"The Home-Land—The Holy-Land,
Colorado the Holy-Land for Colorado Children."
—M. C. C. B.

# A Book of Holidays

# Colorado

1920—1921

# A BOOK OF HOLIDAYS

## VOLUME I.



---

## STATE OF COLORADO
1920-1921


ISSUED BY
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

MARY C. C. BRADFORD
STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUELIC INSTRUCTION

EAMES BROTHERS, STATE PRINTERS, DENVER

## LETTER OF THE SUPERINTENDENT TO THE SCHOOL CHILDREN

*Children Dear:*—Owing to war conditions, you have been without a Book of Holidays for three years, and now it makes me happy to send out, once more, this help to your school life.

The Book of Holidays for Nineteen-twenty will be issued in two volumes, of which this is the first. It covers all the holidays occurring in February, March, April, May and June, and I hope that you will enjoy these programs.

As I said to you in Nineteen-sixteen, I say to you again in Nineteen-twenty:

"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-twenty, feeling sure that the wide use already made by these helps and programs for patriotic celebrations will be extended still further during the coming twelve months.

A new plan is adopted this year in issuing this Manual of Patriotic Observances. It will consist of two volumes. This, the initial one, is to contain programs for all the holidays that occur during February, March, April, May and June.

As I wrote in Nineteen-sixteen, I write again in Nineteen-twenty:

"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.

# LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

## LINCOLN

"How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

# ABRAHAM LINCOLN: HIS LIFE OF SERVICE

By Victor E. Keyes
*Attorney General of Colorado*

---

History teaches us that those who have made a lasting impression upon the world have been men and women who were unselfish; who thought, not of what they could get, but rather of what they could give.

I am thinking now of one who was born in a cabin in the wilderness, in Hardin County, Kentucky, in the early part of the last century,—the son of a restless man who earned a meager existence, and an intelligent, happy "angel mother."

The family left the little cabin by the spring and moved to Indiana when he was but a lad. There in the backwoods he lived. During the day he helped his father and at night he learned to read and write, by the light of the kitchen fire. His books were few,—the Bible, Aesop's Fables, Robinson Crusoe and Pilgrim's Progress. Crude indeed were his surroundings. The furniture was all home-made, hewn out of the trees of the forest.

At sixteen, he was tall and strong and awkward, with great hands and bare, enormous feet which were often covered with the fresh earth as he walked behind the plow, wearing coarse home-made garments and a coon-skin cap. Now he works on a ferry boat at six dollars a month; now on his father's farm, splitting rails to inclose it; now he journeys to New Orleans as a deck hand on a flat boat, where he gets his first glimpse of the slave pen and the auction block—of men and women and children, chained together and then sold.

You would hardly expect one under such conditions to be chosen to lead a people. But his mind was alert; his brain was crowded with far-reaching policies; he conceived an ideal of service.

In 1830, when he was 21 years of age, he changed his residence to the State of Illinois. He became a country lawyer, riding on horseback from county to county to attend court; a captain in the Black Hawk War; a member of the State Legislature; a member of Congress; candidate for the United States Senate; a fearless debater who declared: "A house divided against itself cannot stand!"; President of the United States; the vindicator of human rights; the Great Emancipator, who, by the stroke of his pen, carried into effect the fundamental principle of government, that in the eyes of the law, all men are created equal. He was the embodied conscience of the Republic. He said: "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," and he also said: "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

Such is a brief sketch of the life and works of Abraham Lincoln, the grandest figure in the Western World, America's first martyred president—Lincoln, who lived up to his ideals of service.

"And so they buried Lincoln? Strange and vain!
Has any creature thought of Lincoln hid
In any vault; 'neath any coffin lid
In all the years since that wild spring of pain?
'Tis false; he never in the grave hath lain;
You could not bury him, although you slid
Upon his clay the Cheops pyramid,
Or heaped it with the Rocky Mountain chain.

* * * * *

Whoever will may find him anywhere
Save in the tomb—not there; he is not there."

Lincoln lives and will live in all the years to come, because of his unselfish, consecrated life of service.

FRIENDS OF LINCOLN
The Lincoln Statue in Newark, N. J., Photographed by the Missionary Education Movement

## A NEW STATUE OF LINCOLN BY GUTZON BORGLUM

This statue is considered the finest interpretation of Democracy in art in this country. Lincoln is seated on a bench on a level with the American people, where school children can sit beside him.

"Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges, let it be written in primers, spelling books and almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpits, proclaimed in legislative halls and enforced in courts of justice, and, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay, of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

## THE GRAVE OF LINCOLN

---

Now must the storied Potomac
  Laurels forever divide;
Now to the Sangamon fameless
  Give of its century's pride;
Sangamon, stream of the prairies,
  Placidly westward that flows,
Far in whose city of silence
  Calm he has sought his repose.
Over our Washington's river
  Sunrise beams rosy and fair;
Sunset on Sangamon fairer—
  Father and martyr lies there.

Kings under pyramids slumber,
  Sealed in the Libyan sands;
Princes in gorgeous cathedrals,
  Decked with the spoil of the lands;
Kinglier, princelier sleeps he,
  Couched 'mid the prairie serene,
Only the turf and the willow
  Him and God's heaven between;
Temple nor column to cumber
  Verdure and bloom of the sod—
So in the vale by Beth-peor
  Moses was buried of God.

Break into blossom, O prairies,
  Snowy and golden and red!
Peers of the Palestine lilies
  Heap for your Glorious Dead!
Roses as fair as of Sharon,
  Branches as stately as palm,
Odors as rich as the spices—
  Cassia and aloes and balm—
Mary the loved and Salome,
  All with a gracious accord,
Ere the first glow of the morning
  Brought to the tomb of the Lord.

Wind of the west! breathe around him
Soft as the saddened air's sigh,
When to the summit of Pisgah
Moses had journeyed to die;
Clear as its anthem that floated
Wide o'er the Moabite plain,
Low with the wail of the people
Blending its burdened refrain.
Rarer, O wind! and diviner—
Sweet as the breeze that went by,
When, over Olivet's mountain,
Jesus was lost in the sky.

Not for thy sheaves nor savannas
Crown we thee, proud Illinois!
Here in his grave is thy grandeur;
Born of his sorrow thy joy.
Only the tomb by Mount Zion,
Hewn for the Lord, do we hold
Dearer than his in thy prairies,
Girdled with harvests of gold!
Still for the world through the ages
Wreathing with glory his brow,
He shall be liberty's Savior;
Freedom's Jerusalem thou!

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

---

## HUMANITY VS. IMPERIALISM

Two principles have stood face to face from the beginning of time and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity; the other is the divine right of kings.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

---

(Exercise for nine boys.)

First boy (holding a log cabin or picture of one)—

A cabin I have here, you see,
'Tis made of logs hewn from a tree,
A funny house it seems to me.
I don't think I would like to be
A little lad and live in it,
It does not seem like home a bit.

Second (with a log cabin)—

My father says that long ago
Folks lived in cabins, and I know
That what he says is truly so.
But I don't see how I could grow
To be a man in such a house,
It looks too small for e'en a mouse.

Third (carries name of Abraham Lincoln on a card which he keeps facing toward him until he speaks fourth line)—

About a lad I now will tell
Who in a cabin once did dwell.
I'm sure you know his name quite well,
'Tis this that on my card you spell.
Yes, Abraham Lincoln, truly great,
Who came from old Kentucky state.

Fourth (holds portrait of Lincoln, face toward him until he begins to speak)—

He loved his home though cabin small,
And when he grew to manhood tall
He listened to his country's call.
He freed the slaves, gave life and all.
His heart was never moved by fear,
We do him honor every year.

Fifth (carrying a new hatchet)—

Just see my hatchet, bright and new,
It has a story old for you,
About a lad both brave and true,
Who did the best that he could do.
He to his father told the truth
When he was but a mere, mere youth.

Sixth (carrying an imitation cherry-tree)—

His father owned a cherry-tree
Which by-and-by he hoped would be
Just filled with cherries fine to see,
The kind that please both you and me.
But this young lad with hatchet bright
Chopped down the tree with all his might.

Seventh (carries picture of George Washington, which he displays as he is speaking fifth line)—

The truth this little lad then told,
Which made him worth his weight in gold.
Oh, well you know the story old,
And how this youth grew brave and bold.
His picture I will show to you,
George Washington, our hero true.

Eighth (with flag which he displays as he speaks)—

This flag to Washington was dear,
He came to prize it more each year,
It was his guide in battle drear,
And often helped the march to cheer.
I wave it now to celebrate
The birthday of this man so great.

Ninth (carries two wreaths in his hands)—

I now would crown these heroes twain,
And sing their praises once again.
Come join with me, take up the strain,
And make of it a glad refrain:
When called they freely gave their best,
And proved their worth by every test.

ALICE SUMNER VARNEY.

---

## MORNING TALKS FOR FEBRUARY

What is the name of the new month?
How many days has February?
Does February always have the same number of days?
To what season does February belong?
Are the days growing longer or shorter?
Colder or warmer?
Does the sun go to bed earlier or later?
Get up earlier or later?
What bird comes back the latter part of February?
What holidays come in February?
Whose birthday do we celebrate on February 12?
Was Lincoln a rich or a poor boy?

How did he have to work?
What kind of a boy was Lincoln?
What was he called?
What was Lincoln's home?
Who built it?
What kind of a man did Lincoln become?
What did the people make Lincoln?
Whose birthday do we celebrate on February 14?
Who was Saint Valentine?
Why was he called "Saint"?
When too old to go about, what did he send to the people?
Why do we keep St. Valentine's day?
Whose birthday do we celebrate on February 22?
Where was Washington's home?
Was it like Lincoln's?
Who worked the harder, Lincoln or Washington?
When a boy, what did Washington like to play?
What kind of a man was Washington?
What kind of a soldier?
What did Washington love?
What did he do for his country?
What did the people make Washington?
What is Washington called?
Whose birthday do we celebrate on February 27?
What did Longfellow love?
What did he write about?
Read to the children:—
"The Children's Hour."
"The Village Blacksmith."
Selections from "Hiawatha."

—*American Primary Teacher.*

---

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The prairies to the mountains call,
The mountains to the sea;
From shore to shore the nation keeps
Her martyr's memory.

Though lowly born, the seal of God
  Was in that rugged face;
Still from the lowly Nazareths come
  The saviors of the race.

With patient heart and vision clear
  He wrought through trying days,
"Malice toward none, with love for all,"
  Unswerved by blame or praise.

And when the morn of Peace broke through
  The battle's cloud and din,
He hailed with joy the promised land
  He might not enter in.

He seemed as set by God apart,
  The winepress trod alone;
How stands he forth an uncrowned king,
  A people's heart his throne.

Land of our loyal love and nope,
  O land he died to save,
Bow down, renew to-day thy vows
  Beside his martyr grave!

---

"Lincoln is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them; slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs, the true representative of the people. An entire public man; father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thoughts of other minds articulate in his tongue."—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

---

## LINCOLN'S MERCY

During the American Civil War many spies were, of course, shot, but hundreds were allowed to live for whom some reasonable excuse could be framed. Mercy was never carried further in war than it was by Lincoln. He could with difficulty persuade himself to sign a death warrant. As for women, he never dreamed of allowing them to be punished heavily, although Washington

swarmed with Southern women who continually helped the Confederate cause. One could hardly have counted the number of "Patriotic" Southern girls within the Northern lines. "If," said Lincoln, when asked to sanction the execution of a boy deserter, "a man had more than one life, I think a little hanging would not hurt this one, but after he is once dead we cannot bring him back, no matter how sorry we may be, so the boy should be pardoned."

Federal generals used to complain that when Lincoln had given them leave to carry out executions in case of necessity, he would not even then keep his word. He used continually to intervene to save a culprit. His sympathy with frailty in the military life became ever more lively. On one occasion General Butler was telling him of the number of desertions. "How can it be stopped?" asked Lincoln. "Shoot every deserter," said Butler. "You may be right," replied Lincoln, "probably are; but, Lord help me, how can I have a butchers' day every Friday in the Army of the Potomac?" Of cowards he used to say, with humorous indulgence, that it was impossible for a man always to control his legs. "And how do I know," he asked once when his sanction of a death sentence was sought, "that I should not run away myself?" Of course, Lincoln's physical courage was well known, but, like many brave men, he was strangely slow to condemn timidity. His leniency was expressed in countless humorous sallies. When the Judge Advocate General laid a case before him that seemed to require the death sentence, Lincoln said: "I will put this by till I can settle in my mind whether this soldier can better serve the country dead than living." He was very fond of taking refuge in his droll theory that a man could not control his legs. He had in his pigeonholes the evidence in a number of cases which were officially entitled "Cowardice in the Face of the Enemy," but he always spoke of them as his "leg cases." On the day when Lincoln uttered his sally about "whether this soldier can better serve the country dead than living," Judge Holt laid before him a particularly flagrant case. A man had demoralized his regiment at a crisis by throwing away his rifle

and hiding himself. He was without relations dependent on him, and he was, moreover, proved to be an incurable camp thief. This man, Judge Holt suggested, surely satisfied the President's condition of better serving his country dead than living. "I think," said Lincoln, picking up the evidence of the case, "I'll put it with my leg cases."

No amount of evidence could ever persuade him to consent to the execution of a youth. And frankness in a condemned man was invariably a short cut to his forgiveness; he could scarcely believe that it was right to put a man with redeeming qualities beyond the possibility of exercising them. One of his arguments on behalf of youth was expressed in his famous answer to the New York Democrats who had protested that in arresting the Copperhead agitator Vallandigham he was killing free institutions. "Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier boy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of the wily agitator who induces him to desert? This is none the less injurious when effected by getting a father, or brother, or friend into a public meeting, and then working upon his feelings till he is persuaded to write to the soldier boy that he is fighting in a bad cause, for a wicked administration of a contemptible Government, too weak to arrest and punish him if he desert. I think that in such a case to silence the agitator and save the boy is not only constitutional, but withal a great mercy."

Mr. John Hay used to tell a story of Lincoln's almost desperate habit of trying to find an excuse for not carrying out the law of which he admitted the necessity. "I was at college with him, Sir," said Hay, speaking of a man condemned to death. "A pretty good sort of chap, wasn't he?" asked Lincoln cheerfully, seeing an opening. "No, Sir," replied Hay, "I'm sorry that I can't honestly say that about him. He was always a bad lot." Lincoln looked quite crestfallen for a moment. Then he brightened up suddenly with: "If that's so, perhaps we ought to give him another chance."

Very likely Lincoln went too far. But can one fail to love and revere his memory for his excesses? It was the weakness of endless strength. If Germany were capable of only a faint shadow of such weakness, she would be infinitely stronger. The Hohenzollern throne will totter and fail, if for no other reason, because its strength is never tempered with mercy. When mercy is shown by Germany, it is for a political motive, not from goodness of nature. It is as true to-day as when Isaiah said it, that in mercy shall the throne be established.—*The London Spectator.*

## LINCOLN AND THE SENTRY

Foreign visitors are surprised to find that there are no sentries at the White House. During the war a solitary soldier mounted guard, and on one occasion had an amusing colloquy with President Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln emerged from the front door, his lank figure bent over, as he drew tightly about his shoulders the shawl which he employed for such protection. He was on his way to the War Department, at the west corner of the grounds, where in times of battle he was wont to get the midnight despatches from the field.

As the blast struck him, he thought of the numbness of the pacing sentry, and, turning to him, said:

"Young man, you've got a cold job to-night. Step inside and stand guard there."

"My orders keep me out here," the soldier replied.

"Yes," said the President, in his argumentative tone. "But your duty can be performed just as well inside as out here, and you'll oblige me by going in."

"I have been stationed outside," the soldier answered, and resumed his beat.

"Hold on there!" said Mr. Lincoln, as he turned back again. "It occurs to me that I am Commander-in-chief of the army, and I *order* you to go inside!"

## YOUR MISSION

This is said to have been a favorite song of Abraham Lincoln's; he encored it not less than eighteen times when sung at a Sunday School convention at Washington, in 1861:

If you cannot on the ocean
  Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
  Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors
  Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
  As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
  Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
  While the multitude goes by;
You can chant in happy measure
  As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
  They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
  Ever ready at command;
If you cannot toward the needy
  Reach an ever helping hand,
You can succor the afflicted,
  O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple,
  Sitting at the Master's feet.

If you cannot in the harvest
  Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many grains, both ripe and golden,
  Will the careless reapers leave.
Go and glean among the briers
  Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that the shadows
  Hide the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true;
If where fire and smoke is thickest
There's no work for you to do;
When the battlefield is silent
You can go with careful tread;
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess—
She will never come to you.
Go and toil within life's vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare—
If you want a field of labor
You can find it anywhere.

S. N. GRANNIS.

---

## A GREAT MAN

There is an awful stillness in the sky,
When, after wondrous deeds and light supreme,
A star goes out in golden prophecy.
There is an awful stillness in the world
When, after wondrous deeds and light supreme,
A hero dies with all the future clear
Before him, and his voice made jubilant
By coming glories, and his nation hushed
As though they heard the farewell of a god—
A great man is to earth as God to Heaven.

WALL.

## "THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS"

BY OLDER PUPIL OR VISITOR

## "TRIBUTES TO LINCOLN"

TO BE LEARNED BY PUPILS AND RECITED

1. "Lincoln was the humblest of the humble before his conscience, the greatest of the great before history."—CASTELAR.

2. "His was a name so pure, a life so grand
That Lincoln's a magic name throughout the land."
JOSEPH C. SINDELAR.

3. "His constant thought was his country and how to serve it."—CHARLES SUMNER.

4. "Such a life and character will be treasured forever as the sacred possession of the American people and of mankind."
—A. GARFIELD.

5. "By his fidelity to the True, the Right, the Good, he gained not only favor and applause, but what is better than all, Love."—W. D. HOWELLS.

6. "The best way to estimate the value of Lincoln is to think what America would be if he had never lived—never been President."—WALT WHITMAN.

QUOTATIONS FROM LINCOLN TO BE GIVEN AS ABOVE.

1. "I have one vote, and I shall always cast that against wrong as long as I live."

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

3. "Gold is good in its place; but loving, brave, patriotic men are better than gold."

4. "God must like common people, or he would not have made so many of them."

5. "No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty."

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

7. "The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself in every way he can, never suspecting that anybody is hindering him."

8. "I say try, for if we never try we never succeed."

9. "When you have an elephant on hand and he wants to run away, better let him run."

10. "When you can't remove an obstacle, plow around it."

11. "Suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation."

Closing song by School. (Rising.)

BY ELLA M. BANGS, *in "Lincoln's Entertainments," Published by A. Flanagan Co.*

## EXERCISES FOR LINCOLN DAY

(Reading for several children.)

### THE BIRTH OF LINCOLN

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

### THE MOTHER OF LINCOLN

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

### THE BOYHOOD OF LINCOLN

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

### LINCOLN'S SCHOOL DAYS

4. Schools were few, irregular, and poor in the backwoods where the Lincolns were living, but Abraham took advantage of every opportunity. There was a log school house in the woods, a considerable distance away, and he went to school here a short

time. At this school he learned to read and write a little. Lincoln's step-mother encouraged him in his studies. The first letter that Lincoln ever wrote was at the time of his mother's death: he then wrote to a Kentucky preacher, asking him to come and preach a sermon over the grave in the wilderness. He had not more than a half dozen books in all, yet he read and re-read these until he could repeat whole pages of them.

LINCOLN AS A YOUNG MAN

5. When Lincoln was sixteen years of age he was more than six feet in height, wiry and strong, with enormous hands and feet. He wore coarse, home-made clothes and a coon-skin cap. But this overgrown boy had one beauty, that of character—he was always good-natured. He read everything within his reach. His first knowledge of law came from reading the statutes of Indiana, borrowed from a constable. He worked on a ferry-boat for nine months, receiving a salary of $6.00 per month. He worked on his father's farm, splitting rails to enclose it; from this work he received the sobriquet of "rail-splitter." He delighted in making speeches, and upon the slightest encouragement would mount a stump and practice upon fellow-laborers. A journey to New Orleans as deck-hand on a flat boat widened his experience of mankind, and gave him his first glimpse of slavery. For several years he served in the capacity of steamboat pilot, clerk in a store and mill. He was faithful in little things, and in that way made himself able to deal with great ones. Once a woman, in paying for some articles she had bought, gave Lincoln six cents too much. After she was gone he discovered that she had overpaid him, and that night, after the store was closed, he made a trip to her home to return the six cents.

---

WHERE SLEEPS THE KING?

Metalla carved the exultant cheer
With Roman pride: "My tomb is here—
Where sleeps the king?"

Is it beside the Appian Way
Beneath the steles old and gray—
  Sleeps there the king?

Or under dome of Invalides,
'Mid banners heralding his deeds—
  Sleeps there the king?

Rests he within the Abbey walls,
Where chanted psalm melodious falls—
  Sleeps there the king?

In peace or war, who leads the charge,
And dies conferring freedom large—
  There sleeps the king.

A teacher fades from memory;
In myriad minds that clearer see—
  There sleeps the king.

The singer rests; a song floats still;
The people's heart confirms his will—
  There sleeps the king.

Our leader fell; 'neath peaceful skies
A nation kneels where Lincoln lies—
  There sleeps the king.

DR. LEIGH R. HUNT.

---

"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."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

## THE NAME WE SING

(Tune: "America.")

Of Lincoln now we sing,
Loud let the welkin ring,
  The sound prolong,
He broke the bondman's thrall
And freedom brought to all,
His mighty blows let fall
  The shackles strong.

This man of pure intent,
Whose every thought was bent
  Sweet peace to bring.
O, eyes so keen of view,
O, mighty heart so true,
O, soul with courage new,
  Of thee we sing.

So long as human speech
O'er this broad land shall reach
  From shore to shore,
Here will his noble name
Its high place always claim
Unequaled in its fame
  Forever more.

CLARA J. DENTON.

*From "Lincoln Day Entertainments", published by A. Flanagan Co.*

---

"Inasmuch as most good things are produced by labor, it follows that all such things of right belong to those whose labor produced them. But it has so happened in all ages of the world that some have labored and others have without labor enjoyed a large proportion of the fruits. This is wrong and should not continue. To secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor, or as nearly as possible, is a worthy object of any good government."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

## LINCOLN

So lowly born
His birth was held in scorn
  Of men, and his estate
  So mean that Fate
  Planned how he should be great.

His noble soul
Looked to remoter goal,
  Forgave men's taunts and jeers,
  Unworthy sneers
  But ne'er forgot their tears.

His life he gave
A sacrifice to save
  His country's life; e'en those
  Who were his foes
  Wept when they learned its close.

Now all the earth
Acknowledges the worth
  Of that great soul, now Fame
  Shouts to proclaim
  Lincoln's most glorious name.

ISAAC B. CHOATE.

---

## QUOTATIONS FROM ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower, where I thought a flower would grow."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

# SUSAN B. ANTHONY'S BIRTHDAY


THE THREE ORIGINATORS OF THE SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT
Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Lucretia Mott

## ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, LUCRETIA MOTT

The three great destiny characters of the world, whose spiritual import and historical significance transcend that of all others, of any country or any age.

Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in the call of that first "Woman's Rights Convention"—1848—*initiated* while Susan B. Anthony in marshalling the forces through three generations, down more that a half century of time *guided* the one and only universal uprising upon our planet.

In that call was demanded everything that makes for the emancipation of womanhood, with the political enfranchisement of woman as but one, though a fundamental and most important essential.

That call signalled and inaugurated a revolution without tradition or precedent from which to draw courage, to which to make appeal for support; or offer as appeal for recognition and support.

Historically these three stand unique and peerless.

Spiritually the woman movement is, and manifestly has become the all enfolding one, and may be likened to a lone figure out on the ramparts of the world, receiving from beyond, preparing, while but waiting to rescue torn and struggling humanity from its savage self.

---

## SUSAN B. ANTHONY

BY GOV. OLIVER H. SHOUP

At the moment when the women of the United States seem about to achieve their long ambition to enjoy the privileges of equal suffrage in every state, it is well to look back upon those hardy pioneers whose sacrifices made enfranchisement possible. And no name sheds more luster upon American womanhood nor gleams brighter in the suffrage hall of fame than that of Susan B. Anthony.

To do Miss Anthony honor is to pay tribute to the long illustrious line of American women who fought for political freedom. Her services to suffrage were hardly less notable at the moment than her devotion to the causes of abolition and temperance, for she gave herself up fully to the votes-for-women movement only after she had become convinced that suffrage was fundamental to all reform.

In 1852 Miss Anthony attended her first woman's rights convention and was appointed one of its secretaries. From that time to her death in 1906 her life was an unremitting struggle to bring the ballot to womankind in America. Her achievements in that long and painful campaign are summed up in the constitutional amendment which she drafted in 1875, and which, after nearly half a century, has been adopted by Congress. It provides for equal suffrage and will always bear her name as its sponsor and the acknowledged leader of the great cause. Colorado, a pioneer in the enfranchisement of women, has ratified the amendment and hopes soon to be joined by the whole sisterhood of states in celebration of the final enactment of the measure which will loose the bonds of political slavery from the women of the whole nation.

---

## SUSAN B. ANTHONY

A TRIBUTE BY JAMES R. NOLAND

*Secretary of State of Colorado*

One hundred years ago this February 16, 1920, a girl baby was born to Daniel and Lucy Read-Anthony at Adams, a Berkshire Hills hamlet in Massachusetts. The infant was christened Susan Brownell Anthony and was destined to become the emancipator of her sex; and as such to live forever in the memory of the American people. As evidencing the future brilliancy of mind she was to develop it is recited that she learned to read when only three years old and that before she had entered her teens she was teaching school.

Many volumes have been written of and about the life of Susan B. Anthony, yet the full measure of her achievements has never been given. It would be futile, therefore, in a mere sketch of this character, even to attempt to touch upon any but the very high lights in her remarkable career.

To begin with, her historians are agreed that she must have been inspired in her wonderful work for womankind. Certain it is that she was imbued with a courage and indomitable spirit without which she could never have reached her goal, because her path was beset with pitfalls and stumbling blocks a weaker character could never have overcome.

While lasting credit must be and is given to Miss Anthony for the invaluable hand she took in organizing the temperance forces at a time when the nation of that day was given over to the control of the liquor elements, her work in inaugurating a movement in favor of Equal Suffrage for Women perhaps overshadows the other achievement. Some critical writers refer to her as a reformer of a narrow-minded type. A review of her life does not sustain this indictment, for while she was a pioneer in many fields of uplift work it was her big way of viewing and treating whatever subject she had in hand that led to her success.

It was her inherent spirit of fair play that inspired her to go forth and do battle for equal rights. This is impressed upon us the more when we consider that she was reared of Quaker parents and that, generally speaking, the people of that faith opposed voting even by their men as savoring too much of supporting a government that believed in war. Yet, this daughter of a Quaker family believed not only that men should vote, but that women also should have and exercise this privilege of citizenship. Not only this, but she blazed the way for this right of suffrage by being the first woman to cast a ballot for a presidential candidate in the United States. This was in 1872.

Going back a step, however, to a point where her courage was taxed to the utmost before she took up the cudgel of suffrage for women and we find her in the front ranks in the battle for tem-

perance. Recalling that in 1849 drunkenness was not considered a disgrace and intoxicating liquor was served and drunk quite as freely as is coffee and tea to-day, and it will be better understood what a lion's heart was required to open a public attack against so universal a custom. But Miss Anthony was unafraid; and as a leader in the ranks of the Daughters of Temperance had much to do with laying the foundation of public opinion which in this latter day has served so well for the great Temperance wall the good women of the present age have completed around and about our United States.

It was in 1850 that she began to take a real interest in the cause of suffrage for women. Her people had long opposed slavery—and real people they were, too, her ancestors being men and women of great worth—so it perhaps was natural that this daughter should bitterly resent the slavedom of her sisters of that period. To fully comprehend what the term means in this connection, it is stated that the men of that day were the high lords of all creation. The wife was absolutely at the mercy of the husband. The father had sole control of the children and of the property of the wife, even to any money she might earn. Truly, the white woman was as much a slave everywhere as the negress held in peonage in the southland.

The first Woman's Rights convention was held in Worcester in 1850. She read the proceedings of that history-making meeting with deep interest. She took up the study of the suffrage question in her usual, broad-minded and big way. And then she acted.

It was not until 1852, however, that her public career really started in this work. She met during that year a soul that matched her own for fearlessness in battling for the right. This was Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and the friendship that began between them was of the enduring sort that only death could break. As is usually the case, the perversity of man had much to do with the success of these two intrepid women. The Sons of Temperance were to hold a convention and the Daughters of Temperance were invited to send delegates. Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton were

selected by their organization. They were politely received, but when one of them attempted to speak she was informed by the presiding officer that: "the sisters were not invited here to speak —only to listen and learn." Miss Anthony and her delegation indignantly retired and promptly arranged for a separate convention. In commenting upon this action, Horace Greeley wrote, "I heartily approve of the stand taken by the women and I hope that it may result in good." And it did.

Through the succeeding years Miss Anthony was ever to be found at the head of every movement having to do with the advancement of the cause of temperance and the rights of women. As an active and patriotic worker throughout the Civil War she had become more than ever impressed with the evils of drink and of the justice of her cause in behalf of the womanhood of the nation. The mothers and wives, and sisters and sweethearts, it must be remembered, were the real sufferers, the real martyrs, the real workers, the real backbone of the soldiers in the field during the Civil War, just as they were during the recent World's War. And so in the reconstruction days Susan B. Anthony took up with renewed ardor and strength her fight for temperance and for a national recognition of the rights of women.

She spent a number of years in quietly organizing her forces and then in 1872 threw her first real bomb into the ranks of the anti-suffragists. This bomb was in the form of a demand for recognition in the party presidential conventions of that year. She demanded that a suffrage plank be inserted in the party platforms giving the ballot to women. And upon meeting refusal on all sides, Miss Anthony proceeded to demonstrate her rights in a manner that caused a sensation the country over and which in reality paved the way for the marvelous progress recorded in her behalf thereafter.

"You have a right to the ballot under the 14th and 15th amendments to the Constitution of the United States," her friend, Judge Henry R. Selden, a notable jurist, wrote to her. "The 14th amendment states that all persons born or naturalized in the

United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens," he continued, then added: "The 15th amendment says, 'the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied.' "

Miss Anthony, with a number of her faithful supporters, thereupon managed to register and to vote in the presidential election that fall. Her avowed purpose was to test the law. She was arrested, as were the election officials who had permitted her to vote, and after a lengthy and exhaustive court trial she was found guilty by order of Justice Hunt, who directed the jury to return such a verdict. She was sentenced to pay a fine of $100, a large sum for those days, and responded, "may it please your honor, I will never pay a dollar of your unjust penalty." Whereupon, in the parlance of to-day, Justice Hunt "got cold feet" and answered: "The court will not order you to stand committed while waiting for the payment of the fine." This ended the famous case so far as the courts were concerned. The publicity attending the trial had a far-reaching and beneficial effect, however, which is felt even to this day.

Miss Anthony came to Colorado following the decision of the state legislature to submit the question of Woman's Suffrage to a vote of the people on October 2, 1877. She volunteered her services and they were gratefully accepted. Furthermore, she worked without remuneration and under the most trying circumstances, for Colorado in that time was not the well ordered commonwealth of to-day by any manner of means.

As an example of the hardships she underwent, it is cited that one of the first trips she made in Colorado was a journey by stage through the mountain districts, riding 65 miles to deliver a speech at Del Norte. At one place on this journey she found an opponent to suffrage in the landlady of a mountain hotel. In describing this woman Miss Anthony said, "she was a weak, silly woman and a wretched cook and housekeeper, a combination of faults I regarded as unpardonable."

The gold fever was at its height in Leadville that year and Miss Anthony spoke in a saloon in that bustling camp, her hearers

being the roughest crowd she had ever encountered. For all that, when the men saw that she was coughing from the smoke of their cigars and pipes they promptly extinguished their tobacco lights.

Upon a later occasion she spoke at Fairplay, then one of the most prosperous of our many rich mining camps, where she was facetiously advertised under opprobrious terms. Again the manhood of Colorado came to the front and to prove that they were loyal to womanhood they gathered in force to give Miss Anthony a respectful hearing, even though they were greatly opposed to the doctrines she preached.

That the splendid services rendered by Susan Anthony during that memorable and hard-fought campaign was the controlling influence in bringing Colorado to the forefront as the second state in the Union to give equal rights to its women is quite generally conceded. Incidentally, it should be mentioned that this estimable leader cemented many close friendships here in the state during that fall, among these being a sisterly affection that existed between her and Mrs. Harriet G. R. Wright, the beautiful character and leader who is now a member of the official family of our notable state superintendent of schools, Mrs. Mary C. C. Bradford.

At 75, in 1895, we find Miss Anthony arriving at Washington —on her birthday—to attend the National Woman's Council. It was at this meeting that Rachel Foster Avery announced that the friends of Miss Anthony from ocean to ocean, and the lakes to the gulf, had placed in her hands sums of money amounting to $5,000. This she had put into a trust fund, purchasing therewith an annuity of $800. There were 202 contributors and although the work of collection had been going on for several months the gift was a complete surprise to Miss Anthony. She had during the previous 45 years spent all she had and all that friends had given her for her beloved cause and was practically without funds. She was overwhelmed and for once unable to express her feelings.

During this year, 1895, Miss Anthony made a second trip to California and stopped off in Denver May 8. While in the city

she was entertained at the home of the late Thomas M. Patterson, whose progressive and cultured wife was a personal friend and an ardent suffragist. Rev. Anna Shaw (Dr. Anna Howard Shaw), who accompanied Miss Anthony, was entertained at the home of the then Governor Routt and a reception was held in honor of the two notable women at the Brown Palace hotel which was attended by over 1,200 people.

The Denver News said in its account of the reception: "The scene marked to the restrospective mind the enormous change that has taken place in the status of the sex within the lifetime of one woman. It hardly seemed possible, as the spectator beheld Miss Anthony surrounded by the richest and most conservative women of Denver, to believe that in her youth the great lecturer was hissed from the stage in the most cultured and liberal cities of the United States. * * * To accomplish the political enfranchisement of her sex and open a broader field of work and influence for women everywhere, Miss Anthony has devoted her life. Among all the women who have stood boldly to champion the cause of her sex, she is easily chief and is worthy of all the honors that have been bestowed upon her. Well may these newly enfranchised women do her reverence."

When asked what subject she would take for her lectures in Colorado, she said: "What can I say to the women who have the franchise? I can only encourage them to use their new power wisely, to stand bravely for the right, and to help the equal suffrage cause in other states." Her lecture at the Broadway theater was largely attended and the account of it in one of the papers was headed, "America's Joan of Arc shakes hands with an army of Women Voters." In her address she called attention to the fact that while Wyoming had given women the ballot by act of the legislature, Colorado had given this boon by popular vote. She answered certain critics when she remarked that she had heard that some women had voted with sagacity and some had not. This was not strange, she said, smiling, since men continued to do this after more than one hundred years of voting.

An interview secured by "Nelly Bly," a famous newspaper writer of that period, thus describes Miss Anthony in 1896: "She was waiting for me. She made a picture to remember and cherish. She sat in a low rocking chair, an image of restfulness and repose. Her well shaped head with its silken snowy hair combed smoothly over her ears rested against the back of the chair. Her shawl had fallen from her shoulders and her soft black silk gown lay in gentle folds about her. At this interview, when asked if she believed in immortality, she said: 'I don't know anything about heaven or hell—but as no particle of matter is ever destroyed, I have a feeling that no particle of mind is ever lost. I am sure that the same wise Power which manages the present may be trusted with the hereafter.' "

Miss Anthony always dressed in black silk or satin, but it is said she indulged her love for colors in her house gowns and she always bought the best materials. Social life interested her only insofar as it could advance her beloved cause. When helping to write her own biography she said, "I love to make history, but hate to write it."

Elizabeth Cady Stanton wrote of Miss Anthony: "Her belief is not orthodox but it is religious, based on the high and severe moralities. In ancient Greece she would have been a Stoic—in the era of the Reformers a Calvinist—in King Charles' time, a Puritan, but in the Nineteenth century, by the very laws of her being, she is a Reformer. Her style of speaking is rapid and vehement—she seems instinctively to choose the right word. In debate she is ready and keen. She had no confidence in herself, however, as a writer, but once made the remark that she always felt herself on 'stilts' when she started to write."

Mrs. Stanton goes on to say: "She is the most upright, courageous, self-sacrificing, magnanimous human being I have ever known. Under the fire of persecution, petty annoyances, misunderstandings and slander, she was always the same self-controlled and kindly woman. The women of this day can scarcely realize the difficulty under which the pioneers worked. As an example

of the attitude toward women in public at that time, it is said that on a certain occasion in 1847, when Miss Lucy Stone, one of the pioneer suffragists, was to speak, the pastor of the Congregational church made the announcement in the following language: 'I am requested to say that a hen will undertake to crow like a cock at the town hall this afternoon at 5 o'clock—anybody who wants to hear that kind of music will of course attend.' ''

During one of Miss Anthony's visits to Wyoming she was told the story of how the legislature of the then territory had passed the law enfranchising women as a joke—and later wished to repeal it. As a matter of fact, the majority of the legislature did vote to repeal the law, but the repeal bill was vetoed by the governor, and territories could not pass a law over a governor's veto. This story was repeated many times with much relish by the great leader of women.

As stated at the outset, it is only possible, in a sketch of this nature, to more than touch the high lights in the career of a woman who was the mother of most of the great reforms of the yesterday and of the to-day. Her ancestors came from England and the American branch of the family sprung from John Anthony, who sailed from England April 16, 1634, when he was 27 years old. He settled at Portsmouth, R. I. The history of the family shows the members to have been educated and cultured to a degree unusual in those days and that while they were people of means they worked diligently as was the custom of that time. Miss Anthony taught school for a number of years, this work being a labor of love, as her highest pay was $1.50 a week and her board.

While an exceptionally attractive woman and popular, and much sought after by many beaux, Miss Anthony was never known to have had a serious love affair.

A God-fearing, dauntless, level-headed, self-controlled, high principled leader was Susan B. Anthony, whose death in 1906 heralded a nation's loss. May the memory of her achievements ever remain with us and with succeeding generations as a beacon light spelling godliness, advancement and progress.

## A TRIBUTE TO SUSAN B. ANTHONY

Susan B. Anthony was a woman of extraordinary attainments, both natural and acquired. She was a crusader, equipped with all of a crusader's virtues, yet wholly free from a crusader's narrow selfishness. She was combative, patient, passionate, logical, uncompromising, tolerant, denunciatory and truthful. She espoused the cause of Equal Suffrage, then devoted her life to it. She gave to it every force and faculty of her nature; suffered, and if need be would have readily died, for it. She confronted argument, ridicule, denials, abuse, entreaties and epithet, with indomitable courage; never yielding, never daunted. She had the confidence of convictions coupled with the stimulus of an unfailing enthusiasm. She never encountered defeat, because she would never recognize it. Like old Antaeus, she gathered renewed strength with every touch of Mother Earth.

I met Miss Anthony several times in my younger days. I used to enjoy newspaper gibes regarding her age, her obstinacy and her perennial persistency. The fact that she cared for them not a whit, or if she did, never revealed the fact, added zest to their comment, and to the general enjoyment. But Miss Anthony could not be refuted, nor silenced by any sort of attack. In the vernacular of this day, she always "came back." I heard her address the Democratic National Committee on Resolutions in 1880, and it was the one stirring, virile incident of its existence. She told us that none of us could refute her argument, and that none of us would dare to grant her requests: and she told the truth each time.

She was not afraid of any living thing. And her courage was largely, if not wholly of the moral sort. They used to say that she had all the tenderness and gentleness of womankind, that to her close intimates and to her relatives she was sweetness and devotion itself. She nursed her dangerously wounded brother for months, through his great peril, and delivered him to his family from the very jaws of death.

She died fighting for her cause, with little immediate benefit or hope of reward. But the seed she sowed has borne and will continue to bear fruit. When Equal Suffrage becomes an accomplished fact, as it must, it will be due more to the splendid efforts of this fearless and magnificent woman, than to any other single cause.

Miss Anthony possessed, in large degree, the genius of common sense. She was wholly familiar with human nature, and clearly saw that public sentiment was the ultimate arbiter of all reform movements. She knew that one advocate was worth many opponents, and she never lost one, having secured him. She never fought one party because another appeared less obnoxious, but strove to secure supporters in all. Were the world in this twentieth century blessed with her benignant personality, she would adjust some things and reverse some policies invoking the sanction of her name, and find a more tolerant generation than she encountered: one which would listen to her appeal, and applaud her superb devotion. Her monument is yet to be erected; its outlines are already discernible in the distance, just beyond; it will remind those to come of her constant and heroic services to a great cause at a time when their advocacy bred opprobrium, and obloquy, "and envy's hiss, and hatred's sneer, and folly's bray."

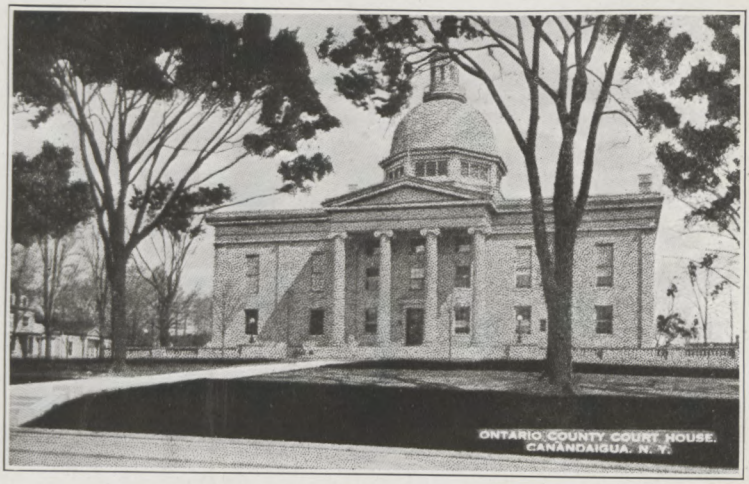
C. S. THOMAS.

---

TO SUSAN B. ANTHONY

Something there was that you imagined not,
For all your wisdom, temperate and high,
How unto us, to whom the kinder years
Secure a fairer fight, an easier lot,
Your name would be a creed, a battle cry,
A silver trumpet blowing to the sky,
Steeling our hearts, filling our eyes with tears,
Giving us fire and fortitude and love;
This was, alas! a thing you never guessed—
How younger women you knew not of
Would rise and call you blessed.

ALICE DUER MILLER




THE COURT HOUSE WHERE SUSAN B. ANTHONY WAS TRIED FOR CASTING HER VOTE

## WOMEN

I went to ask my government if they would set me free,
They gave a pardoned crook a vote, but hadn't one for me.
Then men about me laughed and frowned and said, "Go home, because
We really can't be bothered when we're busy making laws."
Oh, it's "women this," and "women that," and "women have no sense,"
But it's "Pay your taxes promptly" when it comes to the expense.
It's "Pay your taxes promptly when it comes to the expense."
I went into a factory to earn my daily bread,
Men said: "The home is woman's sphere." "I had no home," I said,
But when the men all marched to war, they cried to wife and maid,
"Oh, never mind your homes, but have the export trade."
For it's "women this," and "women that," and "Home's the place for you,"
But it's "patriotic angels" when there's outside work to do.
There's outside work to do, my dear, there's outside work to do;
"It's patriotic angels" when there's outside work to do.
We are not really senseless, and we are not angels, too,
But very human beings, human just as much as you.
And it's hard upon occasions to be forceful and sublime
When we're treated as incompetents three-quarters of the time.
But it's "women this," and "women that," and "woman's like a hen,"
But it's "Do the country's work alone" when war takes off the men.
And it's "women this," and "women that," and everything you please;
But woman is observant, and be sure that woman sees.

*From New York Tribune.*

# WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

## WASHINGTON DAY

## FEBRUARY 22

### SUGGESTIVE WASHINGTON SELECTIONS

Washington (Our Country in Poetry and Prose)..*Theodore Parker*
President Washington's Receptions..*Library of American Literature*
The Twenty-second of February.....*William Cullen Bryant*

### QUOTATIONS ABOUT WASHINGTON

BY MEMBERS OF SCHOOL

Washington, whose sword was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause.—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

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

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

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

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

Until time shall be no more will a test of the progress which our race has made in Wisdom and Virtue be derived from the veneration pa'd to the immortal name of Washington! — LORD BROUGHAM.

Illustrious Man, before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance.—CHARLES JAMES FOX.

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

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

He was invested with glory that shed a luster all around him. —ARCHBISHOP JOHN CARROLL.

He is never better supplied than when he seems destitute of everything; nor have his arms ever been so fatal to his enemies as at the very instant they thought they had crushed him forever!— ABBE ROBIN.

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.—HENRY LEE.

Oh, Washington! thou hero, patriot, sage,
Friend of all climes and pride of every age.

THOMAS PAINE.

It may be truly said that never before did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great.—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

He was as great as he was good; he was great because he was good.—EDWARD EVERETT.

If Washington had one passion more strong than any other, it was love of country.—JARED SPARKS.

Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example.—ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

When the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm, and cheer every American heart.—RUFUS CHOATE.

---

## WASHINGTON

Down in Old Virginia,
  One February morn,
Many, many years ago,
  George Washington was born.

From a little babe he grew
  To be a sturdy boy,
Whose love of truth and honor
  Filled his father's heart with joy.

While he was yet a little lad,
  His loving father died;
He was his mother's comfort then,
  And grew to be her pride.

And when to manhood he had grown,
  A general he became,
And led his ragged soldiers on
  To victory and fame.

So now from out our loyal hearts,
  We loving tribute pay
To Washington, the Great and Good,
  This February day.

MONIRA F. MCINTOSH.

### GEORGE WASHINGTON'S PICTURE

The teacher asked if I'd whispered,
And I spoke quick and said, "No."
I was ashamed as soon as I said it,
For I knew that it was not so.
I'd whispered to Jack and Mabel,
I'd whispered to Susan and Ted,
As I thought how often I'd whispered,
My face got pretty red.
There's a picture of George Washington
Hanging upon the wall,
I've always liked the picture,
But I couldn't look that way at all,
For I knew if I looked at it
And looked it straight in the eye,
I'd feel as if he were saying:
"My boy, you've told a lie."

HARRIET G. BROWN.

---

## THE FIRST AMERICAN

One hundred and eighty-one years ago there was born in a well-to-do home in Westmoreland County, Virginia, a child. He never excelled in brilliancy, but was destined to fill the world with the excellence of his name, and forever endear himself to every true American heart. In the terrible seven years' struggle for freedom of the Colonies he stood first: serving without pay, and sharing the fortunes of the soldier in the ranks. When the War of the Revolution was over, he stood, with heart and hand and purse, for peace within the Colonies, and with all the nations of the earth; and he always has been, and always will be first in the hearts of his countrymen.

When the mother of Washington was asked how she built up so fine a character in her noble son, she replied: "If his excellence

is in any wise attributable to anything I have done, it is because I have taught him from his infancy three things—obedience, diligence and truth, and surrounded him with Christian influences."

While the cherry tree-hatchet story may be but a myth, nevertheless he was always obedient to every superior and to every duty. He was diligent in the profitable use of his time, saying, "Time is golden to the diligent, but leaden to the sluggard." And as to truth, he was the very soul of honor and veracity.

Washington, like Lincoln, relied continually upon God, and was a man of prayer. Being caught in a storm on one occasion, while reconnoitering, he was unable to reach the camp, and turned aside to an humble cabin to spend the night. After being shown to the little room which was to be his resting place, the man of the cabin heard Washington talking to someone. Being anxious to know who it might be, he peeked through a crack in the door and saw his guest on his knees talking with God; and this is what he was saying: "Almighty Father, if it is Thy holy will that we shall obtain a place and name among the nations of the earth, grant that we may be enabled to show our gratitude for Thy goodness by our endeavors to fear and obey Thee. Bless us with wisdom in our councils, success in battle, and let all our victories be tempered with humanity. Endow, also, our enemies with enlightened minds that they may become sensible of their injustice, and willing to restore our liberty and peace. Grant the petition of Thy servant for the sake of Him whom Thou dost call Thy beloved Son; nevertheless, not my will, but Thine, be done."

Both in civil and military life Washington was pre-eminent for his clearness and soundness of judgment, his perfect moderation and self-control, his quiet dignity and indomitable firmness with which he pursued every path which he had deliberately chosen. Lecky, in his "England in the Eighteenth Century," says: "Of all the great men in history he was the most invariably judicious, and there is scarcely a rash word or action or judgment recorded of him. Those who knew him well noticed that he had

keen sensibilities and strong passions; but his powers of self-command never failed him, and no act of his public life can be traced to personal caprice, ambition, or resentment. In his dark hours of national ingratitude, or in the midst of the most universal and intoxicating flattery, he was always the same calm, wise, just and single-minded man, pursuing the course he believed to be right, without fear or favor or fanaticism, equally free from the passions that spring from interest or imagination."

Washington believed that God never delegated to any nation the right to carry on government regardless of His sovereignty. In his inaugural address he said: "The smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right Heaven itself has ordained." And when America travailed in the pangs of the Revolution and brought forth this fair child of Freedom, it was Washington who stood sponsor for it at its baptism of fire and blood. And when he handed this infant Republic into the arms of the future, he said to the people, "If you would have this child of Providence grow and prosper, and live forever, REMEMBER, RELIGION AND MORALITY ARE INDISPENSABLE."

When the Revolution was ended by the surrender of Cornwallis, Washington might have put a crown on his head and been proclaimed emperor of the United Colonies; but he was too great, too true, and too righteous for that. A Napoleon might have done it; but Washington, in the greatness of his magnanimous soul, said: "Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theater of action; and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august assembly, I surrender my commission, and retire to private life."

Abraham Lincoln said: "To add luster to the sun or glory to the name of Washington are alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe, pronounce the name; and in its naked, deathless splendor let it shine."

DELTA.

## PROGRAM FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

ARRANGED BY CLARA J. DENTON

### Impromptu Events

Each one of these events should be typewritten on a separate slip of paper and handed to a pupil who must commit it to memory. The pupils may be discovered standing in a line or each one may come upon the stage at the proper time and recite his lines.

1732—George Washington was born on February 22, in Westmoreland County, Colony of Virginia. He was the eldest son of Augustine Washington and his second wife Mary Ball.

1743, April 12—Death of Augustine Washington. Mary Washington took entire charge of the plantation.

1747—George left school, had gained but a common English education.

1748—George was appointed public surveyor and went on his first surveying expedition.

1751—George was appointed major of the Virginia Militia. In September he sailed for the West Indies with his brother, elder half-brother, Lawrence.

1752—Lawrence died; he had married while George was still a young boy, a relative of the wealthy English Lord Fairfax, and had bought a beautiful estate on the Potomac River, which he had named Mount Vernon. George was made the executor of his brother's will.

1753—George was sent by Governor Dinwiddie, Governor of the Colony of Virginia, on a mission to the French Commander at Venago, near Fort Du Quesne.

1755—George was on Braddock's staff when he was defeated and killed at Fort Du Quesne.

1759—On the sixth of January, George married Mrs. Martha Custis, a wealthy widow.

1774—Washington was sent as a delegate to First Continental Congress, which met in Philadelphia.

1775—Was sent as a delegate to the Second Continental Congress. By this Congress he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Forces, June 15, and took command at Cambridge, Mass., July 3.

1776—July 4—Declaration of Independence.

1777—June 14—Congress adopted flag of Stars and Stripes.

1781—October 19, the British General Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, Va.

1783—Washington took leave of the army, Nov. 22, resigned his commission Dec. 23, retired to his home at Mt. Vernon, reaching there Dec. 25.

1787—Washington is called to preside at the convention organized to create the Constitution of the United States.

1789—Washington was unanimously chosen first President of the United States and inaugurated April 30. His mother died in August of the same year.

1793—Washington re-elected President and inaugurated for the second time March 4. Owing to the war in Europe, issued proclamation of neutrality, April 23.

1794—Washington nominated John Jay as envoy to Great Britain, April 16.

1795—Washington signed the Jay Treaty, August 18.

1796, September 15—Washington issued a farewell address to the people in the United States.

1797—On March 4th, Washington retired from the Presidency.

1798—As war with France was impending, Washington on July 2 was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the United States armies.

1799—Washington died December 14, of acute laryngitis. His last words were, " 'Tis well, 'tis well."

---

## TRIBUTES TO WASHINGTON

(To be recited by three boys.)

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

Second Boy—"Washington cannot be stripped of any part of his credit for patriotism, wisdom and courage; for the union of enterprise without prejudice; for integrity and truthfulness; for simple dignity of character; for tact and forbearance in dealing with men; above all for serene fortitude in the darkest hour of his cause and under trials from the perversity, insubordination, jealousy and perfidy of those around him, severer than any defeat." So wrote Goldwin Smith.

Third Boy—"Washington stands alone and unapproachable like a snow peak rising above its fellows into the clear air of morning, with a dignity, constancy and purity which have made him the ideal type of civic virtue to succeeding generations." This was the opinion of James Bryce.

## SOMETHING BETTER

(For a Little Girl)

I cannot be a Washington,
  However hard I try,
But into something I must grow
  As fast the days go by.
The world needs women, good and true,
  I'm glad I can be one,
For that is even better than
  To be a Washington.

CLARA J. DENTON.

*From "The Help-U Washington and Lincoln Collection."*

---

## WASHINGTON'S RULES OF CIVILITY

1—Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he be your enemy.

2—Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

3—Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

4—Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for 'tis better to be alone than in bad company.

5—Speak not injurious words, neither in jest or earnest. Scoff at none, although they give occasion.

6—Detract not from others, neither be excessive in commending.

7—Think before you speak.

8—Be not apt to relate news if you know not the truth thereof.

9—Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

# ARBOR AND BIRD DAY

"He that planteth a tree is a servant of God;
He provides a kindness for many generations;
And faces that he has not seen shall bless him."

—Van Dyke.

## ARBOR DAY

"Trees are universally desired. They have many and varied uses. By their grateful shade they screen us from the too fervid heat of the sun. They abate the winds and protect us from the chilling blasts of winter. Their leaves prevent the spread of germ-laden dust and help to purify the air in other ways. They encourage the birds that charm us by their song and save our crops from many an insect injury. They lend a grace and beauty to every homestead and to every roadway that they border. In short, trees around and about the home make for health, comfort, and happiness."

# ARBOR DAY

By L. C. Everard, *U. S. Forest Service*

Arbor Day has become associated all over the United States with patriotic and esthetic as well as economic ideas. It is at once a means of doing practical good to the community and an incentive to civic betterment. The planting of trees by school children is usually accompanied by ceremonies intended both to impress upon those present the beauty of trees and their effect in improving the appearance of school grounds, streets, parks, etc., and to lead them to a realization of the value of community and national foresight. It now bids fair to acquire new significance as the day most often chosen for the planting of trees and groves in memory of those who have fallen in the great war.

## ORIGIN OF ARBOR DAY

At a meeting of the State Board of Agriculture of Nebraska, held in Lincoln, January 4, 1872, the Hon. J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska City, introduced a resolution, "That Wednesday, the 10th day of April, 1872, be * * * especially set apart and consecrated for tree planting in the State of Nebraska." The resolution was adopted, and prizes were offered to the county agricultural society and to the individual who should plant the greatest number of trees. Wide publicity was given to the plan, and over a million trees were planted in Nebraska on that first Arbor Day.

In 1874 Governor Furnas, of Nebraska, by public proclamation, set aside the 3rd day of April as Arbor Day, and in 1885 the State legislature passed an act designating the birthday of Mr. Morton, April 22, as the date of Arbor Day, and making it a legal holiday.

The American Forestry Congress, in 1883, at St. Paul, Minn., passed a resolution recommending the observance of Arbor Day in the schools of every State in the Union, and a committee was appointed to demonstrate to school authorities all over the country the value of Arbor Day celebrations to the school and to the com-

munity. Hon. B. G. Northrop, of Connecticut, who was author of the resolution, was made chairman of this committee and was indefatigable in urging the claims of Arbor Day, personally and by letter, to governors and State superintendents. At the annual meeting of the National Educational Association in 1884 he offered a resolution similar to that adopted at St. Paul, and although no action was taken then, the next year the association adopted the following:

"*Resolved,* That in view of the valuable results of Arbor Day work in the six states where such a day has been observed, alike upon the school and the home, this association recommends the general observance of Arbor Day for schools in all our States."

With this indorsement Mr. Northrop's efforts were assured of success, and so well did he do the work that Arbor Day has now become primarily a school festival.

As a school festival the observance of Arbor Day has spread not only throughout the whole United States but far beyond its borders. In 1887 the educational department of Ontario set aside the first Friday in May as a tree and flower planting day. In 1896 the plan was adopted officially in Spain. It reached Hawaii in 1905, and is now in vogue in all the dependencies of the United States and Great Britain, Canada, Australia, the English West Indies, South Africa, New Zealand, France, Norway, Russia, Japan and China.

The time of the observance of Arbor Day varies greatly in different States and countries, being determined somewhat by climatic conditions. Sometimes a day which is already a holiday is selected, as in Alabama and Texas, where Washington's birthday has been chosen, and in Jamaica, where it is celebrated on Queen Victoria's birthday. In many States of the Union, as in Colorado, it is combined with Bird Day.

## ARBOR DAY AND THE SPIRIT OF CIVIC BETTERMENT

The planting of trees on Arbor Day can provide a direct economic resource only in comparatively treeless regions or where windbreaks and timber and fuel for home and neighborhood use are needed. Forest plantations whose chief purpose is the raising of timber for commercial use or the protection of watersheds upon which cities and towns depend for their water supply must be left to foresters. However, yearly plantings, accompanied by appropriate exercises, serve to keep the people continually reminded of the value and necessity of the work of the foresters; and they have such a far-reaching effect on the community spirit, and through that on economic and social betterment, that no community can afford to neglect Arbor Day.

A clean and beautiful town is a source of pride to its citizens and a constant incentive to them to go on and do better. A slovenly town is apt to mean slovenly inhabitants. The celebration of Arbor Day may very well be the turning point in the attitude of a community toward its civic duties and by consequence toward its social life and its manner of conducting business. Nothing so helps to beautify a city or town as trees, and few things so educate the people in public spirit and foresight as the care of trees.

Trees and shrubs to be of any avail must be planted on school grounds with the same forethought that a farmer gives to the planting of an orchard, and they must be looked after not simply on Arbor Day but all the year. It ought to be understood by school officers everywhere that mere sentiment will not arouse the patrons of a school district to beautify their school grounds. The whole matter must in some way be put before them on a plain business basis. The planting and care of trees will inculcate in school children perseverance and foresight and will impress upon them the desirability of making the best use of the resources of nature both economically and esthetically.

In the past the planting of trees on Arbor Day has usually been in school grounds or parks. Recently it has begun to be used as a means of stirring up interest in roadside planting, first in cities and then in rural communities. Some objection has been made to trees along the roadside on the ground that they hinder drying out after wet weather. This holds good if the road is poorly built; but trees are actually an aid in keeping a well-built road dry, if they are not planted too close. The roots, by constantly taking in water, assist in drainage, and the tops, by breaking the force of driving rains, prevent washes in the roadway. The most important use of trees by the roadside, however, is the prevention of dust.

What the trees do for the roads they do also for the forested hillsides. Wherever there are no forests on the hills and mountains the rain and melted snow rushes off in a torrent, digging out great gullies and carrying away the fertile soil. Where there is a forest the trees protect the soil from the beating of the rain; the roots lead the water deep into the ground, to be stored up there and gradually fed out by springs all the year round; the leaf litter absorbs and holds the water like a sponge; the trunks and roots prevent the rapid run-off of the water and bind the soil together. The forest is of tremendous benefit in preventing both floods and drought; it is in reality a natural storer of water. It is highly desirable, often imperative, therefore, that the watersheds of navigable streams and those upon which towns, cities, irrigation projects, and water-power plants depend for their supply should be forested.

The greatest value of Arbor Day lies in its effect upon our attitude toward the trees that are already growing; for manifestly there are thousands of trees of natural origin to every one planted by man. The average citizen is only now beginning to realize the necessity for taking care of these trees, having never before considered that they needed any care.

President Roosevelt, in his Arbor Day letter to the school children of the United States, laid particular stress on that side of the Arbor Day festival which teaches the necessity of careful use and perpetuation of our natural resources.

"For the Nation, as for the man or woman or boy or girl, the road to success is the right use of what we have and the improvement of present opportunity. If you neglect to prepare yourselves now for the duties and responsibilities which will fall upon you later, if you do not learn the things which you will need to know when your school days are over, you will suffer the consequences. So any nation which in its youth lives only for the day, reaps without sowing, and consumes without husbanding, must expect the penalty of the prodigal, whose labor could with difficulty find him the bare means of life.

"A people without children would face a hopeless future; a country without trees is almost as helpless; forests which are so used that they cannot renew themselves will soon vanish, and with them all their benefits. A true forest is not merely a storehouse full of wood, but, as it were, a factory of wood and at the same time a reservoir of water. When you help to preserve our forests or plant new ones you are acting the part of good citizens."

## MEMORIAL TREES

When the great war came to an end with the signing of the armistice in November, 1918, the thoughts of the Nation turned at once to finding appropriate memorials for those who had fallen for the cause of world freedom. For this purpose it seemed especially fitting that each community commemorate the sacrifice made by its own citizens by planting, with suitable ceremonies, groves or avenues of trees, which should serve at once as incentives to civil progress and betterment and as living monuments to the fallen soldiers. Many organizations have taken up the idea, and the Secretary of Agriculture has addressed a letter to the governors of the States suggesting that they "commend to the citizens of their States, and particularly to those in attendance upon its schools, such an observance of Arbor Day as will secure a widespread planting of trees, dedicated to those whose lives have been sacrified in the great struggle to preserve American rights and the civilization of the world."

## TREES TO PLANT

The permanent success of the Arbor Day memorial plan, as of any other plan involving tree-planting, is conditioned upon the selection of the right species and upon proper attention to the planting and the subsequent care of the trees.

The following list will assist in the selection of the species suitable for planting in Colorado. The list is suggestive and the absence of any particular species from it does not necessarily mean that the species is unsuitable, but all the species included are suited for general use in parks, school grounds and streets. Only under very unusual conditions are the evergreens suitable for street planting; they are chiefly useful for planting in parks, lawns, and school grounds.

| PLAINS | |
|---|---|
| Russian olive | Box elder |
| Elm | Black walnut |
| Hackberry | Green ash |
| Honey locust | Cottonwood |
| **FOOTHILLS** | |
| Hackberry | Elm |
| Norway maple | Locust |
| Mountain ash | Box elder |
| Paper birch | White birch |
| Blue spruce | Poplar |
| Red cedar | Silver fir |
| **MOUNTAINS** | |
| Blue spruce | Douglas fir |
| Cottonwood | Aspen |
| Red cedar | Silver fir |

Trees can not be thrust into a rough soil at random and be expected to flourish. They should be planted in well-worked soil, well enriched. If they can not be set out immediately after being secured, the first step is to prevent their roots drying out in the air. This may be done by standing the roots in a "puddle" of mud, or by "heeling in" the trees—that is, burying the roots in fresh earth and packing it enough to exclude the air.

Before planting cut off the ends of all broken or mutilated roots and remove all side branches.

Dig holes at least three feet in diameter and two feet deep. If the soil is poor they should be four feet in diameter. Make the sides perpendicular and the bottom flat. Break up the soil in the bottom to the depth of the spade blade. Place on the bottom 12 or 15 inches of good top soil, placing at the top the fine soil free from sods or other decomposing matter. On the top of this layer spread the roots of the tree as evenly as possible and cover them with two or three inches of fine top soil. Tramp the soil down firmly with the feet, water thoroughly, and after the water soaks in fill the hole with good earth, leaving the surface loose and a little higher than the surface of the surrounding soil.

When planted the trees should stand two or three inches deeper than they stood in the nursery. They should be planted far enough apart so that at maturity they will not be crowded.

---

## A SWAMP EXILE

By Charles A. David

At a certain busy corner stands a huge pole, tall and tapering, faithfully holding up its burden of wires. All day long and far into the night a steady stream of human feet flows past; eager, careworn faces with unseeing eyes drift by; old age shuffles along with feet that drag; strong manhood swings past with quick, elastic tread; happy childhood skips, dancing, by; and baby feet, uncertain and halting, totter slowly along. The jangle and clang of street cars rise above the shuffling monotone of the pavement. Motor cars glide past to the medley of hootings and the blare of horns; huge trucks roar past, mingling the sound of their grinding progress with the staccato tapping of horses' hoofs on the asphalt. All the noises that go to make up the throbbing music of a city's traffic rise and fall around this lonely pole. They have stripped away the bark that used to shelter the sap; and there, all

bare, black and forbidding, all creosoted and painted, it stands, like some man-made thing in the midst of the noise and tumult of the town. Heavy cross-arms with slanting iron braces have taken the place of its graceful branches; and the night wind sighs through quivering wires instead of through its leafy spray. If one were to cut through its coating of creosote and paint, the sappy part of its trunk would be found firm and white, while the heart would be a pinkish red and as aromatic as cedar.

Many years ago, in the gloomy half-light of some Southern swamp, far removed from the uproar of the streets, this exiled pole began its existence. A pale gray trunk, smooth and slender, flaring wide at the base, grew farther and farther above the black water at its roots and nearer and nearer to the warm sunlight. In the quiet hush of the vast swamp, broken only by the solemn voice of cormorants or the flapping of myriad ibis wings, this splendid

tree attains the height of a hundred and fifty feet or more. A thing of strength and beauty it stands, tall and tapering as a mast, securely anchored by deep-reaching vertical roots and braced and strengthened by long horizontal ones that wind here and there among the muck and marl of the swamp. Drooping ferns find a foothold among its roots and climb bravely up its shaggy bark, strange snake-like vines hang from every support, rare orchids shake out great cataracts of blooms, and unnamed flowers blossom everywhere around.

The wild people of the swamp come to know this particular tree and to love it as a friend. Fox squirrels rifled its woody cones for the hidden seed and chattered and scolded as they darted among its branches. In the tangle of its top great birds, some snow-white and others as pink as sunset clouds, year after year built their platforms of sticks and raised their noisy broods. In winter other strange water birds straggled in at dusk and quarreled for the best roosting places. Its towering crest reached high above the surrounding trees and at dawn was the first to catch the light of the coming day, and the western glow lingered last among its branches. In the dry season, when the water had receded from around its base, the great roots and "knees" were left high and dry, like massive buttresses against this cathedral of nature's building. Mild-eyed does left their fawns in charge of the tree, knowing they could in safety. It counted its age by the cyclones that had come and gone and left it standing, while its weaker companions lay in tangled heaps below.

One day men came and felled this monarch of the swamp, peeled away the bark, lopped off the branches and dragged it away. After a long journey on bumping flat cars, it was soaked in vile-smelling creosote and set up at that busy corner, a stranger in a strange land.

It may be foolish to waste sympathy on an inanimate object, but somehow we can't help feeling sorry for that old telephone pole on the corner.

## A SPRING SONG

Old Mother Earth woke up from her sleep
And found she was cold and bare;
The winter was over, the spring was near,
And she had not a dress to wear.
"Alas!" she sighed, with great dismay,
"Oh, where shall I get my clothes?
There's not a place to buy a suit,
And a dressmaker no one knows."

"I'll make you a dress," said the springing grass,
Just looking above the ground,
"A dress of green of the loveliest sheen,
To cover you all around."
"And we," said the dandelions gay,
"Will dot it with yellow bright."
"I'll make it a fringe," said forget-me-not,
"Of blue, very soft and light."

"We'll embroider the front," said the violets,
"With a lovely purple hue,"
"And we," said the roses, "will make you a crown
Of red, jeweled over with dew."
"And we'll be your gems," said a voice from the shade,
Where the ladies' ear-drops live—
"Orange is the color for any queen
And the best we have to give."
Old Mother Earth was thankful and glad,
As she put on her dress so gay;
And that is the reason, my little ones,
She is looking so lovely to-day.

---

## PINE-NEEDLES

If Mother Nature patches
The leaves of trees and vines,
I'm sure she does her darning
With needles of the pines!

They are so long and slender;
And sometimes, in full view,
They have their threads of cobwebs,
And thimbles made of dew!

## THE CHILDHOOD OF A MAPLE TREE

By C. A. David

The smooth, plump seeds of the maple ripen in October and hang in pairs from slender stems that dance and quiver in the breeze. It is hard to believe that a future maple tree, with its branches, leaves, bark, and sap, could all be wrapped up in so small a parcel. Each seed is attached to a flat wing shaped like the propeller blade of an airship; and when at last it drops from the parent stem, instead of falling straight down, it flutters off, and if the wind is blowing it is carried some distance away. Two little twin seeds that had been clinging to each other all the summer one autumn day told the mother tree good-by and sailed away and fell to the ground near the roots of a fern and lay as still as if they meant to stay right there forever. The leaves from the parent tree, now no longer green, but crimson and gold, drifted down one


by one and covered up the little truant children. After a while the snows came and wrapped them in a blanket of white and kept

them warm and cozy through the winter. In the spring, as the snow melted and softened the ground, one of the little twin seeds, the other one having rotted, sank down in the soft soil and disappeared. Warmed and nursed by the sun and showers, the seed began to swell and finally put out a tiny pale green shoot. It pushed and pushed until it managed to get the tip above ground and then unfolded two very small leaves, and there was another little baby tree in the world. The leaves grew until they were about an inch long, the stem got harder and harder, and little black, hair-like roots went feeling down in the soil for the kind of food baby maples needed. The first leaves did not stay very long before they dropped off, and a brown bud appeared; from this bud came two other leaves, all five-pointed and notched—real maple leaves at last. Then another bud put in an appearance that put out two more leaves; and so the little maple continued to grow farther and farther from the earth and nearer and nearer to the sun. The young tree had many adventures before it was big enough to take care of itself One time a squirrel, digging a hole in which to bury a nut, came mighty near uprooting the little maple; and another time a great lumbering bear came slouching along and just did miss tramping on and mashing it down. But the closest call it had was when a big dead limb came crashing down and scooped out a hole in the ground not two feet away; but only a piece of rotten bark touched the maple, and by standing up very straight it managed to throw it off and was not hurt at all. By the time another year had rolled around our little maple, besides its six leaves, had a good coat of bark, brown and smooth. Its leaves turned red and gold, like real grown-up maple leaves, and dropped off, leaving the stem stark and bare. Then the snows came and hid it from sight and kept it as warm as if it had been in a feather bed. There it rested until another spring called it to put on more leaves and do its small part in the life of the world.

## TREES

What is the wisdom taught of the trees?
Something of energy, something of ease;
Steadfastness rooted in passionless peace.

Life-giving verdure to upland and glen;
Graces—compelling the praises of men;
Freedom that bends to the eagle and wren.

Largess—expanding in ripeness and size;
Shadow that shelters the foolish and wise;
Patience that bows 'neath all winds of the skies.

Uprightness—standing for truth like a tower;
Dignity—symbol of honor and power;
Beauty that blooms in the ultimate flower!

STEPHEN HENRY THAYER.
*In Pulp and Paper Magazine.*

---

## THE DREAM COMPOSITION

A clean white sheet of paper,
  With "Trees" written up at the head.
"What else can I say?" sighed little May,
  "Why, trees are just trees," she said.
"There's oak trees, and maples and cedars,
  And grandfather's willow tree,
And hemlocks and spruces, but all of their uses
  I never can tell!" sighed she.

Then something wonderful happened,
  So strange it was all like a dream,
For into the nursery came trooping
  All the trees, in a steady stream!
And one at a time before May
  Each stopped, and merrily spoke.
"It's I make your chairs and your tables and stairs,
  And your sideboards and beds," said the oak.

"I'm at my best making shingles,"
The cedar tree smiled and said.
"And my special use," spoke up the spruce,
"Is to make the house over your head."
"Any kind of a box I can make you,
Except a bandbox," laughed the pine,
"And whenever you ache, you have only to make
A pillow with needles of mine."

The ash tree was swinging a basket.
"I made it!" he gaily cried.
"Any other basket—you're only to ask it—
I'll make with the greatest pride."
"Shall I make you a beautiful whistle?"
Grandfather's willow smiled.
"Just tap me, and see," cried the maple tree,
"What makes maple syrup, my child."

The last in the merry procession
The birch tree proved to be.
And he smilingly said, as he nodded his head,
"I'm the spool manufactory!"
Then—deary me!—did you ever?
Mistress May's eyes open flew,
And the dream was o'er but no matter, for—
Every word of the dream was true!

---

## THE HOUSE OF THE TREES

Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood,
Wash me clean of dust and din,
Clothe me in your mood.

Take me from the noisy light
To the sunless peace,
Where at mid-day standeth Night
Signing Toil's release.

All your dusky twilight stores
To my senses give;
Take me in and lock the doors,
Show me how to live.

Lift your leafy roof for me,
  Part your yielding walls:
Let me wander lingeringly
  Through your scented halls.

Ope your doors and take me in,
  Spirit of the wood;
Take me—make me next of kin
  To your leafy brood.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

---

## HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION

And the melancholy fir-trees
Waved their dark green fans above him,
Waved their purple cones above him,
Sighing with him to console him,
Mingling with his lamentation
Their complaining, their lamenting.

LONGFELLOW.

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
  And with joy that is almost pain,
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were
  I find my lost youth again.

LONGFELLOW.

---

## THE GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, the bays,
And their incessant labors see
Crowned from some single herb or tree.
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose.

ANDREW MARVELL.

---

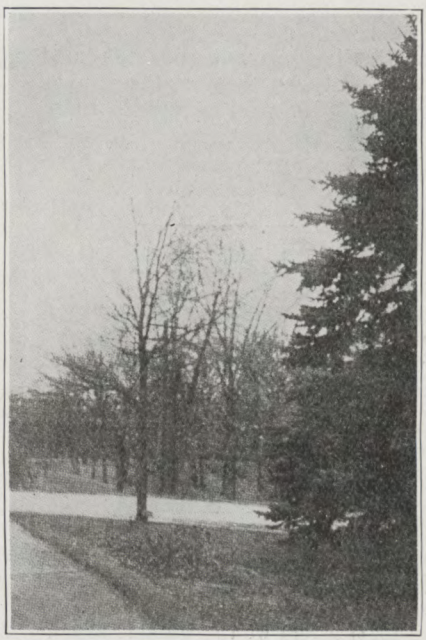
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

THOMAS GRAY.

## THE TREE'S WAY

The high trees are honest folk;
They do not stand so much aloof
Up under heaven's roof,
Altho they are earth's fairest cloak.
Their lives are very calm and slow;
They wait for coming things to come,
They wait, they rest, they ponder some
Purpose forgotten long ago
Like quiet folk;
And sometimes I am moved to stroke
Hand-greeting as I pass them near,
And often I am sure I hear
An answer from these stately folk!

GEORGE CRONYN.



CHARLES DICKENS MEMORIAL TREE
Roger Williams Park

### TREES

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree:
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

JOYCE KILMER.
*Killed in action in France, August, 1918.*

---

## TREE ZONES OF COLORADO

The forests of Colorado are mainly coniferous; that is, made up of cone-bearing or evergreen trees. Chief among the commercial timber trees are yellow pine, lodgepole pine, Douglas fir, Engelmann spruce, and blue spruce. Hardwoods that one meets with at the lower elevations are cottonwood, birch, maple, alder, and scrub oak. It is this last species which makes green so much of the foothill country. Higher up, especially on areas burned over years ago, quaking aspen, with its white bark and silver-green leaves, grows ghost-like among the dark green of the conifers.

According to elevation and its corresponding climate the Colorado mountains exhibit four zones of tree growth: The woodland belt, between 5,000 and 6,500 feet; the yellow-pine belt, between 6,500 and 8,000 feet; the Douglas-fir belt, between 8,000 and 9,500 feet; the Engelmann-spruce belt, between 9,500 and 11,500 feet. The bulk of the commercial timber is found in the yellow-pine and Douglas-fir belts. Above 10,000 feet conditions for tree

growth steadily grow more severe, until at about 11,500 feet timberline is reached. While above this altitude there are no trees, the visitor in the summer months will find a great variety of brilliantly colored wild flowers. Wild flowers are, in fact, one of the most distinctive attractions of the Colorado mountains, and visitors in the National Forests will find them in great profusion. Those who take a special interest in flowers would do well, before going into the mountains, to obtain some book which describes and illustrates the different kinds.

---

## THE LEGEND OF THE COLUMBINE

When God brought forth this world for us
He planned innumerable pleasures,
In granting which, He counted flowers
As one of the greatest treasures.

Flowers—like the rainbow tinted,
But never a flower of white,
Was here when our Lord inspected
To see that our home was made right.

Then came an envoy from heaven
With a gift from the shining throne,
Of flowers with golden centers
And a beautiful white in tone.

Her arms heaped high with these treasures,
An angel came down from above
And scattered abroad the white flowers
As a symbol of God's great love.

At last, but one fair white blossom
Remained in the bright angel's hand;
She had scattered well her burden
O'er the silent and sleeping land.

For the mountain tops she started;
And, thinking of Heaven and home,
Still carrying this tall white flower,
She arose toward the arching dome.

Far up, above the highest peaks,
In the blue of the Western skies,
She thought of the gift forgotten
And lowered her beautiful eyes.

Then, seeking a place to plant it,
She paused on the green mountainside;
But the flower—dipped in skyland—
A wonderful blue had been dyed.

She tried with her tears to cleanse it,
And thus wash the blue tint away;
But, tho the center was golden,
The blue was a blue that would stay;

Quickly, she plucked from her pinion
Five feathers of silvery white,
Forming a circle so deftly
And binding the edges so tight,

She placed this feathery circle
Within the bright circle of blue;
The white of her wings for petals
With the petals of azure hue.

It was blue and white and golden,
The sky-land, the snow-land, the gem;
Its perfume the breath of angels,
It dropped from a tall, slender stem.

Planting this flower on the hillside
She watered it softly with dew.
And, Lo! Behold! the Columbine
On the Rocky Mountains grew.

A. H.

*From "The Land Where the Cowboy Grows."*

---

## THE TREE

I love thee when thy swelling buds appear,
And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
Nor longer sought to hide from Winter's cold;
And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen
To veil from view the early Robin's nest,
I love to lie beneath thy waving screen,
With limbs by Summer's heat and toil oppressed;

And when the Autumn winds have stripped thee bare,
And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,
When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,
I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
And through thy leafless arms to look above
On stars that brighter beam when most we need their care.

JONES VERY.

## THE NAMING OF THE BIRDS

The old bob-white and the chip bird,
    The flicker and the cheewink
And little hopty skip bird
    Along the river brink—
The blackbird and the snowbird,
    The chicken hawk and the crane—
The glossy old black crow bird
    And buzzard down the lane—
The yellow bird and the red bird
    The tom-tit and the cat
The thrush and that red-head bird—
    The rest's all pickin' at
The jay-bird and the blue-bird—
    The sap-suck and the wren—
The cockadoodledoo bird
    And our old settin' hen.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

---

It's little I can tell
  About the birds in books;
And yet I know them well,
  By their music and their looks:

When May comes down the lane,
  Her airy lovers throng
  To welcome her with song,
And follow in her train:

Each minstrel weaves his part
  In that wild-flowery strain,
  And I know them all again
By their echo in my heart.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

## BIRD FOUNTAINS

BY MRS. GRANVILLE ROSS PIKE

Provision for bird welfare, to be effective, must be seasonable. During the summer, the chief need of birds is water. This is obvious from the fact that when we want to see a variety of birds, in their natural haunts, it is beside the water-courses, springs, and swamps that we find them.

Although we have been slow at the lesson, yet we are learning that birds will establish their homes near our own if we supply the needful conditions. Cover and protection we have, to some extent, provided, but have mostly overlooked this kindly ministry of water.

According to human reckoning, Washington has but recently become a "dry" state; in the bird's experience, it has always been so. Even in such well recognized centers of bird interest and enthusiasm as Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, Olympia and Everett it is exceptional to see a bird fountain, with continuous water supply, in either private garden or public park.

Many kindly home makers, having this in mind, treasure the dream of an ideal fountain which they will some day erect in full view from their own window or veranda, to be a beautiful feature of the landscape gardening plan, and in fancy they already hear the water falling over miniature cascades, and can see the birds refreshing themselves as they frolic in the spray. Some day, our great artists will catch a vision of the relation of bird companionship to our homes. Then we shall have bird pools, grottoes and fountains that shall minister to the need of the birds by their suitableness, and at the same time, by their beauty and symbolism, be a delight to human kind.

Some bird lovers, not waiting for such an ideal to materialize, have improvised simple substitutes and are receiving large reward. Earthen-ware or terra-cotta flower-pot saucers, frequently filled, are very acceptable to the birds. Almost any shallow, dull-colored vessel will be constantly used by them if the water be kept fresh.

An upturned tile with a basin fitted to its top has been proved to be practical.

In many parts of our state, native building rock or rough stones are available for very pleasing, rustic watering places. With the addition of cement basins, about two feet in diameter, these leave little, in the way of practical serviceableness, to be desired.

More artificial, but very attractive and satisfactory, are fountains composed entirely of cement. The making of a mould for these is not difficult, and those who prefer to make their own will find it quite possible to fashion one at home.

Whether making or buying, certain fundamental principles must be recognized. The basin should vary in depth from one to about two and one-half inches, in order naturally to serve the different sizes of its frequenters. Moving water is much more attractive to birds than still, be it ever so fresh and abundant. Unless absolute protection from cats is provided otherwise, all drinking and bathing places should be elevated. Shrubbery furnishes a proper setting.

Clearly, then, no home is so lowly that it cannot express its appreciation and enjoyment of the birds in some tangible form.

"Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded."

Opportunity for drink and refreshment given thirsty, helpless creatures is a heart-built shrine that sanctifies the humblest home.

The real Spirit of the Bird Fountain finds voice in these words, uttered by a little child as part of a recent dedication: "This fountain is placed here as an invitation to the birds to come and live with us, to sing to us, to make their nests in our trees, to play on our lawns, and to drink from the cooling water of this fountain."—*Homes and Gardens.*

## THREE LITTLE BIRDS

Three little birds
Sat upon a tree.
The first said "Chirrup!"
The second said "Chee!"
The third said nothing,
(The middle one was he).
But sat there a-blinking,
Because he was a-thinking,
"Pee-wit! pee-wit! Yes, that is it!
Pee-wip, pee-wop, pee-wee!"

Three little birds
Sat upon a bough.
The first said, "When is dinner-time?"
The second said "Now!"
The third said nothing,
(The middle one was he),
But sat there a-blinking,
Because he was a-thinking.
"Pee-wit! pee-wit! Yes, that is it!
Pee-wip, pee-wop, pee-wee!"

Two little birds
Flew down to the ground,
And soon by working very hard,
A fine fat worm they found.
The third flew down between them,
(The middle one was he),
And ate it up like winking,
Because he had been thinking,
"Pee-wit! pee-wit! Yes, that is it!
Pee-wip, pee-wop, pee-wee!"

LAURA E. RICHARDS *in "St. Nicholas."*

MARTIN HOUSE ON CITY LOT

Home made of store boxes and old porch posts. Two pairs nested in it the first year; room for 12 pairs more. The vine is a moon vine.

---

PUSSY WILLOW

Pussy Willow wakened
From her winter nap,
For the lively Spring Breeze
On her door would tap.

"It is chilly weather
Though the sun feels good;
I will wrap up warmly;
Wear my furry hood."

Mistress Pussy Willow
Opened wide her door;
Never had the sunshine
Seemed so bright before.

Never had the brooklet
Seemed so full of cheer;
"Good morning, Pussy Willow,
Welcome to you, dear!"

Never guest was quainter;—
Pussy came to town
In a hood of silver gray
And a coat of brown.

Happy little children
Cried with laugh and shout,
"Spring is coming, coming
Pussy Willow's out!"

KATE L. BROWN.

---

## NOW, WHEN IT FLOWERETH

Now, when it flowereth,
And when the banks and fields
Are greener every day,
And sweet is each bird's breath,
In the tree where he builds
Singing after his way—
Spring comes to us with hasty step and brief,
Everywhere in leaf,
And everywhere makes people laugh and play.

RINALDO D'AQUINO.

*Thirteenth Century—tr. from the Italian by* D. G. ROSSETTI.

## SOMEBODY'S KNOCKING

There's somebody knocking.
Hark! who can it be?
It's not at the door! no, it's in the elm tree.
I hear it again; it goes rat-a-tat-tat!
Now, what in the world is the meaning of that?

I think I can tell you. Ah, yes! it is he;
It's young Master Woodpecker, gallant and free.
He's dressed very handsomely (rat-a-tat-tat),
Just like a young dandy, so comely and fat.

He's making his visits this morning, you see;
Some friends of his live in that elm tree;
And, as trees have no doorbells (rat-a-tat-tat),
Of course he must knock; what is plainer than that?

Now old Madam Bug hears him rap at her door;
Why doesn't she come? Does she think him a bore—
She stays in her chamber, and keeps very still.
I guess she's afraid that he's bringing a bill.

"I've seen you before, my good master," says she:
"Altho I'm a bug, sir, you can't humbug me.
Rap on, if you please! at your rapping I laugh,
I'm too old a bug to be caught with your chaff."

*The Nursery.*

---

## THE OWL CRITIC

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop.
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The Daily, the Herald, the Post, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised their head, or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mr. Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is,
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck it is?
I make no apology;
I've learned owl-ology
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskillful fingers that fail
To stuff the bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mr. Brown! Mr. Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

I've **studied** owls
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true:
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't **do** it, because
'Tis against all bird laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches,
An owl has a toe
That **can't** turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mr. Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To **look** at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed **him** don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes!
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl than that horrid fowl
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about him there is not one natural feather."
Just then, with a wink and a sly, normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say,
"Your learning's at fault this time, anyway,
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

## THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING

Dear Friend:

Suppose you went down the street to-day and could not read the signs; how many interesting things would slip out of your life?

Nature is putting out her signs—the gorgeous ones she shows us every year. The crocuses are up. Already the sap has begun to rise and the birds are coming back. Already comes stealing over us the desire to chuck it all and get into the woods where live things are.

---

## HOW MANY OF THESE DO YOU KNOW?

BIRDS—Cardinal, Meadow Lark, King Bird, Phoebe.
BUTTERFLIES—Andel Wings, Crescent Spots, Peacock.
FLOWERS—Heart-of-Earth, Wild Thyme, Monkey Flower.
TREES—White Ash, Dogwood, Chestnut, Poplar.

## THE BIRDS' PARTY

By Harriett Sargent Hauser.

"My dear," said the Robin to his bright little mate,
"To be just in style and quite up to date,
We must very soon give to some of our friends,
One of the lovely affairs that folks call week-ends."

"Oh, that will be fine," she chirped in great glee;
"We'll have the first day in the old apple tree,
And then for the next our friends we will take
To that wide-spreading elm down close by the lake.

"We will have for our guests, do you want me to tell?
Mr. Red Bird and wife, for they always dress well,
With the Blackbirds and Larks and dear Mrs. Wren,
And one or two others, will just number ten.

"At three in the morning, a concert we'll give,
In praise of the Father who permits us to live;
With pleasure and frolic and all sorts of fun,
We'll flit and we'll swing out of reach of the gun.

"For Blackbird and wife, in the bright early morn,
A race we will take to the near growing corn;
Our dainty refreshments we'll serve with great care,
With some on the ground and some high in the air.

"Blackberry salad, with dew on the leaf,
And kernels of wheat just out of the sheaf,
With the bugs, the worms and the dear little seeds
That we find everywhere from the tall growing weeds.

"Mixed with sweet crumbs of bread we find at the door,
Will surely be ample for quite half a score;
And when all is over they truly will say,
' 'Twas the gayest bird party for many a day,'
And fly to their nests with joy and with song,
And mingle again with the bright happy throng."

## VALUE OF BIRDS ON THE FARM

The value of birds on the farm lies in the service which they render in the destruction of weed seeds, rodents and insects.

Someone has said that "a weed is a plant out of place," and if this be true, some plants seem to have a well-established habit of getting out of their proper sphere and into cultivated land, as a single plant of certain garden weeds may produce as many as 100,000 seeds in a season; if unchecked, these would soon become a decided menace to crops.

While the hoe and the cultivator may help to keep down the weeds on the farm, they still continue to increase in waste lands and along roadsides, and from there eventually spread to the cultivated lands. It is just such places that birds are often most abundant, and so they play an important part in checking this increase. In fact, the seed-eating birds are among the most effective agents in the warfare against weeds, for they attack these pests in the critical seed period and thus help to prevent their further spread. While a few seeds are simply scattered by birds, in nearly all cases they are destroyed. Dr. Judd of the Biological Survey says, "No less than fifty different birds act as weed destroyers, and the noxious plants which they help to eradicate number more than three score species."

One of the game birds, the mourning dove, is especially worthy of mention as a useful seed-eating bird. While the dove sometimes takes grain, most of this seems to be waste grain taken after harvesting is over. These birds are most abundant, however, in waste lands, where weeds abound, turkey mullein forming one of their favorite foods, while tumble weed and mustard are also eaten extensively.

The immense numbers of weed seeds destroyed by these birds is shown in the fact that the stomach of one dove contained 9,200 seeds of different weeds, while the stomachs of two other doves contained 6,400 and 7,500 respectively. If three doves at one meal can destroy 23,100 weed seeds and thus prevent the spread of that many noxious weeds, how much good could be accomplished by the doves on one farm, in one county, or throughout the state.

## INSECTS ARE THE TRUE RULERS OF THE UNIVERSE

### MAN AND ALL HIS WORKS WOULD SOON BE AT THEIR MERCY IF IT WERE NOT FOR BIRDS

Among the zoological articles in the Smithsonian annual report is one on the value of birds to man, in which the author, James Buckland, of London, makes the astonishing statement that although man imagines himself the dominant power of the earth. he is nothing of the sort; the true lords of the universe being the insects. For although man has attained predominance over the most fierce and powerful animals and most deadly reptiles, he and his works would be of little avail before an attack of insects, which include a greater number of species than all other living creatures combined. Some 300,000 species have been described, while possibly twice that number still remain unknown.

The author says that these incomputable hordes feed on nearly all living animals and practically all plants, and multiply into prodigious numbers in an incredibly short time. Computations show that one species developing 13 generations a year would, if unchecked to the twelfth generation, multiply to 10 sextillions of individuals; while a single pair of the well-known gypsy moths, if unchecked, would produce in eight years enough progeny to destroy all the foliage of the United States. One pair of potato bugs, he states, would develop unchecked 60,000,000 in a single season, at which rate of multiplication the potato plant would not long survive.

According to Mr. Buckland's article, insects are quite as astounding in their consuming qualities as in their rate of increase; a caterpillar eats twice its weight in leaves a day, and, in proportion, a horse would consume a ton of hay in 24 hours. Certain flesh-eating larvae consume 200 times their original weight in 24 hours; in this manner an infant would devour 1,500 pounds of meat during the first day of its life. It is reported by a specialist that the food taken by a silk worm in 56 days equals 86,000 times its original weight. All of which facts show what tremendous destruction insects may cause.

By writing to the Biological Survey, Washington, D. C., a great many bulletins may be obtained free, containing much useful and interesting information about the economic value of our birds. The following are especially good ones:

"Economic Value of Bob-white."

"The Food of Nestling Birds."

"The Relation of Sparrows to Agriculture."

"The Vanishing Shore Birds."

"How Birds Affect the Orchard."

"Some Common Birds in their Relation to Agriculture."

---

## THE MODEL FATHER RED-BREAST

Most neighborly, of course, were the robins; and on July mornings troops of spotted-breasted birdlings cross our lawn, each headed by that model father red-breast, who, I am told, takes charge of the early brood while the mother is bringing out the second, roosts with them by night among the trees, and by day teaches them the lore of robin life. The small, low branches of the birch trees are evidently excellent for the robin kindergarten held there, and I can bear witness to the thoroughness of the pedagogical methods, if any aerial agency requires testimonials. Flying lessons, swimming lessons, foraging lessons go on incessantly. . . . The young things trail solemnly around after their parent, two or three at a time, like chickens; if his head turns for an instant, beaks fly wide open as if moved by springs. . . . In the flying lessons more independence is insisted on from the first, and the notes wherewith the nestlings are urged from branch to empty air are sharp, incisive, and full of solicitude. More coaxing tones lure them to the bird bath in the shallow terra-cotta basin on the lawn, and here they are shown how to dip and splatter the

water with fluttering wings, and how to dry their feathers afterward. I saw an old bird teaching three at a time one day, and then shooing them out one by one when the bath was over. Later, one of the young ones went back, once, twice, three times, and stood shivering on the brink, afraid to plunge for all the world like a ridiculous baby.

These marvelously competent creatures converse with their young with a wide range of notes, and ward off from them the very appearance of danger, valiantly fighting away the jays and ordering me to take in the cat, if he put but the tip of his gray nose outside the door. Expert parents, . . . they seem, more than most birds, to belong to our era, and I think of them as better able to cope with the ideals of our present civilization than are many of our songsters.—MARGARET SHERWOOD.

# GOOD ROADS DAY

## "PUBLIC HIGHWAYS"

BY T. J. EHRHART

*State Highway Commissioner*

The importance and magnitude of good roads and their maintenance are not generally, fully understood by the public. The people have more invested in roads than all public institutions, including the State Capitol, state institutions and all public school buildings.

The total miles of public roads in the United States in 1915 was 2,273,000; the rights of way for public roads was estimated at 10,668,276 acres; valued at $345,257,000, or about $31.00 per acre. There was expended on all public roads in the United States in 1915 $250,000,000.

There are in round figures—6,000 miles of State Highways, and 25,000 miles of county roads, making a total of 31,000 miles of public roads in Colorado; the rights of way average about sixty feet in width, or seven and one-fifth acres to each mile, making a total of 223,000 acres embraced in rights of ways in the State, valued, conservatively at $10.00 per acre, or a total of $2,232,000. The permanent improvements on these roads, including bridges, culverts, grading and surfacing, are, without doubt, worth $30,000,000.

Better roads mean more directly to the people, from their commercial, social and educational value to civilization, strategic military importance to the Nation, and the post road and rural service to the Federal Government, than any other public matter, and in the past, less attention has been given to the business administration of road building, improvement and maintenance than any other public affair.

A beginning only has been made in the last few years in the betterment of this great property. This work is of mutual interest and benefit to the whole State. The cities, under the present traffic conditions, are very much concerned in better roads. In the agri-

cultural districts they are an urgent necessity. The development of our scenic mountain attractions is of mutual concern to all, because, in my judgment, these attractions are one of the greatest resources of our GREAT STATE.

From general statements I have received from about the State, I believe that at least 20,000 cars, carrying 80,000 passengers, visited Colorado during the past Summer (1915), and that the average time spent in the State was not less than thirty days. I believe, from inquiries made, that each person spent not less than $4.00 per day, or $320,000 per day for thirty days, or $9,500,000 left by these visitors in Colorado business channels.

In 1906 our visiting cars did not exceed fifty, while in 1915 we had not less than 20,000 automobiles from outside the State, and I am sure that we will have at least 25,000 or 30,000 during 1916.

This traffic will build up the interior towns, increasing their business and valuations, and will furnish to the farmer increased and better markets for his produce, so that as I view it the farmer is directly interested in the development of the tourist business.

Not long ago the farmer led a life practically apart from the world, and in many cases, as soon as finances permitted, he migrated to the city. The advent of good roads has reversed the direction of travel, and in the cities the cry now is, "Back to the farm!" With rural delivery, the telephone and the automobile the farmer in many sections is continuously in touch with the world, but in sections where the roads become impassable during a part of the year, the residents practically are isolated during the period of greatest leisure. A poor road system renders impossible any genuine community of social interests among country people. That important factor in the betterment of the conditions of country life, rural delivery, depends for its efficiency upon the condition of the roads.

The educational phase of the road question is of first importance. Bad roads and good schools are incompatible. There can be no good country schools in the absence of good country roads.

It is found that school attendance in States where they have good roads is from 25 to 50 per cent. greater than in States where the roads are inferior. The consolidation of rural schools, and the establishment of rural high schools, made possible by good roads, is an important advance in educational methods, and places rural communities more nearly on an equality with the cities in educational advantages.

The sources of income to the State Road Fund are derived as follows:

When admitted to the Union in 1876 by constitutional grant, Colorado was given 500,000 acres of land, the proceeds from sales and rentals of which were to be devoted to internal improvements. The receipts from this source amount to approximately $100,000 annually. From the collection of special license tax on automobiles $120,000 is derived; 50 per cent. is paid into the State Road Fund, to be expended on State roads, and 50 per cent. into the county road funds. There is also a tax of one-half mill on each dollar valuation in the State, which amounts to about $600,000, making a total of $760,000 annual income to be expended on State Highways, from the State Road Fund. The counties raise by local taxation about $1,600,000 annually, which is expended on State and County roads.

The income of the various States is inadequate to meet the demands of our modern traffic for better roads. A struggle has been going on in Congress by the advocates of federal aid for better highways for a number of years, but has been opposed, on the ground of its constitutionality. Some of our greatest statesmen have taken a different view, which I quote herewith:

"In the early history of our country, federal aid was considered important and constitutional for road building. Thomas Jefferson, in a letter written in 1786, says: 'I experienced great satisfaction in seeing my country proceed to facilitate the intercommunication of its several parts by opening rivers, canals, and roads.' Alexander Hamilton said, in 1801: 'The improvement of the connections between the different parts of our country is an object well worthy of the national purse. To provide roads and

bridges is within the direct purview of the constitution.' Henry Clay spoke in Congress in 1818, as follows: 'Of all modes in which a Government can invest its surplus revenue, none is more permanently beneficial than that of internal improvements; fixed to the soil it becomes a part of the land itself, diffusing comfort, activity and animation on all sides. The first direct effect is on the agricultural community, into whose pockets comes the difference in the expense of transportation, between good and bad ways.'

"Daniel Webster, in an address in the United States Senate, in 1830, said: 'The United States enjoys the revenue derived from the commerce, and the States have no abundant or easy sources of public income. The Custom Houses fill the General Treasury, while the States have scanty resources except by resorting to heavy direct taxes. Under this view of things I have thought it necessary to settle, at least for myself, some definite notions with respect to the powers of the Government, in regard to Internal affairs, and I arrived at the conclusion that the Government had power to accomplish sundry objects or aids in their accomplishments which are now commonly spoken of as Internal Improvements.' "

I believe the subject of good roads, and their economic importance to the people, should be given consideration by our teachers in the public schools, and research made and special instruction given in our colleges, in order that the coming generation may be fitted to meet the demands for scientifically constructed roads.

---

## THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY

It is said that the proposed Lincoln Highway, that great thoroughfare that is to span this country from ocean to ocean, will pass through only five large cities and that 90 per cent. of the route will be in rural communities. Although automobile interests originated the plan for this transcontinental highway with the

intention of having a good route for touring this country, it is estimated that 80 per cent. of the traffic upon it will be local. This means a great thing for farmers, not only those who have automobiles, but those who have to haul their produce to market, and do other traveling with the horse.

The Lincoln Highway will be of great benefit to those who live along its route, but this highway is only one of many such model roads that will be built when the advantages of the good road will be better known. Motor vehicles have been of great benefit to us whether or not we may own one; they have made better roads a necessity. The automobile needed better roads and auto owners worked for them with the result that all who travel, whether by automobile or with a horse, have benefited. One paper that is printed in the interests of horse owners makes this statement: "The automobile has given us better roads than we would have had for another hundred years under the old regime."

The Lincoln Highway is an example of practical patriotism. This first great road and the thousands of miles of improved connecting roads which will eventually join it, will save the farmers, the horse owners and users of this country, millions yearly. They should be the first to aid the great project.—*Indiana Farmer.*

---

## THE UNIMPROVED HIGHWAY

I am the unimproved highway.

My name is mud.

The feet that pattered in primeval slime gave me birth.

Unchanged while the ages passed, I have endured. Time has but served to increase my infinite variety. Earth born, and without a soul, yet have I lived. From the beginning have I been man's enemy.

A dust colored python am I, stretching my length across the hills, waiting my time to crush endeavor.

I have snared caravans that left bleaching bones in lands now desert.

Empires have fallen because of me.

I have turned victories into routs; I have trapped mighty leaders and have crushed armies.

I am without faith; and those who trust me I deceive.

To-day I am fair to look upon, to-morrow a steaming bog.

I add Difficulty to Distance.

With Isolation do I conspire to unjoint the endeavors of man. I tug at the wheels of the grain cart, that bread may be dear. I mire the healer on his rounds and delay the coming that little ones may die.

I am a disrupter of home. I speed the first-born to the cities when I am fair to see; and when he would return, I face him with my forbidding depths. I minister to bitterness, and lay a tax on all the world. There is none who lives that does not pay me tribute.

When men plowed with a crooked stick I was there. When the ancients covered me with stones I slipped away to other lands. I am the oldest lie that lives to-day. Men count me cheap. I know the price they pay who count me so.

I am the unimproved highway.

My name is mud.

H. G. ANDREWS.



---

## GOOD ROADS

"Good roads are the golden chain that binds the Nation together for prosperity or defense. They lighten the burden of transportation, reduce the cost of living, raise the value of farm lands, increase the national efficiency, provide for the common defense, build up the church and school, banish the isolation of rural life, and spread prosperity, intelligence, and social advantages throughout the length and breadth of the land. We are just entering upon an era of road improvement which will make our national wealth and strength available."

## THE CALF PATH

A calf walked home as good calves should
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.
Since then three hundred years have fled,
And I infer the calf is dead.

But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my mortal tale.
The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way,
And then a wise bellwether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep;
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bellwethers always do.
And from that day, o'er hill and glade
Through those old woods a path was made.

And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path;
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf.
And through the winding woodway stalked,
Because he wobbled when we walked.

This forest path became a lane
That bent and turned and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse with his load
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one,
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet,
The road became a village street;
And this before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zig-zag calf about,
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.
They followed still his crooked way,
And lost one hundred years a day;
For thus such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach
Were I ordained and called to preach;
For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf paths of the mind;
And work away from sun to sun
To do what other men have done.
They followed in the beaten track,
And out and in and forth and back,
And still their devious course pursue,
To keep the path that others do.
They keep the path a sacred groove,
Along which all their lives they move;
But how the wise old wood gods laugh,
Who saw the first primeval calf,
Ah, many things this tale might teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.

ANONYMOUS *from the Pathfinder.*

## THOUGHTS BY THE WAYSIDE

Taken from The Alabama Good Roads and Arbor Day Book—

There are no abandoned farms along good roads.

Make roads while the sun shines.

Rain can't keep a community down, but bad roads can.

Left to themselves, a dirt road and a rain will always mean mud.

A shovelful of dirt in a little depression to-day may save a cartload next month.

If you want to know if good roads are good things, ask a horse.

If the roads around a town are bad, it might as well be on an island.

A farm on a bad road five miles from town is further away than a farm on a good road ten miles distant.

All roads need the Water Cure.

Caesar conquered Gaul by building good roads.

Good roads shorten distances; bad roads isolate.

Good roads are neighbor makers and trade builders.

---

### ROADS

If I were a road that lends itself out
To lure tired hearts to the restful wood,
Whose brooks and trees together sing psalms,
And whose odors are health and drink and food—
I'd be glad!

If I were the long, hot, dusty road,
Where the wheels of commerce are wont to turn,
Where the world might come and stand beside,
To watch, to wonder, and mayhap learn—
I'd be glad!

If I were some famed historic road,
Where bugle-notes were heard to resound,
And the tramp, tramp of soldier feet,
For a righteous cause had made sacred ground—
I'd be glad!

If I were the tortuous road of the cross,
That led to Calvary's hill one day,
I'd bid the dust and the stones cry out.
"Hosanna! Hosanna! The King's highway."
And then be glad.

MARY E. BAKER, *April Delineator.*

# MOTHER'S DAY


To the
Mothers
OF OUR BOYS SELECTED FOR
SERVICE
MOTHERS OF AMERICA —
Women of this great land of liberty
and idealism,
You who have taught us all that we
know of Love and Devotion and
Sacrifice,
You who have led us through our
greatest trials to our greatest
victories;
MOTHERS OF AMERICA, —
Today, as you gladly and proudly
send forth your sons to the
service of your country for the
freedom of the world, in joy and
pride and devotion, we salute you;
MOTHERS OF AMERICA —
Because of these things, and
because you are what you are,
we are glad and proud that you are
THE MOTHERS
OF AMERICA

## HIS MOTHER SPEAKS!

He died in France!
I know—
I who love courage so—
I must not weep, but only bravely smile,
Still thinking all the while
That, in some rosy haven where he lies
At rest in Paradise,
By a most gracious Heaven-granted chance
He smiles at me—my boy who died in France!

He surely could not be afraid,
How long we worked to make him brave!
Why, when he was a little tot, one day
He came home cut and bruised and gave
Me one scared look, and said,
"They pounded me," and cried and begged to stay
Away from school and never, never to go back.
And then we talked, my little lad and I,
He snuffled and he whined but ceased to cry,
Then stood up straight and gave his chest a whack,
And tossed his head,—his close-cropped head,
Where his bright chestnut curls were used to grow
Before his father cut them off, ah, long ago—
And said he'd beat them yet!

But oh, those dreary days
When he came home still beaten, still afraid!
His sobbing whimpers always made
My heart sink low. It was so hard to get
His courage back, and make him try again.
Till dawned that golden morning when
He strutted through the door, his eyes ablaze!
His lips were cut and his poor freckled nose
Was one red spurt of blood from well-placed blows.
I met the gaze
Of that wrecked god-like youngster, saw the shade
Of fear had vanished, and I knew
That when he pranced and shouted, it was true—
"I ain't afraid!"

But now he's dead,
In France, I don't know where.
He thought I would not let him go,
Dear, foolish boy, and brought me flowers
And petted me and tried so to prepare
My heart for his great news. How could he know
That I had read it in his deepened eyes
And sudden manly ways:

He was so proud that I could rise
To his fair dreams. He thought that I loved Peace;
And so I did, until one night they drowned
A stately ship whose bravery has crowned
Her beauty for the centuries to praise,
Since then I did not cease
To rear about my splendid boy great towers
Of pray'r that he should fight with courage high
And that, if need be, bravely he should die.

I prayed that he might fight, if die he must,
Matched man to man with hope in ev'ry thrust;
That in his last encounter he should meet
A man who fought with grave and gallant grace
And, while the blows fell, in the other's face
Be written admiration; so the last defeat
Would not taste bitter from a foe so brave.
This boon I could not help but crave.
What futile dreams a mother's thoughts employ!
Surrounded he—a dozen to my boy!
And yet I know—
I who love courage so—
When through the dawn their faint shapes were descried,
Thank God—he fought them all, and fighting died!

BLANCHE OLIN TWISS.

## PIONEER AMERICAN MOTHERS

By Alice Lambert Rathbone

This is a story that in a way will interest girls more than boys, for the former are the future mothers and housewives of the nation, and it is their sex that has probably made the greatest progress, all things considered, since Colonial days, for at that time women were not given any voice in government.

By the time you, Children, are grown, you will recount to *your* children that "once upon a time," even within your memory, not all the women in the United States could vote on great questions of the day.

I am going to tell you a little of a few, a very few, of the women who helped make the history of our beloved country.

No colleges of Colonial days admitted women, but the average girl of those times had the opportunity of about as much "book learning" as did the boy. In this new country she, when grown, learned to share in all ways the responsibility of the husband, and paved the way for the emancipation of her sex in later times. There was of course a scarcity of labor in those days, so often she worked in the fields with her "better half," and always she shared with him the danger of Indian raids, ever present.

Together they faced the bad government of some—many, of the Colonial governors, and the pioneer woman came into a perspective on governmental affairs that was closer and broader than she had known for centuries.

The record of the wives and mothers who came to America on the Mayflower is sad, indeed, for fourteen of the eighteen of them did not survive the hardships—cold, poor shelter, improper food, etc., of the first winter. In fact, history tells us that many of these contracted colds at the first "washing day" (as it chanced, on a Monday), joyfully started on shore with the help of roaring bonfires and huge kettles, by these cleanly as well as godly pioneer mothers, as soon, almost, as they landed.

I shall pass over lightly, because I am sure you already know it, the story of Priscilla, who married John Alden, and whose union was immortalized by our beloved poet Longfellow in his "Courtship of Miles Standish."

Susanna White (the mother of the famous Peregrine White, the baby born on board the Mayflower) was the first mother of the colony of Plymouth, her first husband having died shortly after landing, and she having married Edward Winslow the same year. He became a revered governor of the colony, and years later his son occupied the same high office.

Mary Brewster, Elizabeth Hopkins and Helen Billington were the other of the four Pilgrim mothers, who, with Mrs. Winslow, survived the rigors of the first awful winter.

Ann Hutchinson deserves mention, for history records her as America's first club-woman. She is described by those of her time as of "bold spirit and ready wit," and she certainly did not lack courage, to leave the colony of Boston with her babe at her breast to seek religious freedom in another, more frontier-like one. Before she left the older colony, it became the habit of the women of the town to gather at her home twice a week to discuss the sermon of the previous Sunday, so, this may be said to have been the first organization of women in our country, outside of those strictly within the pale of the church. After her husband's death in Rhode Island, to which they went after Ann's expulsion for the freedom of her religious opinions, she went to Pelham Manor, in what is now New York, and there she and her children were murdered in an Indian raid.

Margaret Brent has been called the "American Portia," and she is also the first woman to have claimed the right to vote.

Just before the death of Governor Calvert, he made her executrix of his estate, and the lady claimed that this also made her attorney for the valuable estate of Lord Baltimore, in which capacity she acted. It is related that when Lord Baltimore heard of this proceeding he sent a letter of protest, full of invective, but for this he was reproved by some of those with whom she had

had dealings concerning the administration of the great holdings, and told of her able work.

This strong-minded woman rode to the general assembly, and in the face of the determination of its members to hedge her about with rules and regulations so that she could not be heard, she made a telling speech from the rostrum, arguing for the privilege of a vote in this representative body; and had it not been for the jealous determination of the weak Governor Green, would have been admiringly granted the right by the members. She was largely instrumental in securing the passage of the "Toleration Act," guaranteeing more religious freedom than before existed in any of the colonies. When mutiny was threatened by the ragged soldiers who had put down Claiborne's rebellion, she ably sold off enough cattle from the Baltimore acres to redeem Calvert's promise to pay their wages, and in addition made them a heart-warming talk that stirred their patriotism.

Most of you children have heard of the famous "Charter Oak" of Connecticut, and know that it is so called, because of the fact that high up in its branches was hidden the precious governmental paper which allowed the colonists of Massachusetts Bay more freedom than they were to be given on its revocation and their domination by the royal Governor Andros. But how many of you know that it was the loyal heart and clever brain of a woman who conceived the idea of avoiding the discovery and confiscation of the precious document by tyrranical Andros, whose first course was to search the houses of the patriots. Mistress Ruth Wyllys it was who urged Lieutenant Wadsworth to take it out of her home, held it at the foot of the tree while he climbed, then handed it to him, and afterward disguised him in her husband's clothes and provided him with bread and meat to keep him alive in the forest till the governor's soldiers' pursuit should have ended, unsuccessfully.

No story of American motherhood would be complete without a few words about Mary Ball Washington, the mother of our first President. Her life is said to have been one of simplicity and

piety, in the midst of a time when great confusion characterized the life of people of her station.

She disapproved strongly of her son George's revolutionary tendencies, advocating loyalty to the King, but in the end gave the first President her blessing, and lived to see him the beloved President of a victorious people.

On the whole the heritage of the women of Revolutionary days to American womanhood, and that means you, girls, was firmness, decision of character, resourcefulness, and last but not least, loyalty.

There was Elizabeth Hagar, known as "Betsy the Blacksmith's Helper," because she was so handy with tools that she assisted her employer, not only with farm duties, but at the forge, who repaired captured British cannon, working through the night that they might be put to use at the earliest possible moment, and tearing up her flanned underwear to wrap the charges of ammunition, thus winning for herself a place in the hearts of all true Americans.

Also there were "Molly Pitcher," whose real name was Mary Ludwig Hays, and Margaret Cochran Corbin, who served with their husbands in the battle lines,—reminding one of the Russian women who took men's places in the World War. Deborah Sampson served two years as a common soldier, eluding detection as a girl for all that time. And Quaker Lydia Darrah, whose eavesdropping at a meeting of friends of one of her lodgers, saved Washington's army from capture at Whitemarsh. So many others contributed their bit that space does not here permit a recital of their deeds, although they are worthy of mention, and memory, every one of them.

The last one I shall tell you of is one well known to most American school children—Betsy Ross, whose renown as maker of the first flag of our country has practically immortalized her in the annals of fame. It was made from General Washington's design, with the adoption of some changes made by the patriotic Betsy

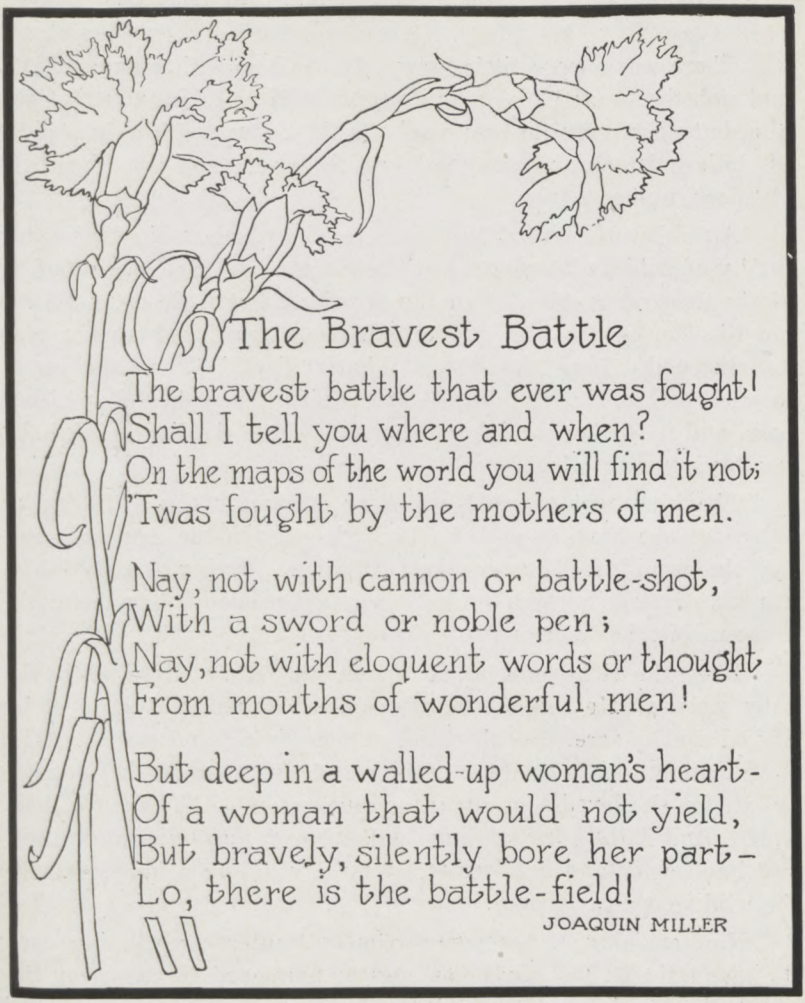
herself—for instance, the use of a five instead of a six-pointed star, and the placing of the stars in a circle, as that would not give one colony precedence over another. When it was pointed out that the addition in time to come of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and so on, states, would necessitate the addition of more stripes to the original thirteen, Betsy advocated the keeping of thirteen only for the flag, and indicating the growth of the Union by the addition of stars, and eventually this was done, after it was seen that more than thirteen bars really did spoil the beauty of the emblem of our land.

Mrs. Ross sewed together the pieces of not only the original flag, but many others, for records in the U. S. Treasury Department show that she was paid for, among others, those used on the fleet in the Delaware river.

These women, of whom I have told you in this brief way, are the foremothers of many of our country that I sincerely hope it will be your pleasure to read of time and again. Just as brave deeds are being performed to-day in this day and age in all fields of human endeavor in which women are making their way. Their lives and work are more interesting than any fiction, because they are "true stories," as the tiny tots say. Not only will they be interesting to you, but they can hardly help proving an incentive for your progress on life's pathway, if for no other reason than your gratitude for their contribution to civilization and your opportunities.

* * * * * *

The writer of the foregoing is deeply indebted for much of the historical data to "The Pioneer Mothers of America" (by Harry Clinton Green and Mary Wolcott Green, A.B.), whose extensive bibliography shows the exhaustive search in original sources which has brought to light many hitherto unknown and interesting facts concerning American pioneer women.



## The Bravest Battle

The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle-shot,
With a sword or noble pen;
Nay, not with eloquent words or thought
From mouths of wonderful men!

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart-
Of a woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part-
Lo, there is the battle-field!

JOAQUIN MILLER

## THE WOLF MOTHER OF SAINT AILBE

A STORY OF MOTHER LOVE AMONG THE ANIMALS

There was a poor little baby. He had no father and mother, and nobody wanted him. The people who had him tried to sell him, but nobody would buy him. So they wrapped him in a piece of cloth and took him away out into the woods and left him there all alone under a tree.

An old wolf mother lived there in the woods. She had a fine family of babies of her own in the den near by. She was standing at the door of her den when she heard a faint little cry. It was not like her own babies' cry at all. So she pricked up her ears and listened. Then she said, "What's that?" Then she began to smell and sniff with her nose in the air. Then she followed her nose, and it led her straight to the spot where the little pink baby lay, crying with all his might.

The kind mother wolf was very sorry for the little crying baby, for she thought of her own little ones in the den, and how sad she would feel to see them all alone, crying for cold and hunger. So she picked the baby up in her mouth very tenderly and ran into her den in the rocks.

Here the little one, whose name was Ailbe, lived with the baby wolves. He shared their breakfast, dinner and supper; he played and quarreled with them, and grew big and strong. The wolf mother took good care of him and saw that he had enough to eat, for she loved him almost as much as if he had been a little wolf. And Ailbe grew stronger and stronger, and taller and taller, and handsomer and handsomer, every day, living a happy life in the wild woods of Ireland.

Now one day, a few years after, a hunter came riding over the mountain on his way home, and he happened to pass near the cave where Ailbe and the wolves lived. As he was riding along under the trees he saw a little white creature run across the path in front of him. At first he thought it was a rabbit; but it was too big for a rabbit, and besides it did not hop. The hunter

jumped down from his horse and ran after the queer animal to find out what it was. His long legs soon overtook it in a clump of bushes where it was hiding. Then what do you suppose? He found that it had no fur nor horns nor tail, but that it was a beautiful little boy, whose little bare body ran on all fours like a baby wolf! It was little Ailbe, the wolf mother's pet, who had grown so fast that he could almost take care of himself now.

The hunter said to himself, "I will carry the poor little thing home to my kind wife; she will take care of him." So he caught Ailbe up in his arms. Ailbe kicked and squealed and bit like the little wild animal he was. But the good hunter wrapped him in a corner of his great cloak, jumped on his horse, and galloped away out of the woods toward his village.

Ailbe did not want to leave his forest home, the wolf den, and his little wolf brothers. Especially he did not want to leave his dear wolf mother. He screamed and struggled to get away from the big hunter, and he called to the wolves in their own language to come and help him. Then out of the forest came bounding the great mother wolf with her four children, now grown to be as big as herself. She chased the hunter's horse and snapped at his legs, and howled with grief and anger. But she could not catch the thief, nor get back her little white boy baby. So after following them for miles, the five wolves dropped farther and farther behind. At last, as he stretched out his little arms to them over the hunter's velvet shoulder, Ailbe saw them stop in the road panting, with one last howl of farewell. They had given up the hopeless chase. And with their tails between their legs and their heads drooping low they slunk back to their den where they would never see their little boy playmate any more. It was a sad day for the good wolf mother.

The hunter carried little Ailbe home with him on the horse's back. There he found a new mother to receive him. Ailbe never knew who his first mother was. His second mother was the kind wolf. And this one, the third, was a beautiful princess. For the hunter who had found the boy was a prince, and he lived in a grand castle with hundreds of servants, horses and dogs, and little boy pages for Ailbe to play with.

Here he lived and was very happy; and he learned all the things a little boy had to learn, in those days, to grow up into a wise and great man. He grew up so wise and great that he was made a bishop and had a palace of his own in the town of Emly. People came to see him from far and near; they made him presents, and asked him questions, and ate his dinners.

But, though he had grown so great and famous, Ailbe had never forgotten his second mother, the good wolf, or his four-footed brothers, in their gray fur coats. And sometimes when his visitors stayed too long, or when they asked too many questions, or ate too much dinner, Ailbe longed to be back in the forests with the good beasts. For they had more sense, though they had never kissed the Blarney Stone, which makes one talk good Irish.

One day, a great many years afterwards, there was a great hunt in Emly. All the lords for miles around were out chasing the wild beasts. Among them was the prince, Ailbe's foster-father, but the bishop himself was not with them. He did not see any sport in killing poor creatures. It was almost night, and the people of Emly were out watching for the hunters to return. The bishop was coming down the village street, on his way from church, when the sound of horns came over the hills close by, and he knew that the chase was nearing home.

Louder and louder came the "tooting" of the horns. Then he could hear the sound of the horses' hoofs and the yelps of the hounds. Suddenly the bishop's heart stood still. Among all the noises of the chase he heard one sound that took him 'way back to the days when he was a baby in the woods. It was the long howl of a wolf, a sad howl of weariness and pain. It spoke a language that he had almost forgotten. Hardly had he the time to remember, when down the village street came a gaunt figure, flying in long leaps from the dogs snapping at her heels. It was Ailbe's wolf mother.

He knew her as soon as he saw her green eyes and the patch of white on her foreleg. And she knew him, too, how I cannot say, for he had changed greatly since she last saw him, a naked

little baby boy. But at any rate she knew him; though dressed in his fine robes of purple and linen and rich lace, with the mitre on his head, the wolf mother knew her dear son. With a cry of joy she bounded up to him and laid her head on his breast, as if she were sure that he would protect her from the angry dogs and the fierce hunters. And the good bishop was true to her. He drew his beautiful velvet cloak about her tired body, and laid his hand lovingly on her head. Then in the other he held up his crook warningly to keep back the fierce dogs.

"I will protect thee, old mother," he said tenderly. "When I was little and young and feeble, thou didst nourish and protect me; and now that thou art old and gray and weak, shall I not give the same love and care to thee? No one shall injure thee."

Then the hunters came tearing up on their foaming horses and stopped short to find what the matter was. Some of them were angry and wanted even now to kill the poor wolf, just as the dogs did who were snarling around. But Ailbe would have none of it. He forbade them to touch the wolf. And they dared not disobey him, but had to be content with seeing their hunt spoiled and their prey saved alive.

But before the hunters and their dogs rode away Saint Ailbe had something more to say to them. And he bade all the townsfolk who had gathered about him and the wolf, to listen also. He told again of the promise which he had made to the wolf, and warned every one never to hurt her or her children, either in the village, or in the woods, or on the mountains. And, turning to her once more, he said:

"See mother, you need not fear. They dare not hurt you now. I will protect you. Come every day with my brothers to my table, and you shall all be fed as once I was fed by you."

And so it was. Every day after that, so long as she lived, the old wolf mother came with her four children to the bishop's palace and howled at the gate for the porter to let them in. And every day he opened to them, and the steward showed the five into the great dining hall where Ailbe sat at the head of the table, with five places set for the rest of the family. And there with her

five children about her the kind wolf mother sat and ate at the bishop's table. She loved them all and was happy. But the child she loved best had no furry coat or fine whiskers, nor did he look like her; it was the blue-eyed Saint who sat at the head of the table in his robes of purple and white.

Saint Ailbe would look about him at his mother and his brothers and would laugh.

"What a handsome family we are!" he would say. And it was true.

—*Irish Mediaeval Tale.*

The mothers of every country are more important than the armies and munitions of war. The mothers are the source of civilization. To our mothers we owe our patriotism, our religion, our holiest aspirations. It is especially fitting in the year 1916 that we pay tribute to the Mothers of America. Let the boys and girls and the "grown-ups," who are away from home on Mothers' Day write a letter of gratitude to Mother. "Let those who are home meet mother with a smile, a kiss and a handful of flowers. Recite to her the prayer she taught you at the bedside."

WOODBRIDGE N. FERRIS, *Governor of Michigan.*

---

TO MY MOTHER

I do not build a monument
  Of carved white marble for your sake,
That only those who pass may read,
  And only those memorial make.
My life must be the monument,
  I consecrate in your behalf;
My charity must carve your name,
  My gentleness your epitaph.
Above this record I engrave,
  No drooping figure there must be;
Straight-shouldered courage, starry-eyed
  Must mark the scroll of destiny.
And may some fragment of your strength
  By God's great mystery fall on me;
That through this monument of mine,
  May shine your immortality.

CLAUDIA CRANSTON.

*September Good Housekeeping.*

## THE IMMIGRANT MADONNA

This Christmastide, America, I bring to you my son,
My baby son.
He comes with little heritage,
But his eyes are clear, his body strong.
He is ready for you to do with him what you will.
What will you?

Will you use him hurriedly for your quick ends?
And will you then discard him because he is worn out—and still a foreigner?
Or will you teach him, watch him grow and help him to be one of you,
To work with you for those great things you seek?

He is my son, America,
And all my treasure,
I bring him here to you—
And you, what will you do with him?

---

## MOTHER'S KISS

I sit at the window and sew and dream,
While my little boy at play
Beguiles my thoughts from hem and seam
As he frolics the live-long day;
But time and again he comes to me
With a sorrowful tale to tell,
And mother must look at the scratch or bump,
Then kiss it and make it well.

So I kiss his head, and his knee, and his arm,
And his dear, little grimy hand;
Ah! who can fathom the magic charm,
And who can understand?
I must even kiss when he bites his tongue,
And love works its magic spell
For there's never a cut, nor a scratch, nor a bump
But mother can kiss it well.

SELECTED.

## MY MOTHER

You may talk about your sweetheart
With eyes of gray or blue,
And you wonder if she's waiting
At the gate for sight of you.

You may talk of her affection,
Of her deep, undying love;
And say that being with her
Is a glimpse of the Above.

Perhaps her hair is golden,
Or as black as raven's wing.
Of her beauty and her sweetness
You can forever sing.

But I sit alone in silence,
While you talk, and rave, and dream;
Then a sweet face comes before me,
And I name her as my Queen.

For I know of me she's thinking;
Her face is pure and true,
And her love for me is greater
Than the girl who waits for you.

With a smile she always greets me
And no matter how she feels—
In every look and action
Her care for me reveals.

'Tis not for wealth she does it,
Position, looks, or fame;
But—just because she loves me,
For MOTHER is her name.

R. H. N., *in People's Popular Monthly.*

## HIDDEN TREASURE

Mother keeps a hidden treasure in a bureau drawer she locks,
And the treasure chest that holds it's just a yellowed paper box,
And the treasure that is in it's really nothing much to see,
But it's guarded as the jewels of a throne could never be.
Just a little baby slipper, worn all shiny on the sole,
Just a tiny little stocking, in the toe a tiny hole,
And the tiny feet that wore them in the journeys of the past
Are toddling now in memories that all her life will last.

When she takes the tiny treasure from its secret hiding place,
Somehow softer lights seem fallen on her dear old mother face,
And the loving hand caresses are a silent mother prayer
For the footsteps of the baby that she seems to vision there.
For the baby that had worn them is a baby to her still
In a corner of her heart no other love can ever fill.
Yes, the baby that had worn them, baby still will always be,
Though the years have turned that baby into great, big, grown-up me!

HAZEN CONKLIN.

---

How fair you are, my mother!
Ah, tho 'tis many a year
Since you were here,
Still do I see your beauteous face
And with the glow
Of your dark eyes cometh a grace
Of long ago.

EUGENE FIELD.

---

## "WHAT MUDDER T'INKS I AM."

While walking down a crowded city street the other day,
I heard a little urchin to a comrade turn and say:
"Say, Jimmie, you know I'd be happy as a clam
If I only was the feller that me mudder t'inks I am.
She t'inks I am a wonder and knows her little lad
Would never mix wit' nuthin' that was ugly, mean or bad.
I often sit and t'ink how nice it would be, Gee Whiz,
If a feller was de feller dat his mudder t'inks he is."

MY MAMMA

My mamma says some little girls
    Is lonesome as can be,
'Cause they ain't got no mother,
    Like some other girls, and me,
And I jist wonder wot they does,
    When their prayers is said,
With none to hug and kiss 'em,
    And cover 'em in bed.

I'd like to find a little girl—
    One without no mother—
And bring her home to my house.
    Then run and find another.
I wish I'd bring a hundred,
    And let 'em come and see
How good and kind and lovin'
    My mother is to me.

And if they gets more kisses
From mother, than does me,
I'll know that she does it
'Cause they's got no mother. See?
I'll just hug and kiss 'em, too,
An' run an' romp an' play,
An' they can live at our house
With mother every day.

And when bedtime comes around,
An' we can hardly see,
I'll tell 'em all that mother
Jist sleeps next up to me.
O' course I want them little girls
As close as close can be,
But I'm always used to mother
Sleepin' next close up to me.

HARRY G. BURNS.

---

## HIS MOTHER'S FACE

Three little boys talked together,
One sunny summer day,
And I leaned out of the window
To hear what they had to say.

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"
One of the little boys said,
"Was a bird in grandpa's garden,
All black and white and red."

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"
Said the second little boy,
"Was a pony at the circus—
I wanted him awfully bad."

"I think," said the third little fellow,
With a grave and gentle grace,
"That the prettiest thing in all the world
Is just my mother's face."

SELECTED.

## BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

If you have a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit down and write the letter
You put off day by day.
Don't wait until her tired steps
Reach heaven's pearly gates,
But show her that you think of her
Before it is too late.

If you've tender message
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it,
But whisper it to-day.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait?
So make your loved ones happy,
Before it is too late.

We live but in the present,
The future is unknown.
To-morrow is a mystery,
To-day is all our own.
The chance that fortune leads to
May vanish while you wait,
So spend your life's rich pleasures
Before it is too late.

The tender words unspoken,
The letters never sent,
The long-forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent.
For these some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait;
So show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.

CHARLES W. COBURN.

## WHERE IS MOTHER?

Of all our dearest earthly friends,
Our mother is the dearest one.
So faithful, patient, and so kind
Beside her, surely, there is none.
How dearly we remember her,
In infancy and childhood days!
Her name was ever uppermost
When anxious in our childish ways.
And oftener did we hear those words
Than we did any other
From out the garden, yard, and house
Ring out with "Where is mother?"

She is the center of the home,
The one on whom we all rely
In trouble, sickness, for advice
In all the ventures we would try.
She is lawyer, judge and jury,
Ever true to counsel and decide
Every case of family discord,
That may in her court be tried.
She is self-same to every one
And father, sister, brother
Will, in their deep perplexities,
All inquire, "Where is mother?"

Most willing she makes herself
The seamstress, housemaid, nurse and cook
And seasons victuals just to taste
And smooths and tidies every nook,
So patiently she wears away
Her life with hard domestic cares,
Which puts the wrinkles on her face,
And powders white so many hairs.
If we'd but realize her cares
We'd never cause her another;
But strive to make her burden light
And seldom ask "Where is mother?"

She is God's greatest gift to us;
The molder of the youthful heart;
A jewel set with precious gems;
The one from whom we'd never part.
No grander hero ever lived;
None greater sacrifices make;
She always lends a helping hand,
And ever ready for our sake.
Yet, we do often her neglect
As we would scarce another;
O would our conscience smite us then,
Till we'd cry out "Where is mother?"

One mother's all we'll ever have,
And we should aim to have her dwell
As long as possible with us,
And ever to remember well—
No hand like mother-hand can guide;
No eyes like mother-eyes can see;
No ties like mother-ties can bind;
No love like mother-love can be.
And when she's gone we soon will find
That there will be no other
To fill her place. Then we again
Can never ask "Where is mother?"

LEVI FUNK.

---

## THE EVENSONG

Hush, hush, dear babe! The eventide is falling,
And everything is very still and slow;
Ah, hush, and listen to the pale stars calling,
Calling to tell you how they love you so!

"Baby dear, on mother's breast,
Listen while we sing to you;
Peace and slumber, sweetest rest,
All of these we bring to you!
Little stars watch in the sky
While the big ones bear to you
Dreams, that shall not fade or fly
But shall make life fair to you!"

Hush! Mother's close beside, so hush and listen
To the night-whisper thrilling from above;
See how the dim star-jewels gleam and glisten
While they are singing to you of their love!

"Baby dear, fall fast asleep:
Though God took the day from you,
Yet His watching stars will keep
Evil things away from you.
When you see them smile afar
Let nothing give a fear to you;
Just rest, and thank each little star,
And know that mother's near to you!"

H. BEDFORD JONES.

---

## "I REMEMBER MY MOTHER"

I remember my mother
In the deep still night-time,
When books were put on the shelves again
And toys were put 'way,
When the moonlight filled my bed-room
And the shadow-time, the flight-time
Of happy, sleepy memories
Remade the merry day.

The book that always slipped from bed
Was smiled upon and taken.
The clothes that lay both far and near
Were folded on the chair,
And, last, she kissed me lightly,
So lightly—not to waken,
And her white arms were about me,
And her soft dark hair.

How soft the door was opened,
How swift she stole upon me,
With covers for my carelessness,
Awake enough to see
Her silver dress of silentness,
Her wistful brows that won me;
To feel her touch upon me,
And the way she looked at me!

And charger-borne afar that night
Through spectral lands and lonely,
With elves close riding
For some dungeoned castle-keep
I thought, "My pretty Mother!
I wear her favor only."
I thought "My lovely Mother!"
And smiled in my sleep.

W. Rose Benet.

---

## TO MOTHER ON MOTHER'S DAY

How many days have you cried for me?
How many tears have you dried for me?
How many days have you worried long?
How many years have you filled with song?
Nobody knows but you, mother.

How many times have I hurt your heart?
How many times have we had to part?
How many prayers have you said for me?
How many miles have you walked for me?
Nobody knows but you, mother.

How many times will your heart be glad?
How many times will you say of your lad?
"I knew he'd repay me for all of my pain.
I knew that my work would not be in vain?"
Nobody knows but you, mother.

And so I am giving this day to you,
Tho the hours are short and the minutes few,
That you may know on this sacred day,
That your son is thinking of you, and pray
As nobody can but you, mother.

L. A. Jacobs.

## MOTHER'S DAY

'Tis a beautiful thought that an unseen friend,
An angel in shining white,
Is watching over each little child
To lead him in paths of right.

I often wish I could see its face
As I gaze up into the blue,
But I never have caught a single glimpse
Of a beautiful angel, have you?

But in my home there's a precious friend
Who is better than any other;
I can see the love shining in her face,
Can you guess her name? My Mother.

She loves me whether I'm bad or good,
But when I'm naughty she's sad;
Then I see the shadow come over her face,—
And when I'm sorry she's glad.

She's the dearest friend in all the world,
I love at her side to stay,
And I'm glad there's one day in the year
That is really Mother's Day.

M. Louise Ford.

---

## "HELPING MOTHER" (for a girl of six)

"Doing the dishes
And dusting the chairs,
Sweeping the pantry
And wiping the stairs,
Stoning the raisins
And beating the cake,
Peeling the apples,
The deep pies to make.

"Running on errands
So many and long,
Singing to baby
A lullaby song,
Finding his playthings
And making them go,
So that dear baby'll
Be happy and grow.

"These are the duties
Of this little maid.
How do I do them,
And how am I paid?
Well do I do them,
And well am I paid
When Mother says: 'Thank you,
My dear little maid!'"

SELECTED.

## MOTHERS

Mothers are the queerest things!
'Member when John went away,
All but mother cried and cried
When they said good-by that day.
She just talked, and seemed to be
Not the slightest bit upset—
Was the only one who smiled!
Others' eyes were streaming wet.
But when John come back again
On a furlough, safe and sound,
With a medal for his deeds,
And without a single wound,
While the rest of us hurrahed,
Laughed, and joked, and danced about,
Mother kissed him, then she cried—
Cried and cried like all git out!

EDWIN L. SABIN, *in Century.*

## THE BRAVE AT HOME

The maid who binds her warrior's sash
  With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
  One starry teardrop hangs and trembles,
Though heaven alone records the tear,
  And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
  As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's sword
  'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
  What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
  The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
  Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
  While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
  Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
  To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
  Received on freedom's field of honor!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

---

## MOTHER

The noblest thoughts my soul can claim,
The holiest words my tongue can frame,
Unworthy are to praise the name
  More sacred than all other.
An infant, when her love first came—
A man, I find it just the same;
Reverently I breathe her name,
  The blessed name of Mother.

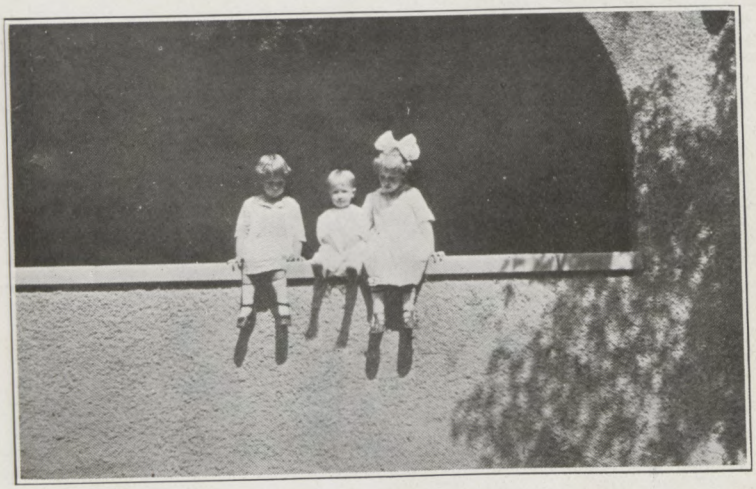
GEORGE GRIFFETH FETTER.

## A PIONEER MOTHER'S LULLABY

Sleep, little heart, little oh-my-dear,
The birds in the forest are going to rest,
While the sun sinks low in the Red-man's west.
Brave little heart, you know no fear;
Danger is far
As the twilight star.
Sleep, little heart, little oh-my-dear!

Dream, little heart, little oh-my-own,
Dream of this land where the world is new;
Your cities shall grow as our cabin grew;
Our dreams will come true when you are grown.
We have dreamed them for you
And they will come true.
Dream little heart, little oh-my-own!

FRANCES MORRISON, *1916.*



# FATHER'S DAY

## FATHER AND SON WEEK.

By H. M. Barrett, *Principal East Denver High School.*

The small boy came into the house crying, and when his mother asked him what the trouble was, he said:

"Man hit me."

"What man?" demanded his mother.

"Man 'at stays here Sundays."

The object of Father and Son Week is to get sons and fathers acquainted. There is a general feeling that such an acquaintance will be "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction and for instruction in righteousness." And it may very well be that the acquaintance will prove profitable not for sons only, but for fathers also. "A thing of beauty is a boy forever," says somebody, revising Keats. The boy will help to keep the father's heart young though time slips by and he grows old with the silent years. He will guide him to the fountain that Ponce de Leon hunted for in vain; and if fathers and sons enough resort thither, the waters of this fountain, like the leaves of the tree of life, shall be for the healing of the nations.

There is a mutual need existing between father and son which each can fill for the other better than anybody else. The priest may be holier, the teacher may be wiser, but the father has, if he knows how to use it, a hold of the boy, and the boy of the father, that is more potent than the wisdom of ages or sages and that shall be accounted to both for righteousness.

Many a father has longed to be a pal to his boy and has not been able, and how many sons have yearned in their hearts for fathers they could go to with joy and sorrow—while fathers longed to have them come. Each needs help to break the ice, and that is what Father and Son Week is for—to break the ice and keep the channel open.

There's enough reason in the fact that fathers are fathers and sons are sons to justify, if it needed justification, the program of

the week. But in these times, influences in business and education and society tend to keep fathers and sons apart all day and every day. Life is exacting and tends to specialization, and the boy and the father don't work at the same job, as a rule, as they used to on the farm. The movie and the auto and the multiplying activities which draw father in one direction and son in another—these are the altogether natural and often absolutely pernicious influences which tend to undermine and disrupt the American home. They are not easy to deal with, but they are harder to deal with alone than with many.

Father and Son Week is created so that there shall be opportunity for united effort by fathers and sons to break the bars that have sundered them and to get together and grow together and be happy together. The consequences in sheer happiness are past calculation. With such spiritual consequences why undertake to enumerate the material, financial, social, or even the moral gains! Surely, all these things shall be added.

Father and Son Week for 1920 will begin Monday, February 16th. The following program is suggested:

MONDAY—Final preparation day. Meeting of your committee for final preparations for the week.

TUESDAY—Home day. Plan to have the father spend the evening at home.

WEDNESDAY—Fathers' day. A day for fathers' conferences and discussions on the boy.

THURSDAY—"Tell your boy" day. This gives a splendid opportunity for fathers to tell their boys things that they ought to know regarding their social and mental life.

FRIDAY—Annual banquet day. A good day to have Father and Son dinner.

SATURDAY—Recreation day. A day set aside when father can go off with his boy, either as individuals or in a group, for a picnic.

SUNDAY—Go-to-Church day. The pastor can arrange special Father and Son service.

## WAIT TILL YOUR PA COMES HOME

"Wait till your Pa comes home!" Oh, dear!
What a dreadful threat for a boy to hear.
Yet never a boy of three or four
But has heard it a thousand times or more;
"Wait till your Pa comes home, my lad,
And see what you'll get for being bad."

"Wait till your Pa comes home, you scamp!
You've soiled the walls with your fingers damp,
You've tracked the floor with your muddy feet
And fought with the boy across the street;
You've torn your clothes and you look a sight!
But wait till your Pa comes home to-night."

Now since I'm the Pa of that daily threat
Which paints me as black as a thing of jet,
I rise in protest right here to say
I won't be used in so fierce a way;
No child of mine in the evening gloam
Shall be afraid of my coming home.

I want him waiting for me at night
With eyes that glisten with real delight;
When it's right that punished my boy should be
I don't want the job postponed for me.
I want to come home to a round of joy
And not to frighten a little boy.

"Wait till your Pa comes home!" Oh, dear!
What a dreadful threat for a boy to hear.
Yet that is ever a mother's way
Of saving herself from a bitter day;
And well she knows in the evening gloam
That he won't be hurt when his Pa comes home.

ANONYMOUS.

## BOYS AND THEIR DADDIES

BY WALTER M. CORLL

A popular and practical way of interesting men in school affairs and at the same time bringing them into complete touch with their own sons and the other boys of the neighborhood has been worked out by the men of Dormont, a suburb of Pittsburgh, Pa. Led by the principal of the schools, Professor John D. Martz, the boys over twelve years of age gave a banquet in honor of their fathers. After a time the banquet was repeated and then the men woke up. The fathers, not to be outdone by their boys, took their own boys and all the other boys of the neighborhood to a leading hotel of the city and proffered them a real up-to-date banquet with speeches, prizes and a general good time.

The speakers emphasized the importance of fellowship between father and son, the influence of father over son, and kindred subjects. Man after man arose and stated that he had never before realized what a field for development there is along this line. The men began to plan hikes, auto rides, outdoor dinners and what not, all of which are intended to increase the fellowship between fathers and their boys. It is fully expected that as a result of this movement the work of the teachers in the schools will be made easier and that many a boy now left to himself with all the attending dangers of such a desertion will be saved by his father to a nobler manhood.

There is a suggestion here for other principals of schools, who are having trouble in arousing a proper interest on the part of parents of the school children. Men may have but little interest in the schools, but they are interested in their own boys. The plan is simple, and it works.

### FATHER'S HOME-COMING

The clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done;
Sweep up the hearth, and stir the fire,
And put the kettle on.
The wild, night wind is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

May, do not close the shutters, child;
For, far along the lane
The little window looks, and he
Can see it shining plain.
I've heard him say he loves to mark
The cheerful firelight through the dark.

I know he's coming by this sign,
That baby's almost wild;
See how he laughs, and crows, and stares—
Heaven bless the merry child!
His father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark! Hark! I hear his footsteps now;
He's through the garden gate;
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
And do not let him wait.
Shout, baby, shout! and clap your hands,
For father on the threshold stands.

MARY HOWITT.

---

## A BOY NEEDS HIS FATHER

The whole world realizes that a girl needs her mother, but few fathers realize that food, shelter, clothes and good schooling are not all the parental attention that a boy should get from his father. These are necessities. But the greatest good, the greatest help that can come to a boy, is the encouragement, the inspiration and the comradeship of a father who hasn't forgotten that he once was a boy.

## A TRIBUTE TO FATHER—FROM SON

What is home without a mother?
People say to one another;
Why not ask about the other?
Who? W'y Dad!

He gets out and has to hustle
All day long with brain and muscle
And with fate has many a tussle,
Good, brave Dad!

'Cause he isn't always funny,
Do not think him grouchy, sonny,
Maybe he's in need of money—
Your kind Dad!

When he sees the years a-flying,
How he wishes you were trying
To be manly—hear him sighing
O'er his boy—poor Dad!

Why not stop his fret and worry;
Make him glad instead of sorry?
You can do it if you hurry.
Dear, dear Dad!

God himself laid the foundation
Of life's sweetest, best relation;
On the Home is built the nation!
And—Dad!

Hearthstones place one by another,
On the first inscribe "Our Mother,"
And beside it make the other:
"Our Dad!"

ANNIE WELLS KELLY, *of Garden Place School.*

## PRETENDIN'

"Sometimes I play my papa's like
A pony-horse, or just a bike,
And when I ride his foot or knee,
He jolts the gizzard out of me!

"Sometimes I play he's just a bear
And then I grab him by the hair,
And if he'll promise not to bite,
I let the ol' bear hug me tight.

"And we have lots of fun, sometime,
Pretendin' he's a hill to climb,
And play his stomach is a rock,
And jab him with my alpenstock.

"And sometime he's a foreign foe
And I just shoot him good, you know.
And then he falls down, like he's dead,
And I play I cut off his head.

"Sometime he says, 'Now that's the end
Of playin'-like and let's pretend,'
And he won't play no more. And then
I play like he's my pa again!"

EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

---

## MY PAW

My paw he's the bestest man, he brings me lots of toys,
And candy, too, and all sich things what's good for little boys;
And lets me go to circuses and spend my money free,
He buys me lots of Sunday clothes; but he won't play with me.

Most ev'ry morning after ten I gets my ball to play,
And I ask my paw to catch it, but he allus sure to say:
"Don't bother, son, I'm busy now; go on to bed," says he,
Then I go off a-wishin' that my paw would play with me.

Sometimes when I kneel down at night, just sorter so, to pray,
Old Nick slides in betwixt the lines and almost makes me say:
"Oh, Lord, send me a paw what ain't got so much biz, as he
Can't find a weeny, teeny time that he can play with me."

I 'spects that great big mens don't want some fun no way;
Any maybe 'twouldn't look just right to see them run and play,
But I just can't help thinking, sir, what great sport 'twould be
If paw'd been born a little boy, so he would play with me.

Some day, when I feel sorter tough, with sand up in my craw,
And I ain't skared of gittin' licked, I bet I tells my paw:
"Say, dad, if you just want to be right up to date, you see
You'd better come down off your perch and learn to play with me."

W. H. MANSFIELD.

---

## THE LONELY BOY

I am sorry for the fellow that has never known his dad,
That never got acquainted with the father that he had;
The boy that grew up lonely, with a father, day by day,
Who never got to know him in a friendly sort of way.
I am sorry for the youngster, he has missed a lot of joy,
But I'm sorrier for the father who has never known his boy.

Oh, I'd rather be remembered for the little trips we take,
Than for all the gold and silver that a busy man can make.
I'd rather, when I've left him, have him think of me as kind,
And miss me for the pleasures that I couldn't leave behind,
Than pass to him a fortune, when it comes my time to go,
As the record of his father that he never learned to know.

There are goals I'll never strive for, never seek to know their joy,
For they'll claim the hours of laughter that I'm spending with my boy.
They will slave me to their service and they'll tear me from his side,
They will make me but a servant unto selfishness and pride,
And the price they'd make me pay them for the glories to be had
Is to leave a son behind me who has never known his dad.

EDGAR A. GUEST.

*From the Detroit Free Press.*

## AS FATHER KNOWS US

The thoughtless may call him "a grubby young kid"
When he's playing about in the dirt;
The truth of the statement can scarcely be hid,
Though the ruthlessness carry its hurt.
Yet the lad that I see,
As he's known but to me,
Is a treasure instead of a bother;
He has many a trait—
Has my true-hearted mate—
That nobody knows but his father.

They see him by day when he's girded for strife,
While the problems of living appall him—
With his fighting face on, in the battle of life,
Resenting the cares that befall him.
I know him at night
In the low-shaded light,
When he yields, with a prayer of surrender—
With his play-wearied limbs,
And his baby-like whims,
And all of his harshness grown tender.

We meet one another in life's busy day,
With all of the worst in us showing;
Each giving his selfishness plentiful sway
To keep our home hearth-fires burning.
But the "we" that he sees
Is above all of these
That are maddened by struggle and bother,
For we and our mates
Have a host of fine traits
That nobody knows but Our Father.

STRICKLAND GILLILAN.

## LITTLE FELLA'S ARMS

I never realized, till now,
How much his loving meant to me;
Those warm, plump arms around my neck
Have brought it back again, you see.
Just now, while rocking in the dark,
I heard a soft step on the stair,
And, while I could not see my boy,
I knew that he was standing there.

Then quickly, in a firm embrace,
He threw his arms about my neck—
A savage little burst of love
I did not have the heart to check.
He hugged until his tiny strength
Gave out, and then I captured him;
A hug in turn, of equal length,
Whilst both the eyes of me were dim.

It was the suddenness of it:
Spontaneous—that made me think.
Like some young doe beside a stream
He ran, at Nature's call, to drink.
I thrilled at being loved so much;
I murmured out a fitful prayer;
And God was in each finger-touch,
The feeling of them was so fair.

Yes, Love was brooding in the heart
When arms encircled, for a spell,
And—maybe—we have lived apart—
The Kid and Daddy Jim—and, well,
I only know those baby arms
Brought back the joy of having him;
Brought back a duty and a love,
Whilst both the eyes of me are dim.

W. LIVINGSTON LARNED, *in The Christian Herald.*

## MY IDEAL

I wish I were as trig a man,
As big a man
As bright a man,
I wish I were as right a man in all this earthly show,
As broad and high and long a man,
As strong a man
As fine a man
Who hopes to be as good a man as one I used to know.

I wish I were as grave a man,
As brave a man
As keen a man,
As learned and serene a man, as fair to friend and foe,
I wish I owned sagaciousness
And graciousness
As should a man
Who hopes to be as good a man as one I used to know.

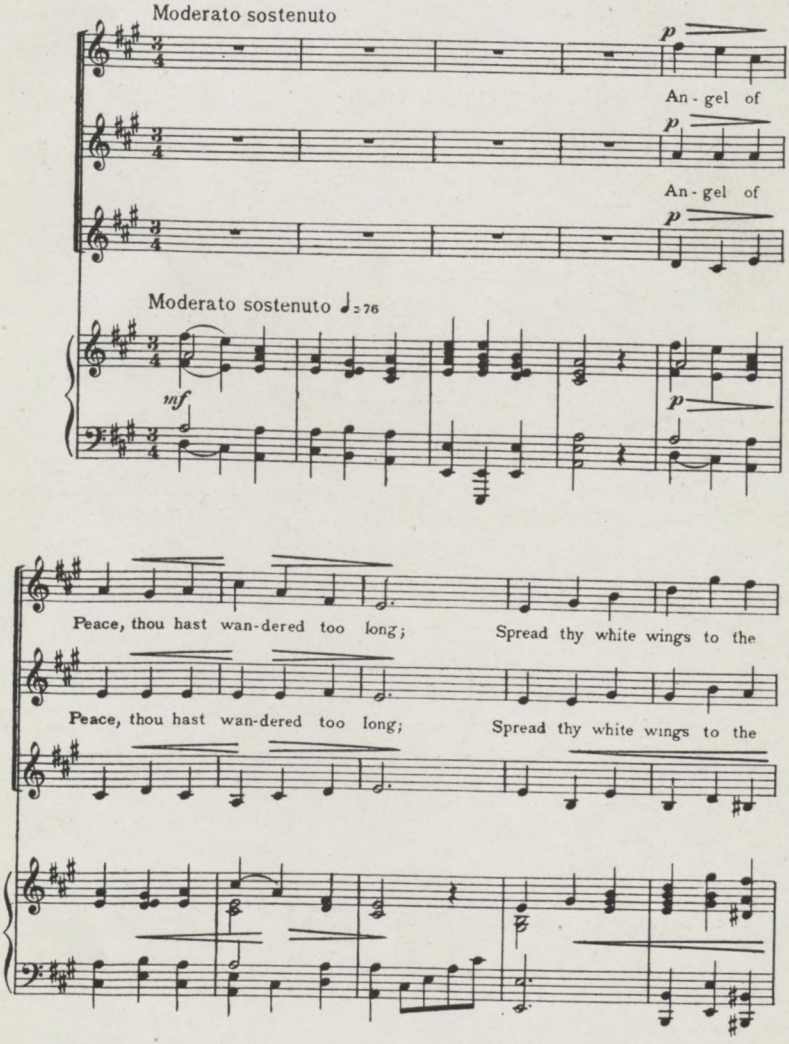
I'd be a creature glorious
Victorious
A wonder man,
Not just—as now—a blunder man whose ways and
thoughts are slow,
If I could only be the man,
One-half of one degree the man,
I used to think my father was, when I was ten or so!

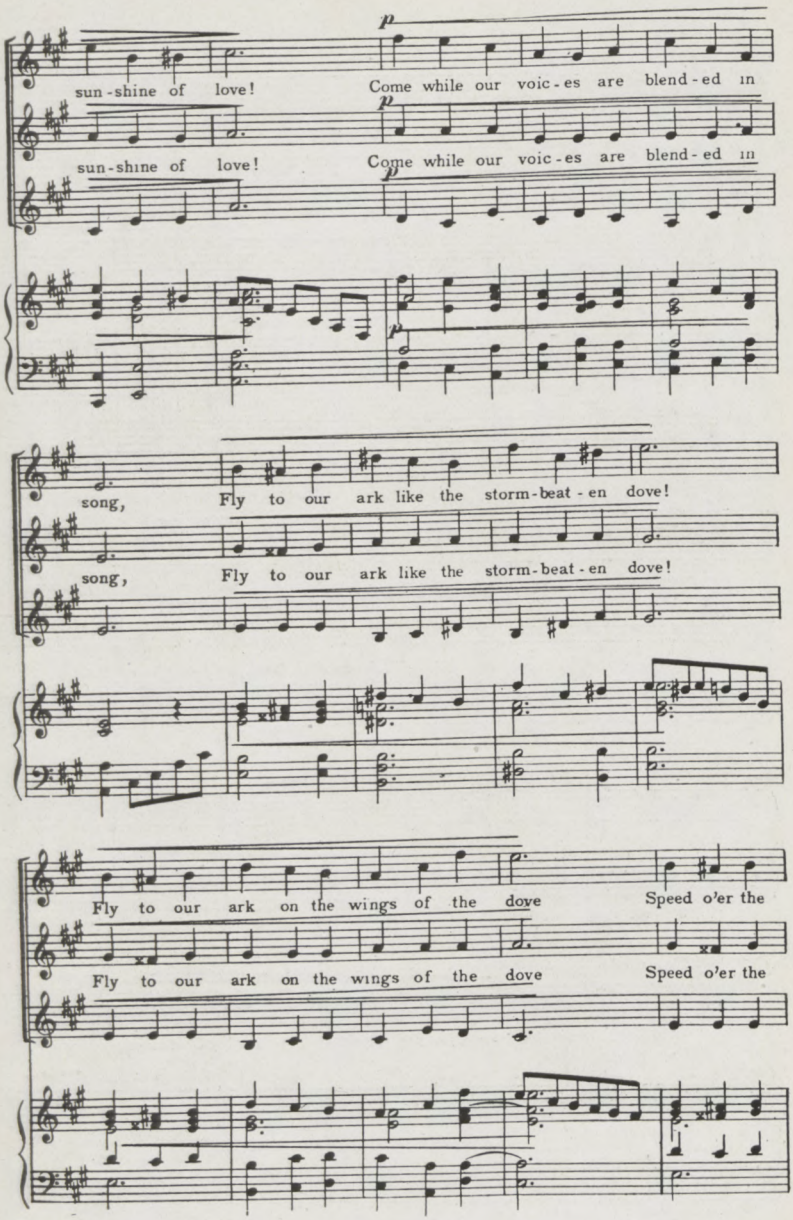
BERTON BRALEY, *in McClure's Magazine.*

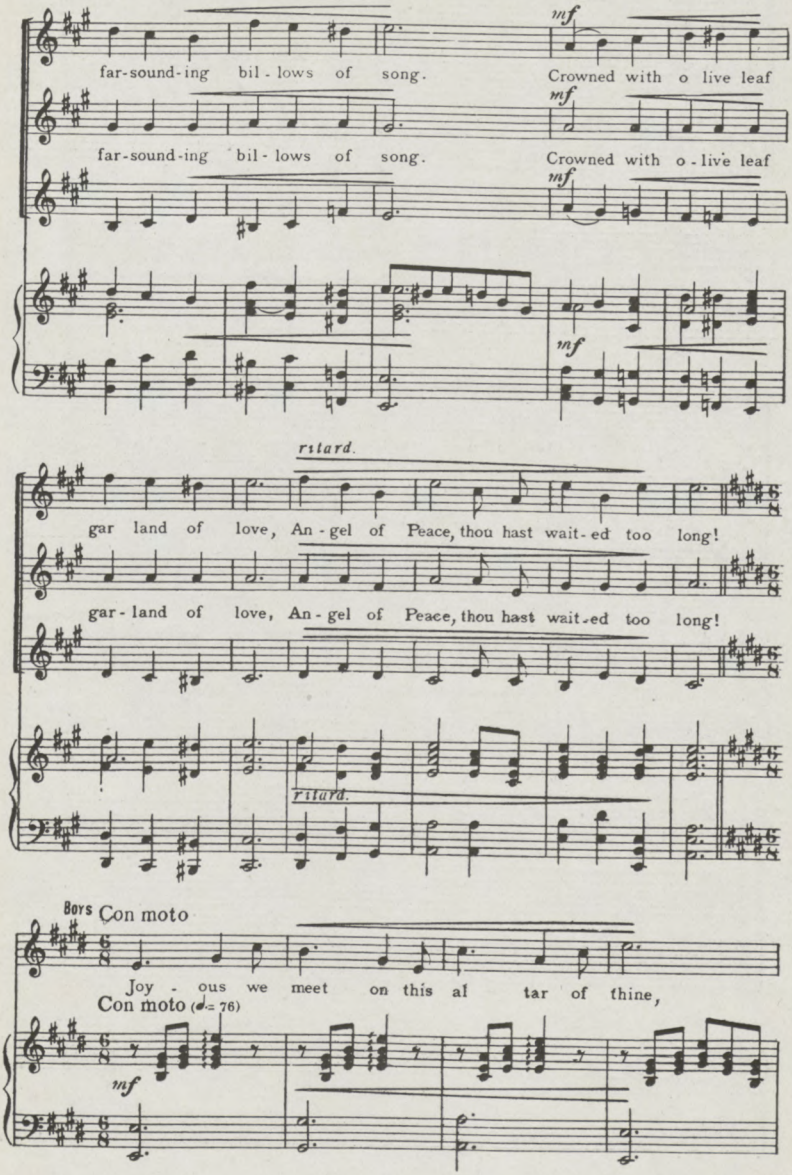
# PEACE DAY

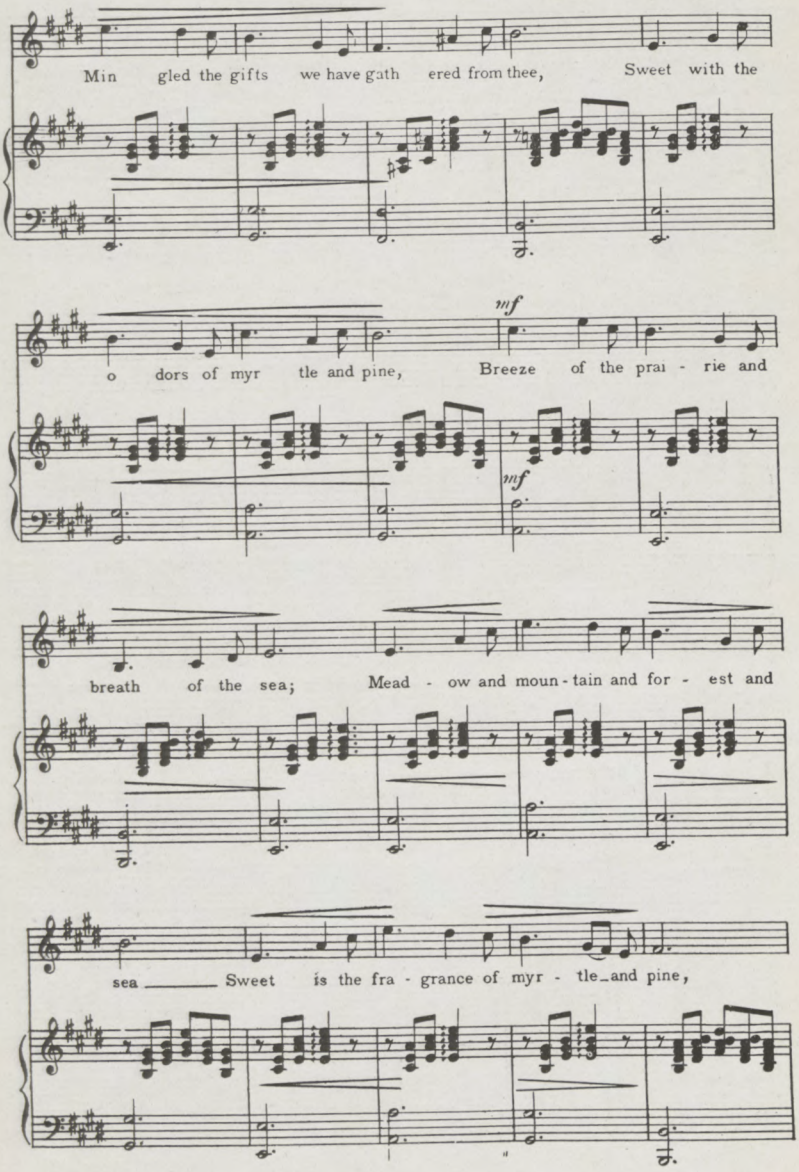
## ANGEL OF PEACE

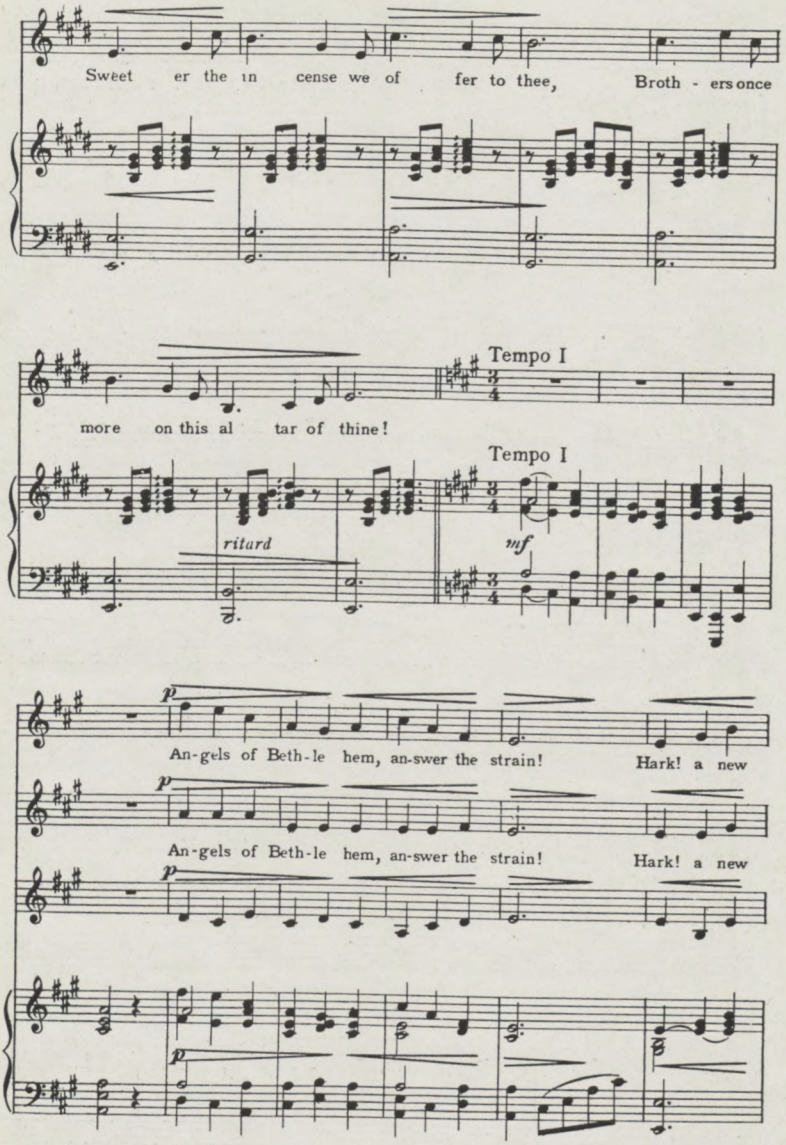
O. W. HOLMES

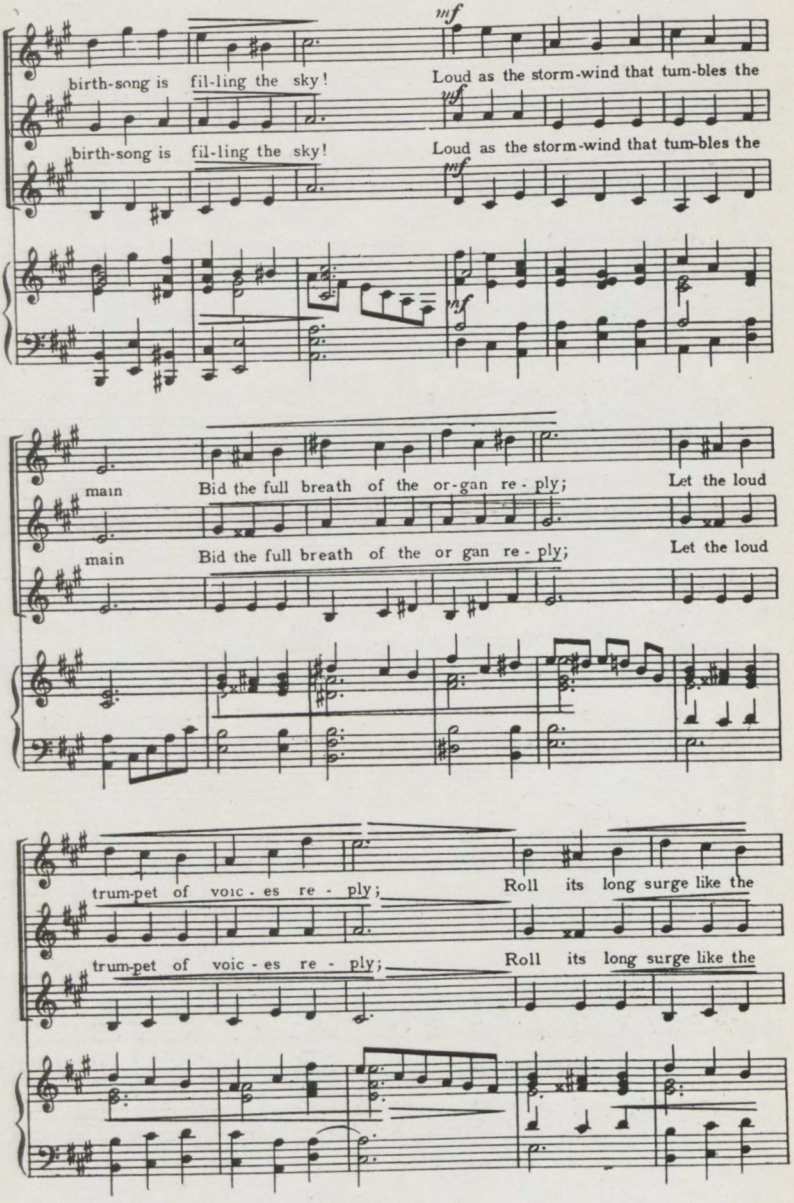


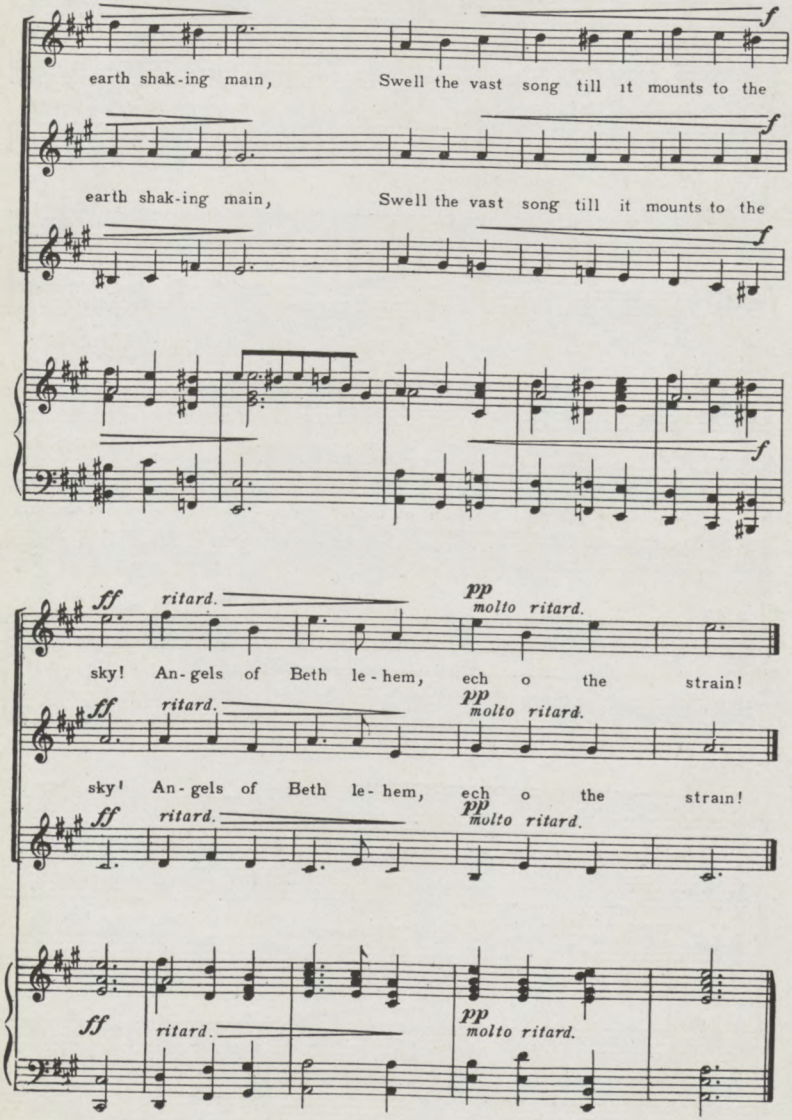

sun-shine of love! Come while our voic-es are blend-ed in
sun-shine of love! Come while our voic-es are blend-ed in
song, Fly to our ark like the storm-beat-en dove!
song, Fly to our ark like the storm-beat-en dove!
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove Speed o'er the
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove Speed o'er the


far-sound-ing bil-lows of song.
Crowned with o live leaf
far-sound-ing bil-lows of song.
Crowned with o-live leaf
ritard.
gar land of love, An-gel of Peace, thou hast wait-ed too long!
gar-land of love, An-gel of Peace, thou hast wait-ed too long!
ritard.
Boys
Con moto
Joy-ous we meet on this al tar of thine,
Con moto (♩= 76)


Min gled the gifts we have gath ered from thee, Sweet with the
mf
o dors of myr tle and pine, Breeze of the prai - rie and
mf
breath of the sea; Mead - ow and moun - tain and for - est and
sea Sweet is the fra - grance of myr - tle and pine,


Sweet er the in cense we of fer to thee, Broth - ers once
more on this al tar of thine!
Tempo I
Tempo I
ritard
mf
p
An-gels of Beth-le hem, an-swer the strain! Hark! a new
p
An-gels of Beth-le hem, an-swer the strain! Hark! a new
p
p


mf
birth-song is fil-ling the sky! Loud as the storm-wind that tum-bles the
birth-song is fil-ling the sky! Loud as the storm-wind that tum-bles the
main Bid the full breath of the or-gan re-ply; Let the loud
main Bid the full breath of the or gan re-ply; Let the loud
trum-pet of voic-es re-ply; Roll its long surge like the
trum-pet of voic-es re-ply; Roll its long surge like the


earth shak-ing main, Swell the vast song till it mounts to the
earth shak-ing main, Swell the vast song till it mounts to the
sky! An-gels of Beth le-hem, ech o the strain!
sky! An-gels of Beth le-hem, ech o the strain!
ff
ritard.
pp
molto ritard.
f

## PEACE DAY

In April, 1915, there was inaugurated in Denver, Colo., a movement that is destined to include, in time, all the children of the civilized world—a movement that will aid in preserving, when once established, World-Peace. When carried out, as the plans the originators have outlined, it will be a precursor of World-Brotherhood. Its object is to teach the child to think in terms of Peace and "As a man thinketh, so is he," there will evolve a world of Peace-loving men and women, whose thoughts in the most crucial times will not be dominated by a feeling of hatred.

Under the sanction of parent, teachers, and lovers of Peace, thousands of boys and girls throughout the world—those who represent the citizenship of to-morrow—the to-morrow that will sanction no war between nations—have signed petitions for membership in the Children's World-Peace Movement. Since the inauguration of this movement, the originators have been more than surprised and pleased at its rapid growth. They have interested men and women of the greatest prominence in Peace-Work, and the movement is now actively working in conjunction with the World-Peace Foundation, American School-Peace League, Carnegie Peace Foundation, American Association for International Conciliation, and in general endeavors to co-operate with the organizations whose purposes are for Peace.

The Children's World-Peace Movement differs from any other movement, in that its purpose is to reach the children directly instead of reaching teachers and others; although we work in co-operation with them. The aims and objects of the Children's World-Peace Movement are:

To teach the children of the civilized world, by organizations of Children's Peace Societies, in schools, the beneficent influence of Peace.

To keep constantly before the child-mind the peace-idea, so that the coming generation will do their utmost to keep from war, and aid in establishing "Peace on Earth and Good-Will to Men."

To teach that the only Peace worth while is the Peace of Honor, of Justice, of Righteousness.

To bring to fruition the day when the world will be a union of brothers, a federation of Peace.

To start with this generation an uplift that will leave its powerful impression on the minds of succeeding generations.

To people our world with men and women who will think and act unselfishly.

The following pledge has been adopted by the "Children's World-Peace Movement," and is accepted by all the children:

"I pledge myself—

To add my mite to world happiness

By using my best endeavor to spread Peace

At all times and in every place—at home, at school, at work, at play—

To be brave enough to stand the taunts of those ignorant ones who declare that

"Might is Right," instead of "Right is Might."

I further pledge myself not to quarrel; to have no hatred in my heart; to be kind to animals; to love nature and to live at 'Peace' with my neighbor, myself and my Maker."

Plans are being perfected by which, with the assistance of the Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of Colorado, Mrs. C. C. Bradford, the 235,000 pupils of Colorado will become members of the organization. In New York City, Chicago, Cincinnati, Roxbury, Mass., Baltimore and other cities, formation of chapters is under way.

"The Children's World-Peace Movement," wherever possible, will co-operate with the board of education and the state superintendent of public instruction.

Peace chapters are organized amongst the children and each Society elects an editor whose duty it is to accept clippings from

the members of said chapters, which clippings bear on the subject of Peace. Children are encouraged to debate on subjects favorable to Peace, to write essays on Peace, to participate in playlets on Peace, and in general to endeavor to inculcate their youthful minds with ideas coinciding with the pledge which they have accepted.

An annual Peace day is celebrated, on which day the children are instructed and trained to participate in tableaus depicting Peace.

At the "Fifth American Peace Congress," held in San Francisco October 10-13, 1915, under the auspices of the "American Peace Society," Mrs. Ray S. David, of Denver, Colo., was the officially credited delegate of the Children's World-Peace Movement.

Among the prominent Peace-workers interested in the movement are:

David Starr Jordan, Jane Addams, Adolf Kraus, Mary C. C. Bradford, Senator LaFontaine of Belgium, Miss Chrystal McMillan of Scotland, Dr. Alett Jacobs of The Hague, Mme. Rosika Schwimmer of Austria, Edward H. Fallows, Israel Cowen, Wm. Howard Taft, and several others.

A Peace play, "Children of Peace," which depicts the progress of the world in times of Peace, is being written by the originators. A Peace song to the tune of "America" has been written by Miss Millie and Mr. A. B. Cowen, especially for the Children's World-Peace Movement:

Sweet Peace it is to thee,
Herald of Liberty,
  That praises wing
O'er all this world so wide,
May'st thou ere long abide,
The steps of man to guide,
  BE Thou our King

Make Peace once more to reign
O'er this dear earth again,
To ne'er depart,
May hate and terror flee,
May all men brothers be,
God's light to love to see
Within each heart.

Teach e'en the smallest child,
To have his nature mild,
And Peace adore.
Teach him truth to revere,
To hold his brothers dear,
And live in love, not fear,
Forevermore.

The originators of this movement are Denver men, Mr. A. B. Cowen and Mr. Herman J. Schwartz, who have given liberally of their time and money to further the movement. Both of them are deeply interested in Child-welfare. Any information desired about the working of the Children's World-Peace Movement will cheerfully be given on application to Herman J. Schwartz, Executive Secretary, 436 Symes Building, Denver, Colo.

---

THE TIME SHALL COME

The time shall come when man shall hold
His brother more dear than sordid gold,
When the fierce and false alike shall fall,
And mercy and truth encircle all.
Toil, brothers, toil, till the world is free,
Till mercy and truth hold jubilee.
The time shall come when the weaver's band
Shall hunger no more in their fatherland;
When the factory child can sleep till day
And smile when it dreams of sport and play.
The time shall come when the earth shall be
A garden of joy from sea to sea;
When the slaughterous sword is drawn no more,
And Goodness exults from shore to shore.
Toil, brothers, toil, till the world is free,
Till goodness shall hold high jubilee.

THOMAS COWPER.

## LOVE VS. FORCE

"Put up thy sword!" the voice of Christ once more
Speaks in the pauses of the cannon's roar,
O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped
And left dry ashes; o'er trenches heaped
With nameless dead; o'er cities starving slow
Under a rain of fire; through words of woe
Down which a groaning diapason runs
From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, sons
Of desolate women in their far-off homes
Waiting to hear the step that never comes!
O men and brothers! let that voice be heard.
War fails, try peace; put up the useless sword!
Fear not the end. There is a story told
In eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold,
And around the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
With grave responses listening unto it;
Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
"O son of peace!" the giant cried, thy fate
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate."
The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace
Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
In pity said: "Poor friend, even thee I love."
Lo! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank
To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank
Into the form and fashion of a dove;
And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
Circling above him sweetly sang the bird:
"Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the song;
"And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong."

WHITTIER.

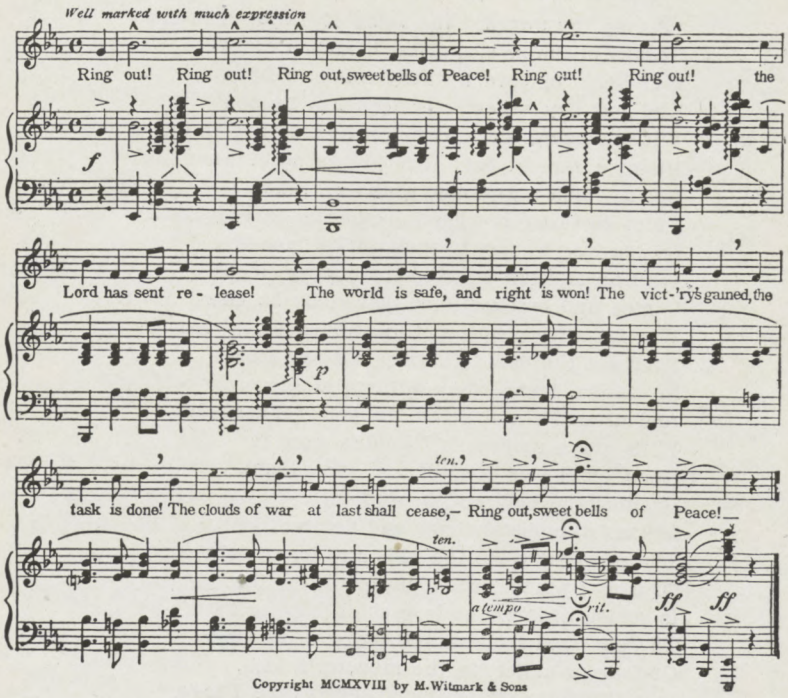
---

"Peace is the Duration of Law."—JORDAN.

---

"Peace is Our Passion."—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

## RING OUT! SWEET BELLS OF PEACE




A white dove flies at the dawning,
An angel sings o'er the sea;
"This is a wondrous morning,
For freedom and Liberty!"
Lo, out from the stars of midnight,
God bade all war to cease;
And now for the waiting nations,
At last there reigneth Peace!

Ring out! Ring out!
Ring out, sweet bells of Peace!
Ring out! Ring out!
The Lord has sent release!
The world is safe, and right is won!
The vict'ry's gained, the task is done!
The clouds of war at last shall cease,
Ring out sweet bells of Peace!

No more on fields red with battle,
Will blood of heroes be shed;
And only birds will sing there,
A requiem to our dead.
For Right over Might has triumphed,
The world has found release;
At last! all our pray'rs are answered,
At last! there's blessed Peace!

WM. H. GARDNER.

---

If you have a nation of men who have risen to that height of moral cultivation that they will not declare war or carry arms, for they have not so much madness left in their brains, you have a nation of lovers, of benefactors, of true, great, and able men. Let me know more of that nation.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

---

## THE PRAYER OF THE NATIONS

"Great God, lend us Thine aid!"
The Slav cries in his might;
Then forth upon the battlefield
His children go to fight.
"Great God, lend us Thine aid!"
The Frank lifts up his voice,
And countless legions forward go
Nor dream of other choice.
"Great God, lend us Thine aid!"
The Saxon calls in prayer;
Then goes to fight with smiling lips,
Feeling his God goes there.
"Great God, lend us Thine aid!"
The sturdy Teuton calls;
It is his slogan when he fights,
His prayer when he falls.
Then speaks God from His throne:
"I do not heed your cry;
Ye all implore the God of War,
The Prince of Peace am I!"

ANNA JANE HARNWELL.

### SOMEWHERE

Somewhere tonight,
Beyond the hills of peace—how cherished—
And love's green vineyards now,
Gone where the gods of old ideals have perished,
In flame and steel, they hold their vow.

Somewhere tonight,
At the last reviewing post
Whither the flower of earth's manhood goes by,
Marching among that light-souled, joyous host,
Many there are to hold thy honor high.

Somewhere tonight—
Aye, there's a mother weeping,
Weeping for him who smiles tonight with God,
Far from the roar of iron-sleet now sweeping,
And banners streaming, over the ravaged sod.

KARL MYERS.

*Baltimore Sun.*

---

## THE CHILDREN'S WORLD-PEACE MOVEMENT

The Children's World-Peace Movement, which was endorsed this month by the school superintendents of the Western Slope, was inaugurated by two young men of Denver, Mr. A. B. Cowen and Mr. Herman J. Schwartz.

This organization is unique in that it is the only one which makes the appeal directly to the grade school children, and which recruits members from their ranks. All other organizations work through the medium of the adults.

It is not a "peace at any price" movement, for its object is only to instill the love of peace and hatred of war into the mind of the child so that when he is grown he will preserve his country's peace by every dignified effort.

## THE HIGHER BATTLES

(Oration for Eighth Grade Pupil)

Would you see loyalty, implicit obedience, and the complete acceptance of a law which is supreme? Where will you find them so absolute as in the eager intensity with which the scientist watches the face of Nature to catch the slightest intimation of her will?

Would you see magnanimity? Where is it so entire as in the heart of the true merchant who feels the common wealth surrounding his personal fortunes and furnishing at once the sufficient means and the worthy purpose of his becoming rich?

Would you see self-surrender? Its noblest specimens have not been on the field of battle where the dying soldier has handed the cup of water to his dying foe. They have been in the lanes and alleys of great cities where quiet and determined men and women have bowed before the facts of human brotherhood and human need, and given the full cups of their entire lives to the parched lips of their poor brethren.

We learned during the great war that the heroism of the President might be every whit as great and splendid as the heroism of the General. The enthusiasm of the truth-seeker may be as glowing and unselfish as the enthusiasm which scales the height and captures the citadel with the resistless sword.

There is nothing good or glorious which war has brought forth in human nature which peace may not produce more richly and more permanently. When we cease to think of peace as the negative of war, and think of war as the negative of peace, making war and not peace the exception and interruption of human life, making peace and not war the type and glory of existence, then shall shine forth the higher soldiership of the higher battles. Then the first military spirit and its works shall seem to be but crude struggles after, and rehearsals for, that higher fight, the fight after the eternal facts and their obedience, *the fight against the perpetually intrusive lie,* which is the richer glory of the riper man.

The facts of government, the facts of commerce, the facts of society, the facts of history, the facts of man, the facts of God, in these, in the perception of their glory, in the obedience to their compulsion, shall be the possibility and promise of the soldier statesman, the soldier scientist, the soldier philanthropist, the soldier priest, the soldier man.

"The sword is beaten into the ploughshare, the spear into the pruning-hook."

"The war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled."

But it is not that the power of fight has perished: it is that the battle has gone up on to higher ground, and into higher light. The battle is above the clouds.—*From Phillips Brooks' Sermon before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston.*

---

## PEACE

Peace, Peace is here!
Her white robes floating far,
Outblown by all the winds of happiness—
Her wide arms spread
In benisons of joy
Above a panting, breathless, war-worn, conquering world
And lifted high
In grateful worshipping
To Him
Who guides the sun and walks upon the stars.

Stoop down, triumphant Peace, and lay thy hand
Upon the sorrowing.
Thou hast no words,
But point above, where newer stars now shine
That never shone before.
For heroes whom we gave
And their dear memories
A newer glory floods the universe—
The light of Liberty on land and sea.

Peace, Peace is here!
She stands triumphant upon the mountain heights,
Tall Daughter of the Gods, her floating robes
Outblown by all the winds of happiness,
And on her forehead,
Like a diadem,
Is writ,
In letters lambent as an altar flame,
"THERE SHALL BE NO MORE WAR!"

LESLEY WEYMSS.

*The Milwaukee Sentinel, December 8, 1918.*

---

## AMERICA'S DUTY TO THE FOREIGNER

(Reading for Teacher or Pupil)

The American school boy or girl has much to be proud of. They are a working part of the finest free school system in the world. They are taught by the best equipped school teachers in the world. The country which they are learning to serve is the finest in the whole world—a country which controls the wealth of the world—a sober country which sets an example for the morals, intelligence and inventions of the world and to-day all other nations are looking to America for guidance and assistance.

The school children of to-day will be our statesmen of to-morrow, and on them will be thrust the responsibility of upholding American ideals, morals and traditions. You all love the glorious flag of stars and stripes. You love your country and your homes that are symbolized by it. You love to read the stories of the trials of the Pilgrim Fathers who came to settle in America. They were foreigners, just as all those who followed afterwards, and we are descendants of these immigrants, but because they were such we do not look disdainfully down upon them. We know that they were the ones that sacrificed so much to make America the land of golden opportunity that it is to-day. We are proud of them, so why should we treat our recent immigrants so heartlessly? They have come to America at our invitation; we have

thrown our doors open to them, and by virtue of this, they are our guests, and should be treated as such. We wouldn't insult a guest in our home, would we? Nor would we talk of him in a disrespectful manner after he left, but the fact remains that many thoughtless Americans are heaping insults on our helpless foreign guests.

These people are to become an integral part of future America, and our country is dependent on them, and the way you treat them now is going to determine you and your children's happiness and welfare. Thoughtless Americans cannot go on treating the newcomers as they have been treated in the past. We must exemplify the great American ideal of the common brotherhood of men. The school children of to-day must banish from their vocabularies such un-American terms as "Dago," "Greaser," "Wop," "Sheeny," "Mick," "Hunkie," "Chink" and "Nigger," and with these will go the hatred and ill-feeling that invariably accompanies their use. You wouldn't call a visitor in your home a "slob" or a "mut," yet some of the terms applied to the foreigners cut even deeper into the hearts of the helpless strangers who have come to America to do their best.

This practice does not conform to the American ideal of "fair play" or "square deal," and no thoughtful person will ever lower himself by indulging or countenancing such a senseless practice. We are just awakening to the fact that we have not given the foreigner a fair chance. We must henceforth assume the responsibility of giving these people the opportunity to learn of our government, our ideals, traditions and standard of living, and we must learn their historical background, their traditions and customs in order to come to a common understanding and appreciation of brotherhood which must exist between citizens of a civilized nation.

Don't forget we may learn and receive good as well as they. Don't forget the chivalry and courtesy our mothers and teachers have taught us applies to all human beings and not alone those of our own race or color.

If the twelve million immigrants in our country to-day and others that are yet coming have to submit to the treatment we have given those who have come in the last decade, the result will be obvious. They will collect in groups according to nationality, as has been done in some instances already, and this, our country, with its beautiful outlook on the future, will be in danger of being severed into as many conflicting parts as there are nationalities, which now make up its homogeneous population.

The Civil War threatened to divide our country into two parts, and to-day a greater crisis confronts us, unless we wake up to the responsibility of Americanizing our foreign friends, our country may at some future time be broken up into many parts, and the condition which one great statesman, Daniel Webster, feared when he prayed that he might never see the sun in Heaven shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once-glorious union, on states dissevered, discordant and belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds or drenched it may be in fraternal blood, will be upon us. But the American people, and especially its young people, will rise to the emergency as our forefathers rose and towered in the past, and our honored country will experience the greatest prosperity and fellowship that has ever been visited upon any nation on the face of the globe. It rests with you. It shall be that other sentiment so dear to every true American heart, liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable.—H. R. SPANGLER, Bureau of Americanization, University of Colorado.

---

## THE BOUNDLESS LOVE OF CHRIST

"It's only a lot of Dagoes!"
  I shrank at the heartless tone,
And the look of bitter hatred
  In the speaker's eyes that shone;
Again the cruel accents
  Set every nerve ajar,
"Get off! It's a lot of Dagoes!
  We'll wait for another car!"

Yes, 'twas only a lot of Dagoes!
Their clothes were rough and soiled,
For all day long in street or shop,
Or factory they had toiled;
The car would not remind you
Of a nook in Eden's bowers,
And the air within was not at all
Like the breath of summer flowers.

Yet beneath each soil-stained jacket
Was a heart that needed love,
And a soul that yearned for communion
With the Father-heart above.
They were strangers in a strange land,
Transported by wind and wave
To far-famed Christian America,
Land of the free and brave!

And I thought, if when God would send
His Son to redeem a race,
The Son had looked with pitiless eye
From Heaven, His dwelling place,
And drawing His robes about Him,
Had said with a cruel frown,
"It's only a lot of sinners!
I think I'll not go down.

"My robes are white and spotless,
Their garments are stained with sin;
I cannot exchange sweet incense
For the fumes of tobacco and gin;
They speak a different language,
Their touch would purity mar;
It's only a lot of sinners!
I'll stay in the All-Saints car."

Ah, no! With eager, loving haste,
He came to this sin-cursed earth,
And to all peoples and nations,
From the day of His manger birth,
His watchword, "Whosoever,"
A pæan of hope has been,
For the love of King Christ Jesus
Takes even the Dagoes in.

ANON.

## THE NATION TO ITS FOREIGN-BORN

Front face! Are you prepared to do your part?
Come here and tell me so; I know you can.
Stand straight and answer squarely, heart to heart;
You're not a grain of dust to step on, man!
Look up! The truth! I mean to try you out
When passion's heat is white, to search you thru
And see if anywhere there lives a doubt
To whom and where your loyalty is due.

You're stanchly true? Then breathe a holy vow
That, come what may, your soul will cling to me.
I sheltered you, when first you came, and, now,
I want your faith and deeds, if need there be.
But if your thoughts go fondly back to where,
A subject once, you ate your potted meat,
Or where you scraped and bowed to kings, why there
You must return. You cannot stand white heat.

There is no middle course for loyalty,
And love should never waver. She who nursed
Your brawn and brain and soul, who dubbed you free,
Should stand alone in love, in duty first.
All this you stand resolved to pledge anew?
You call to witness Him that rules above?
Then rise, Sir Knight, my future rests on you,
On all your utter faith, your utter love!

ELIAS LIEBERMAN.

*The New York Times.*

---

"Make thee my knight? My knights are sworn to vows
Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness
And, loving, utter faithfulness in love."

TENNYSON.

# MEMORIAL DAY

## MEMORIAL DAY

By Mrs. Nettie C. Jacobson, *President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs.*

Just before the close of the school year, when the lilacs and the snowballs are a mass of bloom and all outdoors is calling for the children to come into the open spaces and play, there comes a day when we all go to see marching soldiers of all ranks and ages parade through the streets with bands playing and flags floating and the sidewalks lined with eager, sympathetic faces.

Some of these soldiers seem very old and wear dark blue uniforms with brass buttons and some wear gray uniforms and soft gray hats, and fathers and mothers tell us they are veterans of the Civil War and bow their heads in reverence as the gray-haired men pass by.

After the parade we go to the cemetery and place small flags and garlands of flowers upon the graves of other soldiers who offered their lives that their country might remain free and undivided. We call this Memorial Day because it is a memory day. It is the day when we remember our debt to our soldier dead and when we stop for a few minutes to remember the great events of which they were a part, and when we listen to those who are wiser than we explain what it would have meant to our nation if these brave men had not been willing to sacrifice their lives for their country.

The boys and girls of to-day have just passed through experiences very much like those of their grandfathers and grandmothers more than fifty years ago. Their fathers and brothers and friends put on uniforms and marched away from home and from their native land to fight for the preservation of their country and for the protection of the weak and oppressed in other lands.

Some of them never came back, but are sleeping in cemeteries that you may never see, and strangers are placing flags and wreaths above their graves just as you did on the graves of those who are lying in the cemetery at home.

Some of them came home from the war crippled and helpless, just as they did to grandfather and grandmother, and others came back so fine, and strong, and manly, that you were filled with pride even to look at them.

Some day these splendid boys will be old and feeble just like the veterans of the Civil War, and you will bow in reverence as they pass in the Memorial Day parade. Some day it will be clear to you what it meant to you and me and to boys and girls across the sea to have an army of strong, brave young soldiers to protect our country from invasion and violence and to restore peace and happiness to smaller nations which had been torn and ravaged for four years by the greatest war in all history.

In these lands across the sea they will also have a memory day, and children dressed differently from you and speaking a different language will remember with love and reverence the help that came to them through our soldiers. When they sit down in peace and quiet beside their own dear mothers they will remember the terrible days of hiding in ruined buildings and wandering over shell-torn fields, the nights of suffering and terror, and they will have no words to express their gratitude that these days have passed and that the United States sent armies to help to protect and defend them. Do you not think that their Memorial Day will be a sacred and impressive one?

I hope that to all of us this holiday will not be just a day when there is no school and we can play all day, but that it will be a day when we will all remember that every soldier lying in these graves, either at home or abroad, young or old, engaged in the Civil War of 1861 or the World War of 1914, marched under the same flag; the flag with its red, the color of courage and victory; its white, the color of purity and chivalry; and its blue, the color of truth, honor and integrity, and we must be brave and pure and true like the colors of the flag in order to be worthy of the sacrifice of these lives. We must be loyal to our country, to our homes, and to each other. We must remember that our country is formed of states that are, and must always remain, united.

We must obey its laws, we must respect its flag, we must defend it from enemies and slanderers.

These are some of the things for every boy and girl, every man and woman to remember when we hear the music of the bands and see the waving flags and hear the tramp of the marching feet of those who have come to do honor to their fallen comrades.

Memorial Day should be a day of remembrance of deeds done and achievements won by war; of gratitude for the courage and self-sacrifice that made these results possible; of hope for the future of our beloved land; of promise that we may have a part in helping to preserve all that is noblest and best in the life of the nation, and that we may be far-sighted, law-abiding, loyal and helpful citizens of the great nation that we are privileged to call our own—the United States of America.

---

## MEMORIAL DAY THOUGHTS

(On April 2, 1917, President Wilson appeared before the 65th Congress and declared that war existed between Germany and the United States. These closing paragraphs of his declaration are among the greatest utterances of the war.)

"Gentlemen of the Congress, it is a distressing and oppressive duty which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance.

"But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts,—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

"To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that

gave her birth, and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."

While we mourn our soldiers, who died in the great struggle launched by this noble prelude, we can accept that loss in the spirit of Maeterlinck's tribute to the gallant dead of Belgium, which follows:

THE DAY OF THE DEAD

"Our memories are peopled by a multitude of heroes, stricken in the flower of youth, and far different from that procession of yore, pale and worn out, which counted almost solely the aged and sickly, who were already scarcely alive when they left this earth. To-day in all our houses, in town, in country, in palace, and in cottage, a young man dead lives and rules in all the beauty of his strength. He fills the poorest, darkest dwelling with glory, such as it had never dreamed of. It is terrible that we should have this experience, the most pitiless mankind has known, but, now that the ordeal is nearly over, we can think of the perhaps unexpected fruits which we shall reap.

"One will soon see the breach widening and destinies diverging between those nations which have acquired all these dead and all this glory, and those who have been deprived of them and it. And one will be astonished to find that those which have lost most are those which will have kept their wealth, and their men. There are losses which are priceless gain, and there are gains in which one's future is lost. There are dead whom the living cannot replace and whose memory does things which no living bodies can do, and we are each of us now agents of some one greater, nobler, braver, wiser, and more alive than ourselves. He will be, with all his comrades, our judge.

"If it be true that the dead weigh the souls of the living and that our fate depends upon their verdict, he will be our guide and our champion. For this is the first time since history revealed to us her catastrophes that man has felt round about him and within him the influence of such a multitude of heroic dead."

CHAS. N. SALTUS.

## NATIONAL MONUMENTS

Count not the cost of honor to the dead!
The tribute that a mighty nation pays
To those who loved her well in former days
Means more than gratitude for glories fled;
For every noble man she hath bred
Lives in the bronze and marble that we raise,
Immortalized by art's immortal praise,
To lead our sons as he our father's led.
These monuments of manhood strong and high
Do more than forts or battleships to keep
Our dear-bought liberty. They fortify
The heart of youth with valor wise and deep;
They build eternal bulwarks, and command
Immortal hosts to guard our native land.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

---

## DECORATION DAY

Because they cared for other men
  More than for happiness or ease,
Nor at their tasks could linger when
  The oppressed were sighing for release;
Because they bravely marched away,
Rank after rank, day after day,
We keep this day with martial songs,
And earnest words, and listening throngs;
'Tis sacred to the royal host,
Who cared for other men the most.

Because they loved their country best,
  More than all treasure of their own,
Nor in their wonted joys could rest,
  And see her bulwarks overthrown;
Because they hastened to defend
Her honor, and her hurts to mend,—
We keep these Decoration Days,
With bugle strains and tender praise;
And lay our blossoms where they rest,—
The men who loved their country best.

Because the flag to them was dear,
  Because no man of them could bear
That then, or ever, should appear
  A rent, to make its folds less fair,
A stain, its purity to mar,
Or that its blue should lack a star,—
We bring the flag they fought to save,
We mark with it each honored grave,
And we salute their memory here,
To whom their country's flag was dear!

Grave men there were, and eager youth,
  Who at one summons came; who cared
For gain and pleasure less than truth,
  Nor then, nor now have treasure spared;
Who built around these homes of ours
A stouter wall than sentried towers;
Who right and freedom 'stablished well,
And made them honor's citadel.
Ah! fast the flowers fall where they rest,—
The men who loved their country best.

OLIVE E. DANA.

---

## BRING FLOWERS

(Concert Recitation)

Bring flowers, bring flowers, the sweetest, the best,
To garland the beds where our brave are at rest.
Bring pansies for thoughts, unforgotten are they;
Bring laurel for glory they won in the fray;
Bring lilacs for youth—many fell ere their prime;
Bring oak leaves for Liberty—goddess sublime;
Bring chrysanthemums white, for the truth they implore;
Bring lilies for peace—they battle no more;
Bring violets, myrtle and roses for love;
Bring snowballs for thoughts of the Heaven above;
Bring hawthorn for hope which surmounts earthly strife;
Bring amaranth blossoms for immortal life;
Bring flowers, bring flowers, the sweetest, the best,
To garland the graves where our brave are at rest.

## FLOWERS FOR OUR DEAD

(Dialogue for Six Pupils)

*First Pupil—*

I bring a bunch of fresh elm leaves,
Of patriots these tell,
Who marched and fought, suffered and won,
'Midst furious shot and shell.

*Second Pupil—*

I bring these lilies, sweet and pure,
O ring, each fragrant bell;
Ring of their deeds so brave and great;
Of our "Grand Army" tell.

*Third Pupil—*

Syringa flowers I bring today;
'Tis memory's fragrant flower;
From year to year we'll keep alive
Memorial Day's sad hour.

*Fourth Pupil—*

And sweetest roses, bending low,
Shall deck the soldier's bed,
For these bring love from our young hearts,
Love for our honored dead.

*Fifth Pupil—*

And these oak leaves for bravery
I'll place upon a mound;
They tell of brave and loyal deeds
On our country's battle ground.

*Sixth Pupil—*

And the laurel wreath lay tenderly,
Its glory shall not fade,
But evermore shall brightly tell
Where our heroes all are laid.

## A MEMORIAL DAY EXERCISE

(The music for both songs is found in "One Hundred and One Best Songs," published by the Cable Company of Chicago, costing 10 cents, or in lots of 100 at 3½ cents a copy')

*Song*—(Air, "Santa Lucia")

On this Memorial Day
We come with flowers,
Gathered in woodland way,
Or shady bowers.
Primrose and violet,
Pansy and mignonette,
Flowers for our heroes,
Flowers for our heroes,

Until the last review,
Their warfare over,
'Neath grasses wet with dew,
And fragrant clover,
They rest in dreamless sleep
While winds their watches keep
Over our heroes,
Over our heroes,

Waiting the bugle call,
Each one reposes.
Strew lilies over all,
Scatter red roses,
Over the noble brave
Who died our land to save.
Our soldier heroes,
Our soldier heroes.

*First Girl* (with violets)—

I bring the mossy violets, all wet with dew.
The flowers they loved, perhaps, in days gone by.
They will not know the fragrant, purple mist,
So sound their sleep, as 'neath the sod they lie.
But somewhere, sometime, they will wake to know
That they who trod so bravely honor's way
Were oft remembered with our gratitude—
And so I bring them violets to-day.

*Second Girl* (with roses)—

I bring red roses that of courage tell
To those who knew it well.
Perhaps, unknown to fame,
Sleeping in humble grave, without a name;
There may rest now some soldier boy whose claim
To valor's crown is high—
And so I'll strew red roses where the unknown lie.

*Third Girl* (with daisies)—

God must have loved the daisies. See
The meadows all are white
With star-eyed blossoms. Could there be
A daintier, prettier sight?
I think no flowers suit so well
Our valiant boys in blue
As modest daisies of the dell,
And rosemary and rue.

*Fourth Girl* (with lilacs)—

Perhaps the lilacs bloomed
When first they marched away,
And all the air perfumed
With balmy breath of May.
So lilacs now I bring
To place upon a grave,
A fragrant offering
Unto the brave.

*Fifth Girl* (with fern)—

These slender ferns I'm bringing. They were waving to and fro
Down in the shady forest, where the moss and lichens grow.
Their restful green I'll mingle with all your fair-hued flowers—
Emblem of calm reposing, after life's weary hours.

*Sixth Girl* (with lilies)—

Lilies, sweet lilies, gleaming white,
As pure as pearls, as radiant as the light;
What fairer flower could mortal lay
Over our warrior dead to-day
Than these I bring?
They who for freedom died, long years ago,
To keep their country pure were striving, so
This flower that breathes of purity I bring.

*Seventh Girl* (with mignonette)—

Growing, untended, in a lonely spot I found
These sprays of fragrant mignonette.
A homely flower, yet there is none more sweet,
With charm one does not easily forget.
I wonder if there lies among the soldiers dead
One, like this mignonette, unpraised, unknown,
But who had, hidden in his soul, undreamed of worth;
One who to heights of heroism might have grown;
But, after all, the common soldiers, strong and plain,
Unknown, bore all the brunt of battle, felt its pain—
And so, for them, I bring this mignonette,
Tended by naught but sun and warm spring rain.

*Eighth Girl* (with forget-me-nots)—

We have not forgotten,
Tho long are the years
Since they fought for their country
And paid life's arrears.
And to-day I have come
O'er the green sod to strew
Forget-me-nots tender
Made of heaven's own blue.

EFFA E. PRESTON, *New Jersey.*

---

## OUR COUNTRY

Our Country! 'Tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore,
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;
And, nurtured on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies
In Nature's wildest grandeur dressed,
Enameled with her loveliest dyes.

Great God! We thank thee for this home,
This bounteous birthland of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty!
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain earth's loveliest paradise.

## MEMORIAL DAY

*First Child*:—

What can little children do,
When Decoration Day is here,
To show their love for soldiers brave
Who, fighting for their country, gave
The life that was to them so dear?

*Second Child*:—

We'll bring the lovely flowers of spring
That in the fields and garden grow,
And on the soldiers' graves to-day
Our garlands we will gladly lay,
Our loving thoughts of them to show.

*Third Child*:—

We'll raise aloft the "stars and stripes"
On this Memorial Day, to show
We honor those who for it bled.
Some now are living, many dead,
For this was many years ago.

*Fourth Child*:—

We'll sing our patriotic songs;
We'll truly sing with heart and voice,
And to our country we'll be true,
And honor our "red, white and blue,"
And in our freedom we'll rejoice.

MARY ELEANOR KRAMER.
*Chicago, Illinois.*

---

Slow are the steps of freedom, but her steps never turn backward.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## IN MEMORY

Of Roger Emmett Moore and of all others who gave their lives in the War for the Freedom of the World.

He who has given life has multiplied
His nobler self as sun and stars are seen
In silent lake's resplendent, glorious sheen.
If yet he were in youth's ennobling pride
Our thought of him is not of one who died
But lives, undaunted and with mind serene,
And countenance aglow with thinking keen.
One who could say, "I dare in God confide.
Expecting life continuous; for aim
Beyond time's measure unto me He gave."
Nor shall he die to us. We keep his name;
Enroll it with the manly and the brave;
Of thousands one; and all shall find their fame
In thanks of nations that they died to save.

J. N. DAVIDSON.

---

## WAR'S RECOMPENSE

Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And know that out of death and night shall rise
The dawn of ampler life,
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,
That God has given you a priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour,
That ye may tell your sons who see the light
High in the Heavens—their heritage to take—
"I saw the powers of Darkness put to flight,
I saw the Morning break."

—Found upon the body of an Australian soldier killed in battle.

## LIBERTY AND HER ALLIES

Position for Tableaux of "Liberty and Her Allies":

*Serbia* *Montenegro*
*Portugal* *Italy* *Russia* *Japan*
*France* *Liberty* *England*
*Guatemala* *Cuba* *Belgium* *Roumania*

Belgium enters and takes her position, speaking to Liberty: (to be represented by a small girl, dressed in white, carrying Belgium's flag. Cuba should also be represented by a small girl.)

*Belgium to Liberty*:

"We stood on Belgium's tortured soil,
War-scarred it was—blood red,
While hunger stalked the smitten land
And widows mourned the dead.
And there was nowhere sign of hope,
And nowhere help was nigh,
Save in that spot where flew your flag,
The Stars and Stripes on high."

*Liberty to Belgium*:

"O little nation, valorous and free,
Thou shalt o'erlive the terror and the pain,
And rise from out thy charnel house, to be
Thine own immortal, radiant self again."

*Enter England, bearing her flag.*

*England to Liberty*:

"Who say we cherish far-off feud,
Still nurse the ancient grudges?
Our ways are one, and one our aim,
And one will be our story,
Who fight for Freedom, not for fame,
For Duty, not for glory."

*Liberty to England*:

"Because we are kindred souls and free—
We stretch you a brother's hand!
And who shall face us, together,
Nor bend to our high command?"

*Enter France, bearing her flag.*

*France to Liberty*:

"Take up our quarrel with the foe! To you from faithful hands we throw the torch. Be yours to hold it high and with us light the world to Freedom!"

*Liberty to France*:

"Rejoice that, deaf to every lure,
At last we gladly stand
With those who make the Right secure,
Comrades in heart and hand,
Like them, Crusaders, sworn to save the greater Holy Land!"

*All others representing allies enter, each bearing her flag and taking in her position as described above.*

*Allies to Liberty*:

"Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?"

*Liberty to Allies*:

"Thrones shall crumble, kings shall perish,
Howsoe'er their legions strive,
But the liberties men cherish,
They shall triumph and survive."

*All together*:

"And we trace the message plain
Which the Hand of God hath lined—
Never for lust of power or gain
Be our splendid strength combined;
Only for right, for law and light, and the Soul that guides mankind.

"Oh, song on the wind that sweeps
The wild northeastern sea,
Sound once more o'er the vibrant deeps
For a truth that yet shall be—
For the day when we all stand as one, guarding a world set free!"

(We would suggest that Liberty and her Allies be seated on the stage during remainder of the program.)

## SALUTE THE DEAD

Salute the dead as you pass by!
Salute the brothers brave who lie
'Neath little mounds on Flanders field
Give them the sign you'll never yield.
Their souls are hovering near to see
The lines new-formed for liberty,
Salute them as you pass that they
May know you honor them to-day.

Salute the little wooden cross,
The symbol of a mother's loss,
That dots the wayside where you tread,
That he who sleeps among the dead
May know you follow in his train,
And that he has not died in vain.
Say to the heroes who have gone,
Their fight for freedom still goes on.

Salute the dead as you pass by,
Not outwardly with hand to eye,
But inwardly, as soul to soul,
That they may know, the ages roll
Across the fields where now they lie
And countless warriors pass and die,
Their brothers still shall cross the sea
To bring them peace and set them free.

Salute the dead! Tell them who sleep
Their faith, undaunted, you will keep.
They held the line till you could come,
Their eyes are closed, their voices dumb,
But now their spirits wait to lead
You forward in this hour of need,
Salute the glorious who have gone!
It is their work you carry on.

EDGAR A. GUEST.

## IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago,
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved: and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from falling hands, we throw
The torch: Be yours to lift it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flanders fields.

LIEUT. COL. JOHN MCCREA, *Canadian Ex. Forces.*

---

## IN FLANDERS FIELDS (An Answer)

In Flanders fields the cannon boom
And fitful flashes light the gloom
While up above, like eagles, fly
The fierce destroyers of the sky;
With stains wherein the ground you lie
Is redder than the poppy bloom
In Flanders fields.

Sleep on, ye brave: The shrieking shell,
The quaking trench, the startled yell,
The fury of the battle hell
Shall wake you not—for all is well—
Sleep peacefully, for all is well.

Your flaming torch aloft we bear,
With burning heart and oath we swear
To keep the faith, to fight it through,
To crush the foe or sleep with you,
In Flanders fields.

C. B. GALBREATH.

## MEMORIAL DAY

Not costly domes, nor marble towers,
  Shall mark where Friendship comes to weep;
Let clustering vines and fragrant flowers
  Tell where the nation's heroes sleep.

They rest in many a shaded vale,
  By and beneath the sounding sea;
The forest winds their requiem wail,
  The glorious sons of liberty!

They merit all our hearts can give;
  Our praises and our love they claim;
Long shall their precious names survive,
  Held sacred by immortal fame.

Blest be the land for which they fought—
  The land where Freedom's banners wave;
The land by blood and treasure bought,
  Where dwell the free, where sleep the brave.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

---

## DECORATION

'Mid the flower-wreathed tombs I stand,
Bearing lilies in my hand.
Comrades! in what soldier-grave
Sleeps the bravest of the brave?

Is it he who sank to rest
With his colors round his breast?
Friendship makes his tomb a shrine,
Garlands veil it; ask not mine.

One low grave, yon trees beneath,
Bears no roses, wears no wreath;
Yet no heart more high and warm
Ever dared the battle-storm.

Never gleamed a prouder eye
In the front of victory;
Never foot had firmer tread
On the field where hope lay dead.

Than are hid within this tomb,
Where the untended grasses bloom;
And no stone with feigned distress,
Mocks the sacred loneliness.

Youth and beauty, dauntless will,
Dreams that life could ne'er fulfill
Here lie buried,—here in peace
Wrongs and woes have found release.

Turning from my comrades' eyes,
Kneeling where a woman lies,
I strew lilies on the grave
Of the bravest of the brave.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

---

## BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age has flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds the deathless tomb.

THEODORE O'HARA.

## TO THE DEAD KNIGHT

A Franklin (Pa.) boy, who had won the title of lieutenant in the United States army, gave up his life for the flag. As the body lay in state, William P. F. Ferguson, editor of the Venango Herald, was inspired to pen the following lines entitled "To the Dead Knight." The poem is copied from the Venango Herald:

Sleep well, dead lad, Knight of the Azure Blue!
Sleep well, they stately sleep amid the bloom!
Love holds thee dear; Faith hails the leal and true;
Proud Honor weaves rich chaplets for thy tomb.

Dead in the splendor of thy golden youth,
Dead in the promise of thy dawning day,
Yet ne'er to die, immortalized in Truth,
A living star in Freedom's sky alway!

Deathless to ride, in never-ending flight,
Through vaulted domes of spanless spaces far,
Close to the founts of quenchless, radiant light,
Where glory-crowned, God's fadeless heroes are!

They hold thee not—these hills where thou wast born,
Nor yet these hearts that love thee, warm and dear;
Now are thou ray of that eternal morn
That breaks in ceaseless splendor, year on year.

---

## A TOAST

And here's to the blue of the wind-swept North
When we meet on the fields of France.
May the spirit of Grant be with you all
As the sons of the North advance.

And here's to the gray of the sun-kissed South
When we meet on the fields of France.
May the spirit of Lee be with you all
As the sons of the South advance.

And here's to the Blue and the Grays as One!
When we meet on the fields of France.
May the Spirit of God be with us all
As the sons of the Flag advance!

GEORGE MORROW MAYO.

## AN EXERCISE

Strew with flowers the soldier's grave,
  Plant each lovely thing that grows;
Let the summer breezes wave
  The calla lily and the rose;
    White and red—the cause, the price!
    Right, upheld by sacrifice.

Let the summer's perfumed breath,
  Fragrant with the sweetest flowers,
Charm the sadness out of death,
  Glorify the mourners' hours,
    Freighted with their prayers, arise
    Incense of their sacrifice.

'Tis not valor that we praise,
  Thirst for glory, love of strife;
Gentle hearts from quiet ways,
  Turned to save a nation's life,
    Lest in jealous fragments torn
    Freedom's land should come to scorn.

O'er the Gray, as o'er the Blue,
  Nature's bursting tears will flow;
Both were brave, and both were true
  And fought for all they loved below.
    Pity! nor forbid the tear
    Shed above so sad a bier.

Cherish, then, the patriot fires
  Honor, loyalty, and trust
In God that Freedom ne'er expires
  Where virtue guards the martyr's dust,
    Who counted life as little worth,
    And saved the imperiled Hope of Earth.

---

"A nation without memories is poor indeed."

## MEMORIAL DAY—AN ACROSTIC

M—Mid the flower-wreathed tombs I stand,
Bearing lilies in my hand,
Comrade, in what soldier-grave
Sleeps the bravest of the brave?

THOMAS W. HIGGINSON.

E—Each breeze's visit numbers,
Alone keeps martial ward above
The heroes dreamless slumbers.

—Margaret E. Preston.

M—Mystic cords 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.

O—Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!

THOMAS MOORE.

R—Rest, comrades, rest and sleep;
The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.

SELECTED.

I—It's lonesome, sorter lonesome, it's a Sunday day to me
It 'pears-like mor'n any day I nearly ever see;
Yit with the stars and stripes above, a-flutterin' in the air,
On ev'ry soldier's grave, I'd love to lay a lily there

J. W. RILEY.

A—Around those mounds of noble fame
Bend forms unseen by mortal eye,
To catch the sacrifice of death,
And bear the incense to the sky.

ANON.

L—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.

BRISTOW.

D—Dear are the graves which no man names or knows;
Uncounted graves, which never can be found;
Graves of the precious "missing," where no sound
Of tender weeping will be heard.

H. H. JACKSON.

A—A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
Forever and forever.

TENNYSON.

Y—Yes, bring them the gift of 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.

SELECTED.

*Song Group*—Selected.

*Recitation*:—For Grandpa's Sake. ANON.

My grandpa went to war long years ago—
I never saw him, but they told me so.
And how after a battle, sad news came,
Among the "missing" was my grandpa's name

They never heard of him again, they said,
And so we know that grandpa must be dead;
And when I think of him, so good and brave,
I wish I knew where he had found a grave.

When Decoration Day comes, every year,
I feel so sad, and sometimes shed a tear,
To see the soldiers' graves all spread with flowers,
While grandpa cannot have one rose of ours.

So, if some little Southern girl should know
A nameless grave where never blossoms grow,
I'd love her so, if there some flowers she'd lay
For grandpa's sake this Decoration Day.

*Stand By the Flag.*—JOHN NICHOLAS WILDER.

Stand by the Flag! Its stars, like meteors gleaming,
Have lighted Arctic icebergs, Southern seas,
And shone responsive to the stony beaming
Of old Arcturus and the Pleiades.

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

Stand by the Flag! On land and ocean billow,
By it your fathers stood, unmoved and true;
Living, defending; dying, from their pillow
With their last blessing passed it on to you.

Stand by the Flag, all doubt and danger scorning!
Believe, with courage firm and faith sublime.
That it shall float until th' eternal morning
Pales in its glories all the lights of Time.

---

## RECITATION

(Recitation by Two Girls with Flags.)

*First—*

Oh, who shall say when drums shall beat?
America! America!
And who will train the little feet?
America! America!
While we are young we will repeat
The stories that to us seem sweet,
And lay our laurels at their feet.
America! America!

*Second—*

Oh, who shall say when we grow old,
America! America!
That some place of honor we may hold?
America! America!
And though the story oft is told
Of leaders true and leaders bold,
Our love for them shall not grow cold.
America! America!

Both—

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

*Teacher's Yearbook.*

---

## WE KEEP MEMORIAL DAY

When the May has culled her flowers for the summer waiting long,
And the breath of early roses woos the hedges into song,
Comes the throb of martial music and the banners in the street
And the marching of the millions bearing garlands fair and sweet;
'Tis the Sabbath of the nation, 'tis the floral feast of May.
In remembrance of our heroes
We keep Memorial Day.

They are sleeping in the valleys, they are sleeping 'neath the sea,
They are sleeping by the thousands till the royal reveille;
Let us know them, let us name them, let us honor one and all,
For they loved us and they saved us, springing at the bugle call:
Let us sound the song and cymbal, wreathe the immortelles and bay.
In the favor of thanksgiving
We keep Memorial Day.

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

## SCATTER THE FLOWERS

(To be recited or sung. Tune: "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground")

We come with gifts of flowers sweet
For each dear soldier's grave;
We'll cover the mounds where they gently sleep,
Those boys so true and brave.

Chorus—

Many are the boys who are sleeping for aye
Under the sod and dew;
Many are the hearts sending love to-day
To those brave boys in blue.
Scatter the flowers, scatter the flowers,
Over the soldiers' graves!
Scatter the flowers, scatter the flowers,
Over the soldiers' graves!

We'll honor the graves of our soldiers dead,
Who heard their country's cry,
Who left their homes, and fought and bled
And died for liberty.

We'll bring them to-day the violets blue,
And roses red and white;
Those colors bright they bore so true
For God and Home and Right.

ADA SHERWOOD.

---

M. S., Colorado City—Some time ago I read a call for the verses on the "Little Bronze Button," and as I have them will send them in for print. Poem was written by John L. Parker, post department commander of Massachusetts:

How dear to the heart of each gray-headed soldier
Are thoughts of the days when we still wore the Blue;
While mem'ry recalls every trial and danger,
And scenes of the past are brought back to his view
Though long since discarding our arms and equipments,
There's one thing a soldier most surely will note—
The first thing he sees on the form of a comrade
Is the little bronze button he wears on his coat.

Chorus.

The little bronze button,
The sacred bronze button,
The Grand Army button
He wears on his coat.

"How much did it cost?" said a man to the soldier
"That little flat button you wear on your coat."
"Ten cents in good money," he answered the stranger;
"And four years of marching and fighting, to boot."
The wealth of the world cannot purchase this emblem,
Except that the buyer once wore the brave blue;
And it shows to mankind the full marks of a hero—
A man who to honor and country was true.

Chorus.

Then let us be proud of the little bronze button
And wear it with spirit, both loyal and bold;
Fraternally welcome each one who supports it,
With love in our hearts for the comrades of old.
Each day musters out whole battalions of wearers,
And soon will be missed the loved token so dear;
But millions to come will remember with honor
The men who'd the right that bronze button to wear.

Chorus.

Tune: "The Old Oaken Bucket."

---

## MEMORIAL DAY

Air: "We Shall Meet But We Shall Miss Him"

Sweetest blossoms of the springtime
From the meadow and the hill
Scatter o'er the graves of heroes
Who, tho' dead, are living still.
But alas! how many brave ones
Who their lives for Freedom gave
Sleep the sleep that knows no waking
Underneath the ocean wave.

Chorus:

Brooks and rivers, bear love's tribute
To the dead in stream or sea,—
Tell them how a Nation honors
Those who died to make men free.

Dead are they, but not forgotten
Tho' their graves we cannot see.
And to-day we pay our tribute
To each brave one's memory.
Scatter blossoms on the waters
Soon to merge with ocean's wave,
And the tide will bear the message
That we send to every grave.

Wind and wave, take thou the blossoms
That to-day we give to thee—
Tell the dead that we remember
Heroes of the land and sea.
Bear them where the dead are lying
In death's last untroubled sleep,
Freighted with love's tender message
To the heroes 'neath the deep.

EBEN E. REXFORD, *Shiocton, Wis.*

---

## AFTER THE BATTLE

"Brave Captain! canst thou speak? What is it thou dost see!
A wondrous glory lingers on thy face,
The night is past; I've watched the night with thee.
Knowest thou the place?"

"The place? 'Tis Fair Oaks, comrade. Is the battle over?
The victory—the victory—is it won?
My wound is mortal; I know I cannot recover—
The battle for me is done!

"I never thought it would come to this! Does it rain?
The musketry! Give me a drink; ah, that is glorious!
Now if it were not for this pain—this pain—
Didst thou say victorious?

"It would not be strange, would it, if I do wander?
A man can't remember with a bullet in his brain.
I wish when at home I had been a little fonder—
Shall I ever be well again?

"It can make no difference whether I go from here or there;
Thou'lt write to father and tell him when I am dead?—
The eye that sees the sparrow fall numbers every hair
Even of this poor head.

"Tarry awhile, comrade, the battle can wait for thee;
I will try to keep thee but a few brief moments longer;
Thou'lt say good-by to the friends at home for me?—
If only I were a little stronger!

"I must not think of it. Thou art sorry for me?
The glory—is it the glory?—makes me blind;
Strange, for the light, comrade, the light I cannot see—
Thou hast been very kind!

"I do not think I have done so very much evil—
I did not mean it. 'I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul'—just a little rude and uncivil—
Comrade, why dost thou weep?

"Oh! if human pity is so gentle and tender—
Good-night, good friends! 'I lay me down to sleep'—
Who from a Heavenly Father's love needs a defender?
'My soul to keep!'

" 'If I should die before I wake'—comrade, tell mother,
Remember—'I pray the Lord my soul to take!'
My musket thou'lt carry back to my little brother
For my dear sake.

"Attention, company! Reverse arms! Very well, men; my thanks.
Where am I? Do I wander, comrade—wander again?—
Parade is over. Company E, break ranks! break ranks!—
I know it is the pain.

"Give me thy strong hand; fain would I cling, comrade, to thee;
I feel a chill air blown from a far-off shore;
My sight revives; Death stands and looks at me.
What waits he for?

"Keep back my ebbing pulse till I be bolder grown;
I would know something of the Silent Land;
It's hard to struggle to the front, alone—
Comrade, thy hand.

"The reveille calls! be strong, my soul, and peaceful;
The Eternal City bursts upon my sight!
The ringing air with ravishing melody is full—
I've won the fight!

"Nay, comrade, let me go; hold not my hand so steadfast;
I am commissioned—under marching orders—
I know the Future—let the Past be past—
I cross the borders."

ANONYMOUS.

# FLAG DAY

## THE FLAG

It is henceforth to stand for self-possession, for dignity, for the assertion of the right of one nation to serve the other nations of the world—an emblem that will not condescend to use for purposes of aggression and self-aggrandizement; that is too great to be debased by selfishness; that has indicated its right to be honored by all nations of the world and feared by none to do righteousness.

—Woodrow Wilson.

---

## THE FLAG

By Samuel J. Lewis

*Colorado Commissioner of Public Printing*

Salute me—for I am the Flag.

I wave in splendor over a nation of free men—a country that has never fought a losing war, never engaged in an unrighteous struggle—a Land of the Brave which has upraised the weak, struck the shackles from the oppressed, driven hunger and disease from the afflicted, and wiped the tears from the eyes of the saddened peoples.

Honor me—for I am the Red, the White, the Blue.

My Red is doubly emblematic. It is for the valorous blood of Americans shed on heroic fields in Freedom's holy cause; and it is for the red, red blood of Americans of to-day who will strive in fidelity and faith against every traitor hand and plot.

My Blue is for the American skies which must never be obscured or darkened by any cloud which would cast even a momentary shadow over my children, or those of other lands who may wish, in the spirit of good citizenship, to join my family.

My White is for the pure, unsullied motives of those who brought me forth, who died that I might live, who will forever keep me waving in Righteousness.

My Stars tell of the Heavens above and the light which I have brought to a world which might otherwise be in darkness.

Respect me—for I am the Hope of the Uplift.

Glory and disheartenment have I seen, but the glory has remained, the disheartenment is of the long past. I have been at Valley Forge with Washington, when the red of my folds was no redder than the red of the snow, discolored by the blood from the bare and frozen feet of patriots. I have been at Yorktown, where Freedom won. I have been with Perry on Lake Erie, with John Paul Jones on the high seas, with Decatur against the pirates of Tripoli. I floated over Scott on the heights of Mexico, over Grant at Vicksburg and Appomatox, over Dewey in Manila Bay. Yes, and I waved over my khaki-clad warriors at the last battle of the Marne, when Chateau-Thierry and the Argonne became immortal names in American history.

My Red, my White, my Blue has never been trailed in the mires of injustice; ever they have been on the side of right; always they will be up and moving forward. My stars have shown through the gloom which tyrants would create; ever their light has been cast into the darkened places; always their brilliance will beautify the path to higher things.

To-day I look in contentment on a Nation at peace, a land of progress, the home of courageous and upright men and women.

Love me—for I am your Stars and Stripes!

---

### OLD GLORY

O brave flag, O bright flag, O flag to lead the free!
The glory of thy silver stars,
Engrailed in blue above the bars
Of red for courage, white for truth
Have brought the world a second youth
And drawn a hundred million hearts to follow after thee.

First of the flags of earth to dare
A heraldry so high;
First of the flags of earth to bear
The blazons of the sky;
Long may thy constellation glow,
Foretelling happy fate;
Wider thy starry circle grow,—
And every star a State! DR HENRY VAN DYKE.

## THE FLAG

One day in October, 1918, I was crossing the parade ground with my commanding officer. We were walking with our backs to the flag that was floating over headquarters when retreat sounded. At the first note of the bugle we quit talking and at the proper time turned, faced the flag and came to the position of salute. As we stood there I felt that the Colonel was experiencing deep emotion. At the last note of the bugle, I turned to look at him to find tears in his eyes and coursing down his stern face. Noting my questioning look he said, "I just received a message telling me my only boy is dead in France. He is all I had and I gave it for the Flag we have just saluted." We walked on in silence, but when we parted and as I saluted him I caught in his eyes an expression not of grief, nor of regret, but of triumph. He was the commander of a large army hospital and not a day passed but that he needs must write home to some parent cheering words to make easier the reception of sad news. Now this came to him and that which he had tried to give to others had been given him in this simple but inspiring ceremony of retreat at an army post.

To the individual the flag means Service; it means Sacrifice; and, so far as consistent with the needs of the nation, it means safety, comfort and happiness. But when these need be sacrificed that the flag may continue to float, the men, women and children of America have shown the world that they will on occasion act as my Colonel did.

W. B. MOONEY.

---

### AWAKE! SALUTE THE FLAG!

(Air: "Michigan, My Michigan.")

Hail, purest flag o'er land or sea!
Awake! awake! salute the flag!
It moves the world toward liberty,
Awake! awake! salute the flag!
Its stars so bright, its stripes so fair,
No other can with it compare;
It sails the seas and rules the air,
Awake! awake! salute the flag!

Our flag has storm and tempest known,
  Awake! awake! salute the flag!
By all the winds of battle blown,
  Awake! awake! salute the flag!
For you its beauteous folds were torn,
But now by loyal legions borne,
It vies the splendors of the morn,
  Awake! awake! salute the flag!

Yet patriots to the rally come!
  Awake! awake! salute the flag!
From hill and vale let every home
  Awake! awake! salute the flag!
The Stars and Stripes for freedom stand;
Oh, come, and for your country stand;
And pledge your head, and heart, and hand,
  Awake! awake! salute the flag!
    (Flag day, June 14.)

---

## FLAG DAY

June 14 is the anniversary of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes by the Continental Congress in the year 1777, and has been set aside as our National Flag Day. This gives us another opportunity to teach love of country and respect for the flag.

### DRAMATIZATION

Let the children "play" the story of the making of the first flag. In a small back room in a little old building still standing on Arch Street in Philadelphia our American flag was designed and made. It was known in the beginning as the "Stars and Stripes."

We are told that George Washington and Robert Morris went to Betsy Ross in her little home and engaged her to make the flag. One story says that Washington had a pencil drawing of the design to be used and that the three talked it over; Betsy suggested making stars with five points instead of six. This will suggest the conservation that might take place in the dramatization.

### FLAG SALUTES

While the salute is being given, let one child hold a flag unfurled before the class. In giving it each child should use his

right hand to point to "head" and "heart" as the words are used, and extend it at the word "hand." Point to the flag as it is mentioned.

"I give my head, my heart,
and my hand to my country;
One country, one language, one flag."

### SEALS AND BADGES

The use of the little flag seals adds to the interest of the day. If you use some mark for good work on papers, a little flag pasted on the best papers will be an acceptable reward.

A badge made of red, white and blue paper or a small flag colored with croyola will be worn with much pleasure.

### CAPS

If there is to be any celebration of the Flag Day, the wearing of caps that the children can make will be effective. A newspaper folded makes a cap of just the right size for a primary child to wear. A rosette of red, white and blue makes the cap more attractive.

### ONE STORY ABOUT THE FLAG

Those of us who have not been away from our own country hardly realize what it would mean not to see the Stars and Stripes floating everywhere on the Fourth of July.

Victor Mapes, in a book called "Our Holidays," tells of a little boy who with his uncle had been traveling abroad and for nearly two months had not seen a single American flag. It was on the Fourth of July that they reached Paris, and as they walked along the boulevards they saw a number of flags hanging out from the American shops. It was good to see again their own flag and the thought came to Frank, for the first time, that the United States was one of a great many nations living next to one another in this world—that it was his own nation, a kind of a big family he belonged to. The Fourth of July was a sort of big, family birthday, and the flags were out so as to show the Frenchmen and every one else not to forget the fact.

The flags never looked as fine to Frank and he counted them as he passed them.

During the morning Frank and his cousin George, a boy just a little older than Frank, who had been in Paris the preceding winter, went off together to see the sights and to have a good time.

George had two American-flag pins and gave one to Frank, saying, "We ought to wear the flag or maybe people won't know that we are Americans."

As the two boys walked together toward Lafayette's tomb, they noticed a lot of people waiting there. George knew that the year before the American Consul, or the American Consul-General, or somebody had put a new flag on the tomb for our Government because Lafayette had helped us in the Revolution. The flag looked old and worn.

"They ought to put a new flag there every Fourth of July morning," said George, "but the American Consul who is here is a new man. He must have forgotten it."

The people waited a long time to see the new flag put on. The boys waited, too, but no soldiers or anybody came, and after a while the people went away.

"Somebody ought to put on a new flag. Let us be the ones to do it," said George.

So the boys went to a store on the Boulevard, and for twenty francs bought a new flag just like the old worn out one. Each boy paid half. When they got back there were two women and a little girl at the tomb. The boys waited until they went away and then unrolled the new flag and took the old one off the tomb.

George and Frank thought they ought to make some speech thanking Lafayette for his help to the United States, but they did not know how to make a regular speech, so they just took off their hats when they spread out the new flag on the grave. Then they rolled up the old flag and went away.

The boys drew lots for the old flag and Frank is very proud as he looks at it hanging on the wall of his little room in America.

## PATRIOTISM, AND THE FLAG

By Annie Parker Hyder

Surely there is something wrong about the boy or girl, to whom the flag of their country means nothing, except a piece of gaily colored bunting waving in the breeze. They lack something which every one should have, true patriotism. The American boy or girl who does not reverence "Old Glory," as her beautiful Stars and Stripes unfurl before them, is not a true American, and should be taught to fully understand and appreciate our flag before they can be fully trusted as the men and women who can be safely "called to the colors," either on the field of battle or to the governing power of our country. Never was the American flag more highly reverenced than it is to-day. No country dares insult the Stars and Stripes. The "world war" has not only taught the other nations a wholesome respect for the American flag, but our own people have been more awakened to the fact that we should reverence it for its protection to the rights of property and life, of every true American. The flag of a country is always a very important part in war. Unfurled it floats on land and sea, showing to friend and foe, the places occupied by, and under the protection of its colors, and these old flags which have been carried through the storm of shot and shell, are later displayed with much pride, and guarded with jealous care, and no amount of money could buy them. Old soldiers who have been upon the battlefield will reverently lift their hats as they look upon them. Such reverence should be taught to every American boy and girl, and they should have a full appreciation of the thought so beautifully expressed by Joseph Rodman Drake's famous poem, "The American Flag," an extract from which follows:

When Freedom from her mountain height
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
  And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;

Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.
. . . . . .

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
. . . . . .

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

---

## THE GREAT BLUE TENT

Now that the United States has entered the war, general attention is being called to the remarkable poem on our flag penned by the noted American author, Edith Wharton, and cabled by her from Paris to the New York Times two years ago. The challenge to the Stars and Stripes to live up to its history follows:

Come unto me, said the Flag,
Ye weary and sore oppressed;
For I am no shot-riddled rag,
But a great blue tent of Rest.

Ye heavy-laden, come
On the aching feet of dread,
From ravaged town, from murdered home,
From your tortured and your dead.

All they that beat at my crimson bars
Shall enter without demur.
Tho the round earth rock with the wind of wars,
Not one of my folds shall stir.

See, here is warmth and sleep,
And a table largely spread;
I give garments to them that weep,
And for gravestones I give bread.

But what, thru my inmost fold,
Is this cry on the winds of war?
"Are you grown so old, are you grown so cold,
O Flag that was once our Star?

"Where did you learn that bread is life,
And where that fire is warm—
You, that took the van of a world-wide strife
As an eagle takes the storm?

"Where did you learn that MEN are bred
Where hucksters bargain and gorge;
And where that down makes a softer bed
Than the snows of Valley Forge?

"Come up, come up to the stormy sky,
Where our fierce folds rattle and hum,
For Lexington taught US how to fly,
And WE dance to Concord's drum."

O Flags of Freedom, said the Flag,
Brothers of wind and sky;
I, too, was once a tattered rag,
And I wake and shake at your cry.

I tug and tug at the anchoring place,
Where my drowsy folds are caught;
I strain to be off on the old fierce chase
Of the foe we have always fought.

O People I made, said the Flag,
And welded from sea to sea,
I am still the shot-riddled rag
That shrieks to be free, to be free.

Oh, cut my silken ties
From the roof of the palace of Peace;
Give back my Stars to the skies,
My Stripes to the storm-striped seas.

Or else, if you bid me yield,
Then down with my crimson bars,
And o'er all my azure field
Sow poppies instead of Stars.

EDITH WHARTON.

## OUR FLAG

The heart of every patriot responds to noble tributes to the flag. On Flag Day, June 14th, 1917, a signal tribute was paid to the national emblem. The House of Representatives at Washington, D. C., on that day suspended all legislative proceedings to listen to an address by Representative Hicks of New York State on "The American Flag." The speaker quoted from eloquent tributes by the late Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court and by Henry Ward Beecher. When at last he read the following poem by Charles G. Crellin every member of the House arose, cheering the flag. As a mark of profound respect, the House of Representatives adjourned for the day:

### OUR FLAG

Stars of the early dawning, set in a field of blue;
Stripes of the sunrise splendor, crimson and white of hue;
Flag of our fathers' fathers born on the field of strife,
Phoenix of fiery battle risen from human life;
Given for God and freedom, sacred, indeed, the trust
Left by the countless thousands returned to the silent dust.

Flag of a mighty nation waving aloft unfurled;
Kissed by the sun of heaven, caressed by the winds of the world;
Greater than kingly power, greater than all mankind;
Conceived in the need of the hour, inspired by the Master Mind;
Over the living children, over the laureled grave,
Streaming on high in the cloudless sky, banner our fathers gave.

Flag of a new-born era, token of every right
Wrung from a tyrant power, unawed by a tyrant's might;
Facing again the menace outflung from a foreign shore,
Meeting again the challenge as met in the years before;
Under thy spangled folds thy children await to give
All that they have or are that the flag they love shall live.

CHARLES G. CRELLIN.

## ONLY ONE FLAG NOW

No more he stands between two lands,
  While love blows hot and cold;
No more he weighs with trembling hands
  The new faith and the old.
    The past's dead things
    Aside he flings;
Hark to his new-made vow:
Only one flag! Only one flag! There's only one flag now!

Oh, blue-eyed Hans, your choice was plain
  When, with your soul your own,
You left behind the eagles twain
  To hail the eagle lone.
    Back flew the bars
    To show the stars,
And still they light your brow.
Only one flag! Only one flag! There's only one flag now!

You from the country of the Slav!
  You from the Alpine crag!
Only one country now you have—
  Only one love, one flag.
    You break the bands
    Of motherlands,
And this your why and how:
Only one flag! Only one flag! There's only one flag now!

JOHN O'KEEF, *in New York World.*

---

For your country, boy, and for that flag, never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to deal with, behind officers and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother.''

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

## STAND BY THE FLAG

(Dialogue for Three Boys with Flags)

*First Boy*—

Stand by the flag on land, on ocean's billow,
By it your fathers stood, unmoved and true,
Living, defended; dying, from their pillow
With their last blessing passed it on to you.

*Second Boy*—

The flag floats east, the flag floats west,
The skies unveil their glory,
Each stripe reflects the loving light,
Star tells to star its story.

*Third Boy*—

From sea to sea, in calm or storm,
Shine on, O flag, in beauty,
For all who walk in freedom's ways,
For all who died for duty.

*All* (raising flags)—

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry,
"Union and Liberty! One evermore!"

---

## THE FLAG

"Symbol of hope to me and to mine and to all who aspire to be free,
Ever your golden stars may shine from east to the western sea;
Ever your golden stars may shine, and ever your stripes may gleam,
To lead us on from the deeds we do to the greater deeds that we dream.

"Here is our love to you, flag of the free, and flag of the tried and true;
Here is our love to your streaming stripes and your stars in a field of blue;
Native or foreign, we're children all of the land over which you fly,
And, native or foreign, we love the land for which it were sweet to die."

## THE FLAG—AND YOU

You fling out Old Glory; you sing her proud story;
Her history thrills you through.
In peace you march near her; you bid people cheer her;
You're glad she stands guard over you.
But, friend, in what manner do you serve the banner?
Is your part just plaudits and brag?
Do you see but beauty where others read duty?
How much have you put in your flag?

'Tis not her star cluster, 'tis not her stripes' luster
That gives her sublimity.
Our banner is human; strong men and women
Are wrought in the flag of the free.
'Tis the service they render that causes her splendor—
Without them Old Glory's a rag.
She calls—foes assail her. Will you help or fail her?
How much will you give to your flag?

DANIEL M. HENDERSON.

---

## A VISION OF THE FLAG

(An International Anthem)

For the Public

I gazed beyond the strife of alien brothers,
And saw a vision of the glories yet to come.
I saw a flag in the breeze unfurl—
A blessed flag—
That unfurled, and unfurled, and unfurled,
And I gazed in rapture, in realization, and in wonder.
I saw one star unfurl—
And then another, in the blue,
The blessed blue of the sky;
Stars of a golden light;
And of the soul's magnitude.
One star for each land and country
Was in this flag that covered all—
And then I looked again—
And knew that I was gazing at the Heavens.
Not that we should love our country less,
But that we should love our whole world more.

JULIAN P. SCOTT.

## UNFURL THE FLAG

Unfurl the flag. At dawn, when fleeing night
Flings farewell kisses to the rising sun,
Be our first vision fair those folds so bright,
'Neath which alone hath freedom's reign begun;
And when departing day o'erspreads the sky
With glory tints no human brush may match,
Let still our flag with these fair splendors vie—
The last bright thing our straining gaze may catch!

Unfurl the flag! Where Winter's snowy flakes
The Christmas earth shall carpet with thick down,
Fling there the flag across the ice-locked lakes,
And flash its glories o'er each white-robed town;
And where bright summer smiles the whole year round,
And earth's green lap is filled for aye with flowers,
Let there the flag on each sweet breeze rebound,
The fitting emblem of fair birds and bowers!

Unfurl the flag! where Peace outspreads her wings,
Unstartled by the sullen voice of foes,
Our flag shall float and with us laugh and sing—
The happy symbol of our calm repose;
And when dread War shall flood us with alarms
'Till gentle Peace shall perish from affright,
With thrilling joy, amid the clash of arms,
To see our flag lead forth a nation's might!

Unfurl the flag! Where our loved fathers fought
And spread the borders of our broad domain;
Unfurl the flag! Where our brave sons have wrought
And wrested isles from tyranny's sad bane;
Unfurl the flag! Where nations meet to weigh
The decimation of the downcast lands,
Float there its folds that all the earth may say:
Behold the flag which for the helpless stands!

REV. L. M. WATERMAN.

## WHAT MY GRANDPA SAID

(Recitation for a Boy Carrying a Flag)

This is my country's flag;
I love each snowy star
Set in its azure corner space,
Each white and crimson bar.

I'd love to see it float
Above a battlefield;
I'd fight for it until I died,
And never, never yield.

I told my grandpa so.
He smiled and stroked my head.
"You can defend the flag to-day,"
That's what my grandpa said.

He said that to fight in war-time
Was not the only way
To serve the country that we love;
We can serve her every day.

He said that every wrong thing done
Was weakening our land;
Unless the evils are put down,
Our country may not stand.

He talked of Greece and Egypt
And Rome and Babylon,
And how, because they were not good,
Their mighty power is gone.

"A boy who loves his flag," he said,
"Will battle for the right.
A boy can serve our country,
Being good with all his might."

He said that the dearest country,
And the best the sun shines on,
Should have the best and bravest boys
To put the wrong things down.

I mean to always think of this,
When I see our banner bright;
We boys may serve our country well
By trying to do right.

SELECTED.

## AT A PARADE

The flag went by. Not one uncovered head
Paid tribute to the memory of the dead,
Altho its scarlet stripes glow vivid still,
As when they dripped with blood at Bunker Hill.
The flag went by, its bars of purest white
Unsullied as the deathless ideals bright
For which our forebears bled, and every star
Gleamed on its azure field, like hope afar.
That leads men upward—deems no height too steep
For those to scale, who safe their birthright keep.

The flag went by. Its passage seemed to me
A strain exquisite from a threnody
That mourned the passing of those heroes bold
Who fought beneath its silken folds, of old,
The flag went by, I merely dreamed the note
Of sweeter melody that seemed to float
And quivering, suspended, hang in air
Above the thoughtless crowds that gathered there
To watch the pageant; for I saw no sign
That any other soul had thrilled with mine!

Where is the patriotic fire that flamed
'Mid snows at Valley Forge? Are men ashamed
To render public homage to the sign
And symbol of a nation's soul, divine
And deathless? It is comforting to know
In '76, at least, it was not so!
History chronicles, for all to see,
It was not so in 1863!
Does our blood crawl so sluggishly to-day
That we, unmoved, that emblem can survey?

Hats off! It is your own, your country's flag!
On many battlefields, a tattered rag
It fluttered proudly, triumph or defeat
For right it did not hesitate to meet.
It is the symbol of the hopes and fears,
Struggles, attainments, of a hundred years
And almost twoscore more. It is the sum
Of what we aim to be, what we have done,
Or hope to do—and yet I saw no eye
Kindle, no hand salute—
The flag went by!

BEATRICE BARRY.

## ETIQUETTE OF THE FLAG

The War and Navy Departments of the United States Government have promulgated at various times certain rules to be observed in using the Flag.

The position of the Flag is aloft—from a pinnacle of a building, higher than furniture of a room, and above the head of one carrying it. No other Flag is to be placed above it. When State or other flags hang with it, the National Flag must be to the right.

The Flag shall not be raised before sunrise, not remain up after sunset. In raising or lowering, the Flag must never be allowed to touch the ground. It must not be left out over night nor in inclement weather.

When the Flag is displayed on end with the field down, it is a sign of disgrace; at sea, a sign of distress.

When the Flag is hung at half mast, in token of mourning, it shall first be hoisted to the top of the staff, then lowered to position; and in the same manner be taken down. On Memorial Day, the Flag shall be displayed at half mast until noon, then hoisted to top of the staff until sunset. When the Flag is placed over a bier or casket, the blue field shall be at the head.

When the Flag is formally raised, all present shall stand at attention with hand raised to forehead ready for salute. When the colors are passing on parade, spectators, if walking, shall halt; if sitting, arise and stand at attention. During the playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner," when rendered with patriotic intent, all present shall arise and stand during the rendition.

---

### AMERICA COMES IN

We are coming from the ranch, from the city and the mine,
And the word has gone before us to the towns upon the Rhine;
As the rising of the tide
On the Old-World side,
We are coming to the battle, to the Line.

From the valleys of Virginia, from the Rockies in the North
We are coming by battalions, for the word was carried forth;
"We have put the pen away
And the sword is out to-day,
For the Lord has loosed the Vintages of Wrath."

---

## OUR SERVICE FLAG

With field of white, with stars of blue,
With binding band of ruddy hue,
Fair emblem of a nation's pride,
"Old Glory's" symbols sanctified,
Our loyalty that shall not lag
We pledge to thee, our Service Flag.

From windows of the rich and poor,
Thy spirit streaming warm and pure,
The spirit of great Washington,
Speaks through a thousand stars or one
Of loyalty that shall not lag,—
Our pledge to thee, oh Service Flag.

Enmeshed within thy field of white,
The righteous cause for which we fight,
Of justice, honor, liberty,
The whole world 'round o'er land and sea;
The loyalty that shall not lag
We pledge to thee, our Service Flag.

Thy stars! The blue of cloudless skies,
The blue of love, of sacrifice,
Of love for country, home and friend,
That soldier-sailor boys defend
With loyalty that shall not lag,
The "true blues" of our Service Flag.

Red runs the border of thy scroll,
The flaming passion of the soul,
The will, the courage and the might
Of those who live and die for right,
The loyalty that shall not lag
To back thy boys, oh Service Flag.

ARTHUR M. CORWIN.