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# Holiday Selections

Colorado

1922

KATHERINE L. CRAIG  
State Superintendent  
of Public Instruction

# Holiday Selections

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Colorado  
1922

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Katherine L. Craig  
State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

November 28, 1921.

County Superintendents and Teachers  
in the State of Colorado:

The observance of holidays by our schools is required by law and is not a consideration for the teacher to recognize or ignore as the disposition might be. However it is safe to assert that every teacher in Colorado as well as other states, join hands in celebrating in a general and effective way our national and state holidays.

The exercises mainly consist of public speaking and readings, and in view of this fact, I extend to you this Colorado Holiday Book with the hope and expressed wish that you may find it worthy of your approval and useful in the preparation of your program on these special occasions.

Respectfully,  
KATHERINE L. CRAIG.  
State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

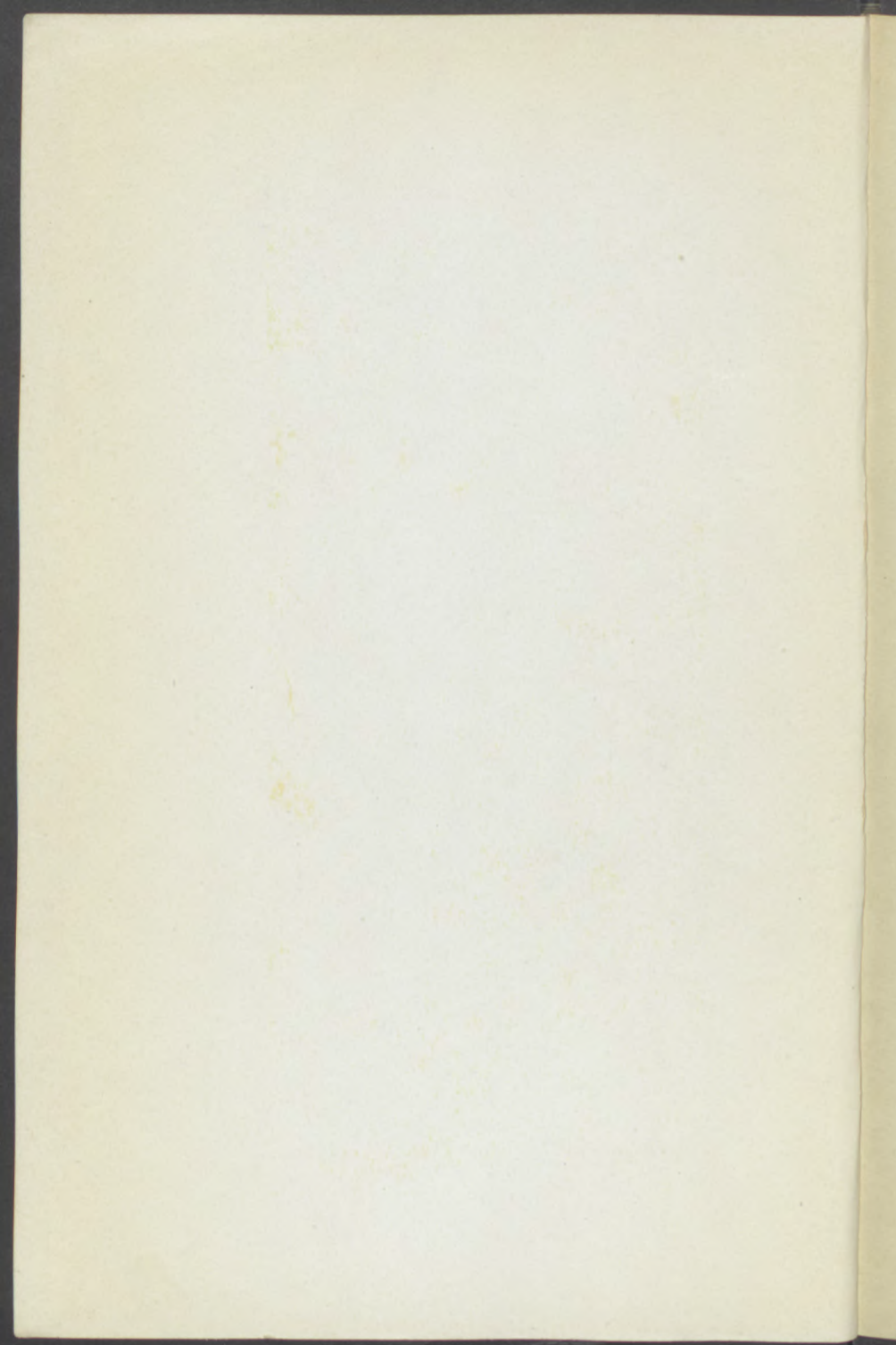


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THE MONTHS.

January brings the snow,  
Makes our feet and fingers glow;  
February brings the rain,  
Thaws the frozen lake again;  
March brings breezes loud and shrill,  
Stirs the dancing daffodil;  
April brings the primrose sweet,  
Scatters daisies at our feet;  
May brings flocks of pretty lambs,  
Skipping by their fleecy dams;  
June brings tulips, lilies, roses,  
Fills the children's hands with posies;  
Hot July brings cooling showers,  
Apricots, and gilliflowers;  
August brings the sheaves of corn,  
Then the harvest home is borne;  
Warm September brings the fruit,  
Sportsmen then begin to shoot;  
Fresh October brings the pheasant,  
Then to gather nuts is pleasant;  
Dull November brings the blast,  
Then the leaves are whirling fast;  
Chill December brings the sleet,  
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

—Sara Coleridge.

## HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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### A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!  
Christmas in lands of fir tree and pine;  
Christmas in lands of palm tree and vine;  
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white;  
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright:  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay;  
Christmas where old men are patient and gray;  
Christmas where peace, like a dove in its flight,  
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight:  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within,  
Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred for sin,  
Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right,  
Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light,  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

—Phillips Brooks.

### THE FOOTPATH TO PEACE.

To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness; and to fear nothing but cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and his gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can with body and with spirit in God's out of doors; these are the little guide-posts on the foot-path to Peace.

— Henry Van Dyke.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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CHRISTMAS OF LONG AGO.

In the midnight sky a wonder;  
A star in the East aglow,  
And mellowest voice thereunder,  
Christmas of long ago.

With gaze upraised the sages,  
Poor shepherds bending low;  
A rapture to light the ages,  
Christmas of long ago.

O child-God laid in the manger,  
Who bore no diadem;  
To the lords of earth a stranger—  
Outcast of Bethlehem!

Thy message came to the lowly;  
Thy star was sent to the wise.  
And "Peace" and "Love" were the holy  
Words from the midnight skies.

They filled the heart of one other,  
To its own sweet overflow;  
Peace and love to the mother,  
Christmas of long ago.

Has Time's dust dulled its glory?  
Have tear mists blurred its rays?  
Is it now too old a story  
For hurrying, changing days?

Oh, ever our hearts shall hearken  
To the angel's chant above,  
And never shall distance darken  
The star that shines in love.

And ever shall smile the mother,  
Mother whose child was God;  
God, who took man for brother;  
Brother our ways who trod.

Forever in joy completer  
Shall the clear, glad message show,  
And its angel voice sound sweeter—  
Christmas of long ago.

—Joseph I. C. Clarke.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE IN THE NURSERY.

With wild surprise  
Four great eyes  
In two small heads  
From neighboring beds  
Looked out—and winked—  
And glittered and blinked  
At a very queer sight  
In the dim dawn-light.  
As plain as can be  
A fairy tree  
Flashes and glimmers  
And shakes and shimmers.  
Red, green and blue  
Meet their view;  
Silver and gold  
Sharp eyes behold;  
Small moons, big stars,  
And jams in jars,  
And cakes, and honey,  
And thimbles, and money,  
Pink dogs, blue cats,  
Little squeaking rats,  
And candles, and dolls,  
And crackers, and polls,  
A real bird that sings,  
And tokens and favors,  
And all sorts of things  
For the little shavers.  
Four black eyes  
Grow big with surprise;  
And then grow bigger  
When a tiny figure,  
Jaunty and airy,  
A fairy! a fairy!  
From the tree-top cries  
"Open wide! Black Eyes!  
Come, children, wake now!  
Your joys you may take now!"  
Quick as you can think  
Twenty small toes  
In four pretty rows,  
Like little piggies pink,  
All kick in the air—  
And before you can wink  
The tree stands bare!

—Richard Watson Gilder.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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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 through the snow like a ship through the foam,  
While the white flakes around him whirl:  
Who tells him I know not, but he soon finds 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 sticks sticking under the strings.  
And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,  
Nor 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 springs to his seat in the sleigh;  
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard  
As he noiselessly gallops away.

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



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

THE CHRISTMAS OXEN.

The air was filled with wintry chill;  
The eve was growing late,  
As Joseph stood with Mary,  
Before the inn-yard gate.

"No room have we," the keepers said,  
"But still the night is cold;  
It may be they can shelter you  
Within the cattle-fold."

So Joseph turned his ass's head  
Along the stony way,  
And Mary spread her linen sheets  
Upon the dusty hay.

They moved the feeding cattle back;  
The restless beasts with solemn eye,  
Kept watch until the mid-night hour  
Brought forth a tiny, new-born cry.

And Mary, turning from His face,  
Gazed where, among the scattered straw,  
The kneeling oxen bowed their heads  
Before her Son in puzzled awe.

'Twas long ago, the cattle knelt  
Before the Christ in Bethlehem;  
But still, upon the Christmas eve,  
The waiting children watch for them.

—Mary Jourdan.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Oh Christmas is a jolly time  
When forests hang with snow,  
And other forests bend with toys,  
And lordly Yule-logs glow.

And Christmas is a solemn time  
Because, beneath the star,  
The first great Christmas Gift was given  
To all men near and far.

But not alone at Christmas time  
Comes holiday and cheer,  
For one who loves a little child  
Hath Christmas all the year.

—Florence Evelyn Pratt.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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THE WISH-STAR.

Oh, Wish-Star, in the golden twilight beaming,  
Art thou some craft but lately come to rest,  
Some fragile bark from unknown seas returning  
To anchor in the harbor of the West?

Perchance, from distant countries lately faring  
Upon a tide of crimson cloud and gold,  
Oh, Star-Ship, to some lonely heart thou'rt bearing  
A Christmas wish within thy treasure hold.

Then, hearts, for whom the Christmas brings no singing,  
Look up, and in the Winter twilight see,  
The Wish-Star in the afterglow is bringing  
The Christmas wish of some far friend to thee.  
—Elizabeth B. Canady.

PEACE AND GOOD WILL.

What makes the little one's faces so bright?  
Why do their eyes glow with such happy light?  
Snowflakes and holly and bright evergreen.  
Gayly trim'd windows—O what does it mean?  
It surely means Christmas, this feel in the air,  
And Christmas means peace and good will everywhere.

On that first Christmas eve in the dim long ago,  
When the Christ-Child came down to this old world below,  
When the wonderful star and the light that it shed  
Showed the shepherds to Bethlehem's low manger bed,  
Then the angelic chorus was filling the air,  
And their song was of peace and good will everywhere.

And so when the glad Christmas season is here  
And faces are bright with the holiday cheer,  
Then try and remember that wonderful birth  
And that Christmas means more than just presents and mirth.  
Oh, try to make lighter some burden of care,  
And help to bring peace and good will everywhere.  
—Grace Bulkley.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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A VOICE FOR SANTA CLAUS.

Christmas without a' Santy! Puddin' without the plums!  
Think of the million youngsters waitin' the day he comes,  
Countin' the hours and minutes, thinkin' they hear his sleigh,  
Just as our daddies heard it, back in another day.  
Long as I've got a roof-tree, while there's a chimney flue,  
Santy shall come to my house! How is it, folks, with you?

The happy Xmas comes once more,  
The Heavenly Guest is at the door,  
The blessed words the shepherds thrill,  
The joyous tidings, "Peace, good will."

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.  
"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind;  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born of David's line,  
The Savior, who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign:  
The heavenly babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,  
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, who thus  
Addressed their joyful song:  
"All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good will henceforth from Heaven to men  
Begin and never cease."

—Nahum Tate.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

WHEN CHRISTMAS TIME COMES ROUND.

I'm tickled at the Jumpin' Jack  
And all them kind of things;  
I like to watch the boys that play  
By windin' up the springs,  
And somehow—don't know why it is—  
Love seems to fill the air.  
And I forget I've enemies  
Or troubles anywhere;  
And every little while I sort  
Of listen for the sound  
Of voices that have long been still,  
When Christmas time comes round.

I wish that I was Santa Claus  
And had a magic sleigh,  
To visit all the children who  
Look forward to the day—  
The orphans and the cripples and  
The poor folks everywhere—  
All children that are good and kind  
And don't forget their prayers;  
I'll bet you that they'd all be glad  
When they got up and found  
Their stockin's fairly bustin' out,  
When Christmas time comes round.

Oh, happy time of jinglin' bells  
And hills all white with snow;  
Oh, joyful day that takes us back  
To care-free long ago!  
I wonder if up there above  
Where happy angels roam  
They do not get to thinkin' of  
The happy times at home,  
And turn, in fancy, back once more  
To listen to the sound  
Of voices that have long been still,  
When Christmas time comes rounds?  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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CHRISTMAS DINNER AT GRANDMA'S.

Seven different kinds of cake,  
That Grandma knows just how to bake,  
Are smiling on the pantry shelf;  
They seem to say, "Come, help yourself."

Rows of spicy pumpkin pies,  
Greet my eager longing eyes;  
Lemon, jell and apple tarts,  
Little cakes the shape o' hearts.

So brown and crisp and spicy sweet;  
"Grandma, when 're we going to eat"?  
For the turkey smells so good;  
I want to eat; I wish I could.

—Ella Kellum Bennett.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

There's a song in the air!  
There's a star in the sky!  
There's a mother's deep prayer  
And a baby's low cry!  
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,  
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

There's a tumult of joy  
O'er the wonderful birth,  
For the virgin's sweet boy,  
Is the Lord of the earth,  
Ay, the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,  
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

In the light of that star  
Lie the ages impearled;  
And that song from afar  
Has swept over the world.  
Every home is aflame, and the Beautiful sing,  
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light  
And we echo the song  
That comes down through the night  
From the heavenly throng.  
Ay, we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,  
And we greet in His cradle our Savior and King.  
—Josiah Gilbert Holland.



• A CHRISTMAS TREE LIFE.

Jesus, the little Galilean babe, born in a manger, was God's great gift to man. Jesus lived to show us how to live, and died to show us how to die. Ought we not make our life a living Christmas tree with brightest gifts and many pleasures free?

A Christmast tree, evergreen, brilliantly lighted with love candles, and the angel of Peace at the top.

The decoration: rings of sweetness, canes of helpfulness, balls of bright faces, stockings of comfort, gifts of usefulness, hearts of affection, fruits of benevolence, and strings of good deeds and pure thoughts.

The surprise packages: deeds of charity wrapped in the Christ spirit, tied with ribbons of tact and sealed with love.

That, my friend, seems good to me, and methinks the Shepherds of today watching their flocks—the boys and girls—would rejoice to see the star and hear the words, "Fear Not." The Wise Men would come from afar with priceless gifts of gratitude, homage and love—for such a beautiful Christmas Tree Life!

—Jane E. Clemmens.

"Christmas is coming with greetings of cheer;  
And carols and sweet chiming bells:  
Hail to the day! 'tis the best of the year;  
The sweetest of stories it tells."



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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LOST IN THE SNOW.

'Tis a fearful night in the winter-time,  
As cold as it ever can be;  
The roar of the blast is heard, like the chime  
Of the waves on an angry sea;  
The moon is full, but her silver light,  
The storm dashes out with its wings to-night;  
And, over the sky, from south to north,  
Not a star is seen, 'as the wind comes forth  
In the strength of a mighty glee.

All day had the snow come down—all day,  
As it never came down before;  
And over the hills, at sunset, lay  
Some two or three feet, or more;  
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone,  
The windows blocked, and the well-curbs gone;  
The hay-stack had grown to a mountain lift,  
And the woodpile looked like a monster drift,  
As it lay by the farmer's door.

The night sets in on a world of snow,  
While the air grows sharp and chill,  
And the warning roar of a fearful blow  
Is heard on the distant hill;  
And the Norther! See! on the mountain peak,  
In his breath, how the old trees writhe and shriek!  
He shouts on the plain, "Ho, ho! Ho, ho!"  
He drives from his nostr'ls the blinding snow,  
And growls with a savage will.

Such a night as this to be found abroad,  
In the drifts and the freezing air,  
Sits a shivering dog in the field by the road,  
With the snow in his shaggy hair!  
He shuts his eyes to the wind, and growls;  
He lifts his head, and moans and howls;  
Then, crouching low from the cutting sleet,  
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet:  
Pray, what does the dog do there?

A farmer came from the village plain,  
But he lost the traveled way;  
And, for hours, he trod, with might and main,  
A path for his horse and sleigh;

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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But, colder still, the cold wind blew,  
And deeper still, the deep drifts grew,  
And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,  
At last, in her struggles, floundered down,  
Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied snort,  
She plunged in the drifting snow,  
While her master urged, till his breath grew short,  
With a word and a gentle blow;  
But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight,  
His hands were numb, and had lost their might;  
So, he wallowed back to his half-filled sleigh,  
And strove to shelter himself, till day,  
With his coat and the buffalo.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein  
To rouse up his dying steed,  
And the poor dog howls to the blast, in vain,  
For help, in his master's need;  
For a while, he strives, with a wistful cry,  
To catch a glance from his drowsy eye,  
And wags his tail, if the rude winds flap  
The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,  
And whines, when he takes no heed.

The wind goes down, and the storm is o'er:  
'Tis the hour of midnight past;  
The old trees writhe and bend no more  
In the whirl of the rushing blast;  
The silent moon, with her peaceful light,  
Looks down on the hills, with snow all white;  
And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,  
The blasted pine and the ghostly stump,  
Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead, by the hidden log,  
Are they who came from the town,—  
The man in his sleigh, and his faithful dog,  
And his beautiful Morgan brown—  
In the wide snow-desert, far and grand,  
With his cap on his head, and the reins in his hand,  
The dog with his nose on his master's feet,  
And the mare half-seen through the crusted sleet,  
Where she lay when she floundered down.

—Charles Gamage Eastman.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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CHRISTMAS.

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

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

Give only loving gifts  
And in love take,  
Gladden the poor and sad  
For love's dear sake.

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

To be contented, but not satisfied; to be a credit to the work I am doing and to make that work a credit to me; to greet each new day with a smile of confidence and end it with one of satisfaction; to work heartily, to play freely, and to deal squarely with my God, my fellow men and with myself—this is my New Year's Resolution.  
—Kellogg's.

THE NEW YEAR.

Ring out, O bells, ring silver sweet o'er hill and moor and fell!  
In mellow echoes, let your chimes their hopeful story tell.  
Ring out, ring out, all-jubilant, this joyous glad refrain:  
"A bright New Year, a glad New Year, hath come to us again!"  
Oh, who can say how much of joy within it there may be  
Stored up for us, who listen now to your sweet melody?  
Good-by, Old Year! Tried, trusty friend, thy tale at last is told.  
O New Year, write thou thine for us in lines of brightest gold!  
—Unknown.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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WHERE DO THE OLD YEARS GO?

Pray, where do the Old Years go, mamma,  
When their work is over and done?  
Does somebody tuck them away to sleep,  
Quite out of the sight of the sun?

Was there ever a Year that made a mistake,  
And stayed when its time was o'er,  
Till it had to hurry its poor old feet,  
When the New Year knocked at the door?

I wish you a happy New Year, mamma,—  
I am sure new things are nice,—  
And this one comes with a merry face,  
And plenty of snow and ice.

But I only wish I had kept awake  
Till the Old Year made his bow,  
For what he said when the clock struck twelve  
I shall never find out now.

Do you think he was tired and glad to rest?  
Do you think that he said good-bye,  
Or faded away alone in the dark,  
Without so much as a sigh?

—Margaret E. Sangster.

WELCOME, NEW YEAR!

Oh, welcome, New Year! with your stainless white pages,  
Tho we may blot them ere long with our tears;  
So it has been thru the long passing ages,  
Worn with the footprints of close crowding years.  
Welcome, sweet Year! may the full-handed hours  
Find us like servants, trusty and true,  
Using with earnest devotion our powers  
To be worthy our Master and worthy of you.

—Unknown.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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THE NEW YEAR COMES!

There are bells to ring,  
There are songs to sing,  
There is good cheer everywhere;  
There are kin to meet,  
There are friends to greet,  
And the world is bright and fair.  
There are vows well meant,  
There is good intent,  
There are pledges brave and gay,  
There are eyes alight,  
There are faces bright—  
For it's New Year's Day to-day.

There are griefs put by,  
There's a cloudless sky,  
That smiles o'er a waiting world,  
There are rosy dreams  
On a hundred themes,  
And a flag of joy unfurled.  
There's a courage new,  
There's a purpose true,  
There are shadows passed away,  
There's a faith in prayers,  
And a soul that dares—  
For it's New Year's Day to-day.

—L. M. Thornton.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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HAIL TO THE NEW.

Hail! hail! to thee, O virgin year!  
Not yet a day's length on thy throne—  
Thou with the merry eyes and clear  
And joyous voice of dulcet tone:  
Hail! hail! to thee, thou strong of limb;  
Our praise is thine, O youthful king,  
For thou art pure of woe and sin,  
Thy young hands yet but blessings bring

The monarch who is laid away  
Within the catacomb of years  
Was harsh and ruthless in his day—  
Seemed less to love our joys than tears;  
We look for blessings manifold,  
New Year, from thy pure sinless hand,  
We trust thy heart will ne'er grow cold  
Towards us—and our Native Land.

Bring healing to the hearts now sore  
From wounds the cruel Old Year made;  
The veil of peacefulness draw o'er  
The woes at each heart-threshold laid:  
We cannot love a tyrant king!  
Our hearts refuse to loyal be  
To one who takes delight to fling  
Upon our hearts keen misery!

Be kind to us—that we may say,  
When comes the time for thee to go;  
"O darling year, we grieve today,  
Because we all have loved thee so!"



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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THE SHEARS.

The snows are deep around the house,  
The shutters bang about,  
And dozing in an easy chair  
I watch the old year out.  
A fat French clock with gilded face  
Upon the mantel stands,  
And drowsily my gaze is fixed  
Upon its slender hands.

Behold! They are the famous shears  
The Fates so long have plied  
To terminate the life of man  
And all his pomp and pride.  
The blades with slow precision meet  
At twelve and cut the thread  
Of Time, and all the bells announce  
Another year is dead.

—Minna Irving, in Judge.

THE SCULPTURE OF HABIT.

Not with a single stroke, but painfully and slow,  
The sculptor fashioneth the human face;  
E'en the rough cast takes many a careful blow,  
Ten thousand chisel-points its finished grace.

Here is soft polishing, there the finest touch,  
Ere the full likeness stands in solid stone;  
Genius has toiled and planned, few dream how much,  
To mold the features that we've loved or known.

So by our leanings, be they good or bad,  
We carve our moral likeness, day by day,  
Our acts of thought and will and deed will add  
A charm to every line—a kindling ray—  
Or mold our features silently to wear  
The image of gross sin or dark despair.

—George Bancroft Griffith.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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THE OLD YEAR TO THE NEW YEAR.

Like insects that chirrup a greeting,  
When born is the morning's first ray  
Not knowing their life-time is fleeting,  
That darkness must follow the day,  
So man in his pride and his fullness;  
With shouting will welcome thy birth,  
Forgetting the mote, in his dullness,  
That sorrow is wedded to mirth.

So came I with joy, and with gladness,  
Midst feasting and singing and glee,  
Now I am departing in sadness.  
Not one has a kindness for me,  
Full many a joy and a blessing  
I have scattered to brighten his way,  
With plenty and comfort caressing;  
The ingrate who speeds me away.

With feasting and singing and dancing,  
He will struggle thy favor to crave,  
Forgetting thy birth is advancing,  
The debt he must pay to the grave,  
I bow to the edicts of nature,  
And go to the ranks of the past;  
My record when scanned in the future,  
On its pages in honor will last.  
—S. J. DeLan, Glenwood Springs, Colo.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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THE CHILD AND THE YEAR.

Said the child to the youthful year:

“What hast thou in store for me,  
O giver of beautiful gifts! what cheer,  
What joy dost thou bring with thee?”

“My seasons four shall bring  
Their treasures: The winter's snows,  
The autumn's store, and the flowers of spring,  
And the summer's perfect rose.

“All these and more shall be thine,  
Dear child—but the last and best  
Thyself must earn by a strife divine,  
If thou wouldst be truly blest.

“Wouldst know this last, best gift?  
'Tis a conscience clear and bright,  
A peace of mind which the soul can lift  
To an infinite delight.

“Truth, patience, courage, and love,  
If thou unto me canst bring,  
I will set thee all earth's ills above,  
O child! and crown thee a king!”

—Celia Thaxter.

FAREWELL TO THE OLD.

Old Year, thy life is well-nigh spent,  
Thy feet are tottering and slow,  
Thy hoary head with age is bent,  
The time is here for thee to go;  
Already in the frozen snow  
A lonely grave is made for thee;  
The winds are chanting dirges low,  
Upon the land and on the sea.

Old Year, thou wert a friend to some—  
To some thou wert of worth untold,  
Thy days were blessings, every one,  
More precious far than shining gold;  
But unto others, thou a foe  
Did prove thyself—an enemy,  
Relentless as the chains of woe—  
As ruthless as the maddened sea.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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Some will rejoice to know thee dead,  
Others will mourn thee as a friend;  
Some will look back on thee with dread,  
Others their praises to thee lend;  
I neither offer praise nor blame,  
Old Year, for what you brought to me,  
For unto me both joy and pain  
Your active hands gave lavishly.

Thy solemn death-hour draws a-nigh—  
And hark! I hear thy funeral knell  
Slow pealing thru the darkened sky—  
Farewell, Old Year—farewell, farewell!

RING OUT, YE MERRY BELLS!

Ring out, ye merry bells! Welcome, bright icicles!  
Welcome, old holly-crowned Christmas again!  
Blithe as a child at play, keeping his holiday,  
Welcome him back from the snow peak and plain.

Up with the holly bough, green from the winter's brow,  
Lock up your ledgers and cares for a day;  
Out to the forest go, gather the mistletoe,  
Old and young, rich and poor, up and away!

Up with the holly boughs, ay, and the laurel now;  
In with the yule log, and brighten the hearth;  
Quick! here he is again, come with his joyous train,  
Laughter and music and friendship and mirth.

Up with the holly boughs, high in each manor house,  
Garnish the antlers that hang in the hall.  
Yes, and the "neck" of corn with a gay wreath adorn,  
Rich as the bloom on the cottager's wall.

Wealth has its duties now, Christian, you will allow;  
Think, then, ye rich, whilst your tables are spread,  
Think of the wretched ones, Poverty's stricken sons,  
Weeping whilst children are asking for bread.

Ring out ye merry bells! ring till your music swells  
Out o'er the mountain, and far on the main;  
Ring till those cheerless ones catch up your merry tones,  
Singing, "Come, Christmas, again and again."

THE CHESTNUT BURR.

The wind cried aloud to the chestnut burr,  
"Open, come open to me!"  
And he blew with his might  
Till the burr shook with fright,  
But never a bit opened she.

Then the sun smiled down on the little green burr,  
"Please open," he coaxed, "to me!"  
And he shone so warm,  
That the burr in alarm  
Hid under the leaves of the tree.

Jack Frost came hurrying down the hill.  
"Ho, ho, ha, ha!" laughed he.  
And the burr laughed back  
Till her brown sides cracked;  
Then out fell the chestnuts three.

—Christine H. Hamilton.

WHO IS SHE?

There is a little maiden—  
Who is she? Do you know?  
Who always has a welcome  
Wherever she may go.

Her face is like the May-time;  
Her voice is like a bird's;  
The sweetest of all music  
Is in her joyful words.

The loveliest of blossoms  
Spring where her light foot treads,  
And most delicious odors  
She all around her sheds—

The breath of purple clover  
Upon the breezy hills;  
The smell of garden roses,  
And yellow daffodils.

Each spot she makes the brighter,  
As if she were the sun;  
And she is sought and cherished,  
And loved by every one—

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

---

By old folks and by children,  
By lofty and by low:  
Who is this little maiden?  
Does anybody know?

You surely must have met her—  
You certainly can guess:  
What! must I introduce her?  
Her name is Cheerfulness.  
—Marion Douglass.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

Voyager upon life's sea,  
To yourself be true;  
And where'er your lot may be,  
Paddle your own canoe.  
Never, though the winds may rave,  
Falter nor look back,  
But upon the darkest wave  
Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,  
Stem the hardest gale;  
Brave of heart and strong of arm,  
You will never fail.  
When the world is cold and dark,  
Keep an end in view,  
And toward the beacon mark  
Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on  
To the silent shore,  
From its sunny source has gone  
To return no more:  
Then let not an hour's delay  
Cheat you of your due;  
But while it is called to-day,  
Paddle your own canoe.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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If your birth denied you wealth,  
Lofty state and power,  
Honest fame and hardy health  
Are a better dower;  
But if these will not suffice,  
Golden gain pursue,  
And to win the glittering prize,  
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame  
From the hand of fate,  
Would you write a deathless name,  
With the good and great;  
Would you bless your fellow-men?  
Heart and soul imbue  
With the holy task, and then  
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tryant wrong  
In the world's fierce fight?  
With a spirit brave and strong,  
Battle for the right;  
And to break the chains that bind  
The many to the few—  
To enfranchise slavish mind,  
Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won,  
Nothing won is lost;  
Every good deed nobly done  
Will repay the cost.  
Leave to heaven, in humble trust,  
All you will to do;  
But if you succeed, you must  
Paddle you own canoe.

—Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton.

## HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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### A PAGEANT OF THE MONTHS.

Music should be furnished by piano or phonograph as an introduction and between each act.

At the opening of each scene a little boy or girl may enter at front of stage and recite the verses as given below.

#### INTRODUCTION.

As an introductory scene, a little boy representing the New Year enters L., carrying a banner of "1922." At this entrance the bells ring gayly. While he stands at center of stage holding banner, a chorus behind the scenes sings a portion of "Ring Out, Wild Bells."

January—

"January comes from Janus—  
Don't you know?  
He was god of all beginnings  
Long ago!  
So the reason can't be dim  
Why the first month's named for him."

February—

"Many, many welcomes,  
February, fair maid,  
Ever, as of old time,  
Coming in the cold time,  
Prophet of the gay time,  
Prophet of the May time,  
Prophet of the roses;  
Many, many welcomes,  
February, fair maid."

March—

"Oh March that blusters, and March that blows,  
What colors under your footstep glows!  
Beauty you summon from Winter's snows,  
And you are the pathway that leads to the rose."

April—

"Good morning, sweet April,  
So winsome and shy,  
With a smile on your lip  
And a tear in your eye.

"There are pretty hepaticas  
Hid in your hair  
And bonny blue violets  
Clustering there."

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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May—

“The May is here, the beautiful May,  
With its wealth of vernal flowers;  
The anemone peeps from its woodland nook,  
And the violets down by the rippling brook  
Are nodding in shady bowers.”

June—

Oh, there's no time like the June-time, made of happiness and  
honey;  
Then it's sorrow to the background and rejoicing to the  
fore.  
All the ways of June are gracious, all her days are sweet and  
sunny;  
Oh, there's no time like the June-time, best and best  
forevermore.”

July—

“When the heat like a mist veil floats,  
And poppies flame in the rye,  
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat  
Has softened almost to a sigh,  
It is July.”

August—

“Among the months that make the year  
There's one that's very lazy,  
For August is a month of dreams,  
Her days are warm and hazy.”

September—

“Listen to the noisy clatter  
On the street! What is the matter?  
Dinner pails and book-bags swinging,  
Boys a-shouting, girls a-singing—  
Why, it is September.”

October—

“O sun and skies and clouds of June,  
And flowers of June together,  
Ye cannot rival for one hour  
October's bright blue weather.”



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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November—

“O russet-robed November,  
What ails thee so to smile?  
Chill August, pale September,  
Endured a woeful while,  
And fell as falls an ember  
From forth a flameless pile;  
But golden-girth November  
Bids all she looks on smile.”

December—

“December, O December, dear,  
We know your laughing face,  
And who that jolly fellow is  
That drives at such a pace.

“The prancing deer, the jingling bells,  
The sleigh with toys heaped high,  
Proclaim to every child on earth  
That dear St. Nick is nigh.”

The chorus off stage sings softly the first two stanzas of “Ring Out, Wild Bells,” and the pageant ends.

WASHINGTON.

Washington is the mightiest name on earth, long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun 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.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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WASHINGTON.

Where may the wearied eye repose,  
When gazing on the great,  
Where neither guilty glory glows,  
Nor despicable state?  
Yes, one,—the first, the last, the best,—  
The Cincinnatus of the West,  
Whom envy dared not hate,  
Bequeathed the name of WASHINGTON,  
To make man blush there was but one.  
—George Gordon Byron.

MY COUNTRY.

From sea to sea my country lies  
Beneath the splendor of the skies.  
Far reach its plains, its hills are high,  
Its mountains look up to the sky.  
Its lakes are clear as crystal bright,  
Its rivers sweep through vale and height.  
America, my native land,  
To thee I give my heart and hand.  
God in His might chose thee to be  
The country of the noble free!  
—Marie Zetterberg.



### LINCOLN AND THE FLAG.

Somebody asked Lincoln for a definition of "Patriotism." The President raised his melancholy gray eyes to a crudely-drawn, time-yellowed map of the thirteen original states that hung above his desk. "Patriotism," he said, "is love for one's flag in action." There you have the keynote to citizen-training. Inculcate a sentiment for the nation's emblem—for the white and blue of the stars, for the red and white of the stripes—in the plastic, early years, and the feeling will do much to develop those finer qualities of manhood and womanhood that constitute the real aim of education. And one is never too young to learn to love the flag. Even the baby gurgles at the sight of the star-spangled emblem! A thousand times has it been said that, waving to the breeze, the American flag is the most inspiring sight to American eyes. Indoors, in the schoolroom above all, it is no less beautiful, and its educational teachings and stimulation are of incalculable value.

—The School Century.

### THE FLAG OF A FREE COUNTRY.

"The flag of a free country does not take care of itself. Whether it shall command respect or not is to be determined by the quality of the Nation's life. It rests with all the people,—it is for us and those who shall come after us, to say whether its ancient glory shall play about it still. What mighty deeds have responded to its inspirations! What noble martyrdoms have been won beneath its folds! It is a beautiful and hallowed emblem,—this starry ensign of our nationality. In alien lands,—in distant seas,—the heart leaps up to see it float on high. It speaks at once of aspirations and



of achievement,—it stands at once for memory and for hope. It is a pledge,—it is the solemn Covenant of our common liberties. It is a badge of brotherhood and of a common destiny. It links together, by an indissoluble tie, with the Nation's past and future, the whole mighty family of her living sons. It should stand for majesty and might. It should stand for purity and justice and honor. A little lowering of the patriotic standards,—a little blunting of the national conscience,—a little falling off in the collective honor of the people,—and that generous pride with which we hail its lustrous folds lapses into the blind idolatry of emblem-worship,—a heartless and a hollow sham. Who would look up to it when he could no longer say 'See the proud emblem of my County's honor; I know no purer love!' If we would respect the majesty of the flag, we must keep it the badge of worth as well as the badge of power, that all men, unchallenged, shall make haste to pay obeisance to it."

—Robert S. Rantoul.

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 baldrick of the skies,  
 And striped its pure, celestial white  
 With streakings of the morning light.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!  
 By angel hands to valour 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.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

FLAG OF THE FREE.

1

Flag of the free, fairest to see!  
Borne thro' the strife and the thunder of war;  
Banner so bright, with starry light,  
Float ever proudly from mountain and shore.  
Emblem of freedom, hope to the slave,  
Spread thy fair fields but to shield and to save;

Chorus.

While thro' the sky, loud rings the cry,  
Union and liberty, one evermore.

2

Flag of the brave, long may it wave,  
Chosen of God while His might we adore;  
Leading the van, for good to man,  
Symbol of right thro' the years passing o'er.  
Pride of our country, honored afar,  
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star;

FLAG AND MARCHING SONG.

Hurrah! Hurrah! we march along,  
With a beautiful flag, as you see,  
The flag we love best of all,  
The flag of our country so free,  
(Our Country so free).  
Look at the stripes of red and white,  
And the stars in the sky of blue;  
Hurrah! Hurrah! to our County's flag,  
Forever we'll be true.  
—From Small Songs for Small Singers.

HYMN FOR NATIONAL HOLIDAY.

Let us sing to Him whose hand  
Rules and guards our native land;  
Lift our joyous voices high  
To our Father in the sky.  
Let the cheery bells that swing,  
And for freedom peal and ring;  
And for nation's peace and wealth,  
For our gladness and our health.  
—From Nature Songs for Children.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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LIFE'S MIRROR.

"There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,  
There are souls that are pure and true;  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best shall come back to you.

"Give love, and love to your heart will flow,  
A strength in your utmost need;  
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show  
Their faith in your word and deed.

"For life is the mirror of king and slave,  
'Tis just what you are and do;  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you."

LINCOLN.

(Flag Song for Little Boys)  
We're very little soldiers,  
Yet every little man  
Will wave his flag for Lincoln,  
As proudly as he can.

We're very little soldiers,  
Yet every little man  
Will give three cheers for Lincoln,  
As loudly as he can.

We're very little soldiers,  
Yet every little man  
Will grow to be like Lincoln,  
As quickly as he can

—Primary Education.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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WHEN THIS OLD FLAG WAS NEW

When this old flag was new,  
The manners and the men  
That are so petty now,  
Methinks, were better then.  
The straits that we were in,  
The work there was to do,  
All hearts and hands made strong,  
When this old flag was new.

A brave old race, they were,  
Who peopled then the land,—  
No man of them ashamed  
To show his horny hand;  
Hands that had grasped the sword,  
Now drew the furrow true;  
For honored was the plow,  
When this old flag was new.

The farmer tilled the ground  
His father tilled before;  
If it supplied his wants,  
He asked for nothing more.  
Thankful for what he had,  
On Sunday, in his pew,  
He sang a hymn of praise,  
When this old flag was new.

He wore a homespun suit  
His wife and daughters made;  
'Twas dyed with butternuts,  
And, likely, old and frayed;  
They dressed in calicoes,  
And looked right pretty, too;  
Women, not clothes, were loved,  
When this old flag was new.

Men married women, then,  
Who kept their healthful bloom  
By working at the churn  
And at the wheel and loom;  
Who could their stockings knit,  
And darn, and bake, and brew;—  
A housewife in each house,  
When this old flag was new.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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And women married men  
Who did not shrink from toil,  
But wrung, with sweat, their bread  
From out the stubborn soil;  
Whose axes felled the wood,  
And where so late it grew  
Did straightway build their homes,  
When this old flag was new.

They lived their homely lives  
The plain, old-fashioned way,—  
Thanksgiving once a year,  
And General Muster-day;  
Town-meeting in the spring,—  
Their holidays were few  
And very gravely kept,  
When this old flag was new.

A hardy, patient race,  
Their growth was sure, if slow;  
Happy in this, they had  
A world wherein to grow,  
Where kings and priests were not,  
Nor peoples to subdue;  
A continent their own,  
When this old flag was new.

God bless the dear old flag!  
The nation's hope and pride,  
For which our fathers fought,  
For which our children died;  
And, long as there shall beat  
A heart to freedom true,  
Preserve the rights we won,  
When this old flag was new.

—Richard Henry Stoddard.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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AMERICA FOR ME.

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down  
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,  
To admire crumbly castles and the statutes of the kings—  
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!  
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,  
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars  
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

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 dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome,  
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack:  
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.  
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free—  
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!  
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling sea,  
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars  
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.  
—Henry Van Dyke.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

---

THE FLAG GOES BY.

Hats off!  
Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,  
A flash of color beneath the sky:

Hats off!  
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,  
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!  
The colors before us fly;  
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,  
Fought to make and to save the State:  
Weary marches and sinking ships;  
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;  
March of a strong land's swift increase;  
Equal justice, right and law,  
Stately honor and reverent awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong  
To ward her people from foreign wrong:  
Pride and glory and honor,—all  
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!  
Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;  
And loyal hearts are beating high:

Hats off!  
The flag is passing by!

—Henry Holcomb Bennett.

## HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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### WHAT MAKES A NATION?

What makes a nation? Bounding lines that lead from shore to  
shore,

That trace its girth in silent hills or on the prairie floor,  
That hold the rivers and the lakes and all the field between—  
The lines that stand about the land a barrier unseen?

Or is it guns that hold the coast, or ships that sweep the seas,  
The flag that flaunts its glory in the racing of the breeze;  
The chants of peace, or battle hymn, or dirge, or victor's song,  
Or parchment screed, or storied deed, that makes a nation  
strong?

What makes a nation? Is it ships or states or flags or guns?  
Or is that great common heart which beats in all her sons—  
That deeper faith, that truer faith, the trust in one for all  
Which sets the goal for every soul that hears his county's call?

This makes a nation great and strong and certain to endure,  
This subtle inner voice that thrills a man and makes him sure;  
Which makes him know there is no north or south or east or  
west,

But that his land must ever stand the bravest and the best.

—U. D. Nesbit.

### SELECTION ON LINCOLN.

This man whose homely face you look upon,  
Was one of Nature's masterful great men;  
Born with strong arms that unfought victories won.  
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen,  
Chosen for large designs, he had the art  
Of winning with his humor, and he went  
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart.  
Wise, too, for what he could not break, he bent;  
Upon his back, a more than Atlas load,  
The burden of the Commonwealth was laid;  
He stooped and rose up with it, though the road  
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.  
Hold, warrior, councilors, kings! All now give place  
To this dead Benefactor of the Race.

—Richard H. Stoddard.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

AMERICA.

Long as thine art shall love true love,  
Long as thy science truth shall know,  
Long as thine eagle harms no dove,  
Long as thy law by law shall grow,  
Long as thy God is God above,  
Thy brother every man below,  
So long, dear land of all my love,  
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow.  
—Sidney Lanier.

INDEPENDENCE BELL.

There was tumult in the city,  
In the quaint old Quaker town,  
And the streets were rife with people  
Pacing restless up and down,—  
People gathering at corners,  
Where they whispered each to each,  
And the sweat stood on their temples  
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents  
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,  
So they beat against the State-House,  
So they surged against the door;  
And the mingling of their voices  
Made a harmony profound,  
Till the quiet street of Chester  
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"  
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"  
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"  
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"  
"Make some way, there!" "Let me nearer!"  
"I am stifling!" "Stifle then!"  
When a nation's life at hazard,  
We've no time to think of men!"



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

So they beat against the portal,  
Man and woman, maid and child;  
And the July sun in heaven  
On the scene looked down and smiled:  
The same sun that saw the Spartan  
Shed his patriot blood in vain,  
Now beheld the soul of freedom,  
All unconquered, rise again.

See! see! The dense crowd quivers  
Through all its lengthy line,  
As the boy beside the portal  
Looks forth to give the sign!  
With his little hands uplifted,  
Breezes dallying with his hair,  
Hark, with deep, clear intonation,  
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the peoples swelling murmur,  
List the boy's exultant cry!  
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring! grandpa,  
Ring! oh ring for liberty!"  
Quickly at the given signal  
The old bell-man lifts his hand,  
Forth he sends the good news, making  
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!  
How the old bell shook the air,  
Till the clang of freedom ruffled  
The calmly gliding Delaware!  
How the bonfires and the torches  
Lighted up the night's repose,  
And from the flames, like fabled Phoenix,  
Our glorious liberty arose!

That old State-House bell is silent,  
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;  
But the spirit it awakened  
Still is living,—every young;  
And when we greet the smiling sunlight  
On the fourth of each July,  
We will ne'er forget the bell-man  
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,  
Rung out, loudly, "Independence";  
Which, please God, shall never die!

DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

[Delivered at Gettysburg, Pa., Nov. 19, 1863. The speaker should deliver this oration in a solemn and impressive tone of voice, enunciating distinctly each word.]

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 battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a large 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 poor 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 for 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 a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

—Abraham Lincoln.



OUR NOBLE INHERITANCE

Let the American youth never forget that they possess a noble inheritance, bought by the toils and sufferings and blood of their ancestors, and capable, if wisely improved and faithfully guarded, of transmitting to their latest posterity all the substantial blessings of life, the peaceful enjoyment of liberty, property, religion, and independence. The structure has been erected by architects of consummate skill and fidelity; its foundations are solid; its compartments are beautiful as well as useful; its arrangements are full of wisdom and order; and its defenses are impregnable from without. It has been reared for immortality, if the work of man may justly aspire to such a title. It may, nevertheless, perish in an hour by the folly or corruption or negligence of its only keepers, **THE PEOPLE**. Republics are created by the virtue, public spirit, and intelligence of the citizens. They fall when the wise are banished from the public councils because they dare to be honest, and the profligate are rewarded because they flatter the people in order to betray them.

—Joseph Story.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS.

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,  
Out where a smile dwells a little longer,  
That's where the West begins.  
Out where the sun's a little brighter,  
Where the snow that falls is a trifle whiter,  
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,  
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,  
Out where friendship's a little truer,  
That's where the West begins.  
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,  
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,  
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,  
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,  
Where fewer hearts with despair are aching,  
That's where the West begins.  
Where there is more of singing and less of sighing,  
Where there is more of giving and less of buying,  
Where a man makes friends without half trying,  
That's where the West begins.

—Arthur Chapman.

SPRING IN FLANDERS.

The Spring that comes to Flanders  
Goes by on silent feet,  
Lest they should wake, remembering  
How once the spring was sweet.

And streams that flow in Flanders  
Past poppy-field and hill  
Are silver streams and shining,  
But thoughtful streams and still.

The wind that blows in Flanders  
Across the listening air,  
Is gentle with the grasses  
That bend above them there—  
And rain that falls in Flanders  
Is tender as a prayer.

—David Morton.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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NEW PATRIOTS.

SONG FOR THE NEWLY ENFRANCHISED  
(AIR: AMERICA)

New Patriots are we,  
And may we worthy be  
    Our country grand.  
O may each thoughtful mood  
Add to the common-good  
Of human brotherhood  
    In every land.

May we gain moral strength,  
That justice may at length  
    Our aid command,  
In our dear land, hence free,  
True patriots we'd be;  
To all humanity  
    We'd lend a hand.

True patriots are those  
Who feel another's woes  
    And grant relief.  
Who count the golden rule  
The best in all life's school;  
Not one will be a tool  
    For other's grief.

True patriots are those  
Who know their country's foes  
    Are evil deeds.  
Wherever on the earth  
The will of man gives birth  
To aught which makes a dearth  
    For human needs.

True patriots will rise,  
Warn all beneath the skies  
    To end each wrong.  
Our country then will lead,  
More righteous law will heed  
And human rights will plead  
    In grand, sweet song.

New patriots are we,  
True patriots we'll be  
    To build the right.  
We'll frame it into laws,  
We'll aid in each just cause,  
We'll not desert, nor pause  
    By day or night.

Our native land, thus free,  
Gives equal liberty  
    To do and dare;  
Fancy no higher flight  
Than patriot's equal right  
To banish every blight  
    In land so fair.

—H. B. W.

### FLAG ETIQUETTE.

Except the cross there is nothing that the American should hold more sacred than the flag of the United States, because of its record in peace and in war, and because it stands for the rights and freedom of one hundred million citizens.

The flag should be raised at sunrise and lowered at sunset. It should not be left out at night unless under fire. It should not be allowed to touch the ground. If possible a pole rather than a staff should be used.

In raising a flag to half-mast or half-staff it should be run to the top of the pole, and then lowered to the width of the flag. Before being retired it should be run to the top again. On Memorial Day the flag should be at half-mast until noon, and at the peak from noon till sunset.

When the flag goes by, rise if you are sitting; halt if you are walking, and take off your hat.

In decorating, never drape the flag; always hang



it flat. If the stripes are horizontal, the Union should be in the left upper corner; if they are perpendicular, in the right upper corner. If our flag is crossed with the flags of other countries or carried in a parade beside them, it should always be at the right.

Always stand and **do not talk** when "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played or sung.

The length of a flag should be very nearly twice its height, or, to be exact, in the proportion of 1.9 to 1. The length of the union should be three fourths the height of the whole flag; the height of the union should be that of seven stripes.

June 14, the anniversary of the day in 1777 on which the flag was adopted, has been chosen as "Flag Day".

For those people who, whether maliciously or ignorantly, show any disrespect to the flag, strenuous laws have been passed in most of the states. Anyone who mutilates the flag or in any way treats it with contempt is likely to fare worse than did John Endicott in colonial days.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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THE WEEK FAMILY.

Characters: Mrs. Week and daughters, Susan Sunday, Mollie Monday, Tillie Tuesday, Winnie Wednesday, Theda Thursday, Freda Friday, Sallie Saturday.

**Setting and costumes:** Indoor scene, comfortable surroundings, the mother dressed accordingly. The daughters dressed to correspond with their respective occupations. Equipped with instruments to illustrate the same.

Mrs. Week enters (left), says:

My seven charming daughters  
Are known to you, I'm sure;  
Most folks just long to meet them,  
But some cannot endure  
To see the dears approaching,  
For fear that they will bring  
Some merited bad luck—  
Hark, hear Susan Sunday sing!

(Singing in  
distance)

(Steps to rear)

Enter Susan Sunday (right) and passes to left, slowly, says:

My name is Susan Sunday,  
First child of the Week;  
Of course you know I go to church  
And quiet pleasures seek;  
I always try to be on time  
In class at Sunday School.  
Be kind to all—in doing this—  
Obey the Golden Rule.

Enter Mollie Monday (right), follows S. S., placing small tub, etc., on table, proceeds to use same:

Here I come—Mollie Monday,  
Mother's second child,  
Not so very pious—  
Not so very mild,  
But I do the washing,  
I rub and rub and rub,  
And when the clothes are all out,  
I then wash every tub!

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

Enter Tillie Tuesday (right), with iron and board, follows M. M., says:

Tillie Tuesday—Mollie's sister,  
The ironing, I do,  
For ruffles, tucks and flounces,  
Of course there are a few,  
As we are seven sisters,  
Not one of us a shirk,  
For Mother Week is thrifty,  
And taught us how to work!

Enter Winnie Wednesday (right, properly equipped, follows others, says:

Winsome Winnie Wednesday—  
Surely that's my name;  
Darning, patching, knitting,  
Constitute my game.  
I'm the middle daughter  
Of dear old Mother Week;  
When she wants peace and quiet,  
My room she'll always seek!

Enter Theda Thursday (right), seating herself, says:

Now, friends, I'm Theda Thursday,  
Recreation child;  
To say that I go gadding's  
A statement that is mild.  
Work belongs to days that go  
Before, and follow me;  
So I'm the one for visiting,  
You all must plainly see.

Enter Freda Friday (right), who follows, holding broom, says:

Freda Friday—yes, that's I,  
Child who wields the broom  
And the mop and duster,  
Until every room  
Shines in bright resplendence  
And my muscles ache;  
Try to do my duty.  
For my mother's sake.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

Enter Sallie Saturday (right), with baking utensils, says:

Clothes are washed and ironed,  
Mending is all done,  
House is swept and garnished,  
Pleased is every one;  
But our family appetite  
Just protests and cries:  
"Sallie Saturday, please bake  
Bread and cakes and pies!"

Mother Week steps forward, daughters grouping themselves around her, as far as possible, each one plies her occupation:

And now you've met my daughters,  
Are they not true to life?  
System is our watchword,  
That avoids strife;  
Each one brings a message  
To every one—it's clear,  
That fifty-two such families  
Constitute a year.

(Curtain)

—Rebecca Strutton.

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 schoolbell that rings for our Liberty old,  
'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot shall rule.

—Frank Treat Southwick.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

NO MAN'S LAND.

Thou flame-scourged scar athwart the breast of Earth,  
Pock-marked, intrenched, wire fettered, strand on strand—  
Clear-sighted warriors gave thy title birth:  
"The shells fell thick to-day on No Man's Land."

Aye, "No Man's Land." So shall it ever be  
From this day forth. Men's prayers, the last wan sigh,  
The tears of womankind, thou gaunt Gethsemane,  
Have signed and sealed forever, and for aye!

From this day forth, that sacred plot of ground—  
Each foot, each yard, each blood bespattered rod—  
No human ownership shall know, by mete or bound.  
'Tis no man's land, indeed. That land belongs to God!  
—Frank Weller.

THE TEST.

The test of a man is the fight he makes,  
The grit that he daily shows:  
The way that he stands on his feet and takes  
Life's numerous bumps and blows.

A coward can smile  
When there's naught to fear,  
When nothing his progress bars,  
But it takes a man to stand up and cheer  
While some other fellow stars.

It isn't victory after all  
But that fight that a brother makes;  
The man who is driven against the wall,  
Who will stand erect and takes  
The blows that come with his head held high,  
Bleeding and bruised and pale  
Is the man who'll win in the by and by  
For he isn't afraid to fail.

It's the bumps you get and the jolts you get,  
And the shocks that your courage stands,  
The hours of sorrow and vain regret,  
The prize that escapes your hands  
That test your mettle and prove your worth.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

THE WELCOME MAN.

There's a man in the world who is never turned down,  
Wherever he chances to stray;  
He gets the glad hand in the populous town,  
Or out where the farmers make hay;  
He's greeted with pleasure on deserts of sand,  
And deep in the aisles of the woods;  
Wherever he goes there's the welcoming hand,  
He's the man who delivers the goods.

The failures of life sit around and complain  
The gods haven't treated them white;  
They've lost their umbrellas whenever there's rain,  
And haven't their lanterns at night.  
Men tire of the failures who fill with their sighs  
The air of their own neighborhoods!  
There's one who is greeted with love-lighted eyes,  
He's the man who delivers the goods.

One fellow is lazy and watches the clock,  
And waits for the whistle to blow;  
And one has a hammer with which he will knock,  
And one tells a story of woe;  
And one, if requested to travel a mile,  
Will measure the perches and roods;  
But one does his stunt with a whistle or smile,  
He's the man who delivers the goods.

One man is afraid he will labor too hard—  
The world isn't yearning for such;  
And one man is always alert, on his guard,  
Lest he put in a minute too much;  
And one has a grouch or a temper that's bad,  
And one is a creature of moods;  
So its "Hey for the joyous and rollicking lad,  
For the one who delivers the goods."

—Walt Mason.



LUCK AND LABOR.

“Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a legacy. Labor turns out at 6 o'clock and with busy pen and ringing hammer lays the foundation of competence. Luck whines. Labor whistles. Luck relies on chance. Labor on Character.”  
—Richard Cobden.

HOW DO YOU TACKLE YOUR WORK?

How do you tackle your work each day?  
Are you scared of the job you find?  
Do you grapple the task that comes your way  
With a confident, easy mind?  
Do you stand right up to the work ahead  
Or fearfully pause to view it?  
Do you start to toil with a sense of dread  
Or feel that you're going to do it?

You can do as much as you think you can,  
But you'll never accomplish more;  
If you're afraid of yourself, young man,  
There's little for you in store.  
For failure comes from the inside first,  
It's there if we only knew it,  
And you can win, though you face the worst,  
If you feel that you're going to do it.

Success! It's found in the soul of you,  
And not in the realm of luck!  
The world will furnish the work to do,  
But you must provide the pluck.  
You can do whatever you think you can,  
It's all in the way you view it;  
It's all in the start that you make, young man,  
You must feel that you're going to do it.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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How do you tackle your work each day?  
With confidence clear, or dread?  
What to yourself do you stop and say  
When a new task lies ahead?  
What is the thought that is in your mind?  
Is fear ever running through it?  
If so, tackle the next you find  
By thinking you're going to do it.  
—Edgar A. Guest, in Detroit Free Press.

COLUMBUS.

From eastern shores unto the western seas  
All patriotic hearts beat high with one accord,  
Exulting in the splendid meed of praise  
Spoken of one than whom no worthier  
Hath trod our land. Tho' centuries have fled  
Since on the fair green shore he knelt to God,  
And begged a blessing on the new-found world.  
All souls attuned to noble things and true  
Have felt the greatness of that master soul,  
In whom nor greed nor baseness had a part.  
Fair Spain, clasp hands with us across the sea,  
To thee we owe this valiant prince of men  
Who through thee braved the deep and gained a world.  
And lit the lamp of Faith where night had reigned.  
Columbus, Knight of God, thy name shall live,  
Aye, on and on throughout the eternal years.  
—Catherine Hayes.

A NEW WORLD FOUND FOR FREEDOM.

The dawn that rose over the little ships of Columbus off San Salvador, on the 12th of October, in 1492, was a dawn which opened up a New World to the light of civilization.

Brave men—and women, too—from many nations followed the new paths across the sea. The Spanish pioneers ventured to Mexico, to South America, to Florida, and on through Arizona to California. The Dutch and the British settled at points in South America. British and Dutch and French and Danish and Spanish people the West Indies. Portuguese made Brazil their own. The French came westward up the St. Lawrence River and went southward down the Mississippi Valley; the English came to Virginia and Massachusetts. The Dutch came to New York.

Millions came to America because they were persecuted by tyrants. Some were persecuted because of their race. Some were persecuted because of their religious faith. Some were persecuted because of their love of liberty. These millions of people came here to be free. America gave them what they sought, and they came to love America, and they were Americans.

—Charles D. Cameron.



THE SALVATION OF ROVER.

Ma said we had too many dogs—we never had but four,  
And Tommy Brink let us have his, which only made one more.  
We just had Rover, Spot and Tige, and Fido of our own,  
But Tommy Brink had gone away and left his dog alone,  
Which almost broke its heart, and so we let it come and play  
With all our dogs till after while it seemed to want to stay;  
But Ma said three dogs were enough for three small boys and so  
We'd have to pick out three to keep and let the other go.

We thought it over quite a while and looked at them to find  
Which one to give away, and couldn't quite make up our mind;  
You see, they were such splendid dogs and we all nearly cried  
When we looked at them in our yard when trying to decide;  
Nobody knows how hard it was, they were such friends, you know,  
And each one liked us so we couldn't bear to let him go.  
But after talking all forenoon, John told us, me and Jim,  
To lead up Rover to the house—we'd have to part with him.

My, he was such a handsome dog, and had such big, brown eyes  
That looked at us so friendly like, and oh, so smart and wise,  
But we all led him to the porch, and John called Ma to come  
And tried to tell her how it was but he was choked and dumb.  
So then I told her Rover was the dog that jumped for Jim  
One day when he fell in the creek and was too small to swim;  
And Rover pulled him to the bank, but he is old and so  
We told our mother he's the one we guessed we would let go.

And Rover wagged his tail at her and barked as if to say  
He'd just as soon jump in the creek for us most any day.  
And we all waited hoping she would change her mind, and then  
She shook her finger right at me and then said, "Oh, you Ben,  
You picked him out on purpose, sir". And she pulled Rover's ears  
And petted him, and John he smiled and we all gave three cheers,  
Till Mamma said she guessed, perhaps, she really did not know  
As much about a dog as boys, and not to let him go.

—Youth's Companion.

PROMOTED.

That girl—Rosemary Miller—she  
Sits just across the aisle from me;  
Her cheeks are very round and red,  
And on the tip-top of her head  
All bobbed off short and straight and brown—  
She wears the biggest bow in town!—  
When she drinks from her silver cup,  
She doesn't lift her lashes up.

They say she's only half past five,  
And just the smartest girl alive!  
She knows her numbers up to ten,  
Can write her name, dog, cat and hen,  
Can speak two pieces, start the song,  
And lead the march and not go wrong!—  
She f'eckles even when it's shady,  
And tries to walk just like a lady.

They say her mother calls her "Roses",  
And spoils her so, that she supposes  
That even boys have got to do  
Exactly what she wants them to!  
She's mad at me, and doesn't speak,  
Because I called her "Apple-Cheek";—  
She holds her head up in the air  
As though she thinks that I'm not there.

But when the teacher read the list  
Of them that passed and them that missed,  
That girl—Rosemary Miller—she  
Turned 'round and smiled and smiled at me,  
And sat up proud enough to burst,—  
For she's promoted to High First,  
And has the only card with pink  
DISTINCTION written in red ink!

—Mary White Slater.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A traveler through a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea;  
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.  
Love sought its shade at evening time, to breathe its early vows;  
And age was pleased, in heat of noon to bask beneath its boughs;  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;  
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,  
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn,  
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;  
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink  
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never dried,  
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a life  
beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 'twas old, and yet 'twas new,  
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.  
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became  
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.  
The thought was small, its issue great; a watch-fire on the hill,  
It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still!

A nameless man amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,  
Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied, from the heart;  
A whisper on the tumult thrown,—a transitory breath,—  
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.  
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!  
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.

—Charles Mackay.



A GENTLEMAN.

I knew him for a gentleman  
By signs that never fail:  
His coat was rough and rather worn,  
His cheeks were thin and pale,—  
A lad who had his way to make,  
With little time to play.  
I knew him for a gentleman  
By certain signs today.

He met his mother on the street;  
Off came his little cap;  
My door was shut, he waited there  
Until I heard his rap.  
He took the bundle from my hand;  
And when I dropped my pen,  
He sprang to pick it up for me,  
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push or crowd along;  
His voice is gently pitched;  
He does not fling his books about  
As if he were bewitched.  
He stands aside to let you pass;  
He always shuts the door;  
He runs on errands willingly,  
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself;  
He serves you if he can,  
For in whatever company,  
The manners make the man;  
At ten and forty 'tis the same,—  
The manner tells the tale,  
And I discern the gentleman  
By signs that never fail.

—Margaret Sangster.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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PLAY THE GAME.

Play the game out to the end,  
Stick until the fight is thru,  
Don't give up until you spend  
All the strength and best of you.  
Tho you see defeat ahead,  
Don't accept it till the last,  
Don't give way to doubt and dread,  
Nail your colors to the mast.

Every coward meets defeat  
Long before the fight's begun,  
Many timid hearts retreat  
Ere the half-way mark is won.  
There is always time to win  
Till the final line is crossed;  
Keep your head, and buckle in,  
While there's hope you haven't lost.

Play the game out to the end,  
Force the other chap to win,  
Don't be first to wilt or bend,  
Don't be quick at giving in.  
Stick and see the struggle thru  
In the ways of sturdy men;  
There is many a hero who  
Felt like quitting now and then.

HIGH AND LOW.

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

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

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

—Dora Read Goodale.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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IT COULDN'T BE DONE.

Somebody said it couldn't be done,  
But he, with a chuckle, replied  
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one  
Who wouldn't say so till he tried.  
So he buckled right in, with a trace of a grin  
On his face. If he worried, he hid it,  
He started to sing as he tackled the thing  
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;  
At least no one ever has done it."  
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,  
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it;  
With a lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin,  
Without any doubting or quit it,  
He started to sing as he tackled the thing  
That couldn't be done and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,  
There are thousands to prophesy failure;  
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,  
The dangers that wait to assall you;  
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,  
Then take off your coat and go to it;  
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing  
That "cannot be done" and you'll do it.  
—Author Unknown.

DOES IT PAY?

Some men dig while others dream;  
Some men boost while others knock;  
Some men think the days are long;  
Other men forget the clock;  
Some men hope while other men go  
complaining day by day;  
Have you ever met a man  
Who has made complaining pay?



THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE

There once was a tortoise and a hare  
Who decided to run a race fair,  
They soon on a distant goal agreed  
And started out with right good speed.

The light footed hare was soon far ahead  
And thought it time to go to bed.  
He said, "The tortoise is so very slow,  
When he comes by then I'll go".

The tortoise went slowly on his way  
And failed to pass the bed of hay—  
He reached the goal and decided to wait,  
For the rabbit certainly was too late.

The rabbit awoke and discovered his fate,  
The race was won by a plodding gait:  
The lesson you all can easily guess,  
Then you know why the tortoise did the best.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,  
Up through the long, shady lane,  
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,  
That are yellow with ripening grain,  
They find in the thick waving grasses  
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;  
They gather the earliest snowdrops  
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;  
They gather the elder-bloom white;  
They find where the dusky grapes purple  
In the soft-tinted October light.  
They know where the apples hang ripest,  
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;  
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest  
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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They gather the delicate sea-weeds,  
And build tiny castles of sand;  
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—  
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.  
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,  
Where the oriole's hammock-nest ctwings;  
And at night time are folded in slumber  
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;  
The humble and poor become great;  
And so from these 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.  
—M. H. Krout.

DON'T STOP.

If you stop to find out what your wages will be  
And how they will clothe and feed you,  
Willie, my son, don't you go on the Sea,  
For the Sea will never need you.

If you ask for the reason of every command  
And argue with people about you,  
Willie, my son, don't you go on the Land,  
For the Land will do better without you.

If you stop to consider the work you have done  
And to boast what your labor is worth, dear,  
Angels may come for you, Willie, my son,  
But you'll never be wanted on Earth, dear!  
—Rudyard Kipling.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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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 aeon or two  
Till the Master of all good workman  
Shall set us to work anew.

They that were good shall be happy;  
They shall sit in a golden chair,  
And splash at a ten-league canvas  
With brushes of comet's hair,  
They shall have real saints to draw from—  
Magdalene, Peter, and Paul.  
They shall work for an age at a sitting  
And never grow tired at all.

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 his separate star,  
Shall draw the thing as he sees it  
For the God of things as they are.

—Rudyard Kipling.



WHERE ARE WICKED FOLKS BURIED.

"Tell me, gray-haired sexton," I said,  
"Where in this field are wicked folks laid?  
I have wandered the quiet old churchyard through,  
And studied the epitaphs, old and new;  
But on monument, obelisk, pillar or stone,  
I read of no evil that men have done."

The old sexton stood by a grave newly made,  
With a hand on his chin, and a hand on his spade;  
I knew by the gleam of his eloquent eye  
His heart was instructing his lips to reply.

"Who is to judge when the soul takes its flight?  
Who is to judge 'twixt the wrong and the right?  
Which of us mortals shall dare to say,  
That our neighbor was wicked who died to-day?

"In our journey through life, the farther we speed  
The better we learn that humanity's need  
Is charity's spirit, that prompts us to find  
Rather virtue than vice in the lives of our kind.

"Therefore, good deeds we record on these stones;  
The evil men do, let it lie with their bones.  
I have labored as sexton this many a year,  
But I never have buried a bad man here."

—Anonymous.

FRIENDSHIP.

Like music heard on the waters,  
Like pines when the wind passeth by,  
Like pearls in the depths of the ocean,  
Like stars that enamel the sky,  
Like June and the odor of roses,  
Like dew and the freshness of morn,  
Like sunshine that kisseth the clover,  
Like tassels of silk on the corn,  
Like mountains that arch the blue heavens,  
Like clouds when the sun dippeth low,  
Like songs of the birds in the forest,  
Like brooks where the sweet waters flow,  
Like dreams of Arcadian pleasures,  
Like colors that gratefully blend,  
Like everything breathing of kindness,  
Like these, is the love of a friend.

—Adeline E. Hayhurst .

GOSSIP TOWN.

Have you ever heard of Gossip Town,  
On the shore of Falsehood Bay,  
Where old Dame Rumor with rustling gown,  
Is going the livelong day?  
It isn't far to Gossip Town,  
For people who want to go,—  
The Idleness train will take you down,  
In just an hour or so.

The Thoughtless road is a popular route,  
And most folks start that way;  
But it's steep down grade, if you don't watch out,  
You'll land in Falsehood Bay,  
You glide through the valley of Vicious Town,  
And into the tunnel of Hate,  
Then crossing the Add-to bridge, you walk  
Right into the city gate.

The principal street is called They Say, and  
I've Heard is the public well,  
And the breezes that blow from Falsehood Bay,  
Are laden with—Don't You Tell.  
In the midst of the town is Tell-ta'e Park,  
You're never quite safe while there  
For it's owner is Madam—Suspicious Remark—  
Who lives on the street Don't Care.

Just back of the Park is Slander's Row,  
'Twas there that Good Name died,  
Pierced by a shaft from Jealousy's bow,  
In the hands of Envious Pride.  
From Gossip Town Peace long since fled.  
But Trouble and Grief and Woe,  
And Sorrow and Care you'll find instead,  
If ever you chance to go.

## HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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### GREETING!

From the heart of the hills we waft you a breath  
Of the grey-green pines that crown them;  
We flash you a spray of the foaming rills  
That tumble with laughter adown them.

We awaken a dream of echoless dells,  
Of hollows with shadows among them;  
And wind-moved curtains of leaf and mist,  
As the hand of the Lord has hung them.

Here's a greeting glad, and a greeting fond  
And a greeting true and tender,  
Pledged in a cup—deep blue—filled up  
With wine of the sun's warm splendor.  
—Adelaide Reynolds Haldeman.

### THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,  
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;  
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,  
His long, thin hair was as white as snow,  
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;  
And he sang every night, as he went to bed,  
"Let us be happy down here below;  
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,  
Writing, and reading, and history, too;  
He took the little ones upon his knee,  
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,  
And the wants of the littlest child he knew:  
"Learn while you're young," he often said,  
"There is much to enjoy, down here below;  
Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

With the stupidest boys, he was kind and cool,  
Speaking only in gentlest tones;  
The rod was hardly known in his school,—  
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,  
And too hard work for his poor old bones;  
Besides, it was painful, he sometimes said:  
“We should make life pleasant, down here below;  
The living need charity more than the dead,”  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,  
With roses and woodbine over the door;  
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,  
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,  
And made him forget he was old and poor:  
“I need so little,” he often said;  
“And my friends and relatives here below  
Won't litigate over me, when I am dead,”  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,  
Every night, when the sun went down,  
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,  
Leaving his fenderest kisses there,  
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown.  
And, feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said,  
“'Twas a glorious world, down here below;  
Why wait for happiness, till we are dead,”  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,  
After the sun had sunk in the west,  
And the lingering beams of golden light  
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,  
While the odorous night-wind whispered, “Rest!”  
Gently, gently, he bowed his head—  
There were angels waiting for him, I know;  
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,  
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

—George Arnold.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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LAUGHTER.

Are you worsted in a fight?  
Laugh it off.

Are you cheated of your right?  
Laugh it off.

Don't make tragedies of trifles,  
Don't shoot butterflies with rifles.  
Laugh it off.

Does your work get into kinks?  
Laugh it off.

Are you near all sorts of brinks?  
Laugh it off.

If enjoyment you are after  
There's no recipe like laughter—  
Laugh it off.

HOW'S THIS?

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

"What's the use of always weepin'  
Making trouble last?  
What's the use of always keepin'  
Thinking of the past?  
Each must have his tribulation,  
Water with his wine.  
Troubles? I've had mine,  
But to-day is fine!

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

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

KINDNESS.

True worth is in being, not seeming;  
In doing each day that goes by  
Some little good, not in the dreaming  
Of great things to do by and by.  
For whatever men say in blindness,  
And spite of the fancies of youth,  
There's nothing so kindly as kindness,  
And nothing so royal as truth.

—Alice Cary.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see;  
The mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

—Pope.

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

—S. J. Coleridge.

COLORADO:

Good Enough for Me.

By the "Cowboy Author".

They talk of California,  
They say the climate's grand.  
They sing of Old New Hampshire,  
Also of "Dixie Land."  
They sing of Dear Old Georgia,  
And Sunny Tennessee.  
I'll sing of Colorado,  
It's good enough for me.

In Nebraska there's a cyclone;  
In Kansas there's a flood;  
While down in old Missouri  
They wade knee-deep in mud.  
In Texas there's a terror of  
Submersion by the sea.  
In Colorado we have neither.  
It's good enough for me.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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The east coast has its hurricanes;  
The west coast has its fogs.  
The north is full of snow and ice;  
The south is full of bogs.  
I've traveled Uncle Sam's domain,  
And some across the sea;  
But I live in Colorado,  
It's good enough for me.

Colorado's where the farmer's crop  
Was never known to fail.  
When fruits all miss in other States  
We've plenty here for sale.  
But for living in Colorado  
My reasons first are three:  
There's Sunshine, Health, and Happiness,  
It's good enough for me.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

The breaking waves dash'd high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches toss'd;

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

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

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

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

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

The ocean eagle soar'd  
From his nest by the white wave's foam;  
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd—  
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair  
Amidst that pilgrim band;—  
Why had they come to wither there,  
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.

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

Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod.  
They have left unstain'd what there they found—  
Freedom to worship God.

—Mrs. Hemans.

QUOTATIONS.

The stormy March has come at last,  
With wind and cloud and changing skies;  
I hear the rushing of the blast,  
That through the snowy valley flies.  
—William Cullen Bryant (March)

"Who will go," cried Mother Spring,  
"With a bit of azure from the sky,  
To say cold winter has gone by,  
To wake up every sleeping thing?"  
"I," said the bluebird, "I."  
Elizabeth B. Johnson (Heralds of Spring)

One knows the spring is coming;  
There are birds; the fields are green;  
There is balm in the sunlight and moonlight,  
And dew in the twilight between.  
—William Dean Howells (Springtime)

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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What does it mean when the bluebird comes  
And builds its nest, singing sweet and clear?  
When violets peep through the blades of grass?  
These are the signs that spring is here.  
—George Cooper (The Seasons).

Robins in the tree-tops,  
Blossoms in the grass,  
Green things a-growing  
Everywhere you pass.  
—Thomas Baily Aldrich  
(Marjorie's Almanac).

And after April, when May follows,  
The white-throat builds, and all the swallows.  
—Robert Browning (Home Thoughts).  
Summer's in the sound of June,  
Summer and a deepened tune  
Of the bees and of the birds.  
—Leigh Hunt.

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

SUPPOSE.

How dreary would the meadows be  
In the pleasant summer light,  
Suppose there wasn't a bird to sing  
And suppose the grass was white!  
And dreary would the garden be,  
With all its flowery trees,  
Suppose there were no butterflies,  
And suppose there were no bees.  
—Author not known.



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HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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TREES.

The Oak is called the King of Trees,  
The Aspen quivers in the breeze,  
The Poplar grows up straight and tall,  
The Pear tree spreads along the wall,  
The Sycamore gives pleasant shade,  
The Willow droops in watery glade,  
The Fir tree useful timber gives,  
The Beech amid the forest lives.

SUNBEAMS.

Merry little sunbeams,  
    Flitting here and there;  
Joyous little sunbeams,  
    Dancing everywhere.  
Come they with the morning light,  
And chase away the gloomy night.

Kind words are like sunbeams,  
    That sparkle as they fall;  
And loving smiles are sunbeams,  
    A light of joy to all.  
In sorrow's eye they dry the tear,  
And bring the fainting heart good cheer.

—Selected.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
We plant the ship, which will cross the sea.  
We plant the mast to carry the sails;  
We plant the planks to withstand the gales—  
The keel, the keelson and beam and knee:  
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
We plant the house for you and me.  
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,  
We plant the studding, the laths, the doors,  
The beams and siding, all parts that be:  
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

### HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
A thousand things that we daily see;  
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,  
We plant the staff for our country's flag,  
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free:  
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

#### THREE TREES.

The pine tree grew in the wood,  
Tapering, straight, and high;  
Stately and proud it stood,  
Black-green against the sky.  
Crowded so close, it sought the blue,  
And ever upward it reached and grew.

The oak tree stood in the field,  
Beneath it dozed the herds;  
It gave to the mower a shield,  
It gave a home to the birds.  
Sturdy and broad, it guarded the farms,  
With its brawny trunk and knotted arms.

The apple tree grew by the wall,  
Ugly and crooked and black;  
But it knew the gardener's call,  
And the children rode on its back.  
It scattered its blossoms upon the air,  
It covered the ground with fruitage fair.

"Now, hey," said the pine, "for the wood!  
Come live with the forest band.  
Our comrades will do you good,  
And tall and straight you will stand."  
And he swung his boughs to a witching sound,  
And flung his cones like coins around.

"Oho!" laughed the sturdy oak;  
"The life of the field for me.  
I weather the lightning stroke;  
My branches are broad and free.  
Grow straight and slim in the wood if you will,  
Give me the sun and wind swept hill."

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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And the apple tree murmured low:  
    "I am neither straight nor strong;  
Crooked my back doth grow  
    With bearing my burdens long."  
And it dropped its fruit, as it dropped a tear,  
And reddened the ground with fragrant cheer.

And the Lord of the harvest heard,  
    And he said: "I have use for all;  
For the bough that shelters a bird,  
    For the beam that pillars a hall;  
And grow they tall, or grow they ill,  
They grow but to wait their Master's will.

COLORADO WE LOVE.

Aliens we came to her mountains—in far-lying States were our  
    hearts,  
And we called it our home back yonder, in the land of the mills  
    and marts,  
But fast have her beauties enchained us, though we came from  
    the uttermost shore;  
The State of the Peaks we call Mother, and we dream of the  
    East no more.

She wakes us with smiles in the morning—each breeze is a  
    cooling caress,  
Her breath from the hills is a perfume, and green are the  
    sprigs in her dress;  
Her voice, in the rush of the streamlet, seems to answer the  
    call of the lark,  
And the stars in her hair are as diamonds, that mellow the  
    swift-calling dark.

No niggard is she to her children—she has given of grain and  
    of gold,  
And still doth she give, open-handed, from a storehouse of  
    wealth untold!  
Aliens we came to her mountains, some with our hearts by the  
    sea,  
But now do we yield loving homage—Mother, we love but thee!  
    —Arthur Chapman.



THE DUST OF THE OVERLAND TRAIL.

O'er the wide-spreading plains rolled the emigrant trains  
In the stirring old pioneer days,  
When the ripples of heat danced on shimmering feet  
'Neath the summer sun's quivering blaze,  
And the brave light that broke from each valiant eye spoke  
Of a courage that never would quail  
As the hardy men pressed toward the goal in the West  
In the dust of the Overland Trail.

From the day they arose o'er the bluffs that enclose  
The historic Missouri's dark tide,  
And the slow-moving trains headed west o'er the plains  
There were perils on every side.  
With their eyes gleaming hate painted foes lay in wait  
In the brush of the gulch and the swale,  
But the heroes pressed on, for the prize to be won,  
In the dust of the Overland Trail.

O, how glad was their song as they journeyed along  
When the peaks of the range met their eyes;  
When the snowline so white caught their wandering sight  
As a beacon of peace in the skies;  
And their joy was untold as the gray schooners rolled  
Through the winding Platte's beautiful vale;  
And their lips fashioned jests as they beat from their breasts  
The dust of the Overland Trail.

—James Barton Adams.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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THE WEST.

Men look to the East for the dawning things,  
For the light of the rising sun;  
But they look to the West, to the crimson West,  
For the things that are done, are done!  
The eastward sun is a new-made hope from the  
Dark of the night distilled;  
But the westward sun is a sunset sun,  
Is the sun of a hope fulfilled.

So out of the East they have always come,  
The cradle that saw the birth  
Of all the heart-warm hopes of man  
And all the hopes of the earth.  
For out of the East a Christ arose,  
And out of the East there gleamed  
The dearest dream and the clearest dream  
That ever a prophet dreamed.

Yea, into the waiting West they go  
With the dream child of the East,  
And find the hopes that they hoped of old  
Are a hundredfold increased.  
For there in the East we dreamed our dreams  
Of the thing we hoped to do,  
And here in the West, the crimson West,  
The dreams of the East come true!

—Douglas Malloch.

THE FIFTY-EIGHTERS

'Mid the tepees of the valley  
Where the red men's ponies pastured,  
Where the winding South Platte wanders,  
'Neath the shadow of the Rockies,  
Camped the adventurous Fifty-eighters,  
'Ere they found the yellow metal;  
Camped within our city's limits.  
That was when there was no Denver.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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Roamed they up and down the streambeds,  
Clear Creek, Ralston, up to Boulder,  
Finding nary golden nuggets,  
Washing out no glistening gold grains.  
Tired, disgusted, disappointed,  
Back returned these fortune-hunters.  
Near the meeting of the waters,  
Cherry Creek and South Platte River,  
Camped they, saddened, four days later  
Then the Cherokees with longing  
Turned their eager faces homeward,  
Some discouraged white men also,  
And Green Russell found his party  
Dwindled to a baker's dozen.

Then he gathered them together,  
Georgians, Kansans, and he told them  
What had happened in the old time  
When he lived in California.  
"Men," the leader spoke up sternly,  
And his eyes were wildly gleaming,  
"Listen," said he, glancing westward,  
"I have come a long, long distance  
To prospect the Rocky Mountains.  
Here is gold. Could we but find it,  
Men it's ours. I'll stay all summer  
If one man of you'll stay with me.  
Let us look a little further,  
Till we have the luck to strike it."

Up the Platte their wagons headed;  
Day by day they looked for colors,  
Finding very little pay dirt.  
Lingering behind the wagons,  
James H. Pierce one day was walking  
In the channel of Platte River,  
Looking for auriferous gravels;  
Eyed the shores and all the sandbars.  
He caught sight of something yellow;  
It looked good; he hurried forward,  
Snatched a gold pan from the wagon,



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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Dipped a shovel in the sandbar,  
While his comrades gathered round him;  
This way, that way, shook the gravel,  
Sparkling with the precious goldflakes,  
At that moment up strode Russell,  
Grasped the pan and quickly turned it,  
At the bottom found a dime's worth  
Of coarse colors, and he shouted  
"Men, our fortune's made," exclaimed he,  
While the others threw their hats up  
And hurraed in exultation.

In the shallow river's sandbar,  
From that pocket those men washed out  
Gold dust worth a hundred dollars.  
That was all, but they, were gladdened  
And renewed the task of seeking.

One day Russell went out hunting;  
Up Dry Creek he chanced to wander  
For the deer or the shy antelope,  
Not far from the site of Denver,  
And he chanced to find some float gold  
That had washed down from the mountains—  
Half a thousand dollars only,  
But it started Colorado.

—Eugene Parsons

## HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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### THE FLOWERS OF STATE.

As you probably know, almost every State in the Union has its favorite or state flower. These flowers are sometimes official; that is, they have been adopted by the state legislature, but the majority of them have been selected by the votes of public school-teachers. Some again have no official standing, but are generally recognized and accepted as the state flower.

- Alaska—Forget-me-not.
- Arkansas—Apple blossom.
- California—Golden poppy.
- Colorado—Columbine.
- Connecticut—Mountain laurel.
- Delaware—Peach blossom.
- Florida—Orange blossom.
- Idaho—Syringa.
- Illinois—Violet.
- Iowa—Goldenrod.
- Kansas—Sunflower.
- Kentucky—Goldenrod.
- Louisiana—Magnolia.
- Maryland—Black-eyed Susan.
- Maine—Pine cone.
- Michigan—Apple blossom.
- Minnesota—Moccasin.
- Missouri—Goldenrod.
- Mississippi—Magnolia.
- Montana—Bitter root.
- Nebraska—Goldenrod.
- New Mexico—Cactus.
- New York—Goldenrod.
- North Dakota—Wild rose.
- Ohio—Scarlet carnation.
- Oklahoma—Mistletoe.
- Oregon—Oregon grape.
- Rhode Island—Violet.
- South Dakota—Anemone patens.
- Texas—Blue bonnet.
- Vermont—Red clover.
- Washington—Rhododendron.
- West Virginia—Rhododendron.
- Wisconsin—Violet.
- Wyoming—Gentain.

THE INFLUENCE OF BOOKS.

The influence of books upon man is remarkable; they make the man. You may judge a man more truly by the books and papers that he reads than by the company which he keeps, for his associates are often, in a manner, imposed upon him; but his reading is the result of choice, and a man who chooses a certain class of books and papers unconsciously becomes more colored in their views, more rooted in their opinions, and the mind becomes fettered to their views.

All the life and feeling of a young girl is fascinated by some glowing love romance, is colored and shaped by the page she reads. If it be false, and weak, and foolish, she will be false, and weak, and foolish, too; but if it be true, and tender, and inspiring, then something of its truth, and tenderness, and inspiration will grow into her soul and become a part of her very self. The boy who reads deeds of manliness, of bravery, and of noble daring, feels the spirit of emulation grow within him, and the seed is planted which will bring forth fruit of heroic endeavor and exalted life.

—Selected.



THE SNOW-BIRDS' BED.

The snow lay white on the landscape,  
And the sunset cloud was red,  
As I watched the little snow-birds,  
To see them make their bed.  
O, where do you think they made it,  
With a twitter soft and low?  
It was right out where the foot prints  
Had melted away the snow.  
There in the cold, damp road-dust  
They fluttered and brushed the sand,  
Till a tiny place was hollowed  
For each little bird to stand.  
Then down in the earth they cuddled,  
Tossing it over their wings,  
Ready to dream in the starlight,  
Dear little patient things!  
O, how I wanted to take them  
Into my own warm house,  
And make them nests in a basket,  
Soft as the coat of a mouse!  
But they would not understand me.  
They counted it an act most rude  
If I drew near to their bird-camp.  
So I did not dare intrude.  
I thought of our loving Father  
Who the raven and sparrow fed,  
And I knew that He saw from His palace  
The dear little snow-birds' bed.  
I wondered if many on couches,  
Warmed by the softest down,  
Were happy as those sleeping snow-birds,  
Wrapped up in the pathway brown,  
Clothed in a cloak of feathers,  
'Neath a coverlet of dust,  
Hedged with the snows of winter  
In the chill December dust.  
—Almira L. Frink (Wild-Bird).

BOB WHITE.

There's a plump little chap in a speckled coat.  
And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,  
Where he whistles at breezy, bracing morn  
When the buckweat is ripe and stacked the corn.  
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as he?  
Now I wonder where Robert White can be?  
O'er the billows of gold and amber grain  
There is no one in sight; but hark again!  
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Ah! I see why he calls: in the stubble there  
Hide his plump little wife and babies fair!  
So contented is he, and so proud of the same,  
That he wants all the world to know his name:  
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"  
—From "The Children's Book of Poetry,"  
by Henry T. Coates.

BE ALIVE.

If you expect to accomplish anything in the world,  
you must be alive—very much alive—alive all over.  
Some people seem half dormant. They impress you as  
partial possibilities—as people who have discovered only  
a small part of the continent within themselves. Most  
of it remains undeveloped territory. A man who does  
things is one who is alive to the tips of his fingers. He  
is alert, always on the watch for opportunities. He does  
not give idleness time to dissipate him.

—The Outlook.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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THE DAISY.

There is a flower, a little flower,  
With silver crest and golden eye,  
That welcomes every changing hour  
And weathers every sky.

It smiles upon the lap of May,  
To sultry August spreads its charm,  
Lights pale October on his way,  
And twines December's arm.

'Tis Flora's page in every place,  
In every season, fresh and fair;  
It opens with perennial grace,  
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,  
Its humble buds unheeded rise;  
The rose has but a summer reign;  
The Daisy never dies.

—James Montgomery.

SOMEBODY'S KNOCKING.

There's somebody knocking.

Hark! who can it be?

It's not at the door! no, it's in the elm tree.

I hear it again: it goes rat-a-tat-tat!

Now, what in the world is the meaning of that?

I think I can tell you. Ah, yes! it is he:

It's young Master Woodpecker, gallant and free.

He's dressed very handsomely (rat-a-tat-tat),

Just like a young dandy, so comely and fat.

He's making his visits this morning, you see;

Some friends of his live in that elm tree;

And, as trees have no doorbell (rat-a-tat-tat),

Of course he must knock: what is plainer than that?

Now old Madam Bug hears him rap at her door;

Why doesn't she come? Does she think him a bore—

She stays in her chamber, and keeps very still.

I guess she's afraid that he's bringing a bill.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

---

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

ROBIN'S SECRET.

'Tis the blithest, loveliest weather for a bird to flirt a feather,  
For a bird to trill and warble, all his wee red breast  
a-swell.

I've a secret. You may listen till your blue eyes dance and  
glisten,  
Little maiden, but I'll, never, never, never, tell.

You'll find no more wary piper, till the strawberries wax riper  
In December than in June—aha! all up and down the dell,  
Where my nest is set, for certain, with a pink and snowy  
curtain,  
East or west, but which I'll never, never, never tell.

You may prick me with a thistle, if you ever hear me whistle  
How my brooding mate, whose weariness my carols sweet  
dispel,  
All between the clouds and clover, apple-blossoms drooping  
over,  
Twitters low that I must never, never, never, never tell.

Oh, I swear no closer fellow ever stains his bill in cherries  
mellow;  
Tra la la! and tirra lirra! I'm the jauntiest sentinel,  
Perched beside my jewel casket, where lie hidden—don't you  
ask it,  
For of those three eggs, I'll never, never, never, never tell.

Chirp! chirp! chirp! alack for pity! Who hath marred my merry  
ditty?  
Who hath stirred the scented petals peeping in where  
robins dwell?  
Oh my mate! May heaven defend her! Little maidens' hearts  
are tender,  
And I never, never, never, never, meant to tell.  
—Katherine Lee Bates.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

SPRING.

How bright the skies that dally  
Along day's cheerful arch,  
And paint the sunset valley!  
How redly buds the larch!  
Blackbirds are singing,  
Clear hylar ringing,  
Over the meadows the frogs proclaim  
The coming of spring to boy and dame.  
—W. E. Channing.

THE YELLOW-BIRD'S NEST.

He skipped about in the aspen tree,  
And talked to himself, and blinked at me;  
And, all the trembling foliage through,  
He scanned me with a bird's-eye view.  
His under-dress was satin of gold;  
And, over his back, in graceful fold,  
He flapped the skirts of his fine black coat,  
And darted aloft, repeating his note,—  
"I cheat-ed ye! I cheat-ed ye! I cheat-ed ye!"

I watched his flight, as, toward the dell,  
His graceful motions rose and fell;  
A flutter or two—an upward glide,  
Then, folding his pinions close by his side,  
He fell in a wave of the calm, sweet air,  
With never a flutter and never a care;  
Then, mounting again on vigorous wing,  
His heart gave vent in the graceful swing,—  
"I cheat-ed ye! I cheat-ed ye! I cheat-ed ye!"

I watched his flight, with wistful eye,  
Where the apple-trees stood crotch-deep in the rye;  
Till, high above the tasseling corn,  
This noble lord, to the manor born,  
In measured course, came bounding back  
In a circle wide, on a brand-new track,  
Aiming his flight at the aspen tree,—  
Singing the same sweet chorus of glee,—  
"I cheat-ed ye! I cheat-ed ye! I cheat-ed ye!"



The aspen leaves rocked lazily,  
As he scanned me again with his keen black eye.  
"You can't cheat, for I see the nest,—  
Warmed by your sweetheart's downy breast,—  
'Way up in the crotch of the aspen tree;  
I know the wealth of your birdlings three."  
I turned the joke on the gaudy cheat,  
And took up his song and began to repeat,—  
"I cheat-ed ye! I cheat-ed ye! I cheat-ed ye!"  
—James H. Hardy.

BE PATIENT.

Be patient! oh, be patient! Put your ear against the earth;  
Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed has birth,—  
How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way,  
Till it parts the scarcely-broken ground, and the blade stands  
up in the day.

Be patient! oh, be patient! The germs of mighty thought  
Must have their silent under-growth,—must, underground, be  
wrought;  
But, as sure as there's a Power that makes the grass appear,  
Our land shall be green with liberty,—the blade-time shall  
be here.

Be patient! oh, be patient! go and watch the wheat-ears grow—  
So imperceptibly that ye can mark nor change nor thro—  
Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully grown,  
And then, again, day after day, till the ripened field is brown.

Be patient! oh, be patient! though yet our hopes are green,  
The harvest-fields of freedom shall be crowned with sunny  
sheen.

Be ripening! be ripening! mature your silent way,  
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on freedom's  
harvest-day!

—Richard Chevenix Trench.



A THANKSGIVING PRAYER.

To the Great Giver of all things would we give thanks. As the rain cometh down from the skies and waters the earth and maketh it to bring forth and bud, so are all the mercies of the Eternal God. We are never left alone, never unprovided for. Thruout the year Spirit of Life has been everywhere around us. It has shone on our souls, to give us hope and courage and trust. With Thee is the Fountain of Life.

We are grateful at this season for the touch and influence of men and women who are doing the everyday work of the world. We thank Thee for the men who assist in the cultivation of farm lands, the herding of cattle, the laying out and building of cities. Only a few years ago the space here on which we live was a stretch of prairie, trodden by the feet of few. Now we stand in awe before the miles of paved street and the large number of towering structures. And every clod of earth which has been lifted from its place, every stone which has been laid upon another stone, represents the planning and the toil of the sons of men. And the railroads that span the plains, the tunnels that pierce our mountains, the bridges that leap the rivers and the mines that give up their treasures to the daylight, all is the achievement of head and arms and brawn. And the spirit of gratitude to our brother-men is in our hearts for all these blessings of life.

We are also grateful to the Human Providence that works in commerce and daily feeds, clothes and shelters the world—grateful to the Human Providence that toils in laboratories, sweats over the problems of social science, and at Washington at this hour is endeavoring to reduce the expense of armaments and better the relations between the nations; grateful to the Human Providence

that builds and excavates and dredges and bridges and does its best to diminish the evils that infest mankind.

We are also thankful for the liberty which as American citizens, as honest men and progressive thinkers, we are privileged to enjoy. We are thankful for our country with its high traditions, and its still loftier possibilities.

Grant that all these gifts—the production of myriads of men who have toiled and are toiling for us—shall not pass over us and leave us as they found us. Let the work of these faithful servants and of the great and noble who have made earth sacred by their presence, inspire us to be consecrated servants of the common good. Above all, imbue us with the spirit that was in Jesus, so that amid the call of many voices we shall be obedient to the Heavenly Call.

Let the spirit of thanksgiving reign in our hearts and let us show our gratitude not only with our lips, but also by our lives. Amen.

—George Gilmour, Minister of Unity Church.

#### THE MOTHERLESS TURKEYS.

The White Turkey was dead! The White Turkey was dead!  
How the news through the barn-yard went flying!  
Of a mother bereft, four small turkeys were left,  
And their case for assistance was crying.

E'en the Peacock respectfully folded his tail,  
As a suitable symbol of sorrow,  
And his plainer wife said, "Now the old bird is dead,  
Who will tend her poor chicks on the morrow?"

"And, when evening around them comes dreary and chill,  
Who above them will watchfully hover?  
"Two, each night, I will tuck 'neath my wings," said the Duck,  
"Though I've eight of my own I must cover."



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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"I have so much to do! For the bugs and the worms,  
In the garden, 'tis tiresome pickin';  
I have nothing to spare,—for my own I must care,"  
Said the Hen with one chicken.

"How I wish," said the Goose, "I could be of some use,  
For my heart is with love overbrimming;  
The next morning that's fine, they shall go with my nine  
Little yellow-backed goslings out swimming!"

"I will do what I can," the old dorking put in,  
"And for help, they may call upon me, too,  
Though I've ten of my own that are only half-grown,  
And a great deal of trouble to see to.

"But those poor little things they are all heads and wings,  
And their bones through their feathers are stickin'!"  
"Very hard it may be, but, oh, don't come to me!"  
Said the Hen with one chicken.

"Half my care, I suppose, there is nobody knows,—  
I'm the most overburdened of mothers!  
They must learn, little elves! how to scratch for themselves,  
And not seek to depend upon others."

She went by with a cluck, and the Goose to the Duck  
Exclaimed in surprise, "Well, I never!"  
Said the Duck, "I declare, those who have the least care,  
You will find, are complaining forever!

"And when all things appear to look threatening and drear,  
And when troubles your pathway are thick in,  
For aid in your woe, oh, beware how you go  
To a Hen with one chicken.

—Marian Douglas.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

---

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Over the river and through the wood,  
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 wood,  
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!  
Spring over the ground,  
Like a hunting hound!  
For this is Thanksgiving day.

Over the river and through the wood,  
And straight through the barn-yard gate,  
We seem to go  
Extremely slow—  
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood,  
Now grandmother's cap I spy!  
Hurrah for the fun!  
Is the pudding done?  
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

—Lydia Maria Child.

JUST BE GLAD.

Oh Heart of mine, we shouldn't worry so:  
What we've missed of calm we couldn't have you know!  
What we've met of stormy pain, and of sorrows' driving rain,  
We can better meet again, if it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour we have known,  
When the tears fell with the shower, all alone—  
Were not shine and shower blent  
As the Gracious Master meant!  
Let us temper our content with our own.

For we know not every morrow can be sad;  
So forgetting all the sorrow we have had  
Let us fold away our fears  
And thru all the coming years  
Just be glad.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

---

THANKSGIVING.

There's a spicy twang of winter in the cool November air,  
And a brooding hush of slumber time on field and meadow fair,  
And the flying frost-flake's kisses fall soft on cheek and lip,  
While the crinkley breath of coming storm is the wine that  
winter sips;  
And the husky rustle, rustle of the brown leaves 'neath your  
feet  
Are a runic rhyme of welcome-song the Frost King's reign to  
greet,  
And your heart just bubbles over with the very joy of living  
While you feel a thrill of longing for the coming of Thanks-  
giving.  
The fire logs crackle brightly as you sit before the blaze,  
And see in fancy's vision the scenes of other days—  
The little old white farmhouse with its small, quaint window  
panes;  
Its open door and white scrubbed floor, the pots hung on the  
crane,  
The golden wedge of pumpkin, and the crimson berries flush,  
While the apples on the table hide their sweetness with a blush,  
And the pungent, spicy fragrance seems to float thruout the  
room,  
While the old-time faces greet you from out the shadow's  
gloom.  
The trembling lips, and smiling eyes, and waving soft gray hair;  
The sturdy form in farmer's clothes, the face brown-seamed  
with care.  
While Tige sits by with wagging tail, and low beseeching whine,  
And wattled red the turkey cock invites you out to dine—  
Then you feel a restless longing as you hear the whispered call;  
"My son, it's time you're coming home; we've waited all the  
fall."  
And the city with its promised fame and pleasure loses charm,  
For you're going back tomorrow to Thanksgiving on the farm.  
—Ruth Lees Olson.



THANKSGIVING GREETINGS.

Stand up on this Thanksgiving Day, stand upon your feet.  
Believe in man. Soberly and with clear eyes, believe in your  
own time and place. There is not and never has been, a better  
place in which to live.  
—Phillips Brooks.

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

THANKSGIVING AT GRANDMA'S.

There's a Thanksgiving turkey for you, little boy,  
But 'round the North Pole where it's quiet,  
They are dining to-day on a slice of roast whale  
With fricasseed snowballs and polar bear's tail,  
And the milk is ice cream when it reaches the pail,  
For the cows have pistache in their diet.  
Just listen to that, little Johnny!

There's a bonny plum pudding for you, little boy,  
But the little boys 'round the equator  
Have cocoanut stew and a salad of dates,  
And an orange a minute as big as their plates,  
And a little brown monkey to hand round the plates,  
And bananas are used for potater!  
Just think about that, little Johnny!

There's mince pie and doughnuts for you, little boy,  
But abroad all the children are living  
On wonderful dishes, I couldn't say what,  
So queer and so spicy, so cold and so hot!  
But the best thing of all doesn't fall to their lot—  
For they haven't got any Thanksgiving!  
You wouldn't like that, little Johnny!  
—Juliet Wilbor Thompkins.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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THE WOOD-BOX.

It was kept out in the kitchen, and 'twas long and deep and wide,  
And the poker hung above it and the shovel stood beside,  
And the big, black cookstove, grinnin' through its grate from ear to ear,  
Seemed to look as if it loved it like a brother, pretty near.  
Flowered oilcloth tacked around it kept its cracks and knot-holes hid,  
And a pair of leather hinges fastened on the heavy lid,  
And it hadn't any bottom—or, at least, it seemed that way  
When you hurried in to fill it, so's to get outside and play.

When the noons was hot and lazy and the leaves hung dry and still,  
And the locust in the pear tree started up his planin'-mill,  
And the drum-beat of the breakers was a soothin' temptin' roll,  
And you knew the "gang" was waitin' by the brimmin' "swimmin' hole"—  
Louder than the locust's buzzin', louder than the breakers' roar,  
You could hear the woodbox holler, "Come and fill me up once more!"  
And the old clock ticked and chuckled as you let each armful drop,  
Like it said, "Another minute, and you're nowheres near the top!"

In the chilly winter mornin's when the bed was snug and warm,  
And the frosted winders tinkled 'neath the fingers of the storm,  
And your breath rose off the pillar in a smoky cloud of stream—  
Then that woodbox, grim and empty, came a-dancin' through your dream,  
Came and pounded at your conscience, screamed in aggravatin' glee,  
"Would you like to sleep this mornin'? You git up and 'tend to me!"  
Land how plain it is this minute—shed and barn and drifted snow,  
And the slabs of oak a-waitin', piled and ready, in a row.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

---

Never was a fishin' frolic, never was a game of ball,  
But that mean, provokin' woodbox had to come and spoil it all;  
You might study at your lessons and 'twas full and full to stay,  
But jest start an Injun story, and 'twas empty right away.  
Seemed as if a spite was in it, and although I might forgit  
All the other chores that plagued me, I can hate that woodbox  
yit:

And when I look back at boyhood—shakin' off the cares of men—  
Still it comes to spoil the picture, screamin', "Fill me up again!"  
—Joseph C. Lincoln.

THANKSGIVING.

The ripe, rosy apples are all gathered in;  
They wait for the winter in barrel and bin;  
And nuts for the children, a plentiful store,  
Are spread out to dry on the broad attic floor;  
The great golden pumpkins, that grew such a size,  
Are ready to make into Thanksgiving pies;  
And all the good times that the children hold dear  
Have come round again with the feast of the year.  
Now what shall we do in our bright, happy homes?  
And what do you say is the very best way  
To show we are grateful on Thanksgiving Day?  
The best thing that hearts that are thankful can do  
Is this: To make thankful other hearts, too;  
For lives that are grateful and sunny and glad,  
To carry their sunshine to lives that are sad;  
For children who have all they want and to spare,  
Their good things with poor little children to share;  
For this will bring blessing, and this is the way  
To show we are thankful on Thanksgiving Day  
—Selected.

A RIDDLE.

1

There's a queer little house  
That stands in the sun;  
When the good mother calls  
The children all run;  
While under her roof  
It is cozy and warm  
Tho' the cold wind may whistle  
And bluster and storm.

2

In the day time this queer  
Little house moves away,  
And the children run after  
So happy and gay.  
But it comes back at night  
And the children are fed  
And tucked up to sleep  
In their warm, cozy bed.

3

This queer little house  
Has no windows nor doors;  
The roof has no chimneys  
The rooms have no floors;  
No fire-places, chimneys,  
No stoves can you see,  
Yet the children are cozy  
And warm as can be.

4

The story of this  
Little house is quite true.  
I have seen it myself,  
And I'm sure you have, too;  
You can see it today  
If you'll watch the old hen  
While her downy wings cover  
Her chickens again.  
—Alice and Phoebe Cary.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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THE GARDEN CINDERELLA.

By Katherine L. Craig.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Spirit of the Garden	Buttercup
West Wind	Daisy
Green Worm (Luna Moth)	Moonbeam
Fireflies	Rose
Rainbow Fairies	Forget-Me-Not
Lily	Flowers of the Garden
Columbine	Pine Tree

STORY OF THE PLAY.

The Garden Spirit gives a party. The fairest guest is to be chosen Queen of the Garden. The Flowers laugh at the little Green Worm, who wishes to go. But when the party is given a beautiful Luna Moth is the fairest guest—and she was once the Little Green Worm—The Garden Cinderella.

Scene—A Garden.

Fancy Dress to suit character.

**Spirit of the Garden**—White dress, silver sceptre tipped with a silver butterfly. On her head a silver crown, with which she later crowns the Luna Moth as Queen.

**West Wind**—Loose smock-like garment, sky-blue, golden wings, golden winged sandals.

**Green Worm**—Green bag, green cap, wriggles a bit as she lies on the ground. As the Luna Moth, she stands erect, and wears a long straight robe of white, with large and beautiful wings of pale green, faintly bordered with lavender.

**Moonbeam**—Suit of white spangled with silver, carries a ball of silver cord. Royal proclamation, roll of paper, with writing and a seal.

**Rainbow Fairies**—In colors of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet. Each fairy with a thin scarf attached to her fingers and kept in constant motion during the dance of the fairies.

**Fireflies**—Elf-suits, dark gray caps, little wings, electric torch which is frequently flashed.

**Flowers**—Dressed to represent flowers.

**West Wind** comes in blustering and keeps it up.

All put in life and movement, and act as well as recite.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

---

ACT I.

Flower—

'Tis the happy hour for every flower  
Bright sunshine and gentle shower,  
To brighten life and add good cheer  
To all who cluster here.

Our fragrance is rare and sweet as can be,  
Our colors are choice and lovely as you can see.  
Free as the light and air.  
Unknown to sorrow and despair.

Rose—

Yes, sisters dear,  
We are congregated here,  
And oh, how long I have waited,  
For the golden days of June,  
The hazy morns, when flowers fill the air with per-  
fume.

When starry daisies spring from the grass,  
To beckon and call you as you pass.  
When little winds pipe their merry tunes,  
Which are choice favorites from other Junes.

And now that we are gathered here,  
Something foretells a lack of cheer,  
That there is something in the air  
That betokens happiness or despair.

Lily—

How can aught befall to flowers so fair  
To whom God gives thought and care?  
We are of the Virgin light,  
And have thoughts that are pure and white.

But tell us what fears you feel  
That we may in reverence kneel  
And implore the saints our aid to come  
To protect from strong winds and hot sun.

West Wind—

Whoo-ee! Whoo-ee! Clear the way!  
I have come a while to stay!  
I'm the gay West Wind, and I've traveled long,  
Far and wide, high and low  
Bringing storm when I blow.  
Make way! Make way!  
Let's sing a roundelay.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

---

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
Wind of the western sea!  
Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon and blow,  
Blow him again to me;  
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Whoo-ee! Whoo-ee!  
A merry time have we.  
But hail gentle Flowers! Hail!  
You with a message I assail.  
Fair flowers with the hearts of June,  
Will know your fates all too soon.

All—

Tell us! Tell us!  
We do implore!  
And no longer our wish ignore.

West Wind—

Ha, ha, Bluster and blow!  
Like rain and snow.  
Wait my fair one!  
Patience my gentle ones!  
Bad news better come late,  
Good news can always wait.  
Let me blow! Let me blow!  
Whoo-ee! Whoo-ee!

Flowers—

Oh, why linger longer?  
Curiosity grows stronger.  
Come the message impart,  
From finish to start.

Lily—

I'm the Lily fair. Why not the message to me declare?  
I'm the symbol of purity in white  
Nature's truth and light.  
Come, and to me disclose,  
What another has imposed.

West Wind—

Patience, patience,  
Let a blusterer breathe,  
Whoo-ee, Whoo.  
Much ado! Much ado!



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

---

Rose—

Rose that I am. Heart of June.  
Seen along the hedge rows beating  
Under the scorching sun of noon.  
Tell me what thou are repeating.

West Wind—

Listen! Listen, and you will see,  
You have provoked and offended me.  
I'm going! I'm going!  
Where there is no imploring.

Forget-me-not—

When the flowers so beautiful,  
The Father gave a name,  
Back came a little blue-eyed one,  
All timidly it came  
And standing at its Father's feet,  
And gazing in His face,  
It said in low and trembling tones,  
And with a modest grace,  
"Dear God," the name Thou gavest me,  
Alas! I have forgot."  
The Father kindly looked on her  
And said, "Forget-me-not."  
I am she, and I beg of thee  
Not to be rude to me.  
With eager ears we wait your reply,  
So do not longer the Flowers deny.

West Wind—

Well I'm an old bag of wind as you know.  
Only fit for rain and snow.  
So listen well and I will tell  
What the Garden Spirit would impel.

An invitation I hereby bring  
To all the flowers of summer and spring.  
Bedeck yourselves for a gala day  
For the Garden Spirit calls without delay.

Flowers—

Oh! Oh! Oh!  
Rapture divine!  
How perfectly lovely!  
How perfectly fine.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

---

West Wind—

Hold, hold. I have not yet done,  
The best is yet to come.  
For at this party where you are to be seen,  
One of your number is to be made the Queen.  
So deck yourself in bright array  
For a queen to be you may.

Flowers—

To a party we are invited.  
Surely none were slighted.  
The fairest guest to be made Queen  
Of a beautiful garden quite serene.

West Wind—

Heigh-ho! heigh-ho!  
I go, I go.

Rose—

West Wind pause in your flight,  
Stop at the foot of the rainbow tonight  
And send us a Fairy good as gold  
That will dress us in raiments as of old,  
Each choosing what she will be,  
Fairer than all others to see.

Columbine—

Tell the ocean to send me its hue  
Which is sometimes green, sometimes blue.

Buttercup—

And  
The mountain its store of gold  
That I may take the color of old.

Lily—

And the snow its color of white  
That I may take on the dress of white.

Worm—

There is naught for me to do  
But hide away like an old shoe.  
Brown and furry,  
Nothing but a caterpillar in a hurry.  
Spin and die! Spin and die!  
To live again a butterfly.  
And what is a butterfly at best?  
Only a caterpillar drest.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

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Daisy—

A dainty dress for me you will behold  
All fringed in white and gold.

Forget-me-not—

A modest dress I shall seek  
For none at me will peek.

West Wind—

The sails are set. Good night, Good night.  
Every thing is in a plight.  
I bound away,  
For I no longer can stay.

Worm—

Did the West Wind say,  
That all in the garden might stay?

Flowers—

No, no, You cannot go.  
The party is not for you  
Only those who are beautiful and true.

Lily—

You have much presumption, I'm sure  
What do you think this garden is coming to?  
Worms we sure must always endure,  
But why need they ever be in plain view.

God intended them to creep and crawl  
And not to walk straight and tall.  
Flowers are ever pleasing to the sight  
And represent his glorious might.

Worm—

Oh, what bitterness and despair  
Just think, I'm never wanted anywhere.  
I feed upon the beautiful and sweet,  
But the Garden Party would be such a treat.

Daisy—

You would only be laughed to scorn  
So go on hiding from night 'til morn,  
And dream not of fine clothes and happy days  
Be content with thy lowly ways.

Forget-Me-Not—

Why discourage the meek and lowly  
His day may come though slowly.  
Dress is not all that counts  
Goodness is what causes one to mount,  
The ladder of life as was meant  
To fulfill the mission for which they were sent.



Worm—

Of clothes I had never thought,  
A pleasant time was all I sought.  
Don't stop to worry about me  
I'll creep silently away  
And will not try to stay.

Daisy—

Don't worry Worm. The Rainbow Fairy  
May bring you a dress light and airy  
To wear with great joy,  
To the frolic without alloy.

Worm—

Oh no, I'll never presume  
In the night to loom,  
Or ask a Fairy to consider me  
For I'm unworthy as you plainly see.

Flower—

True, true. Then hold to your own  
And into your life let no desire be sown.  
Do not think the joys of life  
For yours is sorrow and strife.

Buttercup—

Hush. The Moonbeam is falling,  
And the Rainbow Fairy is calling  
They come this way.  
Let us coax them to linger and stay.

Rainbow Fairy—

Garden Flowers, Garden Flowers, Greeting,  
For this is to be a happy meeting  
I'm the Rainbow Fairy of lovely hue  
And bring you purple, red, orange and blue.

Flower—

Let us join in song and dance  
As at the colors we glance.

Rainbow Fairies—

Look at the beautiful flame so red and bright  
And yellow the sunset's golden light  
The orange taken from the sunset sky,  
The green that in the meadows lie  
The beautiful blue of ocean hue,  
And violet dew-drenched and true.

Flowers—

Happy are we our glorious colors to see.

Worm—

Oh, my. Oh, me.  
Can it be  
There's nothing new for me?

Moonbeam—

Moodiness and discontent  
To good nature is never lent.  
Here's a silver Moonbeam fair,  
A silken cob-web, too,  
Fashioned in a thread to bring happiness to you  
Spin patiently,  
Weaving to and fro,  
'Till a cloak of magic will  
Banish all your woe.

Worm—

At last I've work to do  
For I'll spin a web or two.  
In a magic cloak I'll hide  
And patiently my time I'll bide.

Firefly—

Wah. wah, tay, teep,  
I've brought you home my pretties to sleep,  
Don't open an eye  
Nor on mysteries spy,  
But awaken in new beauty  
Dressed for life's duty.  
I too, to the party shall go  
And flit about just so and so.

Columbine—

Little Firefly flitting everywhere  
Watch over us with great care  
Protect us through the night  
And call us at the dawn of light.

#### The Firefly's Lullaby.

The Fire-fly flits about at night  
The darker it is the better the light,  
Flowers wonder with amaze  
When we strike the brilliant blaze.

Our life is idle as idle can be  
All we do is flit from flower to tree.  
Upon what we feed is out of sight  
And plenty of it you bet is right.

ACT II.

Rainbow Fairy—

All the flowers in color dressed  
To receive their royal guest  
Rose flamed from root to crown  
In a splendid beautiful gown,  
And the Buttercup wears wealth untold  
Hung about with wreaths of gold;  
The Daisy from her last winter's sleep  
Her daintiness still she keeps.  
And if my eyes all flowers but one must lose,  
The wild Columbine would be the one to choose  
And burst froth in blossomed pride.  
The Lily her snow white innocence cannot hide.  
The Forget-me-not in her sky light of blue  
Is dainty, gentle and true.  
Such a grand dress occasion is it  
When the royal Queen pays a visit.

The moonbeam with her soft glow  
A joy on all will bestow.

And dear little worm wandered away  
Not having courage to stay.

West Wind—

Whoo-ee—whoo-ee! Make way for her Majesty, the  
Garden Spirit so fine,  
And do her honor as you are inclined.

Garden Spirit—

I come to give you greeting,  
Greeting, Flowers fair.  
'Tis a merry meeting,  
Meeting that we all shall share.  
Tonight we'll all be glad and gay,  
We'll banish all our cares away;  
For I come to give you greeting,  
Greeting, Flowers fair!

Flowers—

Hail, Spirit, hail!

Garden Spirit—

Thanks, Flowers of the Garden,  
For your welcome so ardent.  
I delight in your kindly salute  
And your fragrance is an exquisite tribute.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

---

Now my loyal and lovely subjects,  
We are ready for the difficult task of selecting  
The fairest guest from an assembly where all are so fair.  
West Wind, read our royal proclamation.

West Wind—

Hear ye! Hear ye! Whereas we, the Spirit of the Garden, have appointed this night as a time for the choosing of the fairest guest among all the Garden Folk for Queen of the Garden; and whereas the time appointed is at hand, we, the Spirit of the Garden do in our royal person and by our royal seal of authority, command all claimants for such honor to appear presently before us and urge their claims. Hear ye! Hear ye!

Garden Spirit—

You have heard our royal will  
Plead your right or remain still.

Lily—

The stately Lily won't deign to pray,  
Beseech, or beg, or plead today,  
Or any day of any week,  
For her it is your place to seek.

Fire Fly—

In a flash of light,  
She thinks she is out of sight.

Forget-me-not—

Where the copse wood is the greenest,  
Where the fountain glistens sheenest,  
Where the morning dew lies the longest.  
There the Forget-me-not is strongest.  
Choose me if you will.

Fire Fly—

Ah, the dainty elf  
She is always her own sweet self.

Daisy—

I'm a flower slender and slim,  
And graceful, too, and always trim;  
The praise I get is sweet to hear,  
And I grow along with you every year  
You'll make no mistake  
If me you will take.

West Wind—

The wind through your leaves can blow  
Just so, and just so.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

---

Garden Spirit—

You must prove to all around you here  
That you are worthy of this crown so dear.

Buttercup—

I have yellow petals and glossy leaf  
Fit to make an emperor's wreath,  
Dainty cups to catch the mist  
To the Buttercups plea I prithee list.

Rose—

The setting sun is not more fine  
Than my velvet petals red as wine,  
Oh queenly rose the poet sighs,  
A beautiful rose, I need, the painter cries;  
A garden without me is incomplete  
And I am chosen for the house or on the street  
I'm the flower for my clime  
For spring, or fall, or summer time.

Fire Fly—

If her beauty is known to such a host  
Why need she take our time, to boast.

Columbine—

In the spring when the roads are smooth and fine  
Your eyes are made glad by the Columbine.  
That comes into bloom ere the snow's quite gone  
Like the note of a thrush at approach of dawn.  
I tower straight toward heaven's blue,  
And I think I'm what you want; don't you?

Pine Tree—

To this party I'm not really invited  
But I don't think you meant to have me slighted  
To the nobility I surely belong  
And have given both music and song.  
I sway in the wind soft and slow,  
Soft and slow, nodding just so, just so.

These lovely flowers in my shadow often dwell  
And of their fragrance and beauty I shall tell.

A cloud smiled and the Columbine came through  
With its blue, white and purple hue.

Then came forth a little sunbeam bold  
And kissed the Buttercup on her lips of gold.

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

---

A little Forget-me-not bewitching and fair  
Peeped out of the ground into the air.

And of all the flowers that bloom and blow  
The Lily has petals as white as snow.

Then came Daisies dancing at my feet  
When the song sparrow warbled, "Sweet, sweet!"

When the flowers and sunbeams all were smiling  
The Rose burst forth in beauty beguiling.

And from this bright array  
A Queen may be chosen without delay.

Garden Spirit—

Before our decision that we'll gladly render  
Let us be sure there is no contender.  
Let all who this party enhance  
Be given a just and fair chance.  
Have none been left out  
That will have cause to bemoan and pout?

Flowers—

No. no!

Garden Spirit—

West wind proceed  
As I have already decreed!

West Wind—

Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!  
By royal decree  
The Queen of the Garden is to be—

Moonbeam—

Gracious Majesty! Wait, oh wait!  
One of the party is late.  
This message I bring  
From one who "your praises ring"  
My mother the Moon  
Will introduce the Luna Moth soon.

The belated guest, the Luna Moth.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

---

Luna Moth—

I'm glad to greet my friends once more  
Having been transformed by magic Fairy lore!  
Dress has driven away shame and fear  
And I no longer dread smiles and sneer.  
Gracious Queen I join your guest  
To do homage with love and zest.

Garden Spirit—

We are not only glad to welcome one so dutiful  
But doubly so because you are so beautiful.

Flowers—

Yes, yes! All honor to her!

Garden Spirit—

All honor indeed,  
To our belated guest  
Upon whose head the crown shall rest  
For I have chosen the Queen to be  
This dainty Moth so light and free.

Flowers—

Hail! Hail! O lovely Queen.

Now Queen how you have so transformed your clothes  
The secret to us please disclose.

Luna Moth—

Poor little ugly worm with nothing to do  
Only to eat and crawl the long day through.  
I besought a snug hiding place  
From which I would leave no trace.  
The Fairy Godmother gave a thread to weave  
A magic cloak the leaf to cleave.  
I covered myself o'er and o'er,  
And forgot the world and her lore.  
Until I awoke in this bright sheen  
Gossamer and fine as may be seen  
And now I shall live, flutter and fly for a day  
And at dawn like Cinderella steal away,  
But this motto bear in mind  
To the lowly and ugly be not unkind,  
They may in beauty shine  
In God's radiance divine.

## THE FORUM

Wendell Phillips Stafford

Arnold Dresden

Make wide the door-way of the school A-round whose

sill the mil - lions wait — The cra - dle of the

com-mon rule, The fo - rum of a strong - er state.

Make broad the bar, and bid appear  
 The questions clamorous to be tried,  
 And let the final judges hear,  
 Themselves, the causes they decide.

Write bold the text for age to read  
 The lesson not discerned by youth;  
 And raise the altar of a creed  
 Whose one and only test is Truth.

Though fair and dear the ancient mold  
 Wherein the burning thought was cast,  
 Pour not a new world's glowing gold  
 Into the patterns of the past.

Whatever channels lead apart  
 The currents of the lives of men,  
 The blood that left the Common Heart  
 Shall leap with common pulse again.



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

"AMERICA."

AMERICA. Cs. & 4s.

HENRY CAREY

1 My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my  
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee—Land of the no - ble free—Thy name I love. I love thy

fa-thers died! Land of the Pilgrims' pride! From ev 'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring.  
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.

3 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!

4 Our fathers' God! to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing.  
Long may our land be bright  
With Freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King!

REV. SAMUEL F. SMITH.

SALUTE THE FLAG.

TOWNE

EMORY P. RUSSELL.

1. Sa - lute the flag! the dear old flag, With col - ors red, white, and blue;  
2. We love thy col - ors ev 'ry one, Thou em - blem of truth and peace,  
3. With gleam - ing stars of for ty five, Thou hast a world - wide name;

It stands for truth and lib - er ty, This flag is wav - ing for you.  
Thou art the flag of rich and poor, O may thy lus tre in crease.  
O may the God of heav en bless Our flag of glo - rious fame



HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. 1814.

SOLO OR QUARTETTE.

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proudly we hail'd at the  
 2. On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread  
 3. And where is that band who so vaunting - ly swore, That the hav - oc of war and the  
 4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved home and wild

twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-ill - ous fight, O'er the  
 sil - lence re - po - ses, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower - ing steep, As it  
 bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A . . . home and a country should leave us no more? Their  
 war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic'try and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the

ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs  
 fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the  
 blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pol - lu - tion. No re - fuge could save the  
 pow'r that hath made and preserv'd us a na - tion! Then conquer we must, when our

CHORUS. *ff*  
 burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there, Oh, say does that  
 morning's first beam, in full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star - spang - led  
 hireling and slave From the ter - ror of fight or the gloom of the grave: And the star - spang - led  
 cause it is just, And this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star - spang - led

*cres.* *ff*  
 star - spang - led ban - ner yet wave }  
 ban - ner: oh, long may it wave }  
 ban - ner in tri - umph doth wave } O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.  
 ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave }

HOLIDAY SELECTIONS

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL.

Words by KATHERINE LEE BATES.

Music by WILL C. MACFARLANE.

*f* *Maestoso*

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain, For  
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas - sion'd stress A  
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved, In lib - er - a - ting strife, Who  
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years Thine

pur - ple mountain ma - jes - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain! A - mer - i - ca! A -  
 thor - oughfare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness! A - mer - i - ca! A -  
 more than self their country lov'd, And mer - 'cy more than life! A - mer - i - ca! A -  
 al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un - dimm'd by hu - man tears! A - mer - i - ca! A -

mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brother - hood, From  
 mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev 'ry flaw, Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy  
 mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine, Till all suc - cess be no ble - ness, And  
 mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brother - hood, From

REFRAIN *Molto maestoso*

sea to shin - ing sea!  
 lib - er - ty in law!  
 ev - 'ry - gan di vine!  
 sea to shin - ing sea!

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee!



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