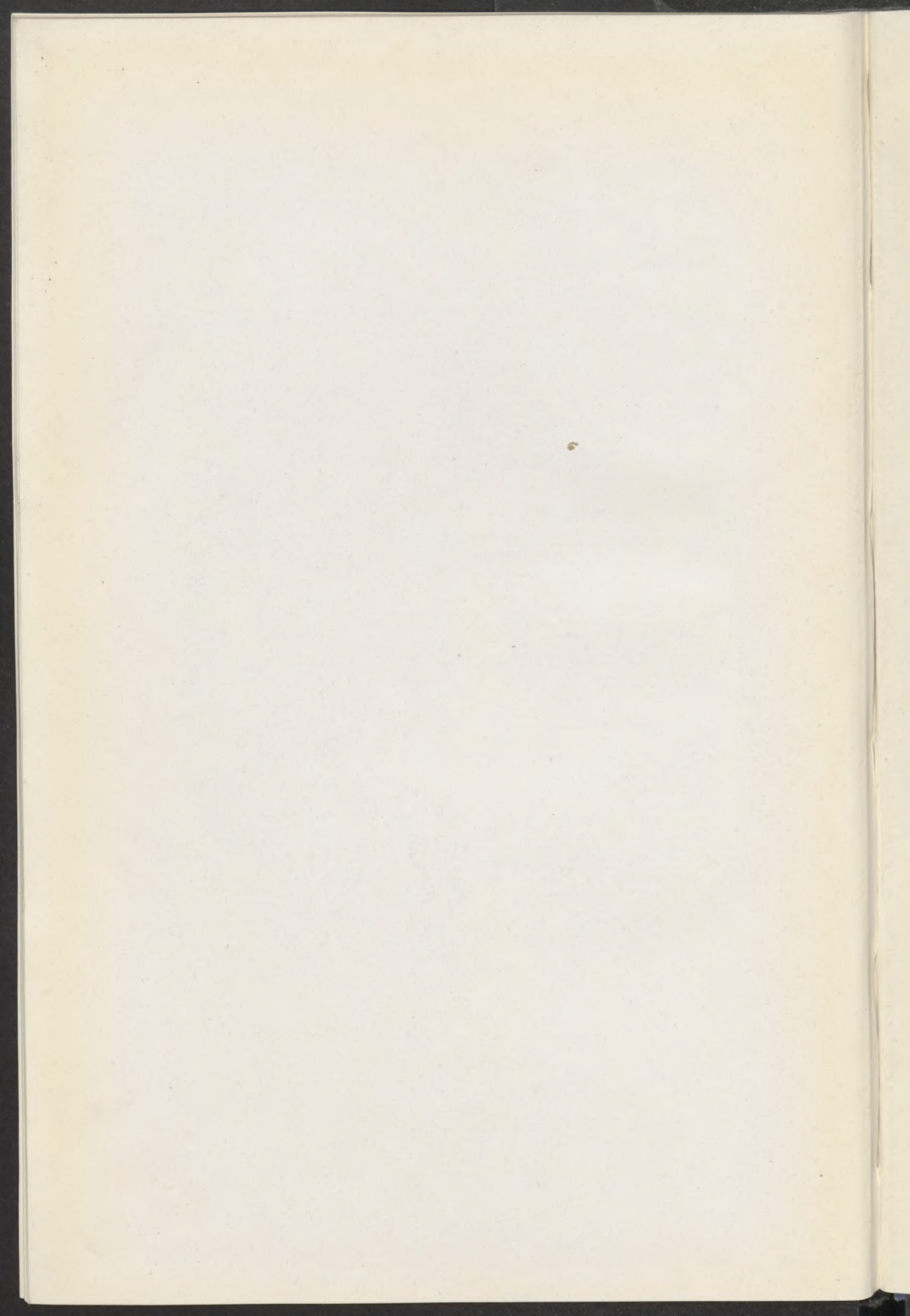
THE BREEZES THAT SIGH IN THE FOREST,  
OF BALSAM AND PINE ALL BREATHE  
LIFE-SAVING BALM TO THE AILING,  
PURE ROSES OF HEALTH TO WREATH,  
FROM A CLIME OF ENTICING ENCHANTMENT  
A PEOPLE OF VIGOR WILL WREST  
THE SPIRIT OF COLORADO,  
THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST.

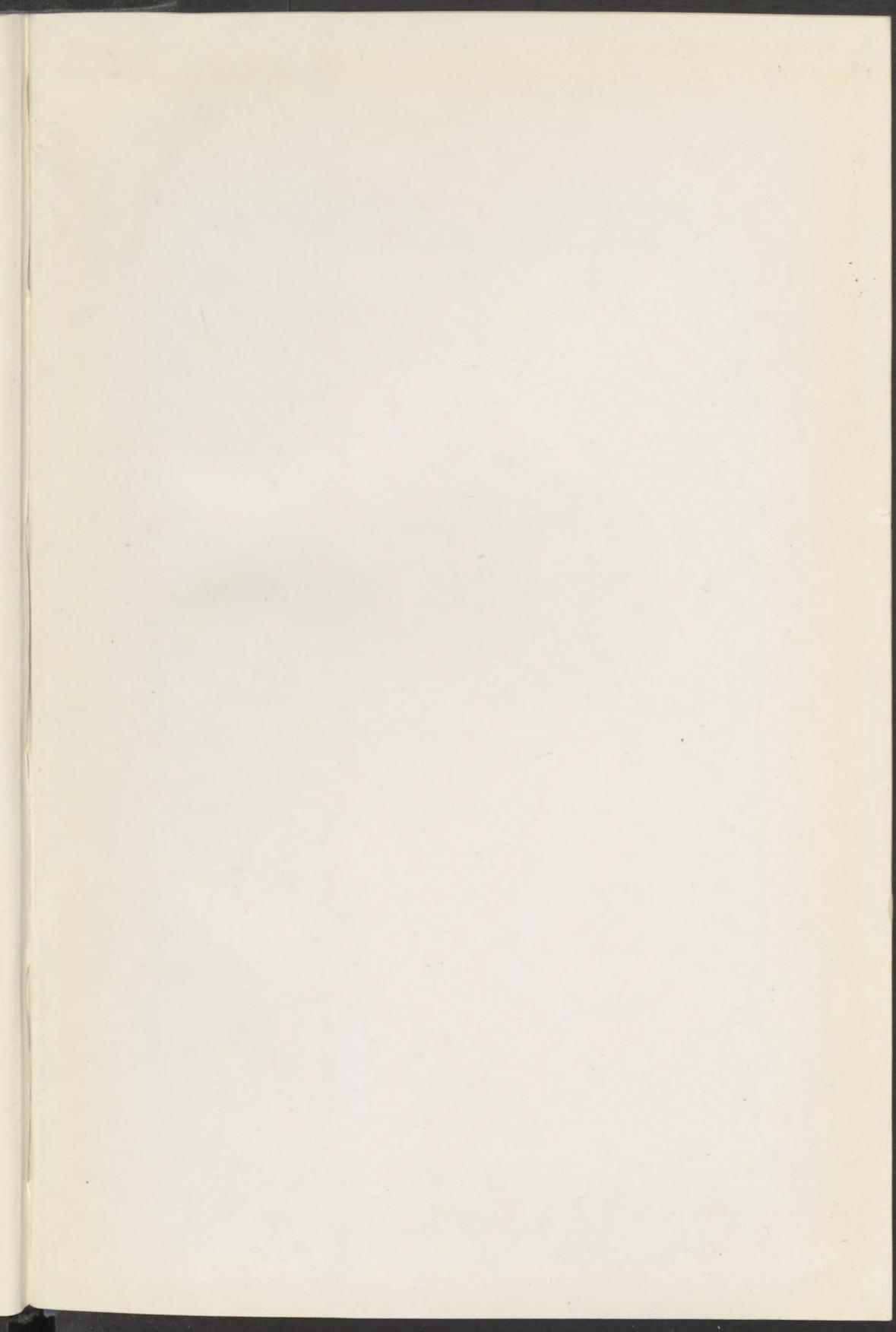
THE STATE SPRUCE BEDECKED IN ITS SILVER;  
OUR FLOWER OF LAVENDER HUE;  
BROOKS TINKLING MUSIC IN ECHO,  
AND BIRDS THRILLING SONNETS ANEW;  
APPEAL FOR A UNION OF EFFORT  
TO STRIVE AT THE STATE'S BEHEST  
FOR THE SPIRIT OF COLORADO,  
THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST.

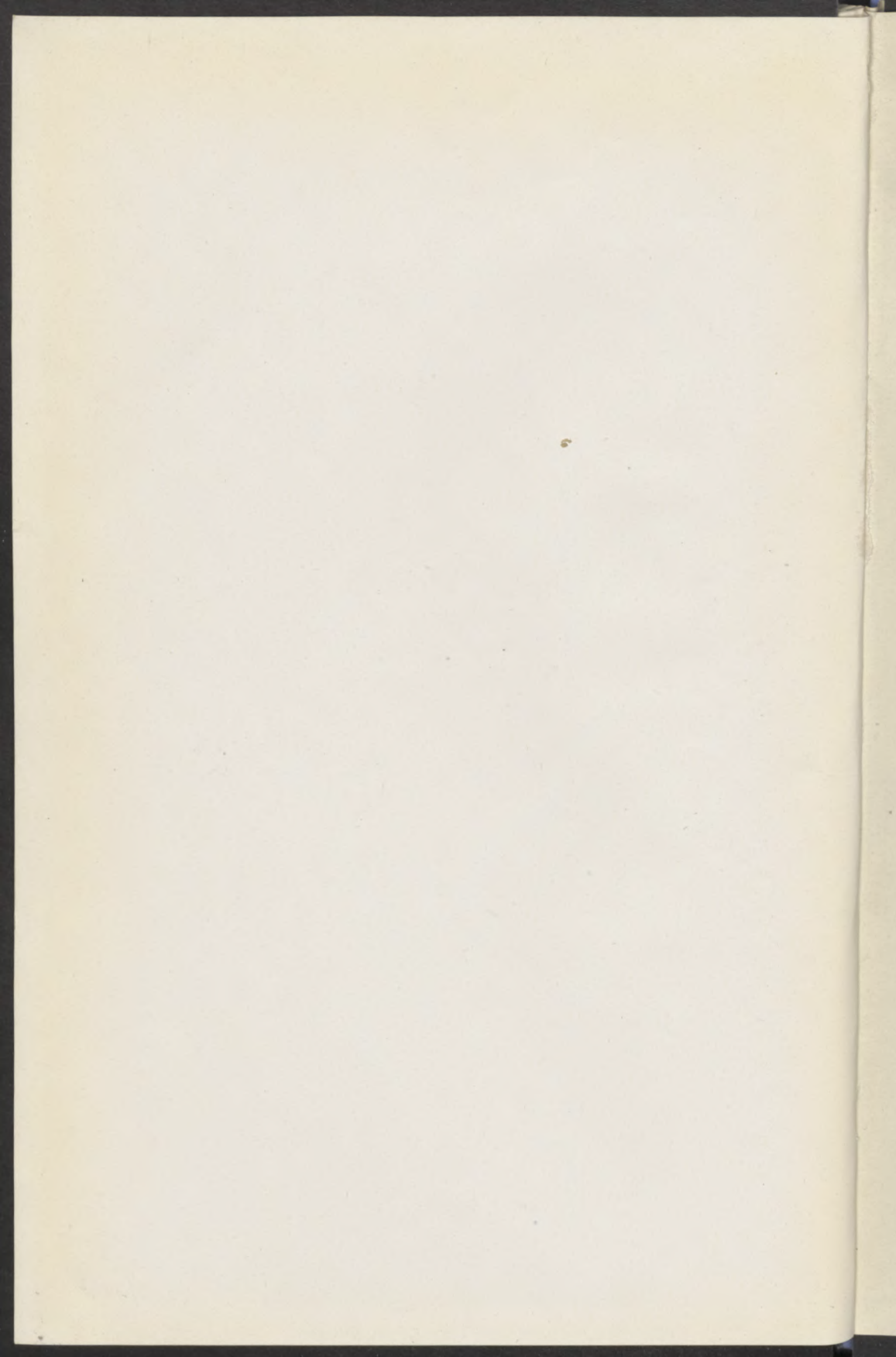
THE SPIRIT THAT BUILT AN EMPIRE,  
AND MAKES FOR THE PUBLIC WEAL;  
THAT THRILLS OUR HEARTS WITH COURAGE,  
AND PATRIOTIC ZEAL;  
INSPIRES US WITH EARNEST ENDEAVOR  
TO ACCOMPLISH THE NOBLEST, OUR BEST—  
'TIS THE SPIRIT OF COLORADO,  
THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST.

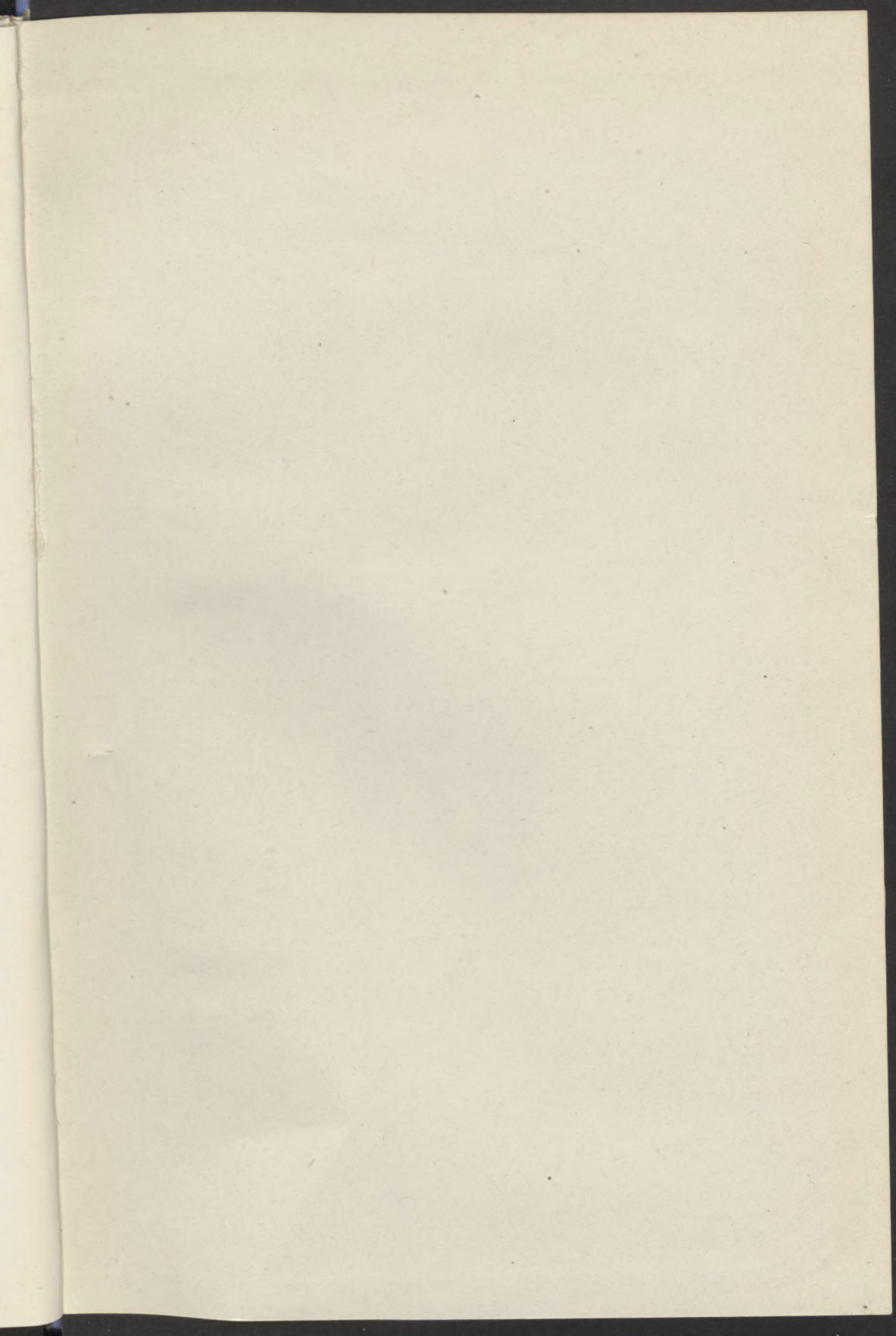


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