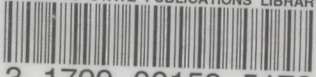


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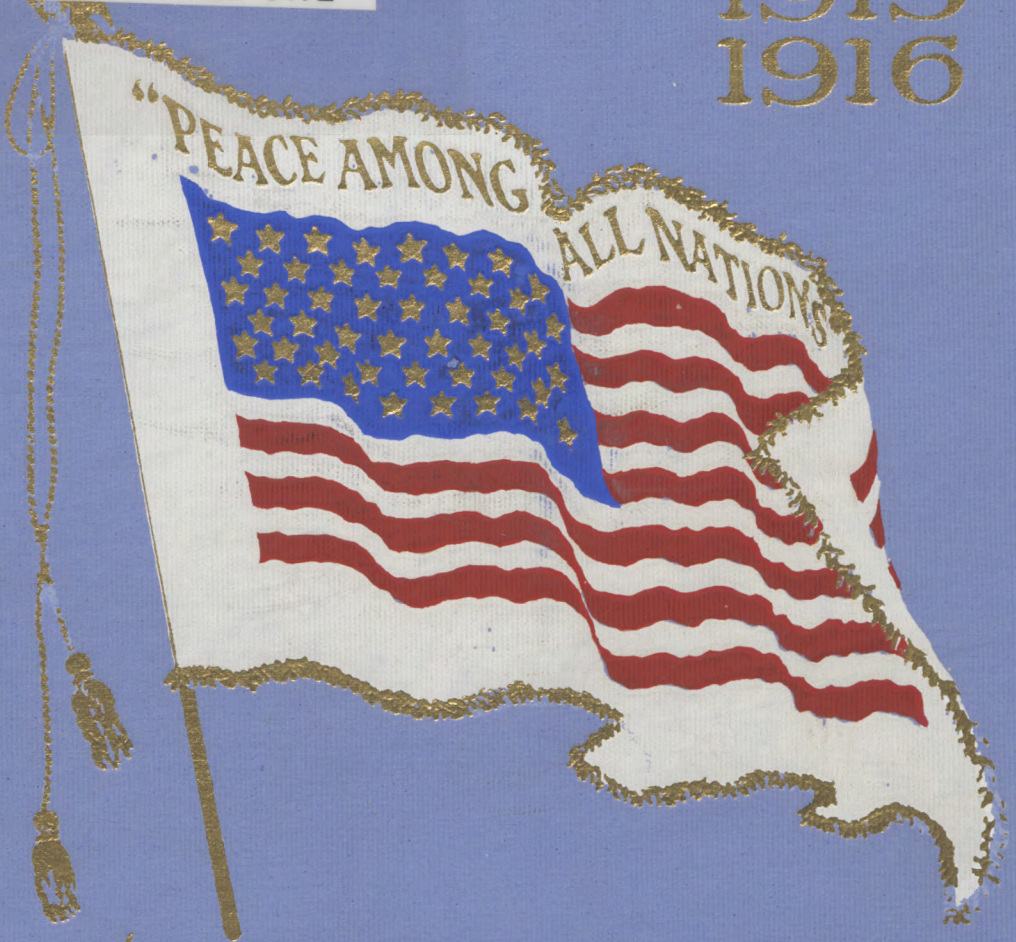
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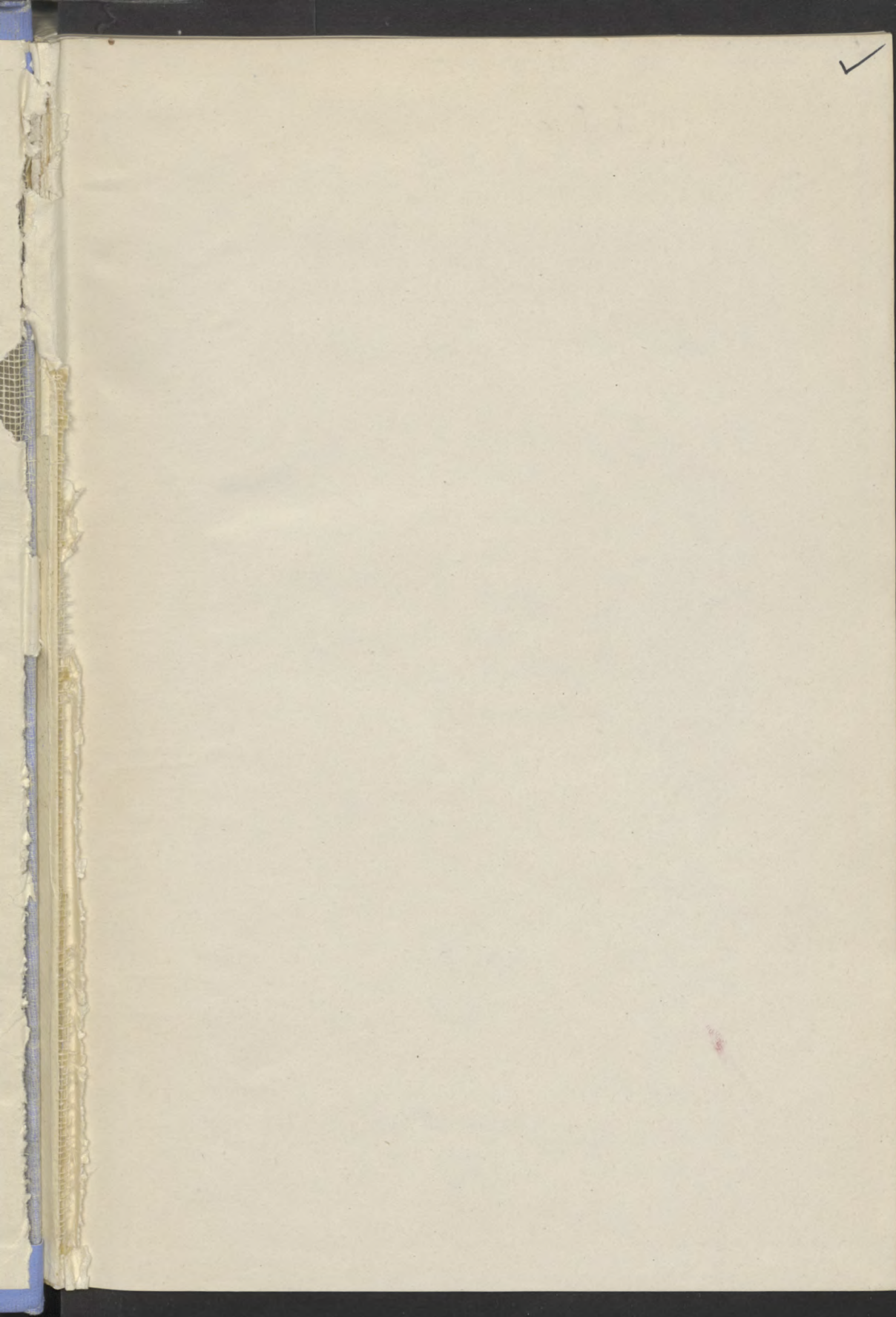
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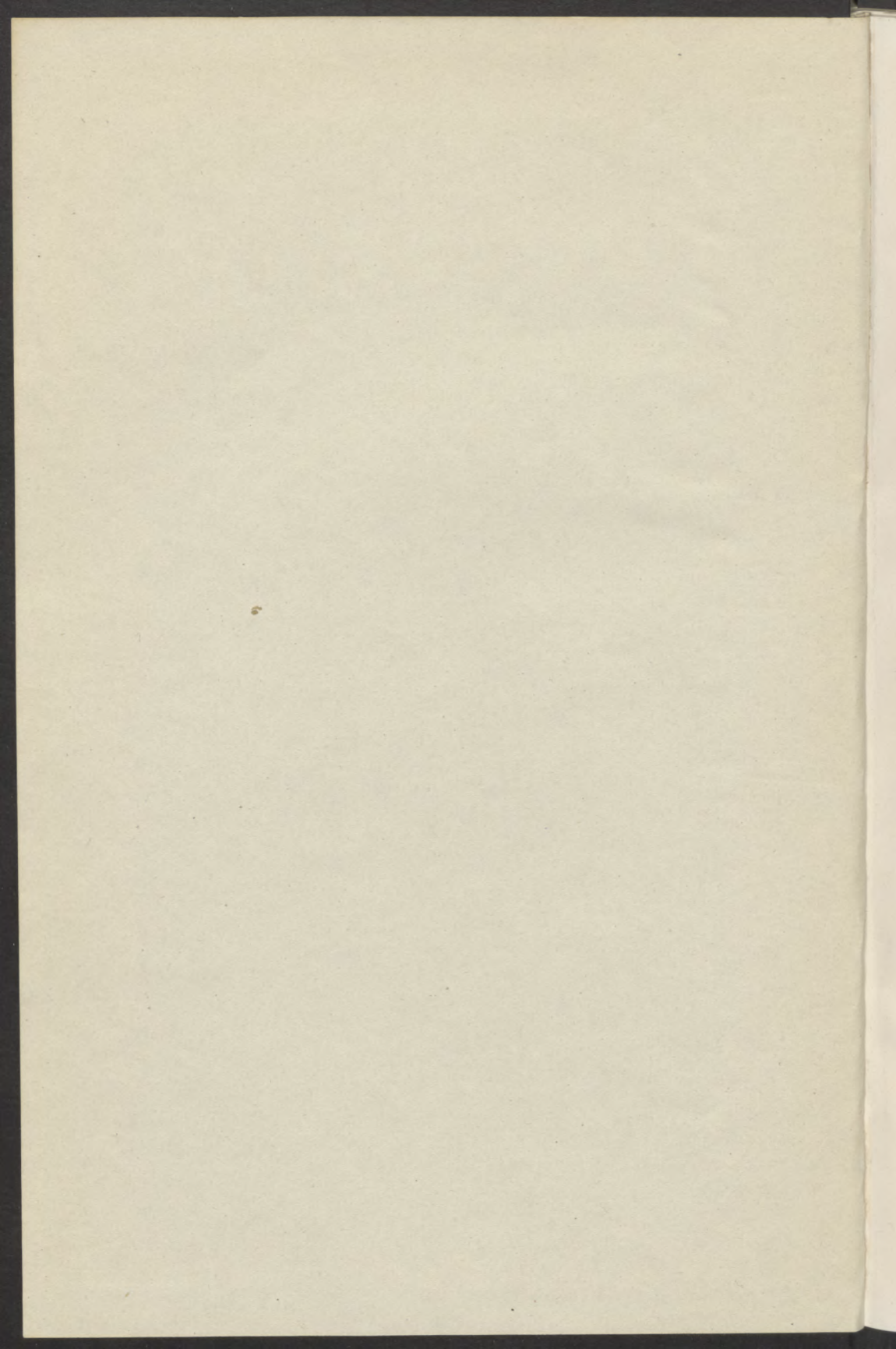
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A Book of
Holidays
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A BOOK *of* HOLIDAYS

Labor Day 5	Arbor and Bird Day 143
September 6	April 20
Columbus Day 21	Good Roads Day 221
October 12	May 12
Thanksgiving Day 33	Mother's Day 231
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February 15	July 4
Washington's Birthday 127	Colorado Day 365
February 22	August 1

STATE OF COLORADO

1915-1916



ISSUED BY
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

MARY C. C. BRADFORD
STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION



THE SMITH-BROOKS PRESS, DENVER

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MEMBERS OF MANCOS INSTITUTE ON VISIT TO CLIFF DWELLERS

LETTER OF THE SUPERINTENDENT TO THE
SCHOOL CHILDREN

Children Dear:—When this gift of the State of Colorado reaches your school house another school-year will have begun, and I hope that your teacher and you will love and use this book on every holiday in nineteen-fifteen and sixteen.

Many of you will have seen the Liberty Bell, which will enter Colorado for a few hours on its journey to the Pacific Coast; but, as it will be impossible for all my big family of school children—remember that there are about two hundred seventy-five thousand of you—to see this dearly loved Bell itself, I am putting a picture of it on the back of your new book. Dear little friends, think of the Liberty Bell as being also the Peace Bell. Imagine that it can ring again, and as the sound echoes in your hearts—listen well—and I think you will be able to hear the spirit of the Bell chiming its new song:

“Proclaim ye Liberty and PEACE to all the Earth.”

May all your Holidays be Holy Days—and every day in the year filled full of Joy and Peace, Work and Play and Love.

Your loving friend,

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 issues its Book of Holidays for Nineteen-Fifteen and Sixteen, feeling sure that the wide use already accorded these helps and programs for patriotic celebrations will be extended still further during the coming twelvemonth.

Last year's volume emphasized the centenary of the adoption of the "Star-Spangled Banner." This year the chief message of the Department to the schools is the affirmation of Peace principles.

Let each patriotic observance, whether it be that of Labor Day, Lincoln's Birthday, Bird and Arbor Day, or any of the other great days whose commemoration teaches good citizenship in home and commonwealth, in school and community, show the relation between civic virtue and the universal brotherhood that must in time abolish war.

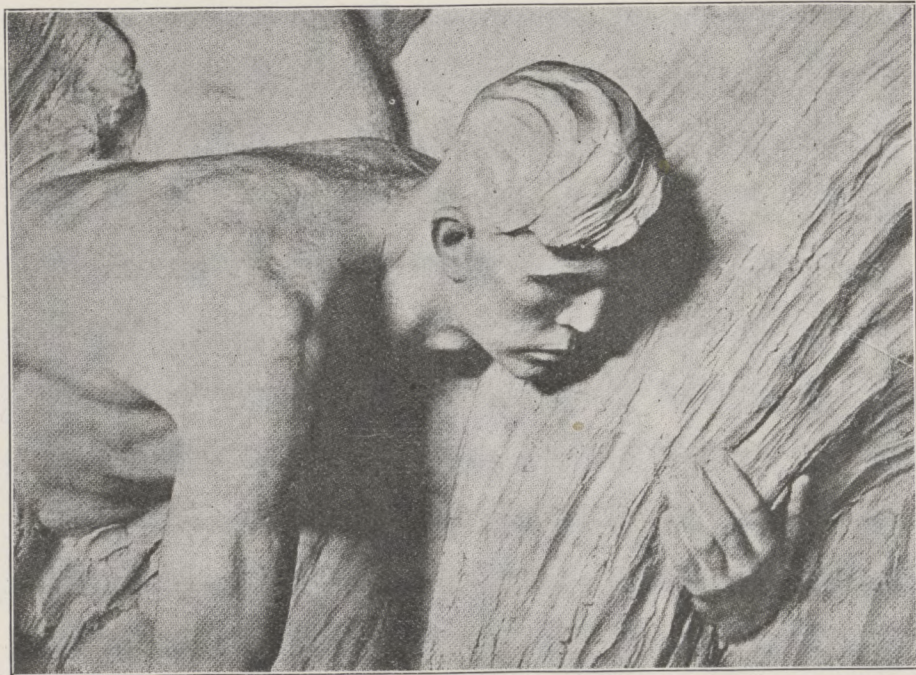
Colorado urges the constant use of this interpretation of the practical idealism of the State. Colorado asks its teachers and school officials to base all school and civic celebrations upon this State Manual of patriotic observance. Colorado thanks you for making yourselves the voice of the State in its Holiday Life.

Fraternally yours,

Mary C. C. Bradford.

State Superintendent
of Public Instruction.

LABOR DAY



TOIL—Constantin Meunier

From pamphlet, "Patriotism and Labor," issued by Department of Education,
State of Rhode Island

WORDS OF LINCOLN

Workingmen are the basis of all governments.
Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much
the higher consideration.

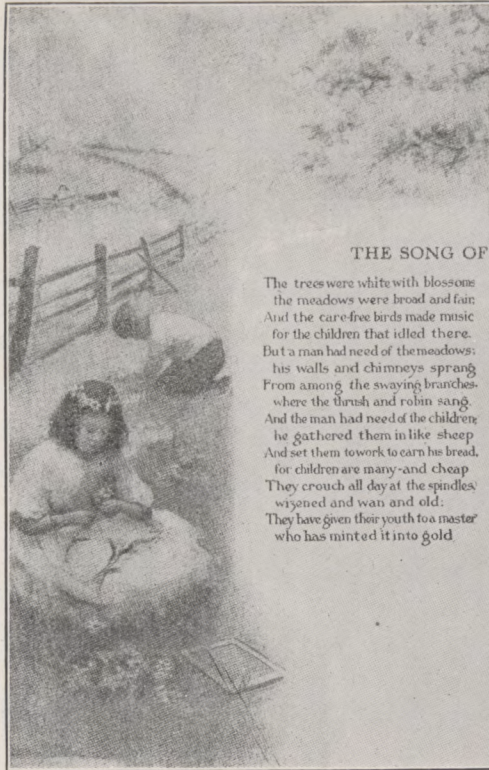
Whatever is calculated to improve the condition of
the honest, struggling, laboring man, I am for that thing.

THE HERITAGE

1. The rich man's son inherits lands,
 And piles of brick and stone and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
 And tender flesh that fears the cold,
 Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.
2. The rich man's son inherits cares;
 The bank may break, the factory burn;
A breath may burst his bubble shares;
 And soft white hands could scarcely earn
 A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.
3. The rich man's son inherits wants,
 His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
 Of toiling hands, with brown arms bare
 And wearies in his easy chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.
4. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
 King of two hands, he does his part
 In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

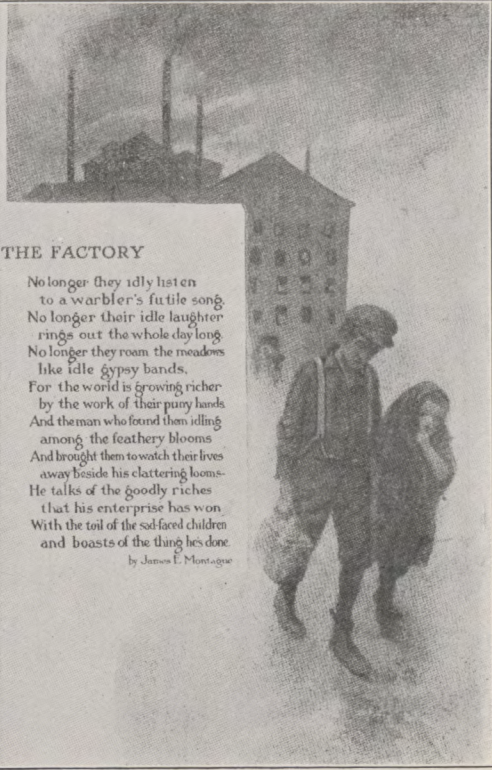
5. What does the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things.
A rank judged by toil-worn merit
Content that from employment springs;
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.
6. What does the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor;
Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it;
A fellow feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.
7. O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all other level stands:
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens, soft white hands:
That is the best crop from thy lands:
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.
8. O poor man's son, scorn not thy state!
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Work only makes the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.
9. Both heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both children of the same dear God;
Prove title to your heirship vast,
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



THE SONG OF

The trees were white with blossoms
The meadows were broad and fair
And the care-free birds made music
for the children that idled there.
But a man had need of the meadows:
his walls and chimneys sprang
From among the swaying branches,
where the thrush and robin sang.
And the man had need of the children
he gathered them in like sheep
And set them to work to earn his bread,
for children are many and cheap.
They crouch all day at the spindles
worn and wain and old:
They have given their youth to a master
who has minted it into gold.



THE FACTORY

No longer they idly listen
to a warbler's futile song.
No longer their idle laughter
rings out the whole day long.
No longer they roam the meadows
like idle gypsy bands.
For the world is growing richer
by the work of their puny hands
And the man who found them idling
among the feathery blooms
And brought them to watch their lives
away beside his clattering looms.
He talks of the goodly riches
that his enterprise has won
With the toil of the sad-faced children
and boasts of the thing he's done.

by James E. Montague

CITIZENSHIP AND LABOR

Free, honest, and patient labor develops the highest types of domestic and social good; and the principle of patriotism cannot obtain where voluntary idleness is tolerated or condoned. An uncertain and changeable wage-rate is inevitable, in all kinds of labor, mental or physical; but emotional love of country will be measured by the zeal with which the citizen enters into his work, and finds, in his own success, a corresponding appreciation of all the values which make both home and country his joy and pride.—PATRIOTIC READER.

No true and permanent Fame can be founded except in labors which promote the happiness of mankind.—CHARLES SUMNER.

No country can long endure if its foundations are not laid deep in the material prosperity which comes from thrift, from business energy and enterprise, from hard, unsparing effort in the fields of industrial activity; but neither was any nation ever yet truly great if it relied upon material prosperity alone. All honor must be paid to the architects of our material prosperity, to the great captains of industry who have built our factories and our railroads, to the strong men who toil for wealth with brain or hand; for great is the debt of the nation to these and their kind. But our debt is yet greater to the men whose highest type is to be found in a statesman like Lincoln, a soldier like Grant. They showed by their lives that they recognized the law of work, the law of strife; they toiled to win a competence for themselves and those dependent upon them; but they recognized that there were yet other and even loftier duties—duties to the nation and duties to the race.—ROOSEVELT.

Assuming that good citizenship necessarily implies service of some sort to the State, the country, or the pub-

lic, it must be understood, of course, that such service may vary widely in amount or in degree. The man and the woman who have a family of children, educate them, bring them up honorably and well, teaching them to love their country, are good citizens and deserve well of the republic. The man who, in order to care for his family and give his children a fair start in life, labors honestly and diligently at his trade, profession or business, and who casts his vote conscientiously at all elections, adds to the strength as well as to the material prosperity of the country, and thus fulfills some of the primary and most important duties of good citizenship. Indeed, it may be said, in passing, that he who labors in any way, who has any intellectual interest, who employs his leisure for any public end,—even the man who works purely for selfish objects,—has one valuable element of good citizenship to his credit in the mere fact of his industry; for there is nobody so detrimental in a country like ours as the mere idler, the mere seeker for self-amusement, who passes his time in constant uncertainty as to how he shall get rid of the next hour of that brief life which, however short in some cases, is, from every point of view, too long for him.

Rearing a family, casting a vote, leading a decent life, and working honestly for a livelihood are, however, primary and simple qualities in meritorious citizenship. They are the foundation stones, no doubt, but good citizenship, in its true sense, rises much higher, and demands much more than these. Here, again, it becomes necessary to define one's meaning and get rid of generalities. All men who do good work have ideals at which they aim, dream of what they hope to accomplish, and all, especially those who succeed, must surely fall far short of their ideals; for self-satisfaction usually halts the advance and puts an end to achievement. But to come short of one's ideal is not defeat. "Not failure, but low aim, is

crime." The ideal cannot be set too high, and then any progress toward it is victory, and the life-work is not barren of results. This is as true of citizenship as of any other great field of human effort.—LODGE.

The future of American civilization, and with it the future of the world's civilization, is to be determined not by the influence of trade alone, but by the influence of trade joined with the influence of broad intelligence, humanitarian sympathies and unselfish purposes. The highest title in the new order of nobility will be neither "merchant" nor "scholar," nor yet "gentleman" in its conventional sense, but "citizen"—a title rich in its suggestion of public spirit, the recognition of the claims of human brotherhood, the merging of the individual into the higher life of the community, of the Nation, of humanity itself.—A. V. V. RAYMOND.

Every one owes it to himself to contribute his full share to the common possession of men—material, intellectual, and moral. Society always is what the individuals composing it make it; and in return, every individual, to become the best he is capable of, must depend on society. From society he draws back with compound interest all he can give it. But society owes him not a farthing except in return for what he has first given. It owes no mortal a living who has not first earned his living by contributing to the common store. If it saves the indolent from starving, it does so solely as a gratuity. If any one would make the world his debtor, he must make it the richer for his having been in it.—EZEKIEL G. ROBINSON.

Whatever we would do for our country, must be done for the people. Great results can never be effected in any other way. Specially is this the case under a republican constitution. Hence the people are not only the real, but the acknowledged fountain of all authority. They make

the laws, and they control the execution of them. They direct the senate, they overawe the cabinet, and hence, it is the moral and intellectual character of the people which must give to the "very age and body of our institutions their form and pressure."—FRANCIS WAYLAND.

Here in America I am told in nearly every city I visit that the young men are more and more caring for and bestirring themselves to discharge their civic duties. That is the best news one can hear. Surely no country makes so clear a call upon her citizens to work for her as yours does. Think of the wide-spreading results which good, solid work produces on so vast a community, where everything achieved for good in one place is quickly known and may be quickly imitated in another. Think of the advantages for the development of the highest civilization which the boundless resources of your territory provide. Think of that principle of the Sovereignty of the People which you have carried further than it was ever carried before, and which requires and inspires, and, indeed, compels you to endeavor to make the whole people fit to bear a weight and discharge a task such as no other multitude of men ever yet undertook. Think of the sense of fraternity, also without precedent in any other great nation, which binds all Americans together and makes it easier here than elsewhere for each citizen to meet every other citizen as an equal upon a common ground. * * * Nature has done her best to provide a foundation whereon the fabric of an enlightened and steadily advancing civilization may be reared. It is for you to build upon that foundation. Free from many of the dangers that surround the states of Europe, you have unequalled opportunities for showing what a high spirit of citizenship—zealous, intelligent, disinterested—may do for the happiness and dignity of a mighty nation, enabling it to become what its founders hoped it might be—a model for other

peoples more lately emerged into the sunlight of freedom.—JAMES BRYCE.

THE NOBILITY OF LABOR

This is the gospel of labor—wing it, ye bells of the kirk—
The Lord of Love came down from above to live with the men
who work.

This is the rose that he planted, here in the thorn-cursed soil;
Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is
toil.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will,
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!

LOWELL.

Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one.
The daisy, by the shadow that it cast,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

WORDSWORTH.

Joy to the toiler! him that tills
The fields with plenty crowned;
Him with the woodman's axe that thrills
The wilderness profound;
Him that all day doth sweating bend
In the fierce furnace heat;
And her whose cunning fingers tend
On loom and spindle fleet!
A prayer more than the prayer of saint
A faith no fate can foil,
Lives in the heart that shall not faint
In time-long tasks of toil.

SONGS OF THE TOILER.

SONG AFTER LABOR

UNISON SONG

B. CORNWALL

Arranged from J. F. REICHARDT

Allegretto moderato, ma energico

1. La - bor's strong and mer - ry chil - dren, Com - rades of the
 2. No de - spond - ing, no re - pin - ing! Lei - sure must by
 3. E - ven God's all ho - ly la - bor, Framed the air, the

mf *cres.*
 ris - ing sun, Let us sing some songs to - geth - er, Let us sing
 toil be bought; Nev - er yet was good ac - com - plished, Nev - er yet
 stars, the sun; Built our earth on deep foun - da - tions, Built our earth

rall. *a tempo*
 some songs to - geth - er, Now our toil, our toil is done.
 was good ac - com - plished With - out hand and with - out thought.
 on deep foun - da - tions; And the World, the World was won!

Adapted from "Alternate Third Book" by Eleanor Smith, Modern Music Series. SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY, Publishers.

BETTER TO WEAR THAN TO RUST

'Tis better by far in the battle of life
 To be at the front than the rear,
 To earn the reward and the guerdon of strife
 By manfully battling here.

'Tis better to work with a spirit of love,
 Although we may gain but a crust,
 Still looking above the effort will prove
 'Tis better to wear than to rust.

A man upon earth with nothing to do
 Is only a man in the way,
 And the soul unused to service, 'tis true,
 Is doomed to an early decay.

It is the decree of an Infinite will
 That struggle and labor we must
 Our mission fulfill, discovering still—
 'Tis better to wear than to rust.

FRANK L. BEEBY.

 BE STRONG

Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
 We have hard work to do and loads to lift;
 Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift—

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?
 And fold the hands and acquiesce—oh, shame!
 Stand up, speak out, and bravely in God's name—

Be strong!

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
 How hard the battle goes, the day how long,
 Faint not, fight on; tomorrow comes the song.

SELECTED.

SIMPLE LAW OF RIGHT

Preach to me no doctrine of discontent and cry me no cry of
despair,
For there's too much gold in the sunshine and too much kiss
in the air.
Weep me no tears of pity for the toilers everywhere,
But go and see them toiling, if you think you really care.

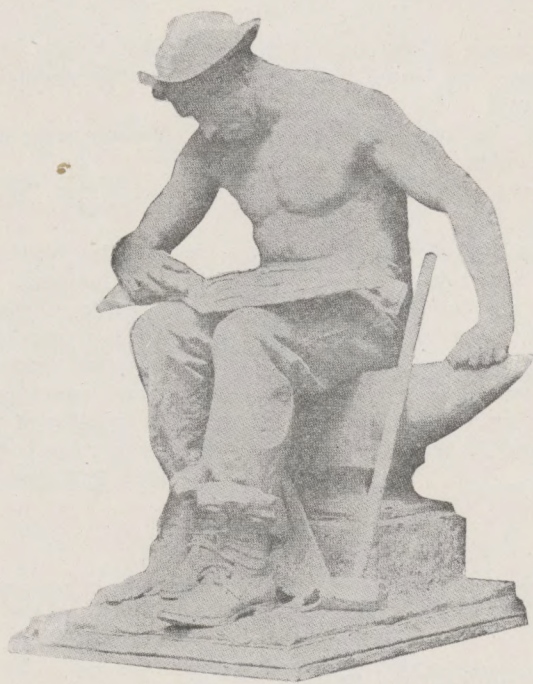
It isn't a case of fearing, and it isn't a case of fight,
It's bigger and better than any of these—the Simple Law of
Right.
Go watch the sweat and the hell of it all where noon is turned
to night,
In pit and mine and cellar; with never a ray of light.

It isn't a case of cursing, nor arms nor shedding blood,
It isn't a case just now of fighting the fight for food.
It's just that the need is keener of doing the thing that's good,
Because the world is better when the heart is understood.
Sing me no song of the gold you place in a palsied beggar's hand,
But go and lodge with the beggar, here in your own bright land.
And the jest of the life you're living to the speeding of the sand
Will bring the peace you're seeking when you truly understand.

PERCY F. MONTGOMERY.

TEN THINGS FOR WHICH NO ONE IS EVER
SORRY

For doing good to all.
For being patient to everyone.
For hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For holding an angry temper.
For being kind to the distressed.
For speaking evil to no one.
For asking pardon for all wrongs.
For stopping the ears to a tale-bearer.
For disbelieving ill reports.



THE WORKINGMAN

TWO CLASSES

There are two kinds of people on earth today,
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.

Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad, and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span,
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift-flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No, the two kinds of people on earth I mean,
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find, too, I wean,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or are you a leaner who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, *in Harper's Weekly.*

The big fleas
Have little fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em,
And the little fleas
Have lesser fleas,
And so ad infinitum.

FROM "THE WAGE SLAVES"

From forge and farm and mine and bench,
 Deck, altar, outpost lone—
 Mill, school, battalion, counter, trench,
 Rail, senate, sheepfold, throne—
 Creation's cry goes up on high
 From age to cheated age:
 "Send us the men who do the work
 For which they draw the wage."

* * * * *

When through the Gates of Stress and Strain
 Comes forth the vast Event—
 The simple, sheer, sufficing, sane
 Result of labor spent—
 They that have wrought the end unthought
 Be neither saint nor sage,
 But men who merely did the work
 For which they draw the wage.

* * * * *

Wherefore to these the Fates shall bend
 (And all old idle things—)
 Wherefore on these shall Power attend
 Beyond the grasp of kings.
 Each in his place, by right, not grace,
 Shall rule his heritage—
 The men who simply do the work
 For which they draw the wage.

Not such as scorn the loitering street,
 Or waste, to earn its praise,
 Their noontide's unreturning heat
 About their morning ways:
 But such as dower each mortgaged hour
 Alike with clean courage—
 Even the men who do the work
 For which they draw the wage—

* * * * *

RUDYARD KIPLING.

COLUMBUS DAY

THE STORY OF COLUMBUS

(In simplest form. To tell to very little people.)

A little more than four hundred years ago travelers returned to Europe from India bringing with them spices, silks, and gems, and telling wonderful stories of the riches of that part of the world.

If it were not for the long, long journey, everybody could become rich. But to go from Europe to India in those days was a greater undertaking than to go around the world today.

Then people thought that the world was flat, and that if you traveled far enough you would reach the edge and tumble off.

But Columbus did not believe that the world was flat like a board; he felt sure it was round like a ball and that no matter how far you traveled you could not fall off.

In going from Europe to India, travelers went east. Columbus thought they could get there much more quickly by going west, and that they could go by water all the way.

He was sure that he was right and that he had found an easy way to get at the riches of India. But he could not try it himself, for he was poor; and for a long time he could get no one to believe that he was right.

At last the queen of Spain gave him three ships, and with these he sailed off to the west. He found the earth much larger than he thought. He had told the sailors that in a very few weeks they would reach India. When week after week went by until nearly ten were gone without sight of land, they became frightened and wanted to turn back, but Columbus would not do so. They were afraid that soon they would come to the edge of the world and tumble off. So they planned to throw Columbus overboard and go back alone. They might have done

this, if they had not come in sight of land the very next day.

This land was an island off the coast of America; but Columbus thought that it was a part of India, and so he called the people, whom he found upon it, Indians.

Columbus and his men returned to Europe. He found people willing to listen to him now; but he died without knowing what a great discovery he had made.

A LETTER FROM COLUMBUS

The following letter was written aboard ship, by Columbus, March 14, 1493, "to the noble Lord Raphael Sanchez, Treasurer to their most invincible Majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Spain." It was written in Spanish, but the original is supposed to have been lost. Latin translations of it were made and published in different cities; and a poetical translation was made in Italian, and was sung about the streets of Italy.

TO LORD RAPHAEL SANCHEZ:

Knowing that it will afford you pleasure to learn that I have brought my undertaking to a successful termination, I have decided upon writing you this letter to acquaint you with all the events which have occurred in my voyage, and the discoveries which have resulted from it.

Thirty-three days after my departure from Cadiz I reached the Indian sea, where I discovered many islands, thickly peopled, of which I took possession without resistance in the name of our most illustrious monarchs, by public proclamation and with unfurled banners. To the first of these islands, which is called by the Indians Guanabani, I gave the name of the blessed Savior, relying upon whose protection I had reached this as well as the other islands.

As soon as we arrived at that, which, as I have said, was named Juana, I proceeded along its coast a short distance westward, and found it to be so large and apparently without termination, that I could not suppose it to be an island, but the continental province of Cathay.

In the meantime I had learned from some Indians whom I had seized, that the country was certainly an island; and therefore I sailed toward the east, coasting to the distance of three hundred and twenty-two miles, which brought us to the extremity of it; from this point I saw lying eastwards another island, fifty-four miles distant from Juana, to which I gave the name Espanola.

All these islands are very beautiful, and distinguished by a diversity of scenery; they are filled with a great variety of trees of immense height, and which I believe to retain their foliage in all seasons; for when I saw them they were as verdant and luxuriant as they usually are in Spain in the month of May—some of them were blossoming, some bearing fruit, and all flourishing in the greatest perfection, according to their respective stages of growth, and the nature and quality of each; yet the islands are not so thickly wooded as to be impassable. The nightingale and various birds were singing in countless numbers, and that in November, the month in which I arrived there.

The inhabitants are very simple and honest, and exceedingly liberal with all they have; none of them refusing anything he may possess when he is asked for it, but on the contrary inviting us to ask them. They exhibit great love toward all others in preference to themselves: they also give objects of great value for trifles, and content themselves with very little or nothing in return.

I, however, forbade that these trifles and articles of no value (such as pieces of dishes, plates, and glass, keys, and leather straps) should be given to them, although, if

they could obtain them, they imagined themselves to be possessed of the most beautiful trinkets in the world.

It even happened that a sailor received for a leather strap as much gold as was worth three golden nobles, and for things of more trifling value offered by our men, the Indian would give whatever the seller required.

On my arrival I had taken some Indians by force from the first island that I came to, in order that they might learn our language. These men are still traveling with me, and although they have been with us now a long time, they continue to entertain the idea that I have descended from heaven; and on our arrival at any new place they published this, crying out immediately with a loud voice to the other Indians, "Come, come and look upon the beings of a celestial race:" upon which both men and women, children and adults, young men and old, when they got rid of the fear they at first entertained, would come out in throngs, crowding the roads to see us, some bringing food, others drink, with astonishing affection and kindness.

Although all I have related may appear to be wonderful and unheard of, yet the results of my voyage would have been more astonishing if I had had at my disposal such ships as I required. But these great and marvelous results are not to be attributed to any merit of mine, but to the holy Christian faith, and to the piety and religion of our Sovereign; for that which the unaided intellect of man could not compass, the Spirit of God has granted to human exertions, for God is wont to hear the prayers of his servants who love His precepts even to the performance of apparent impossibilities.

Thus it has happened to me in the present instance, who have accomplished a task to which the powers of mortal men had never hitherto attained; for if there have been those who have anywhere written or spoken of these islands, they have done so with doubts and con-

jectures, and no one has ever asserted that he has seen them, on which account their writings have been looked upon as little else than fables.

Therefore let the king and queen, our princes and their most happy kingdoms, and all the other provinces of Christendom, render thanks to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, who has granted us so great a victory and such prosperity.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

(From *The Normal Instructor*.)

AN ANECDOTE OF COLUMBUS

One morning in spring, many years ago, a gray-haired man was riding slowly along a narrow road in Spain. On each side of him were blossoming orchards; in front of him, and not far away, were green mountains; behind him was the city which he had left an hour before.

The man's face was very sad, and he rode slowly as though lost in deep thought.

Suddenly he heard the sound of a galloping horse coming far behind him. Then he thought he heard a voice calling. But he did not look around; he did not so much as raise his head. "It's only some farmer hurrying home from the city," he thought; and he rode slowly onward.

The sounds drew rapidly nearer. Then the voice of the horseman could be plainly heard. "Halt! halt! Christopher Columbus. I have news for you."

The gray-haired man, hearing his name called, drew up by the roadside and looked around. "Well, well, my friend Santangel," he said, "what news can you bring to me that is not bad news?"

The horseman was beside him in a moment. "I bring you the best news in the world," he said. "Come back with me to the city. I have seen Queen Isabella, and she bids you come back."

"Why should she wish me to come back?" answered Columbus. "I have now been seven years in Spain, trying to induce the king and queen to aid me—and all to no purpose. They only call me a crazy dreamer, and the people laugh at me because I wish to prove that the earth is round. I am now on my way to France, where I shall find a more liberal king and a wiser people."

"You must go no farther," said Santangel. "The queen promises to aid you. She believes that you are right, and she says that she will fit out some ships for your use, even though she may have to sell her jewels to pay for them."

"Are you speaking the truth, Santangel?"

"Most surely," answered his friend. "Come! Let us hasten back, as the queen commands."

Without another word, Columbus turned and rode back by the side of his friend. His mind was filled with thoughts of the past.

He remembered how, when a little boy, he had stood by the seashore and watched the ships coming into port from far-away lands. He remembered how the sailors had told him wonderful stories of the sea, and how he himself had afterwards become a sailor and had visited strange countries and distant islands.

Then he thought of the time when he had first come to Spain. How even wise men had laughed at him when he declared that the earth is round! How they laughed again when he said that he would sail across the western ocean and prove that he was right!

He thought of the seven years of waiting. Then he turned to his friend, Santangel, and said, "All my life I have held to the idea that the earth is round. In-

deed, I know it is round; and now, with the queen's help, I am sure that I shall prove it."—*From Baldwin and Bender's Fourth Reader.*

A SCENE FROM THE LIFE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

SCENE: The Seashore—San Salvador. Indians are moving about. Columbus and the sailors fall upon their knees and kiss the ground. The Indians crowd around.

Chief (to Indians)—From whence did those white-faced men come to our shores?

Brave—The broad wings of their ships have brought them from some far country.

(A squaw grunts, smiles, and strokes the bright-colored clothes of the Spaniards.)

Medicine Man—Their language sounds musical. I wonder what they are saying.

Chief—They look friendly. If they were our enemies, they would begin to attack us.

Squaw—Why do they kneel on the ground?

Chief—They may be praying to the Great Spirit.

Brave—They themselves look like spirits from heaven.

Chief—Perhaps we can make them understand us by signs.

Brave—I wish we could.

Chief—Let us welcome them!

(Indians approach the white men. They make signs and exchange presents. The Indians fall at the Spaniards' feet.)

Columbus (motioning them to rise, and examining some gold ornaments which the Indians have given him)—This is a rich land, full of gold. We will lay claim to

it. I am sure that no white man has ever been here before.

Enrico—It must be Asia. Perhaps we have found India.

Bianca—At any rate, we are the first to cross the Atlantic Ocean. That is something worth doing.

Alphonso—See the fine country and the beautiful trees! It is almost as pleasant here as it is in our own land.

Columbus—The natives are good-looking men. They have proud and noble faces.

Bianca—Their skin is dark, but they are well formed.

Alphonso—And they are so friendly there is nothing to fear. If they were unfriendly, they might be dangerous enemies.

Enrico—When we come again, the king will give us all the men and ships we need.

Bianca—All Spain will want to come, after we go back and tell about this great country.

Columbus—Now we will claim this new land, and then explore the country (unfurling the flag of Spain, and planting the staff in the ground). In the name of the glorious sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella, I take possession of this land and name it San Salvador. (They all go out.)—*From "Historical Plays for Children, published by The Macmillan Company.*

COLUMBUS TO FERDINAND

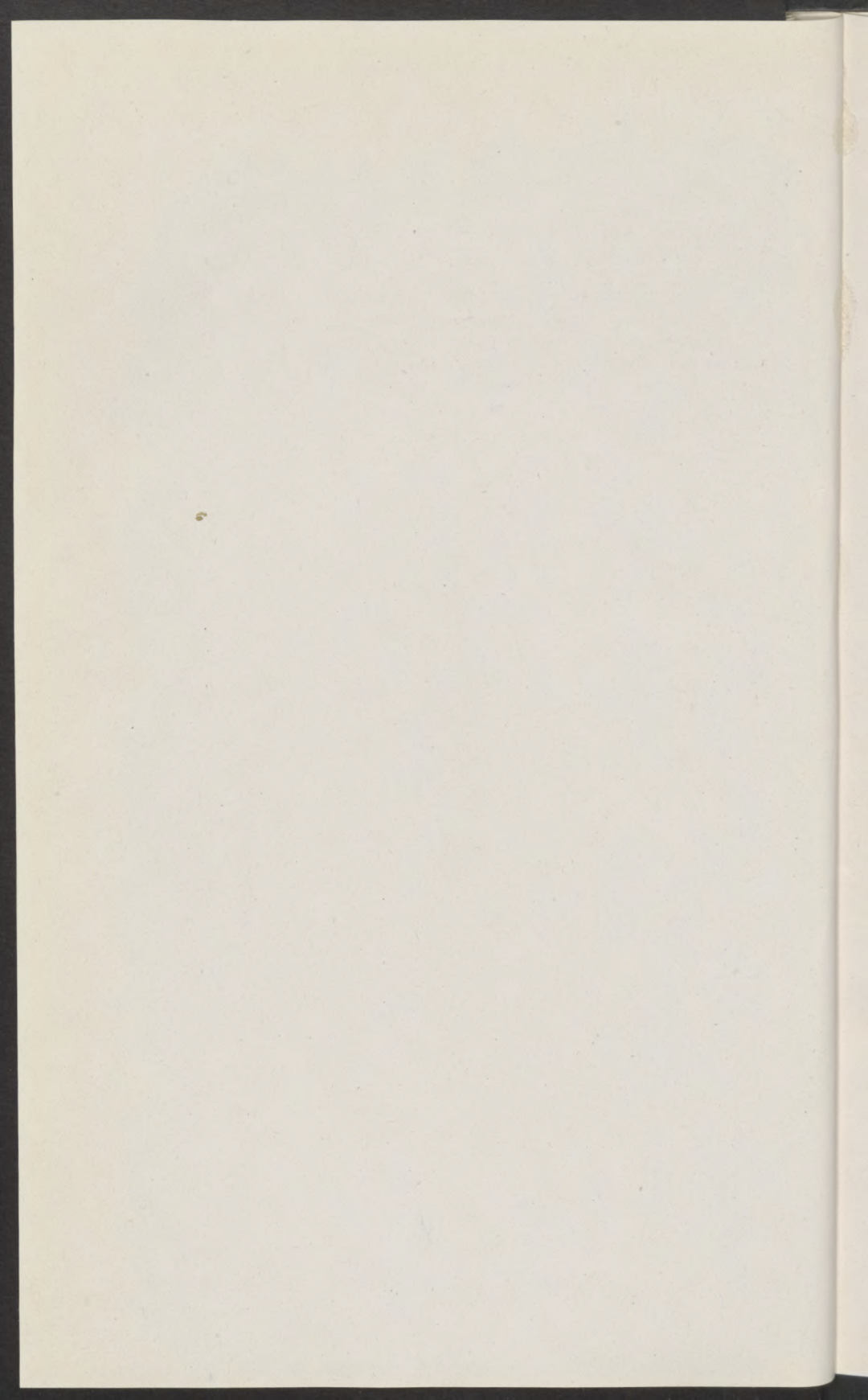
(For seventh and eighth grade pupils.)

Illustrious monarch, of Iberia's soil,
 Too long I wait permission to depart;
 Sick of delays, I beg thy list'ning ear—
 Shine forth the patron and the prince of art,
 While yet Columbus breathes the vital air,
 Grant his request to pass the western main;

Reserve this glory for thy native soil,
 And what must please thee more—for thy own reign,
 Of this huge globe how small a part we know—
 Does heaven their worlds to western suns deny?
 How disproportioned to the mighty deep
 The lands that yet in human prospect lie.
 Does Cynthia, when to western skies arrived,
 Spend her sweet beam upon the barren main;
 And ne'er illumine with midnight splendor, she,
 The native dancing on the lightsome green?
 Should the vast circuit of the world contain
 Such wastes of ocean, and scanty land?
 'Tis reason's voice that bids me think not so;
 I think more nobly of the Almighty hand,
 Does yon fair lamp trace half the circle round
 To light the waves and monsters of the seas?
 No! Be there must, beyond the billowy waste,
 Islands, and men, and animals, and trees,
 An unremitting flame my breast inspires,
 To seek new lands amidst the barren waves,
 Where falling low, the source of day descends,
 And the blue sea his evening visage leaves.
 Hear, in his tragic lay, Cordova's sage:
 "The time shall come, when numerous years are past,
 The ocean shall dissolve the bands of things,
 And an extended region rise at last;
 And Typhis shall disclose the mighty land,
 Far, far away, where none have roved before;
 Nor shall the world's remotest regions be
 Gibraltar's rocks, or Thule's savage shore."
 Fired at the theme, I languish to depart;
 Supply the barque, and bid Columbus sail.
 He fears no storms upon the untraveled deep;
 Reason shall steer, and skill disarm the gale.
 Nor does he dread to lose the intended course,
 Though far from land the reeling galley stray,
 And skies above, and gulfy seas below,
 Be the sole object seen for many a day.
 Think not that nature has unveiled in vain
 The mystic magnet to the mortal eye;
 So late have we the guiding needle planned
 Only to sail beneath our native sky
 Ere this was found, the Ruling Power of all,

Found for our use an ocean in the land,
Its breadth so small we could not wander long,
Nor long be absent from the neighboring strand.
Short was the course, and guided by the stars,
But stars no more shall point our daring way;
The Bear shall sink, and every guard be drowned,
And great Arcturus scarce escape the sea,
When southward we shall steer. Oh, grant my wish!
Supply the barque, and bid Columbus sail;
He dreads no tempest on the untraveled deep,
Reason shall steer and skill disarm the gale.

JONATHAN MASON, *in Normal Instructor.*



THANKSGIVING DAY

"Oh, give thanks unto the God of heaven: for his mercy endureth forever."

BIBLE.

PICTURE STUDY—"PILGRIMS GOING TO CHURCH"

Boughton's picture, "Going to Church," seems very appropriate for our study this month.

In this picture is represented the gratification of a life-long desire. To be able to worship God as they pleased was the culmination of heroic sacrifices, brave deeds and conscientious struggles of the Pilgrims.

The origin of the Pilgrims is most unusual. When Henry the Eighth was king of England, all England was Catholic. The king disagreed with the pope, however, and proclaimed himself head of the English Church. When he died his son Edward advanced the same religious ideas. At Edward's death, his sister Mary ascended the throne, and she, being an earnest Catholic, restored that faith. Their sister, Elizabeth, next reigned, and the English Church was again revived.

While England was passing through this series of religious wars, there had been slowly developing a class of people who believed neither in the Catholic Church nor in the English Church. They were a peculiar people. They wore peculiar costumes. The men, unlike other men of England, wore their hair short, so short that they were nick-named "Roundheads." They allowed no music in their churches, adopted a new form of church service, and used only the plainest and barest of everything. These people were the Puritans. The name was derived from their repeated endeavors to "purify" the Church of England.

Queen Elizabeth and, later, King James, strongly opposed the Puritans. They ridiculed, persecuted, fined and imprisoned them.

At last a little band of them, unable to bear the persecutions longer, crossed the North Sea to Holland. Here they could worship as they chose, and because of this they were very happy. But Holland was not a prosperous country; only by the severest toil were the Pilgrims able to make a living. Then, too, their children were acquiring Dutch customs, and were marrying into Dutch families. They were even enlisting in the Dutch army and navy.

Determined to find a country where they could retain their English customs and yet establish their religion as the predominant one, a number of them returned to England and secured permission and funds to found a colony in the New World. Of this number one hundred two men and women, sailing on the "Mayflower," landed in Cape Cod harbor, November 21, 1620.

In England, these plain, honest, God-fearing people were all called Puritans. The few who wandered about and finally sailed into Plymouth Bay were given the additional name of Pilgrims.

They had planned to land much farther south, but it was in the dead of winter, their little vessel was at the mercy of wind and tide, and when they drifted helplessly toward the Plymouth coast, they accepted this destination, as being foreordained by Divine Providence.

Among these sturdy pioneers was William Brewster, their pastor; William Bradford, later the historian and governor of the colony; Miles Standish, John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, about whom the poet Longfellow has told such a pretty story.

There were two other passengers about whom was centered much interest at this time—Little Oceanus Hop-



PILGRIMS GOING TO CHURCH

kins, born in mid-ocean, and Peregrine White, born while the vessel was drifting along the New England coast.

It is said that on the very first Monday after the vessel was anchored, these thrifty Pilgrim mothers gathered together the soiled clothing of the entire company, and then and there inaugurated America's universal washday.

While they were yet in the harbor, the Pilgrims gathered in the cabin of the "Mayflower" and drew up and signed a compact, or agreement. By that agreement, they declared themselves "loyal subjects" of the king, and at the same time they affirmed their purpose of making all necessary laws for the "general good of the colony." John Carver was elected their first governor. Thus began a new commonwealth, founded by men and women who feared God and respected themselves.

The men immediately began to clear the land, build cabins, store-houses and a meeting-house.

The first winter was a very severe test. The prolonged ship life, the privations in the new country, the change of climate and lack of nourishing food caused many to become sick and die. At one time there were only two well people to care for the sick, and more than half the little company died.

Fortunately the Indians were friendly. They taught these early settlers how to hunt and where to fish, and showed them how to fertilize the poor soil by placing a fish in each corn-hill.

The laws concerning the keeping of the New England Sabbath were very severe. No kind of work was permitted, there was no visiting nor gayety of any kind. Public worship was held in the meeting-house. Very slowly and solemnly the families walked to church. On entering the men and women sat apart, the children—under the care of the sexton—by themselves. Woe unto the child that smiled or pulled another's hair! The place

was unheated even in the coldest weather. Somehow these zealous pioneers believed themselves better Christians when they endured discomforts uncomplainingly.

The men carried muskets to church, ready for any unexpected attack by the Indians.

When service was over, all walked solemnly home again.

Slowly the colony grew and prospered. They said, "Let us give thanks unto God for his goodness." So, late in the fall, after the first crops were harvested, they set aside one week for rest and thanksgiving.

Deer, wild turkey and pumpkin pies formed a part of their feast. Ninety Indians accepted their invitation and stayed with them three days. Each day of that thanksgiving period was opened with a religious service, then followed games and military tactics. Gradually the custom grew.

Now the governor of each state issues every year a proclamation requesting the people of that state to set apart one day and assemble in the house of God for the purpose of giving thanks for all blessings received.

"It was not what the Pilgrim Fathers actually accomplished that made them great, it was the spirit in which they worked. There is one thing in this world that is better than success—that is, to deserve success." From histories we may see the strength of character of these people.—AGNES DANIELL DODSON, *Teacher Fourth Grade, Grand Junction, Colorado.*

WE THANK THEE

For the new morning with its light,
 Father, we thank Thee.
 For rest and shelter of the night,
 Father, we thank Thee.
 For health and food, for love and friends,
 For everything His goodness sends,
 Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THANKSGIVING VERSES

Accept our thanks,
Dear Lord, this day,
For blessings that
Have strewn our way.

Now for the bounteous harvest, Lord,
All people should their thanks accord.

Let each one bow in thankfulness;
The Lord of Harvest join to bless.

May the spirit of Thanksgiving
Dwell within us on this day.
Let us thank the Lord of Harvest
Who our labor doth repay.

We bid one and all
A real happy good-by:
We hope you'll have plenty
Of turkey and pie.

Thanksgiving day is coming,
And a happy boy am I,
We're going to my grandma's
Where we'll have some pumpkin pie,
And nice turkey fixed with dressing,
And a lot of other things.
Right glad am I that every-year
A Thanksgiving dinner brings.

For home, for food,
For friends, for love,
We humbly thank
The God above.
And may our lives,
In all we do,
Prove loyal to
His love so true.

LILLIAN M. JONES.

OUR THANKSGIVING PIES

'Tis so, we hoed, and hoed, and hoed,
 Beneath the warm spring sun,
 Then dropped the seeds, covered them o'er—
 Thus were our pies begun.

Two leaves, so thick and fat and green
 Showed very soon indeed,
 Wearing such a cunning hood,
 Made from our pumpkin seed.

A stem—a creeping vine!—What next?
 I'm sure you cannot guess!
 Some lovely cups that shone like gold,
 Or like a fairy dress!

Some green balls next that soon grew big,
 And changed their coats to yellow;
 And grandpa said, "Boys, they are ripe,
 Although they are not mellow."

Then grandma peered over her specks,
 And looked 'stonished and wise,
 And said, "Why-ee! Why, deary me,
 Those boys must have some pies!"

And so today she mixed and stirred,
 To watch her was great fun;
 She took them from the oven hot—
 At last our pies were done!

Then suddenly she looked perplexed,
 "What if they are not right!
 Boys, won't you take one now to try,
 And tell me, honor bright?"

You may believe we did not wait
 For her to ask us twice!
 Hurrah for grandma and her pies!
 Say, don't you think they're nice?

ELVA J. SMITH.

IN CONFIDENCE

Mother says we should be thankful
 For whatever we have to eat,
 Even if it were only bread
 With never a speck of meat.

And, of course, what she says is true;
 But I surely do hope that *I*
 Shall have a chance to be thankful
 For turkey and pumpkin pie.

WINIFRED A. HOAG.

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!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
 Serve the Lord with gladness, come before his pres-
 ence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord, He is God.

It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves.

Enter into His courts with thanksgiving, and into
 His courts with praise.

BIBLE.

Have children memorize this, to be given in concert at the program for Thanksgiving Day:

“He only is rich who owns the day; and no one owns the day who allows it to be invaded with worry, and fret, and anxiety.”

EMERSON.

“Far better is it to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to rank with those poor spirits, who neither enjoy nor suffer much, because they live in the great twilight that knows neither victory nor defeat.”

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear with its hopes and aspirations to waste a moment upon the yesterday.

R. W. EMERSON.

THANKSGIVING DINNER

Larger Child—

What do you want for Thanksgiving dinner?

Speak up loud and clear,

And before you say “Jack Robinson,”

It will all be here.

(Two children enter and make motions of placing food on the table.)

First Child—

Here comes the turkey, the best of all.

Second Child—

Here come the celery stalks so tall.

(Third and fourth enter and stand by first two children.)

Third Child—

I've mashed potato as white as snow.

Fourth Child—

We need sweet ones, too, of course, you know.

(Fifth child enters.)

Fifth Child—

Here come the nuts and pumpkin pie,
As yellow as gold, and good—oh, my!

Larger Child (steps forward)—

Now the table is all ready,
I am sure that all is right—

(Enter small girl)—

But what can Ruth be bringing?

Ruth—

I bring an appetite.

WINIFRED A. HOAG.

For days of health, for nights of quiet sleep; for
seasons of bounty and beauty, for all earth's contribu-
tions to our need through the past year, Good Lord, we
thank Thee.

W. G. GANNETT.

The best things that hearts that are thankful can do
Is this: To make thankful other hearts, too;
For lives that are grateful and sunny and glad
To carry their sunshine to hearts that are sad;
For children who have all they want and to spare,
Their good things with poor little children to share;
For this will bring blessings, and this is the way
To show we are thankful on Thanksgiving Day.

SELECTED.

THANKSGIVING HYMN

Tune—"Stand Up for Jesus."

We to the God of Harvest
 Our happy voices raise,
 In grateful glad thanksgiving
 We sing this song of praise.
 We praise thee for thy kindness
 And for thy tender care,
 Our gratitude accept, Lord,
 It is our humble prayer.

Thou hast been ever gracious
 All through the long, long year,
 In times of joy and sorrow
 Thou hast been ever near.
 Thou hast been near in sunshine,
 And in the shadow, too,
 We know through all our Father
 Was just and kind and true.

We thank thee for the harvest,
 For fields of ripened grain,
 And for the glorious sunshine,
 And for refreshing rain.
 We thank thee for thy love, Lord,
 For strength and life and health,
 For all that thou hast given
 From out thy bounteous wealth.

And now we pray, dear Father,
 That we may worthy be
 Of all the tender mercies
 That we receive from thee.
 Lord, we would give thee service
 In truth and faithfulness,
 Then take our lives and hearts, Lord,
 To purify and bless.

IDA B. BASFORD.

Thanksgiving makes a crust sweet; the absence of it
 makes even a turkey bitter.

SELECTED.

A CAT'S THANKSGIVING SOLILOQUY

I'm just about tired of waiting
For my Thanksgiving treat;
I see them about the table,
And they eat, and eat, and eat.
They do not think of poor pussy,
Who has had so long to wait;
Why doesn't some one remember
That it's growing very late?

And haven't I smelt that turkey
Since into the oven it went?
If they'd give me just one drumstick,
Why, then, I'd be content.
But, no, they sit there talking
And laughing aloud with glee;
I wish that some one among them
Would throw down a bone to me.

There's that greedy little Teddy,
Three times he's passed his plate,
And that turkey's growing smaller
At a very rapid rate;
And see Jack's face! 'Tis shining
With gravy up to his eyes,
I wonder they take no notice
When they hear my hungry cries.

Oh, dear! There's dessert to follow,
The pudding and pumpkin pies,
And the fruits and nuts and candy,
And, oh, how fast time flies!
Ah, there's gentle little Ethel,
She's so loving and so kind,
She's bringing me some turkey bones,
And a grateful cat she'll find.

L. F. ARMITAGE.

Earth is so kind that you just tickle her with a hoe,
and she laughs with a harvest.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

A THANKSGIVING PARTY

Thanksgiving day I had some friends
To dinner, five in all.
I spread my table in the yard;
My guests were very small.

Miss Chickadee quite early came,
Dressed all in black and gray.
A woodpecker flew to her side,
Red-capped, with neck-band gay.

Pert Mr. Nuthatch next arrived,
A gymnast of renown.
He could do stunts on any tree
With his head up or down.

Miss Sparrow then came, smartly dressed
In pretty mottled brown;
And last of all a squirrel gray
From home in squirrel town.

When all my friends had found a place
At my Thanksgiving board,
They made a very charming sight,
And I could well afford

To give them all that they could eat,
For I knew in the spring
They'd be my unpaid foresters,
And gaily work and sing.

HELEN M. RICHARDSON, *in Our Animal Friends.*

A thankful heart is not only the greatest of virtues,
but the parent of all other virtues.

CICERO.

THANKSGIVING QUOTATIONS

For the land that gave me birth;
For my native home and hearth;
For the change and overturning
Of the times of my sojourning;
For the world's step forward taken;
For an evil way forsaken;
For cruel law abolished;
For idol shrines demolished;
For all that man upraises
I sing the song of praises.

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

Let the school memorize Rudyard Kipling's "The Children's Song." No greater poem has ever been written for the cause of Christian Citizenship, and Thanksgiving is essentially the season for impressing this lesson upon the minds of the children.

Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in years to be,
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven, who lovest all,
Oh help Thy children when they call,
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage!

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That in our time Thy Grace may give
The truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed nor worthless sacrifice.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Teach us to look in all our ends
 To Thee for judge and not our friends;
 That we with Thee may walk uncowed
 By fear or favor of the crowd.

Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
 By deed or thought, to hurt the weak,
 That, under Thee, we may possess
 Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us to delight in simple things,
 And Mirth that has no bitter springs;
 Forgiveness free of evil done,
 And love to all men 'neath the sun!

Land of our Birth, our Faith, our Pride,
 For whose dear sake our fathers died;
 O Motherland, we pledge to thee
 Head, heart and hand through years to be!

Yes, seed and harvest time are past;
 Once more we come and raise
 To God our joyful, happy hearts
 In thankful prayer and praise.
 In lowly cot, in stately hall,
 In church with lofty dome,
 Thanksgiving prayer and praise ascend
 To God for Harvest Home.

SELECTED.

He who thanks but with the lips
 Thanks but in part;
 The full, the true Thanksgiving
 Comes from the heart.

J. A. SHEDD.

FIRST THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

ISSUED BY GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1789.

"Now, therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the 26th day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these states to the service of that great and glorious Being, who is the beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be. That we may then all unite in the rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks for His kind care and protection of the people of this country previous to their becoming a nation—for the single and manifold mercies, and for the favorable interpretation of His providence, in the course and conclusion of the late war."

 THE PUMPKIN PIE.

I planted a little brown seed in the ground,
 A little flat seed so shining I found,
 Then I thought I heard the little seed sigh,
 What have I to do with a pumpkin pie?

I saw a little vine grow and grow,
 It had green leaves on a stem, you know,
 I thought I heard the little vine cry,
 What have I to do with a pumpkin pie?

I saw a pumpkin so heavy and round
 Grow each day as it lay on the ground,
 I thought I heard it say, "By and by
 I may turn into a big pumpkin pie!"

We've worked and toiled through heat and cold
 To plant, to sow, to reap;
 And now for all this bounteous store,
 Let us Thanksgiving keep.

SELECTED.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER

Mother Nature—

My name is Mother Nature, and I come to you today
 To wish for every little one a pleasant holiday,
 And I have brought my children, for we all have made a plan
 To make tomorrow's dinner just the very best we can.
 For, you must know, the dinner is a very jolly part
 Of all that makes Thanksgiving Day so dear to every heart.
 So each one of my children here will tell what he can do
 To make the coming holiday a pleasant one for you.

Potato—

I'm just a small potato,
 But surely you agree,
 You cannot cook a dinner
 Without some aid from me.
 So here you see me ready
 To help with all the rest,
 Just eat me with your turkey,
 Cooked as you like me best.

Turnip—

I'm just a common turnip,
 And very large and white,
 I grew through all the summer,
 Out in the sunshine bright.
 But when the harvest ended
 I quickly came away,
 To see if I could help you
 Enjoy Thanksgiving Day.

Cabbage—

You see I am a cabbage,
 And very firm and sweet,
 I ripened in the sunshine
 For boys and girls to eat.

Onion—

And here am I—an onion,
 You see I'm large and strong,
 I came with Mother Nature
 To help the feast along.

Now I will do my duty,
As all good onions should,
And when you eat your turkey
I'll make the dressing good.

Pumpkin—

I am a yellow pumpkin
Am I not large and round?
You must admit, my equal
Is nowhere to be found.
Tomorrow look about you
And I am sure your eyes
Will see that I have helped you
To great big pumpkin pies.

Apple—

I am a rosy apple
And used in many ways,
If roasted in the oven,
I'm very good to eat.

All—

We are proof of God's best love
Sending blessings from above,
Through all the seasons of the year
To His children loved and dear.

ELEANOR CAMERON.

MY THANKSGIVING

We had planned for so many, Thanksgiving,
A dozen or more, big and small;
And then Jack and Joe had the measles,
And nobody came here at all!

And I—I suppose I was naughty,
For mamma looked troubled and sad
When I said that I wouldn't be thankful
For I'd nothing to make me glad.

But all the long day Thanksgiving,
I had to sit bolstered in bed,
With the dreadfulest, awfulest toothache,
Till I thought I was almost dead!

AT GRANDPA'S FARM

Thanksgiving I and Cousin Will
Went out to grandpa's for the day,
Their turkey dinner made me ill;
So for a month I had to stay.

This cut the school out, anyway;
And, as I wasn't very sick,
When I got well enough to play,
I got right down to business quick.

I organized a gang of boys,
And went right in to have some fun—
Perhaps we didn't make a noise
When we had fairly once begun.

There is a creek on grandpa's farm;
And, in a place he calls "the swale,"
It makes a pond. When it grew warm,
On floating ice we took a sail.

We made some dreadnaughts there one day,
And fought until the sun had set,
And my side licked, too, in that play,
Though I got pretty middling wet.

Once we took grandpa's gun and dog,
To hunt for mink, and skunk, and hare;
'Twas when I shot a neighbor's hog,
You see we played it was a bear.

Then grandpa said, "Well, I do vum,
If you was mine, I swan, I'd tan
Your hide." The neighbor said, "By gum,
Your dad will pay for this, young man!"

Then father wrote that he would hold
My spending money back, all right,
Till this was settled for, and told
Me to come home that very night.

Another year, if I can see
 My way to do it, I shall go,
 And stay a month. It seems to me
 This city life is most too slow.

Though I dropped back about one grade,
 And can't catch up again by fall,
 And father's strapping almost made
 Me sick, the fun was worth it all.

JOHN E. DOLSON.

For peace and for plenty, for freedom, for rest,
 For joy in the land from the East to the West;
 For the dear starry flag, with its red, white and blue,
 We thank Thee, from hearts that are honest and true.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE LETTER OF THANKSGIVING

(To each of the twelve children who recite these verses give a large letter that has been cut from pasteboard and covered with red paper. As each recites let him hold up his letter, lowering it at the close of the verse.)

T is for Thanksgiving Day
 That merry day in fall,
 When young and old give grateful thanks
 For blessings large and small.

H is for Happiness
 That fills each little heart,
 For in the glad Thanksgiving feast
 The children have a part.

A is for All pleasant thoughts,
 All merry romp and play,
 All rides and slides, all walks and talks,
 For *All* Thanksgiving Day!

N is for the ripe brown Nuts
That strew the garret floor;
With a whack! whack! whack! a host we'll crack,
And then—we'll crack some more!

K is for Kindness God has shown
To every girl and boy,
He gives us homes and pleasant friends,
And fills our lives with joy.

S is for Sunshine and for Storm,
The brightness and the rain,
That made the flowers open wide
And ripened all the grain.

G is for Good things to eat—
The turkey and the pie,
Plum pudding, yes! and cranberry sauce,
They're coming by and by!

I is for Indians who came
The first Thanksgiving Day
And tried to show, by little gifts,
The thanks they could not say.

V is for Voices sweet and clear,
Uplifted in a song
Around each glowing fireside,
Where laughing children throng.

I is for the shining Ice,
To slide on it we try,
And if we bump our noses
We rub our eyes and cry!

N is for the jolly Noise
The boys and girls all make,
Till mother, aunts, and grandma, too,
Cry, "Hush! for pity's sake!"

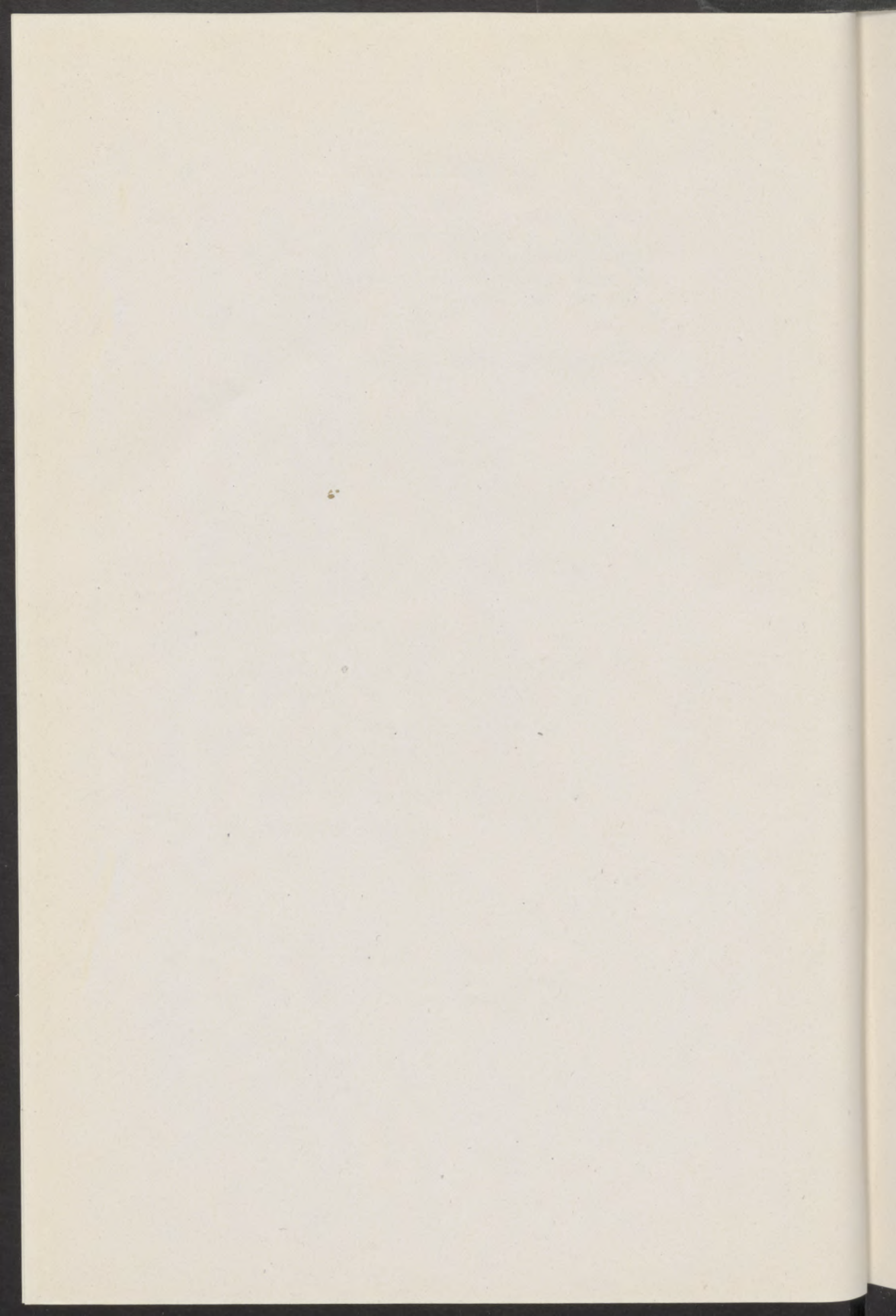
G is for the Gifts we have,
Of life and health and love,
So on the glad Thanksgiving Day
We'll thank the Lord above.

All Recite Together—

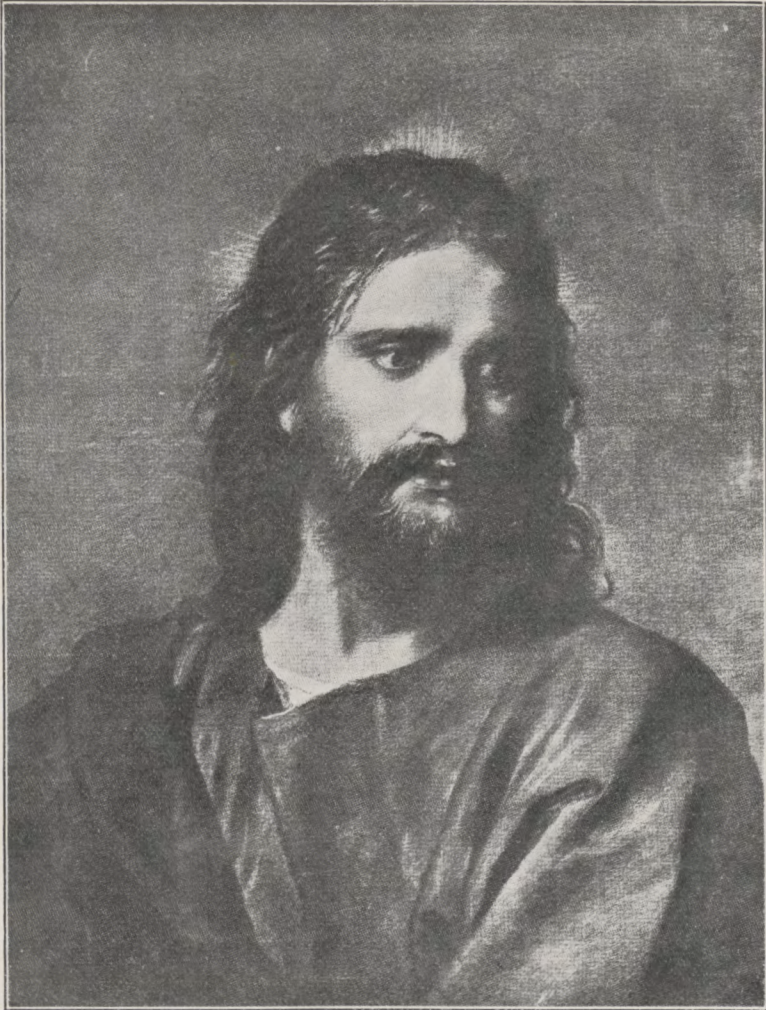
Yes, children all, both large and small,
With grateful hearts we say,
We* thank Thee for the happy year
And glad Thanksgiving Day.

PRIMARY EDUCATION.

* Hands folded, heads bent reverently.



CHRISTMAS DAY



ONLY THE GOLDEN RULE OF CHRIST CAN BRING THE GOLDEN
AGE OF MAN—Frances E. Willard

This portrait of Christ is taken from the central figure in Hoffmann's famous painting "Christ and the Rich Young Man." In the National headquarters of the W. C. T. U., at Evanston, Ill., hangs this portrait with the motto as given here in letters of gold. Just before she died Frances Willard asked to see this portrait of Christ and gave directions to have the words of the motto put under it. This was her last message to the world.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND

The Italians have a pretty story about why children get presents at Christmas.

They say that when the Wise Men were on their way to find the Christ Child they were stopped by a woman who was standing in the door of her house.

"Where are you going?" she asked them. "We are going to find the Christ Child," they answered.

"And what are you carrying?" she inquired. "These are our gifts," they said, "for He is born a King, and we must offer Him the most precious things we have."

"I should like to go with you, and take my gift to Him," said the woman; "but first I must sweep my house. Do not wait for me; I will come after you."

So the Wise Men went on their way.

When the woman's house was all in order, it was nearly dark. She made ready her gift, and started after the Wise Men, but they were out of sight. She wandered far and wide, seeking the way to the new-born King, but she never found it.

And now, they say, she comes every year with gifts for all the children, and hopes that some little child may be the Christ Child.—*The Educational Review*.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

In the bleak midwinter
Frosty winds made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter
Long ago.

CHRISTMAS DAY

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him,
 Nor earth sustain;
 Heaven and earth shall flee away
 When He comes to reign;
 In the bleak midwinter
 A stable-place sufficed
 The Lord God Almighty
 Jesus Christ.

What can I give Him
 Poor as I am?
 If I were a shepherd
 I would bring a lamb;
 If I were a Wise Man
 I would do my part;
 Yet what can I give Him—
 Give my heart.

C. G. ROSSETTI.

 THE CHRISTMAS TREE

You come from a land where the snow lies deep
 In forest grand, on mountain steep;
 Where the days are short, and the nights are long,
 And never a skylark sings his song.
 Have you seen the wild deer in his mountain home,
 And watched the descent of the brown pine cone?
 Do you miss your mates in the land of snow,
 Where none but the evergreen branches grow?
 Dear tree, we will dress you in robes so bright,
 That ne'er could be seen a prettier sight;
 In glittering balls, and tinkling bells,
 And the star which the story of Christmas tells;
 On every branch we will place a light,
 That will send its gleam through the starry night,
 And the little children will gather there
 And carol their songs in voices fair;
 And we hope that you never will homesick be,
 You beautiful, beautiful Christmas tree.

SELECTED.

RECITATIONS

(A recitation for fourteen little people; I pasted gold, silver or red paper on large sheets of rather limber cardboard, then cut the letters therefrom. Each child flashes his letter from behind as he says his part):

M stands for music, merry and clear,
E stands for evergreen, bright all the year;
R stands for romping of gay girls and boys,
R, too, stands for rollicking and a great noise;
Y stands for youth with all of its joys.

C stands for Christmas, the best of the year,
H stands for hearth, with its fire of cheer;
R stands for reindeer, who know naught of fear.
I stands for icicles seen through the pane.
S stands for sleigh bells with jolly refrain;
T stands for trees and the gifts they contain.
M stands for mistletoe, put in the hall,
A stands for all of us, both short and tall,
S stands for stockings, we'll hang on the wall.

SELECTED.

 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 sleigh full 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.

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.

Three good cheers for old December!
 Month of Christmas trees and toys,
 Hanging up a million stockings,
 For a million girls and boys,
 Oh, dear December, hurry on,
 Oh! please—oh, please, come quick;
 Bring snow so white,
 Bring fires so bright,
 And bring us good Saint Nick.

FROM SCHOOL EDUCATION.

A CHRISTMAS EVE THOUGHT

If Santa Claus should stumble
 As he climbs the chimney tall
 With all this ice upon it,
 I'm afraid he'd get a fall
 And smash himself to pieces—
 To say nothing of the toys!
 Dear me, what sorrow that would bring
 To all the girls and boys!
 So I am going to write a note
 And pin it to the gate—
 I'll write it large, so he can see,
 No matter if it's late—
 And say: "Dear Santa Claus, don't try
 To climb the roof tonight,
 But walk right in, the door's unlocked,
 The nursery's on the right!"

St. Nicholas.

OLD SANTA CLAUS

No use fooling me, old friend,
 Santa Claus will come again;
 O'er the chimney he will wend.
 Cross the mountain and the glen,
 Reindeer leaping,
 Sleigh bells keeping
 Rhyme and rhythm as of old
 To the Christmas lays of gold.

Santy Claus, Santy Claus,
 Dear old fellow—don't you fear.
 Sparkling eyes and shaking jaws,
 He'll be here, sir, he'll be here:
 Snorting,
 And cavorting,
 With a leap and swing they'll come.
 The reindeer and the mighty sleigh
 With the trumpets and the drum.

Hard times won't keep him away.
 He'll be here on Christmas day.
 Course they say it—don't you hear?
 "Not much Christmas, son, this year!"
 Don't you worry—
 Skip and scurry,
 Over trees and hills and crop
 Of the houses, skip and hop.
 He'll come swinging,
 He'll come bringing
 Ball and bat and book and top,
 Dolls and dishes
 Cake and candy—
 Christmas wishes,
 Dear old Santy!

Baltimore Sun.

A FACE AT CHRISTMAS

A white face at the glowing window pane—
 A face of failure, weary and ill scarred;
 Nor can the berry holly shut it out,
 Nor the bright tree, flame-dressed and candle-starred.

Eyes at our window, hearts! Nor all the light
 Of all our wicks can touch them into gleam;
 Deep in their dusk a soul with empty lamp
 Kneels at the crumpled altar of a dream.

How can I give the gifts of cloth and gold?
 How give but dross who might give paradise?
 My brother's hurt, laid at my door, is mine—
 Myself in judgment startles from his eyes.

Myself and more! Myself and all men's selves,
 Bound in that look of his—that weary nod;
 Tho' one bruised soul shall don the world's defeat,
 Yet all souls share it, and the sharing's God!

A white face at my threshold! Fling the door—
 A house withholden is a house for sin!
 Call to the tramp. Yet hark, what voice replies?
 What light leaps up, what shining guest comes in?

DANA BURNET, in *Harper's Magazine*.

A TALE OF JOHN HENRY PAUL BROWN

John Henry Paul Brown was an excellent boy,
 His mother's chief treasure, his father's great joy;
 He rose promptly at six, washed his face, combed his hair,
 Dressed himself with despatch, and his bed put to air.
 He brought up the coal, and he carried in wood—
 Oh, never was boy so re-mark-a-bly good
 As Master John Henry Paul Brown.

When the clock struck eight-thirty he started for school;
 He never was punished, he ne'er broke a rule;
 He respected his teacher, he loved each dear mate,
 He never was absent, he never was late;
 He doted on grammar; to spell was his joy—
 Oh, there never was such a mag-nif-i-cent boy
 As Master John Henry Paul Brown.

'Twas the night before Christmas, and John was in bed,
 But he was not sleeping, for in his small head
 Was the strangest idea—you never could guess
 If you tried till next summer—and I must confess,
 Tho' you may not believe it, I tremble with joy
 As I write of this won-der-ful, an-gel-ic boy,
 Good Master John Henry Paul Brown.

Santa Claus had come down by the old chimney way,
 And was warming his hands when he heard some one say,
 "Dear Santa, I pray you, leave nothing for me,
 But won't you accept these three Christmas gifts—see?
 A heavier coat, a very warm hood,
 And an automobile?" said John Henry the Good—
 Kind Master John Henry Paul Brown.

Old Santa Claus gasped and fell down by his pack;
 He was so overcome he kept crying, "Alack!
 That I should pass hundreds of Christmases through
 Before I encountered a lad just like you!
 In my life I have given full many a toy,
 But received not one thing from a girl or a boy
 Save Master John Henry Paul Brown."

John Henry went quietly back to his bed,
 And Santa Claus, shaking his dear, old white head,
 Took up John's fine presents and caught up his pack;
 But just as I heard him again say, "Alack!"
 I awoke from my dream—and I felt rather sad,
 To think that there never had been such a lad
 As Master John Henry Paul Brown.

I. WRIGHT HANSON, *in St. Nicholas.*

"The best of Christmas joy,
 Dear little girl or boy,
 That comes on that merry-making day,
 Is the happiness of giving
 To another child that's living
 Where Santa Claus has never found his way."

SELECTED.

May this Christmas bring you such a glow of good
 will toward men, that it will tide you over until the next
 coming of His birthday, with such a generous overflow
 that all with whom you come in contact may feel the spirit
 of His peace.

THE HAUGHTY ASPEN

A GERMAN LEGEND

As I went through the tangled wood

I heard the Aspen shiver,

*"What dost thou ail, sweet Aspen, say,
Why do thy leaflets quiver?"*

"'Twas long ago," the Aspen sighed—

How long is past my knowing—

"When Mary Mother rode adown

This wood where I was growing.

Blest Joseph journey'd by her side,

Upon his good staff resting,

And in her arms the Heav'nly Babe,

Dove of the World, was nesting.

Fair was the mother, shining-fair,

A lily sweetly blowing;

The Babe was but a lily-bud,

Like to His mother showing.

The birds began, "Thy Master comes!

Bow down, bow down before Him!"

The date, the fig, the hazel tree,

In rev'rence bent to adore Him.

I only, out of all the host

Of bird and tree and flower—

I, haughty, would not bow my head,

Nor own my Master's power.

'Proud Aspen,' quoth the Mother-Maid,

'Thy Lord, dost thou defy Him?

When emperors worship at His shrine,

Wilt courtesy deny Him?

I heard her voice; my heart was rent,

My boughs began to shiver,

And age on age, in punishment,

My sorrowing leaflets quiver."

Still in the dark and tangled wood,

Still doth the Aspen quiver;

The haughty tree doth bear a curse,

Her leaflets aye must shiver.

NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH.

THE LITTLE FIR TREE

In the big dark forest lived a wee tiny fir tree. This wee tiny tree wished and wished it could grow big. It wanted the birds to visit it, and make their nests in its branches. Day by day it sobbed and sighed over its sad fate.

One day the warm air grew cold and the snowflakes began to fall. The tiny fir tree shivered and drew close together. The snow fell all night long. In the morning the fir tree was only a mound of snow. It slept most of the time under the warm snow, for it grew very lonesome.

One day it was awakened by some sunbeams peeping in. Then a voice said, "Here is a tiny Christmas tree, Uncle John, right under this mound of snow. Won't Baby Alice like this one?"

This little fir tree was carefully lifted out of the ground and carried across the field in a big sleigh. How happy it was then, when on Christmas night it shone with candles and presents for Baby Alice.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE RED POODLE

Santa's pack was full to the top. He was ready to start on his journey to the earth to give the boys and girls their gifts. The toys were so happy and wondered where dear Santa would leave them.

Everything would have been well, but for the red poodle. He thought he was the best toy because Santa had patted him on the head. Now he wanted more room in the pack. He growled at the Jumping Jack until poor Jack couldn't keep still. He snapped at Miss Dollie until she cried. He bit the yellow pig until it squealed. Then he howled and howled until Santa could stand it no longer. He opened his pack; took out Red Poodle and gave him a toss out of the sleigh. "Now, perhaps things will be quiet," said he.

The poodle fell down and down and down, until he became so dizzy, he did not know where he was. Would he never stop? That evening all the little boys and girls on the earth clapped their hands and said, "Just see that big comet! How fast it goes." MABEL E. TONEY.

LITTLE BABY STOCKING

Little baby stocking
 Hanging on the wall,
 Waiting for a tiny gift,
 A sugar plum or ball.
 Maybe just a wooly dog,
 That wants a baby's love,
 Wants to hear him coo just like
 A little baby dove.

Little baby stocking
 Hanging on the wall,
 Do you know your owner is
 The sweetest gift of all?

MARION MITCHELL.

HELPING SANTA CLAUS

"I'd like to help old Santa Claus,"
 Said darling little Bess;
 "He has to work so very hard!
 A million hours I guess!

"If I should make some presents too,
 And put them on the shelf,
 He needn't make so many then,
 Or work so hard himself."

So every day our Bess sat down
 With needle, shears, and paste,
 To fold and draw and color, too,
 And cut and sew and baste.

And when on Merry Christmas eve
 She heard the sleigh-bells sound,
 Our Bess was the happiest child
 In all the country round.

SELECTED.

'Tis the time of the year for the open hand,
And the tender heart and true,
When a rift of heaven has cleft the skies
And the saints are looking thru.
The flame leaps high where the hearth was drear,
And sorrowful eyes look bright
For a message, dear, that all may hear
Is borne on the Christmas light.

MARGARET SANGSTER.

Sing a song of Santa Claus,
Dressed from head to toe,
In the warmest kind of clothes,
Made of fur, you know.

Face as rosy as can be,
Eyes that dance with glee,
And a heart that beats for us,
Beats for you and me.

Sing a song of Santa Claus,
Do you ask us why?
If you are a real good boy
He'll never pass you by.

MARION MITCHELL.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of "peace on earth, good will to men!"

For those who think of others most
Are the happiest folks that live.

PHOEBE CARY.

A CHRISTMAS LULLABY

Sleep, little one, in your tiny white bed,
 Mother bends lovingly o'er your dear head.
 Long years ago on the sweet scented hay
 The dear little Christ Child so peacefully lay.

Lullaby, lullaby,
 Baby of mine.
 Lullaby, lullaby,
 His ways be thine.

Sleep, Baby Mine, as your dear Savior slept,
 While His own mother a loving watch kept;
 Singing to Him as I'm singing to thee,
 Songs that the kine heard, on low bended knee.

Lullaby, lullaby,
 Baby of mine.
 Lullaby, lullaby,
 His ways be thine.

MARION MITCHELL.

Unto a child in Bethlehem town
 The wise men came, and brought the crown;
 And while the infant smiling slept,
 Upon their knees they fell and wept,
 But, with her babe upon her knee,
 Naught reck'ed that mother of the tree
 That would uplift on Calvary
 What burden saveth all, and me.

EUGENE FIELD.

"I didn't want a story book; I didn't want a doll;
 I didn't want a thimble or a satin parasol.
 I didn't want a bonnet
 With a curly feather on it,
 And everything that Santa brought, I didn't want at all!"

And so, tonight, I got a note from Mr. Santa Claus,
Explaining how it happened; and he said it was because
 He never got the letter,
 And that little girls had better
Have all their mail at Christmas posted by their Pa's and Ma's!"
 MRS. JOHN VAN SANT.

IF I HAD BEEN A SHEPHERD BOY

If I had been a shepherd boy
 That night so long ago,
I'm sure I would have seen The Star,
 And felt its kindly glow.

I would have followed as they did,
 To where our Savior lay,
Down in a manger poor and low
 Upon the fragrant hay.

And round about the oxen gazed,
 With eyes so kind and mild;
While Mary bent with loving eyes
 Above her darling child.

I would have heard the angels sing,
 "On earth peace and good will,"
A song that watching shepherds heard
 And sang from every hill.

If I had been a shepherd boy,
 How happy I would be,
To tell the whole world what I saw,
 And what each one may see!

But, since I could not see Him then,
 When Angels sang on high,
I'll be as good as Mother is,
 And see Him bye-and-bye.

MARION MITCHELL.

CHRISTMAS CANDLES

Five little Christmas candles
 Right beside the door.
 Baby goes to bed with one,
 Then there are four.

Four little Christmas candles,
 Prim as prim can be,
 Brother hangs his stocking up,
 Then there are three.

Three little Christmas candles,
 Pink, and white and blue.
 Mother thinks it's sleepy-time—
 Then there are two.

Two tiny Christmas candles,
 Think trouble has begun.
 Father says, "It's time for bed."
 Then there is one.

One lonely Christmas candle
 Twinkling all alone.
 Santa comes to find the stockings—
 Then there are none!

MARION MITCHELL.

Christmas morning poor Jack Horner
 Sat on the floor and cried.
 "What's the matter, Jack my boy?"
 Said Old Mother Goose, and sighed.

"I wanted some plums, some juicy plums,"
 Said Jack with a look forlorn.
 "I'm sure that Santa made a mistake,
 For he left me Boy Blue's tin horn!"

MARION MITCHELL.

"Only a loving word, but it made the Angels smile;
And what it is worth, perhaps we'll know
After a little while."

LILLIAN GRAY.

Wherever children love Him,
The lowliest child of all,
Wherever men, adoring,
Before the Savior fall;
Wherever tender mothers
Beside their dear ones stand,
The Father sends His Angels down,
And names it "Christmas Land."

J. G. HOLLAND.

MY LITTLE STAR

You dear wee star, I wonder why
You are so kind to me.
Each evening thru my window here
You smile so lovingly.
I wonder if you understand
What we say here below?
And in the daytime, Baby Star,
Tell me, where do you go?
Tell me, tell me
All about your home so far,
For I love you,
Tiny, wandering Baby Star.
My Baby Star, on that clear night,
So many years ago,
Did you look down and see Him in
A manger poor and low?
And did you hear the Angels sing
The songs that shepherds heard?
Did your wee light guide someone there
To worship our dear Lord?

MARION MITCHELL, *from School Century.*

Christmas in Mother Goose Land.

MARION MITCHELL

*Lively.*CHURCHILL—GRINDELL,
Authors and Publishers of Children's Songs.

1. 'Twas Christ - mas eve, and San - ta Claus Had just ar - rived in town, Where
2. For Jack and Jill a fine new pail, Whence wa - ter could not spill; For
3. — Mis - tress Ma - ry, quite con - tra - ry, Was giv'n a gar - den hoe; Old

Moth - er Goo - se's fam - i - ly..... Kept things torn up - side down..... Of
Sim - ple Si - mon such a pie!... For once he got his fill..... Miss
Moth - er Hub - bard got a cup - board, Where bones just seemed to grow..... But

course he had a load of gifts For each child liv - ing there..... So
Muf - fet on a tuf - fet new Ate sweet - ened curds and whey;... The
Poor Jack Hor - ner in a cor - ner Made us all feel glum;... He

e - ven Tom, the Pi - per's son, Came in for his good share.....
spl - der, it was just a toy, So she did not run a - way.....
ate and ate un - til he looked Like a burst - ing pur - ple plum.....

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FUNNY LITTLE VISITORS

CHARACTERS

Dorothy, a little girl.

Good Cheer Fairy.

Visitors—Eskimo, Dutch, Japanese, Chinese, Siamese, African and Indian (one or more boys, or a boy and girl of each nationality or race).

COSTUMES

Dorothy wears ordinary clothing. Fairy wears white gauzy dress, white stockings and shoes, hair loose. The Visitors are dressed in the typical costumes of the country represented.

SCENE

A sitting room. Dorothy sits in rocking chair with large book in lap.

Dorothy (yawning)—

Oh, dear, it is so lonesome here,
I scarce know what to do;
There's not a soul to play with me,
And I've looked the pictures thru.

I wish that all these boys and girls
That's pictured in my book
Might really, truly come to life—
How funny they would look!

If only some good fairy hand
Would make them all come out,
I think 'twould be such jolly fun
To romp with them about.

I wish—but what's the use of it—
'Twould do no good, I know,
For fairies only walked and talked
A long, long time ago.

(A sound of tiny bells jingling off stage. Dorothy listens.
The Fairy enters.)

Fairy—

Say not that fairies live no more,
For I am one, my dear.
Tho' fairies you may ne'er have seen,
Be sure they do appear.

Dorothy—

Are you a truly fairy then?
Pray tell me what's your name?

Fairy—

I am the Fairy of Good Cheer;
To gladden your heart I came;
You'll find in me a fairy true
As e'er you've read about,
And now I'll ring my fairy bell,
And call the book folks out.

(The book may be placed on small stand at extreme right of stage, standing on end and partially opened, with back to audience. The fairy rings bell while reciting.)

Come one and all, from your pages small!
Come Jap and little Chinee!
Come Eskimo from the frozen North,
And Dutch from the Zuyder Zee!

Come everyone this maid to cheer
With merry sport and play.
We'll drive away her lonesomeness
And make her bright and gay.

(Enter Visitors at right, directly from behind book.)

Jap (with kite)—

I am a little Japanese
From the islands o'er the seas,
And many the pleasant times we have
Beneath the cherry trees.
Of course you've heard of the "Feast of Dolls,"
The little girls to please.
Then next comes the merry "Feast of Kites"
With thousands of kites like these.

(Marches about with kite held above head. If Japanese girl takes part she may carry doll.)

Chinese (with Chinese lantern at end of pole)—

I am a little Chinaman,
 And my name is Li Ching Chi,
 And when the "Feast of Lanterns" comes,—
 Oh, muchee glad am I,
 For then we'll have a grand parade,
 While the gongs and tom-toms go;
 And we'll march along like the Melican man,
 And hold our lanterns so.

(Marches about holding pole, with lantern forward.)

Eskimo (with spear, or "pin-and-ball"—see note)—

I am a little Eskimo
 From the icy northern land;
 We have great fun at pin-and-ball
 (Noo-glook-took),
 As we twirl it in our hand.
 Sometimes we play at reindeer hunt,
 And then we show great skill.
 We boys and girls all love to ride,
 With sledges, down the hill.

Dutch (with skates, or with paper pin-wheel)—

I come direct from the Netherlands,
 Where the pretty tulips grow,
 And the windmills turn the busy arms
 When the merry breezes blow.
 In summer we love the pretty flowers,
 But in winter 'tis just as nice,
 For—oh! such fun as we Hollanders have
 As we skim o'er the glistening ice.

(March about holding pin-wheel to front.)

Indians (with bows and arrows)—

We are little Indian folks
 From Hiawatha's land;
 We shoot the deer and the hungry wolves
 That roam in the forest grand,
 And every year we have a dance
 At the harvest of the corn,—
 Then "heap big fun" do the "Injuns" have,
 And we dance till break of morn.

(March about with bows and arrows drawn.)

Siamese—

I am a little Siamese,
 And I live on a funny boat;
 My brothers and sisters live with me,
 While on the bay we float.
 We can swim and dive like fish at sea
 For the water is warm and nice,
 But we never skate, we don't know how,
 And we never saw any ice.

African (with cocoanut)—

A little African am I;
 I live in the jungle land,
 And under the tall palm trees we play,
 A merry, dusky band.
 Sometimes we hunt the elephant,
 And maybe the zebra, too,
 And here's a cocoanut I've picked
 Especially for you.

(Holds cocoanut toward girl, then, marching about, hands it to her.)

All—

Oh, funny little folks are we,
 From all the world around,
 And some of us are black as coals,
 As black as can be found;

And some of us have yellow skins,
 And hair done up in queue;
 And some of us are fair to see,
 And just as white as you;

And some of us are brown as nuts
 That toast before the fire;
 And some are redskins strong and brave,
 With limbs that never tire.

Tho we may dwell in far-off lands,
 And different traits have we,
 You'll always find us full of fun,
 As children ought to be.

Dorothy—

Kind Fairy, I am very glad
You came to make me gay,
For every bit of lonesomeness
You've driven quite away.

Fairy (joined by others, sing to tune of "Yankee Doodle")—

Then let us sing a merry song,
And all be gay and jolly,
For life would not be worth the while
Without some fun and folly.

(Chorus)

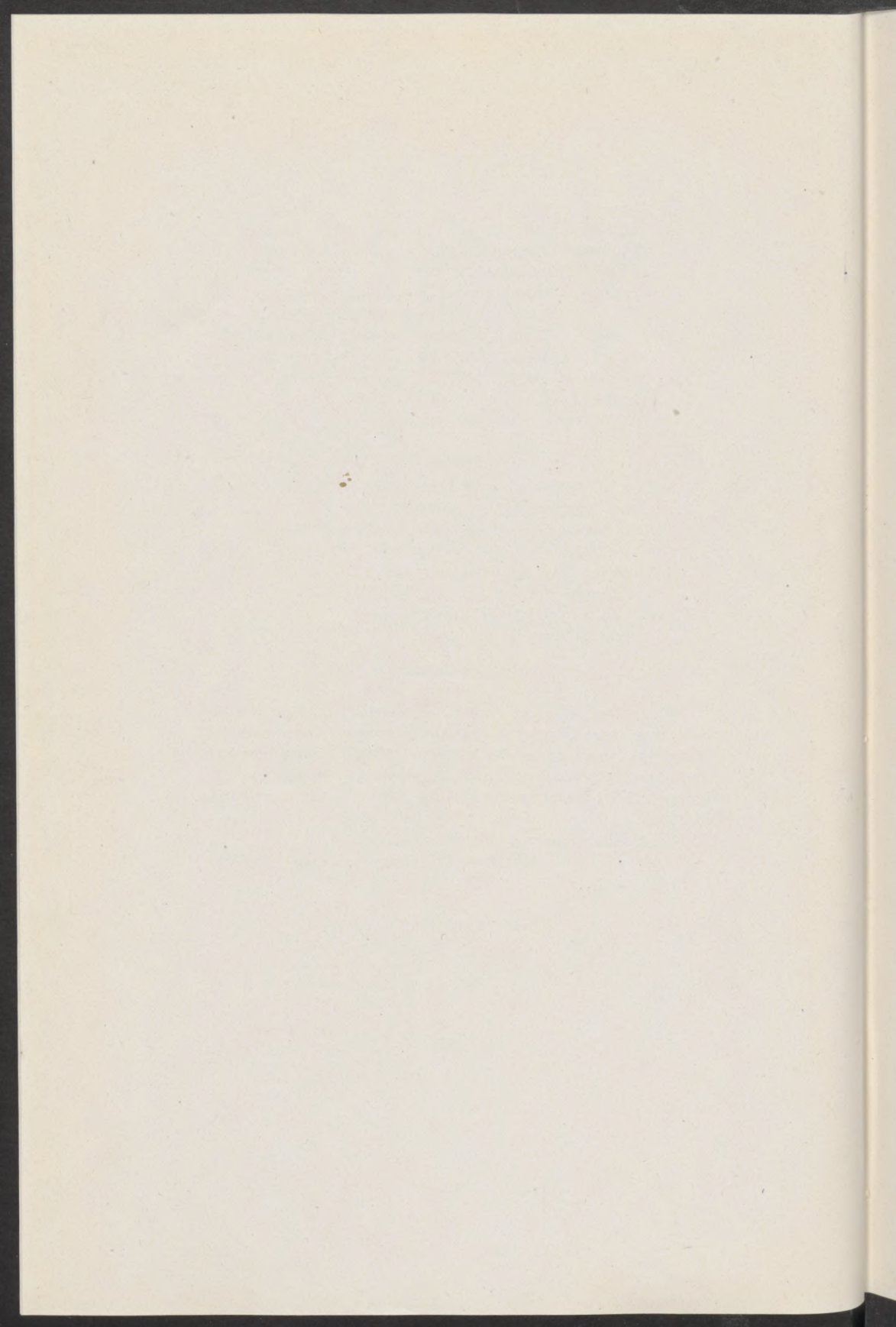
Then all join hands and dance around,
And dance around together;
We'll have a merry time today,
No matter what the weather.
Wherever may our homelands be,—
In jungle or in city,
Who fails to find his share of fun,
Deserves from us some pity.

Chorus—Curtain

NOTE.—The African, Indian, Siamese, Jap, and Chinese should have faces painted to indicate the race. The pin-and-ball, or Noo-glook-took, may consist of a small block of wood bored full of holes and attached by a string to a pointed wooden pin. The object is to hold the pin and twirl the block so that it will lodge upon the pin point.

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By WILLIS N. BUGBEE, *from School Century*.
Syracuse, N. Y.



NEW YEAR'S DAY

*A new year in which to work,
Another year in which to grow,
New days in which to transform life—
All joy if love be there.*

M. C. C. B.



"RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW"

Copyright 1900 by E. A. Perry.

Painted by Edwin Blashfield.

By permission Perry Picture Co.

WE PETITION THEE

Stand near us, thou of the supreme vision,
 When midnight bells toll the death of the year.
 Oh, be thou nigh in the night's transition
 Which heralds the dawn that is creeping near.

On the threshold of years, half gay, half tearful,
 We wait expectant in hope, in fear,
 In this day's last moment to welcome a year full
 Of days—full measure—with high good cheer.

O'er the trackless field of our new endeavor
 Chart us a way that shall lead us true,
 Through cloud and sunburst, in safety ever,
 One step nearer the goal—and you.

Philadelphia North American.

INSPIRATION

A still small voice in childhood
 A beckoning hand in youth,
 An impulse prompting justice,
 A heart inclined to truth,
 A firm resolve to follow
 The path where saints have trod—
 Some of us call it Conscience,
 And others call it God.

A will to face the darkness
 Of life's last setting sun,
 An uncomplaining spirit
 When the race of life is run,
 To see our best-loved treasures
 Beneath the mounded sod—
 Some of us call it Courage,
 And others call it God.

AUTHOR UNIDENTIFIED.

A TOAST TO THE YEAR

Here's to the year that passes now,
 Our heart to it was warm,
 It gave us many a pleasant hour
 And more of sun than storm,
 And piled the fodder high.
 It filled the mills with wheat and corn,
 And made the wheels of commerce hum,
 But we must say good-bye.

Here's to the year, the glad new year,
 A sparkle with the frost,
 And may it bring us better things
 Than any we have lost.
 A brighter hope, a broader faith,
 A seed for every clod,
 A little less of greed and gain,
 A little more of God.

MINNA IRVING.

 HABITS FOR THE NEW YEAR

1. The habit of quietness.
2. The habit of thoughtfulness.
3. The habit of cheerfulness.
4. The habit of helpfulness.
5. The habit of frankness.
6. The habit of politeness.
7. The habit of work.
8. The habit of neatness in work.
9. The habit of enjoyment of work.
10. The habit of pleasure in work well done.
11. The habit of promptness.
12. The habit of regularity.
13. The habit of attentiveness.
14. The habit of directness.
15. The habit of clearness.
16. The habit of preparedness.

17. The habit of sticktoitiveness.
18. The habit of appreciation.
19. The habit of enthusiasm.
20. The habit of correct speaking.
21. The habit of system.
22. The habit of economy of time.
23. The habit of loyalty.
24. The habit of contentment.
25. The habit of just keeping human.

SUPT. C. H. BARNES, ST. CLOUD, in *School Education*.

MY WISH

If any word of mine
 May make a life the brighter;
 If any little song of mine
 May make a heart the lighter,
 God help me speak the little word,
 And take my bit of singing
 And drop it in some lonely vale,
 To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of mine
 May make a life the sweeter;
 If any little care of mine
 May make a friend's the fleeter;
 If any life of mine may ease
 The burden of another;
 God give me love, and care, and strength
 To help my toiling brother.

Endeavor Herald.

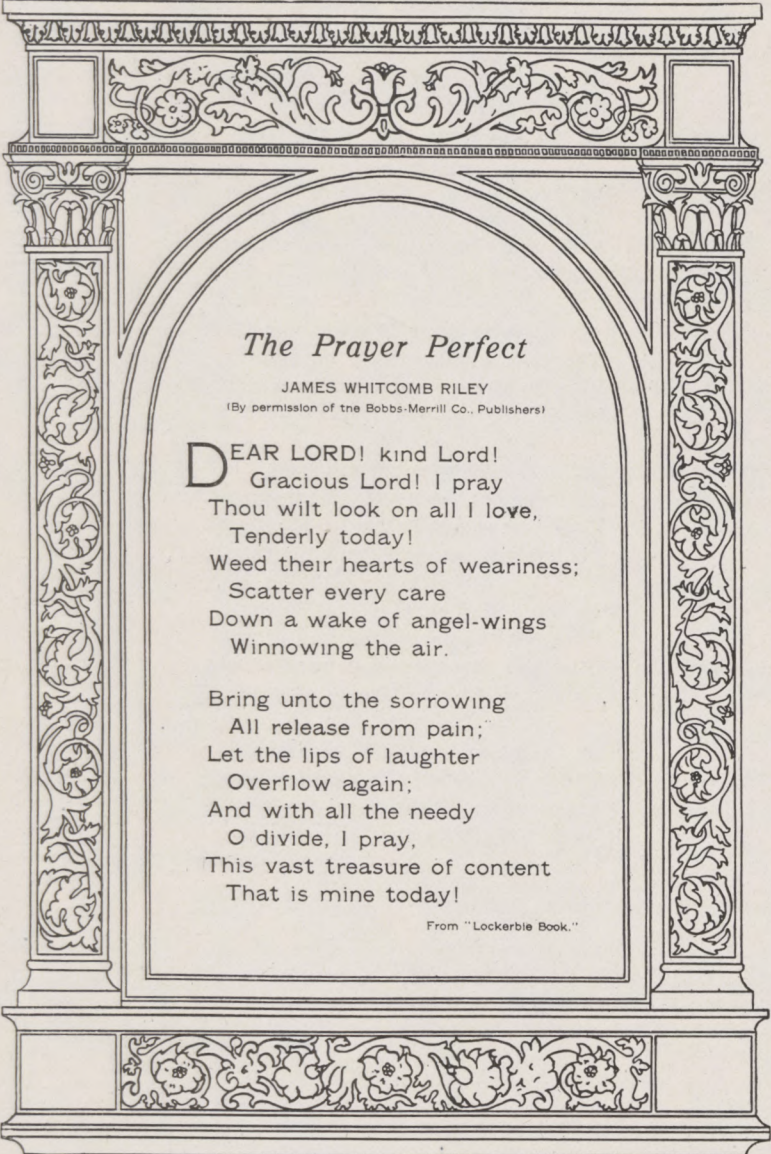
The measure of respect you show to other people—
 scrub-woman, hodcarrier and all—is the measure of re-
 spect you feel for yourself.

IMMORTAL LIFE

Immortal life is something to be earned
 By slow self-conquest, comradeship with pain
 And patient seeking after higher fruths.
 We cannot follow our own wayward wills,
 And feed our baser appetites, and give
 Loose rein to foolish tempers, year on year,
 And then cry, "Lord, forgive me; I believe!"
 And straightway bathe in glory. Men must learn
 God's system is too grand a thing for that,
 The spark Divine dwells in our souls, and we
 Can fan it to a steady flame of light
 Whose luster gilds the pathway to the tomb
 And shines on through eternity; or else
 Neglect it till it glimmers down to death,
 And leaves us but the darkness of the grave.
 Each conquered passion feeds the living flame.
 Each well borne sorrow is a step t'wards God.
 Faith cannot rescue, and no blood redeem
 The soul that will not reason and resolve.
 Lean on thyself, yet prop thyself with prayer;
 (All hope is prayer. Who calls it hope no more,
 Sends prayer footsore forth o'er weary wastes;
 While he who calls it hope gives wings to prayer.)
 And there are spirits, messengers of love,
 Who come at call to fortify our strength;
 Make friends with them, and with thine inner self;
 Cast out all envy, bitterness and hate,
 And keep the mind's fair tabernacle pure.
 Shake hands with grief, give greeting unto pain—
 Those angels in disguise; and thy glad soul
 From height to height, from star to shining star,
 Shall climb and claim blest immortality.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Do it now.
 I can and I will.



The Prayer Perfect

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

(By permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Publishers)

DEAR LORD! kind Lord!
Gracious Lord! I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love,
Tenderly today!
Weed their hearts of weariness;
Scatter every care
Down a wake of angel-wings
Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing
All release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter
Overflow again;
And with all the needy
O divide, I pray,
This vast treasure of content
That is mine today!

From "Lockerbie Book."

RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

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 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 old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

New Year Resolutions.

T. B. W.

T. B. WEAVER.

The musical score is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/8 time. It consists of five lines of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and so on. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

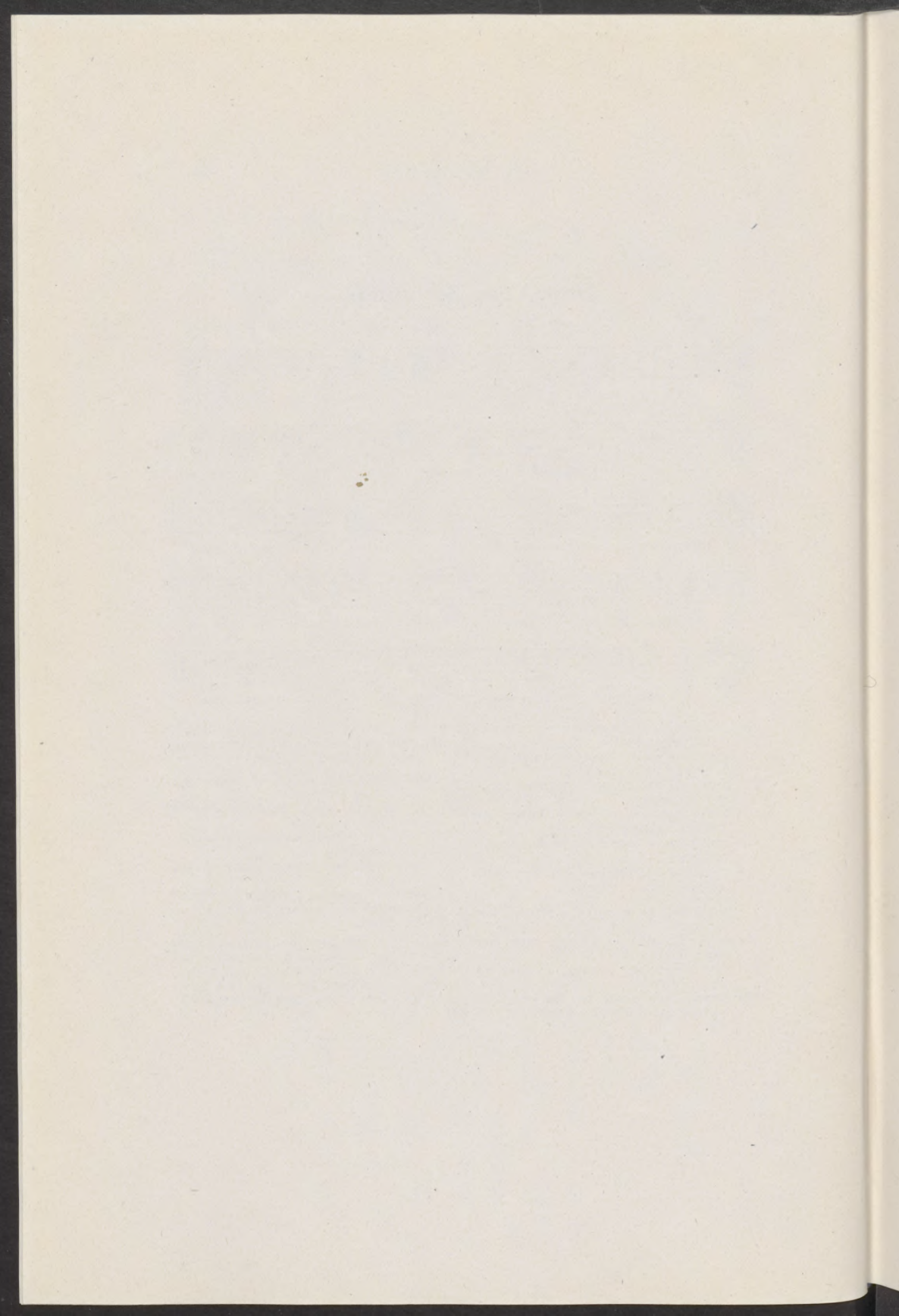
1. Oh, I will be a farm - er, Have a - cres broad and fair, En - joy the
 best of ev - 'ry thing—Pure wa - ter and pure air. I'll rise up with the
 morn - ing and catch the sun's first beam; I'll be a king in my do - main
 And reign in joy su - preme. A farm - er, a farm - er, a farm - er
 I will be;— Be hap - py, con - tent - ed, and health - y and free.

2. Oh, I will be a merchant with loaded shelves and tills,
 And have my well-pleased customers and large and paid-up bills;
 I'll be to all obliging, have true friends by the score,
 I'll keep the best of ev'ry thing, and have a well-stocked store.
 A merchant, a merchant, a merchant I will be!
 For quality and prices right, be sure to call on me.
3. Oh, I will be a sailor, a sailor's life for me!
 My ship will sail to foreign ports, and many lands I'll see;
 I'll ride the rolling ocean, and have the best of health,
 My cargoes too shall be the best, and bring me trade and wealth.

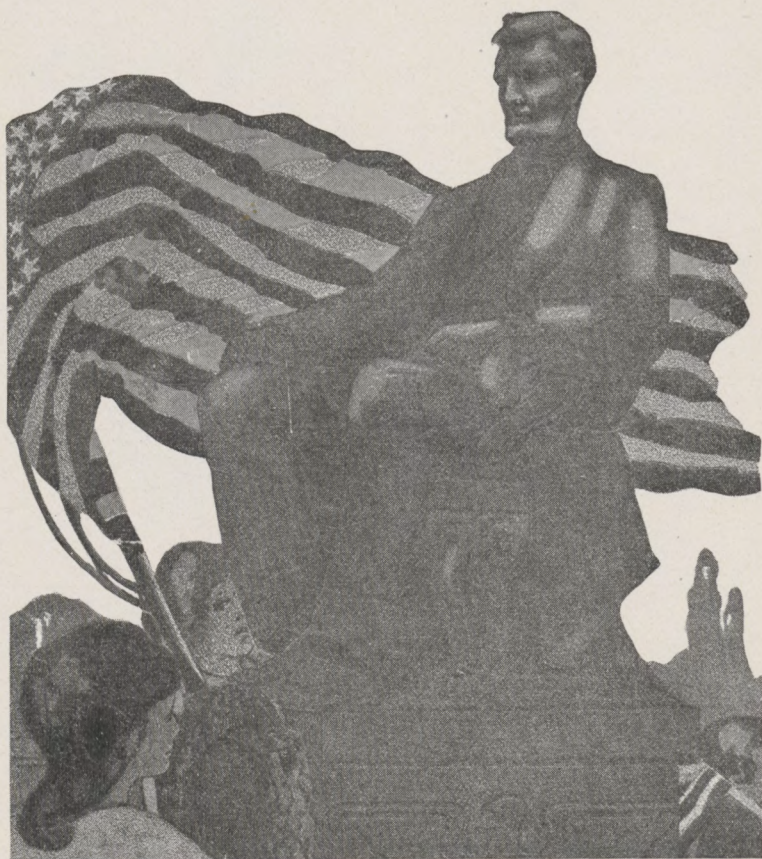
A sailor, a sailor, a sailor's life for me!
 My ship shall sail the Stars and Stripes,
 the emblem of the free!

4. Oh, I will be a soldier of honor and of fame;
 I'll try to win by noble deeds a loved and honored name,
 I'll keep our starry banner the best in all the world,
 Triumphant for the cause of right, in victory unfurled.
 A soldier, a soldier, a soldier I will be!
 A champion of freedom, of peace and liberty!

*[NOTE:—The boys that intend to be farmers may stand and pantomime the actions of a farmer while the school sings the first stanza; and in like manner the other stanzas may be acted.—T. W. B.]



LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY



THE FIRST AMERICAN

THE HAND OF LINCOLN

Look on this cast, and know the hand
That bore a nation in its hold;
From this mute witness understand
What Lincoln was—how large of mould.

The man who sped the woodman's team,
And deepest sunk the ploughman's share,
And pushed the laden raft a-stream,
Of fate before him unaware.

This was the hand that knew to swing
The axe—since thus would Freedom train
Her son—and made the forest ring,
And drove the wedge, and toiled amain.

Firm hand, that loftier office took,
A conscious leader's will obeyed,
And, when men sought his word and look,
With steadfast might the gathering swayed.

No courtier's toying with a sword,
No minstrel's, laid across a lute;
A chief's, uplifted to the Lord
When all the kings of earth were mute!

The hand of Anak, sinewed, strong,
The fingers that on greatness clutch;
Yet, lo! the marks their lines along
Of one who strove and suffered much.

For here in knotted cord and vein
I trace the varying chart of years;
I know the troubled heart, the strain,
The weight of Atlas—and the tears.

Again I see the patient brow
The palm erewhile was wont to press;
And now 'tis furrowed deep, and now
Made smooth with hope and tenderness.

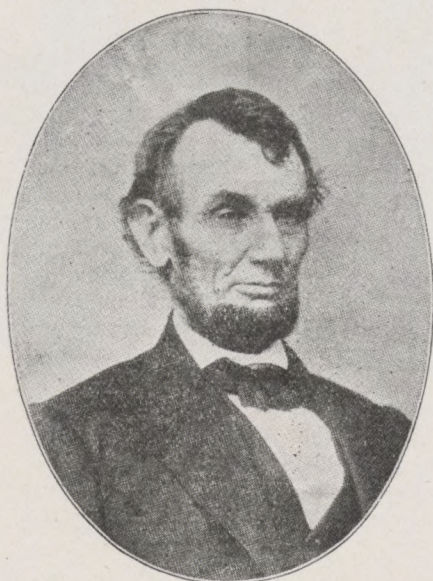
For something of a formless grace
This moulded outline plays about;
A pitying flame, beyond our trace,
Breathes like a spirit, in and out.

The love that casts an aureole
Round one who, longer to endure,
Called mirth to ease his ceaseless dole,
Yet kept his nobler purpose sure.

Lo, as I gaze, the statued man,
Built up from yon large hand, appears;
A type that Nature wills to plan
But once in all a people's years.

What better than this voiceless cast
To tell of such a one as he,
Since through its living semblance passed
The thought that bade a race be free!

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.



And when the victory shall be complete, when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth, how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to have been the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions that shall have ended in that victory.

February 22, 1842.

A. LINCOLN.

A LINCOLN LEGEND

"The farmers in Central Illinois claim that the brown thrush did not sing for a year after he died."

From Nicolay and Hay's Life of Abraham Lincoln.

Just fifty years ago today
 The brown thrush checked its liquid song! How could
 It thrill its roundelay when one who loved
 All helpless things lay mute and cold! When hands
 Which oft had raised the fallen fledglings up
 And placed them gently back in their home nest
 Were smitten down—forever stilled! Not for
 A year, the legends say, did throistles sing
 Again. Then o'er the hushed and mourning world
 They poured their carols forth once more—as though
 Rejoicing that the spirit-dawn for which
 They longed had come again.

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true;
 I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what
 light I have;
 I must stand with anybody that stands right,
 Stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes
 wrong.

LINCOLN.

After all, the one meaning of life is to be kind.

LINCOLN.

ORATION FOR LINCOLN'S DAY

“‘Abe Lincoln,’ as they loved to call him, is living and is honored every year more and more as the snows melt from his grave, not so much because of what he did, although what he did was magnificent, but because of what he believed his countrymen of America could do.”

DR. D. S. MUZZEY.

A STORY FOR THIRD AND FOURTH GRADES

LINCOLN'S FRIENDS

(From “He Knew Lincoln”)

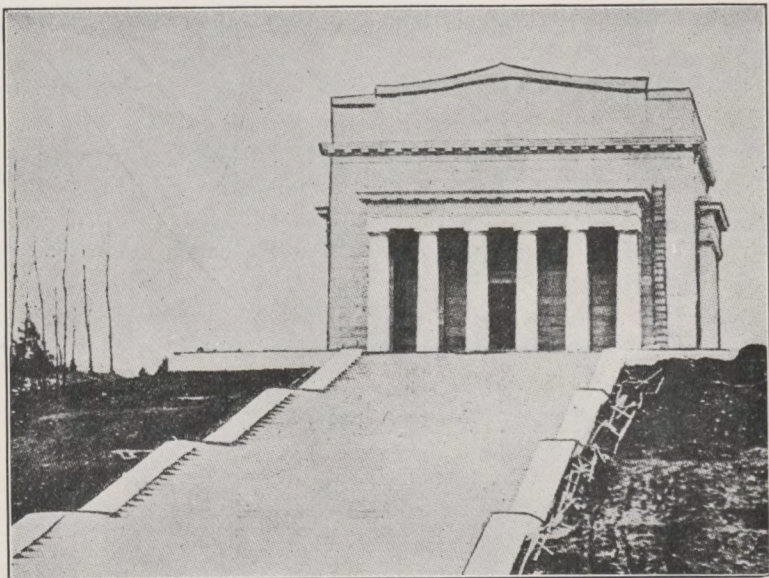
“Mr. Lincoln didn't put on any airs. No, sir, and he didn't cut any of his old friends, either. Tickled to death to see 'em every time, and they all come—blamed if every old man and woman in Sangamon county didn't trot up here to see him. They'd all knowed him when he was keepin' store down to New Salem and swingin' a chain—surveyed lots of their towns for 'em he had—and then he'd electioneered all over that county, too, so they just come in droves to bid him goodbye. I was over there one day when old Aunt Sally Lowdy came in the door. Aunt Sally lived down near New Salem, and I expect she'd mended Mr. Lincoln's pants many a time; for all them old women down there just doted on him and took care of him as if he was their own boy. Well, Aunt Sally stood lookin' kind a scared seein' so many strangers and not knowin' precisely what to do, when Mr. Lincoln spied her. Quick as a wink he said, ‘Excuse me, gentlemen,’ and he just rushed over to that old woman and shook hands with both of his'n and says, ‘Now, Aunt Sally, this is real kind of you to come and see me. How are you and how's Jake?’ (Jake was her boy.) ‘Come right over here,’ and he led her over, as if she was the biggest lady in Illinois, and says, ‘Gentlemen, this is a good old friend

of mine. She can make the best flapjacks you ever tasted, and she's baked 'em for me many a time.' Aunt Sally was jest as pink an' rosy, she was so tickled. And she says, 'Abe'—all the old folks in Sangamon called him Abe. They knew him as a boy, but don't you believe anybody ever did up here. No, sir, we said Mr. Lincoln. He was like one of us, but he wasn't no man to be over familiar with. 'Abe,' says Aunt Sally, 'I had to come and say goodbye. They say down our way they're goin' to kill you if they get you down to Washington, but I don't believe it. I just tell 'em you're too smart to let 'em git ahead of you that way. I thought I'd come and bring you a present, knit 'em myself,' and I'll be blamed if that old lady didn't pull out a great big pair of yarn socks and hand 'em to Mr. Lincoln.

"Well sir, it was the funniest thing to see Mr. Lincoln's face pucker up and his eyes twinkle and twinkle. He took them socks and held 'em up by the toes, one in each hand. They were the longest socks I ever saw. 'That lady got my latitude and longitude 'bout right, didn't she, gentlemen?' he says, and then he laid 'em down and he took Aunt Sally's hand and he says, tender like, 'Aunt Sally, you couldn't a-done nothin' which would have pleased me better. I'll take 'em to Washington and wear 'em, and think of you when I do it.' And I declare he said it so, first thing I knew I was almost blubberin', and I wasn't the only one, either, and I bet he did wear 'em in Washington. I can jest see him pullin' off his shoe and showin' them socks to Sumner or Seward or some other big bug that was botherin' him when he wanted to switch off on another subject and tellin' 'em the story about Aunt Sally and her flapjacks."—*In School Education.*

THE FAREWELL ADDRESS AT SPRINGFIELD

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



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln stands out on the pages of his country's history, a figure at once grand, unique, and peculiar. He is the highest type of an American of the people and for the people. Born in a prairie cabin that had not a window, and cradled in poverty, rudeness, and ignorance, he passed his boyhood without even the privilege of the poor schools of his time; yet he managed to rise to the highest position of trust and honor in the land. Out of nothingness he merged into a character "so strong and pure, so commanding and so winning, that a great nation, in the hour of its sore necessity, thankfully accepted him for its leader, loved him as its father, and in the hour of his martyrdom mourned him with a sorrow inconsolable, named him its saint, and wept amid the lamentations of humanity."

Passing over his early struggles and his rise to political power, let us view him as he stands in front of the Capitol, March 4, 1861. Note his six feet four of serene, brave, homely manhood. How his gray eyes kindle and flash in the faces of the throng before him! And such a throng! Friends, enemies, luke-warm souls, conspirators. Here is retiring-president Buchanan, whose irresolution has permitted secession to get a good headway; yonder is Chief Justice Taney and his associates, whose "perverse ingenuity formulated the Dred Scott Decision;" near at hand is William H. Seward, the rival whom he has just out-distanced. Stephen A. Douglas, the "Little Giant" who has so often wrestled with him, and who has all his life longed to overthrow him, holds his hat; while scattered here and there are men soon to become conspicuous in the ranks of the rebel army. Hear the solemn, beautiful words, so full of dignity, which mark the closing sentences of his inaugural address: "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, are

the momentous issues of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it. I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it will not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

And do these gentle words have any effect upon the men who have committed themselves to the breaking of the Union and the founding of a confederacy which shall have slavery for its corner-stone? Nay. It is too late to turn aside the red hand of rebellion. Slowly, and with the utmost solemnness, Mr. Lincoln takes the oath of office which is to place him in the executive chair of the nation at the most perilous period of her national existence, and retires to the White House, where the remainder of his days are to be passed. Here is a sumptuous elegance and formality to which he is entirely unaccustomed, but he adjusts himself with a simple, unassuming grace which marks him truly to the purple born.

Everything about the government is in confusion, seven states are in secession and have already organized a rebel government at Montgomery, Alabama. The heart of the South is afire, for young men are in arms, and war is imminent. No time is to be lost, and Lincoln does not hesitate. He summons about him a cabinet of able men famed for their leadership. William H. Seward, of New York, is made Secretary of State; Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of War; Gideon Welles, of Connecticut, Secretary of the Navy; Salmon P. Chase, of

Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury; Edward Bates, of Missouri, Attorney-General; and Montgomery Blair, of Maryland, Postmaster-General, a notable group!

And there is work in plenty for all! Every department of the government in Washington and elsewhere is filled with secessionist sympathizers, who are in every way giving aid and comfort to the enemies of the Union. The diplomatic departments abroad are made up of men appointed with the purpose of moulding European opinion against the government, and securing sympathy and aid for the cause of the rebellion. Naturally the first labor must be to clean these Augean stables. The next important work is to strengthen quietly the hands of the government, wherever possible without rousing a pretext for the commencement of Southern hostilities. Furthermore, something was necessary to unite the scattered impulses of the Northern politicians. This something was supplied April 12, 1861, when the stars and stripes were fired upon at Fort Sumter. Never before in the history of the world did a people rally more quickly. The flag must be protected and the rebellious states forced to return.

Lincoln was now supplied with a course of action. He at once issued a proclamation calling seventy-five thousand volunteers to defend the nation. Washington was rendered safe against surprise and capture, and the army and navy were strengthened as much as possible. Then on the 19th day of July began that terrible and bloody battle of Bull Run, which ended two days later in the utter rout of the Union army and their panic-stricken, disorderly flight to Washington. It was an eye-opener to the nation and possibly a blessing in an awful disguise. "It brought the people of the country to realize how terrible a war had come upon us," says Peters, "and that if we would win, we must become more imbued with the spirit and scathless courage of the Revolutionary

patriots who taught us such a glorious lesson of endurance and devotion to a holy cause."

It followed hard on the heels of the president's first message to Congress, urging it to "make the contest short and decisive by placing at the control of the government one hundred thousand men and four hundred millions of dollars," and roused them to action as nothing else could. They voted five hundred millions of dollars and placed five hundred thousand troops at the disposal of the president, with firm assurances of hearty endorsement for the measures so far employed. But there were all sorts of delays and discouragements. Congress had many Southern sympathizers who protested and voted against every loyal measure; the Trent affair aroused the country to a dangerous pitch, and trouble with England was averted only by the masterly diplomacy of our able Secretary of State, William H. Seward. Then came the battle of Shiloh and the subsequent opening of the Mississippi, together with a general lightening of the Union horizon, which encouraged the president to put into action a plan which he had been considering for some time. He issued a general proclamation, September 22, 1862, advising the states in rebellion that if they did not return to loyalty by January, 1863, he would issue a proclamation emancipating their slaves. Weeks passed, the appointed hour came, and with it the most memorable document in the history of the country—the great Emancipation Proclamation, the crowning act of Lincoln's career, upon which he invoked "the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

Now the tide of battle turned in favor of the Union, and ere the close of Lincoln's term his purpose had well-nigh been accomplished. From the beginning he had been the inspiring leader, the head of his own government, despite all those who would have swayed and influenced him. But the strain was great. He was strong and ro-



STATUE OF LINCOLN IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO

bust as a backwoodsman when he entered upon his duties; the burden of his country's war; the mistakes, jealousies and malice of men converted him into a prematurely worn and aged man, tired in body and soul. He had, too, a presentiment that he should not outlast the rebellion, and prayerfully sought to do his duty in even the smallest things. And what success was his! Never faltering in his steady course, wisely avoiding entanglements with foreign powers till our crisis should be passed, practising humanity, kindness, and justice that sterner men thought a laxity of discipline, approachable to all who had an errand or who needed to invoke his strong, kind-hearted assistance, he stood a gracious, manly figure supported by Divine guidance.

INEZ N. McFEE, *in Normal Instructor.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
 Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
 His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
 His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
 His lack of all we prize as debonair,
 Of power or will to shine, or art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
 Judging each step as though the way were plain,
 Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
 Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain:

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
 The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
 Between the mourners at his head and feet,
 Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you*?

Yes; he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen:
To make me own this kind of prince's peer,
This rail-splitter, a true-born king of men.

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

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might.

So he grew up a destined work to do,
And lived to do it; four long-suffering years,
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs, were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame:
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

ANONYMOUS.



The
Lonely Lincoln -
With His Friends

GUTZON BORGUM, the sculptor, is an American. All his life Borglum has dreamed of making a Lincoln which would be his masterpiece. He has thought about Lincoln as a lonely man. Lincoln had no intimates. The burden of his heart he carried alone. It was his custom, during the war and up to the time of his assassination to go in the dark night hours to the wall back of the White House and sit there by the quiet fireplace under the stars, and think and suffer and pray—alone. To Borglum this meant the real Lincoln: the Man, bearing the burdens and fighting his fight, and communing with God—alone. And so he wrought it in bronze: Lincoln seated on the low stone bench, the sorrow of his people written on his weary face and sagging figure. That was Borglum's dream. He caught the spirit of sadness and loneliness, and scored it into bronze. And he called it the Lonely Lincoln. The picture below shows graphically what Newark did with the lonely Lincoln. He has not had a day in Newark since the unveiling five years ago. The feet of little children have perceptibly worn down the steps which lead to the bench where Lincoln sits—*but not alone.*

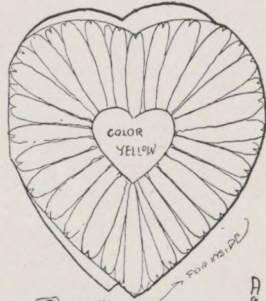
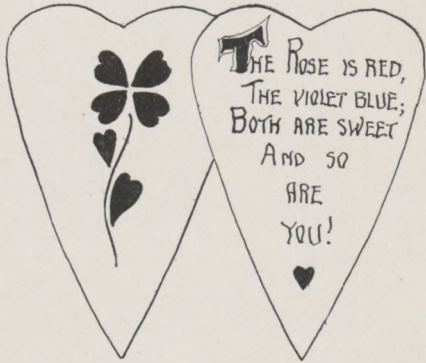
By courtesy of Gutzon Borglum

Photograph by Arnold Genthe

In the "Advertiser"

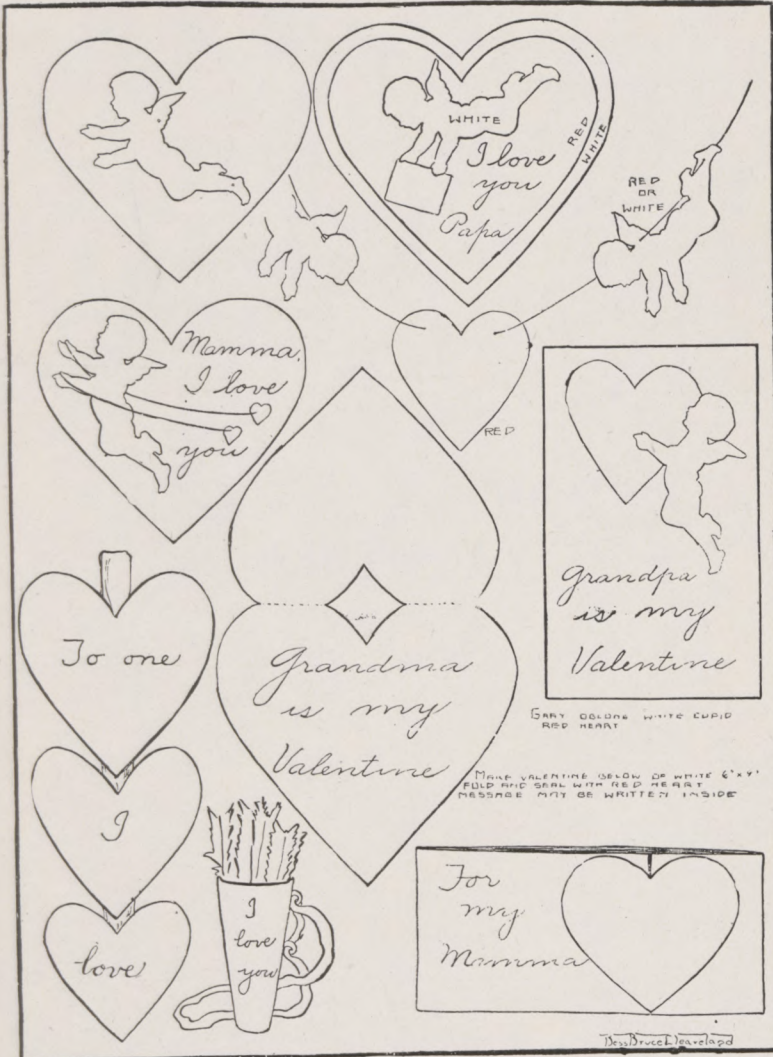
ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

VALENTINES



ONE I LOVE,
TWO I LOVE,
THREE I LOVE, I SAY.

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FROM "PRIMARY PLANS"



SUSAN B. ANTHONY'S
BIRTHDAY

FAILURE IS IMPOSSIBLE

If I have lived to any purpose, carry on the work I have to lay down.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.



SUSAN B. ANTHONY, THE PATHFINDER

Susan B. Anthony, the Pathfinder, and her colleagues blazed the trees and pioneered the way to secure equal rights for women—social, civil and political. When they began their crusade, woman in social life was “cabin’d, cribbed, confined,” to an extent which can scarcely be conceived by the present independent and self-reliant generation; in law, she was little better than a slave; in poli-

tics, a mere cipher. Today, in society she has practically unlimited freedom; in the business world most of the obstacles have been removed; the laws, altho' still unjust in many respects, have been revolutionized in her favor; in ten states women have the full franchise and in several others some form of suffrage, and in each campaign their recognition as a political factor grows more marked. Miss Anthony did more than any one else to secure these concessions. She was the only woman who ever gave her whole time and effort to this one end, with no division of interest. She devoted about sixty years of the hardest, most persistent labor for this reform. When she embarked in the unpopular cause, she was treated contemptuously, often insultingly, but in spite of it, selflessly continued to row upstream.

When she was seventeen, she left the home of her Quaker parents and taught school for one dollar a week and board. The next term she taught a district school for \$1.50 a week and "boarded 'round," which was then considered excellent wages for a woman. For several years, she and one of her sisters taught for \$2 or \$2.50 a week and board. It was in these days of teaching that she saw with indignation the injustice practiced toward women. Repeatedly she would take a school which a male teacher had been obliged to give up on account of inefficiency, and, although she made a thorough success, would receive only one-fourth of his salary. It was the custom everywhere to pay men four times the wages of women for exactly the same amount of work; often not so well done. Miss Anthony was the first woman to publicly speak for the right of women to fill the position of principal in the public schools. Year after year, at the teachers' conventions, she insisted that women teachers should hold office, serve on committees and exercise free speech; demanded that they should be eligible to all positions in the schools with equal pay for equal work. All these points, with the exception of equal pay, have been

gained. For the privileges which are enjoyed by many of the women teachers of the present day, they are indebted first of all to Susan B. Anthony.

Previous to 1848, when the property bill allowed a married woman to hold real estate in her own name in New York, the old common law had for centuries held women in its iron grasp; all the property which a woman owned at marriage and all she might receive by gift or inheritance passed into the possession of the husband; the rents and profits belonged to him, and he could sell it during his lifetime or dispose of it by will at his death except her life interest in one-third of the real estate. The more thoughtful among women were beginning to ask why other unjust laws should not also be repealed, and the whole question of the rights of women thus opened, the first Woman's Rights Convention being held at Seneca Falls in 1848. Miss Anthony became deeply interested, was made secretary in 1852 and shortly afterwards became recognized as one of the ablest and most zealous advocates, both as a public speaker and as a writer, of the complete equality of the two sexes.

There was at that time practically no regulation of the liquor business, nor was there any public sentiment against intemperance as exists at the present day. The wife of a drunkard was completely at his mercy. He had the entire custody of the children and full control of anything she might earn. If she were compelled to get a divorce on account of the infidelity of her husband, she forfeited all right to the property which they had earned together, while the husband, who was the offender, still retained sole possession and control of the estate. She, the innocent party, went out childless and portionless by decree of law, and he, the criminal, retained home and children by favor of the same law. A drunkard could take his wife's clothing to pay his rum bills, and the court declared that the action was legal because the wife

belonged to the husband. Oppressed by the weight of injustice and tyranny of ages, woman knew nothing except to suffer in silence; she had not learned that she had even the poor right of protest. Realizing this, Miss Anthony became very active in temperance work and organized a number of societies, displaying that executive ability which was destined to make her famous.

A few weeks before a state convention at Albany, N. Y., she trudged from house to house in stormy weather to secure names for a petition that married women should be entitled to the wages they earned and to the equal guardianship of their children, and for suffrage. She got several thousand names, but many of the women slammed the door in her face with the statement that they had all the rights they wanted, although at this time an employer was bound by law to pay the wife's wages to the husband, and the father had the power to apprentice young children without the mother's consent, and even to dispose of them by will at his death.

Not only did Miss Anthony give all her time and perform far greater labor than any other person who endeavored to clear the path for other suffrage workers, but she also took the whole financial responsibility. The anxiety of this can hardly be imagined, but she was seldom discouraged and never daunted. She never hesitated because she had not money, but went boldly forward, trusting to collections and contributions to pay expenses. Sometimes she came out even, sometimes behind. The ruling characteristic of her life seemed to be courage, moral and physical.

MISS ANNIE BELL REDD.

WHY WOMEN SHOULD BE GIVEN THE BALLOT

When a man tells you that the majority of women do not want to vote, and, therefore, equal suffrage should not be granted, set him down as one who considers that a statement is an argument and that conversation is a substitute for logic.

If equal suffrage were compulsory it might be a hardship to force it upon those who do not want it. The women who do not want to vote will, after the right of suffrage is granted, occupy exactly the same right to interpose their inertia as a reason why women who wish to vote should be told they shall not.

* * *

Voting is the act of recording your political preferences.

All people who are not mental defectives are interested in good government.

For a woman to exercise her sense of choice between political candidates is both natural and right. No one will dispute this save those strange male men who imagine that through the accident of sex one-half of the race should be penalized, and those other male men, equally strange, who, without the sense of humor, maintain that brains is a monopoly of the male.

Education up to the time of Friedrich Froebel was the evolution of intellect.

Froebel held that education for character was the only education worth striving for.

Now comes Stanley Hall, who not only indorses Froebel's dictum, but declares that the first aim in the education of both boys and girls should be in the line of enabling the pupil to earn his own living.

And to earn your own living you must be able to serve humanity.

Society is a vast interchange of service through labor, ideas and commodities.

Now, before you can wait on others you must be able to wait on yourself.

And before you can wait on yourself you have to decide on what should be done and what you want to do.

"The ability to make a decision—to think—then decide—is the very first element in pedagogy," said Froebel.

Again he says to mothers: "Do not decide everything for your children. You can not live their lives for them; and life consists in making decisions—clinging to the good and rejecting the wrong."

* * *

Let me here say that women are the mothers of the race—the mothers of men. I hope that no dogmatist will arise and dispute the proposition.

So let us agree that women are the mothers of men.

Following this, I would also say that a woman's children partake of her qualities; that a weak, irritable, idle and vain mother will be apt to produce a brood that resembles her.

On the other hand, the children of a wise, patient, helpful and practical mother will be very apt to produce a brood that resembles her.

If she has exercised her sense of choice, has made decisions and come to conclusions, it will be easy for her offspring to do likewise. When you decide, you think. And no one can intelligently decide without being better for the effort.

"The making of decisions leads to the habit of self-reliance," says Froebel. And so I am led to believe that the right of suffrage is a movement toward the higher mental development of woman.

* * *

The welfare of the human race demands that mothers should extend and widen their mental visions, and that

all which tends to enlarge woman's mentality is good, and that which tends to limit, repress or suppress her is bad.

The suffrage for woman means freedom—freedom from her own limitations. It means a better education of women. And woman needs education for three reasons:

First, for her own happiness and satisfaction.

Second, so she may be a better mother and add her influence to racial education.

Third, so she may be a better companion for man, for all strong men are educated by women.

There may be good reasons why woman should be debarred from exercising her natural right to have her political preferences recorded, but I do not know what they are. All of the reasons which have been brought forward why women who wish to vote should not be allowed to vote have been exploded—try something new, or read the "Essay on Silence!"

ELBERT HUBBARD.

A TRIBUTE TO WOMAN

If the civilization of a country can be accurately measured by the estimation in which women are held, then the progress and wisdom of a municipality may be correctly calculated by the number of women holding positions of trust and honor. I believe that the future development and the moral and material uplift of all cities would be greatly promoted if more of our competent and sensible women could officially participate in the management and execution of the city's affairs.

There are in every community plenty of splendid women who are eminently qualified to fill with dignity and ability any position to which they may be called. I have more than once expressed my profound satisfaction

and my cordial acquiescence in the appointment of a woman to the Board of Education. My estimation of woman is based largely upon the esteem and the affectionate regard in which I hold my personal friends, and my knowledge of the efficiency and worth of the women who teach in the public schools.

It is true, as has been said, there is no time in the life of a man when he is not dependent upon woman. In infancy and old age he is dependent upon her tenderness and care; in middle life she is his inspiration and help. What is true of individuals is true of communities also. Whether it be in the beautifying of a city, the upbuilding of schools or hospitals, the alleviation of suffering, the people's pleasure, or the betterment of conditions generally, seldom is any genuine progress made or permanent good achieved without the help and co-operation of women.

M. R. F. McCARTHY,
President of the Board of Education.
Binghamton, N. Y.

FREEDOM'S LOAD

Oh, have you seen the paragon,
The woman with the blinders on?
She holds her head so very high
Her eyes can only see the sky.
She struts along the street so gay,
Content with what she has today.
She has so much she wants no more,
So seldom thinks about the poor.
She never turns her head to see
How she can help humanity!

Fie, fie, for shame, that there should be
 Those women in this land so free,
 Who care to put the blinders on,
 Who dare to play the paragon!
 They may upon their husband dote,
 Yet shrink to help him with their vote.
 They may adore their girl and boy,
 Yet with their precious welfare toy.
 They may be beautiful to see,
 But to be useful must be free!

Tear off your blinders, quickly, then,
 And gaze about you at the men.
 Since they're in need, or drunk, or ill,
 Go try to help them up life's hill.
 Help clear the way that they must tread,
 Since they are dwarfed and underfed.
 Vote better laws and better pay;
 Protect all homes along the way;
 Awake the soul that in you lives,
 And bear the load that Freedom gives!

ADELINE M. MURPHY.

QUESTION IS BROADER

A popular drawing of a few years ago showed a woman's head, with her hair forming a question mark, and bore the title "The Eternal Question." That seems to be more true today than ever. The woman question is getting broader, and has spread out into politics. One weekly magazine frankly makes a specialty of the feminist movement. All over the country the woman's suffrage movement is taking on renewed life. In my opinion, by nineteen twenty women will be voting in a majority of the states, and in nineteen thirty they will be voting everywhere in America. This is coming to pass, and politicians might as well get ready for it.—*Rome (Ga.) Tribune-Herald.*

HUSBAND'S CONFESSION

Yesterday Mirandy voted,
 But so far I haven't noted
 That she sprouted any whiskers or adopted trouserettes;
 And she hasn't indicated
 Since she got emancipated
 That she means to start our raiding with a bunch of suffragettes.

Took her half an hour to do it,
 And as soon as she was through it,
 She went hustling home without a stop to scrub the pantry floor;
 Cooked dinner, did some baking,
 Trimmed the dress that she was making,
 Mended socks and got the ironing all done by half-past four.

She appears to be as able
 To keep victuals on the table
 And to keep the moths from feeding on my go-to-meeting coat—
 Just as handy with the baby
 (Or a little more so, maybe)—
 As she was before they told her woman ought to have the vote.

For as I've observed Mirandy,
 She is just as fond of candy
 And as keen to read the fashions and the daily household hints
 As before she was my "equal,"
 And—however strange the sequel—
 I've been just a trifle prouder of Mirandy ever since!

W. KEE MAXWELL, *in Judge.*

 "BANNER BEARERS"

BY HARRIET G. R. WRIGHT

Fame comes after the work of a Leader has been accomplished, and the results attained. In the slow process of human evolution these results are not often attained in the lifetime of any one leader. The work once started,

the hard task of arousing the human mind to effort must be met, and the natural inertia of mankind, which like the resistance of matter, is an obstacle to all progress, must be overcome; then when the final, resistless, onward surge of victory comes, the poor toil-worn leader has given up the struggle, and others enter into the reward. "Failure" in a righteous cause "is impossible." It may be long in coming, but Justice will at last prevail.

Twenty years ago there were two states in this country that had granted political freedom to women. Today there are eleven states where women citizens have the full franchise, viz., Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, California, Arizona, Kansas, Nevada, and Montana. Illinois has granted partial political freedom, and Alaska has completely enfranchised its women citizens, while municipal suffrage and the power to vote in school elections have been granted in many instances in many other states.

What the results will be in the many states where the question will be voted upon this fall we cannot say, but we hope that several more will be added to our column of *free states*.

In Norway women have the full franchise, and may aspire to any political position. The same is true of Finland. The people of Iceland have granted political rights to all women citizens. The women of Denmark were given full franchise June 5, 1915. The British Colonies of Australia and New Zealand granted full suffrage to women many years ago.

A conspicuous example of the growth of sentiment for the cause of universal suffrage is the change of public opinion noticeable in the newspapers and magazines of America; very few openly oppose universal suffrage now, and very many of the most prominent papers and magazines openly and strongly support the idea, both in allowing articles to appear in their columns in favor of

equal suffrage, and also writing signed editorials favorable to the cause.

Oh, how deeply we regret that none of our great leaders were permitted to live to see the fruits of all their self-sacrifice and toil. Fame will be their portion in the century begun and in those to come. We, enfranchised, women of today bless their memory and our daughters will render them their gratitude. The people of fifty years hence will wonder that prejudice could ever have been so strong, so bitter, so stubborn against the mothers, wives, and daughters of the race. "The mills of the gods grind slow," but they never cease grinding. "Justice will be unfettered some time, tear the bandage from her eyes, and, no longer blinded, will see the truth." Can you controvert the following statements made by broad-minded, educated, clear-thinking men and women?

The natural right of a woman to vote is just as clear as that of a man, and rests on the same ground.

HENRY GEORGE.

Without a ballot, the moral influence of the mothers is essentially crippled in combating the evils of society.

MRS ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

Women should certainly have the vote on all questions involving the education of their children, on all moral questions, and on matters affecting their work.

THOMAS EDISON.

If woman would fulfill her traditional responsibility to her own children, she must bring herself to the use of the ballot—that latest implement for self-government.*

JANE ADDAMS.

Woman must be enfranchised. Admit, in the slightest degree, her right to property and education, and she must have the ballot to protect the one and use the other.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

The weapon of Christian warfare is the ballot, which represents the peaceable assertion of conviction and will.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

AN APPRECIATION OF SUSAN B. ANTHONY

BY RALPH PAINE BENEDICT

Some day the race will learn to glorify and not crucify those who serve it. We seem often to accept our privileges and liberties as we do the sunshine, the trees and flowers, as a part of nature, like the free air we breathe. We are born to them, enjoy them without personal deserving, and take them with little thought of what they cost.

Yet all that marks us from the beast has been won by agony. Not the agony of the race as a whole, but of the rare few who made for themselves a voluntary martyrdom that their fellows might reap a richer life. The progress of the years is marked by Calvaries, where those who were to be saved crucified by sneers, ridicule, insult and contempt the clear-seeing souls who dared to break down the walls of ignorance and prejudice that barred the way upward.

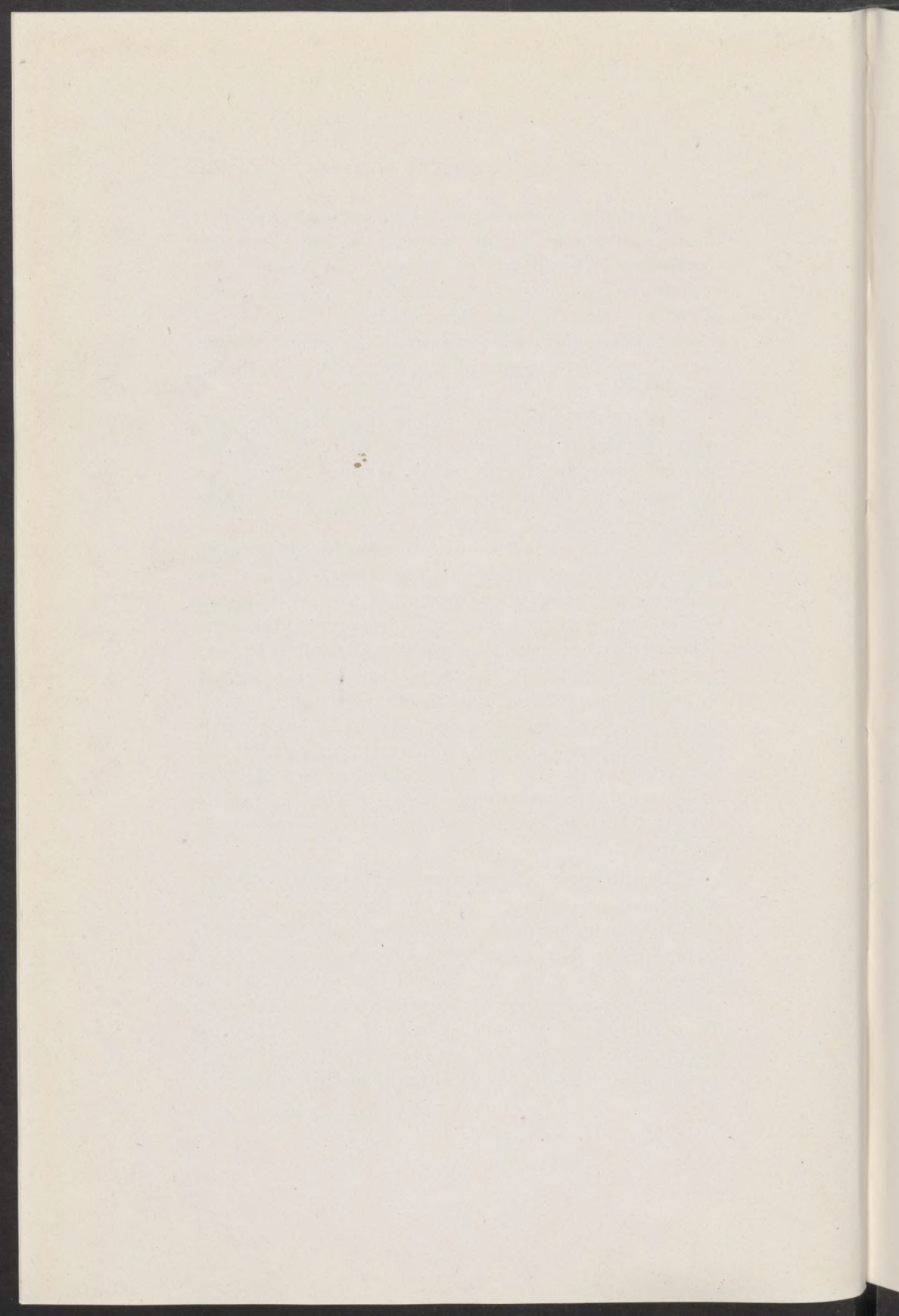
The end of chattel slavery was a milestone. But it cleared the way for even greater conquests, not the least of which is the emancipation of woman from her age-long civil, political and economic subordination to man. Sixty years ago this suggestion was blasphemy. One of the first women who braved the fury of hate with which it was greeted was Susan B. Anthony. When she lifted her voice, woman had no place in life except as an appendage of man. To his ancient prejudices her life was bent. Every door was closed to all the activities of her mind and heart save a narrow domestic circle. She had neither civil nor political rights. She had no right to the custody of her own children.

Into the fight for woman's civil and political equality Susan B. Anthony threw the years of her youth and womanhood. Her lot was one of scorn and derision. Her cup was a cup of bitterness, and her crown was a crown of thorns. Her righteous demands for her sex were the subjects of ribaldry and laughter. She passed through the valley of tears, sustained only by a sublime faith, like the faith of Lincoln.

But the path she helped to blaze was soon filled with other courageous souls, who responded to her call, upheld her hands and fought on. Today these valiant ones are legion, and the movement is challenging all civilization.

Susan B. Anthony is gone, but what she inaugurated has already opened to woman a new world. From a time when the only occupations permitted her were domestic service, sewing and teaching, when her property belonged to her husband, when she could not legally collect her own wages, and the high schools were closed to girls, we now see college doors swung open to her, able professions inviting her, clubs soliciting her aid for civic and individual betterment, and her right recognized equally with the father to the custody and control of her children, while in half the area of the United States she has the right of franchise, sharing the law-making power equally with men.

For all these privileges women are indebted to Susan B. Anthony more than to any other one person. Today all justice-loving men and women stand with bowed heads in memory of her great work and supreme sacrifices. These teach, above all, the crime of hostility toward still greater advance, for the work she began must end only with the complete economic independence of women. Nothing less than this will meet the demands of justice and permit woman to attain fully to her status as mother of the race.



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

JOHNNY'S HIST'RY LESSON

I think, of all the things at school
 A boy has got to do,
 That studyin' hist'ry, as a rule,
 Is worst of all, don't you?
 Of dates there are an awful sight,
 An' though I study day an' night,
 There's only one I've got just right—
 That's fourteen ninety-two.

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

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

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

Miss Pocahontas saved the life—
 In fourteen ninety-two—
 Of John Smith, an' became his wife
 In fourteen ninety-two,

An' the Smith tribe started then an' there,
 An' now there are John Smiths ev'rywhere,
 But they didn't have any Smiths to spare
 In fourteen ninety-two.

Kentucky was settled by Daniel Boone
 In fourteen ninety-two,
 An' I think the cow jumped over the moon
 In fourteen ninety-two.
 Ben. Franklin flew his kite so high
 He drew the lightnin' from the sky.
 An' Washington couldn't tell a lie,
 In fourteen ninety-two.

NIXON WATERMAN.

WASHINGTON

From out the page of history, long ago,
 There steps a stately figure, calm and slow,
 Serene his bearing and august his mold
 "The Father of His Country"; loved of old.

How, on those noble features, shining through,
 We see the patriot's purpose, tried and true!
 Those eagle glances cowed the nation's foes,
 That stern will conquered in the battle's throes.

Intolerant only of deceit and wrong,
 His love of man rose ever high and strong.
 Home, fortune, life unto the common need
 Counted no sacrifice, only duty's need.

Oh, noble, vital presence, with us stay
 To solve the problems of our modern day.
 Give of thy power, to choose with clear insight,
 Thy faith in God, thy strength to do the right.

E. E. S., in *Journal of Education*.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Welcome, thou festal morn!
 Never be passed in scorn
 Thy rising sun.
 Thou day forever bright
 With Freedom's holy light,
 That gave the world the sight
 Of Washington.

Unshaken 'mid the storm,
 Behold that noble form—
 That peerless one—
 With his protecting hand,
 Like Freedom's angel, stand,
 The guardian of our land,
 Our Washington.

Traced there in lines of light,
 Where all pure rays unite,
 Obscured by none;
 Brightest on history's page,
 Of any clime or age,
 As chieftain, man, and sage,
 Stands Washington.

Name at which tyrants pale,
 And their proud legions quail,
 Their boasting done;
 While Freedom lifts her head,
 No longer filled with dread,
 Her sons to victory led
 By Washington.

Now the true patriot see,
 The foremost of the free,
 The victory won.
 In Freedom's presence bow,
 While sweetly smiling now
 She wreathes the spotless brow
 Of Washington.

Then with each coming year,
Whenever shall appear
That natal sun,
Will we attest the worth
Of one true man on earth
And celebrate the birth
Of Washington.

GEORGE HOWLAND.

THE STORY OF THE COLT

George was brave and daring.
He could race. He could leap fences. He could climb
trees.

His mother owned a beautiful colt.
The colt had never yet been broken. It was as wild
as a colt could be.

No one cared to try to break the colt.
So one day George thought he would try to break it
himself.

George was only ten years old.
He jumped upon the back of the wild colt.
He held tight to the colt's mane.
The colt ran. The colt kicked up his hind feet. He
almost stood on his head. Again he reared up on his hind
feet. But George clung tight.

The colt grew angry; he wanted to throw the boy off.
The colt started down the field. He ran round and
round. He shook his head and kicked again.

But it was of no use.
The boy would not let go.
At last the colt made a furious plunge. He struck
his head against a wall and fell upon the ground dead.

Poor George was frightened. He had not meant to
hurt the colt. He had only meant to train him.

"What will my mother say?" he thought; for it was
Mrs. Washington's favorite colt.



WASHINGTON'S COAT OF ARMS



George went into the house to tell her about it.
He knew he deserved to be punished.
But he told the whole truth.
His mother was very sorry, for she loved the colt.
But she loved her little boy more. And when she saw
how sorry he was, she forgave him.

WASHINGTON'S FIRST SERVICE TO HIS COUNTRY

When Washington became a young man, there was
trouble in this country of ours.

The trouble was between England and France in the
first place.

England owned colonies here in America. France
also owned colonies here in America.

By and by these colonies had their part in the trou-
ble.

This was hard on the colonists.

They had not been in America very many years. The
country was a great forest when they came. There was
not a house in the whole country.

No one but Indians lived here then.

So, of course, the white people had to work very hard
to make homes.

Sometimes they had to cut down forests to make
farms for themselves.

Most of the colonists were poor when they came to
America.

Of course they could not grow rich in a few years.

They had not very many cities when the war began.

Even those cities were very small. We would call
them towns.

There were wild Indians in the forests. They were
always on the watch to shoot down the white men.

By and by these Indians joined the French in the war. They fought against the English colonists.

These Indians were cruel.

They were more cruel than any white men could be.

The English colonists were in terror of these cruel Indians.

Now George Washington was just twenty-one years old. He lived in Virginia.

Virginia was an English colony.

The French began to build forts in the western part of Virginia.

Of course, they had no right to do that. It was not their colony, and the land was not theirs.

So the Governor of Virginia wished to send a letter to the French commander.

The latter was to tell him he must go out of Virginia at once.

Of course, you know, there were no railroads in those days. There was no such thing as a telegraph or a telephone.

There were no roads, even, in many parts of the country.

Somebody would have to carry the letter.

He would have to travel with it through the forests.

He would have to cross hills covered with snow.

He would have to cross rivers.

It would be a very dangerous journey.

The Indians would be on the watch.

They would kill the letter carrier if they could.

George Washington knew all this.

He knew that very likely he would never get back alive.

Still he was willing to take the letter.

The journey was four hundred miles. Two hundred miles of it was through dense forests.

He started on the 31st of October. He reached the French fort on the 12th of December.

The French commander gave him a letter to carry back to the Governor of Virginia.

George Washington set out through the woods with the letter.

He carried a gun. He had a pack on his back.

In the pack were the letter and food for his journey.

He had not gone many miles when he came upon a party of Indians.

They were lying in wait for him.

They fired at him.

The ball whizzed by his head.

He fired back. The Indians did not try to follow him.

He hurried on. He walked all night long. He walked all the next day.

He expected the Indians would follow him as soon as it was daylight. That was why he walked all night. It would not be so easy to track him if he was a long way off.

The second night he reached a river.

He had hoped to find it frozen.

Then he could have crossed quite easily.

But it was only frozen along the edges.

He had to stop and build a raft.

He pushed himself across on this raft.

When half across, a big piece of ice came floating down.

George Washington tried to push it away with a pole.

He lost his balance and fell into the icy water.

He got back on to the raft, and at length reached the shore in safety.

His clothes were frozen upon him. His teeth chattered. He was chilled through and through.

He built a fire on the shore and warmed and dried himself.

It began to snow now. For fifteen days it snowed or rained all the time.

At night he crept into caves or under trees to sleep. It was bitter cold, but his courage did not fail him.

On the 16th of January he reached the Governor of Virginia and gave the letter into his hands.

This was Washington's first service for his country.

A BRAVE LITTLE REBEL

CHARACTERS

Cynthia Smith.

Mr. Smith, a South Carolina farmer.

Mrs. Smith.

Tom Smith.

Two younger boys of the Smith family.

Lucy Dale, a neighbor of Cynthia.

Lord Cornwallis.

Several English officers.

SCENE I

A room in a farmhouse in 1776. Mrs. Smith and Cynthia Smith are sewing; Mrs. Smith is reading a paper; three sons of Mr. Smith are cleaning a gun. All should wear costumes of the Colonial style.

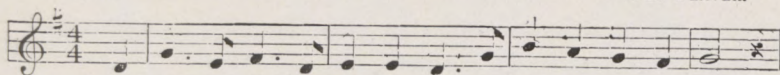
Mr. Smith—Here is a copy of the Declaration of Independence which Congress adopted last summer. (Reads.) "When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the 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—

Washington.—Lincoln.

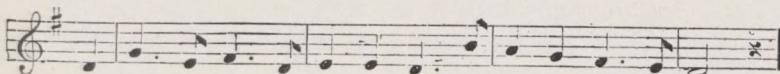
Musical Debate.

T. B. W.

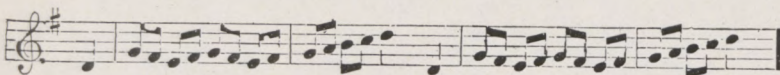
T. B. WEAVER.



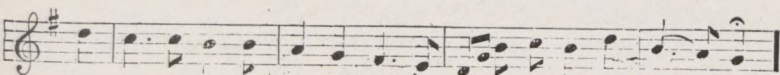
Group A.—Who when a youth ob-served the truth, Thro' life, was brave and 'true?



Who did op-pose our na-tion's foes And fought for me and you?

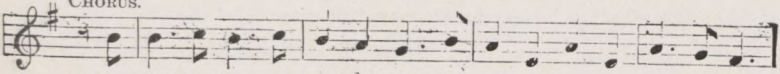


Who raised our ban-ner of the free, The grand-est both on land and sea?

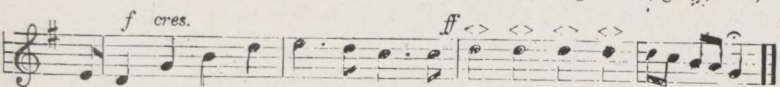


For all he was and brave-ly won, We hon-or to-day George Wash-ing-ton.

CHORUS.



With loud ac-claim we wreathé his name, With greatness, goodness, glory, fame,



And hail as Freedom's great-est son, The brave, true, wise, great Wash-ing-ton.

Group B—

When treason planned
To sweep our land—
Our Union to destroy,
And dark despair
Lurked ev'rywhere
To ruin, tempt, annoy,
Who at the peril of his life
Preserved Old Glory in the strife,
Set millions free from slavery
And kept us one? Abe Lincoln.

Chorus (Group D)—

With loud acclaim,
We wreathé his name
With kindness, goodness, glory, fame,
And hail as Freedom's greatest son
The kind, true, wise, great Abe Lincoln.

Group C—

Who ruled our land
With steady hand

And launched our Ship of State?
By councils wise,
Who did devise
Our Union strong and great?
Who's first in war and first in peace?
Whose memory shall never cease?
For all he was and bravely won
We honor today George Washington.

Chorus (Group A)—

Group D—

While North and South
At cannon's mouth
Each other's strength defied,
Who met the fate
Of treason's hate
And as a martyr died?
Who saved our Union one and fair
And kept our banner in the air?
For all he was and bravely won
We honor today Abe Lincoln.

Chorus (Group B)—

DIRECTIONS.—School is divided into four groups; A and C favor Washington; B and D favor Lincoln. The group while singing stands in aisle and the other favoring one joins in singing the chorus. The decision is based on the quality and the enthusiasm of the effort, the aim being to outdo the opposition. The judges of the contest should be selected by the groups and should be from a higher grade than that of the contestants.

Cynthia (interrupting)—Free'n'equal will be a good name for that new calf father gave me. That name will be all right, won't it, mother?

Mrs. Smith—Yes, that name will be all right.

Cynthia—And isn't it too bad Brother John died in the battle of Bunker Hill? He would be here now to fight those awful British.

Mrs. Smith—Yes, but perhaps he did as much good then as he could do now.

Tom—Father, won't you let me join Washington's army at Valley Forge? I could take some provisions and I might get some neighbors to help, too.

Mr. Smith—A good idea, my son, but we hate to have you leave us.

Two Younger Sons—We ought to go, too.

Mr. Smith—Just wait, you two other boys. We'll have the war at our own door before it is all over.

SCENE II

A room in the farmhouse in 1780. Mrs. Smith sewing or knitting.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy—Mrs. Smith, where is Cynthia?

Mrs. Smith—She is out-doors, playing.

Lucy—Mrs. Smith, do you know that the British soldiers have been here and driven off your cow and also some of our cattle?

Mrs. Smith—You don't say! Well, I suppose we'll have to make the best of it. Cynthia will nearly go crazy, she liked Free'n'equal so much. Why, she even consulted her as to the number of stitches to be put on a pair of wristlets for Tom. But alas! Tom, as you know, never wore those wristlets. He was one of those who died in that awful winter at Valley Forge. When France decided to aid the American cause, Cynthia shared her joy with Free'n'equal. When Mr. Smith and my two younger sons went to the army, Cynthia says that Free'n'equal

mooded when she told her, as much as to say: "Never mind, little mistress, we'll take care of ourselves." Now we won't have any milk with our rice since Free'n'equal is gone. (Enter Cynthia.) Cynthia, they've been here and driven off Free'n'equal.

Cynthia—They! Who?

Mrs. Smith—The British soldiers; they tied a rope round her horns and dragged her away to their camp. Cynthia, Cynthia, what shall we do?

Cynthia—I'll go and bring her home. (Exit Cynthia and Lucy.)

SCENE III

Lord Cornwallis's headquarters, 1780. Lord Cornwallis and several British officers are seated at a table on which are a bottle and glasses.

Enter Cynthia.

Cynthia (courtesying)—I am Cynthia Smith, and your men have taken my cow, Free'n'equal Smith, and I've come to fetch her home, if you please.

Lord Cornwallis—Your cow?

Cynthia—They dragged her away with a rope.

Lord Cornwallis—Where do you live?

Cynthia—Three miles away, with my mother.

Lord Cornwallis—Have you no father?

Cynthia—One, and four brothers.

Lord Cornwallis—Where is your father?

Cynthia—He is in General Gates' army, Mr. Lord Cornwallis.

Lord Cornwallis—Where are your brothers?

Cynthia—John went to heaven along with General Warren, from the top of Bunker Hill, and Tom died at Valley Forge, where he was helping General Washington.

Lord Cornwallis—Rank rebels!

Cynthia—Yes, they are.

Lord Cornwallis—H'm! And you're a bit of a rebel, too, I'm thinking; if the truth were told; and yet you

come here for your cow; I've no doubt that she is rebel beef herself.

Cynthia—Well, I think she might be if she had two less legs and not quite so much horn; that is, she'd be a rebel; but maybe you wouldn't call her beef then.

Lord Cornwallis (laughing)—Come here, my little maid; I myself will see to it that your cow is safe in her barn tomorrow morning. And perhaps (unfastening his silver kneebuckles), perhaps you will accept these buckles as a gift from one who wishes no harm to these rebels. (Cornwallis and the other officers raise their wine glasses.) Here's to the health of as fair a little rebel as we shall meet, and God bless her! (Cynthia courtesies with the buckles clasped in her hand and goes out of the room as curtain falls.)

A. M. DEEGAN, in *Normal Instructor*.

THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION

A POEM THAT EMBRACES THE NAMES OF THE FAMOUS AMERICANS

(It will not be denied that the men who on July 4, 1776, pledged "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor" in behalf of our national liberty deserve the most profound reverence from every American citizen. By arranging in rhyme the names of the signers, according to the colonies from which they were delegated, the youthful learner will be assisted in remembering the names of those fathers of American independence):

I

The Massachusetts delegation
That signed our glorious Declaration
Were Hancock, Gerry, Robert Paine,
The great John Adams, and again
Another Adams, Samuel by name.

II

New Hampshire, called the "Granite State,"
Sent Whipple, Bartlett, Thornton, great
Alike in counsel and debate.

III

Rhode Island's delegates, we see,
Were Stephen Hopkins and Ellery.

IV

Connecticut, excelled by none,
Sent Roger Sherman, her great son,
With Wolcott, Williams and Huntington.

V

New York as delegates employed
Lewis Morris and William Floyd,
With Francis Lewis and Livingston,
Who died before the war was done.

VI

New Jersey to the Congress sent
Her honored college president,
John Witherspoon, with Stockton, Clark,
Hart, Hopkinson—all men of mark.

VII

Though Pennsylvania need not blush
For Morris, Morton, Wilson and Rush,
And though most men might seem as dross
To Clymer, Taylor, Smith and Ross,
To Franklin, each his tribute brings,
Who neither lightning feared, nor kings.

VIII

The men from Delaware—indeed
As true as steel in utmost need—
Were Rodney, with M'Kean and Read.

IX

"My Maryland" is proud to own
Her Carroll, Paca, Chase and Stone.

X

On old Virginia's roll we see
The gifted Richard Henry Lee;
And just as earnest to be free,

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

His brother, Francis Lightfoot Lee;
 And Wythe and Nelson, patriots true,
 With Harrison and Braxton, too;
 But of them all, there was not one
 As great as Thomas Jefferson.

XI

North Carolina's chosen men
 We know were Hooper, Hewes and Penn.

XII

And South Carolina's vote was one,
 With Edward Rutledge, famous son,
 And Hayward, Lynch and Middleton.

XIII

From Georgia came Gwinnett and Hall,
 And Walton, too, the last of all,
 Who signed our precious Declaration,
 The pride and glory of the nation.

Baltimore Sun.

 WASHINGTON DAY

Oh! how the world remembers!
 It is many and many a day
 Since the patriot, George Washington,
 Grew old and passed away.

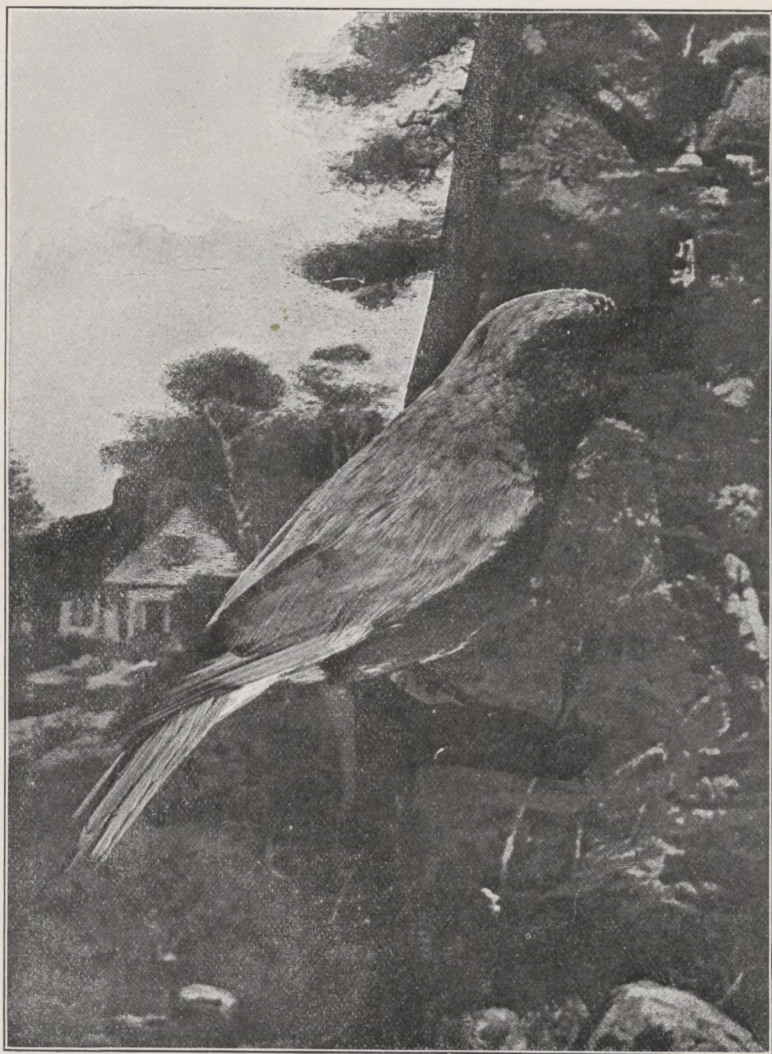
And yet today we are keeping
 In memory of his birth,
 And his deeds of truth and valor
 Are told at every hearth.

How he fought for independence
 All little schoolboys know;
 And the way he kept the Declaration
 So many years ago.

To be as great as Washington,
 I could not, if I would;
 But I have made up my mind that I
 Will try to be as good.

SELECTED.

ARBOR AND BIRD DAY



BLUEBIRD

I

"Wake up, Wake up!" sang the bluebird,
 Put on your bright dresses of green,
 O little brown buds on the tree-tops,
 'Tis time your new robes should be seen.

II

"Wake up, O brave little crocus!
 Put on your rich purple and gold,
 And list to my song of the Springtime—
 'Tis the gladdest of songs ever told.

III

"Wake up, O shy little violet!
 Look up at the clear, sunny sky;
 What flower can rival your sweetness?
 Come forth, for the winter's gone by.

IV

"Wake up, wake up, dandelion!
 Get ready your gold right away;
 The children are longing to greet you,
 They'll be soon in the meadows at play.

V

"The brooks are all laughing and singing,
 Pussywillow's been waiting here long.
 Come, flowers and leaves and dear children,
 And join in the happy spring song."

From Normal Instructor and Primary Plans.

 THE BLUEBIRD

When ice is thawed and snow is gone,
 And racy sweetness floods the trees;
 When snowbirds from the hedge have flown,
 And on the hive-porch swarm the bees—
 Drifting down the first warm wind
 That thrills the earliest days of spring
 The bluebird seeks our maple groves,
 And charms them into tasseling.

He sits among the delicate sprays,
 With mists of splendor round him drawn,
 And through the spring's prophetic veil
 Sees summer's rich fulfillment dawn:
 He sings, and his is nature's voice—
 A gush of melody sincere
 From that great fount of harmony,
 Which thaws and runs when spring is here.

Short is his song, but strangely sweet
 To ears a-weary of the low,
 Dull tramp of winter's sullen feet,
 Sandaled in ice and muffled in snow:
 Short is his song, but through it runs
 A hint of dithyrambs yet to be—
 A sweet suggestiveness that has
 The influence of prophecy.

From childhood I have nursed a faith
 In bluebird's songs and winds of spring:
 They tell me after frost and death
 There comes a time of blossoming:
 And after snow and cutting sleet,
 The cold, stern mood of Nature yields
 To tender warmth, when bare pink feet
 Of children press her greening fields.

Sing strong and clear, O bluebird dear!
 While all the land with splendor fills,
 While maples gladden in the vales
 And plum-trees blossom on the hills:
 Float down the wind on shining wings,
 And do thy will by grove and stream,
 While through my life spring's freshness runs
 Like music through a poet's dream.

MAURICE THOMPSON, *in Wisconsin Arbor and Bird Day Manual.*
 (Used by permission of Houghton, Mifflin Company.)

The Bluebird's Call

EDNA GROFF DEIHL

1. "Wake up!" "wake up!" sang the blue - bird,..... "Put on your bright

Last verse. Accom. 8va.

dress - es of green,..... O lit - tle brown buds on the

tree-tops, 'Tis time your new robes should be seen.".....

THE NATURE LOVER'S CREED

I believe in Nature, and in God's out-of-doors.

I believe in pure air, fresh water and abundant sunlight.

I believe in the mountains, and as I lift up mine eyes to behold them, I receive help and strength.

I believe in the forests, where the aged may renew their youth, and the young gather stores of wisdom which shall abide with them forever.

I believe in the highland springs and lakes, and would have noble trees stand guard around them; upon the mountain sides I would spread a thick carpet of leaves and moss through which the water might find its way into the valleys and onward to the ocean.

I believe in protecting the birds and the animals that live amidst the trees, and the ferns and mosses and blossoming plants.

I believe in all the beautiful things of nature, and would preserve, protect and cherish them.

"Come let's to the fields, the meads, and the mountains,
The forests invite us, the streams and the fountains."

MRS. P. S. PETERSON.

Taken from Arbor and Bird Day Manual, Charleston, W. Va.

 ARBOR DAY, MAY 7

(An Arbor Day exercise for fifteen characters. Daisy, a girl about twelve; Ted, a boy about the same age; Robin, a child dressed to represent a herald, with a megaphone. The megaphone can be made by rolling heavy paper of cardboard the right shape.

The twelve trees could be costumed appropriately or with just leaves as a crown on the head and carrying branches.

Daisy is discovered on the stage arranging some flowers in a vase. She hums a little song while she works. Ted comes in



THE YOUNG NATURALIST

and makes faces at the audience behind her back, mimicking her until he snickers, then she turns suddenly and discovers him.)

Daisy—Why, Ted Mack. You horrid thing. I think you are just as mean as you can be. You better practice your own piece, instead of making fun of me. I don't believe you know your part yet.

Ted—I'll bet I don't, either, and I don't care whether I learn it or not. What's the use of all this Arbor Day stuff, anyhow?

Daisy—What is the use? Why, why don't you want to plant trees and talk about birds and things?

Ted—Naw, I don't. This Arbor Day stuff is all nonsense and fuss, got up by the teachers to make us kids grind. They won't get much out of me I can tell you.

Daisy (horrified)—Ted Mack, what will the teacher say? You will spoil the whole thing if you do not get your part learned.

Ted (surly)—I don't care if I do. I am sick of the whole baby business. If there was any use of the thing I wouldn't mind working.

(Bird calls heard outside. Enter Robin, the Spring Herald.)

Robin (talks in megaphone.)

Make way, make way—
The trees are coming
Make way for Arbor Day.

(Enter Willow.)

Willow—

I come the harbinger of spring
By river bank and rushing torrent stream,
Before the budding leaves awake
My branches smile in golden shining green.
My roots cling stoutly to the muddy banks,
Defying cakes of ice, the tree tops blow,
I hold the waters to their lawful place,
Policeman of the river's ebb and flow.

Robin—

Make way, make way,
Here come the sugar trees;
Smell the sweet fragrance
Wafted on the breeze.

Maples (with sugar cakes or cans of syrup)—

Sweetest of all the trees are we,
 The boys and girls love us, for every spring
 We give them sap to make their sugar cakes;
 Around the busy sugar camp they shout and sing.

Ted—Say, Miss Maple, I just said a few moments ago I did not see any use in Arbor Day. But I think I would like to plant more maple trees like you. For you are all right.

Maple—I am glad you appreciate us, but you will find also many other useful trees, if you only knew them.

Robin—

Make way, make way,
 Here comes the Apple fair,
 Her pink petals perfuming the air.

Apple—

I give you blossoms in the beauteous spring,
 A happy home I make for any bird a-wing.
 And in the autumn, all my broad arms will hold,
 I scatter fruit fit for the gods of old.

Robin—

Make way, make way,
 Here come two maidens sweet;
 The peach so pink,
 The cherry hard to beat.

Cherry—

A dainty maiden I, or dark or fair,
 You can take your choice, some sweet, some sour;
 The birds all love me,
 Robin, you know you do (looks at Robin),
 And every boy and girl are faithful sweethearts, too.

Daisy—Of course, we are, Miss Cherry. You are perfectly delicious.

Peach—

I am always sweet and beautiful to see;
 There is not a boy but what would climb a tree for me,
 With my pink cheeks no other can compare,
 No matter where I go—at market or at fair.

Ted—You bet your life. You are a peach, sure enough. I guess I would like to celebrate Arbor Day if they wanted to plant a peach and sing a song about you.

Robin—

Make way, make way,
Two husky, flowering trees,
All loaded down with busy honey bees.

Enter Basswood and Locust with yellow and brown confetti on heads and shoulders that they are trying to shake off.

Basswood—

'Tis hard for boys to be so plaguey sweet,
That all the bees buzz 'round your head and feet.
My business is to make boards for a Zoo,
Broad and stout to hold an elephant or two.

Locust—

I'll furnish posts to hold you boards up right,
To fence a baseball ground that's knothole tight.

Ted—That's all right, old locust, if I am on the inside, but when I haven't the price of a ticket, you better shrink up a bit, so I can get a peek at the game.

(Beech comes in with a dunce cap on and capering in a clownish manner.)

Beech—

I am the dunce, I'd rather play than work,
From every tree-like duty I always try to shirk.
The only thing I really like to do
Is to make the small boys dance and caper, too.

(He grabs Ted by the hand and whirls him around and pretends to whip him with his switch.)

Ted, assisted by the trees, gets the whip away from him and sets him on a dunce stool at the side front of the stage.

Daisy—You see, Ted, it is not so funny when a tree acts as you do!

Ted—I guess I see it, and you need not rub it in any more. I am going to learn my part right off and quit plaguing the girls.

Robin—

Make way, make way,
The favorites of fall,
The nut trees, with their gifts for large and small.

Hickory—

I am the hickory, tough, hard to crack,
And always with a crowd of boys climbing on my back,
I make good wheels, and handles tough and sound,
Good hickory is the best the world around.

Walnut—

For boys and squirrels my wealth of nuts I shower
While I grow big, round trunks each summer hour;
In home and school and churches everywhere
My big brown boards sound music in the air.

Robin—

Make way, make way,
Here comes the stately oak,
The graceful elm, rich blessings now invoke.

Elm—

I build your barns that house your sheep and cows,
Your horses, pigs, and hold your big haymows.

Oak—

So stout am I naught but the lightning's fire
Can strip me of my strength and rooted power.
King of the forest, king of the open field,
For shade and strength to none my place I yield.
My stout beams shape the keel, I rivers span,
I build a house and furnish it for man.

(*All of the Trees*)—Hail, all hail the king.

Ted—Never again will I say what is the use of Arbor Day.
For the trees give us fruit, food, shade, shelter, bridges, boats,
houses, schools, and churches. Surely we should care for our
trees and plant more for other boys and girls in future days.

Daisy—Come, let us crown the king of Arbor Day.

The Oak kneels near the center of the stage, facing the audience, and the others all march around; Daisy places a crown of leaves on his head, then all may sing, "We Love the Grand Old Trees," from Rural School Manual Music, page 1, "Pat's Pick."

DORA STOCKMAN.

WELCOME TO ARBOR DAY.

Words by E. F. STEARNS.

Arr from GERMAN FOLKSONG.

Cheerfully.

1. Welcome to Ar - bor Day! Glad-ly we sing, Na-ture from
2. Welcome to Ar - bor Day! Come one and all, Join in our

sleep a - wakes, Greeting to Spring! Blossoms with o - dours rare
mer - ry glee, List to our call. Woods with their tri - bute ring,

Make earth a gar-den fair; Sound we thy prais - es with notes loud and
Birds cheerful off - ring bring; Swelling the cho - rus in one gladsome

clear, Wel - come to Ar - bor Day! Bright words of cheer.
song, Wel - come to Ar - bor Day! Ech - oes a - long.

There are no surprises to him who has ordered his life.

Who planted the tree at his window ledge is not surprised that birds should come singing there.

Who nurtured the shrub by his garden wall is not surprised when the roses bloom.

Who set his tent by a heaven-blue lake is not surprised at morn that great white swans are resting near.

MURIEL STRODE, *from My Little Book of Prayer.**

I WILL FIND MY JOY—

Not in a bed of hothouse roses, but in a wayward roadside flower.

Not in an August seashore, but in a hidden woodland stream.

Not in a stately ocean liner, but in a tiny boat that drifts and dips and trails among the water lilies.

Not in the emblazoned halls of revelry, but out under the quiet stars.

MURIEL STRODE, *from My Little Book of Prayer.**

QUOTATIONS

SONG SPARROW

A lofty place he does not love,
 But sits by choice, and well at ease,
 In hedges, and in little trees
 That stretch their slender arms above
 The meadow brook; and there he sings
 Till all the field with pleasure rings;
 And so he tells in every ear,
 That lowly homes to heaven are near
 In "sweet-sweet-sweet-very merry cheer."

HENRY VAN DYKE, *from The Song Sparrow.*

* By courtesy of Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

ARBOR AND BIRD DAY

CHIPPING SPARROW

I hear the sparrow's ditty
 Anear my study door;
 A simple song of gladness
 That winter days are o'er;
 My heart is singing with him
 I love him more and more.

JOHN BURROUGHS, *from a March Glee.*

* * *

WHITE-THROATED SPARROW

I take my way where sentry cedars stand
 Along the bushy lane,
 And white-throats stir and call on every hand,
 Or lift their wavering strain.

JOHN BURROUGHS, *from In October.*

* * *

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, *from Wild Geese.*

* * *

BLUEBIRD

The world rolls round—mistrust it not
 Befalls again what once befell;
 All things return, both sphere and mote,
 And I shall hear my bluebird's note,
 And dream the dream of Auburn dell.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, *from May Day.*

THOUGHTS ABOUT BIRDS

He prayeth best who loveth best
 All things, both great and small;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.

COLERIDGE.



SONG SPARROWS ABOUT TO BREAK HOME TIES.

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
 For thy song, Lark, is strong;
 Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
 Singing, singing.
 With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
 Lift me, guide me till I find
 That spot which seems so to thy mind!

WORDSWORTH.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year.

JOHN LOGAN.

And all the throng
 That dwell in nests and have the gift of song;
 Whose household words are songs in many keys,
 Sweeter than instrument of man's ere caught;
 Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
 Are half-way houses on the road to heaven.

LONGFELLOW.

A light broke in upon my soul—
 It was the carol of a bird;
 It ceased—and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard.

BYRON.

Gently swaying to and fro,
 Rocked by all the winds that blow,
 Bright with sunshine from above,
 Dark with shadow from below,
 Beak to beak and breast to breast,
 In the cradle of their nest,

Lie the fledglings of our love.

* * * * *

Every flutter of the wing,
 Every note of song we sing,
 Every murmur, every tone,
 Is of love and love alone.

LONGFELLOW.

I walked through the woodland meadows,
Where sweet the thrushes sing;
And I found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed up its wound, and each morning
It sang its old, sweet strain,
But the bird with the broken pinion
Never soared as high again.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THE SEASON OF WINGS

This is the season of year when the things of earth are lifted most near to heaven—it is the season of wings. Clouds of butterflies, their wings fresh white from the chrysalis of winter, flutter above green country fields and city lawns like flying flowers.

There is a flash of bird wings through every tree—brown of the wings of thrushes, black and gold of orioles, and of the blue birds, a brightness so soft and wonderful we cannot give it a name, but call it “the color of happiness.”

The new leaves on the trees seem winged—things too light and delicate for permanency, like green and gold butterflies poised quivering for a moment on bare boughs that once seemed to have forgotten life.

All over the earth there are millions of springing plants, each in the beginning two tiny green leaves, spread wing-wise above a brown clod—dicotyledons, the scientists call them, the children and poets know they are the spirit-wings of the seeds, wings of joy and growth, lifting themselves in the sun.

But brighter than all the wings of butterflies, or birds, or plants are the soaring thoughts of the children of earth, the fancies and dreams of old and young souls that go winging into the future, and under the impulse of the spring sun and flying breeze, rise away from old

discouragements and selfishness into shining spaces of joy and fresh faith in the goodness of life.

Now all created things lift themselves to the Creator.

It is the season of wings!

From Denver Express, May, 1915.

A WORLD-WIDE ARBOR DAY

CHARACTERS

Any number of boys and girls to represent the foreign countries mentioned in play; four boys or girls to represent the different sections of our own country; and one girl for the Arbor Queen.

COSTUMES

The Arbor Queen should wear a thin white dress adorned with flowers and leaves. The others wear characteristic costumes to correspond with the part represented.

SCENE

"Under the Greenwood Tree."

The American children are discovered with baskets or bouquets of flowers.

All—

Once more we meet to celebrate
This gladsome Arbor Day;
From North and South and East and West
We bring our flowers gay.

Northern Child—

I come from the rugged Northern land
With its perfume of the pine;
At our cottage doors the lilacs bloom
And the morning glories twine.

Southern Child—

I come from the sunny southern land
Where the warm Gulf breezes blow,
Where the cypress vine and the jessamine
And the orange blossoms grow.

Western Child—

I bring the wild rose from the West
 That blooms so fair and free,
 And the daisies from the mountain side
 That are so dear to me.

Eastern Child—

From the East I bring these favorites—
 The modest violet blue,
 The arbutus of Pilgrim fame,
 And the dainty primrose, too.

All—

Together we'll twine these garlands gay,
 With sprigs of evergreen,
 And we'll make a crown of daintiest hues,
 For our lovely Arbor Queen.

(Music, while all twine flowers with evergreens or leaves to form a crown or chaplet. As the music continues, the Arbor Queen trips upon the stage. The chaplet is placed upon her head and others dance about her. Suddenly all stop and gaze toward R. The music ceases for a moment while all recite, then resumes again as guests enter.)

All (looking toward R)—

Oh, here are the guests from other lands,
 With garlands sweet and fair;
 Our heartiest greetings we'll extend,
 Our pleasures with them share.

(Enter guests. American children may wave handkerchiefs as they enter and sing or recite the following):

Oh, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 Our friends from far away!
 Oh, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 On this bright Arbor day!

(All take position in form of semi-circle as follows: Queen at center; Southern and Eastern children at R., and Northern and Western children at L. of Queen. Others stand at right and left to suit convenience.)



A SPARROW HAWK, SCOLDING THE PHOTOGRAPHER BECAUSE
THE BRIBE OF A FIELD MOUSE WAS LACKING

Guests—

Good morning, little Americans,
And pray how do you do?
O'er land and sea we've come today
With floral gifts for you.

From many lands and many climes,
From leagues and leagues away,
We've come to help you celebrate
This world-wide Arbor Day.

We've brought with us these native flowers—
The ones we love the best;
The sweetest blooms from Eastern lands,
The fairest from the West.

Japan—

From far-away Japan I bring
The cherry-blossoms sweet,
At home they're blooming everywhere—
On lawn and public street.

Hindoo—

The dainty poppies I have brought
From the plains of Hindustan;
You should see them dance and sway in the breeze
Like a merry, fairy band.

Egyptian—

From Egypt's storied Nile I bring
These lovely lotus blooms;
They speak to you of the pyramids,
And the Pharaohs' ancient tombs.

Briton—

And I have brought from England's shores,
These roses red for you;
They stand for courage and for strength,
For loyal hearts and true.

Scot—

From Scotland's rugged hills I bring
This homely thistle-blow,
For once it saved an army great—
That's why we love it so.

Irish—

I've brought from dear ould Ireland
 These little shamrocks green,
 And every Irish heart is glad
 When this little plant is seen.

Dutch—

I bring you these tulips dainty and rare,
 From the distant Netherlands;
 The gifts of peace and love are they
 From friendly hearts and hands.

Swiss—

From far upon the Alpine slopes
 In Switzerland, I bring
 The hardy little Edelweiss,
 Of which the poets sing.

France—

I bring the lovely fleur-de-lis
 From sunny fields of France;
 It blooms so fair in park and field
 Where children love to dance.

Mexican—

I bring the wonderful cactus bloom
 From the land of Mexico;
 It thrives on the sandy desert plains
 Where no other plant will grow.

All—

Yes, we have brought our native flowers—
 The ones we love the best—
 The sweetest blooms from Eastern lands,
 The fairest from the West.

(All sing to tune of "We Love to Make Sweet Music.")

We'll sing a song of garlands—
 The shamrock and the rose.
 The lotus and the cherry,
 And every flower that grows;
 From Egypt and from England,
 From France and far Cathay,
 We've come to make us merry,
 This joyful Arbor Day.

Oh, sing a song of posies—
The poppy and the peach,
The orange and the lily,
Oh, sing a song of each.
From frigid land and tropics,
From hill and dale away,
We've come to make us merry,
This world-wide Arbor Day.

(All may dance about the Arbor Queen if desired.)

CURTAIN

The tune, "We Love to Make Sweet Music" is found in "Merry Melodies," price 15 cents. Address the author or publishers of this magazine. Book rights reserved by the author.

WILLIS N. BUGBEE, *from School Education.*

ARBOR DAY

The "day of trees" is Arbor Day,
When Spring has blown the cold away;
On Arbor Day we'll plant a tree,
And sing a song right merrily.

We must plant trees so there will be
Both fruit and shade for you and me;
If all do this, there'll be no fears
For shade and fruit in after years.

Hail, hail, then, Spring and Arbor Day,
Blow soft, Spring winds, the branches sway!
The rains will fall, the sun will glow,
And all our trees will surely grow.

MAUDE M. GRANT.



"SEE THAT BIRD!"

(From "Normal Instructor and Primary Plan")

"JUST TO SEE THEM FALL"

Oriole sang in the smiling sun:

(Heigh—

O,

But I loved him so!)

Sang all day, and at night said he,

"Just as sleepy as I can be!—

Sleepy and tired and my throat is sore;

Did my best all the whole day long,

Cheering the world with my sweetest song!"

Oriole sang in the smiling sun:

(Heigh—

O,

But I loved him so!)

One came by with a deadly gun * * *

Flash!—and the song was forever done!

Never again will the music free

Ring in the green of the Singing Tree;

"Shot him for fun," said the boy, "that's all;

Wanted to hit him and see him fall!"

Oriole sang in my dreams tonight,

(Heigh—

O,

For I loved him so!)

Sang for the days when the sun was bright,

Bright on the swift wing's joyous flight:

What had he done? Ah, answer me,

Lonesome leaves on the Singing Tree!

Answer, shapes that among us crawl!

Shooting dear things * * * just to see them fall!

Our Dumb Animals.

 THE BLUE JAY

Say! Do you hear that bird?

Noisiest beggar ever heard;

Several birds may form a crowd,

Pleasant, cheery, chatting loud.

There is always any day

One bright fellow screaming—Jay!

Let us call him Captain Jay.
 See his uniform so gay.
 Light and darker shades of blue,
 Black and white bars—find a few,
 Dandy-like, about his throat,
 Velvet neck-band tops his coat.

See his eyes? They pierce you through,
 'Neath the crested tuft of blue;
 Makes you think he knows a lot,
 And respect him on the spot;
 Sorry I have often heard
 He is quite a thievish bird.

Eats the eggs from another's nest,
 From beneath the mother's breast,
 Everything that he can find,
 So is said to be unkind;
 But I know he's blithe and gay,
 Happy, teasing Captain Jay!

HALLIE IVES.

A Spring Song

B. E. W.

BESSIE E. WIRE

1. What dain - ty lit - tle fai - ry, O Ap - ple Bloss - soms all,
 2. What mer - ry lit - tle fai - ry, O Ap - ple Bloss - soms all.
 3. What thoughtful lit - tle fai - ry, O Ap - ple Bloss - soms all,
 4. Of all the or - chard flow - ers To an - swer to the call,

Made for you such pret - ty gowns For the grand spring ball?
 Brought you sweet - est per - fume For the grand spring ball?
 Ar - ranged your pret - ty caps of green For the grand spring ball?
 None will be so fair as you At the grand spring ball.

THE SECRET

We have a secret, just we three,
 The robin and I and the sweet cherry tree;
 The bird told the tree and the tree told me,
 And nobody knows it but just we three.

But of course the robin knows it best,
 Because she built the—I shan't tell the rest;
 And laid the four little—somethings in it—
 I'm afraid I shall tell it every minute.
 But if the tree and the robin don't peep,
 I'll try my best the secret to keep;
 Though I know when the little birds fly about,
 Then the whole secret will be out.

 "A WORD TO THE WISE"

Little owlet in the glen,
 I'm ashamed of you;
 You are ungrammatical
 In speaking as you do.
 You should say, "To whom! To whom!"
 Not "To who! To who!"
 Your small friend, Miss Katy-did,
 May be green, 'tis true.
 But you never hear her say,
 "Katy do! Katy do!"

 THE COMMONEST DELIGHT

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.

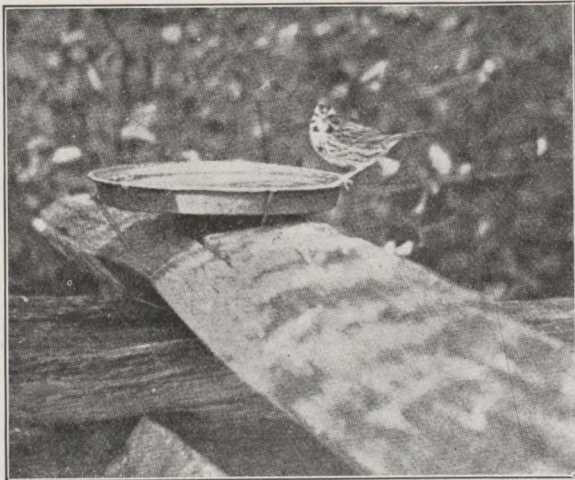
THE SPARROW'S SHOWER BATH

Once upon a time there was a very, very hot day, just like we shall have this summer. It was so very hot that even the children couldn't go out to play much, but had to sit in the shade and keep quiet so as not to overheat themselves and get sick.

There were a lot of sparrows in the trees just outside little Nellie's home, and she felt very sorry for them all day; they looked so hot and acted as though they could hardly move.

When her father came home at night Nellie told him how the sparrows acted and he said he knew what would make them feel better. Nellie didn't know what he was going to do, so she followed him out on the porch.

Her father went and got the hose out and fixed to the end of it a hollow iron ring with tiny holes around

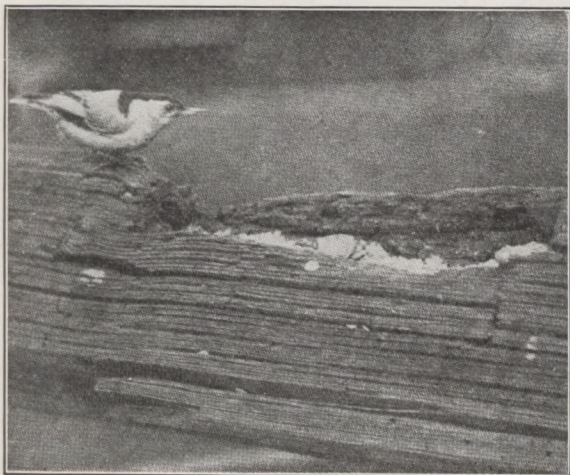


IN SUMMER NOTHING IS SO WELCOME TO BIRDS
AS A BASIN OF FRESH WATER

the top of it. Then he laid it on the grass in the middle of the lawn and turned on the water. The water went

up in a perfect shower just like a fountain, and then came down on the grass in beautiful glittering drops that formed pools in the grass and made one feel cooler just to look at it.

When the sparrows saw the water they began to twitter joyously and all flew toward it. Nellie crouched



CAVITY IN FENCE RAIL FILLED WITH SUET

down behind the rail of the porch to watch them and be sure not to scare them away. What a great time they had and how it refreshed them.

They would fly right through the cooling spray and then settle down under the fountain and let the drops come down on them, and flutter their feathers and laugh in sparrow language, as though they were having the greatest time of their lives. Wasn't it nice of Nellie to take pity on the poor birds, and don't you think they were grateful to her for making it possible for them to get cool?

Ohio Bird and Arbor Day Book.

MY NEIGHBOR

I have a new neighbor just over the way,
 She was moving in on the first of May;
 When she took in her household goods, I saw
 They were nothing but rubbish and sticks and straw;
 But when I made her a call just now
 I found she had furnished her house somehow
 All trim and tidy and nice and neat,
 The prettiest cottage in all the street.
 Of thistledown silk was her carpet fine,
 A thousand times better and softer than mine;
 Her curtains, to shut out the heat and light,
 Were woven of blossoms pink and white;
 And the dainty roof of her tiny home
 Was a broad green leaf like an emerald dome.
 'Tis the cosiest nook that you ever did see,
 Mrs. Yellowbird's house in the apple tree.

Youth's Companion.

 THE APPLE-WOOD FIRE

There's nothing seems to me so good
 As just the smell of apple wood,
 And it's not very hard to tell
 Why I so love that woodsy smell;
 It makes me think of everything
 The summer and the country bring;
 And when it burns it shines as bright
 As lovely yellow sunshine light.
 Oh, I'm so glad this little blaze
 Can bring me back the summer days!

CAROLINE HOFMAN, in *St. Nicholas*.

 THE PINE

Far up and alone on the hillside,
 Aged but still staunch and hale,
 When the wind winds its course from the westward
 The monarch Pine whispers its tale.

It tells of the time when the red man
Passed stealthily stalking his prey,
Or carried his load o'er the portage
From the river across to the bay.

It speaks of the coming of white man,
With his merciless steel in his hands,
Pushing westward—relentlessly westward—
Destroying the broad timber lands.

It saw how the land of the Indian
That his forefathers long had possessed
Was bartered for dross, and the outcast
Turned silently into the west.

It knows of the time when its comrades
Once covered the hills with their green;
The mute, blackened stumps are now standing
With the brake and the brier between.

It whispers of times unremembered
By us of a new era's dawn;
Leaving the lonely old landmark—
A relic of days that are gone.

DONALD E. CROUCH, *in Moderator Topics.*

THE PLATFORM

Protection, by competent laws, throughout the world
for all song and insectivorous birds.

The teaching of practical ornithology in all public
and private schools.

The regulation, but not the persecution, of cats, red
squirrels and all enemies of beneficial birds.

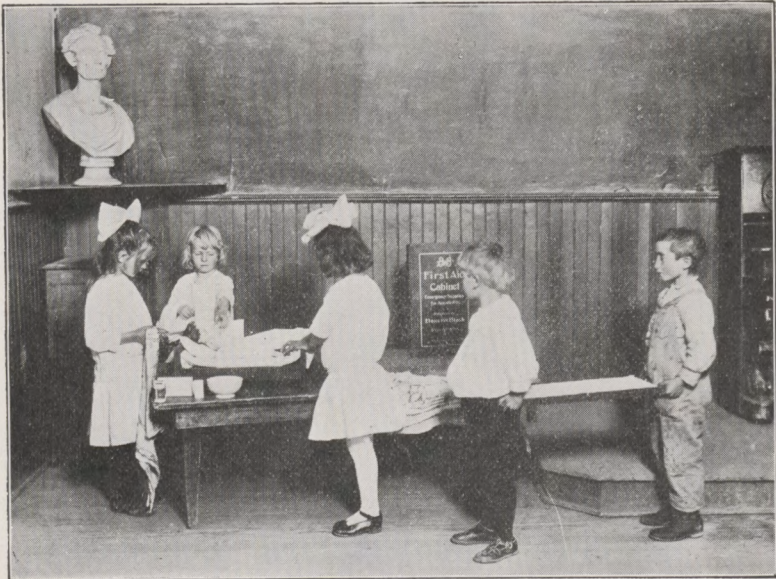
The establishment of bird sanctuaries in every city,
town, village and hamlet.

The planting of trees, shrubs and vines that will at-
tract and feed our birds.

The putting up of safe and artistic bird-houses and
the feeding of our winter birds.



SOPRIS CAMP SCHOOL
Children Folk-Dancing to the Music of the Victrola



"FIRST AID"

BIRD POEMS

TO THE WRENS

We've built a little bird-house
For Mr. and Mrs. Wren;
One inch one-eighth, the opening,
So sparrows can't get it.

To make it quite attractive,
We've done our very best;
With corrugated paper
We've lined the little nest.

We've made it fast to branches
Of a leaning cedar tree;
A friendly honeysuckle
Makes it snug as snug can be.

We're waiting now for tenants,
And hope they'll quickly come.
From harm we'll try to guard them,
While making this their home.

Maybe the wrens don't know it,
And yet they're very wise;
Perhaps they'd come more quickly
If we should advertise.

We'll give the rental gratis
As long as they will stay;
Please tell that—and maybe
They'll come here right away.

Come and see the home provided,
We're sure you'll think it great.
Come, Mr. Wren, we like you;
Come, and bring your little mate.

JOHN M. MORSE, in *Farm Journal*.

WHY WE PLANT THE TREE

First Pupil—

We plant the tree for the shade it gives;
For the shade of a leafy tree
On a summer's day when the hot sun shines
Is a pleasure for all to see.

Second Pupil—

We plant the tree for the wood to use
 In winter to keep us warm,
 And for hall and church and store and house,
 To have shelter from the storm.

Third Pupil—

We plant the tree to please the eye,
 For who does not like to see,
 Whether on hill or plain or dale,
 The beauty of a tree?

Fourth Pupil—

We plant the tree for the dear birds' sake,
 For they can take their rest,
 While the mate sings songs of love and cheer
 To the mother on her nest.

Primary Education.

 THE BROWN THRUSH

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree,
 He's singing to me! He's singing to me!
 And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
 "Oh, the world's running over with joy!
 Don't you hear? don't you see?
 Hush! Look! In my tree,
 I'm as happy as happy can be!"

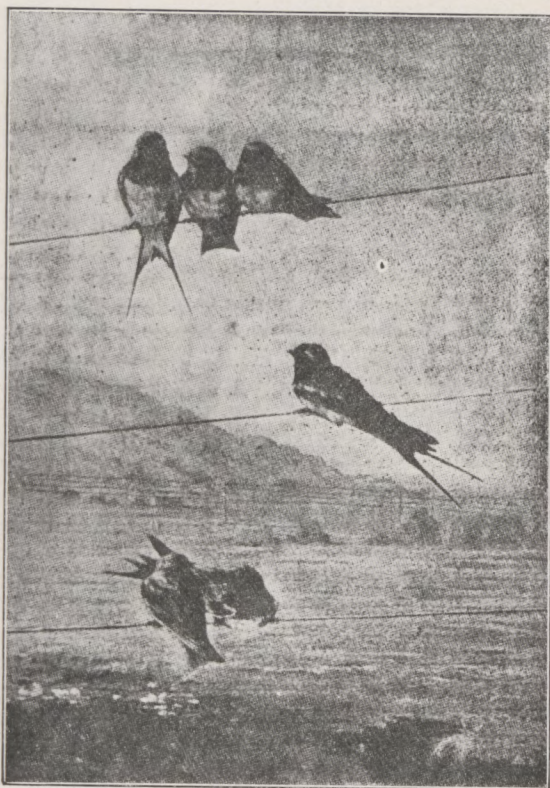
And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,
 And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree?
 Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,
 Or the world will lose some of its joy!
 Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
 And I always shall be,
 If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
 To you and to me, to you and to me;
 And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
 "Oh, the world's running over with joy;
 But long it won't be,
 Don't you know? don't you see?
 Unless we are as good as can be!"

LUCY LARCOM.

TRIMMING THE CLOTHES-LINE

I'm happy when the birds come back.
I've something then to do;
If you don't mind a little work
Perhaps you'd like it, too.



A RESTING PLACE

I get a lot of pretty strings,
Some red, some white, some blue,
And on a line out in the yard
I hang them up in view.

Sometimes I lay them on the ground,
 And bits of lace, as well;
 For just what stuff will best suit birds
 Is sometimes hard to tell.

They know our yard is a good place
 Variety to find;
 And, my! they're often such a while
 In making up their mind.

But before night I've sold clean out,
 I'm tired as I can be;
 Yet when the birds chirp back their thanks
 And sing sweet songs to me,

I'm ready next day to begin
 To trim my line anew,
 In colors like the flag we love—
 The red, the white and blue.

HELEN M. RICHARDSON, in *Farm Journal*.

BLESSING FOR THE TREE PLANTER

O painter of the fruits and flowers!
 We thank Thee for Thy wise design,
 Whereby these human hands of ours
 In nature's garden work with Thine.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power;
 Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
 Who sows a field or trains a flower
 Or plants a tree is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest;
 And God and man shall own his worth
 Who toils to leave as his bequest
 An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all who sow,
 The time of harvest shall be given;
 The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
 If not on earth, at last in heaven.

WHITTIER.

BIRD TRADES

The swallow is a mason,
And underneath the eaves
He builds a nest and plasters it
With mud and hay and leaves.

The woodpecker is hard at work,
A carpenter is he;
And you may find him hammering
His high house up a tree.

The bullfinch knows and practices
The basket-maker's trade;
See what a cradle for his young
The little thing has made.

Of all the weavers that I know,
The oriole's the best;
High on the apple tree he weaves
A cozy little nest.

The goldfinch is a fuller;
A skillful workman he!
Of wool and threads he makes a nest
That you would like to see.

Some little birds are miners,
Some build upon the ground;
And busy little tailors, too,
Among the birds are found.

The cuckoo laughs to see them work;
"Not so," he says, "we do;
My wife and I take other nests,
And live at ease—cuckoo!"

ANNA B. THOMAS, *in West Virginia School Agriculture.*

THE DAY OF PLANTING

Mrs. ADALINE H. BEERY

C. K. LANGLEY

1. Breezes from the forest blow, Tuned to happy chorus;
 2. Here we bring our saplings dear, Place their roots so tender;
 3. Happy thought of Arbor Day! As we watch the growing,

Birds have caught the same sweet song, Flying gaily o'er us;
 In the lap of mother earth, They will not offend her;
 Lo! our twigs on barren plains Shade and rest are throwing.

DUET.

Let us blend our voices, too, In a glad-some chanting,
 Day and night she'll nurse the trees, Sun-light, pure, will bless them
 Then in faith we look to Him Who for trees is caring,

As we gather here to-day, This the day of planting.
 Till they nod their crown of leaves, As the winds caress them.
 Glad that, as we live and grow, We His love are sharing.

Copyright, 1894, by HENRY DATE.

From "Uncle Sam's School Songs," HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago, Publishers.

The March.

Suggestions.—See that the children keep step to the air of the song. Arrange them according to size, the smallest first, that the column may present a picturesque appearance.

MARCHING SONG.

Moderato.

The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system is marked 'Moderato'. The second system is marked 'Chorus. 2d time pp'. The third system is the final line of the score.

1 There's Springtime in the air
When the happy robin sings,
And earth grows bright and fair
Covered with the robe she brings.

Cho. March, oh, march, 'tis Arbor Day,
Joy for all and cares away;
March, oh, march, from duties free
To the planting of the tree.

2 There's Springtime in the air
When the buds begin to swell,
And woodlands, brown and bare,
All the summer joys foretell.—*Cho.*

3 There's Springtime in the air
When the heart so fondly prays;
This tribute, sweet and rare,
We to mother earth may raise.—*Cho.*

SPRING'S MESSENGER

A PLAY FOR THREE CHILDREN

The Brook—A boy.*Blue-Bird*—A boy.*Pussy-Willow*—A wee girl in gray coat and furs.

(*Pussy-Willow* huddles at one side of stage, head hidden—
asleep. *Brook* lies asleep. Then begins to yawn and stretch
as he rises.)

Brook (sleepily)—

I think—I'm waking up today—
I just believe I'll try to run!
My coat of mail has slipped away;
I feel like singing just for fun!

(Stretches and hops stiffly.)

I'm just a little stiff, I fear—
But I shall be myself ere long!
And then I'll skip—(a whistle is heard)
what's that I hear?
Oh, can it be the *Blue-Bird's* song?

(He listens eagerly. Bird calls and notes sound nearer.
Bluebird flies in.)

Blue-Bird—

Oh, you've *burst* your bars of snow!
So with joy we two will go—
Wake the sweet wee maid in gray!
That will mark the first spring day.

Brook—

Welcome, *Blue-Bird*! I rejoice
For I guess the news you bring;
I will call—she knows my voice,
Stands beside me when I sing.

(*Brook* skips near *Pussy-Willow*. *Blue-Bird* watches, but
remains where he is.)

Brook—

Greeting! *Pussy-Willow* dear—
You can't guess the time of year!
I'm the *Brook*—that *lively* chap—

Pussy (stirring—speaks drowsily)—
Oh, I haven't had my nap!

Brook (yawns)—
I just woke a while ago,
Shook off coverings of snow;
You and I have work to do!

Pussy (waking)—
Oh, dear brooklet, is it you?
Who's that whistling? (Looks around)
I declare!
There's our Bluebird over there.

(Blue-Bird hops over to Pussy.)

Blue-Bird—
Wake up, Pussy—for, you see,
Spring's just waiting for us three.
We're her messengers so true!
See, the sky's a softer blue!
Pussy, in your furs so gray,
Not your cheeriest all day.
Smile and mock the wind so chill.
I'll go flying o'er the hill,
Bid the children run and look!
Find dear Pussy by her brook.

Brook—
I'll go skipping on my way,
Where the happy children play.
When they hear the news I bring,
Gladly will they greet the Spring.

Pussy—
Here, quite gladly will I stay;
Wake my sister Pussies gray.
Some bright morn, the children dear
Hearing your glad message clear,
Hide-and-seek will play with me—
Then the *world* will share their glee.

All—
For we bear a message true,
Spring is coming *now* to you!

(Blue-Bird and Brook run out.)

DAISY D. STEPHENSON, Denver, Colo.



THE CHARACTERISTIC GRACEFUL COLUMN OF THE YUCCA, SOAP-WEED, OR SPANISH BAYONET

THE HEART OF THE TREES

What does he plant who plants a tree?
 He plants the friend of the sun and sky;
 He plants the flag of the breezes free;
 The shaft of beauty towering high;
 He plants a home to heaven anigh
 For song and mother croon of bird
 In hushed and happy twilight heard—
 The treble of heaven's harmony—
 These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
 He plants cool shade and tender rain
 And seed and bud of days to be,
 And years that flush and fade again;
 He plants the glory of the plain;
 He plants the forest's heritage;
 The harvest of a coming age;
 The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
 These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
 He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,
 In love of home and loyalty
 And far-cast thought of civic good—
 His blessing on the neighborhood,
 Who in the hollow of his hand
 Holds all the growth of all our land—
 A nation's growth from sea to sea
 Stir in his heart who plants a tree.

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER.

OUT IN THE FIELDS

The little cares that fretted me,—
 I lost them yesterday
 Among the fields above the sea,
 Among the winds at play,
 Among the lowing of the herds,
 The rustling of the trees,
 Among the singing of the birds,
 The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen,—
 I cast them all away
 Among the clover-scented grass,
 Among the new-mown hay,
 Among the husking of the corn
 Where drowsy poppies nod,
 Where ill thoughts die and good are born,—
 Out in the fields with God.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

SOME SMALL SWEET WAY

There's never a rose in all the world
 But makes some green spray sweeter.
 There's never a wind in all the sky
 But makes some bird-wing fleeter;
 There's never a star but brings to heaven
 Some silver radiance tender;
 And never a rosy cloud but helps
 To crown the sunset splendor;
 No robin but may thrill some heart,
 His dawn-like gladness voicing.
 God gives us all some small sweet way
 To set the world rejoicing.

SELECTED.

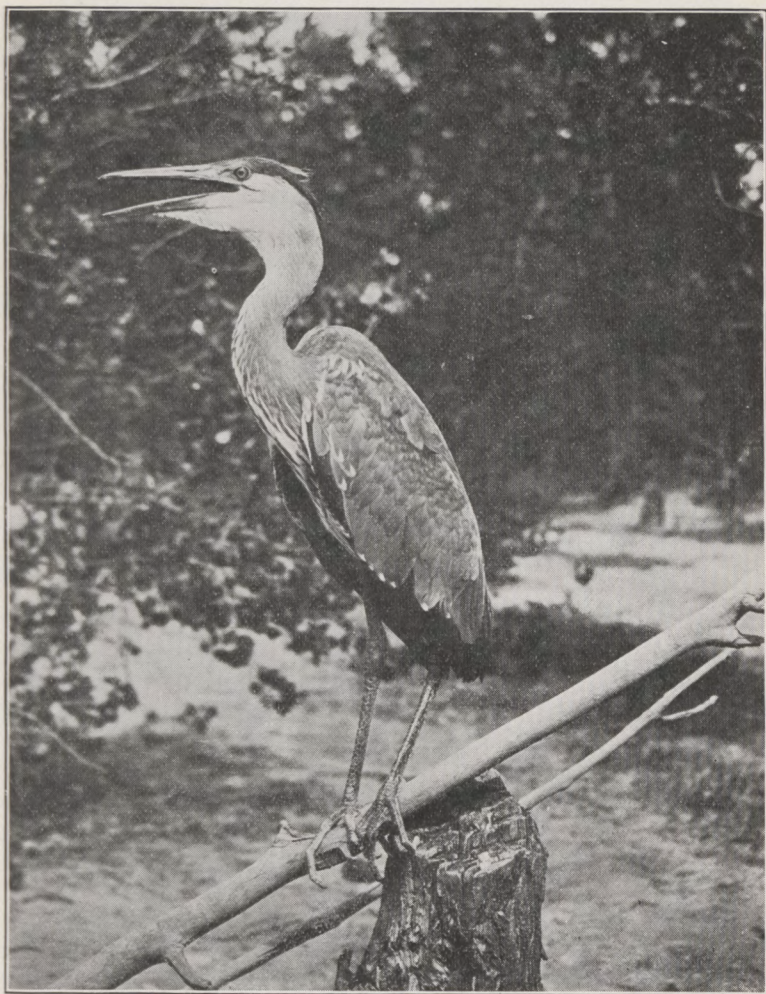
POISON IVY

(A story for the teacher to read aloud in the class.)

"Be careful of the poison ivy!" mamma warned Nell when she went to gather flowers in the woods beyond the orchard.

"Dear me! I wish it would wear a red flag, or that people would put signs with 'DANGER!' in great big letters, before every vine in the woods, just as they do when the ice is thin on the skating pond," said Nell. "I can never tell it from the old Virginia creeper that has grown over our porch ever since I was born. They look just alike, I'm sure."

"Oh, no, they don't! And if you don't want to get your hands all red, and your face swollen, as you did



THE BLUE HERON, A TYPICAL BIRD OF THE
PRAIRIE LAKE REGION

last year, I can tell you how to know when to run, just as easily as I can count 'One, two, three—off!' " laughed Fred, who spent much time in the woods, learning things seldom found in books.

"I wish you would, then, for I never feel safe when I go on a picnic, or gathering wild flowers. I'm always afraid I shall come home poisoned."

"All you have to do is to look at the leaves in summer and at the berries in the fall," said Fred. "If the leaves have *five* fingers, you may safely put your hand on them, for they belong to the friendly creeper; but if they have but *three* fingers, you must not touch them, for they are poison ivy. In the fall, the berries of the Virginia creeper are red, while those of the poison ivy are white.

"You can always tell the ivy from the creeper if you remember—

"Fingers three,
Turn and flee!
Fingers five,
Let them thrive!
Berries white,
Poisonous sight!
Berries red,
Have no dread!"

"That's fine, Fred! I feel quite safe now. It sounds like a charm, or something. Whenever I am in doubt again, I'll say,

"Fingers three,
Turn and flee!"

They came home with their baskets full of persimmons and bright leaves, and with their clothes embroidered with stick-tights and Spanish needles.

Can you tell what month it was when Fred gave Nell her botany lesson?

Stories of Woods and Fields.



THE MARIPOSA LILY

TREES IN THE SCRIPTURES

And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food.

GENESIS, 2, 9.

When these shall besiege a city a long time, in making war against it to take it, thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing on as against them: for thou mayst eat of them, and thou shalt not cut them down (for the tree of the field is man's life), to employ them in the siege.

DEUTERONOMY, 20, 19.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

PSALMS, 1, 3.

I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water.

I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the acacia tree, and the myrtle, and the oil tree; I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine, and the box tree together.

ISAIAH, 41, 18-19.

In the mountains of the height of Israel will I plant it; and it shall bring forth boughs, and bear fruit, and be a goodly cedar; and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing; in the shadow of the branches thereof shall they dwell.

EZEKIEL, 17, 23.

On either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit



NATIVE YELLOW OR JACK PINE
IN ITS WINTER COAT

every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

REVELATIONS, 22, 2.

WHAT DO WE PLANT WHEN WE PLANT THE TREE?

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
 We plant the ship which will cross the sea,
 We plant the mast to carry the sails,
 We plant the planks to withstand the gales—
 The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee—
 We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
 We plant the house for you and me.
 We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
 We plant the studding, the lath, the doors
 The beams and siding, all parts that be,
 We plant the houses when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
 A thousand things that we daily see.
 We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
 We plant the staff for our country's flag,
 We plant the shade from the hot sun free;
 We plant all these when we plant the tree.

HENRY ABBEY.

WHO LOVES THE TREES BEST?

Who loves the trees best?
 "I," said the Spring.
 "Their leaves so beautiful
 To them I bring."

Who loves the trees best?
 "I," Summer said,
 "I give them blossoms,
 White, yellow, red."

Who loves the trees best?
 "I," said the Fall.
 "I give them luscious fruits,
 Bright tints to all."

Who loves the trees best?
 "I love them best,"
 Harsh Winter answered,
 "I give them rest."

ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

TREES

However little I may be
 At least I, too, can plant a tree,
 And some day it will grow up so high
 That it can whisper to the sky.
 And spread its leafy branches wide
 To make a shade on every side.
 Then on a sultry summer day,
 The people resting there will say—
 "Oh, good, and wise, and great was he
 Who thought to plant this blessed tree!"

PLANT A TREE

He who plants a tree
 Plants a hope.
 Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
 Leaves unfold into horizons free.
 So man's life must climb
 From the clods of time
 Unto heavens sublime.
 Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
 What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
 Plants a joy;
 Plants a comfort that will never cloy.
 Every day a fresh reality,
 Beautiful and strong,
 To whose shelter throng
 Creatures blithe with song.
 If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
 Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!



ENGLEMANN SPRUCE

One of our most common natural evergreens. The altitude of its greatest abundance is about 8,000 feet

He who plants a tree
 He plants peace.
 Under its green curtains jargons cease;
 Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
 Shadows soft with sleep
 Down tired eyelids creep,
 Balm of slumber deep.
 Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
 Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree
 He plants youth;
 Vigor won for centuries, in sooth;
 Life of time, that hints eternity!
 Boughs their strength uprear,
 New shoots every year
 On old growths appear.
 Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
 Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree
 He plants love.
 Tents of coolness spreading out above
 Wayfarers he may not live to see.
 Gifts that grow are best;
 Hands that bless are blest;
 Plant: Life does the rest!
 Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
 And his work its own reward shall be.

LUCY LARCOM.

 I THANK THEE

For life and health and strength
 I thank the Father kind;
 I cannot count His mercies o'er,
 So many gifts I find.

The wee bird has its nest,
 Safe in the trees so tall,
 For birdlings' nests, for children's homes,
 I thank the Lord for all.

ANON.

MATERIAL FOR ARBOR DAY

The reasons for observing Arbor Day and arranging for a program for that time are so well brought out by A. S. Draper that we publish what he has to say on this subject in the Arbor Day Annual 1913, Educational Department, state of New York:

Arbor Day in its broad significance has far outgrown the thought of its founders. In its beginning it signified little more than the planting of a tree. Today it is closely related to the whole "out-of-door" movement.

The great improvement in the appearance of school grounds during the last few years has been a direct result of the observance of Arbor Day. Only a few years ago in our larger villages and cities little thought was given to the grounds surrounding the school. Today, however, there are few schools, even in the rural communities, where there is not a real pride in the school surroundings.

Such pride is proper. There is a real educational value in well-kept grounds as there is in appropriate decorations in the schoolroom. School boys and girls will become stronger and better men and women through the almost unconscious influence of the beautiful in nature.

Arbor Day should be a day of beginnings, which should last through the entire year. If a tree or shrub is planted it must be given care. The setting of the roots in the soil is only the first step. The necessary watering, the placing of guards and the watching against injurious insects and other enemies give opportunity for the exercise of constant, intelligent thought. Without continuing throughout the year the work begun on Arbor Day, the whole effort is lost and the lessons of real worth forgotten.

The question is often asked, "What trees shall we plant?" Select the trees of your own locality. It is a most interesting study to search out the important species in any given section and to note their habits. The list in many cases will be long and will include many ornamental trees. Such excursions might well be made the nature study work during the spring months and also furnish excellent material for classroom exercises. With the vast inroads which are being made upon our forests it may be only a few years until the virgin forest will be only a memory and our excursions will be limited to cultivated forests and ornamental trees.

We are only beginning to appreciate the great beauty of shrubbery. It not only has a distinct value in lawn treatment, but may be used very effectively where trees would be undesirable. Shrubbery, or hedges, may be found today on many school grounds and doubtless the use of these will soon become much more general.

In selecting a special theme as has been done the past few years it is not the thought to limit the exercises in any way to the subject chosen. Local conditions may be found which will render an entirely different program of much more value. The school garden may be the center of outdoor activity. If so, let this be emphasized. It may be that the addition of small shrubs or hedges may add something in an ornamental way. This feature of school work which in so many places has given both pleasure and profit is doubtless a result of the Arbor Day movement. School gardens are daily teaching lessons which can be learned only by actual contact with nature and with the soil.

In the observance of the day make use of any material at hand from which the best results may be secured. This may relate to the general appearance of the school grounds, ornamental trees, shrubbery, the school garden, the study of agriculture, fruit trees of the locality, the farm wood lot, or even the more general subject of our



ANEMONE OR PASQUE FLOWER
The first mountain flower to welcome you

forests. The vital point is not so much the special subject considered as the relating of the day to the real activities of the life of your community. The work begun on Arbor Day, even though it may be the mere planting of a vine, must be only a beginning. The results must be enduring.

HOW TO TEACH CONSERVATION OF NATIONAL BEAUTIES AND RESOURCES

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK AS A TYPE

Whatever particular subject one has to teach, it should discover a *general truth of wide application as well as specific knowledge of particular importance*. Our National Park is worth knowing because of its natural wonders and its value as a public vacation resort. I recall reviewing for a publishing house the manuscript for a supplementary Reader, which finely presented these phases of the subject, in relating the tour of a family party through the Park. I was obliged to report, however, that the book, interesting as it was in subject and treatment, failed to realize the values of the topics considered. There was no presentation of the relation of this first and greatest of national parks to our general policy of conservation; no suggestion that in any home community there were views, sites and areas which should be preserved by the local public for the enjoyment of all in present and future.

To establish a general truth in geography the study of a type, such as the National Park, gives a clear basis. The type should be presented as vividly as means make possible, as fully as time may allow. In the present instance, the picture is the best means of placing the facts before the pupils. The stereoscope presents them most naturally, for when the world is shut out by the hood of the instrument, and double vision seems to have set the



MOTHER HUMMING BIRD AT HOME

pupil where he looks down into the Yellowstone Canon or far across the forests of the Great Divide, he can almost believe himself to have been transported to this wonderland. Each pupil studies a scene for himself; it is independent work.

Our school outfit also includes a reflectoscope, for thereby one may place before all the class at once the enlarged reflected image of each of any collection of colored postcards gathered as the gifts of graduates and friends of the school who visit the National Park and other scenes of interest. The stereoscope favors independent study, of which we have too little. The reflectoscope, or the stereopticon, gives basis for study by a class as a group, for teaching and discussion as on a field trip.

In teaching our great wonders, secure railroad booklets and folders and special books at the library. Invite an eye witness of the scenes to give a talk to the pupils.

Before these two pieces of equipment were secured we made much more use of the finely illustrated booklets and folders, such as the "Wonderland Annual" of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Some of the folders showed the strong coloring of the hot springs and the walls of the Yellowstone Canon most vividly. Our city library possesses government reports and other books whose illustrations of the Yellowstone country may be seen by the children. For a class lesson, our special teacher cooperates with the librarian in choosing the books and placing slips in each, noting just what parts to read and what topics or questions to study. As a result of such careful preparation for a library lesson, the succeeding recitation shows a most gratifying interest in, and knowledge of the subject, as well as admirable training in the free use of English.

In addition to pictures by camera and pencil, the word-pictures of keen observers should be utilized. These

are best if heard at first hand from some friend of the school who will come in, tell of his trip, show his post-cards, and make the Park real by this other factor of personal interest. Some of the school Readers contain descriptions of the Park which possess the literary value calculated to aid in interpreting the pictures and arousing enthusiasm. A fine example of Kipling's account of his visit to geysers and canon, contained in the Kipling Reader of D. Appleton & Co.

The comparison of the time when this great Wonderland was unknown to white man with the present day will stimulate imagination. The comparison of untainted beauty with that marred by unsightly buildings will arouse the protective spirit.

By such means the pupils may come to know with keen interest the magnificent geysers, the beautiful terraces of the hot springs, the grand canon and falls of the Yellowstone, the far-stretching forests that clothe the western slopes, the wild animals that here escape both trapper and hunter and somewhat lose their fear of man. Now, then, is the time to hark back to the days when rumors of this wonderland, so full of nature's marvels, reached the world. Now the time to read extracts from Parkman's "Oregon Trail" and like works, to tempt at least some children to read more, and vividly to place before all a picture of the days when mighty herds of buffalo thundered across the plains, when elk, deer and antelope were abundant, when beaver and other fur-bearers lived beside every stream in the mountain forests. In contrast, depict the few small herds of buffalo yet alive, most of these in captivity, half-domesticated; the disappearance of the wild life once so abundant. Compare the wild grandeur and unspoiled beauty of the Yellowstone with the factories that rise above the barren American wall of Niagara Gorge, marring its beauty. Awaken gratitude that this spacious National Park, miles in ex-

tent, was preserved to the nation, instead of being given away or sold for a song, to be exploited for the benefit of a few. Here for all time men may escape the care and worry of business pressure and renew strength and the ideals of noble life amid these invigorating mountain wilds and sublime scenes.

Associate the Yellowstone Park with our other great national parks and forest reservations. Read descriptions by noted authors. Take up some patriotic poems dealing with pride in our scenic beauties.

The National Park as a type should be associated with the other national parks and the forest reservations, two of which adjoin the National Park. From the first a map should be used. The government maps, which may be obtained through senators or representatives, show all forest reservations, parks, and Indian reservations clearly. The class then study more briefly the Grand Canon of the Colorado, the Yosemite Valley, the Big Trees of California, Crater Lake, the Petrified Forest of Arizona, the many extensive forest reservations of western mountain slopes and high plateaus, and the new reservations of the Appalachians. The best brief description of them all is probably that in the concluding chapter of Fairbank's school Reader, "The Western United States." (D. C. Heath & Co.) The finest and most interesting descriptions are of course found in the works of John Muir, who knows many of them so intimately. Some paragraphs of his adventures and excursions may be read to children with good results. It would be well to give abler pupils special assignments of particular topics or parks on which to report after work in the public library or with reference books supplied at school. The time will be well spent if it eventuates in such increase in patriotic pride and devotion as speaks in Van Dyke's "America":

"I love thine inland seas,
Thy groves of giant trees,
Thy rolling plains;
Thy rivers' mighty sweep,
Thy mystic canyons deep,
Thy mountains wild and steep,
All thy domains.

* * * *

"O land beyond compare,
Thee I loved best!"

The object of the lesson is reached here—why conservation is so important; draw out the reasons.

The study of these national parks, for pleasure, and the great forest reservations, for profit, should lead out into knowledge of the national policy of conservation. To approach this, children must recall knowledge of the pioneer days, east, then westward, when forests had to be laboriously cut down and destroyed to make way for cultivation; then the years when the great pine forests of the Eastern states and the Great Lake region were rapidly and wastefully cut away, to be sold at prices but a fraction of those now charged for lumber. The primeval forest is gone, save in areas on the Cascade slopes; spruce and hemlock boards which were once scorned are now costly lumber.

Elsewhere in the world, as in China and parts of southern Europe, the process has gone farther. The forests have all been cut away, the soil has been swept from steep slopes, valleys have been overspread with coarse, infertile debris, and once populous districts no longer afford sustenance to man. The same process has commenced here; the river floods rise higher and more suddenly, for when the forests are cut on the Appalachian slopes the snows melt more quickly, no spongy forest floor holds back the rains. Soils are lost from the bared slopes about tributary headwaters, and the delta farms behind the levees of the Mississippi are laid waste.

But deforestation is not to proceed; the nation and the states are setting the example of proper forestry and of afforestation. They are planning to develop all natural resources, that are public property, so as to make them productive for the future as well as for the present; while new laws encourage citizens to take like action.

Take up now the public areas of land in or near the home town or city.

At this stage of the study, interest should center on the home state community. Many states have at least small reservations—forests, mountain tops, or parks. Not a few cities and towns have parks and sites of natural beauty reserved as public property. For example, Cobbet pupils study the history of "Lynn Woods," a tract of rugged, ledgy upland hills, which the city holds as a wild park. The colonial settlers on the plain beside the harbor owned woodlots in this tract. Two wolf pits which they dug there nearly three centuries ago are still preserved. Uncanny legends of pirates, and treasure deep in Dungeon Rock, are told.

Public-spirited citizens who loved natural beauties aroused others to the values of this unsettled woodland adjoining the city, years ago; raised money for the purchase of many acres and so aroused public interest as to secure action by the city government toward its acceptance, extension and care. Just above the city rises High Rock, an outlying spur of the upland rim of the Boston lowland basin, which affords so commanding a view along the coast that it is held as a public park.

Along our water front runs a magnificent boulevard of the Metropolitan system of parks and parkways that surround Boston, the creation of the State of Massachusetts acting in the interest of Greater Boston. The city is now moving slowly to the creation of a public strip of park and playground, with walks and drives, about Flax Pond, where the colonists once retted their flax,



THE WILD POPPY
Our Prairie Thistle

and which today supplies the city with much of its ice and so much of its water sports as to require a paid lifesaver to patrol its waters. Just in time to preserve its shores to general usefulness, public-spirited citizens have aroused the city government and popular interest to move for its public development. Action is being pushed also toward the acquisition and development of further vacant areas as playgrounds. In this movement the children share.

Where there is no public park, commons, or recreation grounds, foster the sentiment toward getting such.

A study of our National Park and policy of conservation ought to be related always to the study of the natural beauties or possibilities of development for public enjoyment of places in the children's home district. They should learn what has already been done to preserve for public use the woodlands or waters, the shores or outlooks near their homes. If nothing has been done, it is high time that the children took thought as to what might and should be done; they may rouse their parents to the value of conservation work undertaken elsewhere and to the need of action at home. If the home town seems to possess no area of special worth, then accounts of the transformation of swampy shores into beautiful waterside parks, and the creation of charming New England "commons" with their high over-arching elms, by the public-spirited action of a few citizens a century or so ago, may suggest what may be done in creating beauties for public delight where none seem to exist. Thus school Arbor Day celebrations and tree planting may take on new dignity and meaning, and may awaken action by adult citizens. And if some new movement is afoot in state or nation to set aside another park or forest reservation, or to preserve some waterfall or other natural wonder to the public and posterity—let the children write their legislative representative, with their pa-

rents' accompanying endorsement, asking his support for the measure.

In brief, arouse the children to keen interest in, and appreciation of, our wonderfully grand and beautiful natural scenery, our most valuable natural resources of forest and mineral wealth and waterpower; then arouse their enthusiasm to do their part and use their influence to further the conservation of all such public possessions, first of all near their home, and then in state and nation.

SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITIONS RELATING TO CONSERVATION

- Relation of Forest to Stream-flow.
- What a Timber Famine Would Mean.
- Illustrated Talk on Tree Seeds.
- Our Forest Wealth.
- Some Birds That I Know.
- How the Trees Breathe and Grow.
- Camping in the Woods.
- Description of Yellowstone National Park.
- Description of Yosemite Valley.
- Description of Glacier National Park.
- Describe the Colorado Mountain Park you love best,
or which you would like to see.

HUNTING WITH THE CAMERA IN COLORADO

BY ROBERT B. ROCKWELL

Of the Colorado Mountain Club

(From *The Rocky Mountain News*.)

The development of the Mountain Club movement throughout the United States during the past few years has inspired one idea which, in conjunction with the rap-

idly increasing public sentiment in favor of game protection, bids fair to play an important part in the campaign which is now well under way for more uniform and drastic legislation for the protection of wild life. The terse sentence, "No Firearms Allowed" occupies a prominent place in the outing programs of practically all the mountain clubs, and those three short words "cover a multitude of sins."

Naturally, sportsmen constitute a large part of the membership of the various mountain clubs, because the man who loves his gun does so because it takes him into the great outdoors, and mountain clubs are pre-eminently out-of-door organizations. Few real sportsmen follow hunting purely for the love of killing. It is the fascination of pitting one's wits against those of the wild creatures, the satisfaction of playing a skillful game—and winning; the exhilaration of strenuous exercise and the close relationship with Nature that lures the great majority of sportsmen afield. What substitute, then, can the mountain clubs offer to the sportsman for his trusty 30-30 or the beloved 1-gauge? The only practical answer is—the camera.

Incidentally, the camera has a great many advantages over the gun as an incentive to hunting. In the first place, no hunting license is needed. In the second place, there are no closed seasons, and, in the third place, the quarry need not be good to eat. A fine buck, a nice string of ducks or a bag of quail form a handsome trophy—for about a week. After that your friends who have helped you eat them wonder when you are going hunting again. An album full of handsome animal pictures is a constant source of pleasure to your friends and yourself; and your quarry is still alive and doing its part in Nature's wonderful scheme.

Nor can he who has dragged his weary footsteps over miles of "down" timber after deer or bear, or



TWO WISE LITTLE ROCKY MOUNTAIN SCREECH OWLS
Who tell you things only at night-time

crouched for frozen hours in a November duck blind, fairly claim that his alone are the hardships. Just as much courage, endurance, patience and steady nerve are required for successful results with a camera as with a gun. It took more splendid courage for Kermit Roosevelt to slip up within a few feet to take his now famous photograph of the herd of wild elephants than it did for his companions to stand by with their heavy elephant guns at "ready." Not long ago an enthusiastic Westerner permitted himself to be lowered 120 feet by a rope over a beetling precipice to secure a picture of the nest and young of a golden eagle. Obviously, the adventurous sportsman need not lack excitement if he forsakes the gun for the camera.

Men travel thousands of miles and spend hundreds of dollars in quest of their chosen game. The camera hunter may find plenty of game close at hand. The robin on the front lawn, the gopher in the vacant lot nearby, even the honey bee or the butterfly in the garden, may tax his ingenuity and skill to the utmost. There is more of real skill (and just as much of real woodcraft) required in luring a timid bird or animal within the limited range of the camera than there is in resting a heavy rifle over a fallen tree and bowling over an unsuspecting grizzly a hundred yards away.

The wild game is decreasing in abundance at an alarming rate, and as James J. Hill once said of land, "There is only one crop of it." The bison and the passenger pigeon are gone forever. The elk, the antelope and the grizzly bear are rapidly nearing extinction. The ducks and geese have dwindled to a pitiful remnant of the feathered multitude that formerly thronged this continent. Thoughtful sportsmen the world over are giving more and more attention to the problem of adequately preserving what is left. Numerous game preserves have

already been established by the British government in the heart of Africa.

The substitution of the camera for the gun is not a fantastic theory of a few sentimental reformers. It is a practical solution of an important problem that confronts us. Our wild game is an asset which should be capitalized and exploited exactly as we do our scenery and other tourist attractions. The problem is to utilize our game as an attraction to tourists and still preserve it. The substitution of the camera for the gun, at least to a certain extent, is the solution of the problem. Thousands of sportsmen have indorsed the idea and hundreds of converts each year are spending their money for plates instead of ammunition.

Try it out, just once, sportsmen. A fine photograph of that brace of mallards hovering over the decoys, is much greater reward than a corpse lying on the water, to say nothing of the wounded bird that escaped, to die.

Every true sportsman is humane, and the possibility of enjoying real sport without the taking of life cannot fail to appeal to the humanitarian side of his nature.

This, in brief, is one of the important ideas that the Colorado Mountain Club is endeavoring to develop in this state; to impress upon the minds of those sportsmen who love sport for sport's sake and not for the mere lust of killing. And when all is said, there is no other kind of true sportsman.



A TYPICAL QUAKING ASPEN GROVE

POPULAR STUDY OF NATIVE TREES OF COLORADO, FROM THE PLAINS TO SUMMIT OF MOUNTAINS

BY ROBERT B. ROCKWELL

(Photos by members of The Colorado Mountain Club.)

(From *The Rocky Mountain News*.)

The segregation of vast areas of timbered land as federal forest reserves in recent years, together with the campaign for and against conservation policies, has attracted the attention of the public to the great importance of the proper supervision of our timber as a national asset and has resulted in a great increase in interest in the study of trees. The Eastern visitor sees few indications, as he speeds toward Denver, Colorado Springs or Pueblo, of the fact that Colorado is the proud possessor of an extremely large and varied list of native trees. What little timber is found in the eastern part of the state is confined to the immediate vicinity of the streams, where the broad-leaved cottonwood, the typical prairie tree, and various specimens of willow predominate.

However, as the traveler enters the lower foothills the great variety and abundance of trees is at once apparent. The same laws of distribution that cover the birds and flowers apply also to the trees; hence it is that as one ascends only a few hundred feet vertically above the level of the plains he enters an area where the climatic conditions, and, therefore, the trees, are different.

Practically the first trees to be encountered after leaving the plains are the rock or yellow pines, the cedars and the pinon or nut pines. These trees grow on ridges, hillsides or other dry locations, while in the well-watered canons nearby will be found an abundant growth of narrow-leaf cottonwood, hawthorn, wild plums, cherries, willows of many species and the picturesque Douglas spruce, the beloved Christmas tree of many a Colorado home.



COTTONWOOD BOLLS

Ascending a little higher into the lower mountains, we come to beautiful groves of silver-barked quaking aspens, while along the streams we find the splendid blue spruce, Colorado's state tree. These thrive best in moist locations, while round about them in the dryer sections will be found splendid forests of the majestic lodgepole pine, so-called because of its remarkably straight, slender trunk.

The next step takes us almost to timber line, and here we find, on the dry slopes, more splendid forest of lodgepole pine, and also the characteristic white or limber pine. In the moist ravines and on the north hillsides are found the finest of evergreens, the Englemann spruce, and the two species of fir.

It should not be inferred from this brief outline that the various trees are entirely restricted to the locations mentioned, for there are many trees which have a wide vertical range. For instance, the Englemann spruce may be found as low as 7,500 feet above sea level, and as high as 12,500 feet, while on the other hand rock pines, which thrive best in the foothills as low as 5,000 feet, may occasionally be found as high as 10,000 feet. However, the above outlines, in a rather general manner, are the locations where the different trees may be found in their greatest abundance.

The most intensely interesting trees in the state are found just at timber line, where the long, intensely cold winters, the short, cool summers, the prevailing high winds and rare atmosphere combine to offer highly unfavorable conditions for tree growth. Here in this desolate, wind-swept region the trees—Englemann spruce limber pine and occasionally firs—grow in the most fantastic and grotesque shapes. Some will have no branches on the side nearest the direction of the prevailing winds; others will be distorted almost out of resemblance of a tree. Many are terribly stunted, while occasionally one is seen

growing almost prostrate along the ground. These forests of gnarled, misshapen trees form a wonderful weird picture and are a source of never-ending interest and fascination to the nature lover.

Colorado boasts of fifty-five species of trees, representing twenty different genera, in addition to a multitude of smaller tree-like shrubs and woody plants. Of this number, thirteen varieties are evergreens, six are cottonwoods, four are oaks, two are hackberrys, six are willow trees (in addition to about twenty-two varieties of willows which do not attain the dignity of a tree), two are birch, eight are hawthorns, three are plums, three are maples and box elders, and there is one each of buckthorn, sumac, ash, alder, mountain mahogany, locust and Juneberry.

The greater portion of the mountainous area of the state supports a splendid forest growth, and to insure the necessary conservation of this vast amount of timber the federal government has established seventeen forest reserves, embracing a total area of 13,402,481 acres. Forest fires constitute a far more destructive element to timber than does mankind, but by an efficient system of supervision the forest service has reduced the danger of fires to a minimum.

Strange as it may seem, one of the principal causes of these terrible fires is the carelessness of camping parties in leaving campfires. The forest service, the Colorado Mountain Club, various stockmen's associations and many other organizations are conducting an energetic campaign of education to impress upon the public the absolute necessity of preventing disastrous fires by the exercise of a little thought and care in entirely extinguishing all fires before leaving them.

Colorado has been well termed "The Backbone of the Continent." A large percentage of the moisture which is absolutely essential to the prosperity of the great farming

sections of the Middle West is stored each year in her high mountains. The forests are the one most important factor in the proper conservation of this tremendous asset.

No less an authority than Theodore Roosevelt has said: "The ruthless destruction of the forests of China has brought about, or has aided in bringing about, desolation; just as the destruction of the forest in central Asia aided in bringing ruin to the once rich central Asian cities; just as the destruction of the forest in northern Africa helped toward the ruin of a region that was a fertile granary in Roman days. Short-sighted man, whether barbaric, semi-civilized, or what he may mistake as fully civilized, when he has destroyed the forests has rendered certain the destruction of the land itself."

It is the duty—and it is to the financial interest—of every citizen to do his part conscientiously in preventing the occurrence of forest fires by using scrupulous care to leave no burning embers behind him in places where fires may result.

"STATELY AND GRACIOUS WITH ELMS"

Stately and gracious with elms and willows are the smooth and grassy meadows,

Leveled for human use by the lakes of untold ages.

Then covered with forests, that the pioneers uprooted—

Rich now, and full of peace; bringing back the well-loved images of the Bible;

Meadows where first I heard the swift song of the bobolink,

Throbbing and ringing madly, back and forth in the meadow air,

And whence, in full summer, after a long, hot day,

The boy that I was came back to the home barn

Royally charioted on the high-piled, sweet-scented hay,

Ah, there's no place like the old place!

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

A PRAYER OF THE OUT-OF-DOORS

Eternal God, in whom we live and move and have our being:

Thou art our Father; Thou art our God.

We praise Thee, we worship Thee, we yield Thee most hearty thanks for the glory of Thy presence in the great "out-of-doors."

The mountains speak to us of Thy strength; may we be strong to serve.

The woods tell us of the lavishness of Thy love; do Thou shed abroad Thy love in our hearts.

The still waters speak peace to our souls; oh, may we know the peace which passeth all understanding!

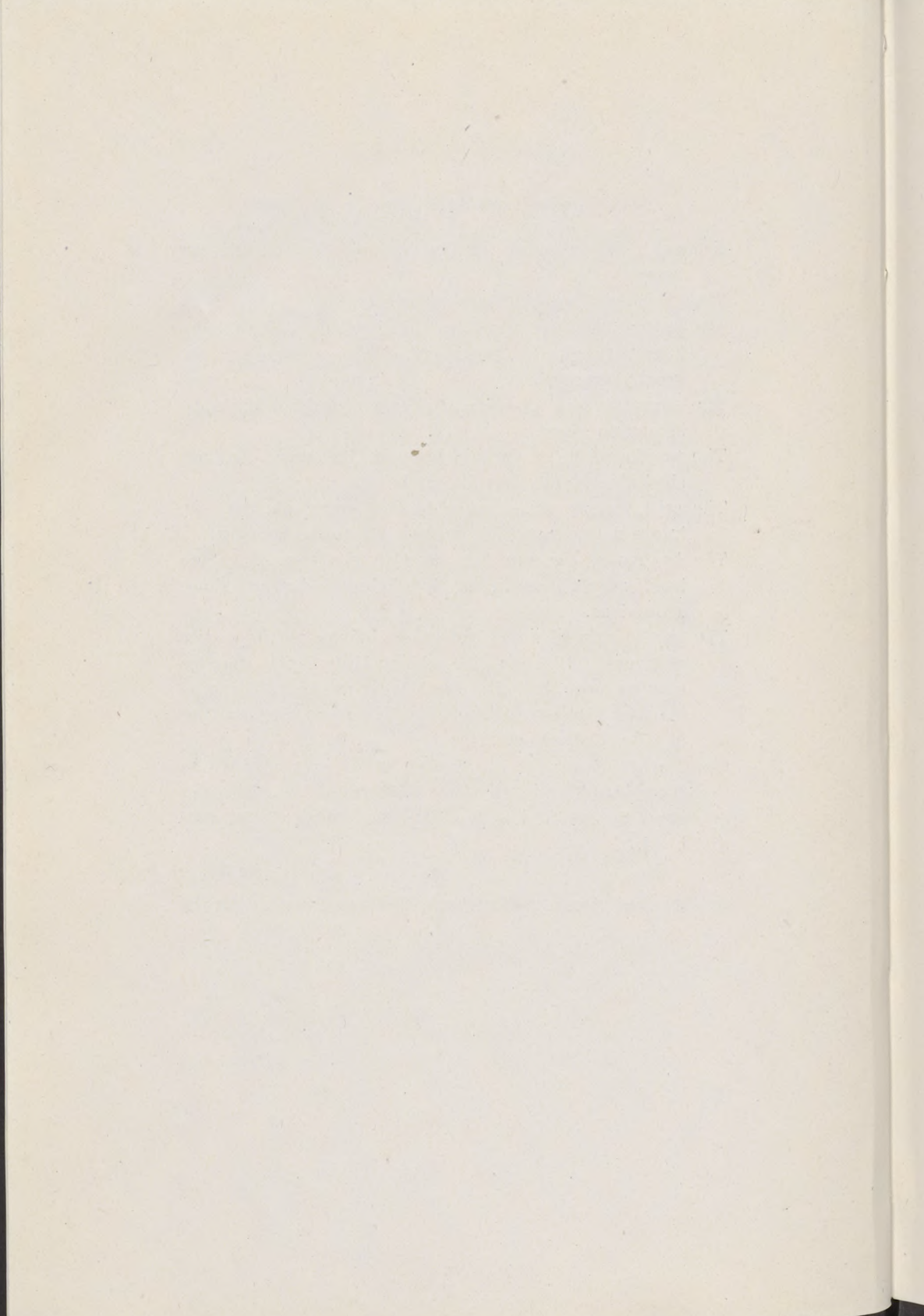
The beauty of the sun fills us with gladness; may the beauty of holiness in our lives bring gladness to those around us.

The gentle rain cleanses, refreshes, brings us the power of growth; do Thou give us Thy Holy Spirit that we may be clean, bringing forth fruit to the uplifting of mankind, the extending of Thy Kingdom, the exalting of Thy Holy Name.

Our Father, Thou art the Source of all joy; may we so enter into Thy joy that we shall reveal to others the glory of our God and of His Son Jesus Christ Our Lord.

AMEN.

Annual Report Winnebago County School, Illinois.



GOOD ROADS DAY

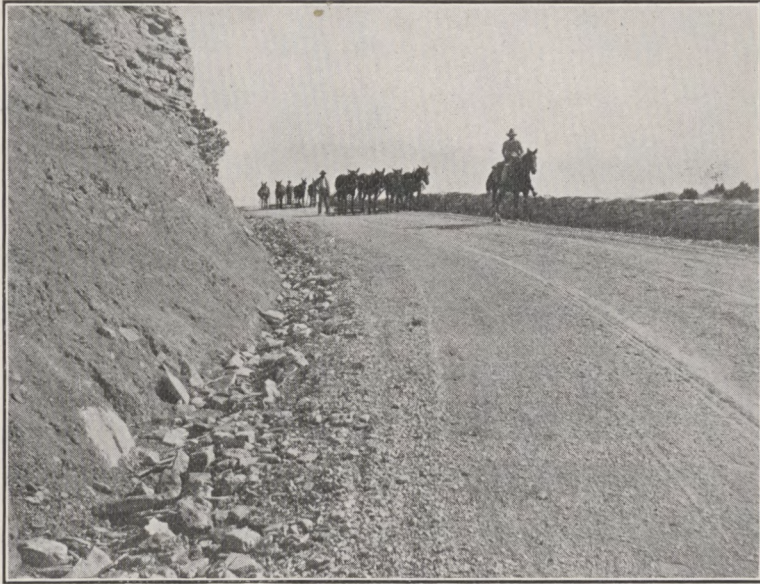
WHAT GOOD ROADS DO

BY J. E. MALONEY,

Of the State Highway Department.

Roads are built to provide people with a means of communication.

The entire community uses the roads, or you may put it, that the service rendered by the use of the roads is of benefit to everyone.



DRAGGING PUEBLO-BEULAH ROAD, CONVICT LABOR
STATE SECONDARY ROAD NO. 73

To be of the greatest service to us the roads should be built well and must be properly maintained.

A well-built, properly maintained road improves every acre of land within several miles each side of it. It also reduces the wear and tear on the horses, wagons and harness, and reduces the cost of transporting the crops and materials.

A good road brings us within easy distance of the cities, schools and of each other.

A good road attracts the tourist and the investor, and in this age is a sure indication of a progressive community.

Money spent for intelligent, well-directed road improvements will be returned many fold; the return may be indirect, but it is none the less certain.

Everyone is interested and all should urge the improvements, and insist upon skilled supervision, and adequate returns for the money invested.

This work reaches every man, woman and child, and is the important feature of all county work, so look after it; be interested and keep informed on what is being done with the county road funds, and the state road fund.

MAKE FORESTS ACCESSIBLE

BY FRED MORRELL

(Denver Office of U. S. Forest Service.)

When you sit of an evening in your favorite chair by the fireplace, drawing from your meerschaum the great white clouds that soothe and pacify, and idly review the trials and worries of the day now passed into history, you are, as the lawyers would put it, "on all fours" with the out-of-doors man, who, lounging in his automobile, is carried quickly and comfortably through a mountain country over which, previously, times without number, he has suffered the tortures of the springless wagon as it rolled heavily over the rocks and ditches of what he, in duty to custom, called "the road."

"ON ALL FOURS" WITH AUTOIST

If, as you dream, your wife or your sweetheart hums some gentle melody that finds its way into your heart and

multiplies your peacefulness into an ecstasy of contentment, you will again be "on all fours" with our friend in the automobile as the whir of the motor penetrates to his inner consciousness.

If, when you dress hurriedly for the theatre to see your favorite actress, your collar button rolls under the bed, the necktie you want has disappeared, a button is off your trousers, and your wife is late; you run for the car and miss it, and the next car whizzes by the crossing,



PORTABLE AIR COMPRESSOR AND DRILLING WORK ON FALL RIVER ROAD, LARIMER COUNTY (CONVICT WORK)
STATE PRIMARY ROAD NO. 51

to pull up where the mud is deepest; your tickets are wrong and the man in the box office is uncivil and the usher impudent; and if incidents similar in kind and quantity are repeated on your way home, you will be once more "on all fours" with the city dweller who travels over miserable roads to his favorite spot in the mountains. Then if your thoughts turn to the evening they will be of the mud or the uncivil people who served you, rather than of the charm of the actress or the rhythm of the music. Just so will the thoughts of the

mountain visitor often be of "the road," rather than of the splendors of the mountains or the glory of the turquoise sky.

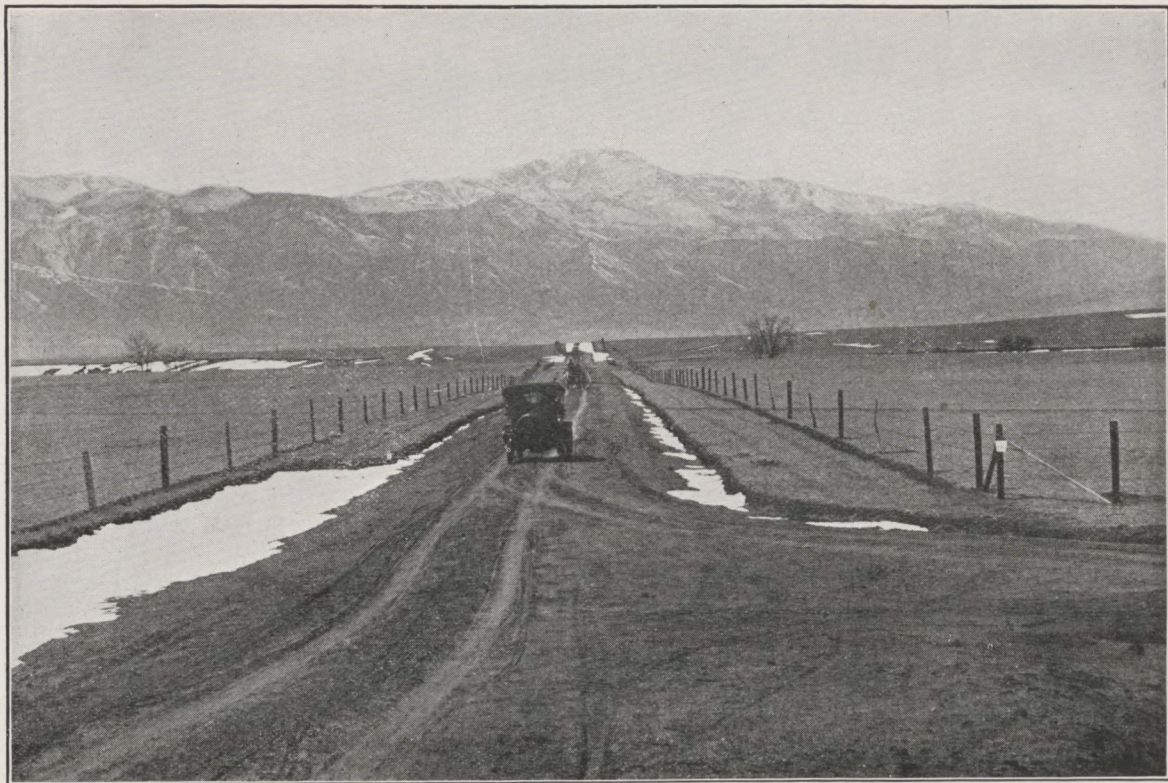
SCENIC BEAUTIES INACCESSIBLE

In the mountains of Colorado are spots innumerable that are unexcelled in scenic advantages, but we need means by which they may be reached without the discomforts attendant on travel over the crude roads that we often must negotiate to get to them. With the exception of the comparatively small areas within the newly created national park, these areas of interest are located within the seventeen national forests of the state.

The task of constructing roads throughout these areas is a tremendous one. A start has been fairly made by the forest service in the formation of plans for their comprehensive and consistent development, and in the construction of some forty-five miles of well-made roads. To complete the system will call for many millions of dollars, which can be obtained only with the sympathy and assistance of public-spirited citizens of the state.

MOUNTAIN REGIONS REMOTE

The construction of roads within the national forests presents problems as difficult and varied as they are interesting. They are in regions remote from railroads and sources of supply, passing over precipitous grades and often through and over solid rock. They run through heavy timber, and in regions where the precipitation is large the steep slopes make the question of drainage one of paramount importance. In the work of construction a definite and systematic procedure is followed. The first thing determined is the need for the road in comparison with that of other possible projects. This is done by a canvass of the number of people who would probably use the road and for what purpose, and what kind of vehicles



PIKE'S PEAK ROAD, EAST OF COLORADO SPRINGS, EL PASO COUNTY. STATE PRIMARY ROAD NO 30.

would traverse the road, and at what times of the year travel will be heavy.

Then a reconnaissance is made by a trained road engineer, who goes over all possible routes carefully and determines upon the general location of the road. In deciding on this, such factors as the following are considered: The possibility of securing best grade and alignment; the cost of construction; possibilities of adequate drainage; the avoidance of locations where the snow will drift and prevent early travel over the road in the spring; and the possibility of securing the best road material.

The next step is the location survey, made by a competent engineer, trained in road survey and construction, complete plans showing how wide the road is to be and where culverts and bridges are to be placed. The amount of clearing to be done and quantities of earth and rock to be moved are computed and the exact location of each piece of work shown on the ground by stakes and monuments.

When ready for construction, a forest ranger trained in work of this character, who knows how to handle and care for men and teams in the mountains, is assigned to the task of supervising the work. Tents for sheltering the men and teams, and camp equipment sufficient for feeding and caring for from twenty-five to fifty men, are moved in, and food supplies and feed stored under canvas and the work begins.

The ranger in charge becomes foreman, camp doctor, veterinary and general counselor to the camp. He is busy from early morning until late at night looking after innumerable details that are continually arising at the camp and on the road. Competent men, good teams and good food are insisted upon. Next to the man in charge, the cook is the most important personage on the job. He must be able to cook wholesome and appetizing

meals that will both stay the hunger of men working in the out of doors on the heaviest work imaginable, and at the same time please their palates, for it is an axiom with Uncle Sam that economy demands well-fed men. Fresh meat can usually be secured by buying range animals on the hoof and butchering for the camp. Fresh vegetables and fruits are often hard to secure, but canned goods are taboo, since the average forest ranger and other mountain dweller has learned long ago to avoid them, both because of their cost and because they prefer other forms of food.

BAN ON CANNED GOODS

In these days of parties and clubs the average housewife in the city uses as large a percentage of canned goods as does the forest service camp cook. If fresh vegetables and fruits cannot be obtained, dried ones are preferred. Much inclement weather is encountered at the high altitudes during a working season; snow may fall at any time and the temperature rises and falls in great jumps. Every possible provision is made for the comfort of the men and teams during these stormy periods, for it is the foreman's first lookout, if he is to succeed, to keep his helpers, man and beast, both fit and cheerful.

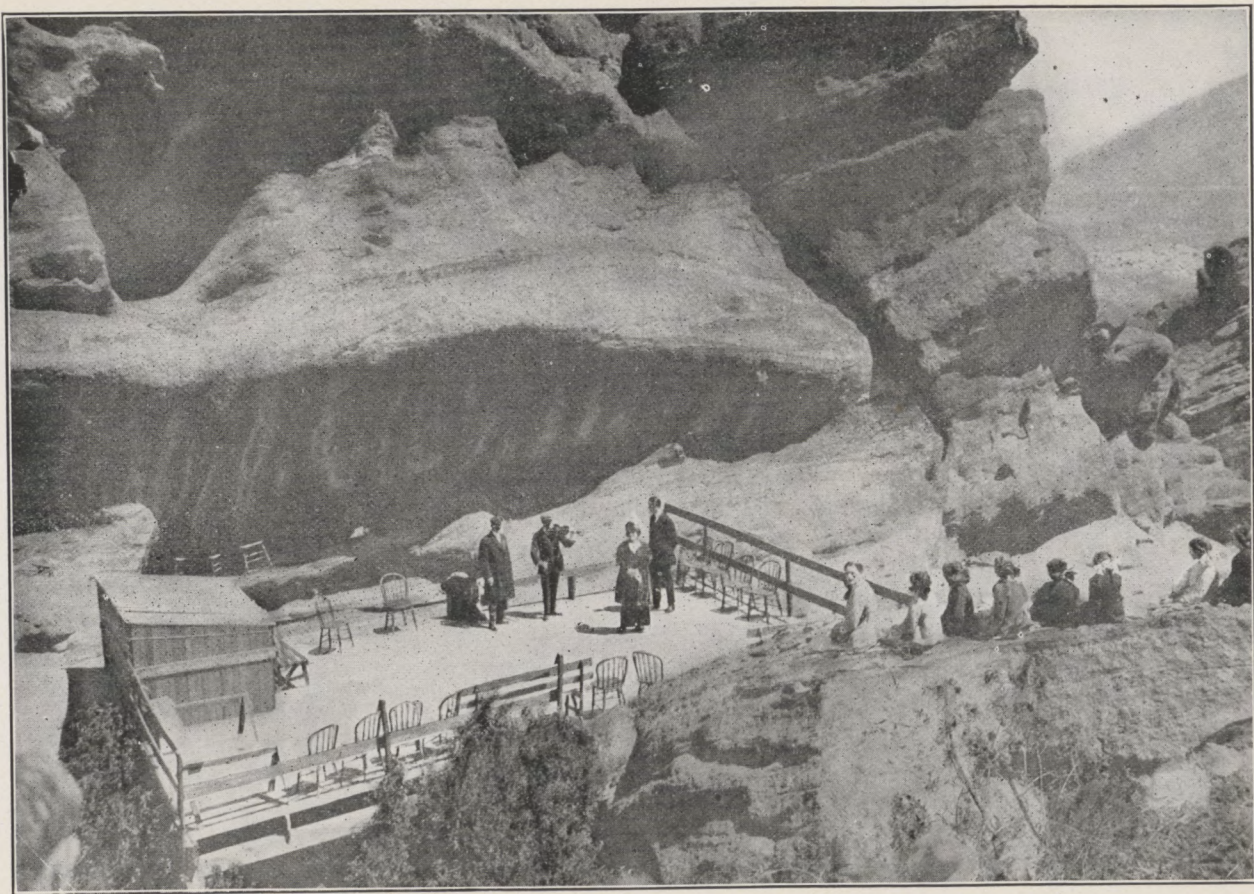
Despite the hard work, this is not usually a difficult task, for the man who lives in or near the mountains from choice, or the wanderer who drifts here and there and stops at the camp for work, loves the mountain surroundings, though most of them could not tell you why.

CHEER AROUND CAMP FIRE

Of an evening around the camp fire, where are gathered men who have worked and played in many parts of the world, the talk is of all things from incidents of the day's work to the latest public topics of the day. On one side of the fire you may hear the soft drawl of the young

Virginian telling of the "Jim Crow" case in the county from which he came, and on the other the sturdy Westerner describing the trail to Nome, while the farmer from near by tells of a man who liked work so well that he left his bed in the night and went out to steal a slip scraper to work with in the daytime.

You may hear here some conversation not adapted to polite society, but on the whole you will find as manly and courageous a group of men as would be collected indiscriminately elsewhere. Each of them will be interested in the work, going at it with a will and taking a personal pride in its proper accomplishment, because he knows what it means to ride over "the road" in the lumber wagon or astride a tired horse, though he may only dream of the comforts of going over the finished product by automobile.

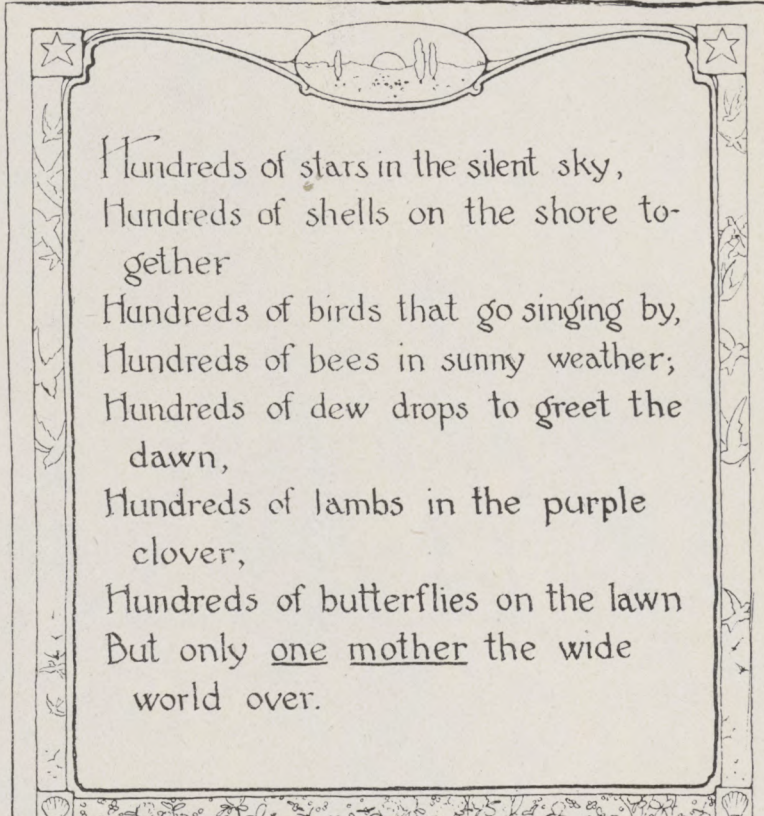


THE CAMP OF THE RED ROCKS

Mary Garden, after singing there, wrote: "Never in any opera-house, the world over, have I found more perfect acoustic properties than in the Natural Auditorium at Mount Morrison. Some day 30,000 people will assemble there to listen to the world's greatest masterpieces."

Many carvers and many carvers with assistance there
acoustic properties than in the Natural Auditorium at Mount Morrison. Some day
listen to the world's greatest masterpieces."

MOTHER'S DAY



Hundreds of stars in the silent sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of bees in sunny weather;
Hundreds of dew drops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn
But only one mother the wide world over.

A DESIGN TO COLOR

Children may color traced or hektographed copies of this design

HOME

Home, to the hills and the rough, running water;
Home, to the plain folk and cold winds again.
Oh, I am only a gray farm's still daughter,
Spite of my wandering passion and pain!

Home, from the city that snares and enthralls me;
Home, from the bold light and bold, weary crowd.
Oh, it's the blown snow and bare field that calls me;
White star and shy dawn and wild lonely cloud!

Home, to the gray house the pine-trees guard, sighing;
Home, to the low door that laughs to my touch.
How should I know till my wings failed me, flying,
Home-nest,—my heart's nest,—I loved you so much?

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS, in *Crack O' Dawn*.

LET US CELEBRATE MOTHER'S DAY

(Make the room gay with spring flowers. Decorate the walls with pictures of Madonnas. Special invitations should be issued to the parents. Sing the old songs of Mother, and of Home, and invite the mothers to join in the singing.)

Song—"Home, Sweet Home."

Mother's Day.

Miss Jarvis of Philadelphia, is responsible for the annual observation of a Mother's Day. The second Sunday in May has been chosen for this celebration. On this day you do some act of kindness, send a gift, letter or tribute to mother, and above all try to live the day as your mother would have you. If your mother is dead, you may keep her memory dear by doing a kindness to some unfortunate person. Now let us recite, in concert, the beautiful tribute to Mother's Day, written by H. J. O'Brien:



THE HOME CIRCLE
From a painting by Lester Ralph

This is her day, the day of Mother Love!
 Yet it is but a symbol, for her glory is not of a day but forever.
 Claspings their mother's hand, men touch the hand of God;
 As the mother wills, her son shall live,
 Her power is not limited, her love is not limited,
 She is the conqueror—she, the mother!

Song—"Swanee River."

A Mother of History.

Laura E. Richards thus writes of her mother, the illustrious Julia Ward Howe:

"My earliest recollection of my mother is of her standing by the piano in the great dining room, dressed in black velvet, with her beautiful neck and arms bare, and singing to us. Her voice was a very rare and perfect one, we have since learned; we knew then only that we did not care to hear any one else sing when we might hear her. The time for singing was at twilight, when the dancing was over, and we gathered breathless and exhausted about the piano for the last and greatest treat. Then the beautiful voice would break out, and flood the room with melody, and fill our childish hearts with almost painful rapture. Our mother knew all the songs in the world—that was our firm belief. Certainly we never found an end to her repertory. * * * But it was not all singing, of course. Our mother read to us a great deal, too, and told us stories, from the Trojan war down to 'Puss in Boots.'

"Sometimes our mother would give us a party—and that was sure to be a delightful affair, with charades or magic lantern or something of the kind. * * *

"It was worth while to have measles and things of that sort, not because one had stewed prunes and cream toast—oh, no!—but because our mother sat by us, and sang, 'Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor,' or some mystic ballad.

"The walks with her are never to be forgotten—twilight walks around the hill behind the house, with the wonderful sunset deepening over the bay, turning all the world to gold and jewels.

"The music of our mother's life is still sounding on, noble, helpful and beautiful."

Song—"Dreaming of Home and Mother."

Acrostic—Mother (six children).

M "Mother's heart is the child's schoolroom."

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

O "O a mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive."

COLERIDGE.

T "The best monument that children can raise to their mother's memory is that of a clean, upright life, such as she would have rejoiced to see her child live."

ANON.

H "Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by
But only one mother the wide world over."

GEORGE COOPER.

E "Each heart that knew her love, her name recalls
Sweet memories that brighter grow with years.
And thoughts not of her place in storied halls,
But how her kiss could banish childish tears!"

SELECTED.

R "Rich indeed is the man who holds among his treasures memories of mother and home, a rosary to be counted over and over, each memory a pearl."

SELECTED.

Recitation—"The Mother's Hour."

Sitting alone in the silence,
She sees them, in fancy come;
They steal from the shadowy corners,
And move about the room;
Her own brave, beautiful darlings
Who had left her, one by one—
They are fighting life's battles somewhere,
'Mong the great world's vast "unknown."

Not as men and women,
 They come to her fireside lone,
 When the gold dies out in the western sky,
 And the cares of the day are done;
 But as "Bonny," "Queen" and Brother,"
 "Dimples," "Dot" and "Flo;"
 Just by the old sweet baby names
 That a stranger may not know.

Ever they come in the gloaming,
 When the shadows hover low;
 She can see their smiling faces
 In the fitful firelight glow,
 And the old armchair sways gently,
 While sweet memories 'round her throng;
 There's a form close pressed to her bosom
 As she croons a baby song.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Song—"The Old Folks At Home."

Recitation—"The White Carnation."

(By five girls.)

First Girl—

Here's to the white carnation,
 Sturdy and spicy and sweet,
 Wafting a breath of perfume
 On the stony way of the street;
 Bringing a thought of gladness
 Wherever the breezes blow;
 Here's to the white carnation,
 Pure as the virgin snow.

Second Girl—

This is the flower for Mother,
 Wear it on Mother's Day;
 Flower for rain and sunshine,
 Winsome, gallant and gay;
 Wear it in Mother's honor,
 Pinned to the coat's lapel;
 Wear it in belt and corsage,
 For her who has loved you well.

Third Girl—

The mother in lowly cabin,
 The mother in palace hall,
 Is ever the best and dearest,
 The one we love best of all.
 In travail and pain she bore us,
 In laughter and love she nursed,
 And who that would shame the Mother
 Is of all mankind accursed.

Fourth Girl—

Tired and wan too often,
 Weary and weak at times,
 But always full of the courage
 That thrills when the future chimes;
 Mother with hands toil-hardened,
 Mother in pearls and lace,
 The light of heavenly beauty
 Shines in your tender face.

Fifth Girl—

So here's to the white carnation,
 Wear it on Mother's Day;
 Flower that blooms for Mother,
 Winsome, gallant, and gay.
 Flower of perfect sweetness,
 Flower for hut and hall;
 Here's to the white carnation,
 And to Mother—Our Best of All.

Wand Drill may be introduced here; the wands wound in white, and surmounted by white carnations (artificial). The children assisting in this drill should be dressed in white. (Any calisthenic drill may be used.)

Recitation—“Saving Mother.”

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
 Between the fire and the lamplight's glare;
 His face was ruddy and full and fair;
 His three small boys in the chimney-nook
 Conned the lines of a picture-book;
 His wife, the pride of his home and heart,
 Baked the biscuit and made the tart,

Laid the table and steeped the tea,
 Deftly, swiftly, silently.
 Tired and weary and weak and faint,
 She bore her trials without complaint,
 Like many another household saint;
 Content, all selfish bliss above,
 In the patient ministry of love.
 At last, between the clouds of smoke
 That wreathed his lips, the husband spoke:
 "There's taxes to raise and int'rest to pay,
 And if there should come a rainy day
 'Twould be mighty handy, I'm bound to say,
 To have something put by; for folks must die,
 And there's funeral bills and gravestones to buy,
 Enough to swamp a man, pretty nigh.
 Besides, there's Edward and Dick and Joe
 To be provided for when we go."

* * * * *

Dick and Edward and little Joe
 Sat in the corner in a row;
 They saw the patient mother go
 On ceaseless errands to and fro;
 They saw that her form was bent and thin,
 Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in;
 They saw the quiver of lip and chin—
 And then, with a warmth he could not smother
 Out spoke the youngest, frailest brother:
 "You talk of saving wood and oil,
 And tea and sugar, all the while,
 But you never talk of saving mother!"

Song—"The Little Log Cot in the Lane."

Recitation—"The Pre-scrip-tion" (for a little boy).

It was a very dreadful time when my mamma lay ill,
 The nurse went tiptoe through the halls,
 The house was sad and still.

The doctor with his medicines came every single day;
 He would not let me see mamma to kiss her pain away!

But every time he looked so grave, for dear mamma was worse,
 I knew they could not make her well, the doctor and that nurse.

I sat before her chamber door and cried and cried and cried—
I knew that I could cure mamma, if I could be inside.

But once I had a splendid thought; behind the doctor's back,
To write my own pre-scrip-tion out and tuck it through the crack!

I made upon a paper sheet round kisses in a shower,
And wrote—"A kiss for my mamma, please take one every hour."

And from that very time, of course, my dear mamma grew well.
The doctor thinks it was his pills, and I shall never tell!

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

Recitation—"The Way of a Boy."

When mother sits beside my bed at night,
And strokes and smooths my head,
And kisses me, I think some way
How naughty I have been all day;
Of how I waded in the brook,
And of the cookies that I took,
And how I smashed a window light
A-rassling—me and Bobby White—
And tore my pants, and told a lie,
It almost makes me want to cry,
When mother pats and kisses me:
I'm just as sorry as can be,
But I don't tell her so—no, sir,
She knows it all; you can't fool her.

SELECTED.

MEMORY GEMS ABOUT "MOTHER"

God could not be everywhere, so He made mothers.

A mother's love. How sweet the name!
What is a mother's love?
A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould;
The warmest love that ne'er grows cold;
This is a mother's love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



MOTHER'S DAY

MOTHER'S DAY

We have set up for saints and for heroes,
 For martyrs of brain and blood,
 Who've swept thru the changing channels
 Of Time in a master-flood,
 Our days of high-sung remembrance,
 Fair-hymned with heart-uttered praise,
 And left for the last—which shall yet be first!—
 The highest of all high-days.

And now, with our laurel-list crowded
 With minions and masters of Fame,
 We see how its head lacks the luster
 Of earth's Unapproachable Name!
 The first of all names we remember.
 The last of all names that we love—
 That lives in the heart of each human,
 All other names gleaming above!

She has stood undismayed where the bravest
 Of men would but falter and fall,
 She has fought thru all nights of disaster,
 Unfearful of peril or pall.
 She has striven and stumbled, and suffered
 All sorrow, all pain and all woe,
 And still in her heart kept the comfort,
 And still in her eyes the good glow!

Though all days be hers to the loving,
 Let one day be all hers alone,
 That the world in its restless onrushing
 May stop to kneel down at her throne.
 And back of the flower emblematic
 That the world in her honor shall wear,
 Let there rise for the Blessing of Mother
 A boundless thanksgiving of prayer!

LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES.

SUGGESTIVE LIST OF POEMS FOR MOTHER'S
DAY.

- Just a Little Mother.—SANGSTER.
A Caution.—SANGSTER.
Mothers Are the Queerest Things.—EDWIN SABIN.
The Sweetest Face.—MAY RILEY SMITH.
To My Mother.—EUGENE FIELD.
Child and Mother—EUGENE FIELD.
Good-By—God Bless You!—EUGENE FIELD.
The Poppy Land Express.—EDGAR WADE ABBOTT.
Oh, Mother Dear of Mine.—BERNICE BROWN.
Mothers' Day.—LOUISE ROBLIN.
Doctor Mother.—MCKINSEY.
One Mother.—GEORGE COOPER.
Little Brown Shoes.—FLORENCE A. JONES.
The Mother of a Soldier.—ANON.
There Are Tears in My Heart.—HELEN F. BOYDEN.
My Mother's Bible.
That Old Arm Chair.
The Songs of Seven—Given in Marriage.—JEAN IN-
GELOW.
-

WHERE HONOR IS DUE

If you please, you may laud George up to the skies,
As the man who won battles and never told lies.
You may tell of his virtues in story and song;
How he carefully sifted the right from the wrong,
Of his wisdom in counsel, his bravery in war;

How he drove the grim British away from our shore.
You may cherish forever his hat and his sword,
And up to the skies our brave Washington laud.
Long, long may we hold him an example to youth,
For honesty, temperance, courage and truth.
While we gaze with delight on a structure so grand,
Let us honor the builder who drew out the plan,
And added, through years of infinite care,
Small stone upon stone, firmly fixing them there;
And though this may be but a girl's point of view,
Let us give credit where it is certainly due,
And pluck from his laurels one leaf for another.
So three cheers for our George, and four for—*his mother.*

Youth's Companion.

MOTHER'S DAY PROGRAM

WELCOME

We welcome you, dear mothers,
We're glad to see you here;
We hope that you'll come often
Throughout the coming year.

We take this way to thank you
For all the good you've done;
We know that you've been working
To help us—every one.

So on this day for mothers,
Your own from all the year.
We want once more to tell you
We're very glad you're here.

MOTHER—AN ACROSTIC

(For six children, each carrying a large letter.)

First Child—

Mother's always ready
To help a fellow out.
A mother's sure a dandy,
Of that there is no doubt.

Second Child—

Our mothers are always willing
To do whate'er they can:
To help us in our playtime,
Or for our work to plan.

Third Child—

To mothers in all places
This day will e'er be given;
We want to give them honor here,
We know they're praised in Heaven.

Fourth Child—

Home is the throne for mother,
And we will give her praise,
And love the name of mother
On this and other days.

Fifth Child—

Each one here has a mother,
And each will wish to say,
That we are glad they're with us
On this bright Mother's Day.

Sixth Child—

Remember ever, mothers,
That though we're sometimes wrong,
We really would not grieve you,
Our love is ever strong.

A FELLOW'S MOTHER

If a fellow's tired
 Of every kind of play,
 And hangs around the kitchen,
 His mother's apt to say:
 "Well, now, why not be gard'ner?"
 And then she'll fly around
 And get a fellow started
 At spading up the ground.

Or if a fellow's hungry—
 Just nearly starved to death—
 And hangs around the pantry
 To sort of catch his breath,
 Why, pretty soon his mother
 Will say, "What is it, son?
 Here, don't you want a cookey
 Now that your work is done?"

Or if it's nearly evening,
 An' a fellow's sittin' 'round
 A-wishin' he was littler—
 Or bigger—I'll be bound;
 But every time his mother
 Knows just the thing to say;
 And you just bet your mother
 Is all right every way.

WHOM I LIKE BEST

(An Exercise for Four Girls.)

First Girl—

Of all the grown-up people,
 I think I like the best
 My pretty day school teacher—
 She's nicer than the rest.

Second Girl—

I like the one who, Sundays,
 Comes out to Sunday-school,
 And tells us of the Bible,
 And of the Golden Rule.

Third Girl—

I like the pretty ladies,
Who always look so sweet,
And smile at everybody
That they may chance to meet.

Fourth Girl—

You all have named the people
Who you think are the best,
But I think that my mother
Is nicer than the rest.

MOTHERS

Some ladies like to dress up fine,
And always be down town,
And if they're asked to help you,
They're very sure to frown.

And I am told some ladies
Are anxious now to vote;
While lots of other ladies
Live just to sing a note.

But I think of all ladies,
The very, very best,
The ones who are our mothers
Do more than all the rest.

DOLLIE'S LESSON

(For a little girl holding a doll.)
Now, dollie dear, I'm sure you see
How nice a Mother's Day should be;
When every one is good and glad,
And not a soul is cross or sad;
And all our mothers have come here,
To listen to us, dollie dear.

WHEN I'M GROWN UP

(For five girls.)

First Girl—

When I'm grown up, I'm going to be
A teacher good, for then you see
I'll help the children in the land
So many things to understand.

Second Girl—

When I'm grown up, I'm going to play
The finest music every day,
For that will help the people know
How in the better way to grow.

Third Girl—

When I'm grown up, I'm going to try
To be a doctor good, and my!
How I shall help the sick and poor—
I'll turn no needy from my door.

Fourth Girl—

When I'm grown up, I think I'll clerk,
And in some store each day I'll work;
I'll help the people when they buy,
To be a good clerk I shall try.

Fifth Girl—

It would be nice to do all these,
And all the people thus to please;
But as for me, I'd rather far
Be just what all our mothers are.

PEARL HOLLOWAY.

MOTHER KNOWS

Who can tell us 'bout the flowers
And the weeks and days and hours?
How the giant oak tree grows?
Mother—she knows.

Who can hardest tasks explain,
Ease our hours of ache and pain?
Who will listen to our woes?
Mother—she knows.

Who will teach us how to pray,
At the close of each glad day,
When star-lighted heaven glows?
Mother—she knows.

Who loves us the very best?
Who goes with us to our rest,
And a good-night kiss bestows?
Dear mother—she knows.





WHEN MOTHER IS AWAY

When father goes away to 'tend
Conventions, court and such,
Though mother thinks it's lonesome like,
Yet we don't mind so much—
Not Jack and me; we sit up late,
Till nine o'clock, perhaps,
And mother reads to us, and makes
Nice fudge for us two chaps.

When grandpa goes to see Aunt Kate,
We miss him; why, of course,
But then there's room for Jack and me
When pa gets out the horse
And buggy for a country drive
Or down the avenue;
And at the church we need not sit
So quiet in the pew.

When sister visits Mape's folks
At Iron Mountain Spring,
We're short, it's true, the choc'late drops
The fellers always bring.
But when she's away we're not afraid
To let old Towser come
Right in the parlor while we train
With sword and fife and drum.

But nothing's right when mother's gone,
It's lonely after tea—
Grandpa sleeps and Towser yawns;
It's quiet as can be.
"How long before ma's coming home?"
We ask, and then pa'll say,
"Now, don't begin on that, my lads,
She's just been gone one day."

JOSEPHINE E. TOAL.

THE QUEST

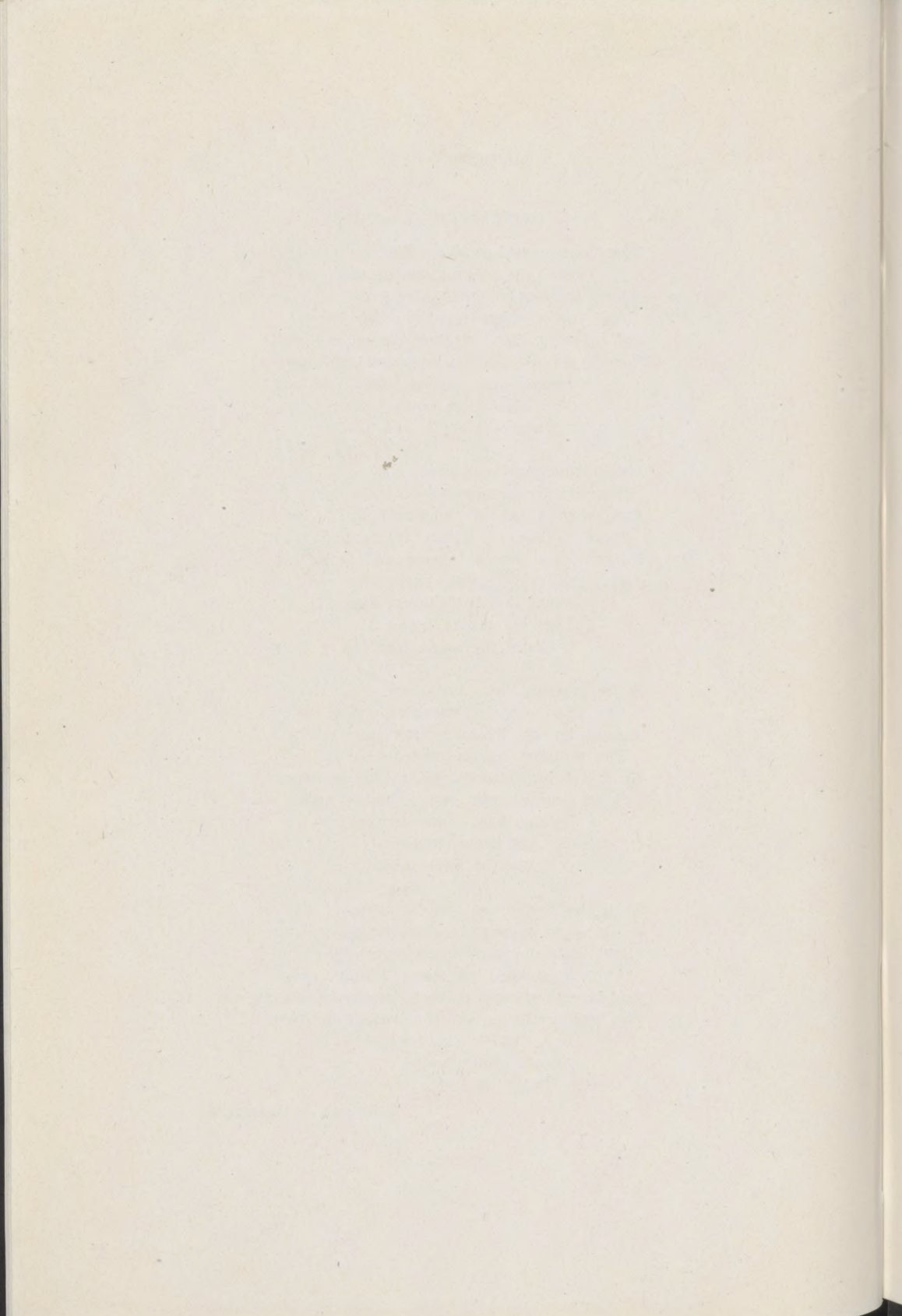
There once was a restless boy
Who dwelt in a home by the sea,
Where the water danced for joy,
And the wind was glad and free;
But he said, "Good mother, oh, let me go!
For the dullest place in the world, I know,
Is this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

"I will travel east and west;
The loveliest homes I'll see;
And when I have found the best,
Dear mother, I'll come for thee.
I'll come for thee in a year and a day,
And joyfully then we'll haste away
From this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree."

So he traveled here and there,
But never content was he,
Though he saw in lands most fair
The costliest homes there be,
He something missed from the sea or sky,
Till he turned again with a wistful sigh
To the little brown house,
The old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled,
While her heart grew glad and free,
"Hast thou chosen a home, my child?
Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth she.
And he said, "Sweet mother, from east to west,
The loveliest home, and the dearest and best,
Is a little brown house
An old brown house,
Under an apple tree."

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.



FATHER'S DAY



HELPING FATHER WITH THE SPRING PLOWING

THE GALLANT GENTLEMAN

I know a Gallant Gentleman
And it is nice to see
The way he tips his hat, and bows
To little girls like me.

He is a courtly Gentleman;
And he is strong and tall,
But still he doesn't treat me like
A little girl at all.

When he's around the house I'm sure
No harm can come to me,
For he is also very brave,
And wise as wise can be.

Sometimes my Gallant Gentleman
And I go out to walk;
I try to keep in step with him;
I love to hear him talk.

He has a very pleasant way
Of looking down at me,
And listening to what I say
And answering earnestly.

He often asks for my advice,
For he believes I can
Be very *helpful* even if
He *is* a grown-up man.

But what I like the best of all
Is when he talks to me
Of what his Little Lady *is*
And what she'll *grow* to be.

You see, my Gallant Gentleman
Is very worldly wise;
He knows what's best and loveliest,
And where all danger lies.

He says a Gentlewoman is
A power in the land,
And that she holds *all Goodness* in
The hollow of her hand.

Who is this Man I've told you of?
I'm glad and *proud* to tell,
That my brave, Gallant Gentleman
Is *Father dear* as well.

JANE MORGAN, in *John Martin's Book*.

THE CHILDREN WE KEEP

The children kept coming one by one,
Till the boys were five and the girls were three,
And the big brown house was alive with fun,
From the basement floor to the old roof-tree,
Like garden flowers the little ones grew,
Nurtured and trained with tenderest care;
Warmed by love's sunshine, bathed in dew,
They blossomed into beauty rare.

But one of the boys grew weary one day,
And leaning his head on his mother's breast,
He said, "I am tired and cannot play;
Let me sit awhile on your knee and rest."
She cradled him close to her fond embrace,
She hushed him to sleep with her sweetest song,
And rapturous love still lightened his face
When his spirit had joined the heavenly throng.

Then the eldest girl, with her thoughtful eyes,
Who stood where the "brook and the river meet,"
Stole softly away into Paradise
Ere "the river" had reached her slender feet,
While the father's eyes on the graves were bent,
The mother looked upward beyond the skies:
"Our treasures," she whispered, "were only lent;
Our darlings were angels in earth's disguise."

The years flew by, and the children began
 With longings to think of the world outside,
 And as each in turn became a man,
 The boys proudly went from the father's side.
 The girls were women so gentle and fair,
 That lovers were speedy to woo and to win;
 And with orange-blooms in their braided hair,
 Their old home they left, new homes to begin.

So, one by one the children have gone—
 The boys were five, the girls were three;
 And the big brown house is gloomy and lone,
 With but two old folks for its company.
 They talk to each other about the past,
 And they sit together at eventide,
 And say, "All the children we keep at last,
 Are the boy and girl who in childhood died."

SELECTED.

THE FAMILY

Two great, strong arms; a merry way;
 A lot of business all the day;
 And then an evening frolic gay.
 That's father.
 A happy face and sunny hair,
 The best of sweetest smiles to spare;
 The one you know is always there.
 That's Mother.
 A bunch of lace and ruffy frocks;
 A Teddy-bear; a rattle-box;
 A squeal; some very wee pink socks,
 That's Baby.
 A lot of noise; a suit awry;
 A wish for candy, cake, and pie.
 My grammar may be wrong, but, my!—
 That's me!

Woman's Home Companion.

WHEN FATHER TAKES ME FOR A WALK

When father takes me for a walk
 It makes me glad all day;
 He puts his hand in mine and says—
 "Now, captain, lead the way."

I take him to the chipmunk's hole,
 To ponds where fish are thick;
 And where the big boys dig for bait,
 He whittles me a stick.

And makes a willow whistle, too,
 That we take turns to blow;
 We scatter petals in the brook
 And wonder where they go.

Then, when we're tired, we start for home,
 And talk of lots of things—
 Why mother has such cuddly ways,
 Why birds and bees have wings.

And father talks of business, too,
 And asks me my advice.
 Now, wouldn't you, if you were there,
 Think walks like that were nice?

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT.

GOOD OLD DAD

Dad was never no hand to fuss;
 Used to hurt him to hear us cuss;
 Kind o' settled in his old ways,
 Born an' raised in the good old days
 When a tattered coat hid a kindly heart,
 An' the farm was home, not a toilin' mart.
 Seems like 'twas yesterday we sat
 On the old back porch for a farewell chat,
 Ere I changed the farm and the simple life
 For the city's roar an' bustle an' strife,
 An' he said as he rubbed where the hair was thin,
 "All right, son, you win."
 'Member the night I trudged back home,
 Sinkin' deep in the fresh turned loam;

When I had climbed the hilltop o'er,
There stood dad in the kitchen door,
An' he says in a voice from deep within,
"Hello, son; come in."
One winter's day, the first of snow,
He went the way that we all must go;
An' his spirit soared to the realms above
On the wings of a simple-hearted love.
An' I know that when I cross the bar
I'll find him there by the gates ajar,
An' he'll say, as he idly strokes his chin,
"Hello, son; come in."

Galveston News.

ONLY A DAD

Only a dad, with a tired face
Coming home from the daily race,
Bringing little of gold or fame
To show how well he has played the game,
But glad in his heart that his own rejoice
To see him come and to hear his voice.

Only a dad, of a brood of four,
One of ten million men or more,
Plodding along in the daily strife
Bearing the whips and scorns of life
With never a whimper of pain or hate
For the sake of those who at home await.

Only a dad, neither rich nor proud,
Merely one of the surging crowd,
Toiling, striving, from day to day,
Facing whatever may come his way;
Silent, whenever the harsh condemn,
And bearing it all for the love of them.

Only a dad, but he gives his all
To smooth the way for his children small,
Doing, with courage stern and grim,
The deeds that his father did for him;
This is the line that for him I pen,
Only a dad, but the best of men.

Detroit Free Press.

FATHER

He had never made a fortune or a noise
 In the world where men are seeking after fame,
 But he had a healthy brood of girls and boys,
 Who loved the very ground on which he trod.
 They thought him a little short of God;
 Oh! you should have heard the way they said his name—
 "Father."

There seemed to be a little tender prayer
 In their voices even when they called him "Dad,"
 Though the man was never heard of anywhere
 As a hero, yet, you somehow understood
 He was doing well his part and making good,
 And you knew it by the way the children had
 Of saying, "Father."

He gave them neither eminence nor wealth,
 But he gave them blood untainted with a vice,
 And the opulence of undiluted health.
 He was honest and unpurchasable and kind,
 He was clean in heart and body, and in mind,
 So he made them heirs to riches beyond price—
 This Father.

He never preached or scolded; and the rod—
 Well, he used it as a turning pole in play;
 But he showed the tender sympathy of God.
 To his children in their troubles and their joys.
 He was always chum and comrade with his boys;
 And his daughters—oh, you ought to hear them say,
 "Father."

Now, of all this world's achievements, 'tis the least
 To perpetuate the species; it is done
 By the insect and the serpent and the beast;
 But the man who keeps his habits and his thought
 Worth bestowing on his offspring, love-begot,
 Earns the highest earthly glory he has won
 When he hears a loving daughter or a son
 Say, "Father."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

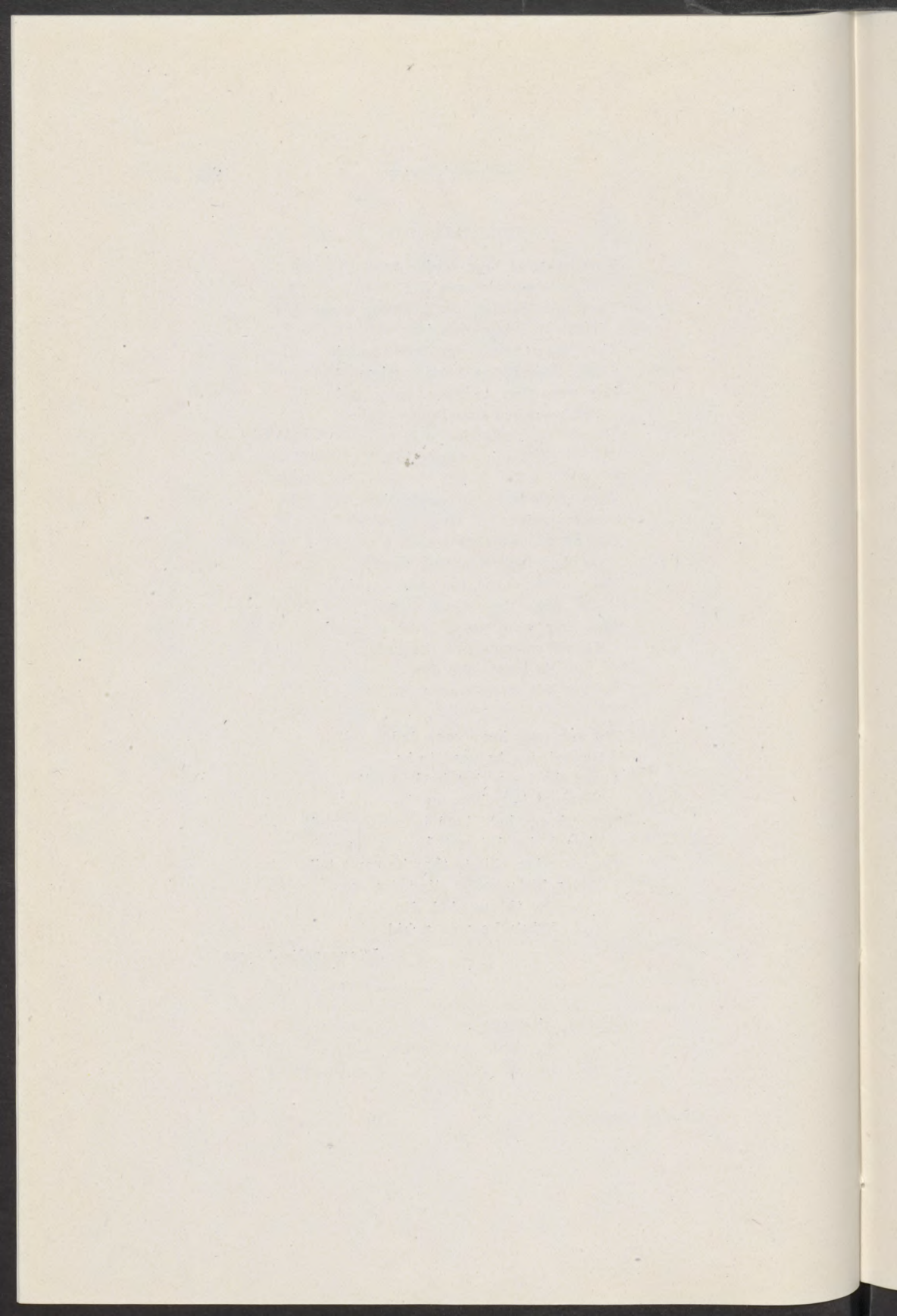
LIKE DAD DID

Boys must've been awful good
When daddy was a kid,
They used to chop the kindling wood
Without being even bid;
They never stayed out late at night
Nor missed the Sunday-school,
Nor were they ever known to fight,
But preached the Golden Rule—
At least, dad did,
When he was a kid.

They never seen a "movie show,"
Nor wouldn't if they could.
But off to bed they'd soon go,
Or chop more kindling wood;
They never cared for candy stuff,
It'd make their teeth decay,
And they were never loud or rough,
They'd sooner work than play—
At least, dad did,
When he was a kid.

Did you ever hear your daddy tell
How strong he used to be—
About the trees that he had fell,
At some big chopping bee?
Some things he'll hold in mem'ry well
Though he did not keep a log.
There's other things that he can't tell,
'Cause his mem'ry slipped a cog—
On things dad did
When he was a kid.

Minneapolis Journal.



PEACE DAY

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN

(Respectfully dedicated to the interests of peace by the
National Women's Peace Party.)

Let the war cry cease forever,
Sound no more the bugle call
Sending loved ones forth to battle,
To endure, to fight and fall.
We are here, the silent mourners,
Pleading for eternal peace,
Come, oh, come, all ye earth's rulers,
Say that warfare now shall cease.

CHORUS—

Peace on earth, good will to men,
Let the blessed tidings ring;
Let it echo 'round the world,
Let every nation sing.
Peace on earth, sweet Love Divine,
Let it ring from every land,
Christ, our King, Thou Prince of Peace,
Lead us by Thine own hand,
By Thine own loving hand.

Let the war drums all be muffled,
Lay the shot and shell aside,
Usher in the golden dawning,
Lord God with us all abide;
Give us greater strength and wisdom,
Let love rule the hearts of men,
We are here, the silent mourners,
Praying peace on earth to win.

LULU GARRETSON REYNOLDS.



MARY C. C. BRADFORD
State Chairman International Peace Party



GERALDINE FARRAR
Famous Singer and Peace Advocate

PEACE DAY ACROSTIC

P is for prayer. In sweetest accord
All nations should pray for peace from the Lord.

E is for ever. Dear Land of the Free,
Ever may peace be dwelling in thee!

A is the army of peace, good and grand,
With kind deeds and cheer it aids our great land.

C is the call we hear more and more
From those who are weary of havoc of war.

E is the end. We hope it is near
When war shall have ceased to fill hearts with fear.

D is for dove. With snowy white wings
Of peace among men, how sweetly it sings!

A is for angels' whisper that strife will depart
From nations as soon as there's peace in each heart.

Y is for young. Both young men and old
Would rather have peace than silver or gold.

DORA A. MONDRE.

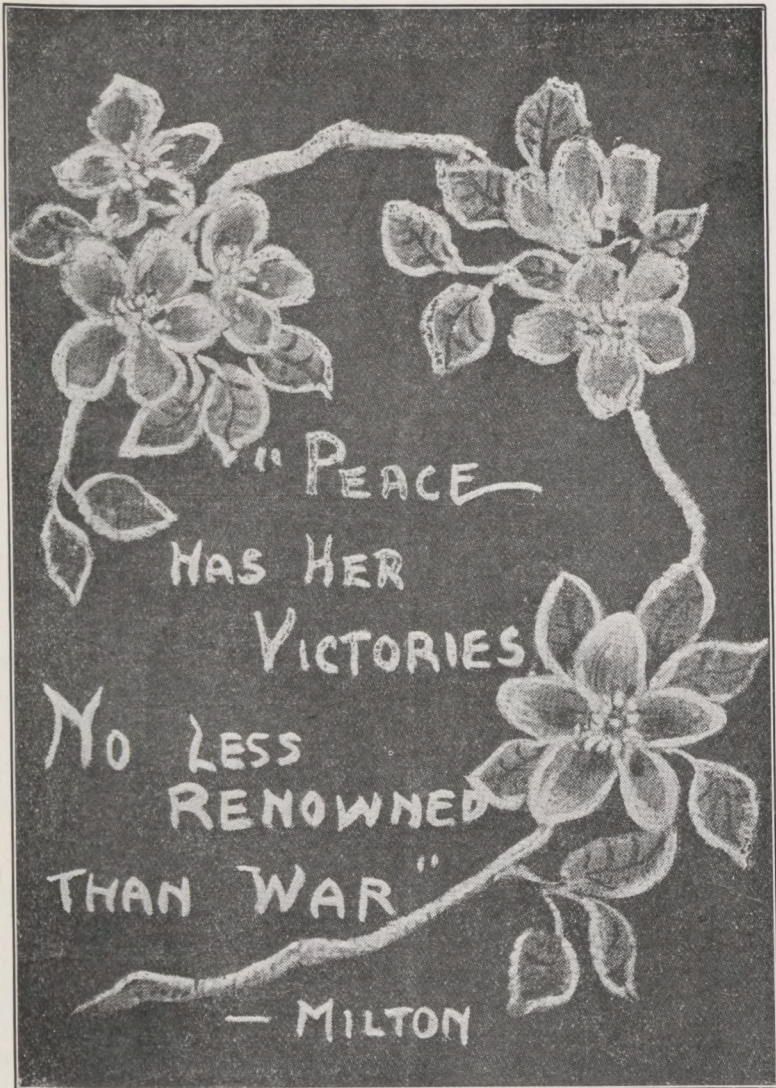
PEACE DAY

MAY 18, 1915

*Greeting from the Faith that is in us to the Hope that is
before us of the Peace that shall last.*

"And shall ye reign, O kings, O strong men? Nay!
Waste where ye will and gather where ye may
Yet one thing is there which ye cannot slay,
Even Thought that fire nor iron can fight."

SWINBURNE.



BLACKBOARD DESIGN FOR PEACE DAY

ON WAR

Ez fer war, I call it murder—
 There you hev it plain an' flat;
 I don't want to go no furdur
 Than my Testyment fer that;
 God hez said so, plump an' fairly.
 It's ez long ez it is broad,
 And you've got to git up airly,
 Ef you want to take in God.

'Taint your eppyletts an' feathers
 Make the thing a grain more right;
 'Taint a-follerin' your bell-wethers
 Will excuse ye in His sight;
 Ef ye take a sword an' dror it,
 An' go stick a feller thru,
 Guv'ment ain't to answer for it,
 God'll send the bill to you.

Tell ye jest the end I've come to,
 Arter cypherin' plaguy smart;
 An' it makes a handy sum, tu,
 Any gump could learn by heart;
 Laborin' man an' laborin' woman
 Hev one glory, an' one shame;
 Ev'rythin' thet's done inhuman
 Injers all on' em the same.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

 GRADE MOTTOES FOR PEACE DAY

They shall beat their swords into plowshares, their
 spears into pruning books; nation shall not lift up sword
 against nation; neither shall they learn war any more.

ISAIAH 2:4.

Blest be the men divine who give us Peace.

THOMPSON.

Blessed are the Peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.

MATTHEW 5:9.

He shall give His children the blessing of Peace.

PSALMS.

Above all nations is humanity.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind.

GARRISON.

War is a most detestable thing. If you had seen but one day of war, you would pray God that you might never see another.

WELLINGTON.

THE VERDICT OF CIVILIZATION

Jean Jacques Rousseau—War is the foulest fiend that ever vomited forth from the mouth of hell.

Thomas Jefferson—I abhor war, and view it as the greatest scourge of mankind.

Andrew Carnegie—We have abolished slavery from civilized countries—the owning of man by man. The next great step that the world can take is to abolish war—the killing of man by man.

Abraham Lincoln—With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive * * * to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Emanuel Kant—The method by which States prosecute their rights cannot under present conditions be a process of law, since no court exists having jurisdic-

tion over them, but only war. But, through war, even if it result in victory, the question of right is not decided.

William Ellery Channing—The doctrine that violence, oppression, inhumanity is an essential element of society is so revolting that, did I believe it, I would say, let society perish, let man and his works be swept away and the earth be abandoned to the brutes. Better that the globe should be tenanted by brutes than by brutalized men.

Robert E. Lee—But what a cruel thing is war, to separate and destroy families and friends, and mar the purest joy and happiness God has granted us in this world; to fill our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbors, and to devastate the fair face of the beautiful world.

Charles Dickens—There will be the full complement of backs broken in two, of arms twisted wholly off, of men impaled upon their bayonets, of legs smashed up like bits of firewood, of heads sliced open like apples, of other heads crunched into soft jelly by the iron hoofs of horses, of faces trampled out of all likeness to anything human. This is what skulks behind "a splendid charge." This is what follows, as a matter of course, when our fellows rode at them in style and cut them up famously.

Baroness von Suttner—What is most astonishing, according to my way of looking at it, is that men should bring each other into such a state—that men who have seen such a sight should not sink down on their knees and swear a passionate oath to make war on war—that if they were princes they do not fling the sword away—or if they are in any position of power they do not from that moment devote their whole action in speech or writing, in thought, teaching or business, to this one end—Lay down your arms.

Victor Hugo—A day will come when the only battlefield will be the market open to commerce and the mind opening to new ideas. A day will come when bullets and bombshells will be replaced by votes, by the universal suffrage of nations, by the venerable arbitration of a great sovereign senate, which will be to Europe what the parliament is to England, what the diet is to Germany, what the legislative assembly is to France. A day will come when a cannon will be exhibited in public museums, just as an instrument of torture is now, and people will be astonished how such a thing could have been. A day will come when these two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, shall be seen placed in presence of each other, extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean.

D'Estournelles de Constant—War belongs to the past. Peace is the policy of tomorrow. Peace is our duty to coming generations. Let us organize for justice and peace.

Count Albert Apponyi—The only question is whether ignorance shall be the lot of the many or the few, whether disease shall be widespread or confined to isolated cases, and whether peace shall be the ruling atmosphere, the normal state among nations, and war very rare, or that peace shall depend, as now in Europe, on the mutual distrust and suspicion of nations.

E. Grey—The great nations of the earth are in bondage, increasing bondage, and it is not impossible that in some of the future years they will discover, as individuals have discovered, that the law is a better remedy than force, and that in all the time they have been in bondage the prison-door has been locked on the inside.

Whitelaw Reid—The community feeling, starting from the common use and possession of the English Bible, is the greatest single guarantee for the peace and progress of the world.

Theodore Roosevelt—Such power to command peace throughout the world could best be assured by some combination between those great nations which sincerely desire peace and have no thought themselves of committing aggressions.

WHY THE 18TH OF MAY IS PEACE DAY

In August, 1898, people all over the world were surprised by a letter which the Czar of Russia addressed to the nations of the world that were represented at the Russian Court, inviting them to send delegates to a meeting which should consider what could be done to keep nations from going to war with each other. The Czar stated in his letter that for the best welfare of the world the nations should restrict themselves in the spending of such enormous sums of money for armies and navies. Every government invited accepted, and this included all the nations of Europe, twenty in number, four from Asia, and two in America, the United States and Mexico. Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, then only eighteen years old, offered her country's hospitality to the conference, inviting the governments to meet at The Hague. It was on the 18th of May, 1899, that one hundred delegates, representing twenty-six of the most important nations of the world, came together at The Hague, Holland, to discuss and plan ways for bringing about the peace of the world. The gathering was a most remarkable one, for each nation had sent its greatest statesman. Then, too, it was the first time in the world's history that a peace conference had been held by the

nations. These great statesmen adopted a plan for encouraging the nations to leave all their disputes and differences to arbitration. It was agreed that if the nations would stop spending such a large part of their incomes for armaments it would be a blessing to mankind. This conference established what was called the International Court of Arbitration, which was opened in April, 1901, at The Hague. Eleven cases of international controversy, representing most of the great nations of the world, have been settled by its judges.

At The Hague has been erected the Palace of Peace for the headquarters of the International Court of Arbitration. Since the first Hague conference over one hundred agreements have been made between nations to submit certain classes of disputes to The Hague Court. Thirty-six nations have expressed their desire to use the court.

AFTER THE WAR

Above the roar of cannon,
The battle-clamor shrill—
Above men's groans and curses,
A voice cries, Peace, be still!
Enough of blood and slaying,
Enough of strife and hate;
The bitter wrong is righted;
Lo! Peace stands at the gate.

O Peace! God's white-robed angel
With spotless skirt and feet,
How welcome thy returning,
Thy gentleness how sweet,
The red sword of the nation
Drive hilt-deep in the sod,
Now twine thy lilies round it,
And both shall honor God.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

THE NEW DIXIE

Words by

ORREN M. DONALDSON

Copyright 1913

To the Music

of the Ballad by

D. D. EMMETT.

Allegro

1 O the Land of Corn and the Land of Cot-ton, All our en-mi-
 2. O North and South we are a Na-tion, One stu-pen-dous
 3. Our mot-to then in song and sto-ry, Loy-al-ty to

ties forgotten, Turn away from the day Of affront. and affray, Di-
 ag-gregation, Clear the way for the sway Of the Blue and the Gray From
 thee. Old Glory, Wave away, then, the ray Of a glo-ri-ous day, When

vi-ded yes-ter-day in sorrow, Now at one we face the morrow, An ar-
 Lakes to Gulf and Coast to Prairie Hearts are one whate'er may vary. Cheer a
 hand in hand, with hearts united, Every wrong and error righted, We shall

Note.—This stirring tune, with its ever increasing popularity, north as well as south, has assumed the status of a national air in spite of its war time appropriation by the Confederacy and in spite of the fact that the best known of the ballads sung to it is the merest doggerel.

The author of the above verses has sought to equip the old "Dixie" music with words and sentiment in keeping with the snap and vim of

fz

ray that's for aye. Then hurrah, then hooray.
 way and be gay. Then hurrah, then hooray.
 stay thus alway. Then hurrah, then hooray.

CHORUS

We're all at peace with Dixie. Hurrah, hooray. With Dixie land we

take our stand To live and die with Dixie Hurrah, hooray, we'll

live and die with Dixie. Hurrah, hooray, we'll live or die with Dixie.

the air and with its patriotic associations. There is as yet no national air to commemorate the reunion of the country from the great schism of the war and it would be fitting that this year, which completes the half century since the close of the war, should be marked by the singing of these new words to "Dixie," which are well suited to Memorial Day and other patriotic occasions.

HEAR, O YE NATIONS

(May be sung to the tune, "Lyons.")

Hear, hear, O ye Nations, and hearing obey
 The cry from the past and the call of today!
 Earth wearies and wastes with her fresh life outpoured,
 With glut of the cannon and spoil of the sword.

A new era opens, transcending the old,
 It calls for new leaders, for new ranks unrolled;
 For war's grim tradition it maketh appeal,
 To service of man in the world's commonweal.

The workers a-field, in the mill and the mart,
 In commerce, in council, in science and art,
 Shall bring of their gifts and together create,
 The manifold life of the firm-built State.

And more shall the triumph of right over wrong
 Be shield to the weak and a curb to the strong.
 When counsel prevails and the battle flags furled,
 The High Court of Nations gives law to the world.

And thou, O my country, from many made one,
 Last born of the nations, at morning thy sun
 Arise to the place thou art given to fill,
 And lead the world-triumph of peace and good will.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER.

THESE THINGS SHALL BE

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 mould,
 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.

SELECTED.

THE DAWN OF PEACE

Yes—on our brows we feel the breath
 Of dawn, though in the night we wait!
 An arrow is in the heart of Death,
 A God is at the doors of Fate!
 The Spirit that moved upon the Deep
 Is moving through the minds of men;
 The nations feel it in their sleep,
 A change has touched their dreams again.

Voices, confused and faint, arise,
 Troubling their hearts from East and West,
 A doubtful light is in their skies,
 A gleam that will not let them rest;
 The Dawn, the Dawn is on the wing,
 The stir of change on every side,
 Unsignalled as the approach of Spring,
 Invincible as the hawthorn-tide.

Say that we dream! Our dreams have woven
 Truths that out-face the burning sun;
 The lightnings, that we dreamed, have cloven
 Time, space, and linked all lands in one!
 Dreams! But their swift celestial fingers
 Have knit the world with threads of steel,
 Till no remotest island lingers
 Outside the world's great Commonweal.

Dreams are they? But ye cannot stay them,
 Or thrust the dawn back for one hour!
 Truth, Love and Justice, if ye slay them,
 Return, with more than earthly power;
 Strive, if ye will, to seal the fountains
 That send the Spring thro' leaf and spray;
 Drive back the sun from the Eastern mountains,
 Then bid this mightier movement stay.

It is the Dawn! The Dawn! The nations
 From East to West have heard a cry—
 Through all earth's blood-red generations
 By hate and slaughter climbed thus high,
 Here—on this height—still to aspire,
 One only path remains untrod,
 One path of love and peace climbs higher,
 Make straight that highway for our God.

ALFRED NOYES, *from The Wine Press.*

Peace, peace, O men, for ye are brothers all—
 Ye in the trench and on the shattered wall.
 Do ye not know ye came
 Out of one Love and wear one sacred name?

O brothers! lift a cry, a long world-cry
 Sounding from sky to sky—
 The cry of one great word,
 Peace, peace, the world-will clamoring to be heard;
 A cry to break the ancient battle-pan,
 To end it in the sacred name of Man!

EDWIN MARKHAM, *from "Peace."*

A Peace Song for Children

Words by Virginia Baker

Music by Edga Groff Dell:

Moderato

1. We're a band of chil-dren Cir-cling the whole world, With a snow-y stand-ard o'er our ranks un-furled;
 2. War makes crime and hav-oc, Pain and wretch-ed-ness; Peace gives sweet con-tent-ment, hope and hap-pi-ness;
 3. Time is all too fleet-ing To be passed in strife, 'Tis with deeds of kind-ness we should fill our life;

rit.

We have pledged al-legiance To the cause of Peace; For all cru-el war-fare, we be-lieve, should cease.
 So we lit-tle chil-dren, Lov-ing all man-kind, Ask the wes-ry na-tions rest in Peace to find.
 All the man-y ra-ces Should as breath-ren live In the ho-ly friendship Peace-a-ions can give.

Chorus *Waltz time*

Float, O fair white ban-ner, While we chil-dren sing.....

Of the count-ess blue-flags That World Peace would bring.....

The final moral reaction may at last come, accompanied by deep remorse, too tardy to reclaim all the human life which has been spent and the treasure which has been wasted, or it may come with a great sense of joy that all voluntary destruction of human life, all the deliberate wasting of the fruits of labor, have become a thing of the past, and that whatever the future contains for us, it will at least be free from war.

JANE ADDAMS, *Newer Ideals of Peace*.

PEACE COMMANDED

I have given you lands to hunt in,
 I have given you streams to fish in,
 I have given you bear and bison,
 I have given you roe and reindeer,
 Filled the marshes full of wild fowl,
 Filled the rivers full of fishes.
 Why, then, will ye hunt each other?
 I am weary of your quarrels,
 Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
 Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
 Of your wranglings and dissension.
 All your strength is in your union;
 All your danger is in discord.
 Therefore be at peace henceforward
 And as brothers live together.
 Wash the war paint from your faces,
 Wash the blood stains from your fingers.
 Bury your war clubs and your hatchets
 And as brothers live together.

LONGFELLOW, *in Hiawatha*.

“My first wish is to see the whole world in peace and the inhabitants of it as one band of brothers, striving who should contribute most to the happiness of mankind.”

WASHINGTON.

"War is inefficient towards redressing wrongs, and multiplies instead of indemnifies losses."

MADISON.

"Will nations never devise a more rational umpire of difference than force?"

JEFFERSON.

"War will eliminate itself. By the next centennial, arbitration will rule the world."

SHERIDAN.

"Through the smoke of battle and thunder of cannon of hostile peoples, through death, terror, destruction and unending pain and anxiety, there glows like the dawn of a coming better day the deep community of feeling of many women of all nations."—From open letter from German and Austrian women in reply to open Christmas letter sent by English women.

"Au nom de la Justice, de la Liberté et de l'Amour, rendons-nous solidaires les unes des autres, faisons du Foyer menacé le centre inviolable d'où la Patrie surgira plus grande et plus forte, l'Humanité plus haute, la Religion plus vivante, le Droit plus réel et plus vrai."

UNE SUISSASSE, *from La Voix des Mères.*

"The example of America must be a special example, and must be an example not merely of peace because it will not fight, but because peace is a healing and elevating influence of the world, and strife is not."

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON, *from Press Report, May 11.*

LITTLE VICTIMS OF THE WAR

A Story to Tell Children on Peace Day, May 18.

BY MARY E. JACKSON

The children of Belgium are "little victims of the war." Many of them are without proper clothing, many more of them are homeless, and all of them are hungry. Leopold Bracony, the Italian sculptor, who carved the touching group pictured on the opposite page, must have felt a keen sympathy for the little children of the war zone, for love and pity show in every line of this sculpture which he has entitled "Little Victims of the War."

Look at this sculpture and see what it tells you. Big Sister has fallen asleep while caring for Little Brother, who cuddles close to her for protection. Where is Father? Where is Mother? Why are these children so friendless—so alone? If I answer all the questions you will wish to ask, it will be a sad story I shall have to tell you; but sad though it be it is the real story of many, many Belgian children today.

One year ago these little children were as happy and well cared for as you. They were busy at school and happy at play; they had a good home and a kind father and mother. Now they sleep in the open fields, for their home is a ruin; they beg for food or go hungry; they look for kindness from strangers or from people as destitute as themselves. War has done this. War took their father months ago; war has sent their brother tramping from town to town looking in vain for work; because of war conditions their mother goes from door to door begging for milk for her baby who is starving. And that is why Big Sister must care for Little Brother. There is no one else to care for him while Mother is away.

"But why is Mother gone so long?" you may say. Poor Mother! She meets pitying faces at each door but

everywhere the answer is the same. There is no milk. The cows are all gone; the soldiers took them long ago. Must her baby starve then? No, she will make one last effort. Foot-weary though she is, she trudges along the



LITTLE VICTIMS OF THE WAR

road to the German camp. There on the trash heap behind the tents she finds the empty condensed milk cans the soldiers have thrown away. She scrapes them eagerly and offers her finger for the baby to suck. Baby gets

so little! He cries for more. A German officer who sees the poor mother at the trash heap pities her and gives her a whole can of milk, his ration for the week. He will go without milk in his coffee for some days, but he is a kind-hearted man and has a little one of his own at home.

Baby is satisfied at last, for he cries no longer. But what about Big Sister and Little Brother? All they have had to eat since morning was a bit of coarse bread. That was all they had yesterday, and for many days. That is all Mother can get at the town distributing center where she goes daily for food. But even though she had a purse filled with gold she could get no more, for neither meat nor vegetables are to be had. The fields lie idle, the factories are closed; the great ships that once brought food to Belgium in exchange for her manufactures come no longer, for war has closed Belgium's ports. While the children have bread they will not starve, but they are hungry—hungry all the time.

I have no doubt that Little Brother cried himself to sleep because he was hungry. And Big Sister must be cold, too. See her bare feet. Her shoes are worn out and there are no more for her. And these children have no bed to sleep in, and not even a blanket to cover them. No one has blankets. The soldiers took them. The soldiers have taken everything that can be of service to them. They have taken all the doctors' supplies, all their medicines, their bandages, their instruments. If Little Brother falls ill the doctors can do little for him, and there is no hospital for him to go to. The soldiers have taken the hospitals, too.

But do these children sleep out-of-doors in the rain, in the bitter cold? No, sometimes they find refuge in one of the houses still left standing. Often fourteen or fifteen people crowd into one small room. There is no heat, no beds, no floor covering of any kind. The walls are damp,

and there are no blankets. Is it any wonder that there is much sickness and suffering?

War has made Belgium such an unhappy place that many of these poor homeless families have fled to Holland. But even there these poor fugitives are miserable, for though there is more food there, it is hard to find shelter.

It is a sad story, is it not, this story of war and its doings? But there is a pleasanter part to be told, the part of peace. Our great country, at peace with the world, has tried to help these poor suffering Belgians. A relief ship loaded with supplies of all sorts was sent from New York to Belgium in January; another was sent in March. And there will be other ways in which we all can help. For children can help as well as grown-ups.

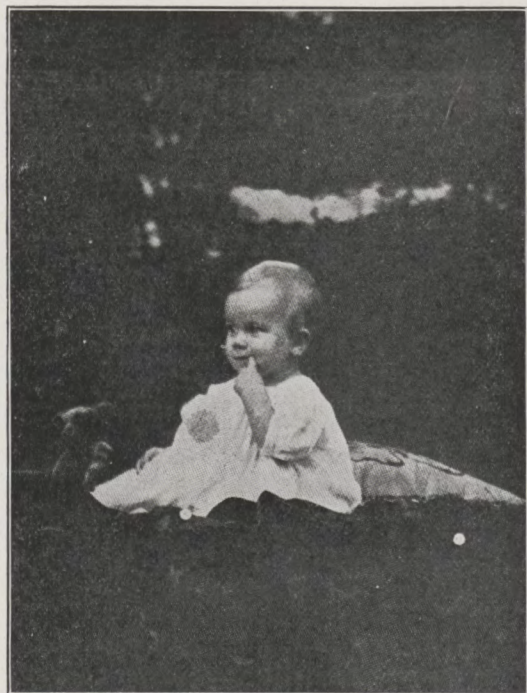
A PRAYER FOR PEACE

Father of light and love, Thou Who presidest over the destinies of nations and of men, stretch forth Thy mighty arm and with gentle touch of Thy loving hand dispel the dark clouds of war hovering over our brothers across the sea.

Pierce the gloom with the beautiful light of Thy countenance and send comfort and consolation to those who mourn. Banish the demon war from the hearts of men and in its stead let the love of justice, mercy and peace reign supreme.

Let those who must face its realities look to Thee for counsel and trust in Thee for the blessings of life and liberty. Enrich and enlarge their lives with the blessings of peace that they may leaven the lives of future generations. Let sweet recollections be their constant companions. Be Thou, O Father, merciful to those who must sacrifice their lives in this terrible conflict and bear them gently over like flowers on the bosom of a peaceful stream.

ANON.



FIRST MUNITION OF WAR

Should it be destroyed without the consent of the mother?

CHRIST, THE PRINCE OF PEACE

BY THE REV. HENRY VAN DYKE, D.D.

If Jesus of Nazareth ruled today in every human heart there would be no need of Peace Societies, for the reign of love would be universal and the memory of war would be like a bad dream.

But that golden age is not yet here; it is only on the way, and coming slowly. Meantime there are evil passions unsubdued in many a heart. Men deal with one another unfairly and unkindly. Nations are tempted by envy and jealousy; swayed by motives of pride and greed; suddenly swept by anger or revenge into the fierceness of immense mortal conflicts. As are the individuals, so is the race. The earth-man, who is animal, struggles with the man from heaven, who is spiritual, and from this struggle fly the sparks which kindle the flames of wars and fightings among us.

Here, in this still untamed, tumultuous region of human nature lie the great opportunity and the noble function of all Peace Societies. Their aim is to stand between the half-developed heart of man and the cruel, wasteful consequences of its own hot anger and rash folly. Three things they seek to do practically:

First, they would dissuade nations from making their preparations for war so great and costly that they become temptations to use them to prove their value or pay their cost.

Second, they would gain time between the flying of the sparks of passion and the bursting of the flame of strife, in the hope that the fire may die for want of fuel.

Third, they would persuade men that what is called international war is really fraternal strife after all, and that a question between human beings can never be truly settled by brute force, but only by right, reason and justice.

Does not Christ, the Man of Peace, look upon these aims and efforts with divine approval? Do they not prepare the way for the coming of that crowned Republic of God in which they will be no more needed because war will be unthinkable? The Church of Jesus ought to be the greatest of all Peace Societies, and a true friend to all the rest.

PEACE

“On earth peace, good will toward men.”

PEACE ADVOCATES NOT SENTIMENTALISTS

BY JAY WILLIAM HUDSON

It seems to the average American that those who advocate war as a means of settling international disputes have no arguments left, in view of the present European conflict. But while the majority of Americans plainly see the folly of militarism, there is an extremely active militaristic party in the United States, which is doing its utmost to contort the European situation into an argument for war.

This militaristic party is made up of three classes—the armament ring, composed of gentlemen who manufacture weapons of war for profit; many, not all, of those who make the career of the soldier a profession; and their dupes. To these should be added the number of those who, being borne along by tradition, still think of war as a glorious thing; who invest it with the glamour of story and song and who still honestly regard it as the strong right arm of national honor and conscience.

But Norman Angell is not a sentimentalist. His “Great Illusion,” one of the greatest books on peace ever written, is an arraignment of war from the standpoint of cold, hard economic facts. In all the book, which has been more often referred to in the official councils of

European statesmen than any other, there is not one sentimental appeal. David Starr Jordan is not a sentimentalist. He is a biologist of international repute, and when he points out that war means the survival of the unfit, he is dealing with plain facts backed by history. Think of the Americans who entered into the counsels of the last Hague conference. Are they noted as sentimentalists? Joseph H. Choate and General Horace Porter, for example.

The one thing which the advocates of international order have most avoided is sentimentalism. They have ever made their appeal to reason, not to emotion.

I fear the militarists do not read those great experts on international relations who have written during the last twenty years. If they had, their criticism would be a united criticism which would say: "Your arguments are rational enough, and they appeal to the intellect. Perhaps they are convincing. But they do not appeal to the heart. The world will not cease from war by a mere appeal to logic. Appeal more to the heart—to the sentiments and emotions of men!"

That, at any rate, is just what the militarist does. He has not one fact, not one shred of rational argument, to support his contention that questions of international policy should be settled by killing men. But there are many sentiments that back him, the sentiments that have been built up during the long history of a world which has only just now begun to mature to the point where it gets a vision of a world-civilization and a world-unity that does not imperil, in the least, national integrity.

The European war was not made by reason, but by sentiments, by feelings: race pride, race hatred, national pride, national covetousness, false patriotism aroused by a meretricious appeal to protect country and home and to "stand by the flag."

The rulers had to precipitate the conflict in a hurry, or it could not occur at all. Why? Time for deliberation would have made the war impossible. Men's emotions had to be worked up to a sudden access of fury; then war, before the people who had to do the fighting, had time to think just what it all meant.

The militarist has to associate bloodshed with the delusion that one is "fighting for the flag" and that it is "cowardice" not to settle a dispute with your fellow-nation with brute force.

The internationalist is a patriot, too; he fights for his flag, he believes in his country. But he explains carefully what he means by this and shows that one may fight for his flag far better and more nobly through the constructive agencies of reason rather than through the destructive agencies of force.

Perhaps the peace advocate has not appealed to the heart enough! The present European war is doing that for him. One no longer needs to read essays by peace advocates on the horrors of war. It is enough to read the newspapers. To turn from these horrors and to read articles which make light of them; which appeal to war as America's future weapon and urge a greater army and navy, is to wonder where patriotism ends and the betrayal of civilization begins.

A WOMAN'S VOICE

O heart! what is it you hear above the noise of a nation,
Above the sound of clamor and shouting
And men making ready for war?
Only a single voice, little more than a broken whisper,
Patient and unprotesting—only the voice of a woman;
Yet I hear it above the sound of guns
And the turmoil of men embarking.

I

There's no use praying any more; the prayers are done and said;
 But daytime going through the house, or night-time in my bed,
 They trouble me, the old prayers, still ringing in my head.

The young men from the papers, they brought the word to me,
 I'm thinking of their mothers, how glad they ought to be,
 Who never said "Good-by" to them and let them off to sea.

As strong as any man he was, and bold to do and dare,
 And why should I be hearing, then, all night above the prayer,
 A little lad that's calling me—and wanting me—somewhere?

II

He said what he thought was right:

"Let you be proud," he said,

"That you gave a son to the fight;

'Tis a glory over your head!"

'Tis never a good man's words I'd scorn,

And he said what he thought was best;

But I knew my pride when the lad was born,

And his head was warm on my breast.

"Let you be proud," he said.

'Twas the word that stabbed me through;

Proud—and my one son dead

In a land I never knew!

'Tis the women know when glory's worn

(Tho he meant the word for the best);

I knew my pride when the lad was born,

And his head was warm on my breast.

Only a woman's voice—patient and unprotesting,

But I hear it above the sound of guns

And the turmoil of men embarking.

THEODOSIA GARRISON, *in the Delineator.*

ARBITRATION

Bob and I used to wrestle quite often, you see,
Bob' was about the same size as me.

He'd take my gloves, then I'd take his bat;
We'd scrap over this and quarrel over that.

One day we were having it—first left, then the right,
When Bob stopped quite short and said, "Let's not fight;

"Arbitration's the thing that they use nowadays;
Folks find it is better in a great many ways."

"You're getting afraid, that's the trouble, I guess!"
"No, sir, I am not, but fighting's a mess!

"Arbitration will give you your rights in the end;
It gives just fair play and wins back your friend."

"I'm willing," said I, "to give it a test;
Then we will know which way is the best."

We gave up our fighting, but, sad to relate,
The troubles won't come, so we can't arbitrate!

DORA A. MONDORE.

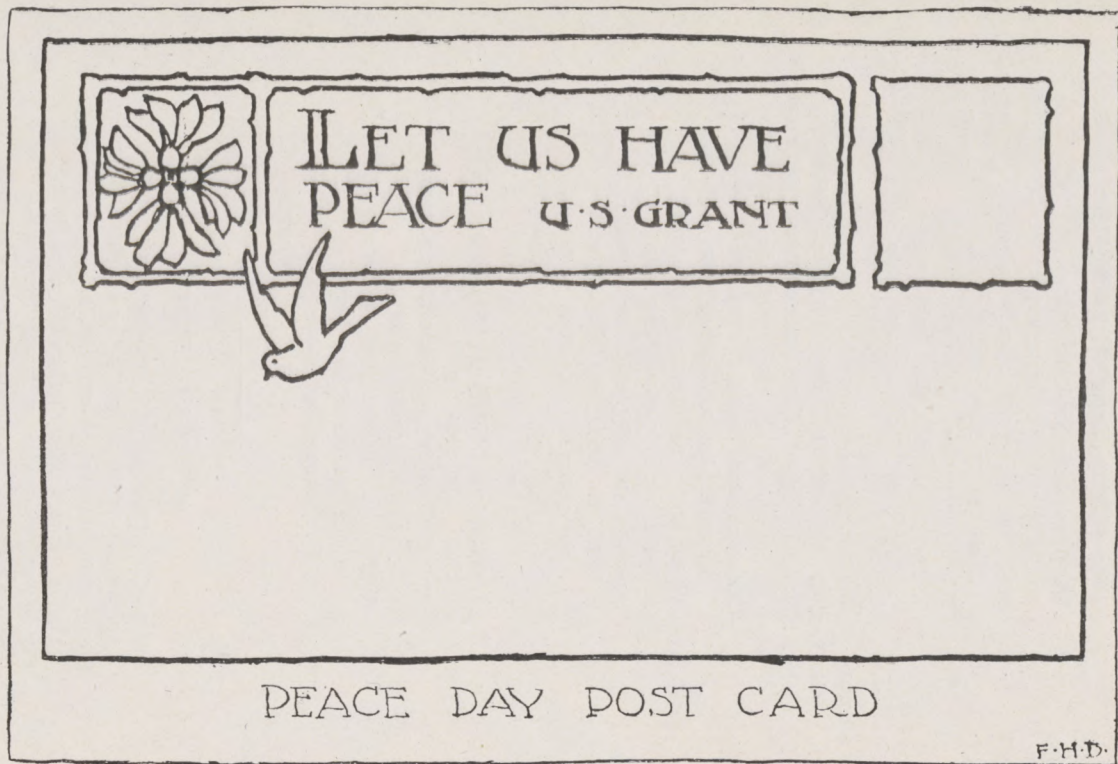
PEACE

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, *in Nautilus.*



PEACE DAY

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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.

Chorus—

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.

Chorus—

A HYMN OF PEACE

Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!
 Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
 Come while our voices are blended in song—
 Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove!
 Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove—
 Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,
 Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love—
 Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

Brothers we meet, on this altar of thine,
 Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
 Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
 Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea—
 Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!
 Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
 Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
 Brothers once more 'round this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
 Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!
 Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main,
 Bid the full breath of the organ reply—
 Let the loud tempest of voices reply.
 Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!
 Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!—
 Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

O. W. HOLMES.

THE PEACE VICTORY

(A Dialogue for Six Girls and Three Boys.)

Three Girls (wearing wreaths and carrying wands)—

We are peace angels;
 We try to be
 Makers of peace
 On land and sea.

Fourth Girl (addresses Peace Trio)—

I am a soldier's mother!
 If I could see my boy
 Who's serving in the army
 How great would be my joy!

Fifth Girl—

I am a soldier's widow;
 Many years ago
 My husband fell in battle
 Fighting 'gainst the foe.

Sixth Girl—

I am a soldier's sister;
 'Tis long since brother dear
 Has written me a letter
 Or message of good cheer.

(The soldiers march in carrying guns or drum.)

First Soldier (to Peace Angels)—

We are brave soldiers;
 For miles we have come,
 Marching in step
 To the rolling drum.

First Peace Angel—

Oh, lay down your arms,
 Dear soldiers, we pray;
 These hearts will be happy
 When Peace holds its sway.

Second Soldier—

No, no; we're protecting
 Our own native land;
 We take up our arms
 At our leader's command.

Second Peace Angel—

We've told all the rulers
 In lands far and wide
 That men must be brothers
 Though countries divide.

Third Soldier—

But nations have honor
 Which they must defend;
 How can this be done
 If war has an end?

Third Angel—

They'll have a committee
 Their wrongs to debate;
 Fair play and glad hearts,
 When men arbitrate.

(Soldiers lay down arms at Peace Angels' feet and march away.)

Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Girls (in unison, to Peace Angels)—

Dear Angels, we thank you
 For what you have done;
 You've given us hope,
 And sweet peace you've won.

Peace Angels (waving wands, sing to tune "My Bonnie")—

We're bringing peace to the nations,
 We're bringing peace o'er the sea,
 We're bringing peace the world over,
 We're bringing peace to thee.

A PRAYER

God of the warring nations,
 God of the ways of peace,
 Hark to the pleas of women
 And bid the warfare cease!
 Hark to the prayers of children,
 Their small hands lifted up,
 And from the world forever
 Remove this bitter cup!

In years of peaceful living
 Thy servants have forgot
 The grief that follows carnage,
 And now, their blood grown hot,
 They challenge each the other,
 And with no heeding for
 The necklaced arms of loved ones
 They clatter forth to war.

Oh, God, remove this madness,
 And make Thy servants sane!
 Remove the fields of carnage,
 Where wounded and where slain
 Are tramped to gory remnants!
 Our God, of war and peace,
 Remove from men their blindness
 And bid the warfare cease!

A wife stands all forsaken
 And peers into the storm,
 Above the smoke of battle
 She marks the vultures swarm;
 No loved one hears her pleading
 And to her succor flies—
 Beside where she stands weeping
 A baby starves and dies.

God, lift the burden from them
 Who bear the burden most!
 God, touch the hearts of rulers!
 God, turn each warring host
 From ways that lead to slaughter
 Back to the paths of peace!
 God, hear the 'plaints of women
 And bid this warring cease!

JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS.

WHEN PAUL COMES HOME

BY MARY A. LASELLE

Author of "Dramatizations of School Classics."

Characters

Mrs. Stahl, a widow.
 Grandmother Stahl.
 Jennie Stahl, aged twelve.
 Annie Stahl, aged ten.
 Susie Stahl, aged eight.
 Johnnie Stahl, aged six.
 Postman.
 Neighbors, Mr. Smith, Mr. Brown.

Scene.

A plainly furnished room in the Stahl home. It is bright and cheerful with blossoming plants. Grandma Stahl is knitting. Mrs. Stahl is sewing. Johnnie is

playing with his toys, and the girls are making wreaths for a May Day festival.

Annie (holding up wreath)—Look, mother! isn't this going to be lovely?

Mother—Yes, dear, that is a beautiful wreath. Would it not be fine, girls, if Paul came home on the day of your festival?

Jennie—Oh, wouldn't that be grand! Girls, let's wish and wish that he can come on that very day.

Grandmother—The dear, good boy! My old eyes ache for a sight of him. To think that we have not seen him for a long, long year. Well, he will be here very soon. Read his last letter, daughter, and let us hear again what our fine lad says of himself.

Susie—Yes, mother, please do. Read Paul's letter once more.

Mother (reading letter)—

“Dear Mother:

“If all goes well, I shall be at home with you by the middle of May. I know that you will be glad to hear that I have passed my examinations and that my rank is number three in a class of forty. Not so bad for a country boy, is it, mother? But I should despise myself if I did not stand well, for I have had the bravest little mother sewing her fingers to the bone for me all these years, and now that I am a great fellow with muscles like iron, and nerves like steel, and a fairly good brain to manage my body, I am going to see that you and grandmother and the little ones have a grand, good time in the future. No more sewing at night or scrimping and saving for Paul. I am coming home for a little vacation, in which we will all go fishing and rowing and picnicking on the river (cries of “oh, goody! goody!” from the children), and when summer comes I am going to begin my work as a civil engineer by helping to lay out the new railroad

through our town, so I shall live at home with all of you; and on warm evenings we will have supper under the trees, and after supper Grandmother will knit, and you will sew, and the children will sit as quiet as mice while I tell you about my life in the Government school; and who will be so happy as the Stahl family? This will be the last letter that I shall write you from the school; so good-by until your big boy runs up the steps and gives his little mother a regular bear's hug.

"Your loving PAUL."

(Grandmother wipes her eyes, saying, "The best boy that ever lived!" while the children dance about the room, shouting, "Paul is coming! Paul is coming!")

Susie—How I wish he would come on the day of the festival! Wouldn't that be lovely? O girls, let's practice our May Day song, now that we have our wreaths ready.

(The children sing, "The Search for the May Queen.")

At the conclusion of the song Jennie runs up to her mother and puts a wreath upon her head. The other children clap their hands and as they dance about Mrs. Stahl they repeat the first verse of the song.)

Jennie—O girls, isn't it just lovely to crown mother as our queen! Mother is our queen. The queen of our home, and our good Paul will be the king! Oh, won't we all be happy? Mother, may we practice a song about home so that we can sing it when Paul comes? Grandmother, you must sing too, and, Johnnie, you can sing this song. (They sing "Home, Sweet Home." As they finish the second verse a loud knock is heard at the door. They stop singing and look at each other as Mrs. Stahl says, "Who can that be?")

Annie (peering from the window)—It is the postman, mother, and he has a letter in his hand.

Grandmother—I fear it is some bad news.

(Johnnie clings to his mother as she opens the door.)

Postman—Good afternoon, Mrs. Stahl. Here is a special delivery for you. Please sign right here. No bad news, I hope. Thank you. Good day.

(Mrs. Stahl stares at the letter and turns it over without opening it.)

Grandmother (coming forward)—Well, daughter, who is the letter from? Heaven be praised. It is Paul's good, firm handwriting so the boy is not sick. Let us open it and see what he says. (Mrs. Stahl opens the letter while they all crowd around her. She reads it to herself and exclaims loudly, "It cannot be!")

Children—Read it to us, mother. What is it that Paul has written?

(Mother sits down and hands the letter to Grandmother.)

Mother—Grandmother, you read it to us.

Grandmother—I cannot understand it.

Grandmother (adjusting her spectacles and reading)—

"Dear Mother:

"You will probably have heard before this that our country has declared war, and all of us boys in the Government school have enlisted today. We start for the front tomorrow. I do not know what the war is about, but I must go when our ruler calls for men. Little mother, I hate to think that I cannot work for you and the children. I have made such different plans for the summer, and I was going to see that you all had such a happy time this year and all the rest of the years. And now, mother and grandmother and little ones, I must say good-by.

"Your loving PAUL."

"P. S. Girls, be good to mother and don't let her work too hard. Bring up the water from the well and save her steps in all the ways that you can. Poor little

mother, she must be very tired with all the hard work that she has done."

Mother—My boy, my little Paul. My fine, manly son. (She bows her head upon the table.)

Susie—Paul gone to the war? Paul not coming home?

Jennie—What war? Why is there a war?

Annie—Oh, why has Paul gone to the war?

(Johnnie begins to cry.)

Annie—Why, mother, he may be shot! Our Paul may be killed!

(Mrs. Stahl does not raise her head and the children run to their grandmother.)

Grandmother (in a dazed way)—Our little Paul gone to war! Our boy who wouldn't kill a bird in the forest gone to shoot at men and at lads like himself, and to be shot at! To kill and perhaps to be killed! This is wicked! monstrous! It cannot be true! (She snatches up the letter and reads it again. The girls begin to cry. There is a knock at the door and Mrs. Brown enters with a newspaper in her hand.)

Mrs. Brown—I see that you have heard of the breaking out of the war, Mrs. Stahl. I read in this paper that Paul has enlisted with all the other boys from the Government school. There has already been one terrific battle with a loss of fourteen hundred men. (Mrs. Stahl starts to her feet.) Now, Mrs. Stahl, don't get excited. No. Paul's name is not in this list. He will probably come home all right without a scratch on him. Well, good day, neighbor, I will watch the paper and if I see Paul's name in it, I will bring it right over.

Grandmother—Paul's name? Our boy's name? Among the dead or wounded? Oh, it is too cruel! Why, why must this war be fought? (She reads the paper hastily.) There is no cause for this wicked war. It is simply a quarrel between two rulers. And our brave boy must go and be shot at and must himself shoot at

human beings, because of this foolish quarrel. This war is horrible! It is beyond belief that human beings can force other human beings into anything so evil.

Johnnie—But what is war like, grandmother?

Grandmother—War is the killing of men by other men who should be their good friends. Our Paul has been taught to love and to try to help all human beings, but in war he will learn to shoot at men and boys, and try to kill them. And for what? Read what he says: "I do not know the causes of the war." And even while we are talking Paul and thousands of other brave boys like him, who are needed in their homes, just as he is needed here, may be lying cold and dead.

Mrs. Stahl—O mother, stop! I cannot bear it! Have mercy upon me and the children. Johnnie, bring your father's picture to me.

(The children cluster around their mother as she holds the picture.)

Mrs. Stahl—Children, your father was killed in one of the dreadful battles of a cruel, wicked war. He, like Paul, did not even know what he was fighting for, but at the call of our ruler he had to leave his happy home and all of us whom he loved so well and go to fight and to kill men whom he did not hate or wish to injure in any way; for he was one of the kindest, most loving-hearted men that ever lived. He gave his life at the call of the ruler of his country. But that whole war was a monstrous wrong.

Annie—Is any war right, mother?

Mother—No! no! It cannot be! There must be some better way to settle quarrels than the bloody way of war! My boy! my boy! To take you when we need you so!

(A knock is heard at the door. Johnnie opens it, and Mr. Smith enters in great excitement. He has a paper in his hand.)

Mr. Smith—Heaven be praised, Mrs. Stahl! They have found a way to settle this quarrel without going to war and your boy and mine will be with us soon.

(The Stahl family gathered around Mr. Smith in great excitement. The children jump for joy.)

Mr. Smith (reading)—Orders have been received at military headquarters to disband the troops, for in meetings at the capitals of the two countries last evening it was decided to refer the quarrel to the Supreme Court at The Hague, and to abide by the decision of that Court. There will be no war.

(Great rejoicing in the Stahl family. Cries of "No war!" "No war!" "Paul will come home!")

Annie—What is the Supreme Court at The Hague, mother?

Mrs. Stahl—It is a sort of umpire to decide the right and the wrong of quarrels between nations. Several years ago the Czar of Russia sent out an invitation to the leading nations of the world to send representatives, who should meet at some place and try to make a plan that would do away with wars between nations. These men met for the first time on the 18th of May, 1899, at a palace in The Hague in Holland. A few years later, representatives from forty nations met again at The Hague, and this time a permanent court was established, which was to decide all disputes between nations and thus prevent the long, costly and bloody wars from which the world has always suffered. Wars which have destroyed the best young men of the nation, men like our Paul, who could have done splendid work for their home, their country and the world, men who would have been splendid heroes in times of peace; heroes who make wise laws, who conquer disease, who see that life is made happier and safer for children and workers. These are the men who in time of war become targets for machine guns and other instruments of death. But let us talk now only

of the happy times we shall have when our good Paul comes home.

Children—Paul is coming home! Our dear Paul will come home.

(They begin to dance about their mother. Postman knocks. Annie opens the door.)

Postman—Another letter, Mrs. Stahl. I know this will bring better news.

(Mother tears open the letter.)

Mother (reading)—

“Dear Mother, Grandmother and Children:

“There is to be no war, and I shall be with you tomorrow. Will tell you all when I come. Prepare for your happiest days, dear mother.

“Your loving PAUL.”

Jennie—Oh, what can we do when we are so happy? Mother, may we sing “Home, Sweet Home,” once more? It seems now as if no other song was so dear as that one. We will sing it tonight and then we will sing it again tomorrow when our own good Paul comes home. Mother, you must sit here and wear your wreath and grandmother must have one, too, and now we will hang one over father’s picture. (Does so.) There! now we are ready.

(The girls group themselves behind their mother’s chair. Little Johnnie stands by grandmother. They sing the first verse of “Home, Sweet Home.”)

Curtain.

Author’s Note—The war referred to here is war in the abstract and not any particular war.

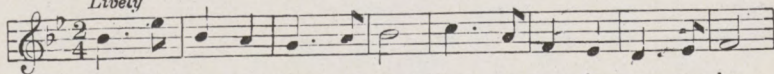
The two thoughts uppermost in this play are: First, war destroys the home. Second, there is a better way than war to settle disputes.

Suggestions for acting—Select pupils for the parts who are good singers, a soprano and an alto for "Home, Sweet Home." The room should be bright and cheerful; a bird in a cage would add to the effect. The four girls should be finishing four pretty wreaths when curtain goes up. Flowers and blossoming plants should be about the room. Everything should indicate a cozy, humble home in which there are very small means but cheerful hearts. When the sorrowful news comes the family should be dazed and startled at first rather than agonized. The children's weeping should not be such as to bring about a melodramatic conclusion. The central idea is that war will destroy a happy home and the beauty of home life should be suggested in all possible ways.

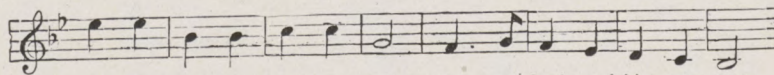
The Search for the May Queen

M. A. L.

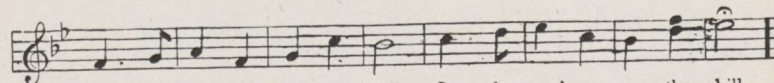
MARY A. LASELLE

Lively

1. Who shall be our Queen of May? Sing we now in mer - ry lay,
2. Who shall be our Queen of May? She must be both fair and gay,
3. Who shall be our Queen of May? She shall reign this hap - py day.



O'er the world so bright and fair, Fra - grant flow'rs, and blos - soms rare.
 Win - some, laugh - ing, cheer - ful, bright, Do - ing al - ways what is right.
 O'er this joy - ous world so bright, She shall rule un - til the night.



Shall we find her? Yes, we will, In the woods or on the hill.



DIRECTIONS: Columbia wears a white robe, a blue cap, and has a wreath of olive leaves about her hair, which is yellow. Uncle Sam's coat and hatband are blue with white stars, his shirt and trousers are striped red and white, and his hat, vest and shoes are white. The letters may be cut from black or dull and pasted to the banner whose length should be increased from the pattern as shown in the small companion picture. The doves are white and carry green branches of olive. Keep the colors clear and outline heavily.

NORMAL INSTRUCTOR-PRIMARY PLANS—May, 1918

THE ZONE

Avert Thy gaze, O God, close tight Thine eyes!
 Glance down no longer on the ocean foam,
 Lest Thou behold such horrors as can turn
 Men's burning hearts to ice, and chill their souls.

Keep Thine heart warm and full of charity
 That Thou mayst yet be able to forgive,
 And pity feel for those who know not when
 To pause in deeds of ruthless sacrifice.

Restrain Thy wrath, and keep Thine hand in check;
 Smite not, nor fiercely thrust without the pale
 Those who can dare to strew the ocean waste
 With fellow creatures, innocent of wrong.

Forget the studied purpose to destroy;
 The launching of the missile through the deep;
 The shattered hull; the crushed and bleeding forms,
 The seething swirl of wreckage, women, men.

Remember that they know not what they do
 Who strike in deadly fear and ghastly hate;
 Remember that somehow, and at some time,
 Each crime exacts its human penalty.

Remember that man's conscience and man's mind
 Are agents of Thy purpose and Thy plan,
 Which work within a deadlier revenge
 Than any shrapnel shot or sabre thrust.

Remember that new generations come
 Upon whom fall the burden and the curse,
 The anguish of old hatreds and past wrongs,
 The crushing debt, the struggle and despair.

Restrain, O God, the sweep of this vast hate;
 Recall the nations to their sense of shame;
 To those in blinding war, to us at peace,
 Reveal anew the message of the Christ.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

VERSE ON THE CRISIS

The most noteworthy verse on the European crisis in its spirit is that contributed by Miss Sarah N. Cleghorn, in the New York *Tribune*, which strikes a note so clear and noble that it might well bring in its harmony relief to the troubled soul of the president. It runs:

A HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE!

(MAY 8, 1915.)

Volunteers! O volunteers!
Who will enlist to guard his country
From the great invader,
War?
Who will cry to a threatened people:
"We come, a hundred thousand more!"

Brave must the troops be,
Iron-hearted!
Bolder than to breast the cannon,
Braver than to draw the sword.
Dare you fight a fixed tradition,
A frenzied dream, a despot word?

Rise, then, true and great Crusaders!
All your arms in phalanx link!
Charge the fortress of the foeman,
If you dare—
To think!

Miss Cleghorn has been known as one of the clearest-headed of the more radical group of college women, and she has done some excellent writing. It is our judgment that this striking verse, "One Hundred Thousand More," grasps and visualizes so nobly the "war" ideal of thousands of the present day that it will have more than a passing fame.

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

BY JENNY B. MERRILL, PD. D.

You boys and girls who are studying geography, please open your books to the map of South America. Can you find a country called Chili, and another named the Argentine Republic? Can you find the city of Buenos Ayres? And can you find another city named Mendoza? Where is it?

Do you see that Mendoza is near the mountains? What mountains are they? Yes, the Andes.

I want to tell you a story about a beautiful statue that stands on one of the peaks of the Andes near the city of Mendoza. I am sure you want to hear who put it there, and all that I can tell you about it. It is a statue of Christ and was made out of old cannon which were melted at the arsenal of Buenos Ayres in the year 1901. It was made by a young Argentine sculptor named Mateo Alonso.

When the statue was all finished, there was a great festival at Buenos Ayres. Many visitors came from Chili, and from the Argentine Republic, for both of these countries of America were interested in having this beautiful bronze statue of Christ made of their cannon. For they had expected a war, but some very wise and good men and women had said, "No, we must not fight each other. We must be friends."

On Easter Sunday just fifteen years ago, a good Bishop preached in Buenos Ayres about Peace, and said, "Let us make a beautiful statue of Christ and place it between our two countries where it can be seen by all comers and goers. Perhaps this statue will help to make us friends and keep us from fighting. We know that Christ was the Prince of Peace. Did He not say, 'Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God?'"

After Easter was over, this good Bishop of Argentina and another good Bishop of Chili traveled through both countries, addressing crowds of men in many towns and villages. They said, "We are friends. We must not fight each other. We must put up a beautiful monument high on the Andes Mountains to remind us of Christ. When Christ was born did not the angels sing 'Peace on earth, to men good will?'"

"The Chileans and the people of Argentina must never fight each other again."

Of course the women helped. They wrote letters to their friends. They talked to their husbands and sons, saying, "We do not want you to go to war again; we want peace. Why should you love to fight? We want you to build fine schools for the children, and fine churches. We want you to build bridges, and ships to carry food to other nations and to bring many good things back to us. We want you home with us, not off on battle fields, killing good men and being killed. We want you to make a Treaty of Peace that will last as long as these great Andes Mountains last!"

At last it was decided that there should be no more war, and that a beautiful statue of Christ should be made out of the bronze obtained by melting the cannon that were no longer needed.

A good woman named Senora de Costa, who was president of a large association of women in Buenos Ayres, said, "We women will work now to raise the money to pay for the statue. We know it will cost a good deal, but not nearly as much as a war would have cost!"

The money was raised, and the young sculptor worked hard to make a most beautiful design. When the statue was completed, every one who saw it exclaimed, "How beautiful!"

This figure of Christ is twenty-six feet in height. (Show this height.) His right hand is stretched out in blessing.

A great festival was announced, and invitations were sent all over the Argentine Republic and all over the country of Chili, saying, "Come and see the beautiful



Peace statue." Ministers, bishops, generals, admirals, cabinet officers, other officials and many private citizens, came to Buenos Ayres to the festival. The Chilean representatives came from Santiago by water, and their boats were met by a large fleet of gaily decked steamers from Buenos Ayres. For a whole week there were parades, and festivities of many kinds. Papers called Treaties

were signed by the men appointed by the Governments of both countries. Then on May 28, 1903, Senora de Costa stood at the foot of the statue in the courtyard of the college, with an audience of great men and women about her. She urged that this statue be carried to the Andes Mountains and up as high as possible, and placed on the boundary line between the two countries. Many people wanted this beautiful statue to be kept in Buenos Ayres. Some said, "It is so far to Mendoza, and it will cost much to carry the statue. Perhaps it will be injured."

"No, no," replied the good lady. "Our quarrel was about the boundary between Chili and Argentina. We must put this statue just as near the boundary line as we can, and never quarrel about the boundary again."

Nearly a year after the festival at Buenos Ayres, the statue was taken by rail to the city of Mendoza. Soldiers and sailors helped with ropes to pull it up the mountain. You know the Andes are very steep, and sometimes the mules stumbled, but the men were on the watch. Such a statue was very heavy, and weighed many tons.

I must tell you about the base of the statue. On it rests a sphere of granite which weighs fourteen tons. On this sphere the outlined map of the *whole world* is sketched, just as on our sphere in school, because the South American people wanted all the people of the world to believe in their love of peace, and in the Prince of Peace who had said two thousand years ago, "Blessed are the peacemakers."

The figure of Christ stands on this sphere, as you can see in the picture. At the base there are two bronze tablets, one of which was given by the Workingmen's Union of Buenos Ayres, and the other by Working Women. You will want to know what is inscribed on these tablets. Upon one there is a record of how and where and when the statue was made and erected. But what would you have put upon the other? (Let children suggest.) Well, your suggestions are good, and now I

will let you write the very words that are inscribed on the tablet. Take your book of Memory Gems and write the words, for I am sure you will all want to remember and tell the whole story to your friends.

Inscription.

Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer.

AUTHOR'S NOTE:—In telling this story to children old enough to understand what it is to arbitrate, a fact should be explained, that the King of England was the arbitrator of the boundary line. Explain that eminent lawyers and geographers examined both sides of the question with great care and their decision was cheerfully accepted by Chili and Argentina. These two countries wisely decided to stop building great battleships and to reduce their armies; and to turn over for commerce a part of each fleet.

With the money saved from unnecessary war, they have improved the roads of both countries, and have built a breakwater that was much needed in the harbor of Valparaiso. They have built also a great trans-Andean railway through the heart of the mountains, which brings the two capitals within eighteen hours of each other, and thus helps to bind them together by trade and travel.

MEMORIAL DAY

FLOWERS FOR DECORATION DAY

Of the beautiful little wood flowers
 That bloom in the month of May,
 Some don patriotic colors
 For our Decoration Day.

For the red, which stands for courage,
 There's sweet-brier, eglantine—
 And near it the ragged robin,
 Pimpernel and columbine.

Wood violet and anemone
 Grow nearly hid from our sight;
 Mayapple, too, and trillium
 Bear the purity symbol—white.

Forget-me-not and the iris
 Speak through their color so blue;
 The bluet, too, and lobelia
 Tell us to be just and true.

And so on the graves of soldiers
 Very thoughtfully we lay
 These colors, to show we remember
 On this Decoration Day.

OLIVE WINSHIP.

 THE PEACE PETITION

We called attention some time ago to Mrs. Kate Devereaux Blake's movement for a school children's Peace Petition. On Washington's birthday, in the city of Washington, Mrs. Blake and twelve girls from the public school of Washington presented to Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan, and through him to the rulers of ten warring nations of Europe, a petition for peace two and a half miles long containing the names of 350,000 school children. This was a great event in a great movement.

MEMORIAL DAY CELEBRATION

Song Group—"Tenting Tonight." "Just Before the Battle, Mother."

Class Recitation—"Bring Sweet Flowers," by P. H. Bristow.

Leave not a grave in the gray of the twilight
 Barren of flowers, o'er a hero at rest;
 His was the gift of a life full of promise,
 Small is the gift we may bring, at the best.
 Think of the fond years he gave of his manhood;
 Think of the hopes which were dead when he fell;
 Think how he died, while he longed for some loved one;
 Think of the anguish his lips could not tell.
 Think what we have as the price of his off'ring;
 Think of the flag that was saved by his blood;
 Think what it might be, if he had not given
 All that he had for his country and God.
 Bring then the gift of the beautiful flowers,
 Emblems of love, that their spirits may know
 Hearts do yet burn when their deeds are recounted;
 Hands are yet ready devotion to show.

Song—"America."

Acrostic—"Memorial Day."

M—

Mouldering side by side
 Peaceful the heroes rest.
 Each bravely fought and died
 For the cause he loved the best.
 Cast no reflections now,
 Silent lie friend and foe;
 Honor the graves of all;
 Ask not who lies below.

ANON.

E—

Each mystic chord of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

M—

'Mid the flower-wreathed tombs I stand,
 Bearing lilies in my hand,
 Comrades, in what soldier-grave
 Sleeps the bravest of the brave.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

O—

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And glory guards, with solemn round,
 The bivouac of the dead.

O'HARA.

R—

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep;
 The thoughts of men shall be
 As sentinels to keep
 Your rest from danger free.

ANON.

I—

It's lonesome—sorter lonesome, it's a Sunday day to me;
 It 'pears like more'n any day I nearly ever see!
 Yit with the Stars and Stripes above, a-flutterin' in the air,
 On every soldier's grave, I'd love to lay a lily there.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

A—

And every patriot's dust will claim
 Affection's tenderest tears,
 And blazoned on the scroll of fame,
 Shall shine each martyred soldier's name.

ANON.

L—

Lone violets peer from their dusky beds,
 With a tearful dew in their great pure eyes;
 The lilies quiver their shining heads,
 Their pale lips full of sad surprise;
 And the lizard darts thru the glistening fern,
 And the squirrel rustles the branches hoary;
 Strange birds fly out with a cry, to bathe
 Their wings in the sunset glory,
 While the shadows pass
 O'er the quiet face and the dewy grass.

—ANON.

D—

Deck them with garlands, these brothers of ours;
Lying so silent by night and by day—
Sleeping the years of their manhood away.

WILL CARLETON.

A—

Around these mounds of noble fame
Bend forms unseen by mortal eye,
To catch the sacrifice of death,
And bear the incense to the sky.

ANON.

Y—

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

O'HARA.

MARY ELEANOR KRAMER, *from the School Century.*

 FLOWERS FOR THE SOLDIERS' GRAVES

Here's the myrtle—that's for love;
Here's the hawthorn—that's for hope;
Here's the amaranth—that's for
Immortal life on heaven's high slope.

Here's the laurel—that meant glory
In the days of ancient Greece;
Here are pansies—they're for thought;
Here are lilies—they mean peace.

SUSIE M. BEST.

THE VETERANS

Every year they're marching slower,
 Every year they're stooping lower,
 Every year the lilting music stirs the hearts of older men;
 Every year the flags above them
 Seem to bend and bless and love them
 As if grieving for the future when they'll never march again!

Every year that day draws nearer—
 Every year the truth is clearer
 That the men who saved the nation from the severing southern
 sword
 Soon must pass away forever
 From the scene of their endeavor,
 Soon must answer to the roll-call of the angel of the Lord.

Every year with dwindling number,
 Loyal still to those that slumber,
 Forth they march to where already many have found peace at
 last,
 And they place the fairest blossoms
 O'er the silent, mould'ring bosoms
 Of the valiant friends and comrades of the battles of the past.

Every year grow dimmer, duller,
 Tattered flag and faded color;
 Every year the hands that bear them find a harder task to do;
 And the eyes that only brightened
 When the blaze of battle lightened,
 Like the tattered flags they follow, are grown dim and faded, too.

Every year we see them massing,
 Every year we watch them passing,
 Scarcely pausing in our hurry after pleasure, after gain;
 But the battle flags above them,
 Seem to bend and bless and love them
 And through all the lilting music sounds an undertone of pain!

DENIS A. MCCARTHY, *in the New York Sun.*

SOLDIER AND CITIZEN

This lesson let us try to remember. Our duty is not yet done. We are no longer what we have been, the young guard of the Republic; we have earned an exemption from the dangers of the field and camp, and the old musket or the crossed sabres hang harmless over our winter fires, never more to be grasped in these hands henceforth devoted to more peaceful labors; but the duties of the citizen, and of the citizen who has received his baptism by fire, are still incumbent upon us. Though young in years, we should remember that henceforth, and as long as we live in the land, we are the ancients, the veterans of the Republic.—*Charles F. Adams.*

But the Union soldier was great in peace as well as in war. His was not merely a triumph of arms; it was a triumph of heart and mind, for the Union soldier won the love of the foe that he vanquished. Today, throughout the length and breadth of the country, there is a love for the flag of the Union. Today the Union stands, not defended by armed force or by frowning fortresses. Its foundations are laid in the hearts of our citizens, South as well as North, and it will be durable and eternal because of that foundation. But although the vigor of the Union soldier in taking up arms was creditable to him, he also deserves credit for the manner in which he laid down his arms. Never before did a victorious army so lay down its arms at the behest of civil rulers without the slightest disturbance throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The lesson which this day teaches above all others is that no matter what difficulties may arise, the patriotism of this Republic will be able to surmount them. No matter what dangers may threaten our institutions, there is always to be in reserve the American patriotism sufficient to solve every question and surmount every difficulty.

The lesson of the Union was not ended in 1865. The mission of the Union soldier did not close with the war. It continues today as a patriotism which is the best security of the government. We are reminded of the survivors as we turn today from the graves of the brave men who were the heroes of the war.

On the Capitol at Washington, surmounting the great dome where Congress is in session, there may be seen a bright light high above all else on the building. And as you recede from the place, and the turrets and fluted columns of the edifice disappear in the darkness, the light at the top seems to be higher and higher, and finally seems to blend with the horizon until finally only this light marks the temple of freedom of our beloved Government. Looking back on the martyrs of the Civil War, their deeds shall be to us the brilliant light which shall grow ever brighter and brighter, and illumine the pathway of the Republic to liberty, prosperity, and happiness.
—*W. Bourke Cockran.*

THE FLOWERS WE GATHER

I think the little wild flowers know
 When comes Memorial Day;
 Such pretty colors as they show,
 You'd almost think that they
 Had been out hunting all the year
 To find the choicest dyes;
 For when at last they do appear
 They take us by surprise.

Such blue and yellow, green and red
 No mortal hands could brew;
 The flowers we gather all are fed
 By sunshine, wet by dew—
 God's instruments for bringing out
 These colors rich and rare;
 We cull them on Memorial Day
 And place them with fond care.

There floats a flag above a grave
Where sleeps the honored dead,
Who, when war's fiercest turmoil raged,
For its loved colors bled.
Dear little wild flowers, well you grace
These resting-places green;
With reverent hands we lay you there,
Love's choicest gift, I ween.

HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

BRING YOUR LOVING THOUGHT

Weave your garlands bright
Before the May-time closes;
Pansies blue and white
And blushing buds of roses.

Blue and white and red,
The lonely graves they'll cover;
And o'er each grassy bed
The Stars and Stripes shall hover.

MEMORIAL DAY

Memorial Day has come again,
And we will celebrate
The memories of our soldiers true,
Those men so good and great.

We gather flowers fair and sweet,
And place upon each grave
These fragrant offerings of love,
A token to the brave.

Patriots like them we'll be,
Like them we will not fear;
And if we're called, we'll gladly go
To serve our country dear.

MARION S. BLOOD.

WHEN GRANDPA WORE HIS UNIFORM

I've got the bestest Gran'pa
 You ever hear about;
 We always go to hear the band
 Whenever it comes out.
 He tells me lots of stories
 About the drefful wars,
 An' he was in them, too, he said,
 An' he's got awful scars.
 An' when they get the flowers
 To put on soldiers' graves
 We dust bring out our nicest flag,
 An' 'en he sings an' waves
 The Stars an' Stripes, an' we dust march,
 All dressed up fine an' gay;
 For Gran'pa wears his uniform
 On Decoration Day.

An' after that we all go home
 An' sit about an' talk,
 Though sometimes I dust wish an' wish
 We'd take another walk.
 For Gran'pa does dust look so fine,
 His dear ol' head so gray
 Is held so proud when we go out
 This lovely day in May,
 For, oh, his clothes are extra fine,
 All blue with buttons gay,
 For Gran'pa wears his uniform
 On Decoration Day.

My Gran'pa says he's growing old,
 An' by an' by will come
 The sound of "taps" to call him home,
 An' beat of muffled drum.
 An' 'en 'at I must be a man,
 An' 'at I mustn't cry,
 Dust 'cause my Gran'pa's gone away
 To live up in the sky.
 An' 'at when on Memorial Day
 We wreathe our garlands bright,
 An' place the flag of liberty
 O'er those who fought for right,

An' I must put a flag by him,
Remembering alway
How Gran'pa wore his uniform
On Decoration Day.

HELEN BINGHAM.

MEMORIAL FLOWERS

(For four girls, each carrying a bouquet of the flowers mentioned.)

First Girl—

A bunch of fragrant violets
As my offering I've brought,
True blue, as were the soldiers
When for the right they fought.

Second Girl—

I bring the golden buttercups,
So hardy and so brave;
What flowers can be more fitting
To deck a soldier's grave?

Third Girl—

I bring a bunch of daisies,
Some humble grave to crown,
As innocent as the pure young lives
So willingly laid down.

Fourth Girl—

This bunch of purple lilac
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.

We will ne'er forget the soldiers,
And when we've passed away,
May other hands the flowers bring
Each Decoration Day.

MEMORIAL DAY

ALICE E. ALLEN

(This program is arranged to be given simply, by pupils standing in the aisles or across the front of room. It represents in recitation, song, and exercise, the coming and going of Memorial Day—its morning, noon, twilight, and night. To give it, the pupils are divided into three groups. The first represents Morning and carries red flowers; the second group represents Noon and carries white flowers, wreaths and chaplets of evergreen; the third group represents Twilight and carries blue flowers. All taking part carry flags. If desired to make the program longer, introduce original or selected work on the great generals of the Civil War. Introduce as many patriotic recitations and songs as seem best.

The program, as arranged, may be given more elaborately on a large stage, each division holding its position, until all have taken parts assigned. There may then be a Pageant, introducing a few war scenes, bits of old plantation life, etc., which may conclude picturesquely with tableaux. If desired, a piano may play soft, stirring airs, appropriate to different scenes, throughout.

However the program is given, it would add much to its effectiveness to give it out-of-doors.

A Memorial Day program is necessarily solemn and should be given in reverent and impressive manner.)

MORNING

All in first group rise and face east, reciting—

"Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The waking continents from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore!

—LONGFELLOW.

Selected pupil of first group—

MORNING of Memory Day! The sunbeams feel
A strange new tenderness abroad. With softened light they steal
Through massive gate, o'er crumbling wall,
And on "God's Acre" everywhere they fall,
Marking with radiance the tomb by all lands known,
Marking with radiance the grave unseen, alone!

Selected pupil—

MORNING of Memory Day! The dewdrops lie
 Like teardrops from the wistful sky,
 Upon each soldier's grave. Till touched by sun,
 They sparkle into brightness, one by one;
 "Weeping endures," they whisper, "but a night,
 Joy cometh with the morning and the light!"

Selected pupil—

MORNING of Memory Day! Green graves above,
 The little birds sing of a Father's love;
 How not a sparrow falls but that He cares,
 How all the loss and grief of earth He shares;
 And so their morning song becomes a part
 Of the great hymn that rises from earth's heart!

All—

Oh, the little birds sang east,
 And the little birds sang west,
 And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incom-
 pleteness,
 Round our restlessness His rest!

—E. B. BROWNING.

Selected pupil:

MORNING of Memory Day! The little flowers
 Come with soft footsteps through the silent bowers;
 Through grass and moss they creep; along each spray;
 And on each quiet grave bright colors lay.
 And those who may not come, less fortunate than these,
 Send precious perfumes by each passing breeze.

All of first group sing—

FLOWERS OF MEMORY DAY

(Music—old hymn-tune, "Christmas")

Oh, roses of the splendid June,
 Oh, August poppies gay;
 You are not half so blest as are
 The flowers of Memory Day—
 Sweet flowers of Memory Day!

MEMORIAL DAY

The thousand tiny blooms that show
 On moss and vine and spray,
 Their star-like faces glorified—
 The flowers of Memory Day—
 Sweet flowers of Memory Day!

For theirs the joy you cannot know
 That in their winsome way
 They help a Nation celebrate—
 The flowers of Memory Day—
 Sweet flowers of Memory Day!

Selected pupil recites—

I LOVE TO THINK

I love to think that on this hallowed day
 The sweet wild things of wood and field unite
 To bless the memories of Blue and Gray,—
 The apple-blossoms pink and white
 Their petals shed from morn til night;
 The robin and the thrush sing requiem;
 And God's own rain and sun in gems of light
 Lay on each grave a diadem!
 And so, I love to think that on this hallowed day,
 There is not one forgotten—Blue or Gray!

NOON

As first division is seated, second rises, looking up.

All—

The proud pomp of the mid-day is here!

Adapted from L. C. MOULTON.

Selected pupil of second group—

NOON of Memorial Day! A Nation great
 Stops in its work to decorate
 With costly wreath or humble flower each plot
 Marked by a Flag! The years pass by, but oh, think not
 You blessed dead, your brave deeds are forgot!

All marching, while three pupils recite each a stanza given below, to soft music—

THE NATION'S CHILDREN

Flower of the apple,
Flower of the plum;
Marching, marching,
Onward we come;
The Nation's children,
Marching today,
Scattering flowers for
The Blue and the Gray!

Lilacs of purple,
Lilacs of white,
Marching, marching,
'Neath our Flag bright;
The Nation's children,
While the hands play,
Come now to honor
The Blue and the Gray!

Garlands of cedar,
Garlands of pine,
Marching, marching,
Fair shows our line;
With the old soldiers,
Loyal for aye!
Ah, *they* remember
The Blue and the Gray!

(Form into two lines, or one if more convenient, and stand at attention while the "Grand Army" is supposed to pass, to some patriotic air, played softly and slowly.)

Recitation—

THE OLD GRAND ARMY

Hats off! The bands play softly
The strains of long ago;
The old Grand Army passes
With feeble step and slow.
Hats off! Three cheers and three more,
They're soldiers till they die!
God bless the old Grand Army
So bravely passing by!

All (reverently)—

Those who are left today,
Left of the battle's fray,
Left of the Blue and Gray—
God bless them all!

SELECTED.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

(Given by pupils of the second division in any convenient and effective manner. Each, as he recites, shows or places wreath.)

All (showing wreaths and flags)—

The children of a Nation honor thee,
Brave soldiers of those far-off days,
Your lives you gave for us! We give you love.
Upon your memory, in flowers, sweet thoughts we place,
While over you, your Flag and ours we raise!

First pupil (lifting wreath high)—

LINCOLN was the grandest figure of the greatest Civil War. He is the gentlest memory of our world!

ROBERT INGERSOLL.

All recite—

CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN

O Captain! My Captain! Our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! My Captain! Rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores
a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
 The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
 Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
 But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies
 Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

Second pupil—

GRANT!

Eye that dimmed not, hand that failed not,
 Brain that swerved not, heart that quailed not!

SELECTED.

Third pupil—

LEE! The soldier was great, the man himself was greater!

Fourth—

Those who knew him best loved him most!

Fifth—

The man who wears the shoulder straps
 And has his sword in hand,
 Who proudly rides along in front,
 Looks good and brave and grand,
 But back there in the ranks somewhere,
 Just which I cannot see,
 With his gun upon his shoulder is
 The soldier boy for me!

S. E. KISER.

Sixth—

Cover them over with beautiful flowers,
 Strew them with garlands, these heroes of ours!

CARLETON.

Seventh—

Your silent tents of green
 We deck with fragrant flowers;
 Yours has the suffering been,
 The memory shall be ours!

LONGFELLOW.

Eighth—

They kept our Country on the map of the world; and our
 Flag in heaven!

INGERSOLL.

Ninth—

He never yields his life too soon,
For country and for right who dies!

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Tenth—

A debt we ne'er can pay
To them is justly due,
And to the Nation's latest day,
Our children's children still shall say,
"They died for me and you!"

SELECTED.

Eleventh—

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime!

LONGFELLOW.

Twelfth—

Because there may be somewhere, far away,
A heart that aches to place a bit of bloom
Upon a grave it cannot reach, today,
I drop a flower upon this unknown tomb!

Thirteenth—

I lay a rose of sweet remembrance on thy breast!

Fourteenth—

For time and peace old wounds have healed,
And flowers now strew the battlefield!

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Fifteenth—

Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray!

FINCH.

All (in reverent attitudes) sing "*America.*"

TWILIGHT

As second division is seated third division stands, looking toward west.

All—

NIGHT, with all its tender mystery of sound
And silence and God's starry sky!

Selected pupil of third group—

TWILIGHT of Memory Day! Soft shadows creep
Across the hills and fold the world in sleep;
Hushed is the tramp, tramp, tramp of feet;
The sound of fife, the drum's low beat
Die in the distance, low and sweet.
Like flower-fragrance on the breeze,
The night is full of memories!

All sing—

MEMORIES

(Music—"Softly Now the Light of Day")

Colors march along the sky—
Troops with banners lifted high!
So across our hearts there glow
Memories of Long Ago!

Binding up with gentle hands
All the lost and broken strands;
Gathering blossoms, which like stars,
Shine where War had left its scars.

Pointing out with tender faith,
"Love is ever lord of death!"
So across our hearts there glow
Memories of Long Ago!

All divisions standing recite—

MEMORIAL DAY

Selected pupil of third division—

There is a day, whose every hour drifts by
Sweet with a tender memory.

Selected pupil of first division (all scattering red flowers)—

The morning drops its sunbeams red and brave
Upon each soldier's hallowed grave.

Selected pupil of second division (lifting wreath high, while others scatter white flowers)—

The high white light of noon falls proudly down
To place on each the victor's crown.

Selected pupil of third division (while all scatter blue flowers)—

The blue of twilight like a soft caress
Enfolds them in its tenderness.

All (lifting Flags)—

Now night, whose quietness no battle mars,
Unfurls for them a Flag of Stars!

All sing (Flags held high)—

SLEEPING 'NEATH THE DEAR OLD FLAG

(First 8 and last 4 measures of "Tenting Tonight")

You're sleeping tonight 'neath the dear old flag;
Many are lying near.
We think of the dead who left their homes;
Our songs they cannot hear.

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for wars to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right
To see the Dawn of Peace.

Sleeping tonight, sleeping tonight,
Sleeping 'neath the dear old flag;
Waiting tonight, waiting tonight,
To see the Dawn of Peace.

FLAG DAY



THE STARS AND STRIPES

A History of the United States Flag.

It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the Constitution. It is the Government. It is the free people that stand in the Government on the Constitution.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The Stars and Stripes is one of the very old national flags of the world. It was ordained and established June 14, 1777, by resolution of the Congress of the United States of North America, and officially published September 2 and 3, 1777, by the Secretary of the Congress.

Among national ensigns the flag of Denmark is probably the oldest; and that of Russia second in age. The present national flag of Spain dates from 1785; that of France, from 1789; of England, from 1801; of Italy, from 1848; of Japan, from 1859; of Austria-Hungary, from 1867; of Germany, from 1871; of Portugal, from 1911; of China, from 1912.

During the life of the Stars and Stripes one-half of the nations of the earth have become republics, and every government has given increased liberty and representation to its people. The world has advanced, particularly during the past fifty years, in the sciences, in the arts, in material prosperity and personal comfort, as never before.

The sun never sets on the Stars and Stripes, for the flag flies from our embassies, legations, and consulates the world over; and the sun is above the eastern horizon of Porto Rico, just rising, as it sets at the Philippines.

In the one hundred thirty-eight years of its existence the flag of the United States has come to be recognized and respected by all nations as representative of a great and free people. It has stood throughout its life for liberty and justice. Though it has led armies and navies to victory, yet its message is one of civilization and peace.

And today more than ever it is carrying a message of hope and international righteousness to the world.

For seventy years prior to the Revolutionary War the British-American Colonies flew the red ensign of the mother country, with the union of the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew. New England used also a blue flag, with the red cross of St. George on a white canton.

In a flag the canton (Latin canton, "corner") is a rectangle in the upper corner next the hoist. The hoist is the vertical part, dimension, or height of the portion next the staff, pole or halyards. The union is the device placed in the canton to indicate political union; the term "union" sometimes indicates both the device and the canton, and is generally called the Jack or Union Jack.

The name "Jack" was first applied to the flag of England—the union of the cross of St. George representing England, and of St. Andrew representing Scotland, ordered in 1606, for English and Scotch ships, by James I., whose name in French is Jacques. The flag was then called "Jacques' Flag," and later simply "the Jack." This Jack was adopted by Parliament in 1707, modified in 1801, by the addition of the cross of St. Patrick representing Ireland, and the Jack of the United Kingdom became the flag of the British Empire, as it is today.

Some of the colonies had special devices added to their red and blue banners. The early American flags of the Revolutionary War were of various colors and many designs, including pine trees, rattlesnakes, thirteen red and white stripes, crescents, and mottoes. Some of these flags were used throughout the war.

A flag of thirteen horizontal red and white stripes, with the red cross of St. George on a white canton, was the distinguishing mark of flagships in the British navy in the eighteenth century. A similar flag was flown on vessels of the East India Company. The light horse troop, of Philadelphia, carried, in 1775, their marked banner,

with a canton of thirteen stripes, alternate blue and silver. Washington's family coat of arms bore red five-pointed stars, one point upward, and red and white horizontal stripes.—From "*The Stars and Stripes*," by Charles W. Stewart.

FIRST USE IN BATTLE OF THE STARS AND STRIPES

In Lossing's "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution," Vol. 1, page 242, we find the following account of the first use in battle of the Stars and Stripes:

"The British and Indian forces began the siege of Fort Schuyler, formerly Fort Stanwix, New York, August 2, 1777. The garrison, under Colonel Peter Gansevoort, consisting of 750 men, had sufficient provisions for six weeks and a plentiful supply of ammunition for small arms.

"The garrison was *without a flag* when the enemy appeared, but their pride and ingenuity soon supplied one in conformity to the pattern adopted by the Continental Congress. Shirts were cut to form the white stripes, widths of scarlet cloth were joined for the red, and the blue ground for the stars was composed of a cloth cloak belonging to Captain Abraham Swartwout, of Dutchess county, who was then in the fort.

"Before sunset, the curious mosaic-work standard, as precious to the beleaguered garrison as the most beautifully wrought flag of silk and needlework, was floating over one of the bastions."—From "*The Stars and Stripes*," by Charles W. Stewart.

RESPECT THE FLAG

The flag should not be hoisted before sunrise nor allowed to remain up after sunset.

At "retreat," sunset, civilian spectators should stand at "attention," and the men should remove their hats during the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner." Military spectators are required by regulation to stand at "attention" and give the military salute.

When the national colors are passing on parade, or in review, spectators should, if walking, halt, and if sitting, rise and stand at attention, the men removing their hats.

When the flag is flown at half staff as a sign of mourning it should be hoisted to full staff at the conclusion of the funeral.

In placing the flag at half staff it should first be hoisted to the top of the staff and then lowered to position, and preliminary to lowering from half staff it should be first raised to the top.

On Memorial Day, May 30, the flag should fly at half staff from sunrise to noon and full staff from noon to sunset.

WHAT THE FLAG STANDS FOR

(By Mrs. George Thacher Guernsey, Regent of the
Kansas D. A. R.)

The American Flag represents freedom, for which our country has devoted her very life from the day of her birth.

To people from all parts of the world today this flag of ours also means opportunity. The oppressed people in all lands, who have never had a chance in life, have been coming by the millions to the protection and opportunity of our flag. The very sight of the Stars and Stripes is a suggestion of peace and welcome.

Here, out of all the world the ambitious men and women who want an opportunity in life, have come to make their home. And so the flag of our nation has come

to be the flag of home to the children of every other nation on the earth.

Today we have living among us, constituting many of our best citizens, the men and women, together with their sons and daughters, who came from the very lands now drenched in human blood. Yet our flag today stands as it never stood before for peace.

Let the Stars and Stripes be seen floating in any sky over any land or sea, and they who behold it know that it is the one great emblem in all the world which is not being shot and shelled on bloody battlefield or in seas churned into foam by bellowing, belching, screaming battleships.

Let this flag of ours, with its white of righteous purpose, with its red of sacrifice and service, and its blue of pure intentions, be forever hailed on any sea or shore as the emblem of human liberty and the token of brotherly love.

OUR FLAG

(For a boy and a girl, each carrying a large flag.)

Both—

We pledge allegiance to our flag,
To it we will be true;
We will defend it with our lives,
Our own red, white and blue.

The Girl—

The white, it stands for purity,
For faith and truth, the blue,
The red, for courage bold and strong,
There's meaning in each hue.

Both—

We love the stars, the many stars
Upon their field of blue.
We love the stripes of red and white,
We know their meaning, too.

The Boy—

“Star Spangled Banner” it is called;
 Sometimes “Old Glory,” too,
 Sometimes “The Banner of the Free,”
 Our own red, white and blue.

Both (waving the flags)—

We pledge allegiance to our flag,
 To it we will be true;
 We will defend it with our lives,
 Our own red, white and blue.

COLUMBIA FLAG SALUTE

Oh, starry flag! from heaven's colors born,
 To light the way of liberty for men
 To curb the tyrant, break the slavish chains
 And sound the call of freedom o'er the earth,
 Rise! Rise! on heaven's breeze to heaven's dome
 Unfurl thy glorious colors in the sky!
 Inspire anew in every heart and mind
 A patriot love of truth and home and native land.

WM. W. EVANS.

CIVIC CREED

God hath made of one blood all nations of men and we are his children—brothers and sisters all. We are citizens of these United States, and we believe our Flag stands for self-sacrifice for the good of all the people. We want, therefore, to be true citizens of one great country, and will show our love for her by our works.

Our country does not ask us to die for her welfare; she asks us to live for her, and so to live and so to act that government may be pure, her officers honest, and every corner of her territory shall be a place fit to grow the best men and women, who shall rule over her.—
Adapted from the “Civic Creed,” by Miss Mary McDowell.

THE FLAG ON FORTRESS MONROE

TO THE FOUR WINDS
1864

(By S. Weir Mitchell)

(This poem, which appeared in the *Atlantic* for November, 1911, may be used as a group exercise, to be given by five pupils, as indicated in the following adaptation. An explanation of its historical reference to the events of 1864 may be given by teacher or pupils. The value and proper use of the poem to classes in history or literature are apparent.)

The Flag—

The stars of destiny are mine,
The Belle Dame Sans Merci,
What news, what news, my vessel winds,
Bring ye by land and sea?

What ho! thou lusty Admiral
From East across the deep,
How fare my wave-borne lovers
Who swore their tryst to keep?

The East Wind—

I heard their cannon thunder
Along the English shore.
The pirate foe of peaceful ships
Shall haunt the sea no more.

The Flag—

Fresh from my eagle's eyrie
Come, gallant west wind, come;
Hast heard the tramp of armies,
The war roll of the drum?

The West Wind—

Lo! Mistress sweet and fatal,
Beloved of daring souls;
From lake to gulf unfettered,
Thy lordly river rolls.

And thine the death-bought summit
Where brothers met and bled;
Oh! Lady of the fateful stars,
Weep! Weep! thy lover's dead.

The Flag—

Ho! loitering southern breezes
 What news for me today?
 Still rings the clash of battle
 Between the blue and gray?

The South Wind—

Belle Dame, oh, Belle, Sans Merci,
 Death Mistress, proud and gay;
 We lingered o'er the leaguer,
 For those you loved to pray!

The Flag—

Ho! herald of the Northland,
 Of granite and of pine,
 What news from waiting homesteads
 To greet these stars of mine?

The North Wind—

I heard a moan of sorrow
 Along the rock-mailed shore,
 The sob of maid and mother
 For those who come no more.

The Flag—

Tears, for the brave who loved me,
 Tears, tears for those who died,
 That o'er a land unbroken
 Should float my bannered pride.

Ye comrade stars of heaven,
 Look down on those I led
 To rest 'neath southern roses,
 My knighthood of the dead.

L stands for Lincoln, the patriot true,
 For Labor, for Love, and Loyalty, too.

Teachers' Magazine.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

(For three small girls—first one to be dressed in red, the next in white, and the third in blue, and each carrying a flag.)

All—

We wear today the colors
To which our men were true;
Long may they wave above us,
The red, the white, the blue.

Red—

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

White—

Pure as the snowflakes falling
Or early morning light,
Among the bars of crimson
Appear the bars of white.

Blue—

Bright as the sky at evening
When gleam the stars of night,
The blue within our banner
Enfolds the stars of white.

All—

All red, white, and blue,
Forever "shall wave
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave."

Kindergarten Primary Magazine.

DENVER CIVIC CREED AND FLAG SALUTE

Question: What is a Civic Creed?

Answer: A Civic Creed is a short statement of one's duties to the community in which he lives.

Question: Give our Civic Creed.

Answer: I am a citizen of Denver, of Colorado, and of the United States.

It is my right and my duty to make an honest living
and to be comfortable and happy.

It is my privilege and my duty to help others to secure
these benefits.

I will work hard and play fair.

I will be kind to all, especially to little children, to old
people, to the unfortunate, and to animals.

I will help to make Denver a clean, beautiful, and law-
abiding city.

These are the best services I can render to my city, my
state, and my country.

Question: Give the Salute to the Flag.

Answer: Flag of our great Republic—

Symbol of human liberty—

Whose stars and stripes

Stand for courage, purity and union:

We salute thee (military salute, holding salute to end),

Pledging our lives and sacred honor

To guard and revere thee

And our beloved country for ever.

*Arranged by Eugene A. Stevens, in Colorado School
Journal.*

YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG

Your Flag and my Flag,

And how it flies today

In your land and my land

And half the world away!

Rose-red and blood-red

The stripes forever gleam;

Snow-white and soul-white—

The good forefather's dream;

Sky-blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aright—

The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.

The Educator Journal.

BONNY FLAG

Oh, I love to see you waving,
 Bonny flag, bonny flag;
 And I feel like danger braving,
 Bonny flag, bonny flag;
 Oh, the beautiful, the true,
 All my heart goes out to you,
 Bonny flag, bonny flag;
 All my heart goes out to you,
 Bonny flag.

In the thickest of the battle,
 Bonny flag, bonny flag;
 There, amid the drum's loud rattle,
 Bonny flag, bonny flag;
 You were carried to the fore,
 There, in spite of cannon's roar,
 Did the soldiers love you more,
 Bonny flag, bonny flag;
 Did the soldiers love you more,
 Bonny flag.

Kindergarten Primary Magazine.

 FLAG QUOTATIONS

Man is man, a slave no longer,
 Truth and Might and Right are stronger;
 Praise to God! We're free! We're free!

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

Our country, 'tis America,
 Our flag, red, white and blue,
 To the land of Washington
 We ever will be true.

Then wave the flag and wave again,
 And give three great hurrahs
 For our beloved America,
 And for its stripes and stars.

Salute with voice and hand and heart
 These colors, pure and fair;
 Uphold them ever from the dust,
 None with them can compare.

And God will watch and God will keep,
 Till human rights have won,
 The dear old flag, the starry flag,
 The flag of Washington!

And never, never on earth, however brave they be,
 Shall friends or foes bear down this proud standard of the free.

Wave still in lofty air,
 Oh, wave thou, everywhere,
 On land and sea;
 Aloft on pole and spire,
 Pride of each son and sire,
 Keep all our hearts on fire,
 Flag of the free.

We love our native country's flag,
 To it our hearts are true;
 Above us wave its splendid folds,
 The red and white and blue;
 Then salute the flag, the bonny flag,
 Of red and white and blue.

Come, children, let us sing
 And wave our banners proudly,
 The flag we love now floats above
 Our country brave and true.

I bid you ever seek to keep,
 Upon your altar, burning free,
 Restrained by duty, love and law,
 The sacred fires of Liberty.
 There three brave little colors,
 The red, the white, the blue,
 Are made into a banner;
 What is it? Tell me true!

INDEPENDENCE DAY

PRESIDENT WILSON'S "HUMANITY FIRST"
SPEECH IN FULL

Philadelphia, May 11.—In introducing the president, Mayor Blankenburg said:

"I present to you—God bless him—the president."

The stenographic copy of Mr. Wilson's address in full follows:

"It warms my heart that you should give me such a reception; but it is not of myself that I wish to think to-night, but of those who have just become citizens of the United States. This is the only country in the world which experiences this constant and repeated rebirth. Other countries depend upon the multiplication of their own native people. This country is constantly drinking strength out of new sources by the voluntary association with it of great bodies of strong men and forward looking women. And so by the gift of the free will of independent people it is constantly being renewed from generation to generation by the same process by which it was originally created. It is as if humanity had determined to see to it that this great nation, founded for the benefit of humanity, should not lack for the allegiance of the people of the world.

"You have just taken an oath of allegiance to the United States. Of allegiance to whom? Of allegiance to no one, unless it be God. Certainly not of allegiance to those who temporarily represent this great government. You have taken an oath of allegiance to a great ideal, to a great body of principles, to a great hope of the human race. You have said, 'We are going to America, not only to earn a living, not only to seek the things which it was more difficult to obtain where we were born, but to help forward the great issues of humanity.' To let men know that everywhere in the world there are men who will cross strange oceans and go where a speech is spoken which is alien to them, knowing that whatever the speech, there is

but one longing and utterance of the human heart, and that is for liberty and justice. And while you bring all countries with you, you come with a purpose of leaving all other countries behind you—bringing that which is best of their spirit, but not looking over your shoulders and seeking to perpetuate what you intended to leave in them. I certainly would not be one even to suggest that a man cease to love the home of his birth and the nation of his origin—these things are very sacred and ought not to be put out of our hearts—but it is one thing to love the place where you were born and it is another thing to dedicate yourself to the place to which you go. You cannot dedicate yourself to America unless you become in every respect and with every purpose of your will thorough Americans. You cannot become thorough Americans if you think of yourselves in groups. A man who thinks of himself as belonging to a particular national group in America has not yet become an American; and the man who goes among you to trade upon your nationality is no worthy son to live under the Stars and Stripes.

“My urgent advice to you would be not only always to think first of America, but always also to think first of humanity. You do not love humanity if you seek to divide humanity into jealous camps. Humanity can be welded together only by love, by sympathy, by justice, not by jealousy and hatred. I am sorry for the man who seeks to make personal capital out of the passions of his fellow-man. He has lost the touch and ideal of America, for America was created to unite mankind by those passions which lift, and not by the passions which separate and debase. We came to America, either ourselves or in persons of our ancestors, to better the ideals of men, to make them see finer things than they had seen before, to get rid of things that divide and to make sure of things that unite. It was but an historical accident, no doubt, that this country was called ‘The United States’ and yet I am

very thankful that it has the word 'United' in its title; and the man who seeks to divide, man from man, group from group, interest from interest, in the United States is striking at its very heart.

"It is a very interesting circumstance to me in thinking of those of you who have just sworn allegiance to this government that you were drawn across the ocean by some beckoning finger of hope, by some belief, by some vision of a new kind of justice, by some expectation of a better kind of life. No doubt you have been disappointed in some of us. Some of us are very disappointing. No doubt you have found that justice in the United States goes only with a pure heart and a right purpose, as it does everywhere else. No doubt what you found here did not seem touched for you, after all, with the complete beauty of the ideal which you had conceived beforehand. But remember this, if you had grown at all poor in the ideal, you brought some of it with you. A man does not go out to seek the thing that is not in him. A man does not hope for the thing that he does not believe in, and if some of us have forgotten what Americans believed in, you, at any rate, imported in your own hearts a renewal of the belief. That is the reason that I, for one, make you welcome. If I have in any degree forgotten what America is intended for, I will thank God if you will remind me I was born in America. You dreamed dreams of what America was to be, and I hope you brought the dreams with you. No man that does not see visions will ever realize any high hope or undertake any high enterprises. Just because you brought dreams with you, America is more likely to realize the dreams such as you brought. You are enriching us if you came expecting us to be better than we are.

"See, my friends, what that means. It means that Americans must have a consciousness different from the consciousness of every other nation in the world. I am

not saying this with even the slightest thought of criticism of other nations. You know how it is with a family. A family gets centered on itself if it is not careful, and is less interested in the neighbors than it is in its own members. So a nation that is not constantly renewed out of new sources is apt to have the narrowness and prejudice of a family; whereas, America must have this consciousness, that on all sides it touches elbows and touches hearts with all the nations of mankind. The example of America must be the example not merely of peace because it will not fight, but of peace because peace is the healing and elevating influence of the world and strife is not. There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight. There is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right.

“So if you come into this great nation as you have come, voluntarily seeking something that we have to give, all that we have to give is this: We cannot exempt you from work. No man is exempt from work anywhere in the world. I sometimes think he is fortunate if he has to work only with his hands and not with his head. It is very easy to do what other people give you to do, but it is very difficult to give other people things to do. We cannot exempt you from work; we cannot exempt you from the strife and the heartbreaking burden of the struggle of the day—that is common to mankind everywhere; we cannot exempt you from the loads that you must carry; we can only make them light by the spirit in which they are carried. That is the spirit of hope; it is the spirit of liberty; it is the spirit of justice.

“When I was asked, therefore, by the mayor and the committee that accompanied him to come up from Washington to meet this great company of newly-admitted citizens, I could not decline the invitation. I ought not to be away from Washington, and yet I felt that it has renewed my spirit as an American. In Washington men tell you

so many things every day that are not so, and I like to come and stand in the presence of a great body of my fellow citizens, whether they have been my fellow citizens a long time or a short time, and drink, as it were, out of the common fountain with them, and go back feeling that you have so generously given me the sense of your support and of the living vitality in your hearts, of its great ideals which made America the hope of the world."

THE FATHERLAND

Where is the true man's fatherland?
 Is it where he by chance is born?
 Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
 In such scant borders to be spanned?
 Oh, yes! his fatherland must be
 As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
 Where God is God and man is man?
 Doth he not claim a broader span
 For the soul's love of home than this?
 Oh, yes! his fatherland must be
 As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
 Joy's myrtle wreath or sorrow's gyves,
 Where'er a human spirit strives
 After a life more true and fair,
 There is the true man's birthplace grand,
 His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
 Where'er one man may help another—
 Thank God for such a birthright, brother—
 That spot of earth is thine and mine!
 There is the true man's birthplace grand,
 His is the world-wide fatherland!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE SANE FOURTH

(As the Boy Explains It to His Friend.)

Say, Bill, I been visitin' down to the city,
But 'tain't like it was in the seasons gone by;
The flags and the banners was certainly pretty,
But it was too *quiet* for Fourth of July.
They said 'twas a sensible Fourth they was plannin',
They didn't want anyone comin' to harm,
So there wasn't no bombs, and there wasn't no cannon,
And I might just as well of been up on the farm.



Of course, there was bands and a great big procession,
With fellers on horses, and people like that,
And the chief of police with a haughty expression,
And the congressman wearin' a two-story hat;
But nobody got himself blowed up with powder,
There wasn't a runaway horse in the town,
And the crackers went "fft!" like a cat, and no louder,
Aw, gee, but the Fourth of July has run down.

There was games in the park, and a whole lot of speeches,
 And they ran up the flag, and we cheered it a pile,
 And we learned all the lessons that history teaches,
 But that kind of Fourth ain't exactly my style.
 I want to hear dynamite crackers go crashin',
 And burn all my fingers, and holler for joy.
 This sensible Fourth that is comin' in fashion
 Is sort of a frost to a really LIVE boy.

Of course it was bad when a cannon exploded
 And blinded somebody or knocked off his hand,
 Or someone got shot when a gun "wasn't loaded,"
 But still—the old Fourth of July was just GRAND!
 I guess all these older folks know what they're doin'.
 They say too much killin' and woundin' was done;
 But for kids like us two—well, the Fourth is a ruin,
 And now that it's safer it ain't any fun!

BERTON BRALEY.

A CHILD PATRIOT

My country! I can honor her
 By being good and true,
 And this way prove how well I love
 The Red, the White, the Blue!

My country! I can be her pride,
 And best sustain her fame,
 If I can show my life with no
 Black spots of sin and shame.

SUSIE M. BEST.

"The public school is the nursery of patriotism. Its best fruits are true Americans, and its crowning glory the making of loyal and intelligent citizens."

A. N. WHITMARSH.

THE CITIZEN AND THE COMMUNITY

Municipal government should be entirely divorced from party politics.

PARKHURST.

Too many of our citizens fail to realize that local government is a worthy study.

FISKE.

Every citizen should be ready to do his full part in the service of the community in which he lives.

MANN.

Each separate township needs men who will inspire respect and command confidence.

MOWRY.

Let the man, who, without good excuse, fails to vote, be deprived of the right to vote.

MILLER.

THE CITIZEN AND THE NATION

Love your country and obey its laws.

PORTER.

The sum of individual character makes national character.

E. C. MANN.

The true defense of a nation lies in the moral qualities of its people.

MASON.

Everything learned should be flavored with a genuine love of country.

EDWARDS.

Noble ideas of citizenship and its duties strengthen the will of all patriots.

GATES.

COLUMBIA, OH, COLUMBIA!

Met. 70=♩

New Patriotic Song.

Words and Music
by W. A. SULLENBARGER.

1. A - mer - i - ca, Co - lum - bia's throne, Whose scept - re points each

2. Brave peo - ple, blessed with lib - er - ty, May of - fer tri - bute

3. Hoid fast free schools Thy safe - guards seen, Where all may free - ly,

4. God's cho - sen wrought our na - tion's birth, A land of hope to

pa - triot home, Co - lum - bia, oh, Co - lum - bia!

but to thee, Co - lum - bia, oh, Co - lum - bia!
come and glean, Co - lum - bia, oh, Co - lum - bia!

all the earth, Co - lum - bia, oh, Co - lum - bia!

Columbia, Oh, Columbia!

Met. 80=♩

From where the "Gold-en gate" is swung, To where up-held thy torch is flung,
 From north-ern plains where plen-ty yields, To yon-der southland's fer-tile fields,
 And they that kneel at thy fair shrine, From ev-'ry na-tion, ev-'ry clime,
 Thy star-ry ban-ner leads the world, Its silk-en folds shall ne'er be furled,

rit. ad lib.

To light man-kind and still so young, Co-lum-bia, oh, Co-lum-bia!
 'Tis free-dom's hosts thy glo-ry shields, Co-lum-bia, oh, Co-lum-bia!
 Are wel-come to these shores of thine, Co-lum-bia, oh, Co-lum-bia!
 'Till ty-ran-ny from place is hurled! Co-lum-bia, oh, Co-lum-bia!

OH, BEAUTIFUL, MY COUNTRY

(May be sung to the tune, "Webb.")

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

For thee our fathers suffered;
 For thee they toiled and prayed;
 Upon thy holy altar
 Their willing lives they laid.
 Thou hast no common birthright;
 Grand memories on thee shine;
 The blood of pilgrim nations
 Commingled flows in thine.

Oh, beautiful, our country,
 Round thee in love we draw;
 Thine is the grace of freedom,
 The majesty of law.
 Be righteousness thy scepter,
 Justice thy diadem;
 And in thy shining forehead
 Be peace the crowning gem.

SELECTED.

IT MATTERS LITTLE

It matters little where I was born,
 If my parents were rich or poor;
 Whether they drank at the cold world's scorn,
 Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
 But whether I live an honest man,
 And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
 I tell you, my brother, as plain as I can,
 It matters much.



A YOUNG PATRIOT

THE IDEAL CITIZEN

Voters are the uncrowned kings who rule the nation.

MORGAN.

A second-rate man can never make a first-class citizen.

WHITE.

Every good man in politics wields a power for good.

PETERS.

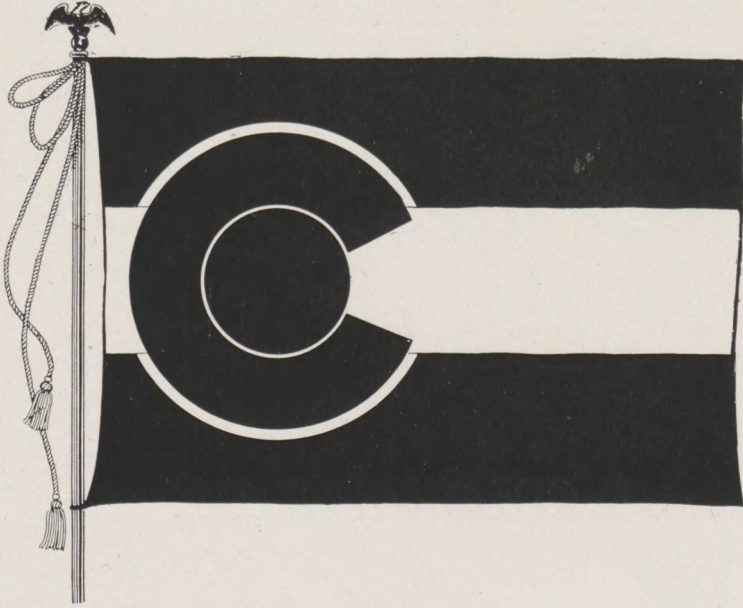
If you want a clean city, vote to place the government in clean hands.

McGLYNN.

The ideal citizen is the man who believes that all men are brothers, and that the nation is merely an extension of the family.

HABBERTON.

COLORADO DAY



COLORADO DAY PROCLAMATION

Each year August 1 is set aside to mark the anniversary of Colorado's admission to the Union, and is known as Colorado day. On Sunday next, August 1, we will celebrate this state's thirty-ninth birthday. Sons and daughters of Colorado will come from afar to honor their native state. It is a day set aside and pre-eminently suitable for the entertainment of the homecomer and the stranger in our midst. Let those returning Coloradoans whom fate and fortune have carried to other lands and climes feel no lack of hospitality and welcome. Absence must not be allowed to dim home's attraction. It is a

day for welcome, hospitality, celebration, prayer, vision, thankfulness.

We have much to be thankful for. The past year has brought increased activity in all material undertakings and, most important of all, has witnessed a rebirth of state patriotism without which all other things are as nothing. It is a day to commence turning faith into action and mark the goal of great accomplishments for the next year.

On Colorado day no son or daughter will come home from the battlefield, and for this let us be thankful and pray for continued honorable peace and for an end to the butchery abroad.

It is especially urged that our state and nation's flags be prominently displayed; that from 10:30 in the morning until 10:35 church bells ring out the message of peace and welcome; that Colorado made and grown products be used exclusively in the celebration of the day; that from 12 o'clock noon until five minutes past 12 we bow our heads in prayers for peace and thankfulness.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of state to be affixed at Denver, the capital city, this twenty-sixth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred fifteen.

GEORGE A. CARLSON,
Governor.

THE STORY OF COLORADO

An Oration for an Eighth Grade Graduate.

Full of color and light is the story of Colorado. Starred with romance, thrilled with heroism, aflame with hope are the acts of those who have made its history. Bedewed with the glamor and mystery of old Castile, running back to Puritan England through the descendants of the sturdy New Englanders who have sought and found a home in the shadow of the Rockies; a part of the soil of the Louisiana purchase, carrying with that transaction the magic of Napoleon's might, blazing in the white heat of pioneer devotion and self-sacrifice, Colorado—the red land, stands for the passion and purpose of the American ideal.

Before the dawn of modern times we see the original Coloradoan dwelling in the cliff palaces devised by his architectural genius and executed with skill and strength. We see an art rich with color, beginning to express itself in form; we see the traces of religious aspiration among these the first Coloradoans of whom we have any record, known to history as the Cliff Dwellers. Every foot of earth containing remains of this vanished civilization appeals and stimulates and makes the first chapter in the history of this mighty commonwealth—this land of the Columbiners—comparable in some measure, at least, to that of early Egypt.

Next the shadow of the Spaniard falls across the land, bringing with him the religion, education and customs of an old and rich civilization, the influence of which persists to this day and lends to life in certain portions of Colorado, the atmosphere of foreign lands.

In virile contrast to the grace and beauty that accompanied much of the Spanish settlement of Colorado, we find the pioneers of '58, drawn by the lure of gold, but fired with a sturdy determination to create real

homes on the crest of the continent. The age of the prairie schooner in the Rocky Mountain States was an age of heroic proportions. It was a time when men and women stood the daily test with full measure of success. The days were winged with work worth while, and glorified by the faith and tenderness that none more than the pioneer has bestowed upon his fellows. The red man contested every inch of the soil of the "red land" with the white man, and the possibility of American civilization was bought at the price of blood and tears, and hallowed by the self-sacrifice of men and women for the ideal of home.

The heroic figure of Lieutenant Pike looms large during this and the preceding period, and the Colorado pioneers from 1858 to 1865 emulated the virtues of those strong souls of the seventeenth century who founded Jamestown and the consecrated Plymouth Rock by their arrival.

The next epoch of Colorado life may be termed that of industrial conquest, when mining camps became towns with homes instead of halting places, when agriculture took an ever-increasing place in the rapid development of the mighty commonwealth; when the fruit valleys of the Western Slope became world-famous and the plains of eastern Colorado the Mecca of the homesteaders. Schools flourished, libraries were established. People still spoke of "going back home," but notwithstanding had discovered that home was here on the heights, because here were found opportunities of financial freedom and joy in life.

The spirit of religion has from the earliest days expressed itself in churches in Colorado, and with the years they have grown in beauty and power of influence.

Libraries exist in every corner of the State, and all that makes for the higher life, the life of thought and vision where purposeful deeds abound.

"Of old dwelt freedom on the heights," and on the tablelands and mighty mountain slopes of the Centennial State does freedom truly dwell, for side by side with the development of town and country, of church and school and library, is found the splendid fact of the political freedom of women.

From the beginning, this great commonwealth has been a torchbearer, a witness to the struggle of the human spirit to express itself in human institutions. To be a worthy citizen of Colorado, a worthy moulder of its destinies, calls out the highest powers of each individual, and requires a spirit of united endeavor to bring its possibilities to perfection.

The land of the Columbine—the Red Land, the Land of Light and Color and Freedom! Colorado—my State—the Mighty Mother! You have fed me and taught me and loved me—you I will serve with body, mind and heart. As Colorado's child I give my service to my Mother State.

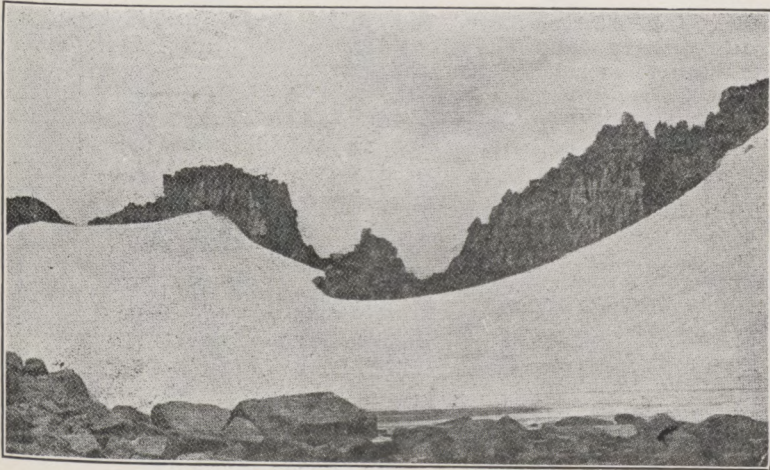
Mary C. C. Bradford.

COLORADO

All of the story has never been told,
Of the great, broad plains and mountains of gold,
Of silver and copper and radium ore,
Where the blue birds sing and the eagles soar.
Up on the mountain the Columbine lives,
Kissed by the Nectar which Jupiter gives,
Where the Indian Pinks and the Blue Bells grow,
Up in the heights, among the snow,
Spending their lives in the dreadful still,
There to accomplish the living God's will.
The turquoise sky and the blue spruce tree
Smile their welcome for you and me,
To drink in the grandeur sent from above,

Truly this blessing is born of His love.
The soft, fresh air and the balmy breeze,
Laden with ozone from the sweet pine trees,
Whistles and sings in the canon deep,
More like a dream or a soothing sleep.
Out on the plains we raise the wheat,
That is made into loaves for the people to eat.
But the greatest of all is the pure, dry air,
And the life-giving sunshine lingers there.
It is the land where lost hope is found,
Where blessings and good health surely abound.
Friend, where can you find such a place on earth?
For no one, truly, can tell its worth.
To suffering humanity from every clime,
God said: "This Wonderland Shall Be Thine."

J. T. BRATTIN, from *The Rocky Mountain Woodman*.



AMONG THE CLOUDS

COLORADO

Skies as blue as poets sing,
Brilliant flowers blossoming,
Balmy balsam—scented air,
Floods of sunshine everywhere—
That's Colorado.

Writhing, rushing storm clouds lash
Mountain sides, loud thunders crash,
Lightnings blind, sky torrents roar—
Sunlight flashes—storm is o'er—
That's Colorado.

Rocky, snow-clad islands rise
From a sea of mist that lies
Over valley, hill and plain,
Vanishes—sunshine again—
That's Colorado.

Underneath the drifted snow,
Blossoms bud and grasses grow;
Frost gems gleam on bush and tree,
'Broidered by sun-alchemy—
That's Colorado.

Winds as fierce as desert blast,
Swirling sand-storm sweeping past
With a fearsome, muffled roar—
Sudden silence—calm once more—
That's Colorado.

Towering crag and fruitful plain,
Awful cloudburst, gentle rain—
Each new day some new surprise
Stirs the sense, delights the eyes,
Till the soul, enraptured cries—
"Dear Colorado!"

ELLA BEECHER GITTINGS.

Your Colorado Flag

By Arthur Chapman



THERE'S a good little flag you should get beneath
It's a flag with a "C" like a flaming wreath:
It won't so age as such flags go,
But it blends with our sky of the turquoise glows,
The breezes that stir it are from proud heights
Where the eagle circles in sweeping flights:
Where the eagle circles in sweeping flights:
Gainst slope of granite and sighing pine

The flag stands forth, and it warms like wine
To think of the good that emblem's wrought—
Of the golden stores, and the new health brought,
And the hope it has given, where hope was dead

OER fields of glory that flag has led,
So it's time, full time—aye, the hour's now—
That we pledge ourselves, in an outspoke vow.

To honor the flag with the disk of gold,
By deeds, not words, shall our love be told,
By the spark of malice we kill today,
By the love for the brother who shares our way,
By the breadth of vision we bring to bear
On the problems of state, with their weight of care,
By the broader judgment of laws and men—
How else should we honor our state flag, then?

SO doff and pledge to the white and blue,
With the disk of gold that shines over you.
It's time, high time—aye, the hour's now—
That we give to this flag one outspoke vow,
That we pledge ourselves, with our hearts elate,
To banish all narrowness, greed and hate,
Strike hands, then, brothers of plain and crest,
For the flag of the state you love the best!

HISTORICAL PAGEANT OF COLORADO

Given May 29, 1915

Public School of the Sopris Camp
Colorado Fuel and Iron Company

Episode 1—

Nature's Children.
The Departure of the Cliff Dweller.
The Coming of the Red Man.

Episode 2—

The Period of Exploration.
Coronado in Search of the Cibola.
Pike Discovers the Peak.

Episode 3—

The Pathfinders.
The Spanish Arrive.
Kit Carson Blazing the Trail.

Episode 4—

The Lure of Gold.
The Prospector Finds Gold.
The Trials of the Fifty-niner.

Episode 5—

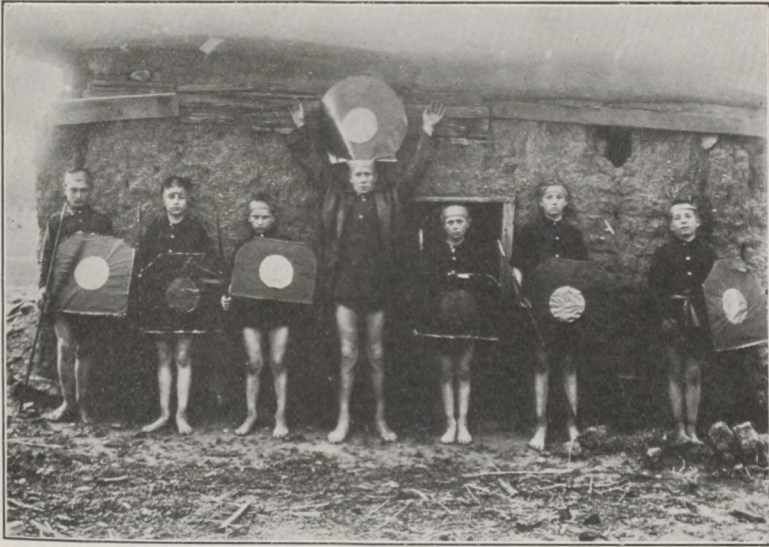
The Industrial Conquest.
The Range. The Cowboys Arrive.
The Farm. The Home Builders.
The Mine. The Arrival of the Miners.
The Industries.

Episode 6—

The Festive Spirit of the Playground in the Sky.
The Boy Scouts.
The Camp Fire Girls.
The Italian Folk Dance.
The May Pole Drill.
The Dance of the Red Indian Paint Brush Flower.
The Dance of the Columbines.

Finale—

Where the Columbines Grow—The Colorado State
Song.



THE DEPARTURE OF THE CLIFF DWELLER



THE COMING OF THE RED MEN



CORONADO IN SEARCH OF THE CIBOLA



PIKE DISCOVERS THE PEAK



THE SPANISH ARRIVE



KIT CARSON BLAZING THE TRAIL



THE PROSPECTOR FINDS GOLD



THE TRIALS OF THE FIFTY-NINER



THE COWBOYS ARRIVE



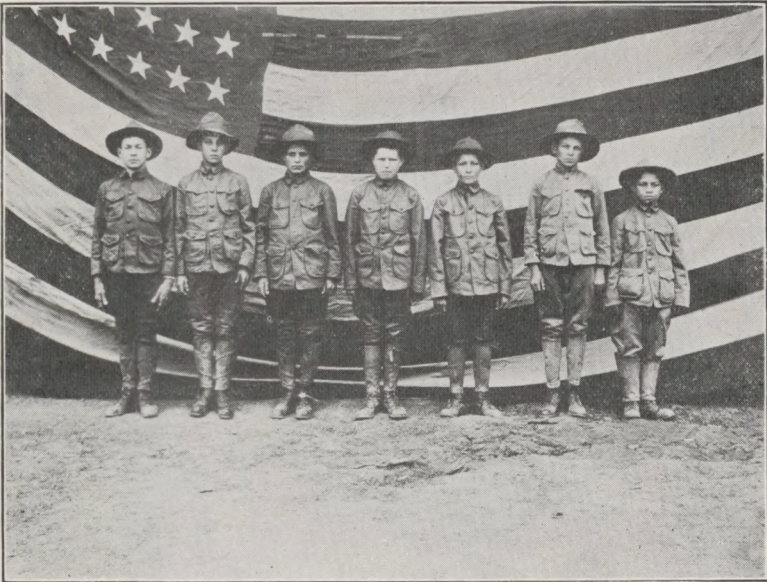
THE HOME BUILDERS



THE ARRIVAL OF THE MINERS



THE INDUSTRIES



THE BOY SCOUTS



CAMP-FIRE GIRLS



ITALIAN FOLK DANCE



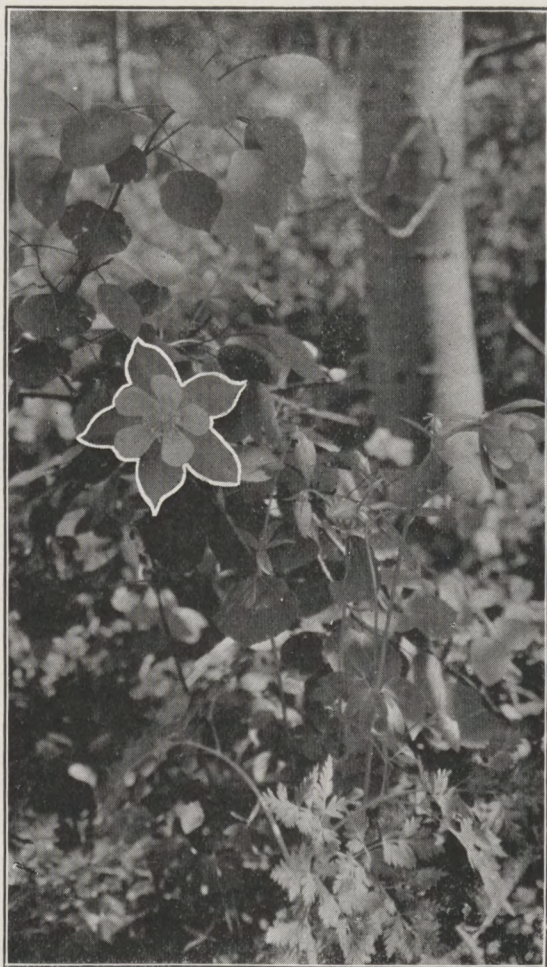
MAY POLE DRILL



DANCE OF THE RED INDIAN PAINT BRUSH



DANCE OF THE COLUMBINES



THE COLORADO COLUMBINE

THE COLORADO STATE FLOWER

The dainty Colorado flower
That grows among the pines,
A carpet makes in woody bower,
Where elfins meet in idle hour
To view the blooms of Beauty's dower—
Sweet purple columbines.

A modest plant it is to hide
Its beauty in the shade;
But honeyed fragrance serves to guide
All happy lovers to its side,
To pluck this blossom golden-eyed,
In softest tints arrayed.

O lovely flower of triple dyes,
Of purple, white and gold;
Within thy bloom a symbol lies
Of golden sun and purple skies—
Thy spur—the spur of enterprise
That brings us wealth untold.

A WISHING CARPET JOURNEY

Shut your eyes, children, and imagine that you are setting out on a journey on a wishing carpet sent you by some good fairy!

Hold fast to the fringes of this wonderful bit of cloth, teachers, for it will carry you away to the Land of Heart's Desire!

Find a place for your fingers to grasp the magic warp, fathers and mothers and all the rest of the grown-ups, for the "Spirit of Colorado" is this good fairy's name, and she is ready to show you the wonders of the treasure-house of beauty that belongs to all of you!

If you live on the Western Slope, you may have a long way to go in order to enjoy the magic of the place I am going to picture.

On the contrary, if you live in Denver, you may reach this Garden of Delight in an hour by automobile, in less than sixty minutes by train, and it wouldn't take so very long, even if you were to travel on the back of a friendly little burro, while there is no knowing how fast the sturdy legs of a Denver boy might pedal him there on a wheel.

All the way from Denver to Morrison there are beautiful ranches, glorious glimpses of the mountains, and the

leaves of the trees dance in a way to make you quite sure that you are approaching the longed-for Fairyland.

At Morrison, two promontories of rock jut into the plains, through which an open gateway shows the land rolling toward Denver. Just within this gateway, on rising ground, stands the Mount Morrison Hotel, and in whatever direction you look from the broad veranda that surrounds the hotel, there is revealed a fairy scene from the choicest collection of Mother Nature. Red rocks and grey, green grass and purple-misted mountains, stately hollyhocks and friendly faced pansies, sweet peas and roses and poppies, that glow like jewels, sentinel the house and gem the lawn. After stopping here awhile, refreshing yourself with plenty of cool and sparkling radium water, take your walking sticks or jump on your burros and set out for the Park of the Red Rocks, or Garden of the Titans. A gentle climb will bring you face to face with mountainous fragments of rock, which make you positively certain of the truth of the Bible statement that "There were giants in those days." Surely, here must they have played and fought. Here are their ton-weight discs and balls and spears. Here are the red roads, worn into place from the crumbling rock, ground down by their seven-league boots—here the towers and battlements and courtyards that rang with their thundrous laughter, or echoed to the peals of pain of warriors wounded in the dawning days of earth.

On through these wonders you go, and climb, and climb, and climb, until the natural auditorium is reached—the place which makes you think that "when the morning stars sang together" the heavenly chords turned to stone, that the human voice in after ages might call from their rocky depths the answer to Creation's song.

This natural auditorium, helped a little by man's work, can be made to seat thirty thousand people. An ordinary conversational tone, a softly uttered note of

music, carry to a marvelous distance through the pure air.

Imagine a festival of school children held in this amphitheater, fancy two living flags, formed of groups of Colorado's "little citizens," one in the beautiful tints of the Colorado flag, the other in the blazing loveliness of Old Glory. The first group takes up the strain of "The Land Where the Columbines Grow," and sings it on Colorado's heights, in the very heart of Columbine-land. The second lifts to the Colorado stars, the mighty chorus of the banner which chants the nation's faith and hope.

Now up you go, beyond this great open-air theater, up, up through the caverns, climbing gently, and feeling more sure with each onward step that you are treading where giants have trod, that you are in the homes of the great creative forces that moulded the mountains, rounded the valleys and filled the earth with waters bubbling with health and strength.

Your wishing carpet, Good People All, has shown you many wonders. It has many more to show you in every part of this—the loveliest, the most majestic of all the forty-eight states. But for today its journey ends here. An hour's trip from Denver, and all this magic of mountain and plain, of flower and sky, is yours, while a not too long pilgrimage brings you to this pleasuring place from any part of glorious Colorado, with beauty guiding you all the way.

Of the Fountain of Trevi in Rome, it is said that all who drink of its waters return.

Let us wish the same charm for the radium waters of this Garden of Delight.

Mary C. C. Bradford.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE LAND OF FREEDOM

When Columbus was a little lad,
He delighted to play near the sea,
And watch the rolling, billowy waves
Pursue each other with glee.

As he grew older
Toward the sea he grew bolder,
Till he set sail for the end,
But he never could reach the bend.

He sat on the deck
And became quite perplexed,
Till he watched the top of a mast,
And the whole ship he viewed at last.

He thought very deeply,
And the light came to him clearly,
"The earth is round" he shouted,
But his solution was only flouted.

The new light in his mind
Robbed him of his peace,
Till he had to find
The equipment peace by peace,

For a long sea voyage,
Which would lay the fact bare,
That the earth was round
Instead of square.

He sailed and sailed and sighed,
And each day sadder grew,
For as time went by,
Patience forsook his crew.

One fine day land came to view,
And the cheers they were not few.
Fair was the land that Columbus found,
And kind were the people, too.

But Columbus little knew
That he had found with his crew
A land where opportunity would abound,
And the chimes of freedom would resound.

Just as we who toil each day
And are loyal, true and brave,
Little know to what great goal
Our souls are leading the way.

Great strides have been made, no doubt,
Since our beloved land was found;
Each little effort has brought it now
To the fairest the earth around.

E. S. A.

THE PRINCE WHO WANTED ANOTHER NAME

BY EMILY WOOD EPSTEEN

Once upon a time there was a Prince.

He was a fine prince, very tall and straight. His face was good to look upon and his clear and merry eyes gazed at everyone he met in such a friendly way that every man, woman and child in his kingdom loved him and whenever the people talked about him they gave him some nickname to show their love. Sometimes they called him Robert the Merry, sometimes Robert the Kind, sometimes Robert the Noble, and even Robert the Beloved. None of these names suited the prince, however. He smiled and bowed and was courteous to all, seeming highly pleased with their kind words, but in his heart he was dissatisfied. " 'Robert the Merry,' 'Robert the Kind,' 'Robert the Noble,' 'Robert the Beloved,' " said he to himself, "what's the good of all that? Anybody can be merry, or kind, or noble, but I am prince, my father is king of the greatest country in the world. I want to be called by a better name than any of these. I want to be called Robert the Great—and so I shall be."

Robert could not remember when he first began to wish to be called "The Great." It must have been when he was a very little boy, at the time the king, his father, gave him his first set of toy soldiers. The king touched him on the shoulder with his big sword and laughingly said: "Robert Merry Eyes, I make you Commander-in-Chief of the King's Own Regiment of Lead Soldiers." Robert, carrying his box of soldiers out to his favorite playground beside the pool in the garden, said to himself: "Why didn't my father call me Robert the Great? He has told me about Alfred the Great and Frederick the Great, about Alexander the Great and Peter the Great, and I think it's about time there was a Robert the Great."

Whenever he played with his toy soldiers, marching and counter-marching them, shooting off his toy cannon, building his toy forts, and attacking them with his lead regiments, he always called himself "Robert the Great." He never told anyone about it, however, not even his best friend, who was called John the Dauntless, because no one had ever known him to be afraid of anything or anybody.

After a while, when Robert became too big to play with lead soldiers he made all the boys about the Court join his army. There were the little princes, his brothers; the young dukes, his cousins; all the pages of the Court and even the stable boys. Day after day, when lessons were done, he drilled his boy armies. In summer they made long scouting trips. Sometimes John the Dauntless would encamp upon a high hill, or upon an island in the river, and Robert with his army would attack the camp of John. In winter they built snow forts and took turns defending them against each other. When Robert won the army would give three cheers for Robert the Merry, or Robert the Noble, or even Robert the Brave, but never once did they think of giving three cheers for Robert the Great.

Time went on, and Robert grew to be a young man, an officer in the king's army. No more did he march lead soldiers against each other, no more did he command boy troops to attack play forts. Men, real soldiers, marched back and forth at his command; real armies went into camp by the river or on the hilltop. Sometimes when the soldiers had marched and drilled very well indeed, Robert would think: "O, for a war, a real war, where I could show what a commander I am! If a war would break out, I know that I would be called The Great. Surely no one has studied as much about war as I have, nor is any army as ready for war as mine. I have read all that Caesar told about war; I have studied how Alexander made war. I have learned all that Peter or Frederick could tell me about war. There is nothing left for me to learn about war. Now I want a real war."

When Robert was still a young man, his father died and Robert became king. In that very year, two neighboring rulers made war upon each other, and as they fought their battle lines crossed the borders of other kingdoms. Soon all the countries about King Robert's realm began to prepare for war. Armies were drilled, cannon and shot got ready, all the royal treasure chests opened, and the royal treasure spent to buy weapons, tents, food and clothes for the soldiers. Soon messengers came to King Robert, begging him to join in the war. He knew so much about war, and his army was so well prepared, that all the kings were sure that whichever side he chose to take would win. Then was King Robert happy. "Now I shall be called 'The Great,'" he thought. He called out all his men. He summoned his ships. He opened his royal treasure chest, which was the largest in the world. All over the country flags were flying, drums beating, soldiers marching, while all the people shouted "War, War!"

One night, Robert went out to sit beside the pool in the garden where he had played with his lead soldiers. All was ready. Tomorrow would be the great day, war would be declared. A few days more and he would lead his armies in battle; he would win; he would conquer many little countries; he would add them to his kingdom; he would rule them so wisely and so well that he would be called "The Great." So he thought as he sat beside the still, dark pool. But as he looked into the pool it seemed to spread out into a great silver sheet, like a mirror, and in its depths King Robert seemed to see strange figures come and go. He saw himself leading his armies out to war. He saw the flags flying; he heard the people cheering. On and on his great army marched, past the pleasant cottages, the rich fields of grain, the busy mills, the prosperous villages; and everywhere the people thronged the roadsides, cheering the king and the army. As Robert watched the images of his wonderful army crossing the mirror's face, his heart swelled with joy to think what it would be when he really marched to war.

Then a ripple crossed the pool; the silver turned to gray; and Robert leaning over it could scarcely see the figures that began to show upon its surface. Dimly he made out a farm house with no doors or windows, no cows or horses in the yard, an idle mill reaching blackened arms toward the sky, a trampled field with queer shapes of men lying about as though asleep. He saw himself riding along, while behind him came a throng of tired men, some wounded, some blind, some mad. Here and there by the roadside he saw a group of women in black robes, or children with thin, white faces. Suddenly he heard a great cry. An old woman ran from a cottage door uttering strange sounds, and threw herself before him. "What is it?" he cried. His men lifted her and one said, "Sire, she had five sons in our army, she asks you to give them back to her." "Why, of course," said Robert,

"aren't you all coming back now?" "O, no, Sire" said the soldier, "her five sons all died gloriously in battle." Then the old woman screamed dreadfully and King Robert came to himself. There he sat beside the pool. The air was sweet with roses and filled with the song of the nightingales. There were no dead or wounded men, no fatherless children, no widows, no old mothers mourning for their sons. All the world seemed at peace.

King Robert arose and went into his palace walking like an old, old man. He called his councillors together. He said there would be no war. When John the Dauntless, now his Commander-in-Chief, urged him on, saying: "Our country has nothing to fear. We shall surely win," Robert looked at him with sad eyes, replying: "There is more to fear than you know of." He took no sleep nor any rest. Day after day he worked, sending messages of peace, sparing not strength, nor time, nor money until all the warring kingdoms were at peace.

No one ever called him "Robert the Merry" after this. It was noted that his eyes were always sad, even when his lips smiled. He did get another name, however. Whenever the people talked about him, someone was sure to mutter, "Robert Faintheart." Only here and there a woman, seeing her big stalwart son coming from the fields would say, "God bless our great King Robert who has spared my boy."

Year after year went by. The grain ripened in the fields and was gathered into the barns many, many times. Children were born, grew up and were married. The old died peacefully in their pleasant homes surrounded by their children and grandchildren. King Robert, looking over his quiet kingdom, rejoiced in the prosperity of his people, but often he would lie awake through the long nights thinking, "I shall never be called 'The Great.'"

After many years he died, and was buried in the crypt of the church where slept all the kings who had

gone before him. Then the people began to wonder what words would be carved on his tomb. Would it be Robert the Kind, or Robert the Noble, or Robert the Beloved? One day the news came that the tomb was finished, the inscription carved. The people came together to see what the wise men of the realm had chiseled there. Cut deep and clear in the shining marble they saw:

“Here Lies
Robert the Great,
Keeper of Peace.”

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COLORADO—A PARADISE OF WILD FLOWERS

(From *The Rocky Mountain News*.)

BY ROBERT B. ROCKWELL

(Of the Colorado Mountain Club.)

Few states in the Union offer to the nature lover such a profusion and variety of wild flowers as is to be found in Colorado. The remarkable range in altitude and the great diversity of climatic conditions afford suitable environment for a far greater variety of plant life than may be found in those states of practically uniform elevation and climate.

One may begin in early April on the arid plains of the eastern part of the state and find interesting and beautiful flowers, blooming in their proper season until snow flies in the late fall.

Practically the first flowers to appear on the plains are the dainty sand-lilies and the tiny yellow violets commonly called “johnny-jump-ups.” As soon as the snow has melted on the sunny slopes of the lower foothills, the spring daisies and spring beauties make their

appearance. A few days later the pasque flower or anemone, one of the most beautiful and typical of Colorado flowers, begins to bloom, often within the very shadow of a vagrant snowbank. The anemones are found in abundance throughout the foothills, great beds of them often forming gorgeous patches of brilliant blue on the green slopes. They bloom first on the south hillsides and later on the northern slopes and are found in abundance until the latter part of May.

By the time the anemones have disappeared spring has come, and with it a splendid array of flowers of every conceivable color. Among the most conspicuous the scarlet Indian paint-brush, the brilliant blue lupine, the crimson loco, the vivid yellow wall-flower, the pink snake-weed, the pentstemon in several shades of blue and lavender, the dainty white chick-weed, the gorgeous golden-yellow wild peas, and the characteristic graceful column of the Yucca or "soap-weed" lend an indescribable beauty to the landscape.

About this same time, but a little higher in the mountains, Colorado's state flower, the Columbine, the daintiest and most beautiful of wild flowers, brings joy to the heart of the flower enthusiast.

As the clear, bright days of midsummer approach great fields of delicate white Mariposa lilies, brilliant yellow sun-flowers of numerous kinds and several species of lavender asters and daisies appear. Following these come great fields of crimson horse-mint, golden-rod and gentians of several varieties.

Many of the most beautiful and brilliantly colored flowers are found in the alpine meadows at or above timberline, and volumes might be written regarding these strange hardy plants that brave wind, storms and cold to rear their pretty heads in this otherwise desolate region.

Colorado possesses a liberal share of rare flowers not generally found elsewhere. Eleven species of orchids are found in various localities within the state. In shady glens may be found the majestic scarlet lily. At a few points fine growths of the superb yellow dogtooth violet are encountered, and many other strange and rare plants forms occur in various parts of the state.

Flowers vary greatly in their habitat. Some flowers thrive from the plains up to timberline, blooming first at the lower altitudes, and following the warmer weather up to the higher elevations. Others are to be found only between elevations not widely separated. Some species bloom throughout the summer months, while others flower only for a very short period. A great many varieties are generally distributed over the state, while a few occur only in small and often in widely separated areas.

Limited space will not permit even the mere mention of more than a small fraction of the vast array of flowers that make Colorado the paradise of the flower lover, but to obtain a concise idea of the great abundance of varieties to be found within the state the interested reader should secure a copy of *Rocky Mountain Flowers*, written by Clements & Clements, and published in 1914 by the H. W. Wilson company. This delightful book, which may be purchased from local dealers, is beautifully illustrated with colored plates, and will be found of great assistance to the amateur student of flowers. In connection with this work, Rydberg's *Flora of Colorado*, published by the State Agricultural College, while purely a technical work, contains very complete data on the distribution of the various forms.

Our flowers, together with our scenery and our wild life, constitute one of Colorado's most valuable assets, for they attract thousands of visitors to the state, and like the wild life and scenery they should be carefully and wisely conserved. It is difficult for the casual ob-

server to realize that the great abundance of our plant life could be materially decreased by the wanton destruction of flowers by picnic parties and tourists; yet it is a sad but very apparent fact that in many places frequented by large numbers of summer visitors the abundance and variety of flowers has decreased in recent years to an alarming extent.

Interested observers for several years past have commented upon the danger of this needless extravagance in picking flowers, and within the past two years the Colorado Mountain Club has inaugurated an energetic campaign for the purpose of educating the public as to the necessity of greater moderation in picking wild flowers. Hundreds of posters have been placed throughout the state appealing to outing parties to "Spare the Flowers," and the public has responded to this movement on the part of the Mountain Club to a degree far in excess of that which was anticipated.

We should tell the world about our wild flowers. It is impossible to exaggerate their beauty. But we should see to it, that when the world comes to see them, we shall not be compelled to offer the excuse that our own people have been instrumental in destroying a large part of this, one of our most beautiful natural attractions.

DEDICATED TO THE COLORADO PIONEERS

ADOPTED, 1915, BY THE COLORADO LEGISLATURE AS THE OFFICIAL STATE SONG.

Where the Columbines Grow

Valse Moderato

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with chords and eighth notes.

Where the snow - y peaks gleam in the moon - -
 The bi - son is gone from the up - -
 Let the vi - o - let bright - en the brook - -

The piano accompaniment continues with chords and eighth notes, supporting the vocal line.

Piu Lento light, A - bove the dark for - ests of pine, _____ And the
 land, The deer from the can - yon has fled, _____ The
 side, In sun - light of ear - li - er spring, _____ Let the

Tempo

The piano accompaniment continues with chords and eighth notes, supporting the vocal line.

rit.

wild foam-ing wa-ters dash on - - ward to-ward lands where the
 home of the wolf is de - sert - - ed. The an - te - lope
 clo - ver be - deck the green mead - - ow, In days when the

a tempo

trop - ic stars shine; ——— Where the scream of the bold moun - tain
 moans for his dead, ——— The war - whoop re - ech - oes no
 o - ri - oles sing, ——— Let the gold - en - rod her - ald the

Piu mosso

ea - gle ——— Re - sponds to the notes of the dove ——— Is the
 lon - ger, ——— The In - di - an's on - ly a name, ——— And the
 au - tumn; ——— But, un - der the mid - sum - mer sky, ——— In its

Piu lento

pur - ple robed West, the land that is best, The
 nymphs of the grove in their lone - li - ness rove, But the
 fair West - ern home, may the col - um - bine bloom Till our

pi - o - neer land that we love. _____
 col - um - bine blooms just the same. _____
 great moun - tain riv - ers run dry. _____

CHORUS *a tempo* *accel.* *accel.*

'Tis the land where the col-um-bines grow, — O-ver-looking the plains far be-low, — While the

rit.

cool sum-mer breeze in the ev-er-green trees Soft - ly sings where the colum-bines grow. —

SOPRANO *a tempo* *accel.*

'Tis the land where the columbines grow, — Over looking the plains far below, — While the

ALTO *a tempo*

'Tis the land where the columbines grow, — Over looking the plains far below, — While the

TENOR *a tempo*

'Tis the land where the columbines, columbines grow, Over looking the plains far below, far below, While the

BASS *a tempo*

'Tis the land where the columbines grow, — Over looking the plains far below, — While the

rit.

cool summer breeze in the ev-er-green trees Soft-ly sings where the col-um-bines grow. —

rit.

cool summer breeze in the ev-er-green trees Soft-ly sings where the col-um-bines grow. —

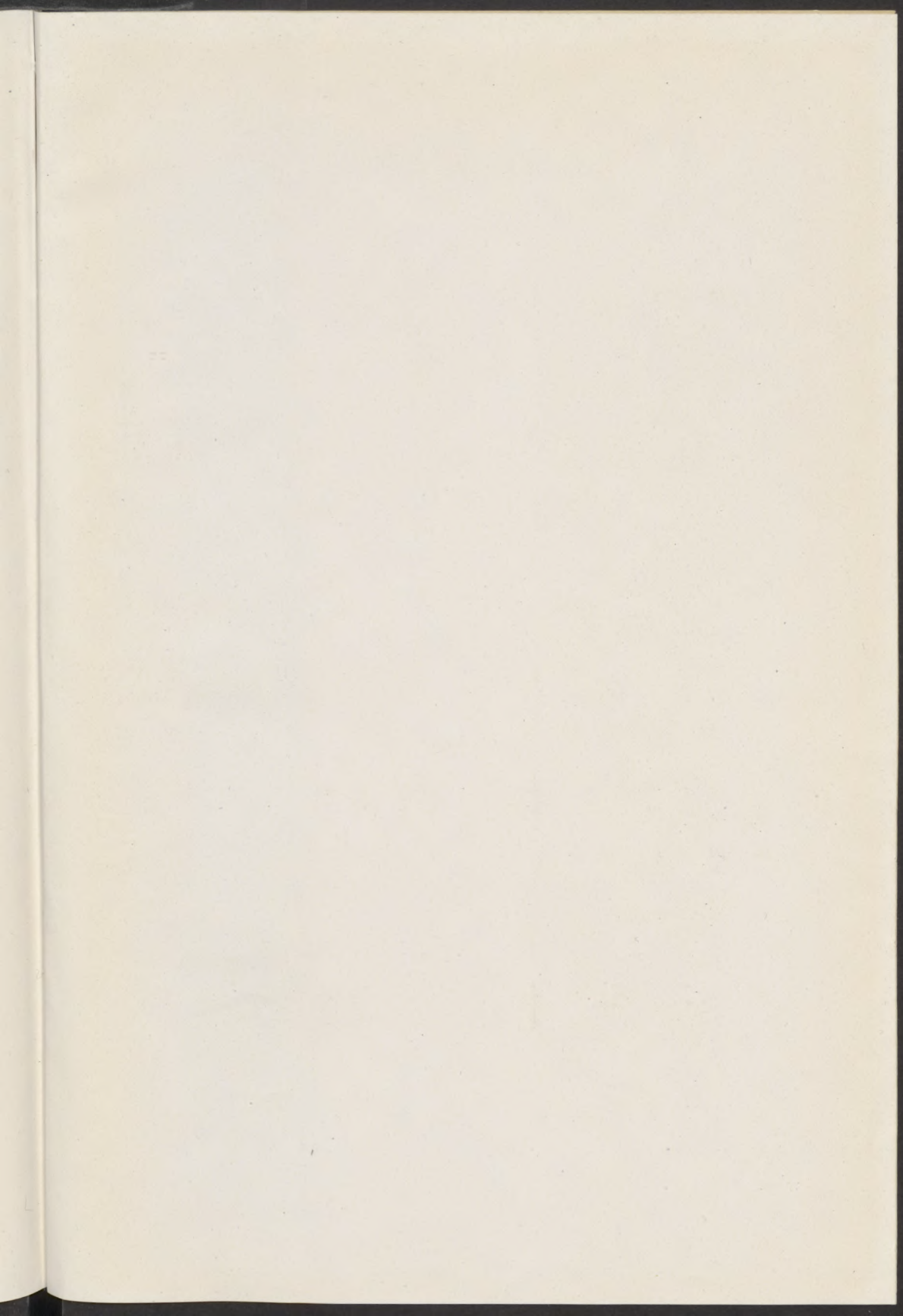
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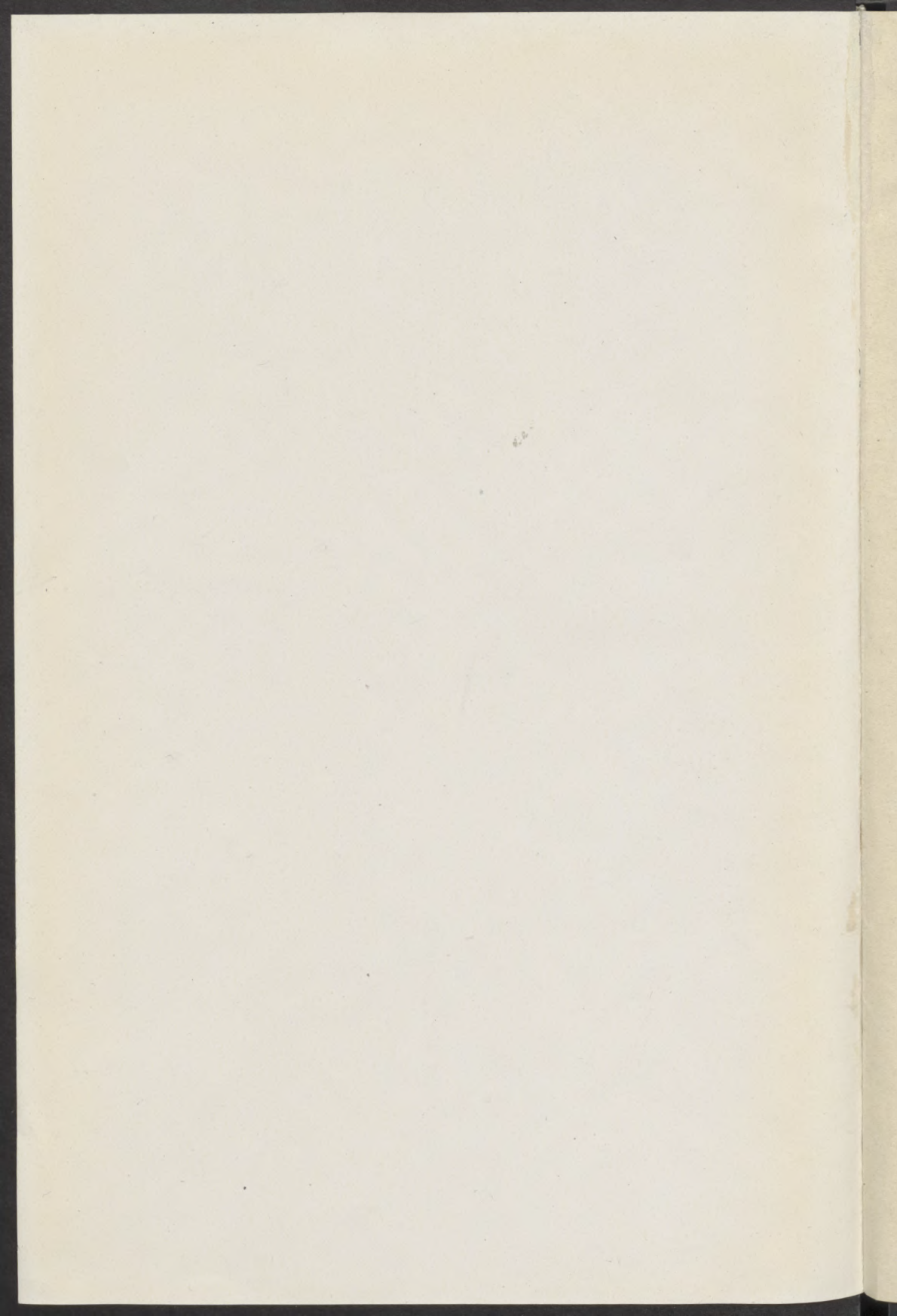
cool summer breeze in the ev-er-green trees Soft-ly sings where the col-um-bines grow. —

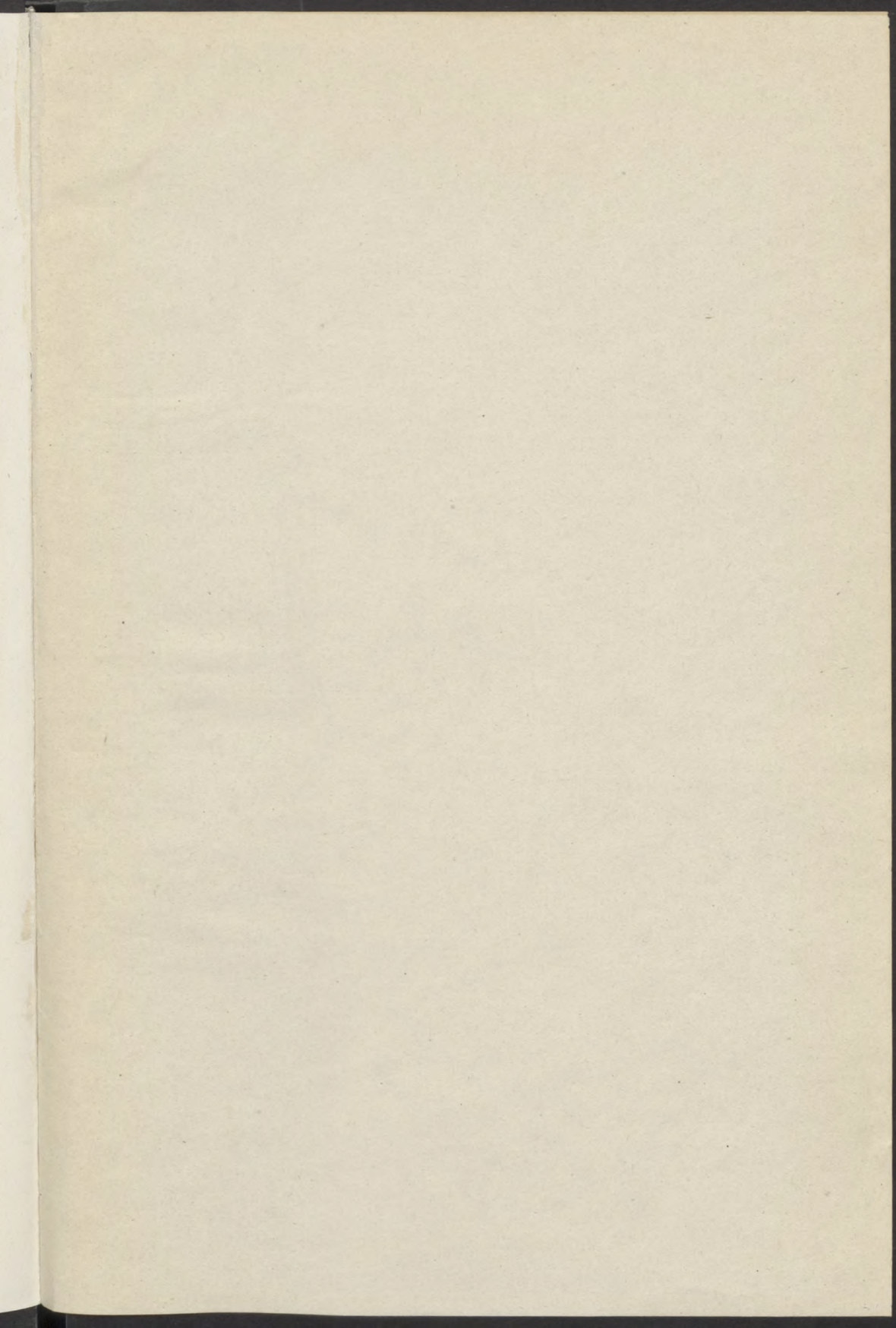
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