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STATE OF COLORADO

A Book of Holidays

1913-14

Labor Day September First	Arbor and Bird Day April Eighteenth
Columbus Day October Twelfth	Good Roads Day May Ninth
Thanksgiving Day November Twenty-seventh	Mothers' Day May Fourteenth
Christmas Day December Twenty-fifth	Fathers' Day May Sixteenth
New Year's Day January First	Peace Day May Eighteenth
Lincoln's Birthday February Twelfth	Memorial Day May Thirtieth
St. Valentine's Day February Fourteenth	Flag Day June Fourteenth
Susan B. Anthony's Birthday February Fifteenth	Independence Day July Fourth
Washington's Birthday February Twenty-second	Colorado Day August First



Issued by
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

MARY C. C. BRADFORD
State Superintendent of Public Instruction



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LETTER OF THE SUPERINTENDENT TO THE
SCHOOL CHILDREN

DEAR CHILDREN :

Here is a new book for you, full of stories and pictures and verses made ready for you by those who want to make you happy.

As I sit up here in the Capitol, I am going to shut my eyes, on each of these holidays, and make a little picture in my mind of the dear boys and girls in Colorado schoolhouses all the way from Julesburg to Cortez and from Craig to Springfield (you know these are four towns situated in the northeast and the southwest and the northwest and the southeast of our state), using the words of this book to celebrate some great occasion.

Every holiday in the year has something about it in this book. Each one tells its own story, so that you may be helped and made joyful by its message.

I thank you very heartily for the splendid way in which I know you are going to keep these holidays. Please try to have your school give the very best program that any school in Colorado can give. Ask your teacher to write me about it, and in the holiday book next year you will see an account of some of the very best celebrations given by the school children this year.

If your school likes the picture of the Colorado flag on the cover of this book, please write me why you like it and just how you feel when you look at our state banner.

With loving wishes for a year of happy holidays and a year of happy work, I am

Your sincere friend,

Mary C. C. Bradford.

State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

TO THE TEACHERS AND SCHOOL OFFICIALS OF
COLORADO

GREETING:

Colorado's Book of Holidays for 1913-14 is sent out by the Department of Public Instruction with the hope that it may become a source of inspiration and help to all those engaged in any branch of the great profession of education.

This volume takes the place of the several books that have heretofore borne the message of holiday time from the superintendent to the schools.

In it are included festivals of home and school and state and nation; and the appeal of each is so vital and profound that it has seemed well to respond with a comprehensive volume, containing suggestions for the observance of these great days in a permanent and ready reference form.

Beginning with Labor Day, the attention of the teachers is called to the truth that an important part of their duty is to instil the principles of sound economics, so that even little children may realize that prosperity and happiness are the fruits of toil, and that no real and lasting wealth can be obtained save by labor. Labor Day—the mighty festival of the producers—is itself an august reminder of the basis of a righteous civilization. Therefore, American school children should have their attention called to this great holiday. It is true that many schools are not in session on Labor Day, but the work of a large number of the summer schools lasts over into the autumn, and the first Monday in September finds some schools open. Where this is not the case, a community celebration should be urged by the teacher.

Next comes glorious Columbus Day—the wonderful 12th of October that thrills the American heart with the great cry that acclaims a world discovered. The shout of “Land, land!” on the lips of the sailors upon that long-ago October day echoes and re-echoes in the souls of the disinherited of earth, and because of the fulfilment of the dream of Columbus the fulfilling of the hopes of the landless from many nations has come to pass. Teach the right of the people to the land, and the glory of the creation of new homes and the conquering of a virgin soil, so that great, young, virile communities, teeming with the joy of life and the proud purposefulness of American freedom, may cover the country.

Through all the shortening days of November we look forward to Thanksgiving Day, the distinctive Americanism of which holiday makes it easy to teach both ethics and patriotism. Let its lessons be filled with joy and reverence, as well as exultation in the secure possession of the peace and plenty of home joys. Let us give thanks in our hearts as well as with our lips. Let us translate in deeds of love the festival of home.

What shall we say of Christmas—the dear day when childhood is enthroned and the world is taught the lesson that only to the child-spirit can life show the richness of its blessings? This mid-winter holiday has long since ceased to be limited to its theological significance (beautiful as this is), and throughout America Christian and Hebrew, and those who yield allegiance to no particular form of religious belief, can unite in the day that proclaims all motherhood sacred, all childhood holy, and typifies the near advent of a new birth of time by the symbol of the Christ-child, born in every heart to create a new world of love as his abode. It seems needless to do more than to say that our schools should make this celebration the heart of the holiday time.

New Year's Day sings its own gospel in the hearts of those who believe that all things are being made new,

and through the "process of the suns" opportunity is realizing itself in added power and happiness for all mankind.

February 12 brings us into the presence of the "first American"—Lincoln—the great son of the soil who bore the burdens of a continent in his heart, and in his disappearance from the scene of earthly labor left a unifying influence that has made one nation from the fragments of a separated country.

St. Valentine's Day, February 14, appeals strongly to little children. It is of such ancient origin, and may be so poetically interpreted, that it seems wise to devote a few moments to songs and recitations about the good old saint. Material for this is so ample and so easily obtained that it seems needless to provide it in this volume.

Not the least of Colorado's claims to fame rests upon the fact that it has done justice to its women; that, before the law, in Colorado, women stand equal to their brothers. Like some other of the holidays included in this book, there has been no statutory enactment making February 15, the birthday of Susan B. Anthony, a legal holiday, yet large bodies of our citizens observe it with gratitude and reverence. It is therefore recommended that on this day a short time be set apart in the schools for the reading of tributes to this great woman, whose life has been likened to that of Lincoln. As the great emancipator of the mother half of the race, we salute with homage the courageous soul who loved and sacrificed that women might be free.

This short month also quickens us with the birthday memories of the unique product of a unique revolution—the stately Washington, whose selfless acceptance of duty and unselfish refusal of power, combine to make him the great exemplar for our Republic. Great among the great days is February 22.

Smiling, frowning April, with its lure of bird-notes and its bourgeoning of blooms, gives us Arbor and Bird

Day, when we learn to know and love the trees, to respond to the ministry of their use and beauty, and to cry a heart-amen to the song of the birds who come to tell us that joy and spring are here.

On May 9 we learn about the mighty service of good roads and celebrate Good Roads Day. History takes on new meaning as we link the story of the great roads of the world to the achievements of the greatest nations. Our boys and girls should become, through knowledge and enjoyment, apostles of the good-roads movement.

From the heart of this fair month come two other holidays—Mothers' Day and Fathers' Day, May 14 and May 16, which are fast becoming among the most sacred festivals of the American people. Colorado school children are asked to inaugurate the custom of wearing a special flower to express devotion to the ideal of Fathers' Day. For some years the white carnation has symbolized the exquisite meaning of Mothers' Day. Henceforth let the sturdy, glowing red carnation gleam on the breasts of all children who remember with pride and love the qualities that make sacred the name of father. Thus shall the influence of both father and mother be typified in a flower of remembrance.

And Peace Day, too, belongs to May. Surely it is fitting that little children should observe May 18—stand for peace, and love peace, and live for peace. Surely the schools can serve no nobler purpose than to train "soldiers of the common good," whose daily lives shall be the pledge and promise of a nation worth living for, and, because worth living for, that shall live while history lives.

This month, brim-full of days of great observance, draws to its close with the mighty festival of memory. On May 30 North and South, East and West, unite in loving recollections of heroes laid away and in reverential acclaim of the new spirit born of their sacrifice. Let the celebration of Memorial Day be joyful, but not frivolous; full of gratitude and happiness, but not frittered away in

superficial pleasures that are more fitting for lesser days. Make it an all-souls' day indeed, when, because of those who are gone, those who are left know the certainty of an immortal nation.

How fast our hearts beat as we think of the fluttering flags, thousands upon thousands, that tell the world in vivid beauty the meaning of America! The 14th of June, Flag Day, is beginning to carve a place for itself in the history of state and nation. The Festival of the Flag appeals and thrills and satisfies. Make much of it everywhere; for, as children love the starry banner in babyhood and youth, so will they try to keep it forever stainless by living up to its high lessons.

Now comes the greatest of our national holidays—the day when into human history and human institutions was written the dream of human freedom, equality, and happiness. Teach the children that this great dream of our forefathers, this splendid hope of the Fourth of July, can never come true unless they help to realize the dream, unless they strive to turn the hope into a possession. Make them think of themselves as nation-builders—the children of Independence Day, July Fourth; the forefathers of still greater days to be.

Midsummer, with its full splendor of beauty, crowns our calendar of holidays with Colorado Day. August 1 falls beyond the limits of the school year, save in summer-school districts; but, nevertheless, the school influence should be felt in a community celebration showing the history and achievements of this state of beauty and resource, from pioneer days to the present. Colorado's achievements in all phases of life should be expressed in song and story and oration. Attention should be called to her wealth of natural resources and to her splendid types of citizenship. Every advance made in legislation, education, and commercial achievement should be noted and rejoiced over, and there should be such an exposition of Colorado's glories that all should realize the high privilege of living in this land of beauty and freedom.

The Department of State Patriotism, furnished by the Colorado Publicity League of the Denver Chamber of Commerce, is a mine of interesting and beautiful information regarding our beloved state. This portion of our book will be found useful for many of the holiday programs throughout the year, and it should be a quickener of our faith in the destiny of the commonwealth. To know Colorado is to love it. To love our state is to desire to serve it, and with this service we demonstrate the truth of our devotion to our mother, Colorado.

The Colorado flag salutes you from the cover of our new Holiday Book. May it mean to you strong manhood and womanhood; the capacity for worthy, productive work; the desire for loyal service, the vision of peace, and the glory of love! May every memory of a beautiful past and every hope for a happy future be associated with its folds! Let it wave above your schoolhouses, and its reflection be cradled in your hearts! Let the flag of the Union and the flag of Colorado stand together as the united symbol of nation and state—as the expression of a patriotism that extends from sea to sea, yet protects and hallows the roof-tree of home! Our flags, dear and sacred both! Let us give them added dignity by the way we live! In their shadow let us think and work and attain!

Fraternally,

Mary C. C. Bradford.

State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

LABOR DAY

It is to labor, and to labor only, that man owes everything possessed of exchangeable value. Labor is the talisman that has raised him from the condition of the savage; that has changed the desert and the forest into cultivated fields; that has covered the earth with cities, and the ocean with ships; that has given us plenty, comfort, and elegance, instead of want, misery, and barbarism.

JOHN R. McCULLOCH.

THE BUILDERS

Nothing useless is or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Build today, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall tomorrow find its place.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

AN ORATION FOR COUNTY HIGH-SCHOOL PUPILS

Trade unions are the natural and necessary result of changing industrial conditions. In the old domestic system of industry, before the advent of machinery, in

which there were nearly as many masters as men, and the cases were rare in which the capitalist employer did not personally know all the people in his employ, there was little necessity for labor unions. There existed a bond of sympathy and friendship between the master and the man; they were able to bargain together upon equal terms, because each was a necessity to the other.

With the advent of machinery came the concentration of small industrial plants into large factories and workshops, in which a single responsible employer represents hundreds or thousands of stockholders, and deals with hundreds or thousands of employees—a relation in which personal friendships and sympathies between employer and employee have ceased to exist.

Suppose, now, that there is no organization among the workers, or none that has any power to deal with questions of hours of labor, or wages. The competitive regime is founded on the assumption that prices will be fixed by the condition of the market. We assume that there is only a single situation vacant, and only one candidate for it. When the workman applies for the place to the employer's foreman, the two parties differ considerably in strength in bargaining. Should they fail to agree on wages, and the place is not accepted by the workman, the worst that can happen to the employer is a temporary inconvenience and a fractional decrease in profits. Very different is the case with the wage-earner. If he refuses the foreman's terms even for a day, he loses his whole day's subsistence. He has no other resources than his labor, and hunger soon brings him to his knees. Sooner or later he must come to the foreman's terms. A single worker has no fighting chance in dealing with a great corporation; he can only accept what is offered him. The consequence is his inevitable degradation.

As the employers have found it beneficial to combine their factories or workshops together in one large establishment, governed, usually, by a board of directors composed of themselves, and seldom, if ever, coming in direct

contact with their employees, so the workers have been forced to band together, that their collective strength may enable them to force a just recognition of their rights to a fair proportion of the profits in the industry which their labor, and the machine of the capitalist, create.

This is the main business of the trade union—to organize and express the will of its members in bargaining about terms and conditions of labor; to provide a continuous association of wage-earners, for the purpose of maintaining, or improving, the conditions of their employment. Nearly all unions combine with this some beneficial features; they take care of their sick, bury their dead, and make some provision when widows and orphans of deceased members are left penniless; but this is not the main purpose of their existence. In the language of John Mitchell, “trades-unionism has justified its existence by good works and high purpose It has elevated the standard of living of the American workman, and conferred upon him higher wages and more leisure. It has increased efficiency, diminished accidents, averted disease, kept the children at school, and raised the moral tone of the factories.” Much of the legislation by which the conditions of the laboring classes have been improved is due to the initiative of the unions.

R. E. CROSKY.

LIFE'S COMMON DUTIES

Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought,
The simple duty that awaits thy hand
Is God's voice uttering a divine command:
Life's common duties build all that saints have thought.

In wonder-workings, or some bush aflame,
Men look for God, and fancy Him concealed;
But in earth's common things He stands revealed,
While grass and stars and flowers spell out His name.

MINOT J. SAVAGE.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so from the brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman—
The noble and wise of the land—
The sword, and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

MARY H. KROUT.

LABOR OMNIA VINCIT

The celebration of a "labor day" is the oldest and most important of all festivals.

The story of the Creation tells us that, when God made the world, after working six days He decreed that the seventh should be a day of rest; thus making the first labor festival.

At our annual Labor Day celebration it is well for us to look back and to see the reason for it.

Labor is the inheritance of all mankind. Victories on the field of labor, by work well and honestly performed, bring the greatest reward to the laborer and are of the most lasting good to humanity.

Genius itself has been aptly described as "the ability to take infinite pains." The lives of all noted scientists and inventors are examples of great and concentrated industry. It was only by hard work that they achieved their success.

All work is honorable; and whenever any nation or community has established the wickedly wrong idea that work in itself is degrading, that nation or community has been ruined. Christ Himself, when on this earth, worked as a carpenter, and St. Peter was a fisherman.

The great empires of the Greeks, the Romans, and the Egyptians achieved their commanding position in the world when their citizens were workers. As soon as they began to live lives of idle luxury, and to supply their depraved tastes by oppressing their fellow-men, they became degenerate and an easy prey to the invaders who finally destroyed them. The great French Revolution was brought about by the same causes.

The right of any nation to the respect of the world rests solely upon the exercise of its ability to work; for it always has been, and always will be, upon the results of properly applied labor that the whole human race must depend for existence.

The proudest achievement of this great republic is that its citizens, by working, produce enough food to feed the world.

To reap the full benefits of labor, all must work intelligently and in unison. To enable us to do this, every effort should be put forth to secure all the advantages that education offers. The grade schools of the country are the foundation upon which all our future must be built, and the well-being of all depends upon how well we work putting in that foundation.

The terrible conditions under which even women and children were compelled, only a few years ago, to work in the mines, brick-fields, and mills of Europe, were brought about by the helpless condition of the people; and this helplessness was caused by their having been deprived of proper opportunities for education.

The founders of the United States of America left us a priceless heritage when they took steps to secure for all an opportunity for education. But the maxim that "great opportunities entail great obligations" is doubly true in this case. It is a solemn duty, which every person owes not only to himself, but to his fellows, to do all that in him lies to fit himself so that, when the time arrives to enter the battle of life, he may be able to perform his share of the world's work.

Education will inevitably lead us to unity of action in our work; for it is only the ignorant or selfish that do not acknowledge that in unity lies strength.

An old Roman father, on his death-bed, wishing to teach his sons the advantage of unity, caused a bundle of sticks to be brought to his bedside; then, calling his sons, he asked them to break them. They tried, but failed. He then told them to unfasten the binding of the bundle and to try again. This they did, and were easily able to break the sticks one at a time; thus demonstrating that by unity they would be able to overcome difficulties which singly they would be unable to resist.

Let us all try to work *now*, in whatever sphere of life we may find ourselves, so that, as the celebration of Labor Day comes around each year, we may be able to say that we have done all in our power to raise the standard of labor to a higher plane, that we have faithfully performed our share of the world's work, and that, by having properly directed our work, we have placed no obstacle in the path of progress, and have done something for the betterment of humanity.

JAMES DUCE AND JOHN LAWSON.

THE SONS OF MARTHA

The Sons of Mary seldom bother,
For they have inherited that good part;
But the Sons of Martha favor their mother
Of the careful soul and troubled heart;
And because she lost her temper once,
And because she was rude to the Lord, her Guest,
Her Sons must wait upon Mary's Sons—
World without end, reprieve, or rest.

It is their care in all the ages
To take the buffet and cushion the shock;
It is their care that the gear engages;
It is their care that the switches lock;
It is their care that the wheels run truly;
It is their care to embark and entrain,
Tally, transport, and deliver duly
The Sons of Mary by land and main.

They say to the mountains, "Be ye removed!"

They say to the lesser floods, "Run dry!"
Under their rods are the rocks reproved—
They are not afraid of that which is high.
Then do the hilltops shake to the summit;
Then is the bed of the deep laid bare,
That the Sons of Mary may overcome it,
Pleasantly sleeping and unaware.

They finger Death at their glove's end,
When they piece and repiece the living wires;
He rears against the gates they tend;
They feed him hungry behind their fires.
Early at dawn, ere men see clear,
They stumble into his terrible stall,
And hale him forth like a haltered steer,
And goad and turn him till evenfall.

To these from birth is Belief forbidden;
From these till death is relief afar;
They are concerned with matters hidden;
Under the earth line their altars are,
The secret fountains to follow up,
Waters withdrawn to restore to the mouth,
Yea, and gather the floods as in a cup,
And pour them again at a city's drouth.

They do not preach that their God will rouse them
A little before the nuts work loose;
They do not teach that His Pity allows them
To leave their work whenever they choose.
As in the thronged and the lightened ways,
So in the dark and desert they stand,
Wary and watchful all their days,
That their brethren's days may be long in the land.

Lift ye the stone, or cleave the wood,
To make a path more fair or flat—
Lo! it is black already with blood
Some Sons of Martha spilled for that.
Not as a ladder from Earth to Heaven,
Not as an altar to any creed,
But simple service, simply given
To his own kind, in their common need.

And the Sons of Mary smile and are blessed;
They know the angels are on their side;
They know in them is the Grace confessed,
And for them are the mercies multiplied.

They sit at the Feet, and they hear the Word—
They know how truly the Promise runs,
They have cast their burden upon the Lord—
And the Lord, He lays it on Martha's Sons.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE TWO GARDENS

(Fairy-Story for the Third Grade)

Once upon a time there was a little boy who could not see any use in work. He did not like to work, and so— he wouldn't work.

At school, instead of using the little thinking machine inside his head, possessed by every little boy and girl, and that is so useful to them, he looked up at the tree-tops with sleepy eyes and guessed at things.

At home, when his pretty mamma, with the shining hair and the kind eyes and the sweet voice, asked him to help about the house, he grumbled and said: "Let Tom do it!"

Now, Tom was the elder brother of Harry, the little boy of whom I am telling you this story, and he didn't see anything so dreadfully hard in having to work; in fact, he rather liked it.

The pretty mamma of these two little boys became very much worried because Harry would not use his thinker, nor make his body do the things it ought to do; so she went out into the woods—the great, thick, beautiful woods that made the country home of these little boys so lovely—and, sitting down on a big rock covered with pine needles, she wished and wished and wished for the Fairy-Who-Helps-Mothers to tell her what to do. This sweet mother did more than wish. She made the thinking-machine inside her head go buzz, buzz, buzz; and the

thinking and the wishing together brought a message from the Fairy.

The wind sighed softly through the trees, and, as the dear mother listened, it began to make sounds that told her things; and the words of the trees made her glad, for they were wise and loving, and she felt sure that their message came from the Fairy-Who-Helps-Mothers; and the voice that whispered through the leaves in the trees told the pretty mamma of the two little boys, Harry and Tom, to give them each a garden, and that each garden must be divided so that in one part fair and sweet-smelling flowers would grow, and in the other vegetables and fruits that are good to eat.

The Fairy-Who-Helps-Mothers, speaking through the trees, also said: "Make your boys do all the work themselves. Make them dig and water, graft and prune. Help them not at all, except in answer to questions, and then give them the reason certain things should be done. Then, when the flowers and fruits and good and beautiful things fill the gardens, let each boy have only that for which he has worked."

The mother lifted a thankful and happy face to the sky, and said in her heart: "O wise, kind Fairy! I shall do as you say."

She hurried home and went straight to the tall, handsome, strong papa—the dear father of the boys, who made such a splendid picture when standing by the pretty mother; and she told him of how troubled she had been because Harry would not work, and how she had sought aid from the Fairy-Who-Helps-Mothers.

And the handsome, tall, proud young father was glad that his wife had been so wise, and they decided to carry out at once the plan about which the Fairy had told the mother.

So two lovely garden plots were laid out on the sunny slope of a hill quite near their home. These gardens were divided into two, and the pretty young mother and the strong father took the two little boys out to the garden plots, where they were given seed, told how to plant it,

and shown the best way of doing everything about a garden.

The boys were delighted. Harry said: "I bet I'll have more flowers in my garden than you will. I'm going to keep the bowl on the table in mother's sitting-room brim-full of lovely flowers, and father will say that my radishes and cucumbers are the best he ever ate. You just watch me and see how my garden grows." Tom didn't say so much, but he smiled a happy smile and said: "I like this kind of work." And he began to make ready the soil in his garden.

Every day both boys were up bright and early working in their gardens. For a while Harry worked longer and harder than Tom, and the things he had planted seemed to have a better start than those growing in his brother Tom's garden.

But pretty soon Harry got tired. He hated to get up early, and by and by he wouldn't get up early. Then he wanted to fly kites and play marbles when he ought to have been digging around the roots of his plants; and soon the day came when he forgot to water the ground at all. It was a very dry summer, and so before long the poor little green things in Harry's garden began to droop and get brown and dusty, and by and by there wasn't any garden at all. Only a weed patch took the place where Harry's garden plot had been.

Tom liked to fly kites and play marbles, too, but he used the thinker inside his head, and it told him that, if he didn't do certain things, the plants couldn't do the things he wanted them to do.

Then, besides his thinking-machine, which Tom kept well oiled and working all the time, he had something else inside him which people call "will;" and he used this to make himself do things that he didn't want to do, but that he really ought to do if he hoped to get certain other things which he wanted very much.

So Tom's thinking-machine and Tom's bright, strong will kept the whole of him working. Then, too, he really

loved his pretty mamma and his tall young papa, and he wanted to show his love by the flowers and fruits for which he had worked.

Through many weeks Tom's flowers made the sitting-room of the pretty home like a great garden of sweetness; and oh, such radishes and lettuce and cucumbers as father and mother and Tom enjoyed! Mother and father and Tom wanted Harry to share in all the sweetness and goodness that Tom's work in the earth had brought forth, but every time they tried to give him a flower or some fruit, the Fairy's spell was felt. The flower withered in Harry's hand; the fruit decayed and was unfit to eat.

At last, after many tears had been shed, the Fairy sent a message by the birds, asking mother and father and Tom and Harry to come to the big rock under the great tree in the mighty forest, where the Fairy-Who-Helps-Mothers was better able to talk than in any other place in the world.

They all did as they were asked, and when they were gathered in a circle in the forest under the tree, the Fairy showed Harry, by making him remember everything that had happened in the past weeks, how impossible it was to make the earth give forth the kinds of fruits and flowers that are wanted, unless work is also given. She also made plain to him that he could not enjoy life unless he worked.

So Harry understood; and the next year, when the two gardens were again planted, Harry had learned his lesson. The bright, strong will within him made his body do what the thinking-machine in his head said it ought to do.

And so there were two gardens full of flowers and fruit—of things good to see and good to eat. There were two boys who knew that work meant happiness and the gaining of the things that are good for one. Two boys learned the lesson that only those who work really have the right to eat, to have a good time, to be happy.

MARY C. C. BRADFORD.

COLUMBUS DAY

COLUMBUS

In the days of long ago,
Ere we came here, you and I,
Lived a dreamy, gray-eyed boy
Who loved books and charts, the sea,
And the mighty ships that sailed upon its breast.

So he sat upon the shore,
Day by day, and read and thought,
Till he dreamed of other lands
Far across its sky-lit blue.

So he left his dear old mother,
And his loving father, too;
Left his friends and all the others,
Those who loved him well and true.

In his simple, home-made garments,
Made of wool his father combed,
Rode he to the land of Spain,
To the court of Isabella,
And her lord, King Ferdinand.

Told to them his wondrous story
Of the earth's round, sphere-like form;
How he thought strange lands existed
Far across the western seas.

Begged the wise men and the sovereigns
For their aid, with ships and men,
So that Spain might rule forever
Those rich lands in eastern regions
To be reached by sailing westward.

Long and loudly rang their laughter.
Who had ever dreamed such folly?
And they pointed to Columbus,
Tapped their brows and shook their heads.
So, refused the aid he sought,
Sadly went he on his way.

Riding home through lanes flower-bordered,
In that land of golden sunshine,
Sad because of faith mistaken,
Came a call from far behind him,
And—he learned to hope again.

For the queen, fair Isabella,
Having heard the learned stranger,
Was so charmed by his ideas
That she sent for him again.

So he turned his donkey's head
Toward the spires of bright Madrid,
And, with hope once more awakened,
Rode back, with his friend Santangel
(Who had brought these joyful tidings),
To the city of the queen-wife.

Three good ships, and men to sail them,
Did she promise to Columbus,
Pledging all her gems to do it—
Even her crown, and rubies, too.

On a sultry summer morning,
When the ships at last were made,
See the captain and his men!
They are ready for the voyage
To those countries far away.

After all farewells are spoken,
Forth across the waters boundless
Float the ships with all the men.

Soon the land was lost to view.

.
As the days passed swiftly by,
All the sailors became frightened
Lest their home no more they'd see;
So with threats they sought Columbus;
They would spare his life, but only
If he turned the vessels homeward.

But he took his stand so firmly,
Laughing at their foolish fear,
That they, half-convinced, obeyed him,
And sailed on across the blue.

A clear call one morning roused him,
As, alert, he watched aloft,
And a sailor climbed up to him,
Crying, "See what we have found!"
'Twas a branch with berries on it,
And they knew that land was nigh.

Next, a paddle floated by them,
Showing them that men lived near;
Three cheers then gave they their captain,
Who had brought them all so safely
Through the many nights of darkness
And the days devoid of cheer.

Soon they saw the gleaming verdure
Of the land of East—yet West—
And their shouts uprose in gladness,
As they quickly pulled for shore.

Shyly came the brown-skinned natives
To these hardy, seasoned sailors,
Bringing wondrous fruits and flowers,
Thinking these were gods from heaven,
And the ships, gigantic sea-birds
Nestling on the ocean blue.

Then Columbus took the banner
Of the noble Isabella,
And, with reverent voice and manner,
Claimed the new-found land for Spain.

ALICE LAMBERT.

AUNT BETTY'S STORY

Aunt Betty put aside her embroidery, pushed back her glasses, and nodded to the three youngsters gathered around her. They were waiting for a story, and the smile

on Aunt Betty's face gave them to understand that it was to be the very best story that she had told them yet.

"Once upon a time—oh, ever so long ago!—far across the ocean, in the seaport town of Genoa, there lived a little dreamy-eyed lad who always played at the water's edge. He watched the ships come and go, and listened to the strange tales of far-off countries that the sailors told. And, listening to them, he made a promise to himself that when he grew to manhood he, too, would sail to unknown isles, and see the strange wonders of which he heard.

"The days of childhood passed happily for this dreaming lad, and Christopher Columbus—for no other was he—grew into manhood and strength. True to the dreams of his boyhood, he became a sailor. But, man that he was, the dreams of long ago were still with him, and he always wondered about the things of which he knew nothing. And though all men said that there was no more of the world than that which they already knew, he thought to himself that this could not be so.

"And yet in other things he thought differently from those about him. To them the world was flat, but to Columbus it was not so. The longer he pondered and thought, the more certain he became that the world was not flat, but round like a ball, and that on the other side must be wonderful lands and strange sights.

"He began to tell people of his thought that the world was round, not flat; and they laughed at him. Even the little boys of the street looked at him when he passed, and tapped their foreheads; and all agreed that surely he must be crazy.

"But this man was not to be daunted by scorn or ridicule. From young manhood he had grown into full manhood. Many disappointments and hardships of getting his thought of a new world before the people had turned his dark, flowing hair into locks of gray. In his gray-blue eyes shone the fire of his enthusiasm, but many

a time he turned from men with a feeling of pain and sorrow in his heart.

"He went before King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain, told them of his visions and of his plan to prove that the earth was round, and asked them to give him ships and men that he might go and seek new lands for them to rule over. To all his words they turned a deaf ear. Pale and worn, his clothes dusty and threadbare, Columbus turned his back on the land of Spain and started toward France to tell there of his project. But the traveler had not gone far when he was overtaken by a messenger of Queen Isabella, asking him to return, and telling him that at last they would listen to him and help him carry out his wishes."

Here Jim, who wanted to be a sailor when he grew up, was strongly angered to think that all was not going well with Columbus, and his black eyes snapped, and he impatiently stamped his foot. Aunty Betty looked at him and smiled, going on with her story. Jim now clapped his hands, and Aunt Betty laughingly patted his cheek.

"Ships and men were promised him, and Columbus was happy that at last his difficulties were over. But not so. Sailors to go with him on his expedition could not be found. All had turned cowardly, and none were willing to face unknown dangers. But by royal decree men were made to go, and at last all was ready.

"On a Friday morning, before sunrise, Columbus and his men left land behind them and turned their faces toward the unknown. Many days and nights they sailed—Columbus full of hope and trust, the men with him full of cowardice and fear. Mutiny was rife, the ocean was cruel, but still there was hope in the heart of Columbus. When things were at their worst, someone sighted land.

"With the coming of dawn came hope and courage to the men, and happiness such as he never dreamed of to Columbus. All went ashore, and Columbus, in robes such as a king might wear, with a banner in his hand, knelt and took possession of the land in the name of the king

and queen of Spain. And happiness was supreme. The Indians came and looked upon the white men as gods, and upon the ships as great white birds, and brought them fruits and flowers more beautiful and strange than any they had ever seen."

"'N was dere roses too," questioned Mary, "like de pink ones we has?" Aunt Betty nodded yes.

"And so, children, that is why we are celebrating Columbus Day, in memory of the man who lived and hoped and died to give us this glorious country of America."

Aunt Betty had told her story, and the children climbed to her knees and whispered that they would celebrate this new holiday, Columbus Day, as never a day had been celebrated before.

CLARA RUTH MOZZOR.

COLUMBUS CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

How in Heaven's name did Columbus get over,
Is a pure wonder to me, I protest;
Cabot and Raleigh, too, that well-read rover;
Frobisher, Dampier, Drake, and the rest;
Bad enough, all the same,
For them that after came;
But, in' great Heaven's name,
How he should ever think
That, on the other brink
Of this wild waste, Terra Firma should be,
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

How a man ever should hope to get thither,
E'en if he knew there was another side!
But to suppose he should come anywhither,
Sailing straight on into chaos untried,
In spite of the motion
Across the whole ocean,
To stick to the notion
That, in some nook or bend
Of a sea without end,
He should find North and South America,
Was a pure madness, indeed, I must say.

What if wise men had, as far back as Ptolemy,
Judged that the earth, like an orange, was round;
None of them ever said, "Come along, follow me,
Sail to the West, and the East will be found."
Many a day before
Ever they'd come ashore,
Sadder and wiser men,
They'd have turned back again;
And that he did not, and did cross the sea,
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

COLUMBUS DAY

For more than three months they had been at sea, their three frail craft tossed about like so much sea-weed by the roaring winds and relentless waves of mid-ocean.

From Palos, Spain, to the Canary Islands the sailors who had embarked with Christopher Columbus on the morning of August 4, 1492, in quest of a new route to India, had laughed and joked. This trip they had made many times. They loved the blow of the brine that stung their faces, and the grandeur of the long nights under the stars.

But it was many days now since they had left the islands. Under the spell of a courageous leader of prophetic vision, they had been inspired to venture out across unknown seas. They were hazarding much, for they had only the word of one man, against that of all the scientists of the age, that the world was round and not a flat square, and that they would not suddenly come to the edge and drop over into a bottomless void.

The glow of great resolve was fading, though, as day after day they sailed. Their childish superstition of the Unknown grew. Each morning they would arise eagerly and scan the horizon for the tiny speck that would mean "land," and when they failed to perceive it they would

gather in mutinous knots, scowling blackly at the calm leader, who kept aloof, watching ceaselessly.

On the morning of the twenty-first day the threats of the men to throw Columbus overboard had grown from murmurs to loud-voiced imprecations. They wished to put about for the islands. Suddenly there came a shout, and, lifting their heads, the men saw three birds circling about in the air above them.

"Land is not far distant," they cried joyfully, and instantly there was great commotion on the little vessels, as they changed their course and set off in the direction toward which the birds were flying.

Several days more they sailed; and then at last, in the dim morning of October 12, just at two o'clock, came a cannon shot from the "Pinta," which announced that the sailor on the lookout had descried land. At daybreak they dropped anchor in a quiet bay and disembarked. As they reached the shore, they flung themselves down on their knees, kissing the brown earth and giving thanks to God for their preservation. They were heartily ashamed of their distrust of their leader, and, gathering about him, they kissed his hand and begged forgiveness.

With his crew kneeling at his feet, and the red-skinned natives of the land peering, from the thickets of undergrowth, with wondering eyes at the strange scene, Columbus planted his drawn sword in the earth, taking possession of the land in the name of Spain and giving thanks from a full heart for success in his great undertaking.

He believed that he had rounded the world and come upon an unknown portion of India. It was the island of Guanahani of the West Indies, however, later known as Watling Island. The red-skinned savages he christened Indians.

This is the day which is celebrated in the schools of Colorado and twenty-eight other states on October 12. "Discovery Day," as it is sometimes called, was first set aside by proclamation from Benjamin Harrison in 1892,

when the four-hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus was celebrated as a national holiday. Since then it has been observed by law in first one and then another state. There is now a movement to make the day a Pan-American holiday, when the entire Western Hemisphere shall join in honoring the memory of the Great Discoverer.

The school is fittingly made the center of the celebration. The dramatic landing of Columbus is rehearsed, and the story is told with exercises and songs of the trials and difficulties which he underwent.

GERTRUDE ORR.

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! Sail on! and on!'"

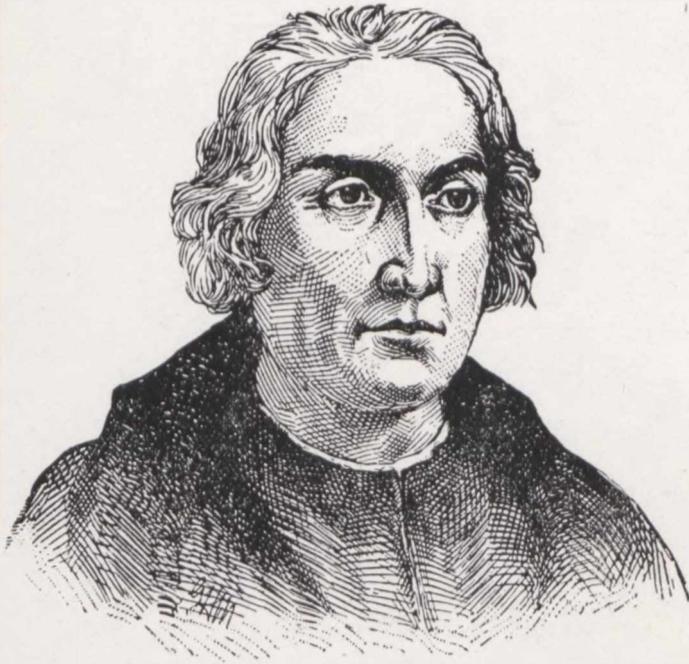
"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know,
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—
He said: "Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! Sail on!"

JOAQUIN MILLER.



COLUMBUS

THANKSGIVING DAY



MAKING THANKSGIVING PIES

Oh, common are sunshine and flowers,
And common are raindrop and dew,
And the gay little footsteps of children,
And common the love that holds true.
So, Lord, for our commonplace mercies,
That straight from Thy hand are bestowed,
We are fain to uplift our thanksgivings—
Take, Lord, the long debt we have owed!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

“We do not think, and therefore we do not thank.
The two words grow out of the same root. Thanking is
the fruit of thinking.”

The tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements and impossibilities—it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

CONFUCIUS.

A THANKSGIVING FABLE

It was a hungry pussy cat, upon Thanksgiving morn,
And she watched a thankful little mouse that ate an ear of corn.
"If I ate that thankful little mouse, how thankful he should be,
When he has made a meal himself, to make a meal for me!
Then with his thanks for having fed, and his thanks for feeding
me,
With all his thankfulness inside, how thankful I shall be!"
Thus mused the hungry pussy cat, upon Thanksgiving Day;
But the little mouse had overheard and declined (with thanks)
to stay.

OLIVER HERFORD.

THE OLD NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING

The king and high-priest of all festivals was the autumn Thanksgiving. When the apples were all gathered and the cider was all made, and the yellow pumpkins were rolled in from many a hill in billows of gold, and the corn was husked, and the labors of the season were done, and the warm, late days of Indian summer came in, dreamy and calm and still, with just enough frost to crisp the ground of a morning, but with warm traces of benignant sunny hours at noon, there came over the community a sort of genial repose of spirit—a sense of something accomplished, and of a new golden mark made in advance; and the deacon began to say to the minister, of a Sunday: "I suppose it's about time for the Thanksgiving proclamation."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THANKSGIVING

The world is wide, and the world is sad,
And each heart knows its sorrow;
But we all can think of some joy we've had,
And some blessing that waits tomorrow.

Let trouble come—it will go away,
And the sky glow bright above us;
Let us each give thanks we are here today,
In the midst of friends who love us.

So here's to the loyal band of friends
Whose love is our fairest treasure.
We'll guard the friendship that never ends,
And give ours in fuller measure.

EMMA TOLMAN EAST.

THANKFUL? YOU BET!

Oh, some of us have goods galore,
And some of us may lack a lot;
But I, for one, am thankful for
The many things I haven't got:
(A valet, hookworms, cotton "short,"
And other troubles of the sort.)

Let me give thanks as I confess
That I am not as others are,
For truly I do not possess
A tourabout or flying car.
(I'm glad that I escape its cares,
For I've no funds to pay repairs.)

Who will may own a castled court;
I do not hold the slightest malice,
But I am thankful to report
I don't possess a single palace.
(For if I did, I'm sore afraid
We'd never find a palace-maid.)

Let me give thanks I lay no claim
To any far-off, frozen pole;
Let me give thanks I do not aim
To pry another off the goal.
(I'd rather do my little stunts
Where I can show them right at once.)

But I've no space to tell it all;
Yet once again I must insist,
Among our blessings, great and small,
Be thankful most for what we've missed:
(Affinities, election spoils,
Dyspepsia, sudden death, and boils.)

EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

JOHNNY'S TRIP TO GRANDPA'S

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and little four-year-old Johnny was anxiously awaiting the coming of grandpa with the big sleigh and horses. Pretty soon he heard the jingle of bells, and, sure enough, there was grandpa coming down the street.

Johnny's mother quickly put on his coat, cap, and mittens, and when grandpa drove up to the gate, Johnny was waiting for him. Mamma lifted him up to the seat beside grandpa and tucked the big fur robe around him.

"Good-bye, mamma," shouted Johnny as grandpa drove off. How proud he felt to be going to grandpa's and grandma's all by himself; for mamma and papa were not coming until tomorrow.

Where the road was level grandpa let Johnny hold the lines. What fun it was to say "Get up" to the big horses!

Pretty soon they reached the farm, and there was grandma at the door.

After dinner Johnny helped grandma look over raisins and nuts for the big fruit-cake. In the evening Johnny and grandma popped some corn and roasted some apples.

The next morning Johnny was up bright and early, and helped grandpa feed the pigs and horses, watched him milk the cows, and then hunted for eggs.

At ten o'clock a big sleigh drove up, and there were mamma and papa, and two aunts and uncles, and four little cousins.

What fun it was playing games in the big kitchen and cracking nuts and eating popcorn! When night came Johnny was a very tired but happy boy.

THE SQUIRRELS' THANKSGIVING DINNER

Three little squirrels were living in a hollow tree. They were Bunny, Bushy, and Fuzzy. One morning Bunny said: "Now, Bushy, tomorrow is Thanksgiving, and you must go down cellar and bring up some nuts, so Fuzzy and I can bake some pies and cakes for dinner." "All right," said Bushy; and in a little while there was a basket of nuts on the table, and Bushy was busy cracking them and putting them in a little bowl.

Bunny got out the eggs, milk, and flour, and was soon busy making a nut-pie, while Fuzzy made some nut-cakes and cookies.

The next day, just as they were sitting down to dinner, a rap came at the door, and when Bushy called, "Come in!" there walked in a poor lame rabbit with a cane. "Please, may I have some dinner?" he said. "A tree fell on my leg and I can hardly walk." "Of course, you may have some dinner," said Bushy; and Fuzzy pulled another chair up to the table, and Bunny took Mr. Rabbit's cap and cane.

Everyone had a good time, and Mr. Rabbit said: "I'm so thankful I found such good friends."

PILGRIMS AND OTHER PIONEERS

There is a pretty custom in New York City, on Thanksgiving Day, among the children. It consists of a masquerade on the streets, of little children, a hundred thousand strong—rich and poor, from gutters and from brown-stone fronts, all attired in old-time historic costumes. At one time, probably, the masquerading was confined to the representation of Puritan, Pilgrim, and Indian; but now, developed by the keen imagination of childhood, it includes every costume under the sun. From Brooklyn to the Bronx may be seen little clowns jostling Pilgrims, jesters elbowing nuns, or trained nurses arm in arm with court ladies or squaws.

It is a merry sight, and offers a suggestion to the children of this state, where not many years ago were endured the same privations and troubles, followed by glorious success, which marked the first Thanksgiving of the Pilgrims in New England. Why not make the day merry as well as devout and, in representing such persons as Kit Carson and others who made the prosperity of the state possible, do that thing which is so seldom done—honor the prophet in his own country?

Thanksgiving Day was handed down to us by our New England forefathers because they were grateful for the prosperity which had come to them. The story we have told our little children is full of privations and hardships of individuals—sacrifices made that there might be prosperity in the community, and later in the nation. It might be suggested that, on this day of gratitude, our little children be told also of the privations, hardships, and sacrifices of our own pioneers in this state of our prosperity.

Too much praise cannot be given to these brave men and women who, by their own unselfishness, made it possible for us to live comfortably in this beautiful land of sunshine and happiness. The roads made by the weary

plodding of the oxen have given way to even, smooth, macadamized roads for automobiles, and the march of civilization has, in like manner, obliterated many of the roadways to success marked by thousands of acts of heroism—too many of them forgotten.

Why not, then, send up a prayer of thanksgiving for all the splendid things which make Colorado the glorious state she is, and the prayer of gratitude to those brave souls who dared the dangers of the pioneer's life, and thus made possible the splendid civilization and development of the state?

CLARA SEARS TAYLOR.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Gratefully we saw in spring
Rain and sunshine gay;
All together let us sing
On Thanksgiving Day!

Heavenly Father, hear our thanks
For Thy loving care!
Help us now to show our love,
And each blessing share!

Selected.

THANKSGIVING

✓
Thank God for rest, when none molest,
And none can make afraid;
For Peace that sits as Plenty's guest
Beneath the homestead shade!

Build up an altar to the Lord,
O grateful hearts of ours!
And shape it of the greenest sward
That ever drank the showers!

Lay all the bloom of gardens there,
And then the orchard fruits!
Bring golden grain from sun and air;
From earth, her goodly roots!

Then let the common heart keep time
To such an anthem sung
As never rolled on poet's rhyme
Or thrilled on singer's tongue!

Selected.

✓
OVER THE RIVER

Over the river and through the woods,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the woods—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes,
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go!

Over the river and through the woods,
To have a first-rate play!
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ling!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the woods—
Now grandfather's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS

The happy Christmas comes once more,
The heavenly Guest is at the door,
The blessed words the shepherds thrill,
The joyous tidings—peace, good-will!
The belfries of all Christendom
Now roll along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

CHRISTMAS DAY

It is the day of joy and charity. May God make you very rich in both, by giving you abundantly the Peace of Christ's Kinship.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young.
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul, full of music, breaks forth on the air.
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, old earth, is coming tonight!
On the snowflakes that cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out
That mankind are the Children of God.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

“What is the thought of Christmas?
Giving.
What is the heart of Christmas?
Love.”

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

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

PHOEBE CARY.

Only a loving word, but it made the angels smile;
And what it is worth perhaps we will know
After a little while.

LILLIAN GREY.

Christmas Thought

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

Youth's Companion.

SANTA CLAUS IS COMING

Who gives to whom hath not been given,
His gift in need, though small indeed,
Is, as the grass-blade's wind-blown seed,
As large as earth and rich as Heaven.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

'Tis the time of year for the open hand,
And the tender heart and true,
When a rift of heaven has cleft the skies,
And the saints are looking through.

The flame leaps high when the earth is drear,
And sorrowful eyes look bright;
For a message dear, that all may hear,
Is borne on the Christmas light.

MARGARET SANGSTER.

THE BABY CHRISTMAS TREE

(Recitation)

The Christmas Day was coming, the Christmas Eve drew near;
The fir trees they were talking low, at midnight cold and clear.
And this is what the fir trees said, all in the pale moonlight:
"Now, which of us shall chosen be to grace the holy night?"

The tall trees and the goodly trees raised each a lofty head,
In glad and secret confidence, tho' not a word they said;
But one, the baby of the band, could not restrain a sigh;
"You all will be approved," he said; "but Oh, what chance have I?"

"I am so small, so very small, no one will mark or know
How thick and green my needles are, how true my branches grow;
Few toys or candles could I hold, but heart and will are free,
And in my heart of hearts I know I am a Christmas tree."

The Christmas angel hovered near; he caught the grieving word,
And, laughing low, he hurried forth, with love and pity stirred.
He sought and found St. Nicholas, the dear old Christmas saint,
And in his fatherly, kind ear rehearsed the fir tree's plaint.

Saints are all-powerful, we know; so it befell that day
That, axe on shoulder, to the grove a woodman took his way.
One baby girl he had at home, and he went forth to find
A little tree, as small as she, just suited to his mind.

Oh, glad and proud the baby fir, amidst his brethren tall,
To be thus chosen and singled out the first among them all!
He stretched his fragrant branches, his little heart beat fast:
He was a real Christmas tree—he had his wish at last.

One large and shining apple, with cheeks of ruddy gold,
Six tapers, and a tiny doll were all that he could hold.
The baby laughed, the baby crowed, to see the tapers bright;
The forest baby felt the joy, and shared in the delight.

And when at last the tapers died, and when the baby slept,
The little fir, in silent night, a patient vigil kept.
Though scorched and brown its needles were, it had no heart to
grieve;
"I have not lived in vain," he said; "thank God for Christmas
Eve!"

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

✓
A CHILD'S THOUGHTS ABOUT SANTA CLAUS

What do you think my Grandmother said,
Telling Christmas stories to me
Tonight, when I went and coaxed and coaxed,
With my head and arms upon her knee?

She thinks—she really told me so—
That good Mr. Santa Claus, long ago,
Was as old and gray as he is today,
Going around with his loaded sleigh.

She thinks he's driven through frost and snow
For a hundred—yes, a thousand—times or so,
With jingling bells and a bag of toys—
Ho, ho! for good little girls and boys,
With a carol gay,
Crying, "Clear the way
For a rollicking, merry Christmas Day!"

Grandmother knows almost everything—
All that I ask her she can tell:
Rivers and towns in geography,
And the hardest words she can always spell.
But the wisest ones, sometimes, they say,
Mistake—and even Grandmother may.

If Santa Claus never had been a boy,
How would he always know so well
What all the boys are longing for
On Christmas Day? Can Grandmother tell?

New Jobs Santa Claus knows
Why does he take the shiny rings,
The baby-houses, the dolls with curls,
The little lockets, and other such things,
Never to boys, but always to girls?

Why does he take the skates, and all
The bats and balls, and arrows and bows,
And trumpets and drums, and guns—Hurrah!
To the boys? I wonder if Grandmother knows?

But there's one thing that don't seem right—
If Santa Claus was a boy at play,
And hung up his stocking on Christmas night,
Who filled it for him on Christmas Day?

SIDNEY DARE.

BRINGING IN THE YULE LOG

The burning of the Yule log is an ancient Christmas ceremony handed down from the Scandinavians, who, at their feast of Iull, at the time of the winter solstice, used to kindle huge bonfires in honor of their god, Thor.

The bringing in and placing of the ponderous block (frequently the rugged and grotesquely marked root of an oak) on the hearth of the wide-chimney in the baronial hall was the most joyous of the ceremonies observed on Christmas Eve. It was drawn in triumph from its resting-place amid shouts and laughter, every wayfarer doffing his hat as it passed; for he well knew that it was full of good promises, and that its flame would burn out old wrongs and heart-burnings.

On its entrance into the baronial hall, the minstrels hailed it with song and music; or, in the absence of the minstrels, we are told that each member of the family sat upon it in turn, sang a Yule song, and drank to a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year; after which they had, as part of their feast, Yule dough, or Yule cakes, on which were impressed the figures of the infant Jesus.

As an accompaniment to the Yule log, a candle of monstrous size, called the Yule candle, or Christmas candle, shed its light on the festive board during the evening.

From "Christmas Tyde."

✓ CHRISTMAS AFTERTHOUGHT

After a thoughtful, almost painful pause,
Bub sighed: "I'm sorry fer old Santy Claus;
They wuz no Santy Claus, ner couldn't be,
When he wuz ist a little boy like me!"

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

SANTA CLAUS

He comes in the night! He comes in the night!
He softly, silently comes,
While the little brown heads on the pillows so white
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.
He cuts thro' the snow like a whip thro' the foam,
While the white flakes around him whirl,
Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home
Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;
It will carry a host of things,
While dozens of drums hang over the side,
With the sticks sticking under the strings;
And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
Not a bugle blast is blown,
As he mounts to the chimney top like a bird,
And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,
Till the stockings will hold no more;
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
Are quickly set down on the floor.
Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird,
And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
Not the sound of a bugle or a drum is heard,
As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the West, and he rides to the East;
Of his goodies he touches not one;
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast
When the dear little folks are done.
Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;
This beautiful mission is his.
Then, children, be good to the little old man,
When you find who the little man is.

Selected.

POOR SANTA CLAUS

new ✓
I saved my cake for Santa Claus
One Christmas Eve at tea;
For if riding makes one hungry,
How hungry he must be!

I put it on the chimney shelf,
Where he'd be sure to go—
I think it does a person good
To be remembered so.

When everyone was fast asleep
(Everyone but me),
I tiptoed into mamma's room—
Oh! just as still—to see

If he had been there yet. Dearie me!
It made my feelings ache:
There sat a mizzable little mouse
Eating Santa's cake!

*Selected.

↓
WHO IS IT?

Someone who is fat and jolly,
And a foe of melancholy,
Never fails to slide and slip
Thro' our chimney, every trip.
And he always on his back
Carries a tremendous sack;
Leaves for each a gift or two,
And then scampers up the flue.
Urchins, if his name you doubt,
Scan these lines and spell it out.

SUSIE M. BEST.

↓
WHY?

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

Once a lovely shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger cradle bright.
There a darling baby lay,
Pillowed soft upon the hay;
And its mother sang and smiled:
"This is Christ, the holy Child."

Therefore bells for Christmas ring,
Therefore little children sing.

EUGENE FIELD.

THE MAKE-BELIEVE SANTA CLAUS

SCENE 1

(Mrs. Santa Claus sits ^{sewing} knitting. A knock is heard.)

Wanda—Mrs. Santa Claus—Come in, come in!

(Enter Make-Believe Santa Claus.)

Mrs. Santa Claus (without looking up)—Why, Santa Claus, what made you come home so early? Did your first supply of toys give out?

(Make-Believe Santa bows.)

Mrs. Santa Claus—Why don't you speak? Is there anything the matter? (Puts on her glasses.) Dear, dear, dear, it is not Santa Claus at all!

Warren—Make-Believe Santa—Pardon me, madam! I have lost my way. I am on my way to a store in Chicago.

Mrs. Santa Claus—Dear me, you don't say so! And you really do look a good deal like Santa Claus. You have on a fur cap and a fur coat and fur mittens!

Make-Believe Santa—I must really be going, madam! Can you tell me the way?

Mrs. Santa Claus—What will you do when you get to the big store?

Make-Believe Santa—I will stand in the window, and all the children will look at me.

Mrs. Santa Claus—The children will look at you! Why, no wonder they don't believe in the real Santa Claus!

Make-Believe Santa—Don't the children ever see the real Santa Claus?

Mrs. Santa Claus—No, indeed; he creeps down the chimney and fills their stockings when they are asleep.

(Enter Santa.)

James—Santa Claus—

Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!

I am all snow from top to toe!

Mrs. Santa Claus—Come, let me brush your coat!

Santa Claus—

Ha! ha! ha! Whom have we here?
'Tis a stranger, that is clear!

*Make-Believe Santa—*I am a poor fellow who has lost his way in the snow. They tell me I look like you, Santa Claus!

Santa Claus—

Ha! ha! ha! 'Tis very true!
You wear fur cap and mittens, too!

*Mrs. Santa Claus—*This fellow is going to stand in a store window where children can see him.

Santa Claus—

Really, now, this will not do!
I fear I can't shake hands with you!

*Make-Believe Santa—*Really, I mean no harm! I have often stood in the window before. The children clap their hands when they see me.

Santa Claus—

Ha! ha! ha! I know, I know!
To the workshop we will go.

(Exit both; return in a few minutes. The Make-Believe Santa has something written on a large collar he now wears.)

*Santa Claus—*See, our friend has a new collar, and it tells the whole story. Can you read it?

*Mrs. Santa Claus—*I have mislaid my glasses. Read it to me, please!

Santa Claus (reads)—

I have no intention to deceive—
I am only a Make-Believe!
Hang up your stockings one and all!
At night old Santa Claus will call;
For the Real Santa comes, you know,
Driving his reindeer o'er the snow.
So, clap your hands and do not grieve,
That I am only a Make-Believe!

Mrs. Santa Claus—Splendid, splendid! Will you really wear that collar?

Make-Believe Santa—I am very happy to wear it. Now, how am I to get to the store in Chicago?

Santa Claus—

Ha! ha! ha! Without delay
I will take you in my sleigh!

Make-Believe Santa Claus—Good-night, Mrs. Santa Claus. Merry Christmas!

(Exit both.)

SCENE 2

(Many children are looking into a store window where the *Make-Believe Santa Claus* stands. They sing. Tune, "Little Brown Jug.")

all 1

'Tis merry Christmas-time again,
And we are happy now because
In many windows everywhere
We see our jolly Santa Claus.

Chorus—

Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!
He is a jolly man, you see.
Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!
He always decks the Christmas tree.

2

We all will clap our hands with glee
At merry, merry Christmas time.
When jolly Santa Claus we see,
Our hearts are full of song and rhyme.

Birdie *First Child*—I wonder if he is the Real Santa Claus.

Meredith *Second Child*—See! He moves his eyes!

Lela *Third Child*—See! He moves his arms!

Frank *Fourth Child*—He is pointing to his collar!

Sam *Fifth Child*—There is something written on the collar!

Sam *Sixth Child*—Listen while I read it. (Reads: "I have no intention to deceive," etc.)

Grand *Birdie* *Seventh Child*—The Real Santa Claus is coming Christmas Eve.

Mere *Eighth Child*—He is coming to fill our stockings.

Lela *Ninth Child*—He is going to bring us a Christmas tree.

Sam *Tenth Child*—We must hurry on now or we shall be late to school.

Birdie *All*—Santa Claus nods. He is a jolly Make-Believe.

Old Lady (passing by)—Why, bless my heart, he looks like the Real Santa Claus! Why, why, why, he shakes his head, he points to his collar! Little boy, is he the Real Santa Claus?

Sam *Little Boy*—No! See what it says on his collar! He is a jolly Make-Believe. (Reads from collar.)

Birdie *Old Lady*—He is a jolly Make-Believe, anyway. (Passes on.)

Sam *Old Gentleman*—No, no, no, I never believed in Santa Claus! I never kept Christmas in all my life.

(He meets a boy who jostles him and happens to look up at the window.)

Old Gentleman—Why, why, why, it looks like Santa Claus! I never saw anything like it in my life.

(Make-Believe nods and beckons.)

Old Gentleman—He wants me to come inside, does he? Well, I declare! Maybe I shall have an adventure. (Steps in.)

Sam *Little Boy*—Do you think he is the Real Santa Claus?

Birdie *Little Girl*—No; I think the Real Santa Claus comes down the chimney.

Little Boy—He did not come to our house last year.

Little Girl—Oh, oh! See the toys!

(The Old Gentleman comes out with his arms full, and gives toys to the poor children about the window.)

Sam *Old Gentleman*—Make-Believe Santa Claus is not so bad, after all. I guess I will play Santa Claus myself. I never had so much fun before in my life!

SCENE 3

(Evening by the window. Sleigh bells heard. Enter Santa Claus.)

Santa Claus—

Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!

How is your health, I'd like to know?

*Make-Believe Santa—*I have had a fine day. The people believe in you more than they ever did.

Santa Claus—

Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!

Down many a chimney I must go!

Make-Believe Santa—

'Tis very pleasant all the time

For you to talk in song and rhyme.

Santa Claus—

Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!

You made a rhyme yourself, you know.

Make-Believe Santa—

While the moon is shining bright,

I'll fill some stockings with you tonight!

Santa Claus—

Ha! ha! ha! He! he! he!

Come and deck the Christmas tree.

(The Make-Believe Santa steps down from the window and soon comes and joins Santa Claus.)

They say—

Late on Christmas Eve, you know,

When the lights are burning low,

Down the chimney Santa'll go,

Filling stockings in a row,

And he sings: "Ha! ha! ho! ho!

I am jolly Santa Claus, you know!"

Laura Rountree Smith.

✓
THE KITTENS' CHRISTMAS

On Christmas Eve three kittens felt
Their griefs were very many;
They couldn't hang their stockings up,
Because they hadn't any.

"What shall we do?" these kittens cried.
They looked at one another;
And then the wisest of them said:
"We'll go and ask our mother."

Old Mother Tabby gently purred:
"You foolish little kittens!
Altho' you have not stockings, dears,
Why not hang up your mittens?"

So, when the kittens went to bed,
Their hearts were free from sorrow;
They wondered what good Santa Claus
Would bring them for the morrow.

Then quietly old Tabby came,
On soft paws softly creeping,
And filled their mittens brimming full,
While they were gently sleeping.

The kittens woke, and rubbed their eyes,
Just as the day was dawning;
And very merry were they all
On that bright Christmas morning.

They found three balls; some chocolate mice;
Three pretty, bright gold fishes;
And, best of all, upon the hearth
Fresh cream in little dishes.

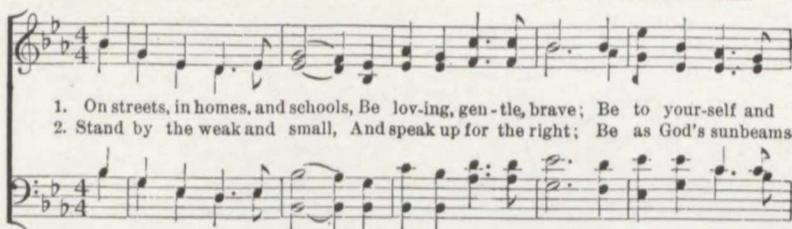
Christian Register.

NEW YEAR'S

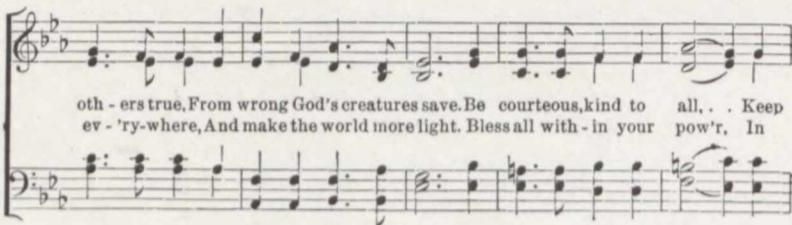
Make the World More Bright.

Rev. THOMAS TIMMINS.

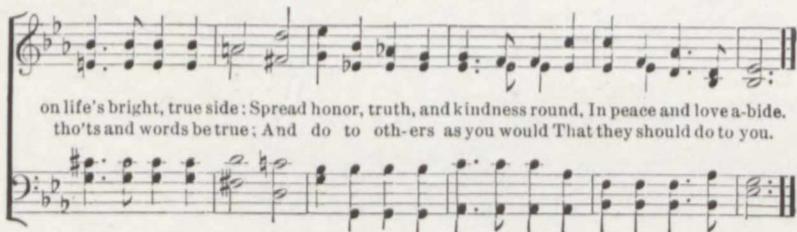
Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.



1. On streets, in homes, and schools, Be lov-ing, gen-tle, brave; Be to your-self and
2. Stand by the weak and small, And speak up for the right; Be as God's sunbeams



oth-ers true, From wrong God's creatures save. Be courteous, kind to all. . . Keep
ev-ry-where, And make the world more light. Bless all with-in your pow'r, In



on life's bright, true side: Spread honor, truth, and kindness round, In peace and love a-bide.
tho'ts and words be true; And do to oth-ers as you would That they should do to you.



If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain. EMILY DICKINSON.

"If you sit down at set of sun
And count the acts that you have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then you may count that hour well spent;
"But if, through all the livelong day,
You've cheered no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
You've nothing done which you can trace
That brought the sunshine to one face,
No act most small
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost!"

"What dirty hands you have, Johnnie!" said his teacher.
"What would you say if I came to school that way?"
"I wouldn't say nothin'," replied Johnnie; "I'd be too
polite."

STANZAS FROM "THE NEW YEAR"
(Addressed to the Patrons of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*)

Oh, in that dying year hath been
The sum of all since time began;
The birth and death, the joy and pain,
Of nature and of man.
Spring, with her change of sun and shower,
And streams released from Winfer's chain,
And bursting bud, and opening flower,
And greenly growing grain;

And Summer's shade, and sunshine warm,
And rainbows o'er her hill-tops bowed,
And voices in her rising storm—
God speaking from his cloud!

And Autumn's fruits and clustering sheaves,
And soft, warm days of golden light,
The glory of her forest leaves,
And harvest moon at night;

And Winter, with her leafless grove,
And prisoned stream, and drifting snow,
The brilliance of her heaven above
And of her earth below;

And man, in whom an angel's mind
With earth's low instincts finds abode,
The highest of the links which bind
Brute nature to her God.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE HAND OF CHANGE

The Hand of Change is on the world;
There is no power can give it stay;
Slowly it rends the moldy lie
And flings the out-used form away.

Custom and Precedent must go,
And every Law that gazes back;
I hear a million marching feet—
The world is on the upward track.

HARRY KEMP.

FOUR THINGS

Four things a man must learn to do,
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion, clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

AN APPEAL TO BOYS

The following appeal to boys, coming from David Starr Jordan, should be appreciated by every teacher. Constantly strive to see that it finds a place in the thinking of each growing boy and youth in your school.

"Your first duty in life is toward your afterself. So live that your afterself—the man you ought to be—may in his time be possible and actual.

"Far away in the years he is waiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul, are in your boyish hands. He cannot help himself.

"What will you leave for him?

"Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation; a mind trained to think and act; a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about you? Will you, Boy, let him come as a man among men in his time? Or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had the chance to touch it? Will you turn over to him a brain distorted; a mind diseased; a will untrained to action; a spinal cord grown through and through with devil grass of that vile harvest we call wild oats?

"Will you let him come, taking your place, gaining through your experiences, hallowed through your joys, building on them his own?

"Or will you fling his hope away, decreeing, wanton-like, that the man you might have been shall never be?

"This is your problem in life—the problem of more importance to you than any or all others. How will you meet it—as a man or as a fool?

"When you answer this, we shall know what use the world can make of you."

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

✓
A BIG RESOLUTION: IF—

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs, and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait, and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream, and not make dreams your master;
If you can think, and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings,
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds, and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings, nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run—
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE COURAGEOUS BOY

Some of the boys in our school,
Whose elbows I can't reach,
Are ten times more ashamed than I
To rise and make a speech.

I guess they are afraid some girl,
Who is about their age,
May laugh and criticise their looks
When they come on the stage.

Selected.

"TEACHER"

A girl that goes to school with me—
Her name is Mabel Danby—
When Teacher asks, "What's twelve times three?"
Jus' keeps as still as *can* be;
But when it's, "What is three times two?"
As loud as any preacher
She calls out, "Teacher, ask me, do!
Oh, Teacher, Teacher, Teacher!"

In joggerfy she's awful! Say,
F'r instance, "Where's Damascus?"
An' watch her look the other way!
But jus' let Teacher ask us,
"Is Earth a globe or only flat?"
An' that'll surely reach her;
She'll call out, "Teacher, I know that!
Oh, Teacher, Teacher, Teacher!"

I had a funny dream las' night—
I dreamt a sort of fable:
The Queen of Fairies, all in white,
Held out her wand at Mabel
An' changed her to a "teacher-bird,"
A tiny feathered creature;
An' when it whistled, all you heard
Was "Teacher, Teacher, Teacher!"

ARTHUR GUITERMAN, in *The Woman's Home Companion*.

JACK FROST

Someone has been in the garden,
Nipping the flowers so fair;
All the green leaves are withered;
Now, who do you think has been there?

Someone has been in the forest,
Cracking the chestnut burrs;
Who is it dropping the chestnuts,
Whenever a light wind stirs?

Someone has been on the hilltop,
Chipping the moss-covered rocks;
Who has been cracking and breaking
Them into fragments and blocks?

Someone has been on the windows,
Marking on every pane;
Who made those glittering pictures
Of lace-work, fir trees, and grain?

Someone is all the time working
Out on the pond so blue,
Bridging it over with crystal;
Who is it, now? Can you tell who?

While the good bridge he is building,
We will keep guard at the gate;
And when he has it all finished,
Hurrah for the boys that can skate!

Let him work on; we are ready;
Not much for our fun does it cost!
Three cheers for the bridge he is making!
And three, with a will, for Jack Frost!

Selected.

SOME GOOD REQUESTS TO BE MEMORIZED AND ACTED UPON BY OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Please don't kill the birds, or rob their nests.
Please don't abuse the cats, but shelter and feed them.
Please be kind to the dogs, and give them water.

Please don't jerk, kick, whip, or overwork your horse.
Please don't dog or stone the cows.
Please don't fish or hunt for sport, or use steel, or other
cruel traps.
Please don't give pain to any creature.
When you see any creature in need, please give it food
and water.
When you see any creature abused, don't fail to earnestly,
but kindly, protest against such abuse.
Be above using tobacco or liquors.
Be above using profane or vulgar language.
Be clean in body and mind.
Always do good and never evil.
These are the ways to be happy and beloved.

From the "Mercy Drama."

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

When you read about the trouble in the mine and in the mill;
When you read about the lockout and the strike;
When dishonor and dishonesty your morning papers fill
In a way no decent citizen can like;
Then there comes a strong temptation to have doubts about the
nation,
And to fear some dark disaster in the fogs;
But take heart, my honest fellow! Don't you show a streak of
yellow,
For this country is not going to the dogs!

When you read of rotten politics in city and in state;
When you read of juggling justice on the bench;
When the price of food makes leaner every day the poor man's
plate;
When the social muck is making quite a stench;
Then a man may fairly wonder if there hasn't, crime or blunder,
Been a monkey-wrench dropped in among the cogs;
But a state of abject terror is a most colossal error,
For this country is not going to the dogs!

For this good old ship, America, has weathered many a gale;
She has sailed through many a thicker fog before;
And her crew have learned the habit of not knowing how to fail,
Howsoe'er the stormy seas around may roar;
She is staunch and stout and roomy, and, though seas and skies
be gloomy,
Let us leave all coward croaking to the frogs;
Let us face in manly fashion all the panic and the passion,
For this country is not going to the dogs!

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

NOW

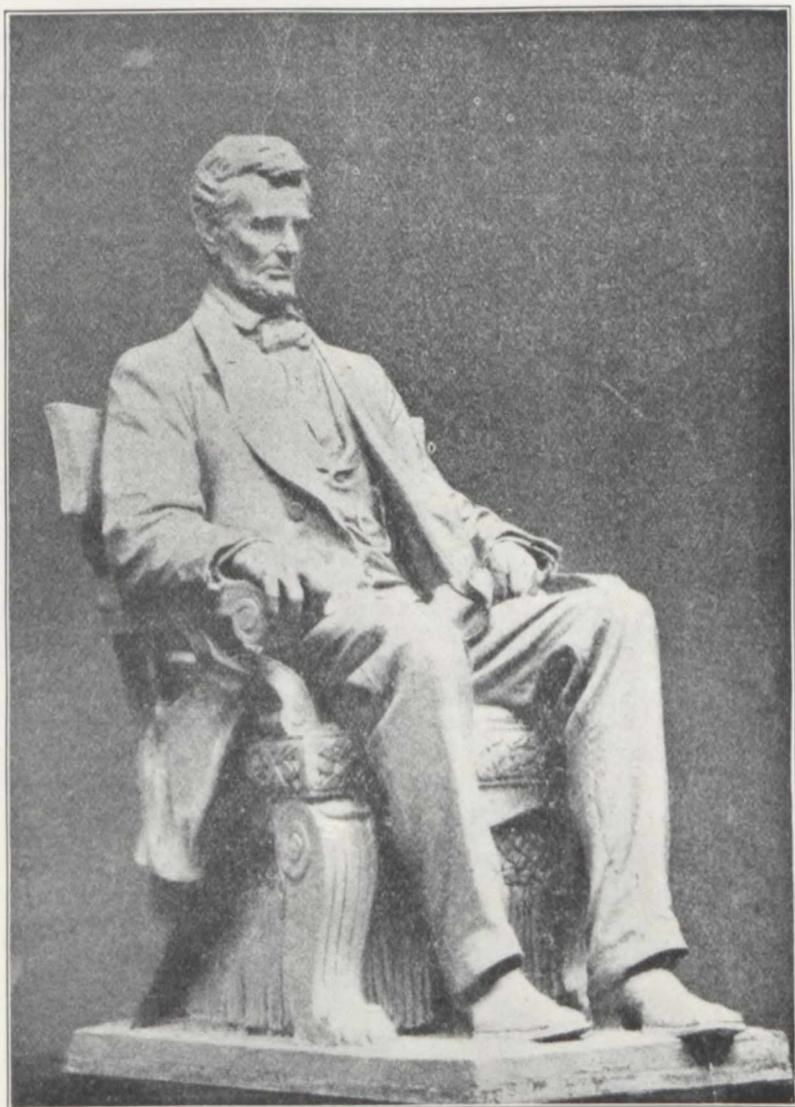
If you have a song to sing,
Sing it now!
Let the notes of gladness ring
Clear as song of bird in spring;
Let every day some music bring;
Sing it now!

If you have kind words to say,
Say them now!
Tomorrow may not come your way;
Do a kindness while you may;
Loved ones will not always stay;
Say them now!

If you have a smile to show,
Show it now!
Make hearts happy, roses grow;
Let the friends around you know
The love you have before they go;
Show it now!

R. C. SKINNER.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY



STATUE OF LINCOLN

THE FIRST AMERICAN

Great captains, with their drums and guns,
Disturb our silence for the hour;
But at last silence comes.
These are all gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame—
The kindly-earnest, brave, far-seeing man;
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame;
New birth of our soil—the first American.

From LOWELL'S "Commemoration Ode."

We place the picture of Abraham Lincoln before you, because at this season there is no other character from whom we could more appropriately draw lessons of patriotism. Remind the children once more that throughout the terrible war he loved the South as well as the North, and that in the whole country there was no one who grieved more over the suffering and loss of life than he.

The quick instinct by which the world recognized him, even at the moment of his death, as one of the greatest men, was not deceived. It has been confirmed by the sober thought of a quarter of a century. . . . His fame has become as universal as the air, as deeply rooted as the hills.

JOHN HAY.

His occupying the chair of state was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public conscience.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The power which his patent honesty of character and life exercised upon his nation has been one of the most remarkable features of the history of time. The complete, earnest, immovable faith with which we have trusted his motives has been without a precedent.

J. G. HOLLAND, April 16, 1865.

Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, April 16, 1865.

In him was vindicated the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

In all history, with the sole exception of the man who founded this Republic, I do not think there will be found another statesman at once so great and so single-hearted in his devotion to his people. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Lincoln's magnanimity, patience, forgetfulness of self, and saving grace and sanity of humor made him a man apart. . . . He was the prophet of the future, now happily become a living present. . . . The president of a section by passing disintegration, Lincoln was always in spirit the chief magistrate of a nation. Among men of sectional training and instinct and policy, he was a man of national feeling and policy. Around his figure, now that old passions are dead, men who opposed him can gather with men who sustained him as about a common leader, as he is neither of the North nor of the South, but of the country.

"The First American," *Outlook*, January 27, 1906.

Of all the men I ever met, he seemed to possess more of the elements of greatness combined with goodness than any other.

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.

He wielded the power of government when stern resolution and relentless force were the order of the day, and then won and ruled the popular mind and heart by the tender sympathies of his nature.

CARL SCHURZ.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A blend of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears;
A quaint knight-errant of the pioneers;
A homely hero, born of star and sod;
A peasant prince; a masterpiece of God.

Selected.

TRIBUTES TO LINCOLN

The life of Lincoln should never be passed by in silence by young or old. He touched the log cabin and it became the palace in which greatness was nurtured. He touched the forest and it became to him a church in which the purest and noblest worship of God was observed. His occupation has become associated in our minds with the integrity of the life he lived. In Lincoln there was always some quality that fastened him to the people and taught them to keep time to the music of his heart.

DAVID SWING.

He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of this ideal government—charging it with such tremendous meaning and so elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from its cradle to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing his traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored, and in the common glory we shall win as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine.

HENRY W. GRADY.

LINCOLN'S FUNERAL
(From "He Knew Lincoln")

"Wan't long after that things began to look better. War began to move right smart, and, soon as it did, there wan't no use talkin' about anybody else for president. I see that plain enough, and, just as I told him, he was re-elected, and him an' Grant finished up the war in a hurry. I tell you it was a great day out here when we heard Lee had surrendered. 'Twas just like gettin' converted to have the war over. Somehow the only thing I could think of was how glad Mr. Lincoln would be. Me and ma reckoned he'd come right out and make us a visit and get rested, and we began right off to make plans about the reception we'd give him—brass band—parade—speeches—fireworks—everything. Seems as if I couldn't think about anything else. I was comin' down to open the store one mornin', and all the way down I was plannin' how I'd decorate the windows and how I'd tie a flag on that old chair, when I see Hiram Jones comin' toward me. He looked so old and all bent over I didn't know what had happened. 'Hiram,' I says, 'what's the matter? Be you sick?'

"'Billy,' he says, and he couldn't hardly say it; 'Billy, they've killed Mr. Lincoln.'

"Well, I just turned cold all over, and then I flared up. 'Hiram Jones,' I says, 'you're lyin', you're crazy. How dare you tell me that? It ain't so.'

"'Don't, Billy,' he says; 'don't go on so. I ain't lyin'. It's so. He'll never come back, Billy. He's dead!' And he fell to sobbin' out loud right there in the street, and somehow I knew it was true.

"I come on down and opened the door. People must have paregoric, ile and liniment, no matter who dies; but I didn't put up the shades. I just sat here and thought and thought and groaned and groaned. It seemed that day as if the country was plumb ruined, and I didn't care

much. All I could think of was him. He wan't goin' to come back. He wouldn't never sit here in that chair again. He was dead.

"For days and days 'twas awful here—waitin' and waitin'. Seemed as if that funeral never would end. I couldn't bear to think of him bein' dragged around the country and havin' all that fuss made over him. He always hated fussin' so. Still, I s'pose I'd been mad if they hadn't done it. Seemed awful, though. I kind a felt that he belonged to us now; that they ought to bring him back and let us have him, now they'd killed him.

"Of course they got here at last, and I must say it was pretty grand. All sorts of big bugs—senators and congressmen, and officers in grand uniforms, and music and flags and crape. They certainly didn't spare no pains givin' him a funeral. Only we didn't want 'em. We wanted to bury him ourselves, but they wouldn't let us. I went over onct where they'd laid him out for folks to see. I reckon I won't tell you about that. I ain't never goin' to get that out of my mind. I wisht a million times I'd never seen him lyin' there black and changed—that I could only see him as he looked sayin' 'good-by' to me up to the Soldiers' Home in Washington that night.

"Ma and me didn't go to the cemetery with 'em. I couldn't stan' it. Didn't seem right to have sich goin's on here at home where he belonged, for a man like him. But we go up often now, ma and me does, and talk about him. Blamed if it don't seem sometimes as if he was right there—might step out any minute and say: 'Hello, Billy! Any new stories?'

"Yes, I knowed Abraham Lincoln—knowed him well; and I tell you there wan't never a better man made. Leastwise I don't want to know a better one. He just suited me—Abraham Lincoln did."

IDA M. TARBELL.

LINCOLN'S STORY

Very often when President Lincoln could not or did not care to give a direct reply or comment, he would tell a story, sometimes funny, but not always so; and these stories were the best responses possible.

In the gloomiest period of the war he had a call from a large delegation of bank presidents. In the talk, after business was settled, one of the bankers asked Mr. Lincoln if his confidence in the permanency of the Union was not beginning to be shaken—whereupon, says Walt Whitman, the homely president told a little story.

"When I was a young man in Illinois," said he, "I boarded for a time with a deacon of the Presbyterian church. One night I was roused from my sleep by a rap at the door, and I heard the deacon's voice exclaiming: 'Arise, Abraham! the day of judgment has come!'"

"I sprang from my bed and rushed to the window, and saw the stars falling in great showers; but, looking back of them in the heavens, I saw the grand old constellations, with which I was so well acquainted, fixed and true in their places.

"Gentlemen, the world did not come to an end then, nor will the Union now."

Youth's Companion.

IN MEMORIAM

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth,
The tang and odor of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside well.

FROM EDWIN MARKHAM'S POEM ON LINCOLN.

February ought to be consecrated as the Month of Saints, so highly is it honored with birthdays of the noble and the great: Washington, Lincoln, Longfellow, Lowell, and the dear old suffrage Spartan, Susan B. Anthony—all born between the middle and the close of the month. A noble list, truly; and a still larger list could be made out, had I but the time.

From among these names, some of which are already inscribed on Columbia's hall of fame, I select for brief consideration that one which stands, or should stand, at the top—Abraham Lincoln.

It is helpful to contemplate for a moment that strenuous life which, beginning in the poverty and obscurity of a log cabin, literally worked out its own salvation and climbed the rugged pathway to immortality.

Thirty-five years since the Civil War, and Lincoln alone of all the men of that period is steadily rising into the universal love and homage of the American heart—still too near us in time to enable us to see with clear vision the sublimity of his character. But when the receding smoke of battle shall have cleared away, when the last vestige of sectional feeling shall have died out, and we pass from the shadows of dawn that now obscure our sight, then we shall see him at his full grandeur.

"A man that matched the mountains and compelled
The stars to look this way and honor us."

Misunderstood, mistrusted, and maligned yesterday, as have been all the world's prophets and saviors, he is today enthroned in the hearts of a united people—our ideal man, the highest type of citizenship, the noblest example of patriotism.

All parties appeal to him; all creeds honor him; and well they may; for, though a member of no church and a subscriber to no creed, he yet belongs, by virtue of his life, to the "church universal."

"The great commoner," born of the people, was one of them. He toiled and suffered and rejoiced with the people; understood and sympathized with them; loved and died for them. The phrase on his lips, "A government of the people, for the people, and by the people," was no political clap-trap to curry favor, but the sincere expression of a loyal heart that throbbed with love for his country and his kind.

The Gettysburg address—rightly called "the Republic's Sermon on the Mount—with malice toward none, with charity for all," will live as an American classic as long as our republic shall endure.

Edward Everett, the orator for the occasion, said to him: "How gladly would I have exchanged my hundred pages for your one!" Yet, in his humility, the great man regarded his speech as a failure, and remarked to his friend Lamon: "It served me right! I ought to have prepared it with care."

His was a soul rarely developed in all directions. But what we most admire, perhaps, is that rarest thing in the political world today—his rugged honesty, that inflexible conscience controlling every speech and act throughout his entire life.

"He built the rail pile as he built the state,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man."

When his nomination was pending in Chicago, his friends telegraphed him that the nomination was a sure thing, provided the leaders of certain delegations could be promised good appointments. The return telegram read: "I authorize no bargains and will be bound by none." And again, when the preachers advised him to seek the co-operation of the Lord, he replied: "I do not want the Lord on my side; I prefer to be on the Lord's side, for I know He is right."

Equally great was his courage and sublime indifference to social custom and conventional standards. The committee that waited upon him at Springfield to acquaint him with his nomination at Chicago was entertained at his home. When the official announcement was made, the host responded with a few words; then, calling the maid and ordering water with glasses, Mr. Lincoln rose and said: "Gentlemen, let us pledge mutual health in the most wholesome beverage God has given to man—the only one I have ever used or allowed in my family, and I cannot conscientiously depart from it on this occasion. It is pure Adam's ale from the spring." And, touching his glass to his lips, he pledged his guests with a cup of cold water.

Another source of Lincoln's greatness lay in his tender heart, coupled with a keen sense of justice. The strongest of men, he was yet as gentle as a woman. The suffering engendered by war—so the records tell us—caused him the keenest anguish, and not unfrequently shadowed with tears the depths of those sad eyes.

Mr. Carpenter, in his "Six Months in the White House," says it is a permanent loss to history that a special secretary was not appointed to note all the various pardons and pleas for mercy about which the president concerned himself. This author friend saw enough to convince him that Lincoln was the most tender-hearted man he ever saw.

Utterly regardless of official red tape and of all the canons of military discipline, he went calmly on his way, doing his duty as he saw it, supremely indifferent to the indignation of army officers and of the small-souled politicians who barred the way.

"Do not ask me to approve these executions; there are too many widows already," said the great-hearted man; and when the young soldier was sentenced for sleeping at his post: "I do not think that shooting will do him any good"—and he signed his pardon.

When prominent officials, fearing he would be too lenient toward the leaders of the rebellion, waited upon him to advise the policy of liberal hanging, one of their number indignantly declared that any clemency to the traitors would show that he was losing his mind. "Mr. President," said he, "they should be hanged higher than Haman." To which their chief replied: "When the moment has come and your hanging policy is adopted, will you agree to be chief executioner? If so, I will at once appoint you brigadier-general and prospective public hangman of the United States. Will you serve?" But the indignant senator pleaded that as a "gentleman" he should be exempt from such "dirty work."

"Let down the bars and scare them off," was his invariable reply to these importunities; "there has been killing enough."

A. J. NORRIS.

LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

(Dedication Address, Delivered November 19, 1863)

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it

can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

LINCOLN'S AXIOMS

I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, November 21, 1864.

TO MRS. BIXBY,
Boston, Mass.:

I have been shown, in the files of the War Department, the statement of the adjutant-general of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle.

I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your be-

reavement, and leave only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours sincerely and respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! My Captain! Our fearful trip is won;
The ship has weathered every rock; the prize we sought is won.
The port is near; the bells I hear; the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead!

O Captain: My Captain! Rise up and hear the bells!
Rise up! For you the flag is flung; for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths; for you the shores
a-crowding;
For you they call the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.
Here Captain! Dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead!

My Captain does not answer; his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm; he has no pulse nor will.
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done.
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

FROM ADDRESS OF HON. ROBERT W. STEELE AT
THE LINCOLN DAY DINNER OF THE COLO-
RADO COMMANDERY OF THE LOYAL LEGION,
FEBRUARY 12, 1891

In the accidents and incidents of our history, particularly that portion wherein the members of this order, and he whose name we this day delight to honor, played so important a part, one cannot fail to see the providence of God.

The wind prevented the rumbling of Burnside's army being heard by the enemy, and enabled our troops to withdraw from Fredericksburg in order and safety.

Why should Grant leave Washington on the memorable 14th of April, instead of witnessing the play with Lincoln, unless it was that he was wanted to save the Union from its enemies?

All who saw it thanked God it was the American flag that arrested the flight of the assassin and sent him headlong to the stage.

When Lincoln died, the loyal nation wept;
The "silent monitors of inward sorrow" glistened in every loyal
eye;
Business, pleasure, and even avarice stood still.
The joy of the day before intensified the grief of this.
The multitudes laid flowers upon his bier.

"Ne'er shall the sun shine on such another."

He lives today with the men who sought to ennoble man, and will live as long as men believe in truth, loyalty, and goodness, and frown upon falsehood, treason, and crime.

Those of us who did not assist in the making of history in the trying times, the memory of which this order is to perpetuate, have had to be taught by the "broken soldier" who for us has "shouldered his crutch and shown how fields were won."

He tells us that Grant was tabooed and maligned, but that he went right on, undaunted by calumny or canister, and kept right on—not only all summer, but during the following winter and spring, until the fall of Richmond.

He tells us that Butler was the earliest hero of the war, that he saved Annapolis and Baltimore, and that his wonderful management at New Orleans is not forgotten in the recollection of his failure on the James.

“There were giants in the earth in those days.” But the greatest character the war produced was the private soldier; he left all that was near and dear to him, to do and die for his country, marching under the flag that others might live. He and the girl he left behind him, to inspire him and pray for him, wrought the wondrous victory.

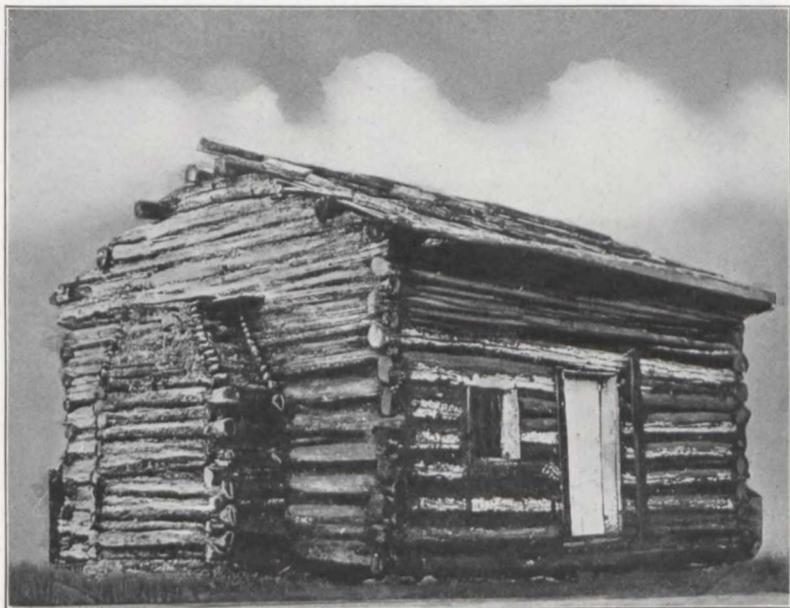
Our flag has grown from a circle of colonies to a diadem of states. Always a signal for cheers—in the dreadful charge, on the tented field, before the beleaguered city, in the prison pen. We all pray that it may continue to grow and to be for all time the emblem of the greatest nation, with “not a stripe erased or polluted, or a single star obscured.”

THE HARD-WORK PLAN

From the lowest depths of poverty
To the highest heights of fame,
From obscureness of position
To a bright and shining name,
From the mass of human beings
Who compose the common clan,
You can earn your way to greatness
By the Hard-Work Plan.

'Twas the key to Lincoln's progress,
'Twas the route to Webster's fame;
And Garfield, by this method,
To distinction laid his claim;
And all earth's noblest heroes,
Since this old world first began,
Have earned their way to honor
By the Hard-Work Plan.

Success.



THE FAREWELL ADDRESS AT SPRINGFIELD

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

SOME TRIBUTES TO LINCOLN

(Recitations)

He sought to make every man better and happier.

R. JEFFREY.

His words and deeds were one.

HENRY FOWLER.

He was the most perfect ruler of men the world has
ever seen.

E. M. STANTON.

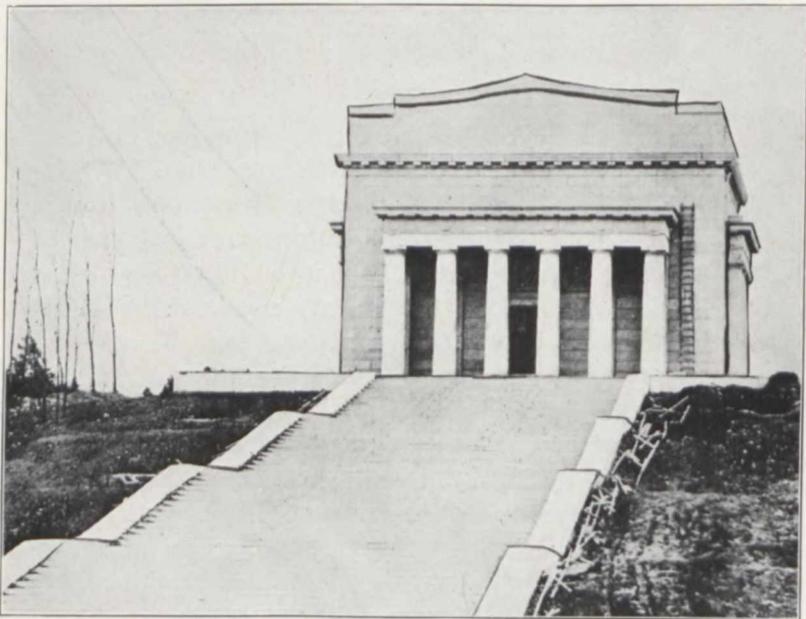
The greatest man of his age.

A. E. BURNSIDE.

A loving man, with horny hands,
Who swung the axe, who tilled his lands.

O honest face, which all men knew!
O tender heart, known but to few!

Selected.



SUSAN B. ANTHONY'S
BIRTHDAY

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

Our country has the names of noble men on her roll of fame, and for the two greatest of them, in the estimation of the whole world, we have collected some of the beautiful things said of them, and some of their own fine utterances, and given sketches of their lives.

The women of our country have always done their part in every great movement for human advancement. Our foremothers of the Revolution bore hardships and privations that their dear husbands and precious sons might make the fight for human liberty. They cared for the little ones left at home, spun and wove, clothing themselves and the men in the army with the results of their industry. But no historian, no bard, has immortalized their names for us. They are the unsung heroines.

When the nation awoke to many industrial, social, and civil wrongs, the women of the nation took an active part in the endeavors made to bring about reformation. One of the first movements for social betterment was for the temperance cause. In this work many women were interested. Miss Anthony was one of the women who sought to help this work. To her surprise, the majority of the good men resented the efforts of women who tried to give assistance. She had the same experience in her efforts to secure the abolition of slavery. In London, where she went to aid the cause of human liberty, she was refused a seat in the great international convention. In her teaching experience she found discrimination against women teachers; and everywhere the efforts to secure opportunities for higher education for women were resisted strenuously.

Being a woman of a strong sense of justice, such experiences made her an advocate of equal political suffrage for women. After painful work, collecting names on petitions for reforms, she had the mortification of seeing them thrown into the waste-basket, because "they were

only women, who had no votes," as a member of her own state legislature said, and therefore "were of no consequence."

She went into the work of obtaining political rights for women citizens with all the ardor of her nature. For fifty years she wrote, lectured, collected money for the cause. Her last public appearance on the platform for this great reform was in the national convention at Washington in 1900. She was just entering her eightieth year, but she seemed almost as vigorous as ever. Her splendid voice filled all parts of the large hall, and there seemed to be no sign of physical failure. She had determined to resign, and no urging could cause her to reconsider this determination. She had been an officer of the National Suffrage Association for over fifty years, and president more than thirty years. In her last address she reviewed the work accomplished, and spoke with enthusiasm of what she considered the prospects for the future. One of her last famous utterances was: "Failure is impossible." She defined her hopes in the following utterances: "Our final aim is an amendment to the federal constitution providing that no citizen over whom the Stars and Stripes waves shall be debarred from suffrage—except for cause." "Every young woman who is today enjoying the advantages of free schools and new opportunities to earn a living is a child of the woman-suffrage movement."

Miss Anthony was a thoroughly womanly woman. This story is told of her: "Her love of the beautiful leads her to clothe herself in good style and fine material, and she has an eye for the fitness of things." She usually wore soft black satin, relieved by rich lace. She had a keen sense of the funny side of things. At her last appearance before the Senate Judiciary Committee some prominent "antis" came with their petitions against equal suffrage. "Girls," said Miss Anthony, after returning from the session, "those statesmen eyed us very closely;

but I will wager that it was impossible, after we got mixed together, to tell an anti from a suffragist by her clothes."

As Miss Anthony said when she presented her successor at the last convention she attended: "Suffrage is no longer a theory, but a condition;" and, we will add, has now become a fact in ten sovereign states. It will be only a few more years till we shall see the women of the whole United States the political equals of their brothers; the social, economic, and industrial equals also, as the direct result of their political equality. Lincoln said: "I go for all sharing the privileges of the government who assist in bearing its burdens, by no means excluding women."

We women of Colorado have observed Susan B. Anthony's birthday for many years. We trust some time to live to see her name honored all over this great country of ours. We hope all Colorado women will unite in asking that her birthday be made a day of honor and celebration.

HARRIET G. R. WRIGHT.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY—A TRIBUTE
(To be Used as an Oration by Eighth-Grade Graduates)

The children of a free state salute the memory of the great woman who lived for freedom.

The Colorado of the future will show to the world a commonwealth a large part of whose greatness will be the direct result of the consecrated life of Susan B. Anthony.

Born on February 15, 1819—the same month that is also hallowed by the birthdays of Lincoln and Washington—this great apostle of liberty waged a mighty warfare for the freeing of the slave, the liberty of the press, and the opening of the schools of higher education to women.

A successful teacher in her younger days, the impress left by Miss Anthony upon her pupils was destined to remain forever. An inspiration, a consecration, and a coronation was her influence to all capable of responding to the courageous action of her dauntless soul.

In youth persecuted bitterly, in middle life ridiculed mercilessly, for the stand she took in behalf of the enfranchisement of women, Miss Anthony lived to see four states translate chivalry into the language of justice, and to be greeted by love and loyalty by hundreds of thousands of women who proclaimed their mighty debt to her.

Women voters everywhere realize that Miss Anthony's place in history belongs among the immortals, while men, clear-eyed enough to see and worship the vision of freedom for women as well as for men, have declared that her work of freeing the mother half of the race from discrimination before the law is equally august with that of Lincoln.

Nearly three million women voters in ten states owe their fuller opportunities to the work of Miss Anthony.

Millions of children yet unborn will hereafter take as their watchword in time of struggle against wrong the great sentence with which she closed her earthly message to the world: "Failure is impossible."

Yes, forever impossible! When right faces wrong, freedom advances to overthrow oppression, and truth burns brightly in order that falsehood may disappear, then, indeed, failure is impossible! Failure is, and forever will be, impossible when a free people stand together for the things that make for righteousness.

And if the great destiny of this great nation is to fulfil itself in splendor and power, it will be largely due to such lives as that led by Susan B. Anthony—the school-teacher, the writer, the speaker, the lover of justice and equality, the patient servitor of all humanity.

A sacred day, this—another February birthday glorifying the calendar of this short month! Colorado rejoices

to pay homage to this prophet and apostle of the freer,
fairer day that is to make the United States really and
truly a glorious republic, an actual democracy.

MARY C. C. BRADFORD.

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE

Lying, cheating, and fraud will be laid on the shelf;
Men will neither get drunk, nor be bound up in self,
But all live together, good neighbors and friends,
Just as Christian folks ought to—a hundred years hence.

Then woman, man's partner, man's equal shall stand,
While beauty and harmony govern the land;
To think for one's self will be no offense;
The world will be thinking—a hundred years hence.

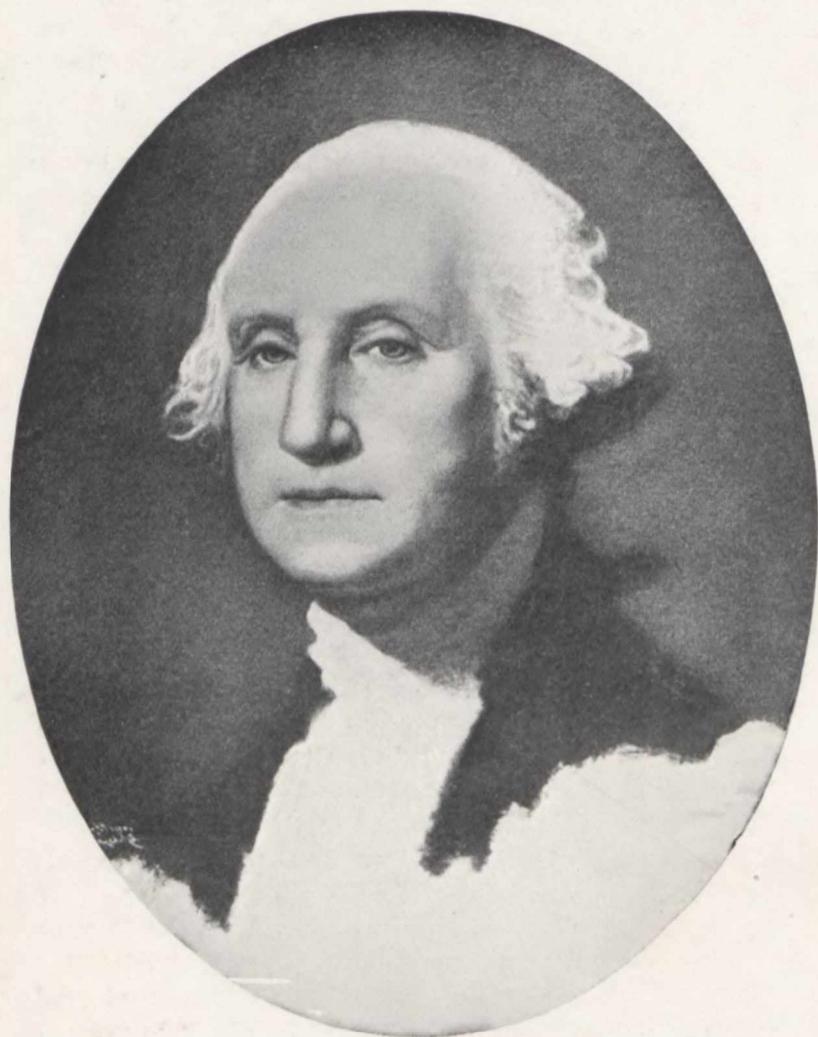
Oppression and war will be heard of no more,
Nor the blood of a slave leave his print on our shore;
Conventions will then be a useless expense,
For we'll all go free-suffrage—a hundred years hence.

Instead of speech-making to satisfy wrong,
All will join the glad chorus to sing Freedom's song;
And if the millennium is not a pretense,
We'll all be good brothers—a hundred years hence.

FRANCES DANA GAGE.

(NOTE.—This song was written in 1852 at Cleveland, Ohio, by
Frances Dana Gage, expressly for John W. Hutchinson.)

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY





OUR HERITAGE FROM WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

Without Washington we should probably never have won our independence of the British crown, and we should almost certainly have failed to become a great nation, remaining, instead, a cluster of jangling little communities. Without Lincoln we might, perhaps, have failed to keep the political unity we had won. Yet the nation's debt to these men is not confined to what it owes them for its material well-being, incalculable though the debt is. Beyond the fact that we are an independent and united people, with half a continent as our heritage, lies the fact that every American is richer by the heritage of the noble deeds and noble words of Washington and Lincoln.

It is not only the country which these men helped to make and helped to save that is ours by inheritance; we inherit also all that is best and highest in their characters and in their lives. We inherit from Lincoln and from the might of Lincoln's generation not merely the freedom of those who once were slaves, for we inherit also the fact of the freeing them; we inherit the glory and the honor and the wonder of the deed that was done, no less than the actual results of the deed when done. As men think over the real nature of the triumph then scored for humankind, their hearts shall ever throb as they cannot over any victory won at less cost than ours. We are the richer for each grim campaign, for each hard-fought battle. We are the richer for valor displayed alike by those who fought so valiantly for the right, and by those who, no less valiantly, fought for what they deemed the right. We have in us nobler capacities for what is great and good, because of the infinite woe and suffering, and because of the splendid ultimate triumph.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

FRANKLIN'S TOAST

Long after Washington's victories over the French and English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Dr. Franklin had chanced to dine with the English and French ambassadors, when, as nearly as we can recollect the words, the following toasts were drunk:

By the British ambassador: "England—the sun, whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth."

The French ambassador, glowing with national pride, but too polite to dispute the previous toast, drank: "France—the moon, whose mild, steady, and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consoling them in darkness, and making their dreariness beautiful."

Dr. Franklin then arose, and, with his usual dignified simplicity, said: "George Washington—the Joshua who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

BREVITIES CONCERNING THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON

(For Twelve Boys)

1. George Washington was born at Bridge's Creek, Virginia, February 22, 1732. His early home was a plain wooden farm-house, built after the old Virginia pattern—four rooms on the ground floor, and an attic story with a long, sloping roof.

2. Tradition names him "a fine, vigorous, healthy child." It also mentions that the little frock he wore at christening was fashioned in the colors red, white, and blue—the same he chose for the flag of our Union.

3. Augustine Washington and his wife, the parents of George, were worthy, sensible, straightforward people, devoted to the care of their family and estates.

4. When George was three years old he was taken from Bridge's Creek to the banks of the Rappahannock, where he began to learn to read and write.

5. Soon after his father's death he went to live with his half-brother Augustine, and attended school kept by a Mr. Williams. There he received what would now be called a fair common-school education.

6. He matured early, and was a tall, active, muscular boy. He could outwalk, outrun, and outride any of his companions, as he could no doubt have thrashed them, too, though he was notably a peaceable, generous, noble-hearted play-fellow, without being the goody-goody prig that he is sometimes painted.

7. His mother, a widow with five children, was naturally anxious to place George, the eldest, in some position where he could earn his own living; and it was thought best for him to go to sea, at first on a tobacco ship, with the hope that later he might join the crew of a man-of-war, or, perhaps, become captain of a trading schooner.

8. Many plans were made for his sea service, but his mother, who was very unwilling to give up her eldest son, finally decided against it. So he remained at home and studied surveying with his old tutor.

9. That Washington was a diligent student there can be no doubt. His range of reading was limited to the best books of the period.

10. There are still some early papers in existence belonging to his school days—chiefly fragments of school exercises, which show that he wrote a bold, handsome hand, and that he made geometrical figures and notes of surveys with the neatness and accuracy which clung to him in all his life-work.

11. Washington as a youth was fond of outdoor sports. His earliest expedition as a surveyor was to go beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains and survey the Fairfax estates. He was obliged to fight nature, the Indians, and

the French. Henry Cabot Lodge said of him: "He went in a schoolboy; he came out the first soldier in the land."

12. At sixteen he was tall and muscular and rather spare, as is the fashion of youth. He was well shaped, active, and symmetrical; had light-brown hair, broad forehead, grayish-blue eyes, a manly, open face, with square, massive jaw, and a general expression of calmness and strength. The noble youth was the prophet of the old man.

WASHINGTON'S REVERENCE

Much of George Washington's first strength of character was due to his splendid ancestry, as the following little anecdote will testify:

While reconnoitering in Westmoreland County, Virginia, one of Washington's officers chanced upon a fine team of horses driven before a plow by a burly slave. Finer animals he had never seen. When his eyes had feasted on their beauty, he cried to the driver:

"Hello, good fellow! I must have those horses. They are just such animals as I have been looking for."

The black man grinned, rolled up the white of his eyes, put the lash to the horses' flanks, and turned up another furrow in the rich soil. The officer waited until he had finished the row; then, throwing back his cavalier cloak, the ensign of rank dazzled the slave's eyes.

"Better see missis! Better see missis!" he cried, waving his hand to the south, where above the cedar growth rose the towers of a fine old Virginia mansion. The officer turned up the carriage road and soon was rapping the great brass knocker of the front door. Quickly the door swung on its ponderous hinges, and a grave, majestic-looking woman confronted the visitor with an air of inquiry.

"Madame," said the officer, "I have come to claim your horses in the name of the government."

"My horses," said she, bending upon him a pair of eyes born to command. "Sir, you cannot have them. My crops are out, and I need my horses in the field."

"I am sorry," said the officer, "but I must have them, madame. Such are the orders of my chief."

"Your chief? Who is your chief, pray?" she demanded, with restrained warmth.

"The commander of the American army—General George Washington," replied the officer, squaring his shoulders and swelling with pride.

A smile of triumph softened the sternness of the woman's handsome features. "Tell George Washington," said she, "that his mother says he cannot have her horses."

With a humble apology, the officer turned away, convinced that he had found the source of his chief's decision and self-command.

And did Washington order his officer to return and make his mother give up her horses? No; he listened to the report in silence; then, with one of his rare smiles, he bowed his head.

L. R. McCABE, in *St. Nicholas*.

ORIGINAL MAXIMS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

I

Commerce and industry are the best mines of a nation.

II

Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of everyone.

III

Ingratitude, I hope, will never constitute a part of my character, nor find a place in my bosom.

IV

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

V

To persevere is one's duty, and to be silent is the best answer to calumny.

VI

I never wish to promise more than I have a moral certainty of performing.

VII

I shall never attempt to palliate my own foibles by exposing the error of another.

VIII

It is a maxim with me not to ask what, under similar circumstances, I would not grant.

IX

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those be well tried before you give them your confidence.

X

Associate with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

XI

A good character is the first essential in a man. It is, therefore, highly important to endeavor not only to be learned, but virtuous.

XII

I am resolved that no misrepresentations, falsehoods, or calumny shall make me swerve from what I conceive to be the strict line of duty.

LIKE WASHINGTON

(Recitation for a Very Little Boy)

I think I'll be like Washington—
As dignified and wise;
Folks always say a boy can be
A great man if he tries.

And then, perhaps, when I am old,
People will celebrate
The birthday of John Henry Jones,
And I shall live in state.

John Henry Jones is me, you know.
Oh, 'twill be jolly fun
To have my birthday set apart,
Like that of Washington!

Selected.

WASHINGTON DAY

The annual celebration of Washington's birthday, not only by the sons of Virginia, but by Americans in all parts of the land, is a sign of his enduring popularity. His fame is immortal, so far as that word may apply to any person of ancient or modern times. When all due allowance is made for hero-worship, his is a superlative worth.

To George Washington rightly belongs the place of pre-eminence among colonial leaders. The colonies could, indeed, boast of many men of conspicuous ability and unswerving patriots, men of affairs, men of genius for finance and government; but none of them fulfilled the requirements of a popular hero as did Washington. His is an all-round greatness that none of his contemporaries had. There were other patriots of the time who were truly heroic and noble, whose services to their country are gratefully remembered; but his is an incomparable glory. It was perhaps best that he was not a man of brilliant intellect and scholastic attainments; otherwise

he would not have been so efficient and active as a man of affairs. He was alert in the field without being too rash or impetuous. Only a man of strong physique could have gone through what Washington did. His impressive appearance was a point in his favor, as was his dignity of manner. So he was fitted to shine in camp and court. Military success alone does not account for his popularity.

Washington was idolized in his day, and his memory has been cherished as a priceless possession by succeeding generations. His name has become a household word in all the civilized lands of the earth. No other citizen of the Americas is so widely known and honored. Lovers of liberty in the Old World and the New have paid spontaneous tribute to his exalted merit.

Washington is universally regarded as the grandest type of American that our country has yet produced. No other, save Lincoln, is deemed worthy of a place beside him. His life affords character lessons in heroism beyond that of Alexander, Cæsar, or Napoleon. John Marshall's terse characterization of the man is eminently true: George Washington was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

EUGENE PARSONS.

It should be the policy of united America to administer to the wants of other nations, without being engaged in their quarrels; and it is not in the ability of the proudest and most polite people on earth to prevent us from becoming a great, a respectable, and a commercial nation, if we shall continue united and faithful to ourselves.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

I am a citizen of America, and an heir to all her greatness and renown. The health and happiness of my own body depend upon each muscle and nerve and drop

of blood doing its work in its place. So the health and happiness of my country depend upon each citizen doing his work in his place. I will not fill any post or pursue any business where I can live upon my fellow-citizens without doing them useful service in return; for I plainly see that this must bring suffering and want to some of them. I will do nothing to desecrate the soil of America, or pollute her air, or degrade her children, my brothers and sisters. I will try to make her cities beautiful, and her citizens healthy and happy, so that she may be a desired home for myself now, and for her children in days to come.

Anonymous.

WHY

The guns were banging in the street,
The drums were beating loud,
The crackers snapped, the cannon boomed,
Hurrahed the merry crowd.

"What's this?" cried grandpa, looking glum
(Of course, 'twas all in fun).
"Has Fourth July got 'round again?
There goes another gun!"

He put his glasses on to look,
He held his ears to hear.
"What is this racket all about?
Just hear those youngsters cheer!"

The children laughed in merry glee:
"This is—now, don't you know?—
The day that Washington was born
So many years ago."

"And why," asked grandpa, puzzled still,
Though he is seventy-nine,
"Should you his birthday celebrate
With better cheer than mine?"

Then up spoke honest little Ted:
"Grandpa, I'll tell you why:
Because—because in all his life
He never told a lie."

Anonymous.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

He was black as the ace of spades, you see,
And scarcely as high as a tall man's knee,
And wore a hat that was minus a brim;
But that, of course, mattered nothing to him;
His jacket—or what there was left of it—
Scorned his little black shoulders to fit;
And as for stockings and shoes, dear me!
Nothing about such things knew he.

He sat on the curbstone one pleasant day,
Placidly passing the hours away;
His hands in the holes which for pockets were meant,
His thoughts on the clouds overhead were intent;
When down the street suddenly, marching along,
Came soldiers and horses, and such a great throng
Of boys and of men, as they crowded the street,
That with "Hip, hip, hurrah!" the lad sprang to his feet,
And joined the procession, his face in a grin;
For here was a good time that "dis chile is in!"
How he stretched out his legs to the beat of the drum,
Thinking surely at last 'twas the jubilee come!

Then suddenly wondering what 'twas about—
The soldiers, the music, and all—with a shout
He hailed a small comrade: "Hi, Cæsar, you know
What all dis purcission's a-marchin' fur so?"
"Go 'long, you George Wash'n'ton," Cæsar replied;
"In dis yere great kentry you ain't got no pride!
Dis is Wash'n'ton Birfday; you oughter know dat,
Wid yer head growed so big bust the brim off yer hat."
For a moment George Washington stood in surprise,
While plainer to view grew the whites of his eyes;
Then swift to the front of the ranks scampered he,
This mite of a chap hardly high as your knee.

The soldiers looked stern, and an officer said,
As he rapped with his sword on the black, woolly head:
"Come, boy, clear the road! What a figure you are!"
Came the ready reply: "I'se George Wash'n'ton, sah!
But I didn't know nuffin' about my birfday
'Till a feller just tole me. Oh, my! ain't it gay?"
Just then a policeman—of course, it was mean—
Removed young George Washington far from the scene.

Anonymous, from *Harper's Young People*.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

It is often said that boys and girls of the present day feel a little nearer to George Washington than used to be the case; that they like him better and are much less afraid of him. The reason for this, perhaps, is that everybody used to think of him first as general, and afterward as the "Father of his Country," so that they could never quite love him as if he were their own father.

All the descriptions made him appear rather grave and stiff, and none of his early biographers let us believe that he could ever laugh. You may read through half a dozen famous biographies of him without ever finding such a thing as laughter mentioned, and it was not until the cheerful Washington Irving wrote his life that so important a fact was really admitted. Even Irving felt obliged to hide it away in small type in a note to one of his pages; but there it forever stands.

It appears that in camp a young officer told a story which the commander-in-chief found so amusing that he not only laughed, but threw himself on the ground, and rolled over and over to get to the end of his laughter. Fancy the picture! The "Father of his Country," a man six feet and some inches tall, rolling over and over in the attempt to stop laughing! But the use of the picture is that it has saved for us the human Washington. We once thought of him as a stiff and formal image, or what is called a lay-figure. Now we think of him as a man.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGINSON.

TOMMIE'S QUERIES

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

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

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

But, Mr. George, I'd like to know
If Papas did things in that long ago
As Papas do now to a little lad
When he has been very, very bad;
Oh! please, when you cut the tree, did you catch it?
And, please, did he take away your hatchet?

Selected.

WASHINGTON

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

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

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

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

OURS

Napoleon was great, I know,
And Julius Cæsar, and all the rest;
But they didn't belong to us, and so
I like George Washington the best.

Selected.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

Dear little boys, whose birthday comes
With Washington's today,
You may not be the president
(Although, perhaps, you may);
But each who does the best he can
May be, like him, a noble man.

Youth's Companion.

I wonder if George Washington,
When he was nine years old,
Turned out his toes and brushed his hair,
And always shut the door with care,
And did as he was told.
I wonder if he ever said,
"Oh dear!" when he was sent to bed.

Youth's Companion.

ARBOR AND BIRD DAY



FOR THE TREE OF THE FIELD IS THE LIFE OF
MAN

When thou shalt besiege a city a long time, in making war against it, to take it, thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing an axe against them and thou shalt not cut them down; for the tree of the field is man's life.

Deuteronomy 20:19.

THERE IS HOPE OF A TREE

For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet through the scent of water it will bud and bring forth boughs like a plant.

Job 14:7-9.

BLESSED IS THE MAN

Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord; for he shall be the tree planted by the waters, that spreadeth out the roots by the river and shall not see when heat cometh, but the leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drouth, neither shall cease from yielding fruit.

Jeremiah 17:8.

TREES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

Unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for spirit of heaviness; that they may be called the trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord.

Ezekiel 15:2.

ANTICIPATION

I am going to plant a walnut tree;
And then, when I am a man,
The boys and girls may come and eat
Just all the nuts they can!

And I shall say: "My children dear,
This tree that you enjoy
I set for you on Arbor Day,
When I was but a boy."

And they will answer: "Oh, how kind,
To plant for us this tree!"
And then they'll crack the fattest nuts
And give them all—to me.

Anonymous.

PROGRAMS

PROGRAM FOR A SPRING ARBOR DAY

- Invocation.
Music.
Proclamation of the Governor.
Scripture Reading (selections made by the teacher).
Essay—"The Origin of Arbor Day."
Recitation—"The Tree" *Henry Abbey*
Recitation—"The Groves Were God's First Temples"..... *Bryant*
Quotations from Various Sources.
Oration—"Protect the Trees."
Reading—"Talk on Trees," from "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" *Holmes*
Recitation—"The Oak" *George Hill*
Composition—"A Maple-Sugar Camp."
Recitation—"Hiawatha's Canoe" *Longfellow*
Quotations from Longfellow.
Address by Local Speaker.
Planting and Dedicating Trees.
Song—"Anthem for Arbor Day"..... *S. F. Smith*
Benediction.

PROGRAM FOR A FALL ARBOR DAY

Invocation.
Songs—"Arbor Day" *S. S. Short*
Proclamation of State Superintendent of Public Instruction.
Essay—"The Value of Forests."
Recitation—"Hiawatha's Canoe."
Recitation—"The Heart of a Tree."
Essay—"The Chestnut Tree."
Quotations.
Essay—"What Has Been Done by the State for Her Forests."
Recitation—"The Planting of the Apple Tree"..... *Bryant*
Song—"Pennsylvania."
Recitation—"Forest Hymn" *Bryant*
Essay—"The Chestnut Blight and Its Remedy."
Quotations.
Address by Some Townsman.
Planting and Dedicating Trees.
"An Anthem for Arbor Day," by Pupils Grouped about a Tree.
Benediction.

A PENNSYLVANIA PROGRAM FOR ARBOR DAY

Invocation.
Music—"Woodman, Spare That Tree"..... *Morris*
Essay—"Pennsylvania Forest Reserves."
Quotations from Read, Taylor, etc.
Recitation from "The Wayside Dream"..... *Taylor*
Recitation—"L'envoi" *Taylor*
Recitation—"Dear Native Land" *T. B. Read*
Essay—"A Log-Drive."
Song—"Pennsylvania."
Recitation—"Elk County" *S. Weir Mitchell*
Recitation—"Arbor Day" *Gifford Pinchot*
Quotations from "Little Rivers"..... *Henry Van Dyke*
Address by Local Speaker.
Planting and Dedicating Trees to Pennsylvania Authors:
Thomas Buchanan Read, Bayard Taylor, Benjamin Franklin,
S. Weir Mitchell, Henry Van Dyke, Louisa May Alcott,
Thomas Dunn English, George P. Morris, Gifford Pinchot,
Stephen Collins Foster, Edgar Allen Poe, John Greenleaf
Whittier, etc.
Song—"Old Folks at Home"..... *Foster*
Benediction.

AN ARBOR DAY PROGRAM (LOWELL)

Invocation.
Proclamation of Governor or State Superintendent.
Song—"Pennsylvania."
Recitation—"A Soul in Grass and Flowers," from "Sir Launfal."
Essay—"James Russell Lowell."
Recitation—First Paragraph of Extract from "Little Rivers"
.....*Van Dyke*
Recitation—"The Oak."
Reading—"Rhoecus."
Recitation—"The Fountain of Youth," by a Primary Pupil.
Quotations from Lowell.
Recitation—"The Beggar."
Recitation—"A Mood."
Address by Local Speaker.
Planting Trees and Dedicating Them to Lowell and His Friends.
Song—"America."
Benediction.

ARBOR DAY PROGRAM FOR PRIMARY CHILDREN

A bright child should be chosen as chairman to introduce the various performers. The teacher should instruct him carefully what to say before each number. This should be given in the fewest and simplest words possible. They should be written out and memorized.

Every school in which music is taught has books containing songs which are suitable for the day. Substitutions can be made for the ones in the suggested program.

The room should be decorated in keeping with the day and season. In connection with the recitation of "Woodman, Spare That Tree," a tree should be erected in the room, and a child stationed near it in the act of cutting it, when another pupil should stay his arm and recite the poem. This could be varied by having a number of pupils recite in concert.

Twenty-Third Psalm.
 Proclamation.
 Song—"Buds."
 "The Oak is Called the King of Trees".....*Sara Coleridge*
 "How the Leaves Came Down".....*Susan Coolidge*
 "Who Loves the Trees Best?"*Douglas*
 "The Baby-Class Tree."
 Short Quotations, by Four or Five Pupils.
 "What Do We Plant When We Plant the Tree?".....*Abbey*
 "Do Apple Seeds Point Up or Down".....*Carolyn Wells*
 "Woodman, Spare That Tree".....*Morris*
 "The Dinkey Bird"*Field*
 Planting and Dedicating a Tree (Children Gathered Around the
 Tree).
 "We Thank Thee".....*Emerson*
 "America."

THE OAK

(From "The Marshes of Glynn")

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the vine,
 While the riotous sun of the June day long did shine,
 Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in mine;
 But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,
 And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the West,
 And the slant yellow beam down the wood aisle doth seem
 Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream—
 Aye, no, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul of the oak
 And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome sound of
 the stroke
 Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,
 And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I know,
 And my spirit is grown to a lordly compass within,
 That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes
 of Glynn
 Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought me of
 yore
 When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but bitterness
 sore,
 And when terror and shrinking and dreary, unnamable pain
 Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the plain—
 Oh! now, unafraid, I am fain to face
 The vast, sweet visage of space.

To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the dawn,
For a mete and a mark
To the forest dark.

So:

Affable live oak, leaning low—
Thus—with your favor—soft, with a reverent hand,
Not lightly touching your person, lord of the land!
Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand
On the firm-packed sand,

Free.

By a world of marsh, that borders a world of sea.

SIDNEY LANIER.

NATURE'S SONG

There is no rhyme that is half so sweet
As the song of the wind in the rippling wheat;
There is no meter that's half so fine
As the lilt of the brook under rock and vine;
And the loveliest lyric I ever heard
Was the wildwood strain of a forest bird.

MADISON CAWEIN.

THE OAK

A song to the oak,
The brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long!
Here's health and renown
To his broad, green crown
And his fifty arms so strong!
There's fear in his frown
When the sun goes down
And the fire in the west fades out;
And he showeth his might
On a wild, stormy night,
When the storms through his branches shout.
Then here's to the oak,
The brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he,
A hale, green tree,
When a hundred years are gone!

H. F. CHORLEY.



THE VOICE OF THE DOVE

Come, listen, O Love, to the voice of the dove!
Come, hearken and hear him say:
"There are many Tomorrows, my Love, my Love—
There is only one Today!"

And all day long you can hear him say
This day in purple is rolled,
And the baby stars of the milky way
They are cradled in cradles of gold.

Now, what is thy secret, serene gray dove,
Of singing so sweetly away:
"There are many Tomorrows, my Love, my Love—
There is only one Today"?

JOAQUIN MILLER.

DO APPLE SEEDS POINT UP OR DOWN?

When teacher called the apple class, they gathered 'round to see
What question deep in apple lore their task that day might be.
"Now tell me," said the teacher to little Polly Brown,
"Do apple seeds grow pointing up, or are they pointing down?"
Poor Polly didn't know, for she had never thought to look
(And that's the kind of questions you can't find in a book).
And of the whole big apple class not one small pupil knew
If apple seeds point up or down! But, then, my dear, do you?

CAROLYN WELLS, in *St. Nicholas*.

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.

THE TREE

The tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown.
"Shall I take them away?" said the frost, sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung.
"Shall I take them away?" said the wind, as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow.
Said the child: "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see;
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON.

BLESSING FOR THE TREE-PLANTER

O painter of the fruits and flowers!
We thank Thee for Thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours
In nature's garden work with Thine.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest;
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all who sow,
The time of harvest shall be given;
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
If not on earth, at last in heaven.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

A NATION'S HOPE

Who are the men of the morrow?
Seek ye the boys of today!
Follow the plow and the harrow;
Look where they rake the hay;

Walk with the cows from the pasture;
Seek 'mid the tassled corn;
Try where you hear the thresher
Humming in the early morn.

Who are the men of the morrow?
Look at your sturdy arm!
A nation's hope for the future
Lives in the boy on the farm.

American Agriculturist.

THE BABY-CLASS TREE

We little folks planted a wee, wee tree—
The tiniest tree of all.
Right here by the schoolhouse door it stands,
With two little leaves, like baby's hands,
So crumpled and soft and small.

And I really believe it is ever so glad
That we planted it there to grow,
And knows us, and loves us, and understands;
For it claps them—those two little hands—
Whenever the west winds blow.

Youth's Companion.

QUOTATIONS

There is no unbelief:
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
Trusts in God.

BULWER-LYTTON.

A man who plants at tree, and cares for it, has added
at least his mite to God's creation.

LUCY LARCOM.

There isn't a blossom under our feet
But has some teaching, short and sweet,
That is richly worth the knowing.

HEMANS.

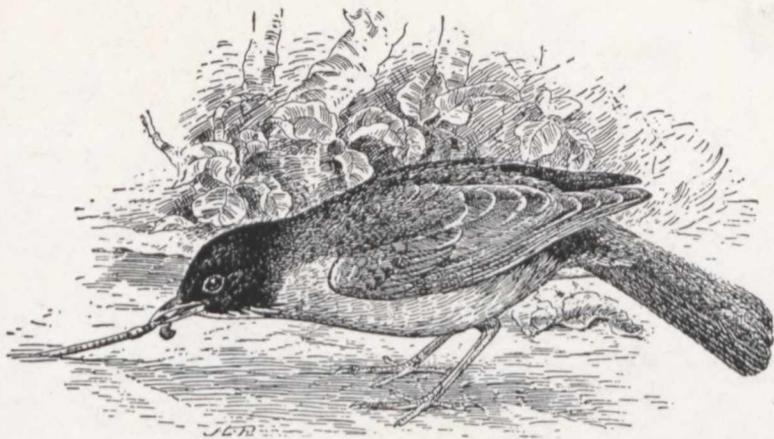
"He who plants trees loves others besides himself.
Lovely flowers are the smiles of God's goodness."



THE OWL

My gossip, the owl—is it thou
That out of the leaves of the low-hanging bough,
As I pass to the beach, art stirred?
Dumb woods, have ye uttered a bird?

SIDNEY LANIER.



A SPRING LESSON

Did you see the Robin Redbreast,
As you came to school,
Weaving threads and twigs and mosses
By the same old rule?
Blithe and busy,
* Blithe and busy,
What a cheery bird is he!
Building such a cozy nest
For the one he loves the best.

Did you hear the Robin Redbreast
Singing at his work,
Laughing at the very notion
That a bird could shirk?
Blithe and busy,
* Blithe and busy,
What a happy fellow he!
While the nest grows round and strong
As the notes of Robin's song.

Little folks know more than robins—
Try the robin's plan:
Every day, in storm or sunshine,
Do the best you can.
Blithe and busy,
Blithe and busy,
What bright children we should see,
If ye all began today
Working Robin Redbreast's way!

ANTOINETTE A. HAWLEY.

THE BLUE JAY

O Blue Jay in the maple tree,
Shaking your throat with such bursts of glee,
How did you happen to be so blue?
Did you steal a bit of the lake for your crest,
And fasten blue violets into your vest?
Tell me, I pray you—tell me true!

Did you dip your wings in azure dye,
When April began to paint the sky
That was pale with winter's stay?
Or were you hatched from a blueball bright,
'Neath the warm, gold breast of a sunbeam light,
By the river one blue spring day?

O Blue Jay up in the maple tree,
A-tossing your saucy head at me,
With ne'er a word for my questioning.
Pray cease for a moment your "ting-a-link,"
And hear when I tell you what I think,
You bonniest bit of the spring!

I think, when the fairies made the flowers
To grow in these mossy fields of ours,
Periwinkles and violets rare,
There was left of the spring's own color, blue,
Plenty to fashion a flower whose hue
Would be richer than all, and as fair.

So, putting their wits together, they
Made one great blossom, so bright and gay
The lily beside it seemed blurred;
And then they said: "We will toss it in air;
So many blue blossoms grow everywhere,
Let this pretty one be a bird!"

S. W. SWETT.



PLANT A TREE

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy,
Plants a comfort that will never cloy—
Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree,
He plants peace.
Under its green curtains jargons cease;
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows, soft with sleep,
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree,
He plants youth:
Vigor won for centuries, in sooth;
Life of time, that hints eternity!
Boughs their strength uprear,
New shoots every year
On old growths appear.
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree,
He plants love:
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest.
Plant—life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

LUCY LARCOM.



THE FIRST BLUEBIRD

Jest rain and snow! and rain again!
And dribble! drip! and blow!
Then snow! and thaw! and slush! and then—
Some more rain and snow!

This morning I was 'most afeard
To wake up—when, I jing!
I seen the sun shine out and heerd
The first bluebird of spring!
Mother she'd raised the winder some;
And in across the orchurd come,
Soft as a angel's wing,
A breezy, treesy, beesy hum,
Too sweet fer anything!

The winter's shroud was rent apart—
The sun bust forth in glee,
And when that bluebird sung, my heart
Hopped out o' bed with me!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

I'll help to plant trees;
I'll plant apples, and peaches, and cherries, and plums,
So I'll always have plenty to give my chums;
But not for the world and all of its riches
Will I help to plant any tree that grows switches.

FRANCES FREY.

THERE ARE SOME WRONG THINGS WE CAN NEVER UNDO

We meant to be very kind;
But if we ever find
Another soft, gray-green, moss-coated, feather-lined nest in a
hedge,
We have taken a pledge—
Susan, Jimmy, and I—with remorseful tears, at this very
minute,
That if there are eggs or little birds in it—
Robin, or wren, thrush, chaffinch, or linnet—
We'll leave them there
To their mother's care.

There were three of us—Kate, Susan, and Jim—
And three of them;
I don't know their names, for they couldn't speak,
Except a little bit of a squeak,
Exactly like Poll—
Susan's squeaking doll.
But squeaking dolls will lie on the shelves
For years, and never squeak of themselves.
The reason we like little birds so much better than toys
Is because they are really alive and know how to make a noise.

There were three of us, and three of them;
Kate—that is I—Susan, and Jim.
Our mother was busy making a pie,
And theirs, we think, was up in the sky;
But for all Susan, Jimmy, or I can tell,
She may have been getting their dinner as well.
They were left to themselves (and so were we)
In a nest in the hedge by the willow tree,
And when we caught sight of three red little fluff-tufted, hazel-
eyed, open-mouthed, pink-throated heads, we all shouted
for glee.

The way we really did wrong was this:
We took them in for mother to kiss,
 And she told us to put them back,
 While on the weeping-willow their mother was crying
 "Alack!"

We really heard
Both what mother told us to do and the voice of the mother-bird!

But we three—that is, Susan and I and Jim—
Thought we knew better than either of them;
And, in spite of our mother's command and the poor bird's cry,
We determined to bring up the three little nestlings ourselves
 on the sly.

 We each took one—
 It did seem such excellent fun!
 Susan fed hers on milk and bread;
 Jim got wriggling worms for his instead;
I gave mine meat,
For, you know, I thought: "Poor darling pet! Why shouldn't
 it have roast beef to eat?"
But, O dear! O dear! How we cried,
When, in spite of milk and bread and worms and roast beef, the
 little birds died!

It's a terrible thing to have heart-ache.
I thought mine would break,
 As I heard the mother-bird's moan,
And looked at the gray-green, moss-coated, feather-lined nest she
 had taken such pains to make,
 And her three little children, dead and cold as a stone.
Mother said, and it's sadly true:
"There are some wrong things one can never undo."
 And nothing we could do or say
 Would bring life back to the birds that day;
The bitterest tears that we could weep
Wouldn't wake them out of their stiff, cold sleep.

But then,
We—Susan and Jim and I—mean never to be so selfish and wilful
 and cruel again.

And we three have buried that other three
In a soft, green, moss-covered, flower-lined grave at the foot
 of the willow tree.

And all the leaves which its branches shed
We think are tears, because they are dead.

JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold, I will build me a nest on the greatness of God;
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all this space 'twixt the marsh and the
skies.

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod,
I will heartily lay me a hold on the greatness of God.
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn!

And the sea lends large, as the marsh. Lo, out of his plenty
the sea

Pours fast; full soon the time of the flood-tide must be.
Look how the grace of the sea doth go^e
About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there,
Everywhere,

Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the low
lying lanes,

And the marshes meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.

Farewell, my lord Sun!

The creeks overflow; a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-grass stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whir;
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide is in his ecstasy;
The tide is at his highest height,
And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men;
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep?

And I would I could know what swimmeth below when the tide
comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvelous marshes of
Glynn!

SIDNEY LANIER.

A SONG OF EASTER

Sing, children, sing,
And the lily censers swing!
Sing that life and joy are waking,
And that Death no more is king!
Sing the happy, happy tumult
Of the slowly brightening spring!
Sing, little children, sing!

Sing, children, sing!
Winter wild has taken wing.
Fill the air with the sweet tidings,
Till the frosty echoes ring!
Along the eaves the icicles
No longer glittering cling,
And the crocus in the garden
Lifts its bright face to the sun,
And in the meadows softly
The brooks begin to run,
And the golden calkins swing
In the warm airs of the spring.
Sing, little children, sing!

CELIA THAXTER.

THE CALL

Oh! the tangled maze of the city's streets,
Where a hurrying, wearied stream
Of tolling men catch only a gleam
Of a murky sky, through the smoky haze
Of an endless struggle and colorless days,
With a longing vain for the untrod ways—
For the stars, the flowers, and the crystal streams
That lie beyond, in their land of dreams!

And it's Oh, for a breath of the wind-swept plains,
Or a glimpse of the storm-swept sea,
Where the soul of man finds room to soar,
And the heart of man is free!
And it's Oh, for a pause on the mountain-top,
Where the brooklet bubbles and flows!
For it's only in Nature's solitudes
That man finds God and repose.

WALTER E. REID.

A CURE FOR WINTER

Keeping the hens and the two pigs, the horse, the cow, the four boys, and the farm, for the year round, is a sure cure for winter, and for a great many other ills. In addition to the farm, one must have some kind of a salary and a real love for nature; but, given the boys and the farm, the love will come, for it lies dormant in human nature, as certain seeds seem to lie dormant in the soil; and as for the salary, one must have a salary—farm or flat.

The prescription, then, should read:

A small farm of an acre or more.

A small income of a thousand or more.

A small family of four boys or more.

A real love of nature.

Dose: Morning and evening chores, to be taken daily as long as winter lasts.

DALLAS LORE SHARP.

LOOK UNDER FOOT

The lesson which life repeats and constantly enforces is "Look under foot." You are always nearer the divine and the true sources of your power than you think. The lure of the distant and the difficult is deceptive. The great opportunity is where you are. Do not despise your own place and hour. Every place is under the stars, every place is the center of the world.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

A MAY CALENDAR

Look for columbines.

"Whoso planteth cabbage hath attained to happiness," said the proverb. Test it.

"Winter lingering chills the lap of May."

"Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here." So are
the kingbird, the rose-breasted grossbeak, and the catbird.

Have you heard the wood thrush and the veery?

In mid-May sow your beans.

The caterpillars are nesting, ready to be burned.

This is the month of tulips, lilies of the valley colum-
bine, bleeding heart, iris, primroses, dog-wood, spirea,
wisteria, and apple blossoms.

The wood pewee arrives, the last of the summer birds.

Visit the swamps of rhodora and pink azalea.

The green frogs pick their banjo strings.

See that every rose bush smells strong of whale-oil
soap.

Bull-frogs trumpet.

Arethusa in flower.

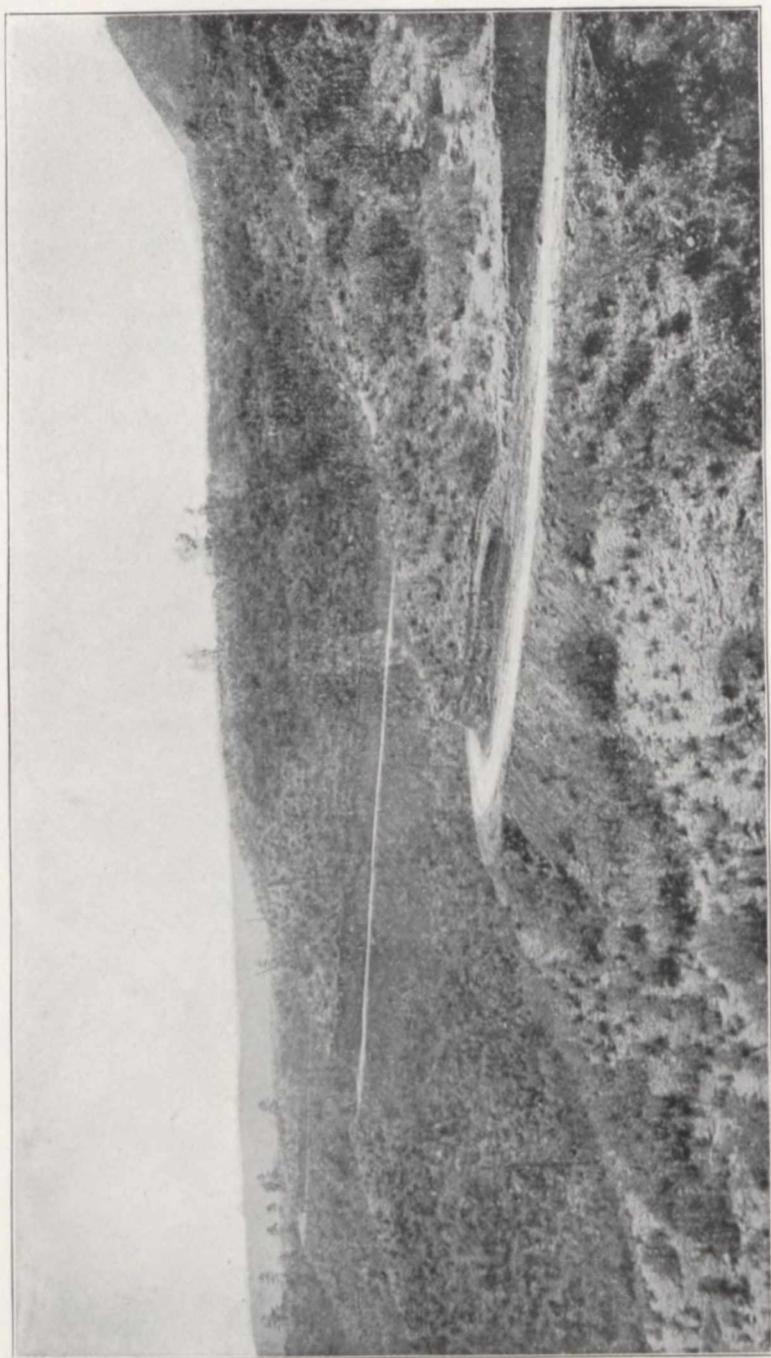
From *The Atlantic Monthly Almanac*.

A real naturalist is never contented with maps of
places or pictures of things, but always desires to see
the places and things themselves.

COMSTOCK.

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our in-
completeness,
Round our restlessness His rest.

MRS. BROWNING.



GOOD ROADS DAY

FROM UNITED STATES BULLETIN NO. 26

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
BUREAU OF EDUCATION,

Washington, D. C., April 5, 1913.

SIR: One of the greatest needs of our country is good public roads. The reason we do not have them wherever needed is not primarily because of the cost of building them; for in the last quarter of a century we have spent more money for other things not half so valuable or half so much needed than would be required to pay for the building of good roads to and through every place having any considerable population. Our annual mud tax is greater than would be the tax necessary to pay the interest on bonds to build good roads. The roads are not built because the people do not understand their value nor comprehend how much beauty they would contribute to the country and how much pleasure to life. It is largely a matter of sentiment and ideals. These are most easily created in childhood. What one would have in the state of tomorrow must be put into the schools of today. Not only should we build good roads; we should also make them attractive and comfortable to travel over. In many European countries this is done by planting the roadside with rows of trees. On some of the broader and more important public highways there are double rows of trees on either side. The eye follows the road across country, not as a broad white band, with heat shimmering above it or dust hovering over it, but by rows of stately trees covered with foliage in the summer, their bare branches silhouetted against the sky in winter. On many of the roads fruit trees are planted. These add to the fruit supply of the people and to the resources of the state for the upkeep of the roads. This tree-planting by the roadside has not yet become common in this country, as it should. To call the attention of children in the schools to the importance of good roads, and to this means of

protecting them and beautifying them, and making travel more comfortable and attractive over them, I recommend that the accompanying manuscript be published as a bulletin of the Bureau of Education. It contains brief statements about the importance of good roads, the history of road-building in this and other countries, the custom of planting trees on the roadside, and other material that can be used in observing Good Roads' Arbor Day.

Respectfully submitted,

P. P. CLAXTON, Commissioner.

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

The road and the schoolmaster are the two most important elements in advancing civilization.

CHARLES SUMNER.

HISTORY OF ROADS IN AMERICA

There is no doubt that the first road-builders were animals in search of food and water. Road-making in large sections of the country began when the buffalo, searching newer feeding-grounds and fresh salt-licks, plunged rapidly through the forest. The great weight of their bodies made a compact "beaten road," frequently lower than the level of the adjoining land. The Indian found it most convenient to follow the buffalo trace. Walking in single file, each stepping in the tracks of the one ahead, the road widened none.

Daniel Boone was employed in 1775 to lay out the Wilderness Road, and, with his usual keenness, used a buffalo trace part of the way. Great floods in the valleys caused the animals, the Indians, and the white man to take to the hilltops; so our early highways were the highest ways as well. They were the driest courses. The winds swept them of snows in winter and of leaves in

summer, and they were excellent outlooks from which to spy upon foes or to signal friends. When the white man went west, he more frequently traveled over old Indian trails than by water. Blazed trees along the old trails are an interesting proof of their use by the white man. An Indian never blazed a trail, though he is charged with it. Why the white man should have done so, on such well-defined pathways, is a mystery. The wily Indian imitated it and led a band of pioneers to the fatal battle of Blue Licks; for the white men thought, because of the fresh marks on the trees, that the Indians were fleeing from them.

There was no thought of comfort in the early roads. The shortest way to one's neighbors, to the meeting-house, to the village, or to the line separating tracts of land became the road. In many parts of the country we are still patiently enduring this early engineering.

The first great American highway, the Old York Road, extending from New York to Philadelphia, was laid out in 1711. The first macadam road in America was laid in 1792, from Philadelphia to Lancaster. In the last quarter of the eighteenth century private companies began to build turnpikes or toll-roads. Washington and Jefferson furthered the cause of good highways, and by 1810 appropriations were being made for national highways. Fourteen million dollars was spent for this purpose between 1810 and 1837. Because of the panic of 1837 and the development of railroads, none were finished except the Old Cumberland Road.

Not much government recognition was given the subject of good roads until 1892, when the first national good roads congress was held at Chicago during the dedication of the World's Fair. From this meeting came the National League for Good Roads, which concentrated its efforts in obtaining congressional appropriation for the establishment of the Office of Road Inquiry, which has now become the Office of Public Roads under the Secretary of Agriculture.

ROAD-BUILDING IN HISTORY

The Romans were the greatest road-builders of ancient times. The Appian Way, named after the censor Appius Claudius, was the first road they built and, on account of its excellence, was called the "Queen of Roads." In the zenith of Roman glory twenty-nine imperial highways radiated from the golden milepost in Rome to the uttermost limits of her empire. Thus came the proverb: "All roads lead to Rome."

WHAT I SHOULD KNOW ABOUT ROADS

That the middle of the road should be higher than the sides, to let the rain run into the gutters.

That loose stones should never be allowed to lie in the road. They are a source of danger.

That a rut or hole should not be allowed in the road. It should be filled with small stones from the stone heap.

That only small stones should be used in repair. Macadam's rule was that no stone should be placed in a road which the workman could not put in his mouth.

That dust becomes mud after the first shower.

That mud forms a blanket that prevents the road from drying.

That every owner of land should pay a road tax that will employ road laborers to mend the roads.

That trees and bushes along well-built roads make traveling pleasant for horses and men.

Children should be taught such simple principles of road-building as the above, that they may be intelligent as to the road conditions under which they live.

Let us plant a tree by the wayside,
Plant it with smiles and tears—
A shade for some weary wanderer,
A hope for the coming years.

L. H. MOONEY.

There is no more certain sign, no better evidence, of the intelligence and culture of a community, the good taste of a people, their public spirit and domestic virtue, than is afforded by the trees they plant and maintain for the public on the public highway.

BURRELL.

THE JOYS OF THE ROAD

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these:
A crimson touch on the hardwood trees;

A vagrant's morning, wide and blue,
In early fall, when the wind walks, too;

A shadowy highway, cool and brown,
Alluring up and enticing down,

From rippled water to dappled swamp,
From purple glory to scarlet pomp;

The outward eye, the quiet will,
And the striding heart from hill to hill;

The tempter apple over the fence;
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince;

The palish asters along the wood,
A lyric touch of the solitude;

An open hand, an easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day go through.

These are the joys of the open road
For him who travels without a load.

BLISS CARMEN.

Why are there trees I never walk under but large and melodious
thoughts descend upon me?
I think they hang there winter and summer on those trees and
always drop fruit as I pass.

WALT WHITMAN.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD"

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road;
Healthy, free, the world before me;
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good fortune; I myself am good fortune.
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing.
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,
Strong and content, I travel the open road.

Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons:
It is to grow in the open air, and eat and sleep with the earth.

O highway I travel, do you say to me: "Do not leave me"?
Do you say: "Venture not! If you leave me, you are lost"?
Do you say: "I am already prepared; I am well beaten and un-
denied; adhere to me"?

O public road, I say back I am not afraid to leave you; yet I
love you;
You express me better than I can express myself;
You shall be more to me than my poem.

I think heroic deeds were all conceived in the open air, and all
free poems also.
I think I could stop here and do miracles.
I think whatever I shall meet on the road I shall like, and who-
ever beholds me shall like me.
I think whoever I see must be happy.

You paths, worn in the irregular hollows by the roadside,
I believe you are latent with unseen existence—you are so dear
to me.

WALT WHITMAN.

REASONS FOR PLANTING TREES BY THE ROADSIDE

One has only to pass from the glare of the dust and heat of the long stretch of unshaded road on a hot summer day to the relief afforded by trees, to know the value of roadside planting. This same physical comfort comes to horses as well as to man. The effect of trees on the road itself is seldom thought of, except to the disadvantage of the trees. "They keep the roads from drying out after wet weather," is the usual charge. On a poorly built road this is true. They are an aid on a well-built one, if not planted too close. Roots constantly taking in water assist in drainage. That which is a protection from the sun is also a shelter from rain. The treetops break the force of driving rains, thus preventing washes in the road. This more than counterbalances the occasional drip-marks that are seen.

ROADSIDE PLANTING IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

France.—In France the narrow roads have single rows of trees planted on each side; the wider roads have double rows on each side. Every mile of road is inspected every day by road laborers or *cantonniers*, who inspect not only the trees planted and owned by the national government, but also those owned by private individuals. Especially are they instructed to straighten young trees bent by the wind.

Saxony.—Apple, pear, and cherry trees are planted thirty to forty yards apart on the roads in Saxony. In this little state there are 800 road guards who care for the trees, watering them and removing the insects. The fruit trees on the state road are leased to the highest bidders, and the money received is turned into the state treasury. Ladders are used to get the fruit down, and any battering of trees with clubs or poles is punishable by a fine.

Belgium.—In 1908 the fruit trees along the public roads in the little country of Belgium made a return to the government of \$2,000,000.

India.—In India many of the roadside trees are fruit trees. The government encourages private individuals to plant trees.

The Great Khan (of Tartary) now reigning [1298], by the name of Cublay Khan. Khan being a title which signifieth "The Great Lord of Lords," or Emperor. And of a surety he hath good right to such a title, for all men know of a certain truth that he is the most potent man, as regards forces and lands and treasures, that existeth in the world, or even hath existed from the time of our first father Adam until this day.

The emperor, moreover, hath taken order that all the highways traveled by his messengers and the people generally should be planted with great rows of trees a few paces apart; and thus these trees are visible a long way off, and no one can miss the way by day or night. Even the roads through uninhabited tracts are thus planted, and it is the greatest possible solace to travelers. And this is done on all the ways where it can be of service. (The Great Khan plants these trees all the more readily, because his astrologers and diviners tell him that he who plants trees lives long.)

MARCO POLO.

Plant trees by stream and way;
Plant them where children play,
And toilers rest;
In every verdant vale,
On every sunny swale;
Whether to grow or fail
God knoweth best.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

Although I'm no with Scripture crammed,
I ken the Bible says
That they most surely must be damned
Who dinna mend their ways. ROBERT BURNS.

THE WAYSIDE INN—AN APPLE TREE.
(From the German)

I halted at a pleasant inn,
As I my way was wending;
A golden apple was the sign,
From knotty bough depending.

Mine host—it was an apple tree;
He smilingly received me,
And spread his sweetest, choicest fruit
To strengthen and relieve me.

Full many a little feathered guest
Came through his branches springing;
They hopped and flew from spray to spray,
Their notes of gladness singing.

Beneath his shade I laid me down,
And slumber sweet possessed me;
The soft wind, blowing through the leaves
With whispers low, caressed me.

And when I rose and would have paid
Mine host, so open-hearted,
He only shook his lofty head.
I blessed him and departed.

From Harper's School Speaker.

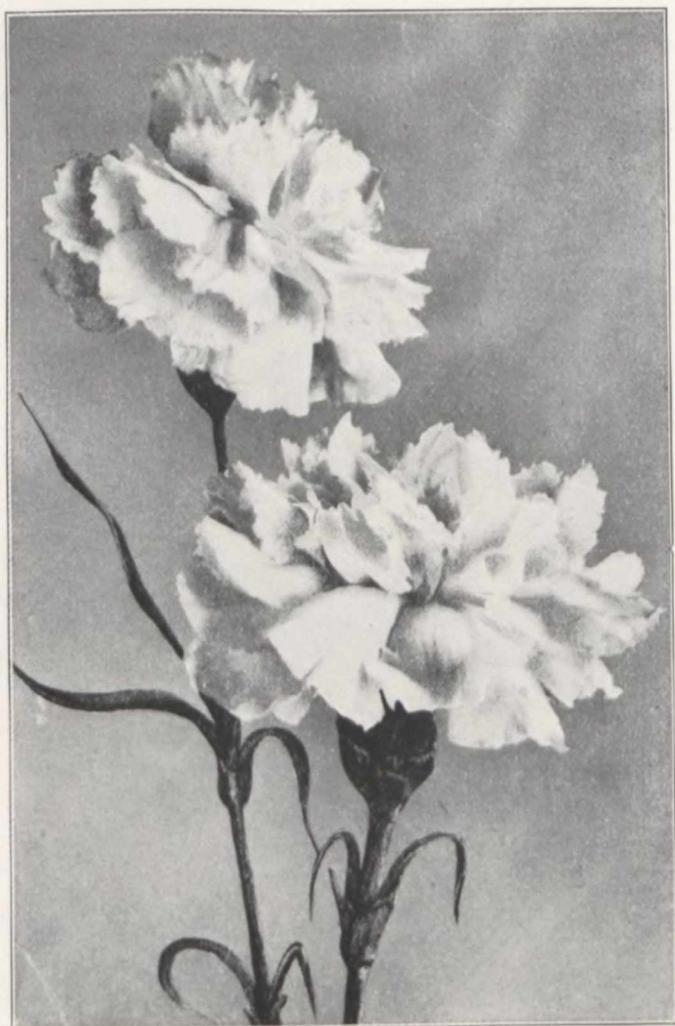
A good road picks up a farm ten miles out and moves
it five miles in. B. F. YOAKUM.

Once in the city the young folks are not willing to
travel over the bad roads back to the farm.

Better Roads.

It takes some time to educate a community. A German proverb puts it: "Whatever you would have appear in the nation's life you must put into the public schools." A tree nursery started on this day, with exercises to impress the children that they are starting young trees for roadside planting, is more feasible for a first celebration than the unwise and unstudied planting of many trees. It should be the work of the school, while these trees are growing, to educate the community through the children, and the business of the community to see that the road is ready for the saplings when the saplings are ready for the road. Proceed slowly. Plant with a purpose in the minds and hearts of the children as well as along the roadside. There is much of interest along this road of Good Roads as you travel. There are the birds by the roadside, the weeds by the roadside, the community life so closely depending on the roadside. These are all of interest to children.

Selected.



MOTHERS' DAY

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 sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent words or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

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

No marshaling troops, no bivouac song;
No banner to gleam and wave;
But, Oh! these battles, they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars;
Then silent, unseen—goes down.

O ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise!
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Were fought in these silent ways.

O spotless woman in a world of shame!
With a splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came—
The kingliest warrior born!

JOAQUIN MILLER.

FROM "DOMBEY & SON"

"There's such a difference between a father and a mother, sir," said Rob, after faltering for a moment. "Father couldn't hardly believe yet that I was going to do better—though I know he'd try to; but a mother—*she* always believes what's good; at least I know my mother does, God bless her!"

CHARLES DICKENS.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE

This book is all that's left me now!
Tears will unbidden start;
With falt'ring lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree.
My mother's hands this Bible clasped;
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! Well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearthstone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Tho' they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who learned God's word to hear!
Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counselor and guide!

GEORGE POPE MORRIS.

MOTHERS' DAY

(By a Small Boy)

No, I've not been to see my girl—
What are you drivin' at?
Oh! The carnation in my coat?
You surely don't mean that?
What? You don't know the meaning of
That white carnation? Say,
You're certainly behind the times!
Why, this is Mothers' Day!

The teacher told us boys that we,
In honor of the day,
Must brush our hair, and shine our shoes,
And wear a white bouquet.

I never had much use for flowers
(A feller feels so gay
Wearin' one in his button-hole);
But this is Mothers' Day!

Posies were only meant for girls—
There's no denyin' that.
(My sister has a yard or two
Of flowers in her hat.)
If 'twas for anybody else,
I'd sure throw it away;
but any boy will wear a flower
To honor Mothers' Day!

(Us men were never meant to wear
A button-hole bouquet;
And still, I'm kind o' proud of mine—
For this is Mothers' Day!)

HOWARD B. MCPHERLIN.

There is so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That it scarcely behooves the most of us
To talk about the rest of us.

Selected.

MESSAGES FROM MOMMIE

My Mommie has been away to visit Auntie Anna Lynn for two weeks, and my Daddie was lonesome before she had been gone three days. He kept talking about a message that Mommie would "wire" when she was coming back.

So I asked him about it, for I was lonesome too, and he told me how Mommie's message would be put on the wires, and how it would come to our house, and then we would go to the depot, and Mommie would get off the train, and we would be happy again.

So every day after Daddie would go to work I would sit on the steps in front of our house and watch the telephone wires. But no message from Mommie.

Then I thought maybe the message was afraid to come to our busy street; for there are trolley-cars and wagons

and automobiles and children and men and women; and I just said to myself that I would go down near the woods where I had seen some wires, and watch.

And I went all alone. I walked on my tiptoes to a big tall pole which holds up the wires, and, without saying one word, I just stood there and looked at the wires away up in the air.

Pretty soon they began to hum and buzz, and you may believe that I listened hard, as my Daddie says when he explains things to me which are not easy to understand.

And a message came, and it said:

"Mommie is lonesome for her little boy and Daddie, and she cried last night to see them." (It sounded just like my Mommie's voice when she sings me sad little songs.)

"Mommie hopes that her little boy has been good," the wire said, "and that Daddie has had plenty to eat and is well, and that he is not working too hard.

"Mommie is coming home just as soon as she can—coming back to her little boy and Daddie; for Mommie has found out that they are about the two nicest men" (she called me a man like Daddie, and she does that only when she wants to make me feel very good) "she knows."

Then the wires stopped buzzing and humming, and I was afraid that that was all of the message. But I waited a little while longer; for I never get tired hearing my Mommie say things like that. And the wires began to buzz again.

"Coming, Bobbie! coming, Daddie!
Coming home to you!
Mommie's homesick, Mommie's lonesome,
Just to see you two!"

And so I ran home as fast as I could, and waited and waited for Daddie. When I told him about the messages, he laughed and laughed, and took a little yellow envelope out of his pocket and read it to me, because, he said, the handwriting was too bad for me to read.

"I am coming home tomorrow to the two dearest men in all the world," his message said. But I don't think it was so pretty as the message I got down near the woods.

Then Daddie let me sleep with my head on his arm
that night, and I woke up in the morning when the birds
were singing, and I do believe that old Robin Redbreast
was saying something about my Mommie too.

GEORGE SAINT-AMOUR.

Oh, that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
My mother! When I learnt that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.
Ah, that maternal smile! It answers yes.
I heard the bell toll on thy burial day;
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return:
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of tomorrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad tomorrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned, at last, submission to my lot;
But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Dear mother, in thy love I live!
The life thou gav'st flows yet from thee,
And, sun-like, thou hast power to give
Life to the earth, air, sea, for me!
Though wandering, as this moon above,
I'm dark without thy constant love.

N. P. WILLIS.

FATHERS' DAY

A RED CARNATION

It has become the beautiful custom to observe "Mothers' Day" by wearing a white carnation. This is a very lovely sentiment, and it is well to offer this tribute to one of the best friends humanity has. But it is not fair to neglect the other human friend who is equally devoted, and to whom we also owe a heavy debt of love and gratitude. The white flower signifies love, purity, constancy, and is a fitting emblem of a mother's love and care.

The red flower is the symbol of courage, strength, warmth, and power. The courage and strength to defend the home from dangers are furnished by the father. He, with unwearied patience, works long years to supply comforts and material advantages to his loved ones. The self-denying labors of a good father cannot be too highly valued. The depth of a father's love cannot be measured by words; and the only way to return such love and sacrifice is by actions that show how greatly we desire to please such a precious friend.

Remember, our best and dearest friends should be made happy today.

Many beautiful examples of a father's unselfish, self-sacrificing love are seen every day.

A young father came, with his little family, to board a crowded car, returning home from some pleasure trip. The mother and the little one at last found a seat, but the father and a little four-year-old son had to stand. The little fellow, wedged in by grown people all about him, where he could see nothing, could hardly find breath, and, tired with his day's play, held up appealing arms to his father. The father lifted the little chap to his shoulder, where the heavy little head soon dropped in slumber. The dear young father held him tenderly all the long, weary ride, now and then pressing his cheek against the dear little head, with a depth of affection most beautiful to see.

After they got home, the thought remained in the mind:
"Will that little boy, when grown a stalwart man, deal as
tenderly with his aging father?"

Give your loving words, dear children, to your kind
home friends! They are made happy by the love you show
them every day.

H. G. R. W.

PRAISE TO THE LIVING

A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead;
In fitting love's infinite store,
A rose to the living is more,
If graciously given before
The hungering spirit is fled.
A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.

NIXON WATERMAN.

THE BABY

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.
Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the skies, as I came through.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.
Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.
How did they all come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.
But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

GEORGE McDONALD



SOME FUTURE ADDITIONS TO THE SCHOOL CENSUS

VERSES LOVED BY CHILDREN

A LIFE-LESSON

There, little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your playhouse, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by.
There, little girl, don't cry!

There, little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by.
There, little girl, don't cry!

There, little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh.
There, little girl, don't cry!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

✓ WHEN WILLIE GOT HIS "PIECES" MIXED

Once there was a little boy
Whose name was Willie Reese,
And every Friday afternoon
He had to speak a piece.
So many poems thus he learned
That soon he had a store
Of recitations in his head,
Yet still kept learning more.
So this is what then happened: He
Was called upon one day,
And totally forgot the piece
He was about to say.

His brain he cudgeled; not a word
Remained within his head;
And so he spoke at random,
And this is what he said:
"My beautiful, my beautiful,
That standeth proudly by!
It was the schooner 'Hesperus;'
The breaking waves dashed high.
Why is the forum crowded?
What means this stir in Rome?
Under the spreading chestnut tree,
There is no place like home.
When freedom from her mountain height
Cried, 'Twinkle, little star'—
Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
King Henry of Navarre!
Roll on, thou dark and deep,
Blue crag of Nechenfels!
My name is Norval of the Grampian Hills;
Ring out, wild bells!
If you're waking, call me early,
To be or not to be.
The curfew shall not ring tonight.
O woodman, spare that tree!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!
And let who will be clever!
The boy stood on the burning deck,
But I go on forever."

IN PRAISE OF CHILDREN

In praise of little children I will say
God first made man, then found a better way
For woman; but His third way was the best.
Of all created things, the loveliest
And most divine are children. Nothing here
Can be to us more gracious or more dear;
And though, when God saw all His works were good,
There was no rosy flower of babyhood,
'Twas said of children in a later day
That none could enter Heaven save such as they.
The earth, which feels the flowering of a thorn,
Was glad, O little child, when you were born;

The earth, which thrills when skylarks scale the blue,
Soared up itself to God's own Heaven in you;
And Heaven, which loves to lean down and to glass
Its beauty in each dewdrop on the grass—
Heaven laughed to find your face so pure and fair,
And left, O little child, its reflex there.

EUGENE FIELD

I'm sure you would like to know about the man who wrote "Little Boy Blue," "Pitty-Pat" and "Tippy-Toe," "The Rock-a-Bye Lady," and that dear little, queer little Dutch lullaby, "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," which you have learned to sing. I think I need not tell you that he was very fond of children; else he would not have written so many things to please them. Perhaps, though, you do not know that he had three little girls and five little boys of his own, to whom he told his stories and repeated his poems as they sat at his knee every day, and who loved them as much as you do, and perhaps better, because their own dear papa wrote them. Other little boys and girls, too, were fond of him, and wherever he went the children gathered around him and asked for stories, just as his own children did at home.

Eugene Field was this poet's name, and he was born in the great busy city of St. Louis. His parents were New England people, however, and at the death of his mother he was sent to his cousin, Miss Mary French, at Amherst, Massachusetts, to be prepared for college.

His boyhood was spent in Massachusetts and Vermont. He must have loved his cousin very dearly, for he named one of his own little girls Mary French. As a boy he was very kind-hearted and generous and he could never bear to see anything unhappy. He was a friend to all the stray and homeless dogs, and disliked to see any animal caged. He was fond of reading, and he tells us that his favorite stories were those of Hans Andersen, and his

American hero, Abraham Lincoln. When he grew to be a man, he went back to St. Louis and became a journalist. He was very successful, and afterwards removed to Chicago, where most of his books were written. He has been called the "Chicago Humorist." The room in his house in which he wrote his books was full of odd toys and dolls that he had bought in his travels, and although they seemed such strange things for a man to be interested in, to him each meant something, and he said they helped him in his writing. He once said that without them he could never have written his book "With Trumpet and Drum."

Mr. Field was a great lover of books. In his home he had more than three thousand of these friends, with whom he often visited. He even took them to bed with him at night. He was never well and strong, and in 1889 it was thought best for him to make a journey abroad, in the hope that his health might be improved. Mrs. Field and the children went with him, and he proposed to put the children in school while he and his wife were traveling; but he found it so hard to part with them that he deferred it for some months.

It was on the night before this separation that Mr. Field wrote his tender little poem "Some Time."

From "Primary Language Series."

(NOTE.—It will no doubt be of interest to our Colorado readers to know that Mr. Field at one time resided in Denver, where he spent several years in journalistic work.—EDITOR.)

SOME TIME

Last night, my darling, as you slept,
I thought I heard you sigh,
And to your crib I crept,
And watched a space thereby;
And then I stooped and kissed your brow,
For Oh! I love you so!
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know!

Some time, when in a darkened place,
Where others come to weep,
Your eyes shall look upon a face
Calm in eternal sleep,
The voiceless lips, the wrinkled brow,
The patient smile shall show—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you may know!

Look backward, then, into the years
And see me here tonight—
See, O my darling! how my tears
Are falling as I write—
And feel once more upon your brow
The kiss of long ago!
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you will know!

EUGENE FIELD.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The book of life the shining record tells.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A MAN'S TASK

To be honest; to be kind; to earn a little, and to spend less; to make, upon the whole, a family happier by his presence; to renounce where that shall be necessary, and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I must be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I must be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend to all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh, and love, and lift.

HOWARD ARNOLD WALTER.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest—
Father will come to thee soon!
Rest, rest, on mother's breast—
Father will come to thee soon!
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much
where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To
reach the port of heaven, we must sail—sometimes with
the wind and sometimes against it; but we must sail, and
not drift nor lie at anchor.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE PRAYER OF THE WORLD—"OUR FATHER"

Our Father Who art in Heaven:
Hallowed by Thy name.
Thy Kingdom come.
Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.
Thou givest us our daily bread.
Thou forgivest us our trespasses. May we forgive
those who trespass against us.
Thou ledest us not into temptation, but deliverest us
from evil.
For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the
glory, forever. Amen.

For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly
Father will also forgive you.
But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither
will your Father forgive your trespasses.

"LITTLE FELLER"

Little Feller, do you know
That your daddy loves you so
That, if harm would come to you;
If they'd close them eyes o' blue;
If I heerd your steps no more,
Makin' music on this floor,
Guess I'd want 'em take me, too,
Right along, my boy, with you?

That's the way your daddy feels.
Nothin' like it e'er appeals
To his heart and makes it ache,
When he thinks someone might take
You, my lad, up there-away,
Where th' time is allers day;
An' I thinks, if that's to be,
They've jes' gotter to take me.

Little Feller, come here now!
Tell your daddy when an' how
That they give to you, my boy,
Secrets of jes' makin' joy.
Huh! You wanter kiss your dad!
Say, you're gittin' quite a lad!
'Spects some day you'll be like paw.
Now skip out and kiss your maw!

He's his pappy's boy, you bet!
Never seen a young un yet
That could beat that little cuss—
Land o' Lawdy! What a fuss!
Playin' hoss an' prancin' round,
Rollin', kickin', on the ground.
Say, young feller, seems to me
That you're gittin' rollicky;
Guess been better if you had
Bin a little less like dad.

Sez he wants a buckin' hoss,
An' a cow outfit to boss;
Sez he wants a six gun, too.
Don't know what I'm goin' to do,
If that boy keeps that-away,
Tho' I'll swear I'll have to say
That there young un on th' ground
Jes' makes pappy stand around,
'Cause he's all I ever had,
An' exactly like his dad.

Little Feller's gone, I know;
Yet it seems to me as tho'
I can hear him callin' clear
Fer his daddy to come here,

Jes' to see th' house he's built
Out o' mammy's crazy quilt.
Little Feller's gone, I know—
Went about a year ago;
Yet it seems I can't forget,
Fer I feel his kisses yet,
Hear the voice a-tellin' glad
How he's lovin' of his dad.

See him playin' hoss agen,
Jes' the same as I did then.
Little Feller's gone, I know;
All the minits tell me so;
Tho' sometimes I think—and smile—
He's a visitin' fer awhile,
Jes' a-visitin' in the sky,
To be with us by an' by.
Then his mammy sees my eyes,
An' she goes—away—an'—cries—
An', to tell the truth, I do
Wish that I might jes' cry, too.
Little Feller's gone, I know,
Where we hope some day to go,
Me and mammy—heart-broke pair—
An' find Little Feller there.

Selected.

IKE WALTON'S PRAYER

I pray not that
Men tremble at
My power of place
And lordly sway—
I only pray for simple grace
To look my neighbor in the face
Full honestly from day to day;
Yield me his horny palm to hold,
And I'll not pray
For gold;

The tanned face, garlanded with mirth,
It hath the kingliest smile on earth;
The swart brow, diamonded with sweat,
Hath never need of coronet.

And so I reach,
Dear Lord, to Thee,
And do beseech
Thou givest me
The wee cot, and the cricket's chirr,
Love, and the glad sweet face of her.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

DAVID'S LAMENT FOR HIS SON ABSALOM

("O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!")—II Samuel 18:33.)

"Alas! my boy, that thou shouldst die—
Thou who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in thy clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom?"

"Cold is thy brow, my son! And I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee!
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee!
And hear thy sweet 'My Father!' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!"

"But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!"

"And Oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!"

"And now farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee!
And thy dark sin! Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this bitterness I could have won thee!
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home—
My lost boy, Absalom!"

N. P. WILLIS.



FATHER'S BIRTHDAY

PEACE DAY

PEACE DAY

Peace Day will be widely celebrated in schools throughout the United States this year. Although introduced but a few years ago, this special school day in behalf of international peace is now regularly celebrated in many American schools, and the indications are that its observance this year will be extended to thousands more. Since May 18, the day set aside as Peace Day, falls on Sunday, the schools will probably hold their exercises on the nearest school day.

The Temple of Peace at The Hague; the centenary of peace between England and the United States; the cosmopolitan movement in the colleges and universities, and what it signifies for universal peace; the work of the Hague tribunal and other peace agencies—these are among the important topics gathered together in the bureau's bulletin, "The Promotion of Peace."

That the sentiment for observance of Peace Day in the schools is not confined to the United States, but is distinctly international, is shown in the words of M. Buisson, of Paris, quoted in the bulletin. He says:

"Peace Day. Let it shine one day in the year among all nations. The whole year is consecrated, as it ought to be, to the promotion of love of country, to teaching our duties toward our native land, even to the extent of sacrificing ourselves for her. On this special day, however, it is in order not to forget our country, but to see her transfigured in the future, to see her lead in the movement which binds one nation to all others, making a sort of higher country, the federation of the United States of the Civilized World."

THE PEACE TRIBUNAL AT THE HAGUE

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE "HOUSE IN THE WOOD"

In August, 1898, the emperor of Russia astonished the world by writing a letter to the nations which had sent their representatives to his court, which was an invitation to them to send delegates to a meeting to consider what should be done to keep them from going to war with one another. This invitation was accepted by all who were invited, and a hundred delegates came, representing twenty-six of the most important nations in the world. The Hague was chosen for the meeting-place, and the young queen of Holland offered one of the most historical of her homes, called the "House in the Wood," for the conference to meet in. The large room in which this conference met is called the "Orange Hall," and the walls and the dome are covered with paintings. One of the most striking of these is the "Angel of Peace," painted more than two hundred years ago after a great battle. How little did the people then think that through that door would come the delegates from many countries who were to form the first International Court of Justice for the world! The table round which they sat was in the shape of a horseshoe, so that no country should feel itself more highly honored than the rest in the seat given to its representative.

This conference decided that if two nations have a dispute serious enough to cause war, they may call in another nation, or nations, to try to bring about a friendly settlement. Other nations, strangers to the dispute, may of their own free will offer their assistance. You will see from this that there is no longer any real need for war, since there is an International Court in which a judge and jury will be able to sit and administer law for the world. Already ten important disputes have been settled by this court.

THE TREASURES OF THE PALACE OF PEACE

But a great Palace of Peace was needed in which to judge these cases, for the original "House in the Wood" soon became too small for the work that has to be done. Many countries have sent their gifts to decorate the inside of the building. China has sent gorgeous jars, and Japan is doing the silken embroideries for a room paneled with wood from Brazil. Turkey has sent a carpet, and Switzerland the clocks. Italy is giving marble pillars, and Sweden and Norway the granite. Terra-cotta comes from Denmark, and Hungary and Austria give the glass. Russia has sent a huge vase, and Germany iron gates. France sends tapestry, and Belgium bronze doors.

England is giving glass windows for the great hall, which will represent the story of peace. The first window will be a picture of the world in its earliest days, which was the stage where every man was a law to himself; and you will see roaming hordes of primitive men on the horizon. In the second window is shown the period of war and conquest, and the multitudes are fighting one another. In the third window we find represented the modern "Armed Peace," the spirit of the age. This shows how the modern engines of war, the cost of war, and the growing needs of the people are coming into conflict, and forcing the nations on toward a peaceful method of settling their disputes. The fourth window stands for the future, when the Spirit of War is shown sinking to rest in the arms of Peace.

THE HEROES OF TODAY

Already this wonderful palace is attracting travelers from many a distant land. Some day you must go and see it, and then you will understand better what it represents. There are many people who will tell you that it stands for an impossible ideal—one that can never be realized in this world of ours. But you must tell them that this has been said about almost all great reforms. The day was when England owned slaves, and many people

said that slavery would never be abolished. To talk of putting slavery down was also to them an impossible ideal. Others will tell you that war brings out heroism and courage, and that without it nations would become weak. This was once said of private conflicts also, and yet they have passed away, and heroes never fail us—heroes among the doctors, who sacrifice their own health and lives to discover some new way of saving life from disease; and among the miners, who will go into almost certain death to save a comrade. And you can tell them of the heroes of your own time: the engineers who went down in the "Titanic," doing their duty to the last; and of the grave on the hillside in Yorkshire, where has been laid to rest so recently the bandmaster of that ship, whom the whole world honors for his brave faith and courage in trying to comfort those who were going down into the sea. No, the strength of our nation will never be lost while we have heroes like these to maintain her glory and renown.

From "Pictures and Stories from Holland."

NEED OF THE HOUR

Fling forth the triple-colored flag to dare
The bright, untraveled highways of the air!
Blow the undaunted bugles, blow, and yet
Let not the boast betray us to forget!
Lo, there are high adventures for this hour,
Tours to test the sinews of our power;
For we must parry, as the years increase,
The hazards of success, the risks of peace!

What do we need to keep the nation whole,
To guard the pillars of the state? We need
The fine audacities of honest deed,
The homely old integrities of soul,
The swift temerities that take the part
Of outcast right, the wisdom of the heart—
Brave hopes that Mammon never can detain
Nor sully with his gainless clutch for gain.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

True happiness, if understood,
Consists alone in doing good.

SOMERVILLE.

A HERO

To be a hero does not mean
To march away,
At sounding of the trumpet call,
To war's array;
It does not mean a lifeless form
'Neath foeman's dart;
To be a hero simply means
To do your part.
Perhaps you may not gain the cheers
Of a great world;
Just do your part each little day,
Be brave and true—
A greater than a soldier's joy
Will come to you.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

OUR HEROES

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right;
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honor to him if he conquers—
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted
To do what you know to be right;
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you will o'ercome in the fight.
"The Right" be your battle-cry ever,
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

PHOEBE CARY.

The more rapidly nations increase their peace budgets,
the more rapidly can they decrease their war budgets.
Justice and friendship, and not dreadnoughts, are a
nation's true defense. It is more important to study how
to make and keep all peoples our friends than it is to plan
how to fight them when we have foolishly and wickedly
made them our enemies.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall
meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment
Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from
the ends of the earth!

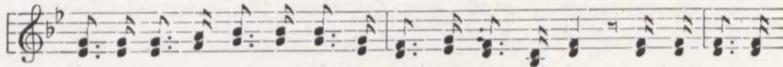
From "The Ballad of East and West," by RUDYARD KIPLING.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

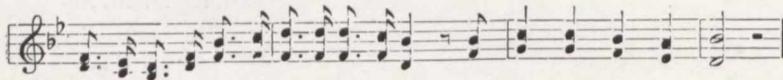
JULIA W. HOWE.



- 1 Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have
3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in burnished rows of steel; "As ye
4. He has sounded forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
- 5 In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

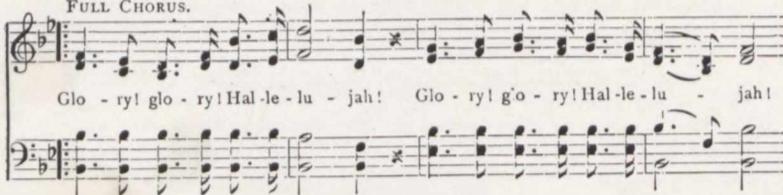


trampling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His
 deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the He - ro,
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; Oh, be swift, my
 glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to

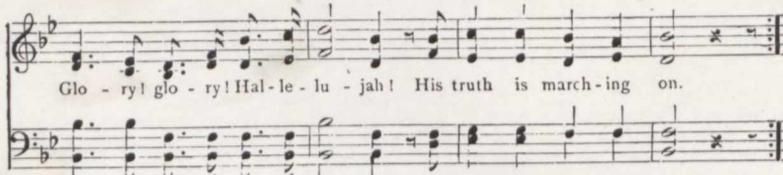


fate - ful lightning of His ter - rible swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.
 right - eous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps, His day is march - ing on.
 born of wo - man, crush the serpent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on."
 soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
 make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

FULL CHORUS.



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

NOTE. This song was inspired by a visit of Mrs. Howe to the "Circling Camps" around Washington, gathered for the defence of the Capital, early in the War of 1861-5. Songs of the Nation.

LESSON OF HISTORY

Looking to history for guidance, we find the lesson of the last hundred years plain indeed. Our experience with Great Britain proves it possible to obtain our just rights and maintain our self-respect without recourse to war. They show, too, how much more easily this is done when people know and understand one another.

The great writers of both countries who have helped us to a better knowledge of one another, the increased facilities of travel and communication, the steady exchange of visitors and commodities, have all made for a better comprehension, so that we have become neighbors in the truest sense of that term.

Undoubtedly it has been easier in this case because of certain common factors: English history is our history, our heritage; we, too, glory in the daring of Drake, in the chivalry of Sidney, in the wisdom of Shakespeare. We have common ideals; today the governments of both nations stand for freedom, for the expression of the individual citizen. We have in common, too, the "Large Music of English Speech."

Standing together, we represent a force which cannot be ignored. No cause which we united peoples maintain can fail; no cause which we oppose can triumph. Then great is our responsibility; the future is in our hands. What shall it be?

United, we can work together for a better understanding among all peoples, for a better comprehension of one another, for universal peace. We can hope, then, for the dawning of a better day, when justice shall be established between nation and nation as it is today in all civilized countries between man and man.

In the relations between the two great branches of the English-speaking race we have the example of what is possible in international relations.

If their united force is turned to the establishment of this great idea—justice and peace—we may look confidently for the realization of the poet's prophetic vision:

"The Parliament of Nations, the federation of the world."

Selected.

GREAT MEN IN HISTORY

A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a deity dead—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army in Italy. I saw him in Egypt, in the shadow of the pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm, and at Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, when the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished at Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the widows and orphans he had made, of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart

by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes; I would rather have lived in a hut, with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun; I would rather have been the poor peasant, with my wife by my side knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me; I would rather have been this man, and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial personation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL at the Tomb of Napoleon I.

SUGGESTED PROGRAM FOR THE EIGHTEENTH OF MAY
(From the Peace Bulletin Issued by the United States Bureau of
Education)

- Music—"Recessional" (Music by De Koven) *Rudyard Kipling*
 Recitations—"The Reign of Peace" *Eliza Thornton*
 "Illusions of War" *Richard Le Gallienne*
 Essay—"The Significance of the Two Hague Conferences."
 Music—"The Coming Day of Peace" (Tune: "Battle Hymn of the
 Republic").
 "God Bless Our Fatherland" (Tune: "America")
 *O. W. Holmes*
 Essay—"The Hundreth Anniversary of Peace Among English-
 Speaking Peoples."
 Recitations—From "A Voice from the West" *Alfred Austin*
 "The Soldier's Recessional" *John H. Finley*
 Music—Song of Peace (Music by A. S. Sullivan)
 *M. K. Schermerhorn*
 Quotations—"What Soldiers and Statesmen Have Said about
 War."
 Music—"Ring in the Larger Heart" (Music by Ward Lowell
 Macon) *Alfred Tennyson*
 Recitation—"Ode Sung at the Opening of the International
 Exhibition" *Alfred Tennyson*
 Music—"America" *S. F. Smith*

THE WASTE OF WAR

A well-known writer has said: "Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe; I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire of which kings and queens will be proud; I will build a schoolhouse on every hillside and in every valley over the whole earth; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every state, and will fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a place of worship, consecrated to the gospel of peace; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath the chimes on every hill will answer the chimes on another around the world."

The more I study the world, the more am I convinced of the inability of brute force to create anything durable.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

AFTER THE CONFLICT ON THE BATTLEFIELD

Philip (with solicitude)—What may I do for you, my friend?

The Enemy (hoarsely)—You have ripped open my side; you have blown off my arm; you have torn my face. I don't care to have you do anything more.

Philip—Here, take this water!

The Enemy (turning away)—Water from you? No!

Philip—You must take this brandy.

The Enemy—No! You think I am insane, but I am speaking the bald truth. You are a murderer—don't forget that! But so am I. We trick our minds, and do not think; and if by chance we do think, we don't think straight. My God! I have been thinking straight since I lay in this pool of blood. You talk about the code! What is the first fetish of the code? It is the unity of the

army. If the army is a unit, working together, then each man has his share in each act. I have killed in my time—let me see; I have been adding up as I lay here, before I fainted—let me see: I have been in the army ten years. I have killed about ninety-five thousand men—perhaps more. I am going to my mother's God with the murder of ninety-five thousand men on my soul. What shall I say to Him? . . . I will die like a soldier, all right—that doesn't trouble me. What troubles me is I've been killing like a soldier for ten years. I thought I was a fine hero, but I find I was just a common murderer—a wholesale murderer!

Philip (persuasively)—Please hush!

The Enemy (talking rapidly)—Wait until you come to die, and see how differently you will see everything—that is, if you let yourself look. Most men die with their eyes shut. There is another thing: I thought I was an atheist, but I find I believe in my mother's God. I can't get away from Him; He has run me down. Now I am going to stand face to face with Him—with the murder of ninety-five thousand men on my soul! (Voice broken and failing.) Mary, Mary! The roses in the garden! Put your head on my breast! No, it is wet with blood—it will hurt your beautiful hair! Universal Brotherhood—those are the words, Mary! Say, give us your hand! Uni-ver-sal Brotherhood!

Philip—He was the child of God—my brother—and I have killed him!

— From "In the Vanguard," by KATRINA TRASK.

THE VISION

Elsa—That night you were on the battlefield, keeping your vigil beside the dead, I, too, kept a vigil. It was the same night. I compared the dates when I received your letter—your beautiful letter! I cannot explain what happened, I cannot understand it, but I dare not deny it!

If we receive wireless messages from across the sea, why may we not receive it from beyond the stars? I will tell you the facts exactly as they happened. I went to sleep that night thinking of you. Suddenly I was awakened by a call. I thought it was your voice. . . . I was frightened. I jumped up and ran to the window. It was dark. I knelt at the window, looking out into the night; and then again I heard the voice—and I knew it was not yours: It was deep and terrible; it sounded like a bell tolling across measureless waters; but every word was clear, distinct. "Woe, woe!" cried the voice; "woe unto those who break the bonds of brotherhood; woe unto those who lay waste the pleasant places of the earth; woe unto those who have called false things true, cruel things brave, and barbarous things of good report!" I was so frightened! . . . Then all was still. And, as I knelt there, it was just as you said in your letter. It was as though a window opened in my mind: I seemed to see rivers of blood, hideous masses of horror; to hear the piteous cries of women and children, and the moans and curses of those who died in the lust of battle. I knew, I understood, I shuddered as I knelt there. I thought I could not bear it. . . . Suddenly the clouds lifted, the morning star rose clear and beautiful, the dawn broke, and the rosy light came over the hills. Then another voice—melodious, musical—spoke these words: "Fear not! Behold, a new order is dawning upon the earth. Wars shall cease. Peace shall knit the world together in a bond of common brotherhood." . . .

Mr. Great—War is evil because it breaks the Supreme Law of the Universe.

"What do you call the Supreme Law of the Universe?"

The law of Harmony—that is the Supreme Law. To break the law of Harmony is the unpardonable sin.

"And Love?"

Love is the fulfilling of the Law.

From "In the Vanguard," by KATRINA TRASK.

MEMORIAL DAY

THE SOLDIERS' RECESSIONAL

Down from the choir, with feeble step and slow,
Singing their brave recessional, they go,
 Gray, broken choristers of war,
Bearing aloft before their age-dimmed eyes,
As 'twere their cross for sign of sacrifice,
 The flags which they in battle bore—

Down from the choir where late with hoarse throats sang
Till all the sky-arched vast cathedral rang
 With echoes of their rough-made song,
Where roared the organ's deep artillery,
And screamed the slender pipe's dread minstrelsy
 In fierce debate of right and wrong.

Down past the altar, bright with flowers, they tread
The aisles 'neath which in sleep their comrades dead
 Keep bivouac after their red strife,
Their own ranks thinner growing as they march
Into the shadows of the narrow arch
 Which hides the lasting from this life.

Soon, soon, will pass the last gray pilgrim through
Of that thin line in surplices of blue,
 Winding as some tired stream a-sea;
Soon, soon, will sound upon our list'ning ears
His last song's quaver, as he disappears
 Beyond our answering litany;

And soon the faint antiphonal refrain,
Which memory repeats in sweetened strain,
 Will come as from some far cloud shore;
Then for a space the hush of unspoke prayer,
And we who've knelt shall rise with heart to dare
The thing in peace they sang in war.

JOHN H. FINLEY.

MEMORIAL DAY—MAY 30

It is the custom in the Old World to decorate the graves of soldiers; but in no country is it made a day of national observance, as it is in the North and South of the United States.

Its observance at first grew spontaneously from the tender remembrances of the relatives and others who survived the war for the Union, and the practice of fixing a day for visiting the graves and strewing them with flowers commenced in the early days of the Civil War.

Different days were observed in different localities. The governors of the states recommended a day for its observance, the Christian Commission exerted all its influence, the Grand Army of the Republic made heroic efforts, and many state legislatures were induced to make a given day a legal holiday. President U. S. Grant and several governors were led to unite in recommending a day, and, by an enactment of Congress, May 30 was set apart as a legal holiday, now recognized in nearly every state in the Union.

The day is observed by decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, and hamlet churchyard in the land. No form of ceremony need be prescribed.

We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance, and at the appointed time strew them with the choicest flowers of springtime and raise above them the flag they heroically saved.

Mr. McKinley once said: "A nation which cares for its disabled soldiers, as we have always done, will never lack defenders. The national cemeteries for those who fell in battle are proof that the dead as well as the living have our love."

Loyalty to our country is the best way to honor our soldiers who fell in defense. The best citizen, the best

patriot, is he who gives the best manhood to his country. The battles of the present are like those of the past. The form of warfare only is changed.

There are moral conflicts to fight, and children should be taught that our country is the land where the battles in the future are destined to be fought. Then teach the names of men who have preserved the Union, and have patriotism instilled into the child, that there may be many loyal and noble Americans to carry forward the triumphs of liberty in the future.

The ancients would wreath with flowers the monuments of those who had fallen in battle. History and poetry have each celebrated those exhibitions of courage which reflect so much honor upon the republic.

Rome created statues and trimmed arches in honor of her victorious brave, who fought and fell that their country might survive.

ARTIE L. HOWLETT.

FLOWERS FOR THE BRAVE

(Recitation by six girls, each holding a bouquet)

Once again the flowers we gather
On these sacred mounds to lay;
O'er the tombs of fallen heroes
Float the stars and stripes today.
From the mountain, hill, and valley
Issued forth a noble throng,
With heroic valor fighting,
Till was heard the victors' song.

Sleep, soldier, sleep!
Thy work is o'er;
No more the bugle calls, "To arms!"
Dream on beneath thy tents of green!
Sleep, soldier, sleep, free from all alarms!

Rest, soldier, rest!
While we today
Bring fragrant flowers with rev'rent tread,
To deck the graves of those we love,
A tribute to our honored dead!

Selected.

DECORATION DAY

The eastern wizards do a wondrous thing,
Which travelers, having seen, scarce dare to tell:
Dropping a seed in earth, by subtle spell
Of hidden heat they force the germ to spring
To instant life and growth; no faltering
'Twixt leaf and flower and fruit; they rise and swell
To perfect shape and size, as if there fell
Upon them all which seasons hold and bring.
But love far greater magic shows today:
Lifting its feeble hands, which can but reach
The hand's-breadth up, it stretches all the way
From earth to heaven, and, triumphant, each
Sweet wilting blossom sets, before it dies,
Full in the sight of smiling angel's eyes.

But, ah! 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; where goes
No loving step of kindred! Oh, how flows
And yearns our thought to them! More holy ground
Of graves than this, we say, is that whose bound
Is secret till eternity disclose
Its sign. But Nature knows her wilderness;
There are no "missing" in her numbered ways.
In her great heart is no forgetfulness;
Each grave she keeps she will adorn, caress.
We cannot lay such wreaths as Summer lays,
And all her days are Decoration Days.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

WHAT MY GRANDPA SAID

(Recitation for a boy carrying a flag)

This is my country's flag;
I love each snowy star
Set in its azure corner space,
Each white and crimson bar.

I'd love to see it float
Above a battlefield;
I'd fight for it until I died,
And never, never yield.

I told my grandpa so;
He smiled and stroked my head.
"You can defend the flag today"—
That's what my grandpa said.

He said that to fight in war-time
Was not the only way
To serve the country that we love;
We can serve her every day.

He said that every wrong thing done
Was weakening our land;
Unless the evils are put down,
Our country may not stand.

He talked of Greece and Egypt
And Rome and Babylon,
And how, because they were not good,
Their mighty power is gone.

"A boy who loves his flag," he said,
"Will battle for the right.
A boy can serve our country,
Being good with all his might."

He said that the dearest country,
And the best the sun shines on,
Should have the best and bravest boys
To put the wrong things down.

I mean to always think of this,
When I see our banner bright;
We boys may serve our country well
By trying to do right.

From "All the Holidays," by CLARA DENTON.

MEMORIAL FLOWERS

(For four girls. Each speaker should carry a bouquet of the flowers)

I

A bunch of fragrant violets
As my offerings I've brought—
True blue, as were the soldiers
When for the right they fought.

II

I bring the golden buttercups,
So hardy and so brave;
What flowers can be more fitting
To deck a soldier's grave?

III

I bring a bunch of daisies,
Some humble grave to crown—
As innocent as the pure, young lives
So willingly laid down.

IV

This bunch of purple lilac
As my offering I bring;
'Tis fragrant as the memory
Of those whose praise I sing.

ALL

We've often heard the story
Of how the brave men fought,
And, as a tribute of our love,
These flowers we have brought.

We will ne'er forget the soldiers;
And when we've passed away,
May other hands the flowers bring
Each Decoration Day.

SADIE S. PALMER.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER

G. F. R.

Geo. F. Root.

1. { Just be - fore the bat - tle, Moth - er, I am think - ing most of you, }
 { While up - on the field we're watch - ing, With the en - e - my in view. }
 2. { Hark' I hear the bu - gles sound - ing, 'Tis the sig - nal for the fight; }
 { Now may God pro - tect us, Moth - er, As He ev - er does the right. }

Com - rades brave are round me ly - ing, Filled with tho'ts of home and God;... For
 Hear the "Bat - tle Cry of Free - dom," How it swells up - on the air;... Oh,

well they know that on the mor - row Some will sleep be - neath the sod.....
 yes, we'll ral - ly round the stand - ard, Or we'll per - ish no - bly there. ...

Chorus.

Fare - well, Mother, you may nev - er you may never, Mother, Press me to your heart a - gain; But

rit.

oh, you'll not for - get me, Moth - er, (you will not forget me) If I'm numbered with the slain.

FLAG DAY

BIRTHDAY OF THE AMERICAN FLAG—APRIL 4

Today is the actual birthday of the American flag—the flag as we know it, the flag that has thirteen stripes and a star for every state. This flag, the American flag of today, was adopted by Congress on April 4, 1818, and was designed by Captain Samuel C. Reed. In the flag of 1818 there were twenty stars; today there are forty-eight.

The American flag which Washington first unfurled at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on January 1, 1776, was composed of thirteen red and white stripes, with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew emblazoned on the blue canopy in place of the stars. This flag was also carried by the fleet under command of Commodore Esek Hopkins when it sailed from the Delaware capes on February 17, 1776. In the following year, June 14, 1777, the Continental Congress passed a resolution, "That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation."

How or by whom the idea of the star was first suggested is uncertain, although there are some who ascribe it to John Adams, while others claim the entire flag was borrowed from the coat-of-arms of the Washington family. In this flag the stars were arranged in a circle, although no form was officially prescribed.

It is supposed that the first display of the national flag at a military post was at Fort Schuyler, on the site of the village of Rome, Oneida County, New York. The fort was besieged early in the month of August, 1777, and the garrison was without a flag. So they made one according to the prescription of Congress, by cutting up sheets to form the white stripes, bits of scarlet cloth for the red stripes, and the blue ground for the stars was composed of portions of a cloth coat belonging to Captain Abraham Swarthout, of Dutchess County, New York; and the flag was finished August 3, 1777.

Paul Jones, as commander of the "Ranger," to which he was appointed June 14, 1777, claimed that he was the first to display the Stars and Stripes on a naval vessel. It is probable that the flag was first unfurled in battle on the banks of the Brandywine, September 11, 1777—the first battle after the adoption. It first appeared over a stronghold June 28, 1778, when Captain Rathbone, of the American sloop of war "Providence," captured Fort Nassau, New Providence, Bahama Islands.

John Singleton Copley, the American painter, claimed to be the first to display the flag in Great Britain. On the day when George III acknowledged the independence of the United States (December 5, 1782), he painted the flag in the background of Elkanah Watson. To Captain Mooers, of the whaling ship "Bedford" of Nantucket, is doubtless due the honor of first displaying the Stars and Stripes in a port of Great Britain. He arrived in the Downs with it flying at the fore February 3, 1783.

April 4 is the date in 1609 that Henry Hudson sailed from Holland on his exploring expedition. It is the birthday of David G. Burnet, the first president of Texas (1788); of Thaddeus Stevens, the American statesman (1793); of Dorothy L. Dix, the philanthropist (1802); of James Freeman Clarke, the theologian (1810); the day upon which President William Henry Harrison died in 1841, and the much-regarded poet, Oliver Goldsmith, died in 1774.

"OLD GLORY'S" OFFICIAL BIRTH—THE MEANING OF THE COLORS

The writing below is a facsimile etching reproduced from the original resolutions passed on June 14, 1777, creating the American flag. It is the handwriting of Charles Thomson, secretary of the Continental Congress. It has all the letters *i* dotted, but the letters *t* are left

uncrossed. The records do not show any debate or discussion of the subject, yet the face of the resolution indicates some changes from its first intention.

1777 June 14 Saturday June 14 1777 243
*Resolved That the Flag of the united states consist
of 13 stripes alternate red and white that the
Union be 13 stars white in a blue field represent-
ing a new constellation—*

The flag resolution, as published in present books, differs from the above single sentence, which reads:

“Resolved, That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.”

Historians and writers all vary as to the definition of its colors, and upwards of forty varieties of symbolisms have been attributed to the three heraldic tinctures; but a recent investigator says that he copied from original records at the State Department the following meaning of the colors:

Red—Hardiness and valor.

White—Purity and innocence.

Blue—Vigilance, perseverance, and justice.

A WOMAN SAVED THE FLAG AT NEW YORK CITY

I remember reading the early history of New York, the last American city to greet the Stars and Stripes, more than six years after the adoption of the national banner. King George's colors dominated the metropolis from a few days after the disastrous battle at Long Island until

the end of the war. On the day agreed upon for the evacuation of the city, when the American troops reached the battery at three o'clock in the afternoon, they found a British flag hoisted upon a long pole, with the halyards cut away. The departing garrison had gone, but wished to see their colors flying as long as they were in sight of land. A young American soldier climbed the pole, tore down the British flag, and set the Stars and Stripes afloat. The British provost marshal came in a great hurry and ordered the flag hauled down, but history says a loyal woman rallied to its defense with a broomstick, with such vigor that the marshal retreated, with the loss of his powdered wig.

May we learn a lesson from this brave woman and dear "Old Barbary Fritchie," and stand by our flag, twine each thread about our heartstrings, and, looking upon our homes, catch the spirit that breathes upon us from the battlefields of our fathers, and resolve, come weal or woe, we will now and forever protect our flag!

SARAH WOOD CASHNER.

OUR BANNER

Flag of our country, far afloat
Over the land and the sea!
The steadfast light on Glory's height,
The banner of the free!

Purity speaks from your folds of white,
Truth from your sky of blue;
Courage shines forth in the crimson stripes,
And leads to victories new.

Fadeless, like stars in the arching skies,
In glory your stars shine on,
And promise the peace that ne'er shall cease
In the land by valor won.

MARIE ZEETERBERG.

FIRST FIGHT OF OLD GLORY

The following incident occurred at Fort Stanwix, now Utica, New York, on August 6, 1777, during the Revolutionary War, and is described in John Fiske's "History of the United States," as follows:

"That same day the garrison of Fort Stanwix made a sortie and sacked a part of St. Leger's camp, capturing five British standards. They hoisted these flags upside down over their fort, and raised above it a rude flag made of scraps of a blue jacket and white shirt, with bits of red flannel. Congress had in June adopted the national banner, and this was the first time it was ever flown."

The flag which is here rising for the first time has since been borne in honor and ever-increasing glory, not only on the field of battle, but in the victories of peace—even to the North Pole itself. It may have been an omen of its future greatness that the very first time the flag was raised it was hoisted in victory above the ensigns of an enemy. Since that time it has gone on from one wave of triumph to another, advancing before the world in the onward march of civilization and progress.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE AND THE FLAG

Ye who love the Republic, remember the claim
Ye owe to her fortunes, ye owe to her name,
To her years of prosperity past and in store—
A hundred behind you, a thousand before!

The blue arch above us is Liberty's dome,
The green fields beneath us Equality's home;
But the schoolroom today is Humanity's friend—
Let the people the flag and the schoolroom defend!

'Tis the schoolhouse that stands by the flag;
Let the nation stand by the school!
'Tis the school bell that rings for our liberty old:
'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot shall rule.

FRANK TREAT SOUTHWICK.

OUT OF DOORS

In the urgent solitudes
Lies the spur to larger moods;
In the friendship of the trees
Dwell all sweet serenities.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

The child is father of the man.

WORDSWORTH.

It is a wise father that knows his own child.

Merchant of Venice.

OUR FLAG

The Stars and Stripes became the flag of the United States on June 14, 1777. On that day it was resolved by Congress that the "flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

The congressional enactment creating "Old Glory" said nothing concerning the peculiar form in which the stars should be grouped, and as the circle is the simplest of all figures, the circular form naturally became the one in which the stars were arranged.

The national flag continued with thirteen stripes and thirteen stars until January 13, 1795, when Congress voted that "after May 1, 1795, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be fifteen stars, white, in a blue field."

Twenty-three years later, April 4, 1818, Congress adopted the following resolution: "Be it enacted that from and after the Fourth of July next the flag of the

United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be twenty stars, white, in a blue field: And that on the admission of a new state into the Union one star be added to the flag, and that such addition shall take place on the Fourth of July next succeeding each admission."

Certain members of Congress, in their patriotic ardor, wanted a new stripe for each new state, but Mr. Windover, one of the members from New York, arose in his place and said: "Mr. Speaker, I am heart and soul in favor of any proposition that will give us a big flag. We are going to be a big people, and we need a correspondingly big flag. But it must not be so big as to be a burden to us."

The first salute given by a foreign power to the Stars and Stripes was in Quiberon Bay, on the coast of Brittany. Paul Jones, in the "Ranger," was cruising in those parts and, coming up with a French admiral, saluted his flag. The Frenchman returned the salute gun for gun.

Before that event it had been the usage of Europe to salute the flag of a republic with four guns less than were fired in saluting the flag of a crowned potentate, but Jones claimed that "Old Glory" was the peer of any flag afloat, and that in saluting it must get as many guns as it gives.

Glorious old flag! And of every American, north, south, east, and west, the prayer is: "Long may she wave!"

New York American.

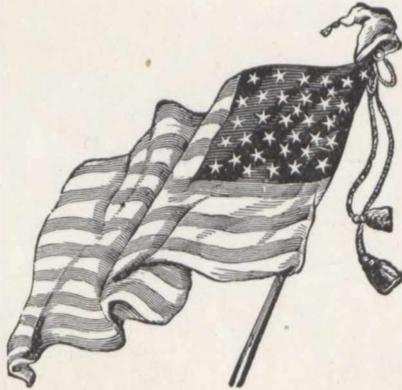
A SONG FOR OUR FLAG

A bit of color against the blue—
Hues of the morning: blue for true,
And red for the kindling light of flame,
And white for a nation's stainless fame.
Oh! fling it forth to the winds afar,
With hope in its every shining star!
Under its folds, wherever found,
Thank God, we have freedom's holy ground!

Don't you love it, as out it floats
From the schoolhouse peak, and glad young throats
Sing of the banner that ay shall be
Symbol of honor and victory?
Don't you thrill when the marching feet
Of jubilant soldiers shake the street,
And the bugles shrill, and the trumpets call,
And the red, white, and blue is over us all?
Don't you pray, amid starting tears,
It may never be furled through age-long years?

A song for our flag, our country's boast,
That gathers beneath it a mighty host!
Long may it wave o'er the goodly land
We hold in fee 'neath our Father's hand!
For God and liberty evermore
May that banner stand from shore to shore,
Never to those high meanings lost,
Never with alien standards crossed,
But always valiant and pure and true,
Our starry flag—red, white, and blue!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in *Young People*.



INDEPENDENCE DAY

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

In the Continental Congress, meeting in Philadelphia, the matter of independence of the colonies and the separation from England was first brought up by John Adams, of Massachusetts, in May of 1776. On May 10 a resolution was passed recommending to the thirteen colonies the formation of an independent government. The various colonies, one by one, placed themselves on record as favoring such action. On June 10 a committee of five was appointed to draw up a declaration. On this committee were Jefferson, Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman, and R. R. Livingstone. They reported on June 28, but action was delayed until July 4, when the declaration was adopted by delegates from twelve colonies.

It is universally conceded that this immortal document was written by Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia.

This copy is from a copper plate made in 1823 from the original by order of John Quincy Adams, then secretary of state of the nation:

"DECLARATION

"When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the

people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having, in direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world:

“He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

“He has forbidden his Governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

“He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the Legislature; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

“He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

“He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

“He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the State remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without and convulsions within.

“He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the laws for the naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

“He has obstructed the administration of justice by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

“He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

“He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.

“He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures.

“He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

“He has combined, with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution and unacknowledged by our laws, giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:

“For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

“For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment, for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States:

“For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

“For imposing taxes on us without our consent:

“For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury:

“For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offenses:

“For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies:

“For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the powers of our governments:

“For suspending our own legislatures and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

“He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

“He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

“He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

“He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

“He has excited domestic insurrections among us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

“in every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

“Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts made by their legislature to extend an unwarranted jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connection and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace, friends.

“We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare,—That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, *free and independent States*; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as *free and independent States*, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which *independent States* may of right do. And, for the support of this Declaration, with a firm

reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

(NOTE.—This is the most famous document ever signed by any body of men, and the most famous declaration of the rights of men since the signing of Magna Charta. There were fifty-six signers of this Declaration, representing twelve colonies. On July 9 the New York convention formally pledged that state and notified its delegates to sign the Declaration.)

To the Teachers:

It is hoped that every teacher will read this whole document to the pupils, and have them memorize as much as possible.

MARY C. C. BRADFORD.

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing—
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above!

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong!

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee I sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light!
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

A STANZA ON FREEDOM

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think.
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds of the
fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.
'Tis the star-bangled banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just;
And this be our motto: "*In God is our trust;*"
And the star-bangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

(NOTE.—The author of this poem was a prisoner on the British fleet during the bombardment of Fort McHenry. All night he watched the battle with anxiety. This poem was written the next morning, after the American victory.)

THE AMERICAN FLAG

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.

Majestic monarch of the cloud
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun, to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the seas! On ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave.
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

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?

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Hail, Columbia, happy land!
Hail, ye heroes—heaven-born band
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And, when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won!
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies!
Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty!
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! Rise once more
Defend your rights, defend your shore!
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,

Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize!
While offering peace, sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty!
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Sound, sound, the trump of Fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear!
With equal skill, and godlike power,
He governed in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty!
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

DEMOCRACY

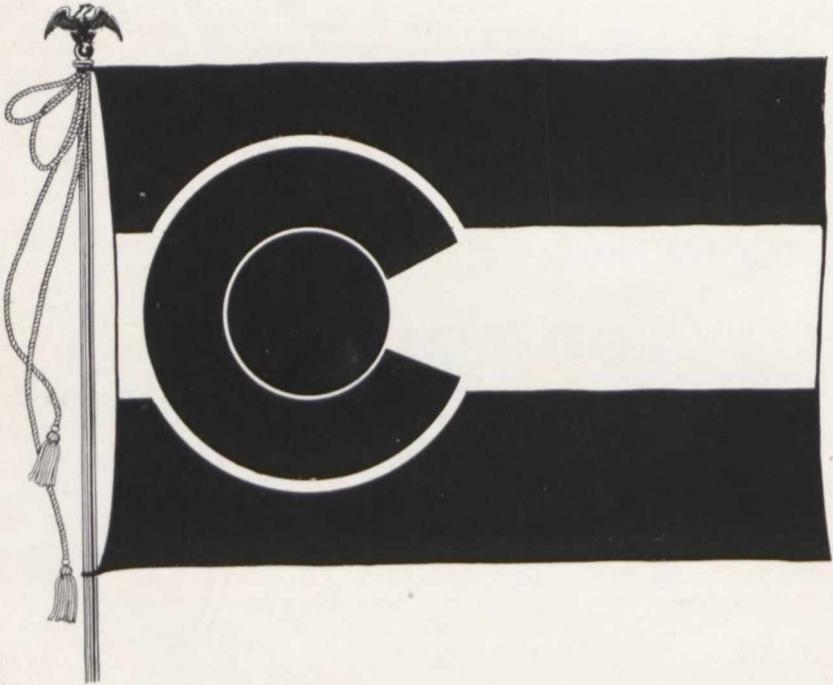
For now Democracy doth wake and rise
From the sweet sloth of youth.
By storms made strong, by many dreams made wise,
He clasps the hand of Truth.
Through the armed nations lies his path of peace,
The open book of knowledge in his hand.
Food to the starving, to the oppressed release,
And love to all, he bears from land to land.
Before his march the barriers fall;
The laws grow gentle at his call.
His glowing breath blows far away
The fog that veils the coming day—
That wondrous day
When earth shall sing, as through the blue she rolls,
Laden with joy for all her thronging souls.

Then shall want's call to sin resound no more
Across her teeming fields. And pain shall sleep,
Soothed by brave science with her magic lore;
And war no more shall bid the nations weep.
Then the worn chains shall slip from man's desire,
And ever higher and higher
His swift foot shall aspire;
His soul its watch shall keep,
Till love shall make the world a holy place,
Where knowledge dare unveil God's very face.

HARRIET MONROE.



COLORADO DAY



OUR STATE

Color of red is the meaning of our Spanish name.

On top of the world, for we are the highest state in the Union.

Lambs, cattle, and hogs raised in our state bring the top-notch price in the markets of the world.

Ores—gold, zinc, silver, vanadium, and tungsten—place us first in the production of precious metals.

Riches on trees and vines are even greater than our mines; for our peaches, apples, and cantaloupes rank first in price and quality in the markets of Europe.

Alalfa crops, sugar beets, and potatoes make the money value of our fields more than mines, vines, or trees.

Down in the earth we possess coal enough to supply the whole world for three centuries.

Overhead the glorious sunshine, constant and invigorating, calls the tourists of the earth to our lofty mountain peaks and scenic wonders.

DORA PHELPS BUELL.

COLORADO

What hands shall sweep the trembling strings
That hold a symphony divine,
The meed that lavish Nature brings—
Where sits enthroned the columbine?

There is no art, aspiring high,
Can move the soul as these do mine—
These glories of the earth and sky,
Where blows the chosen columbine.

Yon monarch peak! What touch but mars
Its breast on which the clouds recline?
Whose head is pillowed with the stars—
Where sleeps below the columbine.

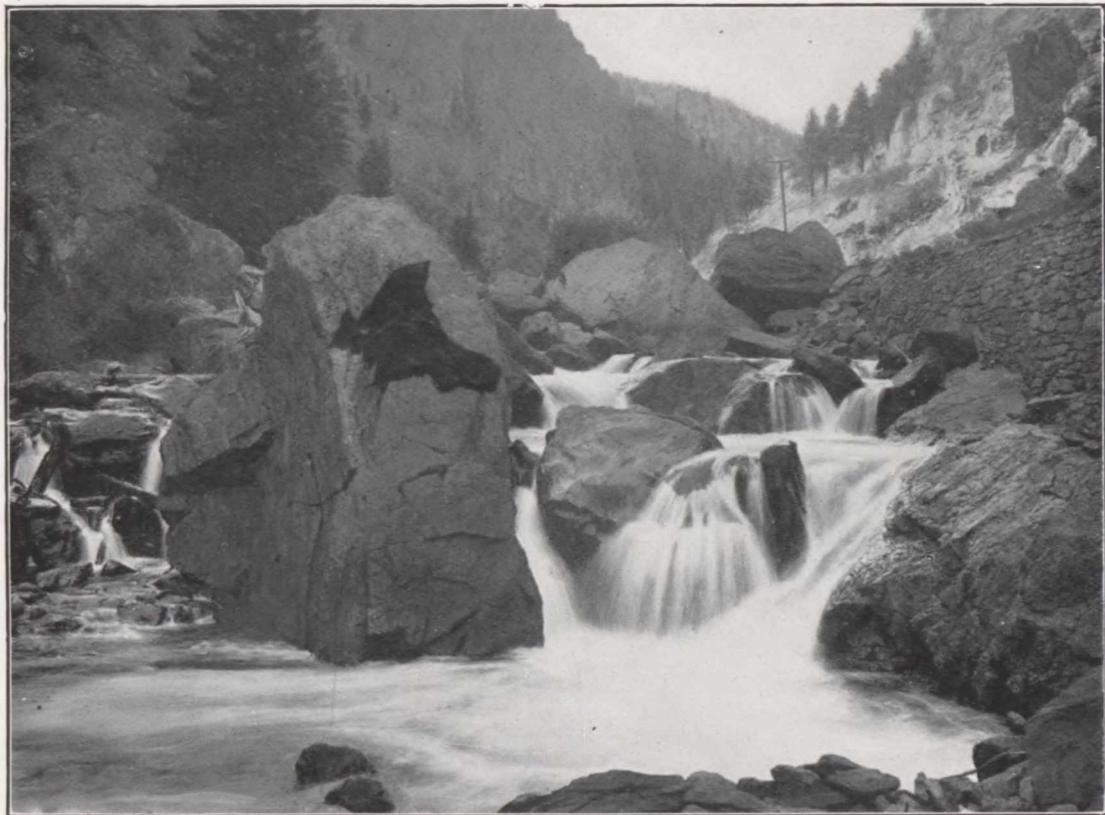
Here fan the plain the west winds mild,
The dreamy vale, the wanton vine;
There canons crash with thunders wild,
Where hides the timid columbine.

The pioneers, with hearts unmoved,
Who came t' unlock the treasure mine,
Beholding, paused, and, pausing, loved
Where sweetly blooms the columbine.

Now on the trail gleam hearthstones bright,
And fanes proclaim the sacred shrine,
And cities rise in grace and might,
Where proudly waves the columbine.

Fair State, commanding, hopeful, strong—
Thy sons' the virtues that are thine!
May God thy days in peace prolong,
Where fondly glows the columbine!

EDITH PAXTON EBBERT.





Safe is the freedom we cherish—
Safe is the rule of the right!
Children will hold it and guard it—
Liberty's beacon of light!

THE CALL OF COLORADO

All ye nations, come! Behold it!
Soon the whole wide world will tell
Of the White Man's western triumph,
And the Red Man's Grand Farewell.

Here two races come in council—
One for memory, one for might.
Here the Red Man meets the White Man
In the land of Red and White.

All ye nations, come and wonder!
See an epoch disappear!
See the passing of the heroes—
Indian and Pioneer.

Once and never more—this council!
Once and never more—this feast!
Never more this call of plainmen
To the cities of the East!

Come, ye nations, to the Red Rocks!
To the playgrounds of the sky!
Come! Come up to Colorado!
Hear the Red Man say good-by!

From "The Last Grand Council of the North American Indian,"
by HERBERT N. CASSON.

COLORADO

I love thee, Colorado!
I love thy lofty peaks;
I love the vast, deep silences
Where God, the Mighty, speaks;
I love thy sloping valleys fair,
Thy blossoming orchards sweet;
I love the flowers that everywhere
Bloom brightly at my feet;
I love the columbine that grows
In every shaded place,
The mariposa lily pale,
The wild rose' blushing face.

I love thy still, blue, silent lakes,
Upheld by mountains high,
Where mirrored are the whispering pines
Outlined against the sky;
Where many a wild bird, faring home
Into the forest near,
Swings low to dip his shining beak
Into the waters clear;
Where Indian maidens oft have come,
Down through the woodland ways,
To kneel at the margin, with wondering pride,
In her dusky eyes to gaze.

I love thee, Colorado!
My dear, familiar home!
My heart doth ache in loneliness,
When in far lands I roam.
I love the spot where sacred dust
Sleeps low on yonder hill;
I love the lone pines' lullaby
That croons above them still.
I love thy cliffs and canons dark,
Where foaming torrents leap;
I love thy forests' anthem grand,
When winds above them sweep.

I love thee, Colorado!
The land where is my all!
My heart hath answered ever
To thy mysterious call.

I long to feel thy cool, sweet air
Blow on my tear-stained cheek;
I long for sweeter words to tell
The thoughts my lips would speak.
I love thy clear and star-filled nights;
Thy warm, bright, sunny days.
I long to see thy snow-crowned peaks,
Half veiled in bluish haze.

I love thee, Colorado!
Thy peopled cities fair!
I love thy children, loyal, true—
None can with them compare;
I love the toil-worn hands that delve
Deep in thy generous heart,
To swell the golden stream that flows
Into the world's great mart;
I love thy castled cliffs and crags,
Thy minarets and domes,
Thy gardens where the ancient gods
Yet make their earthly homes.

All hail thee, Colorado!
To thee I sing my song!
I long once more for city streets,
Where progress strides along;
I long to come again to thee,
With every ship that sails—
To walk thy well-worn paths again,
And climb thy deep-worn trails.
My heart doth ache in loneliness,
When distant lands I roam.
I love thee, Colorado!
My own, my chosen home!

ISABEL ELLISON.

NO LAND LIKE OURS

There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore.
Thou art the shelter of the free;
The home, the port of liberty,
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be
Till time is o'er.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM EUROPE

Oh, it's home again, and home again! America for me!
My heart is turning home again to God's countrie—
To the land of youth and freedom, beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunshine and the flag is full of stars.

It is good to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous countries and cities of renown;
To admire the crumbly castles and the monuments of kings;
But soon or late you have enough of antiquated things.

Oh, London is a man's town—there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to loaf in Venice, and it's great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

I like the German fir woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles, with flashing fountains filled;
But, Oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her way!

Oh, Europe is a fine place! yet something seems to lack—
The past is too much with her, and the people looking back;
But life is in the present, and the future must be free;
We love our land for what she is, and what she is to be.

So it's home again, and home again! America for me!
My heart is turning home again to God's countrie—
To the blessed land of Room Enough, beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunshine and the flag is full of stars.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

SOME BOOKS OF INTEREST ON COLORADO

The Making of Colorado

The first permanent white settlement within the present limits of the state was made in 1858. Colorado was soon afterward organized as a territory, and admitted to the Union fifteen years later.

In the half-century of its eventful history Colorado has forged to the front. No other state, save California, has been so prominent in the public eye. In 1857 there were a few trappers in the Rockies. In 1910 the state had a population of 800,000.

Every citizen—man, woman, and child—should have a desire to learn how Colorado has grown; to know the makers of its history; to become more familiar with that picturesque region known as “The Switzerland of America;” to realize something of the progress made along industrial and educational lines in this imperial state.

Thousands visit its borders each year to delight in its wonderful scenery; to revel in its pure air and sunshine; to enjoy the hospitality of its people. Its citizens wish to be well informed in all pertaining to their state. Its visitors will be anxious to know its wonderful history.

EUGENE PARSONS.

One of the most fascinating books on our wonderful state is “Colorado—Top of the World,” by A. C. Carson. The book in itself is a work of printing art. The illustration, being most beautiful and artistic, and the short and concise sentences, filled with vital and marvelous statistics of our products, cannot fail to stir the enthusiasm of any loyal Coloradoan.

The author of the work, Mr. A. C. Carson, is the well-known manager of the Orpheum Theater in Denver. He is a most untiring worker in the Sons of Colorado, and is also the designer of our state flag. You can read his love and patriotism for our beloved state upon every page of the book, and I most heartily recommend it to teachers and students of our state history.

The statistics cover farming crops, cattle, gold and silver, and the other mineral marvels of our hills.

The radium statue on the cover and the information he gives on radium are most interesting, and these facts

should be given over and over again to our school children, until information about the state in which they live is as real as the knowledge concerning their own home.

Our state is the larger home. Let us study its splendid history. Let us know absolute facts as to its resources and products. Let us ask the world to listen and believe with us.

We cannot be too proud of Colorado and Colorado's wonderful productions.

DORA PHELPS BUELL,
Deputy Commissioner of Immigration.

Loyal Coloradoans could make themselves no better present than to purchase a copy of Thomas Tonge's admirable compilation, "All About Colorado."

This little book gives at a glance accurate, comprehensive, and concise statistics about the resources of Colorado.

It presents in picturesque brevity the interesting history of this fascinating state, and its illustrations make the reader realize its myriad beauties.

For reference purposes the volume is invaluable. It should be in every school library, for the use of teachers and pupils, and Colorado homes where state patriotism reigns should be supplied with this compendium of Colorado knowledge.

In compiling the information contained in "All About Colorado," and presenting it in such an attractive and condensed form, Mr. Tonge has rendered a distinct service to the commonwealth.

M. C. C. B.

Another book of interest to anyone fond of a history of the early settlement of one part of Colorado, of the early struggles and the stirring times on the western trail, and a history of the Indians of this state, is a book called "Early Days on the Western Slope, and Camp-Fire Chats with Otto Mears, the Pathfinder of the Western

Slope." This book is just from the press. It is written in simple narrative style; it is so plain and unvarnished that it is gripping. It is embellished with pictures of the *real* pioneers—pictures of old Indian chiefs who might have been seen now and then on the streets of Denver thirty-five or more years ago. There are tales of exciting hunts of elk, now almost driven out of the state; hunts after antelope that, twenty years ago, were often seen in good-sized bands not ten miles from the city of Denver. I speak from knowledge, for I have seen them on my way from the ranch to the city on my shopping expeditions. The author tells of the herds of buffalo that roamed in immense numbers two hundred miles from this great city. He gives you a true description of the real cowboy—picturesque enough without the fantastic eastern trappings usually given him by writers who use their imaginations to distort sober facts. The description of an early Christmas celebration and a real mince pie sent all the way from Boston is quite funny. Imagine the condition of the pie after crossing the plains! Only a stern sense of duty and a desire to observe the day properly could furnish a reason for such an act of New England *pie-ty*! There is a thrilling account of the Meeker massacre, and the work of Ouray and his wife Chipeter in their efforts to right the wrong done by some of the bloodthirsty Utes. Miss Meeker wrote of those two noble Indians: "Chief Ouray and his noble wife did everything for our comfort. Mrs. Ouray shed tears over us."

But it would take too much time and space to review the whole book. Get it and read it to the children. The boys, in particular, will delight in it. The hunt for precious minerals on the western slope is well described, and the settlement of those portions of Colorado, now our garden spot, is well told.

Again I say: Read the book, and you will find much enjoyment and real history.

HARRIET G. R. WRIGHT.

A SONG FOR HOMELAND

A song, a song, for Homeland!
The land where we were born—
Of broad and fertile prairies,
Where grows the golden corn;
Of wheat-fields like an ocean;
Of hills where grows the pine;
The land that we are proud of—
Your own dear land and mine!

A song, a song, for Homeland!
The land of wheat and corn,
With milk and honey flowing—
The land where we were born!

A song, a song, of Homeland!
No other land so dear;
No other hills are fairer,
No other skies so clear;
We love her vales and valleys,
Each snow-tipped mountain dome.
O native land, from true hearts
We sing this song of home!

A song, a song, for Homeland!
The land of wheat and corn,
with milk and honey flowing—
The land where we were born!

A song, a song, of Homeland!
Land of the Golden Fleece,
Whose hillsides laugh with plenty,
Whose valleys smile with peace,
Sometimes our feet may wander
To far hills, east or west,
But still our hearts are steadfast—
We love the Homeland best!

A song, a song, for Homeland!
The land of wheat and corn,
With milk and honey flowing—
The land where we were born!

COLORADO

Know ye the land where Nature is never
Without sunshine from Heaven to brighten her day;
Where in hearts of her children 'tis summer forever,
And pleasure and duty together hold sway?

Know ye the land "where the soul feels elation;
Where balmiest breeze is worth all the world's wealth;
Where Nature pours out her choicest libation,
And fresh from the rock springs the fountain of health"?

Where clouds seem to bend the luminous beauty,
So lovingly tender, o'er green mountain sod;
Where the soul that's attuned to devotion and duty
Feels all Nature a silent praise service to God?

'Tis here that the wood-bird, its warble subduing,
Keeps holy our Sabbath with music and love;
Here wild rose and laurel, in blossoms renewing,
Send forth in their perfume a "praise God above."

Here the gifted are met with a sympathy glowing;
In the souls of her daughters sleeps the fire of her skies;
Reflected, as far in the depths of her waters,
To Heaven, its own softened image replies.

Oh! where such bright treasures, above or below us,
Can genius of Guido or Angelo hold,
So perfect, so gem-like? Where, where will you show us
A richer mosaic in temple of old?

ADELAIDE REYNOLDS HALDEMAN.

THE INVITATION

Come on, brother! Take it easy—for a day!
Let's be truants, blithe and breezy, out for play!
Here's a spot for pleasant dreaming,
Where the slender birches sway;
Here's a pool where trout are gleaming,
If your thoughts for fishing stray;
Rest a bit from toil and scheming, and we'll play!

Here the air is soft and hazy; it's a crime
Not to linger and be lazy for a time.

So, while summer skies are warming,
And the heart beats all in rhyme,
Let us steal a day from farming,
From our daily grit and grime;
Let us stop where life is charming, for a time!

Then when we have rested, neighbor,
Loafed and loitered for a day,
We'll go back again to labor,
All the better for our play.

BERTON BRALEY.

SUNNY COLORADO

You ask what land I love the best—
Sunny Colorado!
The fairest state of all the West—
Sunny Colorado!
Her gleaming mountains capped with snow,
Rolling plain and high plateau,
Make the land the best I know—
Sunny Colorado!

The granite domes tower to the sky
In my Colorado.
There gold and silver hidden lie
In my Colorado.
See the wide fields of waving wheat,
Smiling orchards and flowers sweet;
Plenty, contentment here we meet—
In my Colorado.

EUGENE PARSONS.

THE GREATER COLORADO BUREAU OF THE DENVER CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Every state has its problems to face.
Every state with unsettled lands and undeveloped
resources has the problem of the present and the problem
of the coming population.

In the *old* days—the days of haphazard farming and guesswork investments—these problems were left to solve themselves or keep the commonwealth in prolonged misery.

In *these* days—days of intensive farming, of scientific methods, of accurate investment—every state holds out a helping hand, every community has its guide-post that points the path to success.

Such an institution is the GREATER COLORADO BUREAU of the Denver Chamber of Commerce.

Born in the midst of noisy enthusiasm, in order to announce its advent into the business world and create interest in its purposes, it was launched, not to boost, but to *build*; not to inflate values, but to enhance them *by development*; not to bring in a penniless multitude, but to attract the substantial citizen; not to fire the imagination, but to tell the *truth* about Colorado and its wonderful resources, its limitless possibilities; to help and instruct the resident wherever possible or necessary, and to extend the courtesies of the city and state to the visitor and the newcomer.

This is the GREATER COLORADO BUREAU. Since that first birth-cry it has made no noise; but it is growing, working, exercising an influence for Colorado already felt from coast to coast.

EMMA TOLMAN EAST, in the *Denver Republican*.

THE SPARK OF MANHOOD

The local freight bumped slowly past the switch and, with many groans and protests, came to a standstill on the siding.

Back on the main line the shriek of the limited, as it emerged from Canfield's Cut, warned the conductor of the freight that he had "cleared" just in time.

Ahead, the ambitious gables and bow-windows of the new Gothic depot looked down on a scene of hurry and

bustle; for the instant's pause of the through passenger marked the most important hour of the day for the small city's residents.

The driver of the 'bus from the principal hotel sent his four blacks at a reckless gallop around the building and backed, dexterously and with many flourishes of whip and rein, into his accustomed place beside the platform.

The mail, dragged from an express wagon by a perspiring servant of Uncle Sam, arrived in the nick of time; and a uniformed policeman—the only one the little town could boast—patrolled majestically through the waiting crowds in the interests of peace and the dignity of the law.

Back in one of the thirty-odd empty box-cars that comprised the freight on the side track, a man, haggard and unkempt, staggered unsteadily to the door as the long train lumbered into safety.

Shading his eyes with a shaking and grimy hand, he gazed out across the green, flower-decked valley to the little city asleep in the sunshine of a spring afternoon.

Behind him shrieked the oncoming limited; ahead lay the bustling station, with the freight crew wandering toward it for orders.

"Right yere," he muttered sootily, "right yere, while everybody's busy, is where I makes muh get-away."

But, even as he spoke, a sound from a green-banked gully, just beyond the rails of the main track, made him pause and step back from the light. It was only a child's voice, raised in protest to a small and wabbly puppy of the yellowest of mongrel breeds; but there were reasons why the man in the box-car, who shunned publicity with the same intensity that he valued life and liberty, was taking no chances.

While he watched, furtively, from his hiding-place, the puppy, galloping unsteadily through the lush grass, headed for the rails already vibrating with the limited's approach; and after him, golden hair and white skirts flying in the breeze, his little mistress, heedless of the coming train, intent only on capturing her wayward pet.

Some things are quicker done than told. As the puppy paused uncertainly between the rails, and the child leaped after him, it required scarcely a second of time for the man in the box-car—dirty, skulking, crime-stained though he was—to jump to the track, kick the dog into safety with one enormous, misshapen boot, and, almost with the same movement, to throw himself and the child into the ditch on the far side, as the train thundered past them. . . .

As the limited rolled slowly into the station, a man on the rear platform of the observation car turned an inquisitive camera upon a curious tableau, consisting of a horribly dirty tramp and the golden-haired child of wealth huddling, frightened but unhurt, in the tall grass beside the track, while a yellow puppy limped unsteadily toward them.

EMMA TOLMAN EAST,
for the Greater Colorado Bureau.

THE WISE INVESTOR
(Who Does *Not* "Build Colorado First")

I often buy gold bricks by mail;
In fact, I'm always sending kale
To fakers here and fakers there
And rainbow-dealers everywhere.
I've blown myself for bogus ore,
And orange groves on Greenland's snore,
And meerschaum mines, and moonlight plants,
Ginseng, and rubber elephants.
The fakers get me in their snares
And sell me wind and Belgian hares;
But when my fellow-townsmen talk
And ask me to invest in stock
To help some local enterprise,
I am conservative and wise.
"Nay, nay!" I cry. "Your boosting schemes
Are merely wild and woolly dreams.
I cannot spend my hard-earned dough
To help to make this village grow.

Your schemes would yield but six per cent,
Which fills my soul with discontent.
I want to see my wealth increase
Hand over hand, and never cease.
So I'll buy ice in Hudson's Bay,
And mines a million miles away,
And wireless stock, and pickled snakes,
And gravel-pits, and other fakes!"
I think my view is safe and sane;
But people say I give them pain.
And still—though why I cannot see—
Great wealth has not yet come to me.

WALT MASON, in *Lincoln State Journal*.

SUNSHINE'S BLAZER

(A Tale of a Child's Good Friend)

Blazer is dead. It took him quite a long time dying, because the altruist who had given him the poisoned bone was inexperienced and death came with painful slowness. But he died at last, with one forepaw stretched out in a mute appeal for succor, and his soft brown eyes still watching patiently for the help that could not come. And in his dying more than a few of us lost a wise and faithful friend.

I am afraid that at the first glance Blazer was not much to look at. His coat had the red-brown color and the crude texture of a cocoanut matting. The hair hung over his eyes and about his mouth, in utter disregard of perfection in toilet. He consorted recklessly with vagrant boys, and made friends without apparent distinction, from one end of the block to the other. He was a thought too ready to fight all comers, without regard to color or weight, and he never stopped to haggle over the division of the "purse." In that respect he was altogether a gentleman. Fighting was his pleasure and not his avocation.

There had been a time when Blazer's street manners were not proper in a dog of his degree—he was overfond

of chasing horses. But that was in his callow youth, and a week with a dog expert cured him of that vice. If it left him with any others, they were never obtrusive.

Indeed, his observation of the point of honor was more than scrupulous. In the encounters with other dogs, that he looked upon as something of a duty, this fine regard of his for the "rules of the game" often betrayed him into discarding many an available advantage.

One day, when he was taking the morning air with Sunshine, he came upon Another Dog carrying a small basket. Behind the Other Dog walked a lady. The Other Dog was an English Bull. Blazer was Irish. The opportunity to avenge the wrongs of Erin yet once again was obvious. It amounted to an obligation.

Sunshine was aged seven, and I am afraid that she contemplated the imminent hostilities with some equanimity. And Blazer gathered himself for the fray. But his eye caught sight of the basket the Other Dog was burdened with—and Blazer passed on in haughty neutrality. He scorned the advantage of such unequal war.

It was not done without a struggle, and he paused to turn and watch his lost foe enviously. Whereat the lady did a foolish thing: she stopped and took the basket from the Other Dog's mouth; and, before you could say "Drat it," Blazer was on the Other Dog's back, with his teeth in the Other Dog's neck. And when they were separated, Blazer walked off in the modest consciousness of having done the Cause a timely service.

In their harmless depredations and many adventures, Sunshine was an active partner and co-conspirator with Blazer. But she clothed her thoughts in a certain patrician reticence that hid them from us unimportant adults. Mere grown-up people, who cannot change at will into pirates and automobiles and wagon teams, and things of that sort, cannot expect much attention from empresses like Sunshine; and she and Blazer had a world that was all their own.

Blazer knew all about it, of course; but the only thing Blazer could *not* do was talk; and, even if he had been able to, you may be sure that he was too much of a gentleman to betray a secret or break a confidence. The bond between them had been cemented by many adventures and many escapes and constant communion; and they understood each other in a way that common friendships seldom reach. They had almost grown up together.

From the day when Blazer first came home, a shambling, awkward puppy, Sunshine had initiated him into the Ancient and Honorable Order of Squire of Dames and raised him to the Third Degree of a Master Craftsman by the ritual that only she and Blazer knew.

And always he had been steadfast to his solemn obligations. If Sunshine cried in her room from temper or chastisement, Blazer was there to lick her hands and speak her comfort. If she went a-marketing to the candy shop, Blazer lent wise counsel in the selection of dainties—and Blazer was as good a judge of candies as another.

When Sunshine went strolling down the street for her health, Blazer walked sedately beside her to keep off all cowards and intruders; and when she romped with the boys—Sunshine preferred to romp with boys—Blazer was Master of Ceremonies, with ever a keen eye to her advantage. If he was not always impartial in his arbitration of her disputes, he never allowed that to hamper the vigor of his decisions.

Being Irish, he stood in with the gang—and to Blazer, Sunshine was the whole gang.

If there was no resentment in his manner to the New Baby, when the New Baby came, his welcome was tempered by the evident resolution not to allow the New Baby to interfere with any of the vested rights of Sunshine. On the first day of the arrival he walked upstairs to reconnoiter, and, when at last he gained admittance, he walked over to the crib and inspected the New Baby with solemn eyes. Then he walked to the back of the crib, his soft nose scenting the newcomer, and touched him gently on the

crown of his fuzzy head with the tip of a careful tongue, for greeting.

That done, he walked downstairs to Sunshine and told her that everything was well. And the New Baby was accepted by them both as an Entered Apprentice.

Last thing at night and first thing in the morning, Blazer was the confidant with whom Sunshine took counsel, and the sweet friendship that grew and blossomed into riper love between them was clean and good to see. At supper time he sat by Sunshine's chair and carefully accepted the viands her small hands gave him, so that, for many nights after he died, Sunshine felt so lost and lonely that she went supperless to bed. And, reaching bed, she cried herself to sleep.

It was Big Brother who first heard that Blazer had been poisoned. All the neighbors loved Blazer, and one of them called in one day to say that he was lying, a block away, unable to walk.

When Big Brother reached him, he was on the sidewalk, trying to crawl home, struggling to his feet, and sinking down in exhausted pain. So Big Brother took him up in his arms and carried him home, and telephoned for a veterinary, and tried to ease his pain.

There was a new wonder and bewilderment in Blazer's soft brown eyes as he waited, and when the spasms rippled through his body, and Big Brother said soothing words, he licked Big Brother's hands in gratitude.

So dear was Blazer to the house that three physicians were called in to help him, but they could only give him morphia to soften his agony, and, after a long and bitter day, Blazer stretched out and died.

It was something new to Sunshine, because she had never seen Death before, and she could not understand why anyone had wanted to kill such a stanch friend and sweet companion as Blazer.

"Mother," she said, with the mystery of it in her eager, puzzled face; "if I give all my pennies that I have saved, can't I get Blazer back?" She dug a grimy hand

into a secret pocket and held it out with its petitioning small coins.

"There are three pennies there, Mother," she pleaded, inviting wonder at her saving spirit. "There are three pennies there, and I want to buy old Blazer back with them."

And when they told her that no money and no love could bring her good companion back again, the clouds fell over Sunshine's face and the kind tears sweetened her sorrow.

The light went out of the skies for her, too, and the small great heart went near to breaking as she sobbed herself to sleep. That night they took Blazer's collar off and put it in the silver cup he had won at the last show, and gave him decent burial. But Sunshine finds no joy in wandering without her constant mate.

HUGH O'NEIL, for the Greater Colorado Bureau.

COLORADO'S BIRTHDAY

I was not here when the constitution was ratified. I was in Philadelphia, where preparations were being made to celebrate the nation's centennial. In a few days countless thousands were to assemble in Independence Square to hear Richard Henry Lee read the Declaration of Independence from the faded and crumpled original document. Bayard Taylor was to read his ode; William M. Evarts was to deliver an eloquent oration. Nothing intervened to prevent the fulfillment of the program, and as the original document was held up to the gaze of those assembled, the responding mighty cheer convinced all that the nation was firmly wedded to the principles for which our fathers fought. When the chorus began, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," many a voice choked with emotion; and, as a climax to the impressive ceremonies, the old, cracked bell, bearing the inscription, "Proclaim

Liberty throughout all the land unto the inhabitants thereof," was tolled, and that vast audience stood silent and uncovered until the last tone died away; then cheer followed cheer as the audience dispersed.

To a few of us these inspiring scenes had a double meaning. We knew that our people here were enacting the same scenes, not only because the nation had lived a century and was then united and free, but because we had formed a state government for ourselves, and had dedicated our fair land to the principles of religious and civil liberty, as our forefathers had dedicated the nation.

We knew that there would be no such pomp and military display here as we had seen, but we did know the temper of our people. We knew they were patriotic and true, and that they would celebrate the occasion as only loyal people can. We knew that there would be no lavish display of palms and smilax, or of the Marechal Niel, or of rare and beautiful orchids here; but we did know that, from the profuse gifts of nature, willing and loyal hands would gather our own bluebell, our own phlox, columbine, aster, and clematis, and, withal, our choicest lily, and would entwine with these gifts of nature the Stars and Stripes, and decorate the homes and public places with these, and our native evergreen and cottonwood.

Let me, right here, pay a tribute to the humble cottonwood. She is unpopular now—her more beautiful and aristocratic sisters have taken her place; but she was, in her time, the admired of all admirers. Responsive to our desires, she swiftly beautified our new cities and towns; she furnished the pioneer of the plains wood for his fire; her shade afforded him a retreat at noontime on the dreary way; she stood as a beacon inviting the thirsty traveler to refreshment and rest; "like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," she was the refuge of man and beast. How proud she stands, while looking down with scorn and contempt upon the ambitious tenderfoot tree that has been wrecked and dismantled by a late snow! She

was the wise and faithful friend of the pioneer, and the sons of Colorado love her.

When we returned, the bunting was still on some of the buildings, and the enthusiasm had not died. Everywhere in the territory the occasion had been one of universal celebration. Here in Denver there was a grand procession—the militia, the volunteer fire companies, civic societies on foot, aldermen in carriages of course, fire apparatus bedecked with flags and flowers, carrying the favorite young woman. Thousands were marching—the whole populace participating.

The thirteen original states were represented by thirteen young women; then came thirty-eight young girls, all dressed in white, representing the thirty-eight states, with Colorado as the thirty-eighth, represented by a girl born in the territory. Bands played; cannon roared; they had a fire test; and Denver and her people were happy and jubilant, because they were celebrating the nation's holiday, and because Colorado had formed a state government and was soon to be admitted. A monster meeting was held in the cottonwood grove in old Auraria; the Declaration of Independence was read; songs were sung; orations delivered; poems recited—all this by liberty-loving people who had been restless, enthusiastic, and patriotic in their endeavor to govern themselves, and who gloried in the accomplishment of their desires, and who reaffirmed their allegiance to constitutional government. The orator of that day closed by saying: "Let us today reaffirm our allegiance to the institutions bequeathed by our fathers. Here, at this, our centennial altar, let us pledge anew our loyalty to constitutional liberty, and let us all, with hearts swelling with deep gratitude and just pride, thank God for this glad day."

And now let us, sons of Colorado, remembering the environment and associations of our state's birth, reaffirm our allegiance to the cause of liberty; let us display the national emblem on the state's birthday; let us count him as an enemy to be shunned who seeks to deprive us of our

liberties through the transgressions of the wicked; and, as we pay homage to the Kohinoor of nations, let us pay homage to the bright particular gem in the diadem of states.

“Oh, make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law!”

ROBERT W. STEELE.

ORIGIN OF SOME OF THE NAMES OF THE COUNTIES OF THE STATE OF COLORADO

Adams, Elbert, Gilpin, Pitkin, Routt—From former state governors.

Garfield, Jackson, Jefferson, Lincoln, Washington—From presidents of the United States.

Archuleta, Baca, Bent, Chaffee, Crowley, Denver, Fremont, Hinsdale, Larimer, Moffat, Morgan, Phillips, Prowers, Sedgwick, Teller, Weld—From prominent men of Colorado.

Custer, Douglas, Kit Carson—From prominent men.

Boulder, Clear Creek, Delta, Eagle, Grand, Lake, Mineral, Park, Summit—Self-explanatory.

Alamosa—From the river, meaning “shaded with trees.”

Arapahoe—A tribe of Indians, meaning “tattooed men.”

Cheyenne—A tribe of Indians, meaning “enemies.”

Conejos—Spanish, meaning “rabbit.”

Dolores—Spanish, meaning “sorrow.”

El Paso—Spanish, meaning “the past.”

Gunnison—After the river, Indian name.

Huerfano—Spanish, meaning “orphan buttes.”

Kiowa—Name of Indian tribe.

La Plata—Spanish, meaning “the silver.”

Las Animas—Spanish, meaning “the life”

Mesa—A plateau.
Montezuma—The name of two celebrated war chiefs
of ancient Mexico (emperors).
Montrose—Legend of Mont-Rose.
Otero—Mexican name of an old family.
Ouray—An Indian chief.
Pueblo—An Indian village.
Rio Blanco—Spanish, meaning "White River."
Rio Grande—Spanish, meaning "Great River."
Saguache—Spanish, after the river.
San Juan—Spanish, meaning "St. John."
San Miguel—Spanish, meaning "St. Michael."
Yuma—A tribe of Indians.

ALICE B. CLARK.

L'ENVOI

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted
and dried;
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has
died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an æon
or two,
Till the Master of all good Workmen shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a
golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's
hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and
Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall
blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for
fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in a separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as
they are.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

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