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The Birthdays *of* Washington and Lincoln

COLORADO
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PREPARED FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS BY
HELEN MARSH WIXSON
SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

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Denver, Colorado, February, 1911.

To the Teachers of Colorado:

The birthdays of Washington and Lincoln are matters of deep concern, as America's independence and integrity are inseparably connected with their names. Every good citizen must love and believe in his country, and the memory of Washington and Lincoln should inspire every American citizen with new devotion, since no other country can boast of two such characters.

They are associated with the loftiest conceptions of patriotism. They are models to whom we can all look and safely strive to imitate. Where else in the history of the world can we find men of whom it can be said, "Their lives were so pure, their ambitions so noble, and their deeds so great, that children may be taught to follow their example through life."

The lives of Washington and Lincoln will teach children that while they must be strong and honest, they must also be patriotic, and since they have inherited much from the past, they themselves must accomplish much in the future.

Teach the children this lesson, for it is the child of today that grasps in its small hand the future of our country. Some day this same child will have a share in the government. It is for us to make such citizenship a blessing to the country whose name we bear, by inspiring in our children a higher love of country, and a greater appreciation of the character of the men who led the cause of independence.

Cordially yours,

Steele Marsh Wixson

Superintendent of Public Instruction.

RETROSPECT.

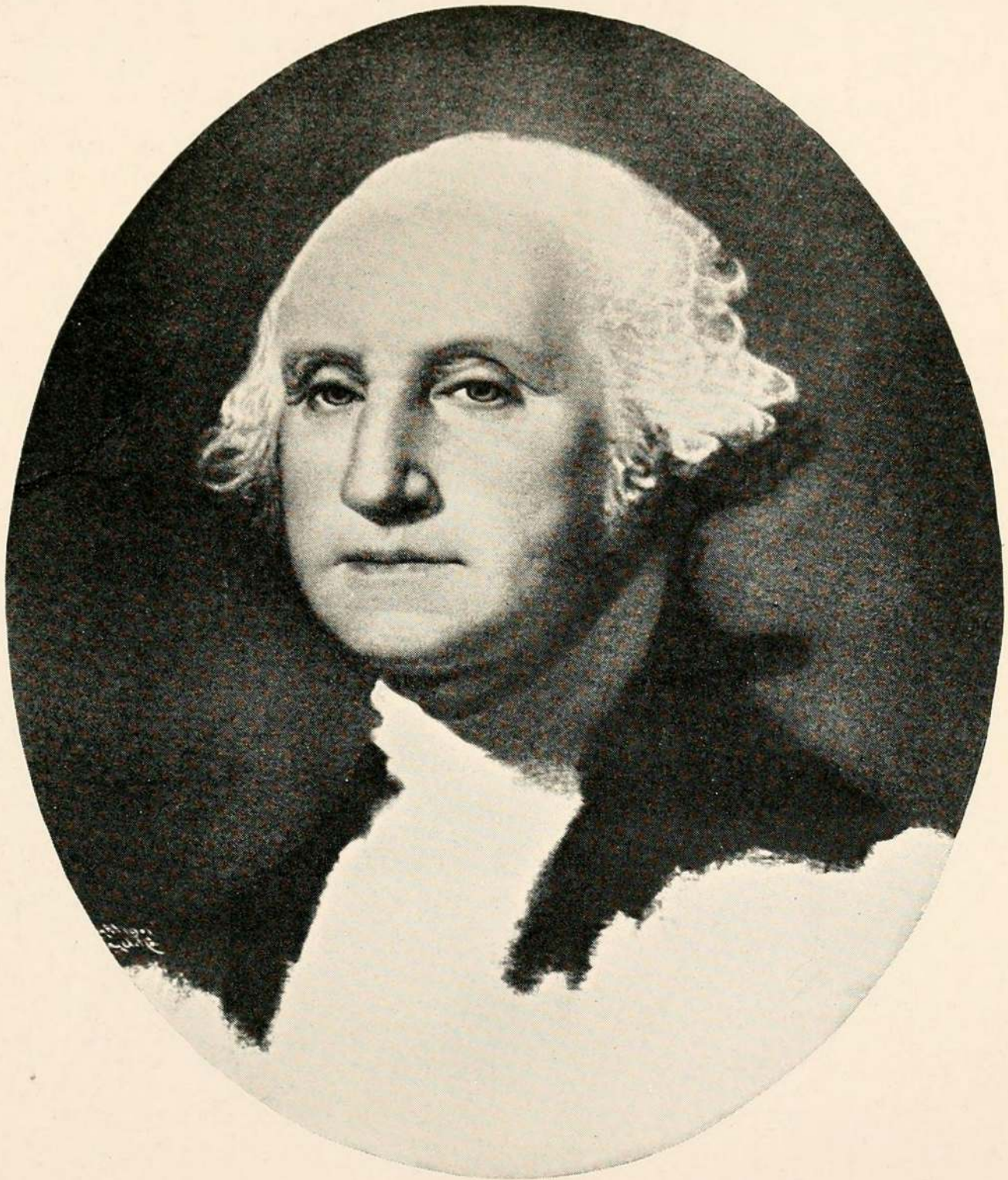


The tendency of the age in which we live, is to look straight into the future, and it is well for us that there are anniversaries which turn our thoughts back to the inspiring memories of the past, the unselfish heroism of our nation's patriot founders, and the imperishable glory of our country. The great highway over which we have traveled is magnificent in its strength and breadth, and the names of our immortal dead shine with ever increasing brilliancy.

As we turn our thoughts backward in memory of the birthdays, which it is our privilege to celebrate, a mighty procession passes in review, and foremost there rises before us the most dominant, the most benign face of the centuries, the face that will remain a benediction to the human race while life and memory last, the face of George Washington, toward which the lovers of liberty and advocates of freedom will always turn for new strength and courage.

As we turn the pages of the past, we find a succession of great events since that crisis in history, when the "Mayflower" anchoring in Plymouth Bay, discharged its precious human cargo, a cargo that had been sifted from all the nations of Europe that it might build upon American soil a government devoted to Liberty.

No flourish of trumpets heralded their coming that bleak December day, but with brave hearts the Pilgrims stepped into a new and unknown world, holding fast to their trust in God, and their own righteous cause. Bare-headed they stood and gave thanks to the Almighty, for their safe arrival and for their liberty to worship Him as their conscience dictated. With their coming to our shores, a doctrine of peace, personal liberty, and human



Washington is the mightiest name of earth, long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name no 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.

rights was born into the world of nations, and a new era dawned in human affairs.

Among our Puritan forefathers, were descendants of those who, in the green meadows of Runnymede had wrested the Magna Charta from King John; statesmen who had tried and executed King Charles for trespassing on the rights of the people; descendants of Cromwell or "Old Ironsides" as he was known when he charged at Dunbar, Naseby and Marston; and there were Huguenots whose grandfathers had followed the white plume of Navarre. In our veins pulses the red blood of such an ancestry, and the same love of freedom that drove these men across the trackless ocean to conquer and to hold, still stirs within us. It is an undying patriotic fire, and we bow in reverence before our great nation of today. These heroic souls passed on, but a new truth had dawned upon the world. Liberty had found a home upon American soil, and was proclaimed in 1776 by the old bell, now hanging mute in Liberty Hall, which had been brought from England twenty-three years before, bearing the prophetic inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof."

That grand old voice has a crack in it now—age will crack the voice of the sweetest singer—but there is not a note of music in the world today that has the same power to touch our American hearts as the quavering sound of that old bell. It rang the death knell of the Feudal System, and it still proclaims "Liberty," for American liberty still enlightens the world, and progress listens to the bell that proclaimed "Liberty throughout the world."

In our supreme moments our greatest pride is not in the brave deeds of our soldiers, nor in the blue blood that flows in our veins, but in the men and women who were good, who feared God and loved liberty, and when we think of Washington we do not think of him first as a soldier, although he was one, nor as a patrician, although he was one, nor as a rich man, although he was

one; but we think of his goodness, for the father of our country was good. He gave himself to his countrymen, and is venerated, not so much for his military genius and success, as for patriotism and devotion to his country, the land that he loved, and this has given him a name that is above every other in the history of modern times. The only American whose name we are willing to write next to his, is the name of the man whose motto in life was, "With malice towards none and charity for all." These two names stand out as beacon lights in history. Washington's light shone in the dark days of the revolution as a star that meant hope, his steadfastness kept the tottering young nation from despair, and he strengthened and inspired those who fought in the great battle for freedom. Washington was the father of our independence, while Abraham Lincoln, the second father of his country, was the martyr of our Union, and his life is written in imperishable letters in the history of our great republic. The homestead of Lincoln bequeathed us by Washington, was preserved by Lincoln, who made us a nation in *fact* as well as name, for the soldiers of the republic finished what the soldiers of the Revolution had commenced.

Washington led the patriots against the hosts of tyranny.

Lincoln erased from our country a stain of whose existence Washington and his compatriots were not aware.

Washington fought for the political freedom of 3,000,000 people who scorned a king.

Lincoln liberated 3,000,000 human souls from actual slavery. Lincoln loved liberty and liberty loved him.

They grow greater with years and their memory stronger and warmer in the hearts of all who love liberty.

We have had great lessons, we have had Washington the father of us all, we have had Lincoln, and the nation that can boast of two such men has a priceless

heritage. They will go down to posterity with equal love, admiration and gratitude, and to perpetuate their memory is to preserve the flag of Washington and Lincoln as the symbol of civil and religious freedom.

As the years pass and we look back on the life and work of Lincoln, our admiration and reverence for the man increases. He has had no parallel since Washington, and while our republic exists he will live in our grateful hearts, and his memory will never fade as long as a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" endures. Washington was raised up to lead the patriarchs of liberty, and Lincoln, the woodcutter, the boatman, the son of the boundless West, the humblest of the humble in his own eyes, the greatest of the great in history, was raised up to preserve our Union, and died at the close of his work in the sight of God's benediction. Each had his own special work and their names will be forever united in our memory and love.

THE BUFF AND THE BLUE.



"Golden buff and a deep, deep blue—
The hearts beneath were staunch and true,
Men that a kingdom could not buy,
Men that would dare and do and die;
These were the sort that led the fight
In the struggle for freedom, God and right.

The deep, deep blue and the golden buff—
How can we render them honor enough?
We unfurled the blue in our flag on high,
Where it matches its tint with the blue of the sky;
And we buried the buff beneath the sod,
To rise, fresh-born the golden rod.

Golden buff and the deep, deep blue,
O'er us today their power renew:
And loyal Yankees everywhere
On head, or shoulder, or bosom wear,
A knot of the buff and a knot of the blue
As the patriots wore them staunch and true."

MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.



In a humble farm house on the banks of the Potomac, one day in 1732, a scene of world-wide interest transpired. There, lying on a couch was a young mother with a wealth of blonde hair and tender blue eyes, and in her arms she held her first born. They named the little one George. He waxed in strength, and grew in form until he became a giant in stature. He passed from one position of honor and responsibility to another, until he finally established the greatest republic of history, and will ever be known as its founder and father. At the height of his achievement and renown, he said: "And all that I am I owe to my mother."

This mother was a woman of great vigor and energy, of rare common sense, of superior executive ability, of intense love of truth, of sincerity, of self-control, of ardent patriotism, and profound religious feeling and faith. Left a widow when George was only twelve years old, she devoted herself to her home and her children with all the intense affection of her nature. Her son George never entered upon an unusually important enterprise without consulting her. With her blessing he went to assume the duties of America's chief. Today America gives the first honors to George Washington, but George Washington tenders to his mother, Mary, the position of precedence.

It was of Mary Washington that the great Lafayette spoke, when he said, "If such are the mothers of America, she may well boast illustrious sons."

Fire destroyed the first home, and the family of Mary Washington made a new home across from Fredericksburg, whose dust has been pressed by so many historic feet, and here, in her home close to the Rappahannock, Mary Washington, the mother of George, lived with her five children. She taught them self-respect, respect for others, self-control, fortitude and loyalty, and was, herself, a living example of efficient activity. Order and

method were a rule in her home, and in the country round they set their clocks by her dinner bell, which was never known to vary a second.

This regard for time descended to her illustrious son, who once told a belated dinner guest, who attempted an apology, "I have a cook, sir, who does not inquire if the guests have arrived, but if the hour has arrived."

One by one the children left the home nest, but the mother lived on in the old home, looking out upon historic Fredericksburg. But great events were rushing forward, and soon her boy, a boy no longer, was gone and Mary was alone. When the storm burst she cried out, but sent her beloved son forth to duty. Her son, the idol of the hour, came no more for flying visits to his mother, but she was uncomplaining and would listen to no word of complaint, saying, "the mothers and wives of brave men must be brave women."

While her son was battling for his country, she too was busy, but as time wore on her face became grave, and her features, so like her son's, became stern.

Letters often found their way to her from the great commander, and were always addressed to "Honored Madam," the only salutation ever used by Washington in addressing his mother.

After years of separation and warfare, with duty done, the sword sheathed, and the guns stacked, the great commander came home to his mother, who received him with the old-time endearments. Joy and feasting followed, and Mary Washington attended the great "Peace Ball" given at Fredericksburg in honor of her son.

On the day that Washington received official news of his election to the presidency of the United States, he rode over to visit his mother before leaving for New York, and this was his last visit to her. Feeble and sorely ill she walked with him to the door, and there sent him forth "with heaven's and his mother's blessings."

On the 25th day of August, 1789, she died, and the first monument ever erected by women is a classic shaft of granite that marks the grave of the greatest of American mothers, "Mary, the Mother of Washington."

WASHINGTON'S MARRIAGE.



In the year 1758, Washington paid his address successfully to Mrs. Martha Custis, to whom he was married on the 6th of January, 1759. This lady was three months younger than himself, widow of John Park Custis, distinguished alike for her beauty, accomplishments and wealth.

Magnates of the Old Dominion,
Laced and ruffled, graced the scene;
Haughty dames and laughing maidens,
Youthful squires of gallant mien,
Rich brocades and flashing jewels,
Deck with pomp the bridal train,
Martha Custis weds the hero
Crowned with bays from Fort Du Quesne.

When beyond the broad Potomac,
Rang the call from hill to hill,
Calmly sent she forth her hero,
Held her place beside him still.
Years have rolled beyond the century,
All these scenes have passed away,
But the bride from Old Virginia
In each heart still lives today.

—Julius Clinton Jones.

THE NAME OF WASHINGTON.



Sons of the youth and the truth of the nation—
Ye that are met to remember the man,
Whose valor gave birth to a people's salvation—
Honor him now; set his name in the van.
A nobleness to try for,
A name to live and die for—
The name of Washington!

Calmly his face shall look down through the ages—
Sweet yet severe with a spirit of warning;
Charged with the wisdom of saints and of sages;
Quick with the light of a life-giving morning;
A majesty to try for,
A name to live and die for,
The name of Washington!

Though faction may rack us or party divide us,
And bitterness break the gold links of our story,
Our father and leader is ever beside us,
Live and forgive! But forget not the glory
Of him whose height we try for;
A name to live and die for—
The name of Washington!

Still in his eyes shall be mirrored our fleeting
Days, with the image of days long ended;
Still shall those eyes give, immortally, greeting
Unto the souls from his spirit descended.
His grandeur we will try for;
His name we'll live and die for,
The name of Washington!

—Geo. Parsons Lathrop.

STORIES OF WASHINGTON.



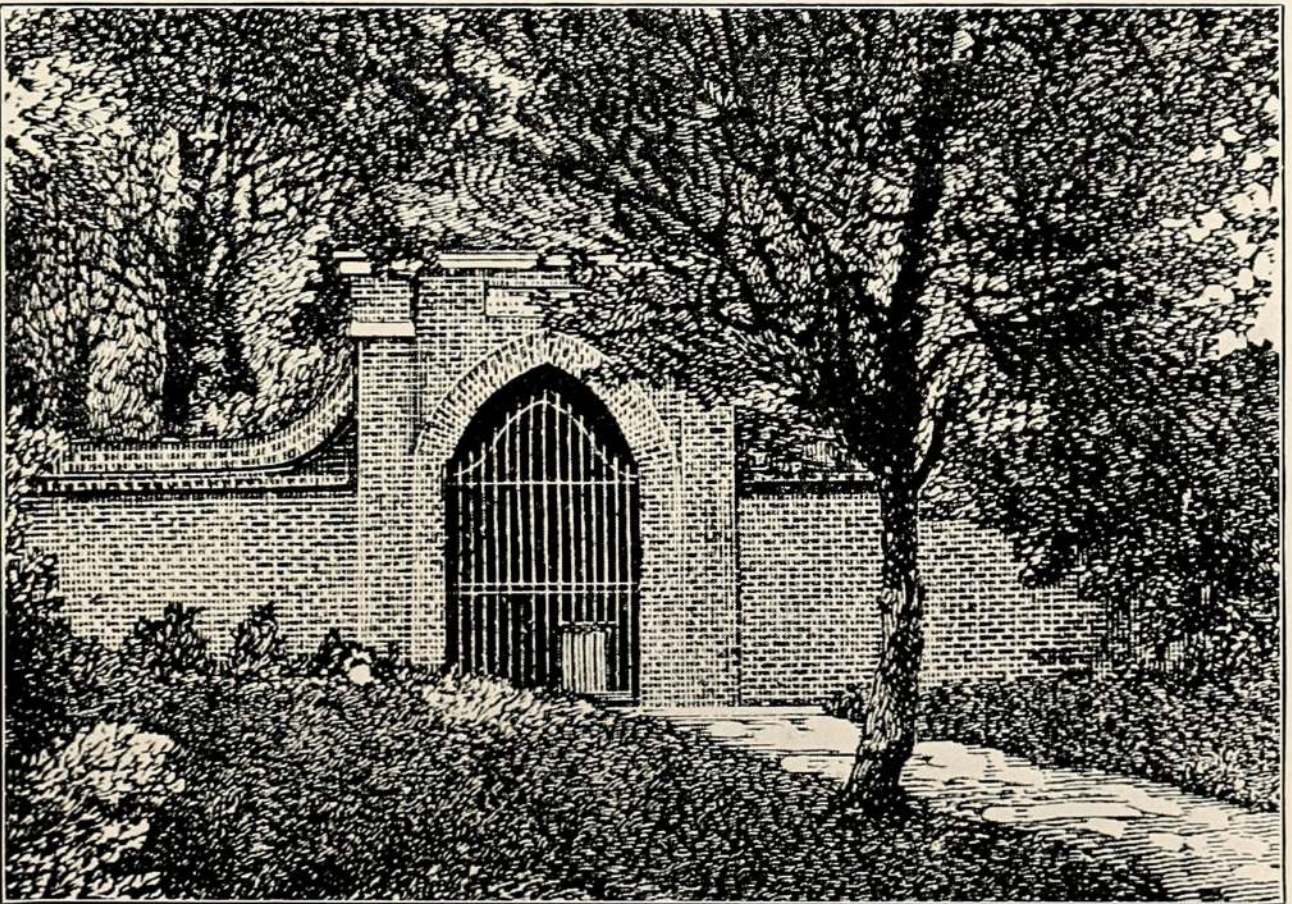
Mrs. Eleanor Washington Howard of Alexandria, Va., whose great-great uncle was George Washington, and who was the last child to be born at Mount Vernon, her father owning the estate at that time, having inherited it from his father, was a guest in Denver in December. Mrs. Howard, who looks much like the pictures of Washington in his younger days, told of many interesting family events, one being the removal of the bodies of George and Martha Washington from the old to the new resting place at Mount Vernon. Washington, who felt that a landslide from the hill would one day fall upon the old tomb, made provision in his will for a new tomb, but he had slept many years by the Potomac before his wishes were carried out. Mrs. Howard, in telling the story, told of the mahogany casing of the casket, containing the remains of the father of his country, falling from the inner casing when moved, and of its being divided among the members of the family. She added that it had always been said of her that she "was raised on Washington's coffin," as her father had his portion of the mahogany made into a medicine chest.

The hill in the rear of the tomb was found to be beset with small underground streams, this causing the landslides. It has been drained and is no longer a source of menace.

"During the long and sorrowful years of the Civil War Mount Vernon remained neutral ground, respected alike by North and South, though the unarmed pickets of both armies often met before the tomb, and here only they met as brothers. At the old servant's request, they left their arms at whatever point they entered the sacred domain, and the Mount Vernon association had at least some cause for gratitude in the certainty that to the inevitable ravages of time was not added the wanton destruction by man."



OLD TOMB



NEW TOMB



On the brow of the mountain in the rear of Plainfield, N. J., at an elevation of 400 feet, there stands a very large rock about 23 feet high and over 30 feet in circumference, which is called Washington's rock.

Its summit offers a fine position for taking an extensive view of the surrounding country, which lies at the feet of the spectator, as level as a map for a circuit of 60 miles. In the summer of 1777 the American army was stationed at New Market, Middlebrook, and other places on this plain. After the retreat of Sir William Howe from New Brunswick, and upon his marching from Amboy to where Plainfield now is, Washington retreated to the heights in face of the enemy. A skirmish took place between the advance guard of Howe's army and Lord Stirling's division, and upon the approach of the column under Cornwallis, Stirling was obliged to retreat. Howe pursued him to Westfield and the next day returned to Amboy. Washington at this time was on the rock watching the operation of the armies on the plain. At various other times he resorted to this place to ascertain the movements of the enemy.

I'M THE LITTLE RED STAMP.



(The boy who recites this verse may have a large postage stamp drawn with the right colors on manilla paper to hold before the audience.)

I'm the little red stamp with George Washington's picture;
And I go wherever I may,
To any spot in George Washington's land;
And I go by the shortest way.
And the guns of wrath would clear my path—
A thousand guns at need—
Of the hands that should dare to block my course,
Or slacken my onward speed.
(Appropriate gestures here.)

Stand back! Hands off of Uncle Sam's mail!
Stand back there! back! I say;
For the little red stamp with George Washington's picture
Must have the right of way.

—Sam Walter Foss.

SOMETHING BETTER.



(For a Little Girl.)

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

—Clara J. Denton.

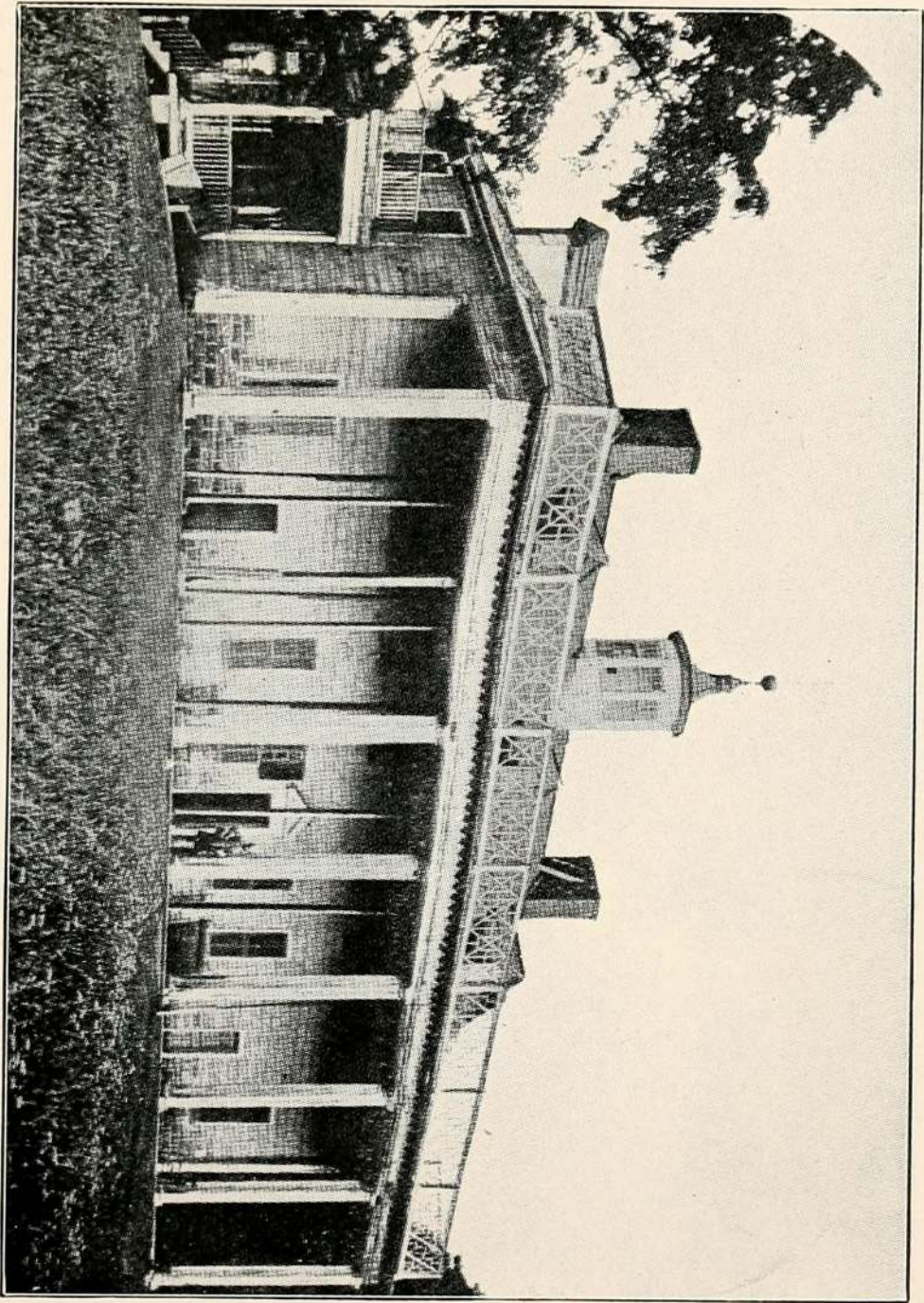
A HERO.



“Boys sometimes think a hero's
A man of giant might,
A warrior of armor,
A champion for the right,
Who through the world goes boasting
That wrongs shall be no more,
The story of whose exploits
Is sung from shore to shore.

In olden times a hero
Was such a man, I know;
He went to battle aided
By javelin and bow.
You all have heard of Ajax,
Of Priam's valiant son,
And of the great Achilles,
Who many battles won.

But now, to be a hero
Is quite another thing,
And he who earns the title
Is nobler than a king.
'Tis he who follows duty,
Who scorns to be untrue,
Who's guided by his conscience,
Not by what others do.



MOUNT VERNON IN 1858



And you may be a hero,
By doing all you can
To free the world from error,
And aid your brother man.
And, though no blast of trumpet
Your greatness may proclaim,
With heartfelt benedictions
Mankind will breathe your name."

WASHINGTON.



Upon the steep and lofty cliff of fame,
Above all others, stands one noble name;
A name which all the drenching storms of time
But serve to make more brilliant and sublime.
While other names, to all our country dear,
Will gleam like stars through every coming year,
Far brighter still, like noonday's golden sun,
Will shine for aye the name of Washington.

Upon a tow'ring pinnacle it stands,
With naught between it and the azure sky;
No space remains where other mortal hands
Can ever carve another name so high.
Though many in the future may be great,
And loved and honored by our mighty state,
Their brilliant names—yes, e'en the greatest one—
Must stand beneath the name of Washington.

A great invention, which perhaps cost years
Of patient, tireless thought, in time appears
So simple that we wonder, more and more,
Why 'twas not made a thousand years before.
The founding of our own colossal state
Was an invention which was doubly great;
Because 'twas first to follow Freedom's plan,
And stands unrivaled 'mongst the works of man.

What title could be given so grand, so great,
As Father of our own beloved state?
A state which in a century became
The marvel of the age in wealth and fame;

A state where Liberty and Power abide,
Like bosom friends, in concord side by side,
And Peace and Plenty dwell secure from harm
Of tyrant's power, or cruel war's alarm!

Although Virginia's son, she cannot claim
Exclusive title to his wondrous name;
For 'tis our country's richest legacy,
Which by her father's will she holds in fee.
His fame is not confined to time or place
But is as wide as all the human race;
For every tribe and nation 'neath the sun
Revere the deathless name of Washington!

All hail to him, who by his saber's stroke,
The galling shackles from our country broke,
And who, refusing to be king in name,
Ranks high above the kings of widest fame!
Our noblest model both in war and peace,
The greatness of his name can but increase;
And when our nation's course at last is run,
Her grandest name will still be Washington!

—U. C. Midkiff.

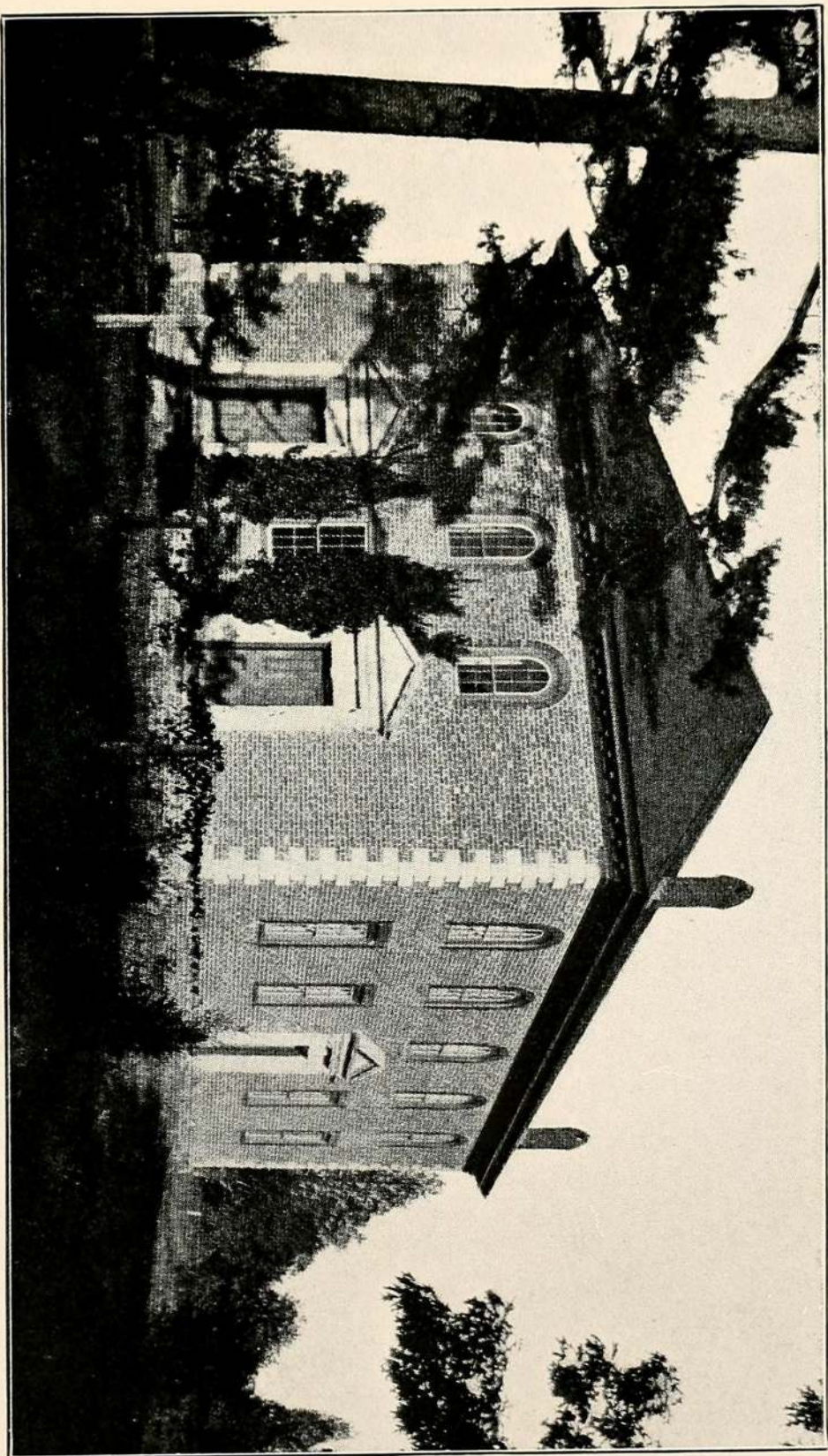
OUR LIBERTY BELL.



The most celebrated bell in the United States is that known as the "Liberty Bell," in old Independence Hall, at Philadelphia. It was imported from England in 1752; was cracked by a trial stroke, and recast in Philadelphia by Isaac Norris.

On July 4, 1776, this bell announced the signing of the Declaration of Independence. During its tolling on the occasion of the funeral of Chief Justice Marshall, in 1835, the bell was again cracked. Since that time it has been on exhibition in Independence Hall.

The Declaration of Independence was read at the head of each brigade of the Continental army in New York. The same evening the equestrian statue of Eng-



POHICK CHURCH, FAIRFAX CO., VA., SIX MILES FROM MT. VERNON.
Built 1773 from Plans Drawn by General Washington, Who was a Vestryman for Twenty Years.



land's king was laid prostrate, and the lead, of which it was composed, was later cast into bullets for the use of the army.

Lincoln, in speaking of the Declaration of Independence, said: "This was their lofty and noble and wise understanding of the justice of the Creator to His creatures—to all His creatures, to the whole great family of man. In their enlightened belief, nothing stamped with the divine image was sent into the world to be trodden on and degraded, and imbruted by his fellows. They grasped not only the whole race of men then living, but they reached forward and seized upon the remotest posterity, so that no man should hereafter dare to limit and circumscribe the great principles upon which the temple of liberty was being built."

ENGLAND TO AMERICA.



What is the voice I hear
On the winds of the western sea?
Sentinel, listen from our Cape Clear
And say what the voice may be.
'Tis a proud, free people calling loud to a people
Proud and free.

And it says to them: "Kinsmen, hail;
We severed have been too long,
Now let us have done with a worn-out tale,—
The tale of an ancient wrong—
And our friendship last long as our love doth and
Be stronger than death is strong."

Answer them, sons of the self-same race,
And blood of the self-same clan;
Let us speak with each other face to face
And answer as man to man,
And loyally love and trust each other as none but
Freemen can.

Now fling them out the breeze,
Shamrock, Thistle, and Rose,
And the Star-Spangled Banner unfurl with these—
A message to friends and foes
Wherever the sails of peace are seen and wherever
The war wind blows—

A message to bond and thrall to wake,
For wherever we come, we twain,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake,
And the menace be void and vain,
For you are lords of a strong land, and we are lords
Of the main.

Yes, this is the voice of the bluff March gale;
We severed have been too long,
But now we have done with a worn-out tale—
The tale of an ancient wrong—
And our friendship lasts long as love lasts and
Stronger than death is strong.

—Alfred Austin.

LINCOLN.



“Homely in feature. An old styled room,
With its tall quaint clock and its old quaint loom,
Has very much of his home-made air.
Plain, but a plainness made to wear.
Homely in character. Void of pretense.
Homely in homeliest common sense.
Homely in honesty. Homespun stuff
For every weather, mild or rough.
Homely in humor, which bubbled up
Like a forest spring in its earthen cup.
Homely in justice. He knew the law,
But often more than the letter he saw;
And, sheathing the sword to its harmless hilt,
Wrote “Pardon” over the blot of guilt.
Homely in patience. His door stood wide,
And carping and cavil from every side
Dinned in his ears, but he went his way
And did the strongest that in him lay.
Homely in modesty. Never a claim
Of credit he made, and he shirked no blame;
Yet firm in his place as the hemisphere
When principle said to him, “Stand thou here.”
Homely in tenderness. Motherhood’s breast,
Where the new babe cuddles its head to rest,
Is not more gentle than was his heart;
Yet brave as a Bayard in every part
Was Lincoln.”

AMERICA’S BEST LOVED SON.



“Comparisons are ungracious, but it is easily possible to say, without detracting from any other of the nation’s heroes, that no one holds the people’s heartstrings as does the man whose birth is celebrated today.

Abraham Lincoln was human as well as great. His splendid, loving heart and simple nature will charm and

hold the people generation after generation as his own and the present have been held in loyalty and affection.

As history reckons time it is yet early to decide the place which shall belong to Lincoln in the niche of fame, yet the unanimity and fervor of the opinion which gives to him highest place among the nation's sons would make it seem altogether probable that history will not revoke that verdict.

It would be well if on this anniversary everyone should read anew Lowell's fine tribute in the Commemoration Ode. In telling phrase he there draws clear and strong the traits which make him the best loved of men. Nature, he says, threw aside her old world molds—

And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new;
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity.

Like a tower
Our children shall behold his fame;
The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame—
New birth of our new soil, the first American.' ”

DIXIE.



According to Joseph Nimmo, Jr., one of the few surviving friends of Abraham Lincoln, “Dixie” is a national air, not the property of the South alone. He says: “News reached Washington early one April morning in 1865, that Richmond had been evacuated. There was a rush to the White House. Soon Lincoln appeared at the window over the front entrance. He replied to the demand for a speech. His closing words were: ‘There is a song or tune which I used to hear with great pleasure

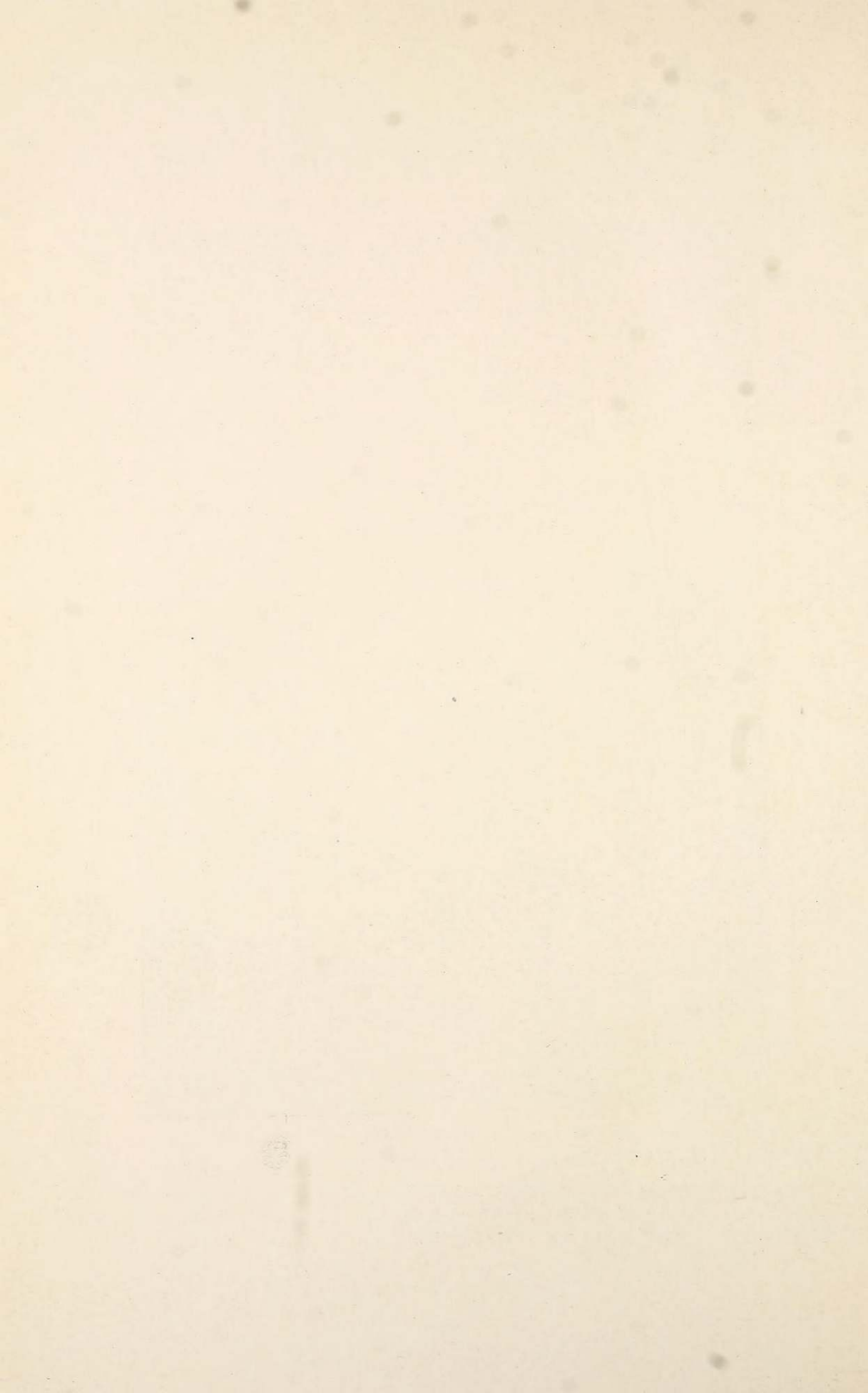
“Made and moulded by Divine Power to save a nation.”
—Seward.



LINCOLN AND TAD.

He is

“—Freedom’s now, and Fame’s—
One of the few, immortal names
That were not born to die.”



before the war, but our friends across the river have appropriated it to their use during the last four years. It is the tune called "Dixie." But I think we have captured it. At any rate, I conferred with the attorney-general this morning, and he expressed the opinion that "Dixie" may fairly be regarded as captured property. So I shall be glad to hear "Dixie" by the band.' Ever since then 'Dixie' has been regarded as a national air, beloved by the people of the North and of the South. It was composed by Emmett, a northern man, who wrote the words, and it will remain for all time a truly national song, made so by the good natured humor of Abraham Lincoln."

A NEW NATIONAL SONG.



Written by Mrs. Antoinette Arnold Hawley, Denver.

All sorts of audiences, in all sorts of places, have been stirred to enthusiasm by the tingling notes of "Dixie," and it is a joy to know that through your courtesy, not only will the dancing feet of the boys and girls of Colorado keep time to the dear old melody, but their fresh young voices will link it with the land, the faith, the flag, we all love.

ANTOINETTE ARNOLD HAWLEY.

THE BIRTH LAND OF FREEDOM.

(Air, Dixie's Land.)

Oh! Shout for joy, young dauntless nation!

Angels sang at thy creation,

" 'Tis the land! 'Tis the land!

'Tis the birth land of freedom."

Then far and wide fling out "Old Glory;"

Far and wide repeat the story;

'Tis the land! 'Tis the land!

'Tis the birth of freedom!

Chorus:

All hail, dear land of freedom!

All Hail! All Hail!

We clasp the hands from many strands,
And sing the praise of freedom;
 We sing; we sing;
 We sing the praise of freedom;
 We sing; we sing;
We sing the praise of freedom.

Lo! North and South we stand united;
East and West our faith is plighted
 To the land! To the land!
 To the birth land of freedom.
Far tropic seas our isles are laving;
Still above our flag is waving
 O'er the land! O'er the land!
 O'er the birth land of freedom.

Chorus:

Great God of nations, still defend us!
Let Thy blessing still attend us
 In the land! In the land!
 In the birth land of freedom.
No foeman then our ties can sever;
Then shall peace be ours forever
 In the land! In the land!
 In the birth land of freedom.

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

LINCOLN'S PROPHECY.



Lincoln's face was turned to the future, and when standing for re-election to the Illinois legislature he announced that he was in favor of “admitting all whites to the right of suffrage who pay taxes or bear arms, by no means excluding females,” and is so recorded as one of the earliest advocates of such a measure. This stand he took as he had taken a stand in his boyhood for temperance, and against cruelty to animals, though there was no movement in favor of either at the time, but he quietly laid the foundation for the future.

“In 1839 Mr. Lincoln, being then a lawyer in full

practice, attended all the courts adjacent to Springfield. He was then attending court at Christianburg, about thirty miles distant. I was there when the court broke up; quite a number of lawyers were coming from court to Springfield. We were riding along a country road, two and two together, some distance apart, Lincoln and John J. Hardin being behind. We were passing through a thicket of wild plum and crab-apple trees, where we stopped to water our horses. After waiting some time Hardin came up and we asked him where Lincoln was. 'Oh,' said he, 'when I saw him last' (there had been a severe wind storm) 'he had caught two little birds in his hand, which the wind had blown from their nest, and he was hunting for the nest.' Hardin left him before he found it. He finally found the nest, and placed the birds, to use his own words, 'in the home provided for them by their mother.' When he came up with the party they laughed at him; said he earnestly: 'I could not have slept to-night if I had not given those two little birds to their mother.'

"This was the flower that bloomed so beautifully in his nature, on his native prairies. He never lost the nobility of his nature, nor the kindness of his heart, by being removed to a higher sphere of action. On the contrary, both were increased. The enlarged sphere of his action developed the natural promptings of his heart."

O, Uncommon Commoner! May your name
Forever lead like a living flame!
Unschool'd scholar! How did you learn
The wisdom a lifetime cannot earn?
Unsainted Martyr! Higher than saint!
You were a M A N with a man's constraint.
In the world, of the world, was your lot;
With it and for it the fight you fought,
And never till time is itself forgot
And the heart of man is a pulseless clot,
Shall the blood flow slow when we think the thought
Of Lincoln. —Edmund Vance Cooke.

Abraham Lincoln, one of the grandest men this country or the world has ever produced, pure in life and motive, inflexible in his purpose to do right as he understood it, of undaunted courage in carrying out the principles he believed to be true, large-hearted, and tender in his sympathy with human suffering—

Bold as a lion and gentle as a child—
He lived to bless the world.
He broke no promise, served no private end,
He gained no title, and he lost no friend.
—John B. Gough.

LINCOLN'S ATTENTION TO SMALL THINGS.



“I once had a long day's talk about Abraham Lincoln with a friend in Kentucky, who had lived in intimate relation with Lincoln when he was a young lawyer in Springfield, just beginning business. He said that every case he took had his whole interest and attention. Once he had to argue a case in which all depended on finding the right boundary for a piece of land on the prairie. There are no stones there for boundaries, and few trees, so the surveyors were in the habit of fixing the corners of the lots by shoveling up a little heap of earth. But it happened that a prairie squirrel, or gopher, does the same thing. Hence it becomes important to distinguish between the mounds made by the surveyor and those made by the gopher. Lincoln sent to New York to get books to tell him of the habits of the gopher, brought them into court, showed the judge and jury how the gopher built his mound, how it differed from that of the surveyor, and after he had won his case, sat up late in the night still studying about the gopher, so as to be sure he knew all about him.”

"I am sure, as millions have said, that, take him all in all, we never shall look upon his like again."

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON ON LINCOLN.



Many a night before the dawn of day I have been awakened to find the figure of my dear mother bending over me as I lay huddled up in a corner of the kitchen, praying that 'Marse Lincoln' might succeed and that some day I might be free. Under these circumstances the name of Lincoln made a great impression upon me, and I never forgot the circumstances under which I first heard it.

Among the masses of the negro people on the plantations during the war all their dreams and hopes of freedom were in some way or other coupled with the name of Lincoln. When the slaves sang those rude plantation hymns in which thoughts of heaven and salvation were mingled with thoughts of freedom, I suspect they frequently confused the vision of the Savior with that of the emancipator, and so salvation and freedom came to mean pretty much the same thing.

There is an old plantation hymn that runs somewhat as follows:

"We'll soon be free,
We'll soon be free,
When de Lord will call us home.
My brudder, how long,
My brudder, how long,
'Fore God will call us home."
It won't be long,
It won't be long,
'Fore God will call us home.

When that song was first sung, the freedom of which it spoke was the freedom that comes after death, and the home to which it referred was heaven. After the war broke out, however, the slaves began to sing those freedom songs with greater vehemence, and they gained a new and more definite meaning. To such an extent was this the case that in Georgetown, S. C., it is said, that negroes were put in jail for singing the song which I have quoted.

The most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen.—
Stanton.

“How was he trained—this untaught sage,
With nothing but want for his heritage?
Set to work at the tender age
Which should have been conning a primer page—
His whole youth spent for a pitiful wage
As axman, farmer, boatman, clerk;
Learned alone in the school of work
Was Lincoln.”

What was his power? Not kingly caste,
Nor jingle of gold howsoever amassed;
Not Napoleon’s force with the world aghast;
Not Tallyrand’s cunning, now loose, now fast;
Not Weak persuasion or fierce duress,
But strong with the virtue of Homeliness
Was Lincoln.

VALUE OF A GOOD NAME.



“In the spring term of the Tazewell county court, in 1847, which, at that time, was held in the village of Tremont, I was detained as witness an entire week. Lincoln was employed in several suits, and among them was one of Chase vs. Snow Bros. The Snow Bros., as appeared in evidence (who were both minors), had purchased from an old Mr. Chase what was then called a ‘prairie team,’ consisting of two or three yoke of oxen and prairie plow, giving therefor their joint note for some two hundred dollars, but when pay-day came, refused to pay, pleading the minor act. The note was placed in Lincoln’s hands for collection. The suit was called, a jury impaneled. The Snow Bros. did not deny the note, but pleaded, through their counsel, that they were minors, and that Mr. Chase knew they were at the time of the contract and conveyance. All this was admitted by Mr. Lincoln, with his peculiar phrase. ‘Yes, gentlemen, I guess that’s so.’ The minor act was read, and its validity admitted in the same manner. The counsel of the Snow Bros. were permitted, without question, to state all these

things to the jury, and to show by the statute that these minors could not be held responsible for their contract. By this time you may well suppose that I began to be uneasy. 'What!' thought I, 'this good old man, who confided in these boys, to be wronged in this way, and even his counsel, Mr. Lincoln, to submit in silence!' I looked at the court, Judge Treat, but could read nothing in his calm and dignified demeanor. Just then, Mr. Lincoln slowly got up, and in his strange, half-erect attitude, and clear, quiet accent, began: 'Gentlemen of the jury, are you willing to allow these boys to begin life with this shame and disgrace attached to their character? If you are, I am not. The best judge of human character that ever wrote, has left these immortal words for us all to ponder:

'Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their soul.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been slave to thousands,
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And leaves me poor, indeed.'

Then rising to his full height, and looking upon the Snow Bros. with the compassion of a brother, his long right arm extended toward the opposing counsel, he continued: 'Gentlemen of the jury, these poor, innocent boys would never have attempted this low villainy, had it not been for the advice of these lawyers.' Then, for a few minutes, he showed how even the noble science of law may be prostituted; with a scathing rebuke to those who thus belittle their profession, and concluded: 'And, now, gentlemen, you have it in *your* power to set these boys right before the world.' He pleaded for the young men only, I think he did not mention his client's name. The jury, without leaving their seats, decided that Snow Bros. must pay that debt; and they, after hearing Lincoln, were as willing to pay it as the jury were determined they should."

AMERICA.



My native land! I turn to you,
With blessing and with prayer,
Where man is brave and woman true,
And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave,
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome—foes a grave,
Within our borders find.

—Morris.

THE GOOD LITTLE BOY.



“While officially resident in Washington, during the late war, I once had occasion to call upon President Lincoln with the late Senator Henry Wilson, upon an errand of a public nature in which we were mutually interested. In the recognized order of precedence a member of the House of Representatives, as I then was, could not in times of pressure for audience with the president gain admittance so long as there were cabinet ministers, members of the diplomatic corps, senators or justices of the supreme court desiring audience with him, and all civilians must wait their opportunity until after members of congress and officers of the army and navy, and the civil service and others, had had their turns respectively. Having a joint errand with Senator Wilson, I could avail myself of his privilege of earlier admission; but we were obliged to wait some time in the ante-room before we could be received, and when at length the door was opened to us, a small lad, perhaps ten or twelve years old, who had been waiting for admission several days without success, slipped in between us, and approached the president in advance. The latter gave the senator and myself a cordial but brief salutation, and

turning immediately to the lad, said: 'And who is the little boy?' During their conference the senator and myself were apparently forgotten. The boy soon told his story, which was in substance that he had come to Washington seeking employment as a page in the House of Representatives, and he wished the president to give him such an appointment. To this the president replied that such appointments were not at his disposal, and that application must be made to the doorkeeper of the house at the capitol. 'But, sir,' said the lad, still undaunted, 'I am a good boy, and have a letter from my mother, and one from the supervisors of my town, and one from my Sunday school teacher, and they all told me that I could earn enough in one session of congress to keep my mother and the rest of us comfortable all the remainder of the year.' The president took the lad's papers, and ran his eye over them with that penetrating and absorbing look so familiar to all who knew him, and then took his pen and wrote upon the back of one of them: 'If Capt. Goodnew can give a place to this good little boy, I shall be gratified,' and signed it 'A. Lincoln.'

The boy's face became radiant with hope, and he walked out of the room with a step as light as though all the angels were whispering their congratulations.

Only after the lad had gone did the president seem to realize that a senator and another person had been some time waiting to see him."

WELL, SPEED, I'M MOVED.



“In 1837, Mr. Lincoln obtained a license to practice law. He lived fourteen miles in the country, and had ridden into town on a borrowed horse, with no earthly goods but a pair of saddle-bags, two or three law books, and some clothing. He took an office, and engaged from the only cabinetmaker then in the village a single bedstead. He came into my store, I was a merchant then, set his saddle-bags on the counter, and asked me: ‘What the furniture for a single bedstead would cost.’ I took slate and pencil and made calculation, and found the sum for furniture complete would amount to seventeen dollars in all. Said he: ‘It is probably cheap enough, but I want to say that, cheap as it is, I have not the money to pay. But if you will credit me until Christmas, and my experiment here as a lawyer is a success, I will pay you then. If I fail in that I will probably never be able to pay you at all.’ The tone of his voice was so melancholy that I felt for him. I looked up at him, and I thought then, as I think now, that I never saw so gloomy a face. I said to him: ‘The contraction of so small a debt seems to affect you so deeply, I think I can suggest a plan by which you will be able to attain your end without incurring any debt. I have a very large room, and a very large double bed in it, which you are perfectly welcome to share with me if you choose.’

‘Where is your room?’ ‘Up stairs,’ said I, pointing to the stairs leading from the store to my room. Without saying a word, he took his saddle-bag on his arm, went up stairs, set them down on the floor, came down again, and with a face beaming with pleasure and smiles, exclaimed, ‘Well, Speed, I’m moved.’”

TAPS.

“And the lights are out;
The dead are sleeping on the hills,
And in the vales they sleep
And await the reveille
That calls no more to war,
But to eternal peace;
Upon the grave the lilies,
And upon that the roses fade,
And fading there they to the
Fadeless pay the homage of
A nation’s sorrow and its love.
The gentle flowers know
Neither side in arms;
They draw no lines;
They give their fragrance freely to
The Blue and Grey,
Asleep beneath the mother soil,
Made richer by their blood,
And watered with the tears of North and South,
Oh, North and South,
Made one by common grief,
Made new by sacrifice,
In brave defense of right,
As each saw the right.
To one came loss,
To one came gain,
And God decided.
What in the battle days
We might have said or thought or done,
Is quite forgotten now,
And, in standing by those grassy mounds,
In consecrated ground,
We are at peace as they
Who rest beneath the sod,
With one flag over all,
And not a star dropped from its place;
Our dead are dear to us—
No mother weeps the less
Because her boy was Blue or Grey;
He was her child.

This is enough.
And there she gives him all her tears,
Remembering only this—
That he is dead!
Beyond there is no Blue or Grey,
But, clothed in white,
The serried ranks that fought
Shall fight no more.
That which is lost is lost;
Let us forget the past,
And nobly with the hands
That made the wounds,
Bind up the wounds
And hide the scars.”

LINCOLN VERSUS IGNORANCE.



“In 1834, I was a citizen of Springfield, Sangamon county, Illinois. Mr. Lincoln lived in the country, fourteen miles from the town. He was a laborer, and a deputy surveyor, and at the same time a member of the legislature, elected the year previous. In 1835, he was a candidate for re-election. I had not seen him for the first six months of my residence there, but had heard him spoken of as a man of wonderful ability on the stump. He was a long, ugly, shapeless man. He had never spoken, as far as I know of, at the county seat, during his first candidacy. The second time he was a candidate, he had already made, in the legislature, considerable reputation; and on his renomination to the legislature, advertised to meet his opponents, and speak in Springfield on a given day. I believe that was the first public speech he ever made at the court house. He was never ashamed, so far as I know, to admit his ignorance upon any subject, or of the meaning of any word, no matter how ridiculous it might make him appear.

As he was riding into town the evening before the speech he passed the handsomest house in the village.

Upon it the owner had placed a lightning rod, the only one in the town or county. Some ten or twelve young men were riding with Lincoln. He asked them what that rod was for. They told him it was to keep off the lightning. 'How does it do it?' he asked; none of them could tell. He rode into town, bought a book on the properties of lightning, and before morning he knew all about it. When he was ignorant on any subject, he addressed himself to the task of being ignorant no longer. On this occasion a large number of citizens came from a distance to hear him speak. He had very able opponents. I stood near him and heard the speech. I was fresh from Kentucky then, and had heard most of her great orators. It struck me then, as it seems to me now, that I never heard a more effective speaker. All the party weapons of offense and defense seemed to be entirely under his control. The large crowd seemed to be swayed by him as he pleased.

The debate was a joint one, and Lincoln was appointed to close it, which he did in a most masterly style. The people commenced leaving the court house, when George Farquer, a man of much celebrity in the state, rose and asked the people to hear him. He was not a candidate, but was a man of talents, and of great state notoriety as a speaker. He commenced by saying: 'This young man will have to be taken down; and I am truly sorry that the task devolves upon me.' He then proceeded in a vein of irony, sarcasm, and wit, to ridicule Lincoln in every way that he could. Lincoln stood, not more than ten feet from him, with folded arms, and an eye flashing fire, and listening attentively to him, without ever interrupting him. He then took the stand for reply. He was pale, and his spirit seemed deeply moved. His opponent was one worthy of his steel. He answered him fully and completely. The conclusion of his speech I remember even now, so deep an impression it made on me then. He said: 'The gentleman commenced his speech by saying that this young man would have to be taken

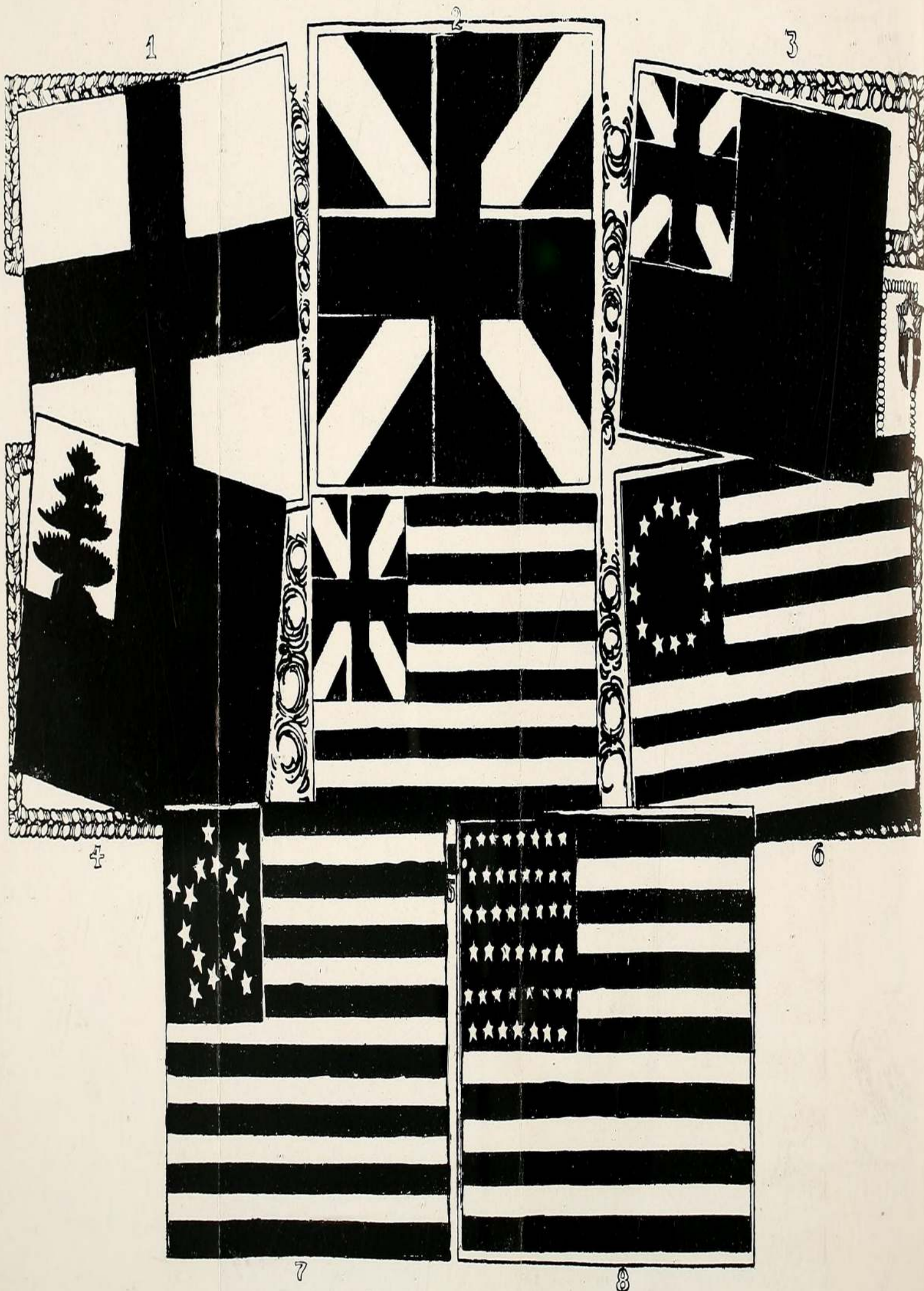
down, alluding to me; I am not so young in years as I am in the tricks and trades of a politician; but live long, or die young, I would rather die now, than, like the gentleman, change my politics and simultaneous with the change, receive an office worth three thousand dollars per year, and then have to erect a lightning rod over my house, to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God.' ”

GOOD FRIDAY.



April 14, 1865, fell on Good Friday, and it was this day that Lincoln selected as the occasion for raising above Fort Sumpter the flag that had been lowered, not dishonored, four years before. The orators of the day eloquently thanked God that Lincoln had been spared to witness the fulfillment of his labors for the Union, and a time of rest and happiness seemed to have fallen upon him. The night before, he had dreamed of a strange ship moving towards a dark and indefinite shore, on which he was a passenger. The same dream had come to him before victories on the field of battle, and he regarded it as an omen of good fortune. He told the story of his voyage to an unseen shore to the cabinet, before taking up the serious matters that were before them for consideration. But, ere another day had passed, he had embarked upon the phantom ship, whose pilot is Death, and at twenty-two minutes after seven on the morning of April 15th Lincoln died, the victim of an assassin's bullet, and Saturday, the day of his death, stands unique in history.

WHAT THE CROSS IS TO FAITH, THAT THE FLAG IS TO FREEDOM.



"Here's to the flag we follow;
Here's to the land we love;

And here's to the holy honor
That doth the two preserve."

THE EVOLUTION OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.



1—First flag to float over North American soil, "Red Cross of St. George," the banner of Richard Coeur de Lion in 1192, and planted at Labrador by Sebastian Cabot in 1497, as the royal ensign of Henry VII.

2—First flag to float over permanent settlements in America, "The King's Colors," a union between the Red Cross of St. George of England and the White Cross of Scotland under King James I in 1606—the flag of the Mayflower in 1620.

3—The flag of Cromwell and Charles II. This flag was not accepted by the United Colonies in the New World, and was the cause of much dissension about 1707.

4—First flag of colonial secession, a revolutionary banner known as the "Pine Tree Flag," and flown to the breeze during the revolutionary years 1707 to 1776.

5—First flag of American independence, hoisted with a salute of thirteen guns at Washington's headquarters in Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 2, 1776, and alluded to in old England as "The Thirteen Rebellious Stripes."

6—First flag of the American republic, adopted by American Congress in Philadelphia, June 14, 1777, with thirteen stars and thirteen stripes, symbolizing the thirteen original colonies.

7—First flag of American expansion. United States Congress, upon the admission of two more states to the American Union, added two more stars to the flag on July 4, 1795.

8—The flag of today. At the present time there are forty-six stars in the field of blue, each representing a state.

THE SYMBOLISM OF THE FLAG.



The flag for which our heroes fought, for which they died, is the symbol of all we are, of all we hope to be. It is the emblem of equal rights; it means free hands, free lips, self-government and the sovereignty of the individual; it means that this continent has been dedicated to freedom; it means universal education—light for every mind, knowledge for every child; it means that the school house is the fortress of liberty; it means that "governments derive their just powers from the gov-

erned," that each man is accountable to and for the government, that responsibility goes hand in hand with liberty; it means that it is the duty of every citizen to bear his share of the public burden—to take part in the affairs of his town, his county, his state and his country; it means that the ballot box is the ark of the covenant, that the sources of authority must not be poisoned; it means the perpetual right of peaceful revolution; it means that every citizen of the republic, native or naturalized, must be protected at home in every state, abroad in every land, on every sea; it means that all distinctions based on birth or blood have perished from our laws, that our government shall stand between labor and capital, between the weak and the strong, between the individual and the corporation, between want and wealth, and give and guarantee simple justice to each and all; it means that there shall be a legal remedy for every wrong; it means national hospitality, that we must welcome to our shores the exiles of the world, and that we may not drive them back; some may be deformed by labor, dwarfed by hunger, broken in spirit, victims of tyranny and caste, in whose sad faces may be read the touching record of a weary life, and yet their children, born of liberty and love, will be symmetrical and fair, intelligent and free.—*Col. Robert Ingersoll.*

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!

By angel hands to valor given,

Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,

And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Forever float that standard-sheet!

Where breathes the foe that falls before us,

With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,

And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

—Adams.

OLD GLORY.



Stephen Driver was a sea-faring man, and before the civil war had sailed from Salem, Mass., to foreign ports. While in foreign waters he rendered a great service to the people, in recognition of which they presented him with a beautiful American flag. A priest blessed it as it rose to the masthead, and the captain made a solemn vow to defend it with his life, if need be. Later Captain Driver gave up the sea, going to Nashville, Tenn., to live. He opposed secession and when the war began, in order to save his flag, sewed it between the lining of a quilt, and each night hugged it, and the thought of the nearness of "Old Glory" brought comfort to his faithful heart. Many times the confederates searched the house for the flag, threatening him with violence, even death, but he told them that he would yet raise his flag over the State House. When the Union troops entered Nashville he told the story of "Old Glory," brought it forth from its hiding place, and they went together to the State House roof and flung it to the breeze, the men in blue taking up the name and shouting for "Old Glory."

THE FLAG ABOVE THE SCHOOLHOUSE DOOR.



In cities and in villages, in country districts scattered wide,
Above the schoolhouse door it floats—a thing of beauty and of
pride;

The poorest child, the richest heir—'tis theirs in common to
adore,

For 'tis their flag that proudly floats—the flag above the school-
house door!

What does it mean, O careless boy, O thoughtless girl at happy
play?

Red for the blood your fathers shed on some far off event-
ful day—

White for the loyalty and faith of countless women who forbore
To mourn, but gave their all to save the flag above the school-
house door.

And blue—sweet hope's ethereal hue—the color of true loyalty—
Red, white and blue, united in one grand, harmonious trinity!
'Tis yours to love! 'tis yours to serve! 'tis yours to cherish
evermore!

God keep it ever floating there—the flag above the schoolhouse
door!

—Harriet Crocker LeRoy.

OUR FLAG.



America, more than any nation, owes its patriotism to its flag. Among other peoples the national standard is the symbol of loyalty to a crown; with ourselves the stars and stripes are eloquent of consecration to a land. "Fidelity to the Union," says Edward Everett Hale, "blazes from its stars; allegiance to the government beneath which we live is wrapped in its folds." No wonder Benjamin Harrison expressed the wish for "an American flag in every American home."

That hope is not far from realization. The children who, in our schools to-day, are being taught to revere the flag which is the symbol of their liberty, will be rulers of homes themselves by and by, and they may be relied upon to adorn those homes of the future with that banner of the dawn which they learned to love in childhood.—Sel.

FOR THE TINY FOLK.



(For the Very Smallest.)

MY FLAG.

Though tiny as a boy can be,
I'm big enough to say
I love to claim this flag you see,
And live in U. S. A.

HOW.

(Recitation for a Small Boy.)

We love to serve the flag—would you?
Well, I will tell you how!
Be always brave and pure and true
And start about it now!

A LITTLE GIRL'S BOAST.

We little girls are proud because we know
The first, bright, starry banner of our land
Was thought out by a woman—years ago—
And put together by a woman's hand.

HIS CHOICE.

France may cheer for her "tricolor" bright,
England her glittering bars,
Germany bow to the red, black and white,
But I'll take the stripes and the stars.

MY FLAG.

My banner was made from a cloud of white,
A cluster of sunset bars,
The blue from a sky that was clear and bright,
And a few of the evening stars.

LIKE WASHINGTON.

We all may act as heroes do;
For every little one,
By loving all things pure and true,
Can be like Washington.

Red, White and Blue.

(For Three of the Youngest Girls.)

Red (coming out in front)—I am little Red.

Blue (coming out to stand beside the first girl)—And I am little Blue.

White (coming and standing in front of others)—Where these first bright colors are you often find me, too.

(White steps into place between Red and Blue.)

(All join hands, step forward a little and recite, in concert, the following lines):

For red and white and blue—all three—
Make up the flag for you and me.

DEAR LAND OF ALL MY LOVE.



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 grow.

—Sidney Lanier.

THE FLAG DRILL.



H. W., Minn. Primary Education.

Pupils form in single rank, boys and girls alternating. They carry a flag in each hand, holding end of the flag-stick in the palm of the hand, arms at sides and flags perpendicular. A tiny child takes her stand facing this rank. She carries one large flag.

I "SALUTE."

The pupils hold both flags in left hand, then give flag salute. The child in front responds with a dip of her flag, then steps aside and takes no part in the remainder of the exercise.

II "MARCH."

a Children take flags in first position, one in each hand. They sing air of "Red, White and Blue" to the syllable "La," marching about room in large circle, up and down aisles, or back and forth across front, as desired. To the last part of the air they sing the words:

Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

While singing the last part they wave the flags. Repeat as desired, one or more times, and halt at close, in circle.

b Boys about face and march in opposite direction to that in which girls are moving, marching just outside their circle. Repeat air and words as in *a*, halting at the close in circle.

c Each circle about face, thus marching in opposite direction to that taken in *b*. The two lines weave in and out as they march. Repeat air and words as in *a*, halting in circle at close.

d Boys kneel in place, girls about face. Girls circle about, weaving in and out past the boys, walking behind the first boy, before second boy, behind third boy, and so on. Repeat air and words as in *a*, and halt in circle, boys rising at close when girls halt.

e Clasp hands by couples and circle about in place in the circle, loosening hands and waving flags as they sing the words, as in *a*.

f Clasp hands by fours and repeat *e*.

g Change music, singing following words:

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

The girls will sing and the boys will shout,
And the ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all be glad and sing
When Johnny comes marching home.

Girls walk to single line along front, where they halt, still singing and waving flags. The boys march about room, up and down aisles, carrying their flags as guns. Repeat air as many times as desired, boys falling into rank just behind the girls when they halt.

h Girls step to center of the circle, all face left, raise flags in left hand to form a pyramid of flags in the center, and extend flags in right hands at right angles with bodies. Boys fall into semi-circle behind the group of girls and wave flags. Keep the positions in this tableau while singing first stanza of "America."

i Sing "Red, White and Blue" as in *a*. Boys walk about in a large circle, followed by the line of girls. The head boy gradually leads the line toward the center of the circle by following a spiral line (as a snail shell) in that direction. Reaching the center he faces about and unwinds the line by retracing his steps to line of large circle. March in large circle once, then repeat snail march to center. March to and from center thus three times, then march off.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?



Often, my father says to me,
On days we celebrate,
"Some day, my little lad, perhaps
You will be grand and great.
Your name will everywhere be known,
Your birthday they'll observe,
If only you are good and true,
With pluck and lots of nerve."

It's too late now to do a thing
To help it, I suppose,
If I'd been George or Abraham
Or Theodore—who knows?
My father doesn't seem to see,
So hopeful are his tones—
But how can any boy be great
Whose name is Johnny Jones?

—Alice E. Allen, Primary Education.

BETSY ROSS.



(Dramatized.)

When the play begins, we discover Betsy Ross sitting in the front of the room. Beside her is a little table on which is placed a large work basket, containing scraps of red, white, and blue cloth, some white stars, scissors,

thimble, and needle, and thread. Carefully concealed beneath the basket is the large school-room flag.

A knock is heard. In a dignified manner as becomes a colonial dame, Betsy rises and opens the door. Enter George Washington and Robert Morris, removing their three-cornered hats, bowing low the while.

George Washington

Good morning to you Betsy Ross.
Now can you make a flag today
Of thirteen stars and thirteen stripes?
We'd like to have it right away.

Robert Morris

The thirteen stars must be of white
Which you must on a blue field sew:
Of red and white then make your stripes
Till you have made thirteen, you know.

Betsy Ross

My good friends, very proud am I
To make our country's flag for you,
And may it ever wave on high,
The beautiful red, white, and blue.

Again bowing low and donning their hats, the gentlemen depart. Then Dame Betsy threads her needle, puts on her thimble very deliberately, adjusts her spectacles, and pretends to sew the red and white stripes together. Then she makes a great show of sewing the little stars on the blue cloth, and now, turning her back to hide the delusion, she pulls out the real flag from beneath the basket, and holds it up as if she had just finished it. This is a signal for the school to rise, each one holding a little flag to wave as they sing:

"There are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag however grand,
Like our own red, white and blue.

BALLAD OF BETSY ROSS.



Just out of the history, primly she comes,
With slender pink fingers and deft little thumbs,
She brings a bright needle—a skein of soft floss,
A thimble, and scissors, this quaint Betty Ross.

She skilfully sews some long strips, red and white—
And cuts with quick fingers five-pointed stars bright,
Then puts all together, and with a proud toss,
She holds up a banner—this quaint Betty Ross.

Beloved Old Glory! So fearless and true,
In bright, starry splendor of red, white, and blue,
Forever your stars, with their beautiful gloss
Shall bring us sweet thoughts of our quaint Betty Ross!
—Sel.

A NEW "AMERICA."



Andrew Carnegie has found a hymn of international peace that he prefers to "America." The meter is the same, but although he prefers the new words, he does not urge them as a substitute.

It was written by Professor George Huntington, formerly of Oak Park, Ill., and later librarian in Carlton college, Northfield, Minn., who retired some years ago on a pension from the Carnegie foundation. Following are the lines:

"Two empires by the sea,
Two nations great and free,
One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith we claim,
One God whose glorious name
We love and praise.

"Though the sea and wide,
'Twixt realm and realm, its tide
Binds strand to strand.
So be the gulf between.

Gray coasts and islands green,
With bonds of peace serene
And friendship spanned.

“What deeds our fathers wrought,
What battles we have fought,
Let fame record.
Now, vengeful passions cease,
Come victories of peace;
Nor hate, nor pride’s caprice,
Unsheathed the sword.

“Now may the God above,
Guard the dear land we love,
Both east and west.
Let love more fervent glow
As peaceful ages go,
And strength yet stronger grow,
Blessing and blest.”

STORIES OF OUR PATRIOTIC SONGS.



YANKEE DOODLE.

The origin of “Yankee Doodle” is not quite clear, but it is supposed to have been composed by Dr. Shachbury, in 1753, when the colonial troops united with the regulars in the attack upon the French posts, and it was in derision of their old-fashioned equipments, but two years later it inspired the heroes of Bunker Hill, and thirty years later, Lord Cornwallis and his army marched into the American lines to its music.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

“Hail Columbia” was written by Joseph Hopkinson in the summer of 1798, when the peace relations of the United States with France seemed rudely shaken and war seemed inevitable. The song was composed to help a young actor, who was to have a benefit at one of the theatres. He was recognized as something of a singer,

but even at that early date the theatre-going Americans demanded new amusements, and in order to secure a good attendance at his benefit, the young man felt that he must have a new song, and a patriotic one, to be sung to the tune of "The President's March." The poets of the troupe had tried to supply the needed song, but without success, and the youth at last, in despair, went to Mr. Hopkinson and explained his dilemma; "Hail Columbia" was the result.

The morning papers of April 25 announced that the evening's entertainment would include a tragedy, after which would follow an entirely new song, written by a citizen of Philadelphia, to the tune of "The President's March," accompanied by a full band.

The evening came, the song was sung, and was an immense success. It was encored and repeated eight times, until at last the audience caught it up and joined in the chorus. The words at once became familiar in the city and then throughout the country.

The music of "The President's March" was composed in honor of George Washington by an old German, who was immoderately fond of snuff.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

The "Star-Spangled Banner," the most stirring of our patriotic songs, was inspired by the bombardment of Fort Henry. The scene described and the warm spirit of patriotism the song breathes are not a mere fancy or poetic inspiration, for in this grand song Francis Scott Key describes what he saw, and he tells us of his feelings while witnessing the conflict, and of his joy when the victory was that of his countrymen. It came straight from his heart, and it never fails to thrill the hearts of those who listen to it.

During the bombardment of the fort, Key was kept a prisoner upon his vessel, with a guard to see that he did not attempt to land, but his vessel was anchored in a spot from which he could see the flag on the old fort.

All day he paced the deck watching that flag, and when darkness fell he tried to make his keen ears tell the turn affairs were taking, but without success. When the first light of the morning dawned he was still pacing the deck in painful suspense, straining his eyes in the direction of the fort. As the light grew stronger and spread he saw, with unspeakable joy, "that our flag was still there."

Mr. Key says of the song that he commenced it under the excitement of the moment on the deck of his vessel. He wrote some lines or brief notes upon an envelope he happened to have with him to call it to mind, and finished it when in the boat on his way to the shore, writing it out complete as soon as he reached his hotel.

Eight days after the battle it was printed under the title of "The Defence of Fort Henry." The air adapted to its needs is that of the old English song, "The Anacreon in Heaven."

The flag of Fort Henry, "whose broad stripes and bright stars" inspired Key's song, still exists in a fair state of preservation.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

The army and navy song of our nation was composed entire by Thomas À Becket, while he was engaged as an actor at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. This song was also written to fit the needs of a benefit night, and later was claimed and published by David T. Shaw, for whom it was composed. Thomas À Becket producing the original copy in pencil, his claim was admitted and the copyright turned over to him. It was then published under its proper title, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." With a few variations, it is popular in England as "Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean, the Home of the Red, White and Blue." By some it is supposed to be of English origin; perhaps it is, the author being an Englishman.

Red, white and blue are the ranking colors of the British national ensign, but with us the blue of the union, the firmament of our constellation of stars, is the first to claim its place, and the song should read with us, "When borne by the blue, red and white."

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's beautiful contribution to our national songs, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," was written in Washington, and under the following circumstances: Mrs. Howe rode with a party of friends some distance from Washington to witness a military review. The party was surprised by a confederate raid, and for a time confusion and the wildest excitement reigned. It was feared that the little party would be cut off from retreat, and when at length the carriage containing Mrs. Howe and her friends turned homewards it was driven slowly with an armed escort on either side, while the ladies sang "John Brown" in brave defiance of their recent danger and alarm.

The stirring melody of "John Brown" is, with a few notes added and quicker time, that of the old hymn, "Say, brothers, will you meet us," and the words were written not to immortalize the old anti-slavery martyr, but as a joke upon a young singer who bore that same name. This melody is a favorite with English tars as

"His body's under hatches,
But his soul has gone aloft."

Mrs. Howe had long thought that the grand inspiring melody deserved nobler words, and had wished that she might be the one to write them. The night after this experience she was haunted by this thought, and as morning dawned she wakened and, to use her own words, "the verses began spinning themselves in my mind."

Fearing should she go to sleep again she would lose them, she at once got up and in the uncertain light of

early morning scribbled them off, and thus was born to us the one great poem of the civil war.

AMERICA.

Best of all our national airs is "America." Its simple melody, as well as its grand words, make a powerful appeal to our loyalty. It suits all phases of our national life, joy, grief, peace, or war, and it carries an expression of religious trust grateful to the heart of man. There must be something more than ordinarily inspiring in an air that has caught and held the heart of three great nations—England, Germany, and our own country.

As early as 1779 this melody was adapted to our needs by a Dutch woman, who fitted to it ten verses dedicated to the thirteen states, for the sailors of the five American vessels then at Amsterdam.

In 1831 the Rev. Samuel F. Smith had a number of old German music books given him, and one leisure day, in looking them over, came across "God Save the King," or "Bundes-Lied," as it is called in Germany.

Inspired by patriotism and the chant-like melody, he took up his pen and wrote "America." It was, Mr. Smith says, "struck out at a sitting" without a thought that it would ever attain to such popularity.

It was first sung at a children's celebration in Boston, July 4th, 1833. The writer regretted not having taken more pains with the words, but the American people find no lack in their immortal hymn.

One great modern Republic, the home of a new cosmopolitan race! May those who seek the blessing of its free institutions and the protection of its flag remember the obligations they impose.—U. S. Grant.



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