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Good Things for Washington and Lincoln Birthdays

ORIGINAL RECITATIONS, MONOLOGUES, EXERCISES,
DIALOGUES, PANTOMIME SONGS,
MOTION SONGS, DRILLS, AND PLAYS

SUITABLE FOR ALL AGES

BY
MARIE IRISH

AUTHOR OF

"The Boys' Entertainer," "Catchy Comic Dialogues," "Children's Comic Dialogues," "The Days We Celebrate," "Good Things for Christmas," "Good Things for Thanksgiving," "Little People's Plays," "The Surprise Drill Book," "Tableaux and Scenic Readings," etc.



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INTRODUCTORY

NOT only the head but likewise the heart of Young America must receive its training, and in every child of our nation should there be developed a love for our country and its heroes. The study of great men develops greatness; the study of patriots develops patriotism; the study of good men develops character, and since in Washington and Lincoln are combined goodness, greatness and patriotism they should play an important part in child culture.

Count that February a lost opportunity which does not find you interesting the boys and girls anew in the study of our two greatest men. With the hope that these selections may assist you in impressing Washington and Lincoln upon the coming citizens of our nation, this little book is respectfully submitted.

AUTHOR.

NOTE.—The songs in this book are to be sung to old airs that are presumably familiar to everyone. If any of them should prove unfamiliar, however, the music of all except "*Bringing in the Sheaves*" (to be found in any standard hymnal) will be found in Denison's "Songs Worth While," one of the best-arranged and most carefully edited collections of old favorites ever published. This book is beautifully printed on non-glossy paper, measuring 10¼ by 7 inches, and is well bound in a stout paper cover done in colors. It may be obtained from the publisher for the price of \$1.00, postpaid.

CONTENTS

IN MEMORY OF WASHINGTON

RECITATIONS, MONOLOGUES, READINGS, MEMORY GEMS, EXERCISES, SONGS, DRILLS AND DIALOGUES.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----|
| A Boy's Complaint | 16 |
| A Brave Boy | 7 |
| Brave Soldiers | 28 |
| Can't Be President | 8 |
| The Cherry Tree | 31 |
| Colonial Dames | 48 |
| February | 32 |
| Flag Drill | 57 |
| The Foolish Boys | 14 |
| For Love of Country | 70 |
| The Ghosts of By-Gone Years..... | 65 |
| A Girl's Idea | 15 |
| Grandmother's Ideas | 18 |
| The Hatchet Hero | 36 |
| In Honor of Washington | 45 |
| Little Soldiers | 62 |
| A Model Class | 29 |
| Not a Stranger to Hardships | 23 |
| On Washington's Birthday | 34 |
| Our Noble Washington | 53 |
| Patriotic Mother Goose | 39 |
| Pennant Drill | 54 |
| So Shall I | 10 |
| Ten Little Letters | 46 |
| Too Bad He Didn't Know | 13 |
| To Washington | 7 |
| Tributes to Washington | 25 |

| | |
|---|----|
| Washington and Our Country | 21 |
| Washington's Private Life | 22 |
| Washington's First Thanksgiving Proclamation..... | 22 |
| Washington's Success | 17 |
| Washington the Farmer | 19 |
| What Do They Say? | 12 |
| When I'm a Man | 9 |
| When I'm a Woman | 9 |
| Who Is It? | 10 |
| Words of Washington | 25 |
| The World Moves | 33 |
| A Young George Washington | 11 |

IN MEMORY OF LINCOLN

RECITATIONS, MONOLOGUES, READINGS, SONGS, EXERCISES AND
DIALOGUES.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Better Off Than Lincoln | 82 |
| Columbia's Hero | 105 |
| Descriptions of Lincoln | 91 |
| Gems from Lincoln's Speeches | 93 |
| Just a Little Girl | 80 |
| The Liberator | 103 |
| Lincoln | 101 |
| The Lincoln Monument | 95 |
| The Lincoln Society | 108 |
| Lincoln's Gettysburg Address | 90 |
| Lincoln's Humor | 88 |
| Lincoln's Kind Heart | 84 |
| Lincoln's Kindness to the Soldiers..... | 92 |
| Lincoln's Picture | 82 |
| Lincoln's Promise | 94 |
| Lincoln's Rules for Living | 95 |
| Lincoln's Short Sermon | 91 |
| Lincoln, the Greatest | 87 |
| Our Heroes | 89 |

| | |
|------------------------------|-----|
| Raise the Flags | 80 |
| So Can You | 88 |
| A Studious Lad | 83 |
| To Lincoln | 86 |
| Tribute to Lincoln | 99 |
| A Warning to the Girls | 85 |
| Washington and Lincoln | 96 |
| What We Learn | 100 |
| When Lincoln Was a Boy..... | 81 |
| Why I Like Lincoln | 98 |

Good Things for Washington and Lincoln Birthdays

IN MEMORY OF WASHINGTON

PART I.

Recitations, Monologues, Readings and Memory Gems

TO WASHINGTON.

For a Boy with a Flag.

The flag of Washington
Is the flag for me,
And to its stars and stripes
I'll ever loyal be.

(Raises flag.)

Today the flag we raise
In honor of the name
Of our dear Washington,
And his undying fame.

A BRAVE BOY.

Our teacher says that she hopes
We children every one
Will try to grow brave and kind
Like good George Washington.

I've allus been scared of Indians,
 And tramps fill me with fear;
 To be alone in the dark
 Makes me feel dreadful queer.

But I'm going to *stop* that now,
 As sure as I'm pa's son;
 I'll say, "Huh! I'm not afraid,—
 I'm brave like Washington."

CAN'T BE PRESIDENT.

For a Boy.

Pa, he says, "Boy, why don't you try
 To study hard as you can,
 And daily model yourself
 On the George Washington plan,
 And grow up wise so you can be
 The President when you're a man?"

But shucks! No need for me to try
 Any such scheme as that,
 For at school in all my classes,
 Girls can easy beat me flat;
 So since women have decided
 They will help the men to vote,
 I s'pose they soon will want to hold
 All the offices of note.

If I should run for President
 Some woman would run, too, and win—
 Just my luck! She'd be elected,
 And I'd get left as sure as sin.

WHEN I'M A WOMAN.

For a Little Girl.

I can't be great like Washington,
And fight upon the field of strife,
I cannot be a President,
Or even shine in public life;
But I can tend my house and home,
Like Mistress Martha, his good wife.

WHEN I'M A MAN.

For a Small Boy.

I don't want to be a soldier,
And march with sword and gun,
For when I went into battle
I'm sure I'd get scared and run—
I can't be brave like Washington
When I'm a man.

I don't want to be President
And this great land oversee;
That duty would be too heavy
For a common chap like me—
I can't be wise like Washington
When I'm a man.

But I at least can be noble,
I can be kind and just;
I can be steadfast and loyal
To my country and her trust—
I can be true like Washington
When I'm a man.

SO SHALL I.

For Small Boy with a Flag.

Washington loved this flag,
And so do I;
I'm happy when I see (*Waves flag.*)
Its colors fly.

Washington stood by this flag,
(Flag at right side.)
And so shall I;
I will guard it that disaster
Shall not come nigh.

Washington honored this flag,
And so shall I;
(Raises flag high and holds it to front.)
I'll strive to make it the greatest
Beneath the sky.

 WHO IS IT?

The speaker carries a picture of Washington pasted upon a card, holding it so the audience cannot see it.

I have a picture of some one
But whom I shall not tell,
Although I'm sure you boys and girls
All know the likeness well.

I'll describe the picture to you,
He's quite handsome I confess,
And we will see if some of you
The person's name can guess.

(Gazes at picture while speaking)
 He looks very kind and noble,
 His forehead's broad and high,
 His face is honest and I'm sure
 He never told a lie.

He looks like a brave general
 Who many battles won—
(Looks at audience in surprise.)
 Oh, dear, I see you all have guessed
 That it is Washington!

A YOUNG GEORGE WASHINGTON.

*To Be Given by a Boy Dressed as Negro with Face
 Blackened.*

I wish there hadn't been no one
 Pow'ful, famous, named Washington.
 'Cause I tol you it ain't no fun
 To be like me,

Called George Washington, after him,
 An' haf ter act so nice an' trim,
 Else get licked wid a cypress limb,
 Like jimine-e-e!

All de time somebody done say,
 "Here, you George, don't act dat way.
 Be like Washington, eb'ry day,
 Good, kind an' true;

He was a fine behavin' lad,
 Nevah did nothin' dat was bad,
 To make his marmy cross an' sad,
 Like you-all do."

I nevah dast to tole no lie,
 'Cause dar's some one sure to cry,
 "George nebber tol one, fie, oh, fie,
 Like you jes' done!"

I tole you it's a powerful shame
 Too allus be so good an 'tame,
 So I won't dishonah the name
 Of Washington;

I wish I nebber had been born,
 It makes me powerful forlorn
 To hear folks allus toot de horn
 Of Washington;

Don't want to act like him or fate
 Might make me President of state,
 And I don't want to grow up great—
 Dat ain't no fun!

WHAT DO THEY SAY?

Today the children are meeting,
 From the east unto the west,
 To pay their loyal tribute
 Unto him they love the best
 Of all the worthy Presidents
 Whom they emulate with zest.

And what do the children say,
 As they speak and sing today?
 "We'll honor Washington's name,
 And sing his undying fame;
 We'll keep his memory bright,
 Illumined with unfading light."

Today the bright flags are waving
 O'er school house, home and store,
 In memory of him who led
 Our forces in days of yore,
 Winning our independence,
 And freedom for evermore.

And what do the bright flags say
 As they wave on high today?
 "Oh, children, strive to be true,
 Brave and kind in all you do;
 Be noble, for thus you may
 Honor Washington today."

TOO BAD HE DIDN'T KNOW.

When Washington was living,
 In the days of long ago,
 All this wisdom about microbes
 And bad germs he did not know.

When he chopped down the little tree,
 That would have borne a cherry,
 He knew not the importance
 Of being sanitary.

He drank of water thirstily,
 (Alas that he should do it!)
 Before it had been boiled to kill
 The microbes dancing through it.

No drinking cup he carried,
 And no modern paper towel;
 He'd never heard of liquid soap
 To destroy these germs so foul.

He did not know the danger
That is lurking in a kiss,
Even when the lips belong
To a very charming miss.

To think he served the nation
As its President two terms,
And lost no sleep a-worrying
About these deadly germs.

He knew not wily microbes—
Such wee tiny things as these—
Could bring him direful illness,
And afflict him with disease.

If sanitary he had been,
And avoided germs, I bet
That the Father of his Country
Might have been a-living yet!

THE FOOLISH BOYS.

“I’d like to be President after awhile,”
Said Archibald Evans, “and live in fine style.
I am sure George Washington would see
I could run the country as well as he;”
Then secretly he spent his school time
On thrilling tales which cost him a dime,
While his school books all neglected lay,
And not a lesson he mastered that day,
Forgetting the words from Wisdom’s pen,
“ ’Tis the studious boys who make great men.”

“I’d like to be President some these days,
And do great things to win men’s praise,”
Said Thomas Jones, “for I don’t see why
I’ll not be smart enough by and by;”

Then he played hookey the very next day
 From school a game of baseball to play,
 And later reported, an ancient trick,
 He'd been absent because he was sick,
 Forgetting the words from Wisdom's pen,
 "'Tis the honest boys who make great men."

"I'd like to be President by and by,"
 Said William White with an envious sigh.
 "I could equal Washington, I know,
 If only people gave me a show."
 Then he calmly rolled a cigarette,
 And swore when his mother asked him to get
 A hod of coal for the kitchen fire,
 And sauntered away with haughty ire,
 Forgetting the words from Wisdom's pen,
 "'Tis the noble boys who make great men."

A GIRL'S IDEA

For a Small Girl.

For many years the boys have said
 With grave determination,
 That if they copied Washington
 With worthy emulation,
 They might some day be President
 Of this progressive nation.

But since the women of the land
 Have made such a commotion,
 And given people everywhere
 The suffragetic notion,
 The day will come when they can vote
 From east to western ocean.

So if I follow all the rules
That Washington has lent us,
By and by, when national suffrage
For womankind is sent us,
I think perhaps I may become
Your worthy President-ess.



A BOY'S COMPLAINT.

They say the world's progressive,
And that times have changed a lot
With discoveries of science,
Great inventions and what not?
But though things keep a-moving,
And amazing deeds are done,
We boys have the same troubles
Which worried Washington.

We must get up in the morning,
When we'd rather lie abed,
We must study when we'd rather
Take a fishing trip instead;
Just when we long intensely
To play tennis or baseball,
We must tackle some dull problems
Which don't int'rest us at all.

I can't see that conditions
Are improving very much
When we boys must spend our time
On hist'ry, algebra and such;
Books and work are just as tiresome—
Though their virtues oft are sung—
As in those days departed
When Washington was young!

WASHINGTON'S SUCCESS.

Washington when but a youth
From duties did not shirk,
But at whatever task he met
He diligently went to work.

He did not wait with yearning
For a soft and easy snap,
Nor sigh with vain impatience
For a place in Fortune's lap.

Washington when a young man
To hardships was no stranger ;
He braved the storms, the Indians' wiles,
And forests' lurking danger.

The honors which he won in life
Were not due to his luck ;
They were the well-earned heritage
Of integrity and pluck.

He met his duties as they came
With purpose true and steady ;
So when a higher office called
He was capable and ready.

Yes, it is the faithful worker
Upon whom the world relies ;
Act well your part, for thus you may
To higher stations rise.

GRANDMOTHER'S IDEAS.

To be Given by a Girl with Hair Done up in Old-Fashioned Knot and Well Powdered, Wearing Plain Dark Gown, Floor Length, Black Lace Cap, White Neckerchief and Spectacles.

GRANDMOTHER. Boys and girls, you do not know how glad I am to hear you speak these pieces today in honor of George Washington. Why, when I was a girl at school over fifty years ago, we learned about the Father of his Country and the splendid things he did. I thought then that he must have been a wonderful man, and after all these years I still think so. Time passes quickly by and the years bring great changes, but the world still remembers the work of Washington and delights to honor his name, as we did fifty years ago. And this is right, boys and girls, because no nation will prosper which neglects to pay tribute to its dead heroes and preserve the fame of its noted patriots.

You should not only honor Washington upon the day we observe in memory of his birth, but you should resolve to profit by his example of fidelity, virtue, industry and patriotism. The study of his noble life should inspire you, as it did Abraham Lincoln, to make a mark in your country's history. Many a boy who read of Washington in those days of fifty years ago was encouraged to put forth his best efforts, and not a few of those boys became noted leaders in public and political life.

Yes, Washington was a great man, but he was not afraid to work; he was accustomed to hardships and met many difficulties. You boys and girls must remember that and not be discouraged when you find life somewhat hard. The world needs leaders and great men today, as it has in all of the centuries of the past, but the road to fame is not an easy one and only those who have grit will succeed. Suppose Wash-

ington had given up and returned to the comforts of home instead of enduring the discouragements of Valley Forge? How different would have been the story of his remaining years. Honor Washington and strive to be like him. Perhaps some one of you here today may also become famous in public life. Pay your loving tributes to his memory and resolve to become worthy children of the immortal Father of his Country.

WASHINGTON, THE FARMER.

*To be Given with Energy and Determination by a Boy
From the Farm.*

I intend to be like Washington. I don't want to be President, and I couldn't if I did, for I'm not built that way; nor do I want to be a general—I can't even bear to fight mosquitos. I don't like to study very well—just hate grammar—and I'm not going to fill my head full of stuff in books. But I'm going to be a farmer—like Washington was. I tell you I like the cattle and poultry, the horses, sheep, the machinery and everything else that belongs to the farm. To plow and sow, to watch things grow, will just suit me.

Washington was a great man. He liked the pursuit of agriculture and was happiest when he was leading the quiet life of a farmer, overseeing his estates and improving them. Writers have been so busy telling of Washington's great deeds as a soldier, a statesman and a President that they have neglected to do him justice as an agriculturist; but no man in the eighteenth century did more to improve farming than he. He arranged with Gen. Lafayette to send him some improved seeds from France; he corresponded with agricultural experts in England; he imported stock from Spain and Holland and bought the latest machinery in England. At that time Scotland was mak-

ing important progress in agriculture and Washington sent his agent to that country to secure overseers for plantations.

Yes, sir, he was no slouch of a farmer. He was always on the watch for new ideas and new seeds or cuttings, many of which he had sent him from Europe. He was an active member of the first American agricultural society, which was established in 1785. During his public life he kept in close touch with his overseers and directed all their labors. He advised crop rotation and the use of fertilizers; he advocated establishing agricultural schools.

Yes, Washington was first and last a farmer. If you doubt my statement listen to his own words: (*Reads from a paper on which the words are written.*) "I think that the life of a husbandman of all others is the most delectable. It is honorable, it is amusing, and, with judicious management, it is profitable. To see plants rise from the earth and flourish by the supreme skill and bounty of the laborer fills a contemplative mind with ideas which are more easy to be conceived than expressed.

The more I am acquainted with agricultural affairs the better I am pleased with them, insomuch that I can nowhere find so great satisfaction as in these innocent and useful pursuits. In indulging these feelings, I am led to reflect how much more delightful to the undebauched mind is the task of making improvements on the earth than all the vainglory that can be acquired from ravaging it by the most uninterrupted career of conquest.

I know of no pursuit in which more real and important service can be rendered to any country than by improving its agriculture, its breed of useful animals and other branches of a husbandman's care."

Now isn't that fine? Washington was a great man all right and I'm going to try to follow in his footsteps—as a farmer. The other fellows can hold the

offices, but for me, the tranquil, independent, useful life of the farm. Although I'm only nature's toiling son, I can be like Washington.

WASHINGTON AND OUR COUNTRY.

We love our country's winding streams,
Its mountains with their rugged seams,
Its fertile plains and valleys fair
With beauty glowing everywhere.
Its rich domains, spacious and wide,
Fill us with patriotic pride.
How much we owe to Washington,
Who long ago our freedom won!

We love our lakes and waterfalls,
Our parks whose sylvan charm enthralls,
We love our thriving hamlets small,
Our cities with our buildings tall.
Our nation bears an honored name,
Great is our power, world-wide our fame.
How much wisdom Washington spent
In founding our strong government!

We love our churches and our schools,
Our halls and courts where justice rules;
The mine, the factory and mill,
With wealth our country's coffers fill.
We've steam and trolley cars galore,
Our ships sail every foreign shore—
Oh, Washington, we love thy name,
To thee we owe our power and fame!

We see advancement everywhere,
There's push and progress in the air;
In science, culture and in art,
Or politics we play our part.

Yet reverently upon this day
 Our nation turns aside to pay
 The honor, love and homage due,
 Immortal Washington, to you!

WASHINGTON'S FIRST THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

During the Revolutionary War, after the alliance with France had been formed, Washington issued a call for a demonstration of thanksgiving by the army. His proclamation began as follows: "It having pleased the Almighty Ruler of the Universe to defend the cause of the United American States, and finally to raise up a powerful friend among the princes of the earth, to establish our liberty and independency upon a lasting foundation, it becomes us to set apart a day for gratefully acknowledging the divine goodness and celebrating the important event which we owe to His divine interposition." Then followed the instructions to brigades and their commanders as to the ceremonies of the day.

WASHINGTON'S PRIVATE LIFE.

Although Washington took a great interest in public affairs and was very faithful in his service as a soldier and President, yet he delighted in the tranquility of private life. After his retirement from the army he wrote: "I am become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac, and under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig tree, free from the bustle of camp and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame; the states-

man whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries; and the courtier who is always watching the countenance of his prince in hopes of catching a gracious smile, can have very little conception. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers."

NOT A STRANGER TO HARDSHIPS.

Washington's writings show us that he was often subject to hardships and that he endured them with fortitude. While a surveyor he writes that during a period of several months "I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed, but, after walking a good deal all day, I have lain down before the fire upon a little hay, straw or fodder, or a bearskin, whichever was to be had, with man, wife and children, like dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire. I have never had my clothes off, but have lain and slept in them, except the few nights I have been in Fredericktown."

Speaking of the hardships of the service in 1754, Washington writes: "I was out last winter from the first of November till some time in January; and notwithstanding I had a good tent, and was as properly prepared, and as well guarded in every respect as I could be against the weather, yet the cold was so intense that it was scarcely supportable. I believe out of the five or six men who went with me, three of them, though they were as well clad as they could be, were rendered useless by the frost, and were obliged to be left on the road."

Again writing of a skirmish during the French and Indian war, he wrote: "The General was wounded, of which he died three days later. I luckily escaped

without a wound, though I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me. Two of the aides-de-camp were wounded early in the engagement, which rendered the duty harder upon me, as I was the only person then left to distribute the General's orders, which I was scarcely able to do, as I was not half recovered from a violent illness that had confined me to my bed and a wagon for above ten days."

During the Revolutionary War, in the Boston campaign, Washington wrote: "For more than two months past I have scarcely emerged from one difficulty before I have been plunged into another. How it will end, God in His great goodness will direct."

Of the winter in Valley Forge he writes: "For some days past there has been little less than a famine in camp. A part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest three or four days. Naked and starving as they are, we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience of the soldiery, that they have not been ere this excited by their suffering to a general mutiny and dispersion. Strong symptoms, however, of discontent have appeared in particular instances, and nothing but the most active efforts everywhere can long avert so shocking a disaster."

Writing of his uncomfortable headquarters he says: "I have been in my present headquarters since the first day of December and have not a kitchen to cook a dinner in though the logs have been put together some considerable time by my own guard. Nor is there a place this moment where a servant can lodge with the smallest degree of comfort. It has never been my practice to involve the public with any expense which I could possibly avoid. To share the common lot and participate the inconveniences which the army, from the peculiarity of our circumstances, are obliged to undergo, has with me been a fundamental principle."

WORDS OF WASHINGTON.

Selected.

It is better to be alone than in bad company.

Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

Think before you speak.

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

Let your conversation be without malice or envy.

In your apparel be modest.

Wherein you reprove another be unblamable yourself.

Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

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

Do not conceive that fine clothes make fine men, any more than fine feathers make fine birds.

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; true friendship is a plant of slow growth.

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an honest man.

We must make the best of mankind as they are since we cannot have them as we wish.

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

When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

 TRIBUTES TO WASHINGTON.

To act justly was his instinct, to promote the public weal his constant effort, to deserve the affections of good men his ambition.—*Washington Irving.*

Washington is to my mind the purest figure in history.—*Gladstone.*

His memory will be cherished by the wise and good of every nation, and truth will transmit his character to posterity in all its genuine luster.—*John Jay*.

In youth true, in manhood brave, in age wise, in memory immortal.—*Bishop Simpson*.

He survives in our hearts, in the growing knowledge of our children, in the affections of the good throughout the world; and when our monuments shall be done away, when nations now existing shall be no more, still will our Washington's glory unfaded shine, and die not until the love of virtue cease on earth, or earth itself sink into chaos.—*General Henry Lee*.

He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love, and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and of might.—*Rufus Choate*.

Three times Washington's character saved the country: Once by keeping up the courage of the nation till the Revolutionary War was ended; then by uniting the nation in the acceptance of the Federal Constitution; thirdly by saving it from being swept away into anarchy and civil war during the intense excitement of the French Revolution. Such was the gift of Washington, a gift of God to the nation.—*Clarke*.

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;
Broad-minded, high-souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours, and all men's—Washington.

—*James Russell Lowell*.

The widespread republic is the true monument to Washington. Maintain its independence! Uphold its

constitution. Preserve its union. Defend its liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality and freedom to all within its boundaries, and shedding light and hope and joy unto the pathway of human liberty throughout the world—and Washington needs no other monument.—*Robert Winthrop.*

The serenity of his countenance and majestic gracefulness of his deportment, impart a strong impression of that dignity and grandeur which are peculiar characteristics; and no one can stand in his presence without feeling the ascendancy of his mind, and associating with his countenance the idea of wisdom, philanthropy, magnanimity and patriotism.—*James Thatcher, Surgeon in the Revolution.*

PART II.

Exercises, Songs, Drills, Dialogues

BRAVE SOLDIERS.

For Three Little Boys.

Each boy carries an air gun or small rifle. They form in line, single file, the leader says, "Forward march," and they march onto stage, down the side and across front, when the leader calls out, "Halt!" and they halt, facing the front as they stop. Gun is carried upright at right side.

FIRST BOY—

Three brave young soldiers are we,
Gallant and courageous;
Wish we'd meet some enemies,
In battle to engage us.

SECOND BOY—

Wish we could meet some redcoats,
Like Washington used to fight;
Wouldn't take us long to put them
In a sorry plight.

THIRD BOY—

Ho, if we'd been with Washington,
In seventeen seventy-six,
(*All bring guns up and take aim.*)
We would have shown those British
A few astonishing tricks.

FIRST BOY (*sadly as guns are replaced at side*)—

But things are so peaceful now
We can't get into a row.

SECOND BOY—

We might just as well be girls—
Can only shoot gophers or squirrels.

THIRD BOY—

Never mind, we'll practice until
Our aim is true and steady,
So if another war comes on
We will be armed and ready.

ALL (*stepping forward and taking aim*)—

And we will show the nation,
That we can use a gun,
If we can't be generals
Like our brave Washington.

Leader commands, "Forward, march!" They face side and march off with guns at side as on entering.

A MODEL CLASS.

Six Children, Primary Grades.

The tallest girl dresses as teacher, long skirt, hair done up high on head, spectacles and carries a ruler in hand.

Enter the TEACHER.

TEACHER (*tapping a call bell*). Attention, class. Rise, pass.

Enter the five pupils, who stand in line.

TEACHER. Children, what does each one of you have once a year?

MARY (*raising hand*). I have croup 'bout once a year.

TOM (*waving hand violently above head*). I have a licking 'bout once a year.

TEACHER. No, no; I don't mean anything like that. Some kind of a day.

JESSIE (*raising hand*). Oh, I know. Christmas and a lot of presents.

TEACHER. You are not good guessers at all. I mean a birthday.

JOE. Teacher, I had a birthday last month and I got an air gun for a present.

FRED. Humph, I'm going to have a pony for my birthday if I'm good.

TEACHER. What great man has a birthday this month?

MARY. Oh, I know. George Washington.

TEACHER. Yes, that is right. Who can tell something about Washington? (*All pupils raise hands and wave them.*) Tom, you may tell what you know.

TOM. He was the first President and never told a lie.

JESSIE. He had a hatchet and he chopped and chopped everything till bimeby he chopped down his pa's pet cherry tree.

JOE. He was a great soldier and he made the—the bad men with red coats go way and let us alone.

FRED. He is our Father. (*Other pupils laugh.*)

TOM. He ain't my father.

TEACHER. Children, be good. He is called the Father of his Country because he did so much for it. He was the leader in making our country free and in making it a great nation. Why do we remember his birthday?

JOE. Because we get a holiday then.

MARY. No, ma'am, because he was so good and did such lots of nice things.

FRED. And because he was the first President.

TOM. And because he wouldn't tell a lie.

TEACHER. Why should we learn about Washington?

JESSIE (*raising hand*). So we can be good like him and love our country.

JOE. And so we can maybe get to be President and something great.

TEACHER. Well, children, I think you know quite a lot about Washington. I hope you will all try to be good and honest and kind like he was. Now you may pass to your seats. (*All pass off.*)

THE CHERRY TREE.

Song for Little Folks.

Tune: "Yankee Doodle."

Long years ago when Washington
Was just a little laddie,
He chopped down a fine cherry tree,
Belonging to his daddy.

CHORUS.

Oh, I cannot tell a lie,
Georgie was a bad chap!
When his hatchet went chop, chop,
He should have had a slap, slap.

(*Slap one hand sharply with the other on words "Slap, slap."*)

That cherry tree, had it but lived,
And not died by a chop, chop,
Of cherries would have borne a ton,
A bountiful and fine crop.

CHORUS *as before.*

And all these cherries would have made
A thousand cherry pies, oh!
A pile of lovely, luscious pies,
Halfway up to the skies, oh!

Now all ye children bear in mind
 That cherry pies are splendid;
 So don't chop down a cherry tree
 Until its life is ended.

FEBRUARY.

For a Boy and a Girl.

BOY (*pointing at girl*)—

Oh, February, you are gloomy,
 You're bleak and sad, so poets say;
 Your storms are cold, your winds are mournful,
 Your clouds are dark, your skies are gray.

The other months are all more lengthy,
 But you're so short you're soon gone hence;
 Since you are so short and gloomy
 You can't be of much consequence.

GIRL (*with spirit*)—

Oh, fie on you to speak that way!
 I am a short month, but oh, my!
 There's not one of the longer months, sir,
 That brings so much of note as I.
 First, I would like you to remember,
 There's the famous "Ground-hog Day,"
 By which you easily discover
 If spring is near or far away.

Then there's the day that lads and maidens
 All love, because a valentine
 Is a treasure which brings much pleasure,
 With its tender, "Won't you be mine?"

But best of all two days I bring you,
 Dear to each American heart,
 Of two in our country's history
 Played the most important part.

Since I bring the days of Washington
And Lincoln, you have not much sense
When you scoff at me and say, sir,
I am of little consequence.

THE WORLD MOVES.

An Exercise for Eight Children.

FIRST CHILD—

I wonder what Washington would say
If he could visit our land today;
Though he used to live in style and state
He would now find he was out of date.
They certainly did things slowly then—
He used to write with a goose quill pen,
While now they write the letters off quick
Upon a typewriter, click, click, click.

SECOND CHILD—

George Washington in the days of yore
Used to plod along with coach and four;
Now wouldn't he gasp at the railroad power
That carried him sixty miles an hour?

THIRD CHILD—

Oh, wouldn't he give a startled groan
To hear folks talk o'er the telephone?
To have them say, while on the fly,
"Hello, that you? All right. Good by."

FOURTH CHILD—

I wonder if it would make him laugh
To be introduced to a phonograph,
And hear Dundee, and Golden Locks,
And Hail Columbia sung by a box.

FIFTH CHILD—

In Washington's day with weary toil
 Portraits were done with pencil or oil,
 But now he'd find wherever he leaned
 He'd be "snapped" by a camera fiend.

SIXTH CHILD—

Yes, times have changed since he went away;
 He would find if he were sick today
 Before his symptoms he could enlight us,
 They'd operate for appendicitis.

SEVENTH CHILD—

I think 'twould make good Washington blink
 To travel faster than he could think;
 With a "Honk, honk, honk," how would he feel
 To dash along in an automobile?

EIGHTH CHILD—

And when he tired of his auto ride
 He could try a different kind of a glide,
 And for a diversion take a fly
 Up in an airship in the blue sky.
 Though Washington lived in style and state,
 He would find himself now out of date,
 For the world has surely been moving on
 In the years our Washington has been gone.

 ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.
FIRST BOY— *For Four Boys.*

I like Thanksgiving Day just fine,
 Because I'm fond of lots to eat,
 And when I view the pies and cakes
 I'm thankful clear down to my feet;
 And so I'm glad to say
 I like Thanksgiving Day.

SECOND BOY—

I like the day of Valentines,
For precious as a string of pearls
Are the valentines so lovely
I get from the kind-hearted girls,
 With verses sweet and gay,
 So I like Valentine's Day.

THIRD BOY—

July the Fourth's the day for me,
Because I like to celebrate
The independence which has made
Our native land so strong and great;
 And so I say hoo-ray
 For Independence Day.

FOURTH BOY—

I think the Merry Christmas Day
Is the best of all for girls and boys,
The time of cheer and glad good will,
With gifts of goodies and gay toys;
 So I am here to say
 I like the Christmas Day.

ALL. But on George Washington's birthday we all feel like standing up straight and behaving ourselves. As we think of the strong body, the great mind, the noble character and the gentle spirit of Washington it makes us ashamed of meanness. We feel that we want to be kind and good and true, that when we are men we may be worthy citizens of this nation which Washington endowed with his greatness.

So we lovingly tribute pay
On this patriotic day,
And we promise every one
To grow like our George Washington.

THE HATCHET HERO.

For Five Boys and Five Girls.

Each child carries a hatchet with good-sized blade, cut from stiff white paper, each blade having a letter printed upon the back of it, the letters to spell Washington. The letters are not revealed until the last.

Boys enter in file at right side, carrying hatchet in right hand, blade against left shoulder; girls enter at left side, hatchet in left hand with blade against right shoulder. Files meet at center of back, where first boy bows low and first girl drops a curtsey as they meet, then pass together down center of stage to front; each succeeding boy and girl do the same, coming down in couples. At center of front boys turn to right, girls to left and files pass across to corner of front, up sides and form in two lines across back of stage; then girls remain at the back and boys march five abreast down toward front and halt. The girls speak the following lines in concert, the boys making the movements with their hatchets:

Once long ago a little boy,
(Boys make a low bow.)

Had a fine new shining toy,
(Hold hatchet forward.)

And looked about with anxious view
(Head inclined forward, looking from side to side.)

For something that would do to hew.
(Feel edge of blade.)

He sallied forth and saw with glee
(Move forward two steps.)

A thrifty little cherry tree,
(Smile broadly and point with hatchet.)

Which straightway he began to chop,
(Motion of chopping with hatchet, continuing through next two lines.)

To chop and chop, and would not stop;
 Nor paused to take a breathing spell
 Until the little tree he fell.

(Right foot advanced, left hand on hip, hatchet in right hand at side, looking at fallen tree.)

Oh, such a naughty, naughty boy!

(Step back quickly, hand with hatchet behind back, head hung in shame.)

That fine tree was his father's joy.

(Left arm up over face.)

The boys now hold hatchets as on entering, march five abreast to the front of stage, turn to right, pass up right side and as the first boy reaches center of back, the girl at end of line nearest left side of stage comes forward and meets him, he bowing low, she dropping a curtsey. They pass together down center, raising their hatchets and crossing them. The girl next to end of line at left meets the second boy and they bow and follow, each two doing the same. At the center of front the lines cross, boys going to left, girls to right, pass to corners of front, up sides, and on reaching the back the boys halt across the back while the girls march five abreast down half-way to front, where they halt. The boys then speak together the following lines, the girls posing with hatchets:

When the brave youth became a man

(Right foot forward, hatchet raised in right hand.)

To hack the British he began,

(Three strikes as if hitting some one.)

And chopped away with fearless hand,

(Step forward with left foot and give three strikes in opposite direction.)

To gain the freedom of our land.

When this was done with great content

(Wave hatchet above head, smiling, continuing through the next line.)

The people made him President;
Then still he hewed with wise intent,

(Center girl bends forward, holding hatchet raised and to the front; the two at the right step slightly to right and hold raised hatchet to the right, other two girls move slightly to left and hold raised hatchets to the left. Continue during next line.)

To form a stable government;
And high upon the mount of fame

(All, keeping position of last line, move hatchet with little chops as if carving a name, eyes looking upward at hatchet. Continue during next line.)

He carved indelibly his name,

(During this line boys march forward to just back of girls.)

Name of America's best-beloved son,

(Girls move apart and boys step into line with them, boy first, then girl, alternating along the line.)

Brave, noble, peerless Washington;

(All raise hatchets and hold them up and to the front, turned so the letters will show. Hold to the close.)

ALL (*speak*)—

From eastern coast to setting sun,
We love the name of Washington.

(Care must be taken in the practicing to have places rightly planned to bring the letters in order to spell Washington.)

The center couple now pass to the front, couple to right falling in back of them, then couple to the left, until all are in double file. Couples turn to right, pass half-way up right side, march across stage to center of left side, down to left corner of back, across back of stage and off.

PATRIOTIC MOTHER GOOSE.

Six Boys and Six Girls.

CHARACTERS.

MOTHER GOOSE, BOY BLUE, SIMPLE SIMON, BO-PEEP, MISS MUFFET, TOMMY TUCKER, MOTHER HUBBARD, JACK and JILL, MISTRESS MARY, JACK HORNER, KING COLE.

COSTUMES.

MOTHER GOOSE, *high pointed hat, tied under chin with wide red-white-and-blue strings, tight waist with ruffles of red-white-and-blue, red skirt with overskirt of blue and white, slippers with bows of red-white-and-blue.*

SIMPLE SIMON, *sash of red-white-and-blue bunting tied at side, ends hanging, cap of red with blue and white band.*

BOY BLUE, *blue cap, large blue tie, horn tied with ribbons of red, white and blue.*

BO-PEEP, *white dress with sash of red-white-and-blue bunting, crook tied with ribbons of same color.*

MISS MUFFET, *ordinary dress, carries a flag.*

JILL, *sunbonnet and apron. JACK, ordinary suit.*

MISTRESS MARY, *hair done up on head, dress of floor length, trimmed with red-white-and-blue.*

JACK HORNER, *ordinary suit, carries a flag.*

MOTHER HUBBARD, *long skirt, shawl, old-fashioned bonnet, trimmed with red-white-and-blue.*

TOMMY TUCKER, *ordinary suit.*

KING COLE, *stiff paper crown covered with gilt, long cape trimmed with bright color.*

At center of back of stage have a good-sized chair draped with red-white-and-blue bunting and flags, for MOTHER GOOSE.

To the strains of a patriotic march the company enters in single file, led by MOTHER GOOSE, KING COLE next, the others alternating, a girl and then a boy.

Pass to center of back, come up stage to center of front, where each one makes a bow to audience. As MOTHER GOOSE halts to bow, MISS MUFFET and JACK HORNER come forward quickly and stand one on either side of her with their flags raised and held with tips of staffs meeting above her head. They continue to stand there and each person in turn halts beneath the flags to bow. MOTHER GOOSE goes to right, KING COLE to left, girls all follow MOTHER GOOSE and the boys KING COLE, MISS MUFFET and JACK HORNER taking places at rear of lines. Form a line across back of stage, MOTHER GOOSE standing in front of the chair, the girls at her right, boys at left. Music ceases.

MOTHER GOOSE. I am very glad to be here today, because I believe in being patriotic and honoring our heroes. I am an old, old lady—you all know Mother Goose is real ancient—and in all my life I never knew of a braver or a better man than George Washington, the great General, the wise President, and the beloved Father of his Country. So I told my children—that is, part of them, that we would have a little entertainment and celebrate his birthday. I will introduce my flock to you. (*Each one as she calls the name steps forward out of line and speaks, then returns to place.*) King Cole.

KING COLE. Here's King Cole, the merry old soul.

MOTHER G. Mother Hubbard.

MOTHER HUBBARD.

My cupboard is bare, but I don't care,
Of bones my dog has none;
But I am here to say a word
In praise of Washington.

MOTHER G. Boy Blue.

BOY BLUE. I'll blow toot, toot on my horn for you,
(*Blows long blast.*)

And I'll toot the horn of Washington, too.

MOTHER G. Bo-Peep.

BO-PEEP. Though my sheep have gone astray,
Wagging their tails behind 'em,
I'm going to honor Washington
Before I go to find 'em.

MOTHER G. Jack Horner.

JACK H. (*waving flag*).

Jack Horner has left his corner
To hurrah for Washington.

MOTHER G. Miss Muffet.

MISS MUFFET. I would leave even curds and whey
to pay tribute to Washington.

MOTHER G. Simple Simon.

SIMPLE S. The pieman said, "Show me first your
penny," and I had to tell him I hadn't any; but I can
pay Washington a compliment if I haven't any money.

MOTHER G. Mistress Mary.

MISTRESS M. I'm the one who is contrary.

MOTHER G. Tommy Tucker.

TOMMY T. Oh, dear, I suppose you'll want Tommy
Tucker to sing for his supper!

MOTHER G. Jack and Jill.

JACK AND JILL. We are tired of going up the hill;
we want to speak about Washington for a change.

MOTHER G. Now that I have introduced my fam-
ily to you I think I'll sit down. It is hard for me to
stand, being such an old lady. (*Sits.*)

JACK HORNER. How old are you, Mother Goose.

MISTRESS MARY. Shame on you, Jack Horner.
Don't you know it is not polite to ask ladies their age?

MOTHER GOOSE. Now that you have all been in-
troduced to folks, I hope you won't be bashful about
speaking your pieces. Remember I told you that you
must say something nice about Washington.

KING COLE (*coming down to center*). King Cole
has been a merry soul, often calling for his pipe and
bowl, while it has given me much glee to listen to my
fiddlers three. But (*sighs*) I wish I had been temper-

ate and industrious like Washington; then I might have accomplished something that folks would remember. I wish I had led armies to battle instead of listening to those fiddlers. I tell you, boys, you won't do much for your country if you spend your time with pipe and bowl. (*Sighs and shakes head sadly as he returns to place.*)

MISTRESS MARY (*coming down*). Usually I am just as contrary as I can be and want to say a thing is black when others call it white; but I am not a bit contrary when people say nice things about George Washington, because I think he was one of the greatest men the world has known. Just think of doing so much for your country that you are called its Father. I'd like to be patriotic instead of contrary.

SIMPLE SIMON. (*Each one comes down to center to speak.*) I like Washington because he was always truthful—wouldn't even lie about that fine cherry tree of his father's. I tell you boys and girls stand a lots better show of being famous if they stick to the truth. But say, speaking of that cherry tree makes me think I'd like a piece of cherry pie. I'm going to buy one of the pieman as soon as I get a penny.

JACK HORNER. I have spent most of my time sitting in the corner pulling plums out of Christmas pies; but when I think of how Washington worked for his country it makes me want to be like him. He was a hero, a patriot and a statesman. (*Waves flag.*) I'm going to see if I can't do something for my country and its flag, too.

BO-PEEP. Well, I don't see why I can't do something, too. I am sure I can amount to more than a mere shepherdess. I believe I'll let those sheep stay lost and I'll be a suffragette. I'd like to vote and help run the country and maybe hold an office. I shall try to be faithful like Washington.

BOY BLUE. I must confess this sort of talk makes me feel ashamed of myself. I wonder if Washington

would have slept by the hay stack while the cows got into the corn. I guess he never would have been President if he had, and the British would have caught him, too, if he was the sleepy kind. Say, I'm going to keep awake and perhaps the world will hear from me yet. (*Blows several toots on horn.*)

JACK AND JILL. We are glad Washington's birthday is a holiday because we won't have to carry water.

JACK. It does beat all how many good qualities Washington had. He was kind, courteous, brave, strong, patient, wise, prudent, noble and good. No wonder he got to be President! I believe I'll try to be some of those things because I've heard that it is the great boys who make great men.

JILL. Then I'll have to try to be them, too, for I do what Jack does—I always come tumbling after him. I'm sure it won't hurt girls to be like Washington, at least wise and good.

MOTHER HUBBARD. I'm a real hand to sit and read—that is why my cupboard is often bare—and I have read some splendid things Washington said. One was, "It is better to be alone than in bad company." Now isn't that true? How many boys might have made good men if it hadn't been for the bad company they kept. Washington would never have become so noted if he had not kept from evil companions. I hope the boys will remember that.

MISS MUFFET. If I had just had this flag with me when the spider sat down beside me I might have frightened him away with it; and that reminds me that the flag is a pretty good thing to drive enemies away with. If we stand by the flag and always try to honor it we will be patriots if we are not famous like our dear Washington. (*Waves flag.*) "By the flag of Washington we'll stand, for God and home and native land."

MOTHER G. Now, Tommy, it's time for you to sing.

TOMMY. Oh, I can't sing alone before this company. I'm too bashful. Honest, I am.

KING COLE. Like Washington he cannot tell a lie.

MOTHER G. Well, then, we'll all help you sing. But you must excuse my poor voice—you know I'm very old. (*All come forward and sing.*)

Tune: "Old Black Joe."

Join now our song, let us sing of Washington,
Sing of his deeds and the liberty he won;
Still lives his work though his days were long since
done,
All honor, praise and glory to our Washington.

CHORUS.

The story and glory
Rings from east to western sun;
A loving nation guards the fame
Of Washington.

Join now our song, he was loyal, brave and true,
Sing of the land he made free for me and you;
Justice shall reign, foes and traitors everyone
Shall tremble when they hear the name of Washington.

CHORUS.

At the close of the song JACK HORNER and MISS MUFFET come forward to center of front and stand as before with flags raised. MOTHER GOOSE leads the line and the others fall in back of her in same order as on entering. MOTHER GOOSE passes to right, KING COLE to left, girls follow MOTHER GOOSE, the boys KING COLE, pass up sides and across, meeting at center of back where they form couples. Come down center in couples and pass under the raised flags, each couple pausing beneath the flags to bow. (JACK HORNER and MISS MUFFET now follow the others after the line passes through in single file but remain standing at front with flags raised until couples have passed

under, then they take their place at the rear of the double file.) Couples pass to the right, up right side, across back of stage and pass off at left corner of back.

IN HONOR OF WASHINGTON.

For Two Girls and a Boy.

One girl carries a wreath of evergreens, the other carries a wreath of artificial flowers, while the boy carries a flag. On the wall is a picture of Washington.

FIRST GIRL—

Oh, sacred memory which holds in fond embrace,
 Our heroes, giving them, though years march on apace,
 An immortal resting place.
 In memory of Washington, the Father of his Country,
 The benefactor of mankind,
 I hang this wreath with the reverence his greatness
 Keeps ever fresh in mind.

(She hangs wreath of evergreen on a nail above the picture of Washington.)

SECOND GIRL—

Still in memory's golden chain
 Washington shall e'er remain,
 And we bring with fond partiality
 A crown of Immortality.

(She hangs the wreath of flowers on a nail placed so that the two wreaths hang overlapping each other.)

THE BOY—

I bring the grand old colors,
 The banner of the free,
 The starry flag of Washington,
 Beloved by you and me.

In mem'ry of the freedom,
 He won on land and sea,
 Let this banner drape the picture
 Which is loved by you and me.

(He hangs the flag just above the two wreaths. The nails for these must be placed before the program so the wreaths and flag can be hung without hesitation.)

TEN LITTLE LETTERS.

An exercise for ten children each with a letter to spell Washington. They come onto stage one at a time, forming a straight line, each one getting into place in the line before speaking his part.

FIRST CHILD—

(Holds letter with right hand against left shoulder.)

One little letter,
 An upright W;

Enter No. 2.

SECOND CHILD—

Another comes to join it,
 And then there are two.

BOTH CHILDREN—

Two little letters,
 As still as they can be;

Enter No. 3.

THIRD CHILD—

S comes to join the band,
 And then there are three.

THE THREE—

Three little letters
 Wait here for some more;

Enter No. 4.

FOURTH CHILD—

H hops unto the scene
And then there are four.

ALL (*holding letters to the front in row*)—

“Wash” say these letters four,
As if they were alive;

Enter No. 5.

FIFTH CHILD—

And **I** come to see the fun,
And then there are five.

ALL—

The wash and the I
Stand as still as sticks;

Enter No. 6.

SIXTH CHILD—

N comes to take a part,
And then there are six.

ALL—

These six good letters
(*Raise them up arm's length above head.*)
Move a bit toward heaven;

Enter No. 7.

SEVENTH CHILD—

A **G** gets going good,
Then there are seven.

ALL (*holding letters out to front*)—

Now with this washing
You'll be clean as fate;

Enter No. 8.

EIGHTH CHILD—

T tries tumbling to them,
And then there are eight.

ALL—

Eight little letters
Look so neat and fine;

Enter No. 9.

NINTH CHILD—

O. O. O. another comes,
And **O** makes number nine.

ALL—

Nine little letters
Watch for their brother **N**;

Enter No. 10.

TENTH CHILD—

Here he comes, the last one,
And now there are ten.

ALL (*holding letters forward*)—

Ten fine letters in a row,
Washington, Washington;
This great name all children know,
Washington, Washington.
We are little letters shy,
But this name is honored high,
And its fame shall never die,
Washington, Washington.

COLONIAL DAMES.

For Eight Girls.

Each girl wears a white gown with skirt of floor length, with a cap, overskirt and neckerchief of colored cheese cloth. Four girls should have red caps and kerchiefs, with blue overskirts (short ones which drape back over the hips) and four have blue caps and kerchiefs, with red overskirts.

To the music of a patriotic march four of the girls enter at each side of stage, single file, pass across and

meet in couples at the center of back. Each two as they meet halt, raise skirt at each side and curtsey, then march side by side down the center of stage to front. Here they halt, face each other and raising skirt, curtsey as before, then the girls on the right-hand side of couples turn to the right, others to the left, pass to corners of front, turn square corner, march up sides and across, meeting again at center of back where they pause and curtsey as before. Then lines cross, the girls from the right passing in turn in front of those from the left and march in diagonal line to corners of front, those from the right going to the left corner of front, others to right, turn square corners, pass up and halt in lines of four along each side, facing each other as they halt. When all are in position, facing, each drops a curtsey to the one across from her on opposite side of stage, then lines march forward, four abreast, until within four feet of each other, halt, and face front. The girl from the right side, at back of line, passes down between the files to the front and speaks, then turns and passes back of her line to her place again. As soon as she starts back the girl at the back of left line comes down between files, speaks and passes behind her row back to her place. Each girl then comes to front and speaks except the two at front of lines, who speak where they stand.

FIRST GIRL—

Stately Colonial dames are we,
Of seventeen hundred and eighty-three,
Right grateful our country has been made free.

SECOND GIRL—

Indeed we are thankful the war is done,
And for our colonies the victory won
By noble General Washington.

THIRD GIRL—

While we today his greatness proclaim,
 Let us hope in future years his name
 Will still be given a patriot's fame.

FOURTH GIRL—

But, dames, while Washington we may praise,
 Remember the wife courageous who stays
 And cares for the household through perilous days.

FIFTH GIRL—

Yes, many a story we might tell
 Of women who bore their burdens well
 While their soldiers faced the shot and shell.

SIXTH GIRL—

Let us honor the patriotic dame
 Who shares the General's home and name,
 And give Martha Washington her merited fame.

SEVENTH GIRL—

Dear Mistress Martha, year after year,
 For the sake of the country she holds dear,
 Loyally conquered her worry and fear.

EIGHTH GIRL—

Stately Colonial dames are we,
 Honoring Washington, who set us free,
 And his brave wife, with a three times three.

The two girls at the back of each line come down between files, next two follow, etc., all in single file. Those who were on the right go to the right, the others to the left, first on right passing in front of first on left, then second from right in front of second from left, etc., go to corners of front, up sides of stage, face center of stage and when all are in position the files march forward, four abreast, as they did in forming lines before speaking, until they

are within eight feet of each other. (Should stage be small the lines will not march forward any, simply stand facing.) They now sing the following verses:

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne."

To ev'ry patriotic dame,

(The girls at the back of each line come forward with short, mincing steps until within three feet of each other where they halt facing.)

Our homage we would pay;

(Raise skirt slightly with each hand at side and curtsy to each other.)

They, too, are heroes though they did

(Face front, join inside hands and raise them, raise skirt at side with outside hand and curtsy to audience. Movements slow so as to take time of next line also.)

Not face the battle fray.

REFRAIN.

Tho' they may sing and dance,

(They drop inside hands, join right hands and raise them, then march around in a circle, stepping lightly on toes, with short, mincing step, which takes through next line.)

They're also brave of heart,
And in our country's victory
They played a noble part.

(Drop hands, move slowly back to places in the lines, stepping backward and holding skirt out at side with right hand.)

2. Honor these dames who would have dared

(Next to the back girl in each line steps forward and the two go through the same movements for the lines of the stanza and the refrain as the last two.)

The refrain is the same each time. The next to the front girls give the same movements for the third stanza and refrain. The front girls give same movements for the fourth stanza and the refrain.)

Go forth to face the foe;
But fate decreed it was their work
To stay at home and sew.

3. Honor these dames who did protect
Their household from all harm,
Who thought it not undignified
To even run the farm.

4. Then here's to Mistress Washington,
And each Colonial dame,
Who stands for freedom and who bears
A patriotic name.

At the close of the song the two girls at back of lines step to the front and stand between the two who are next in line; the two who are next to the two at the front of lines step forward and stand between the first two. All face the front and this brings them in two lines of four each facing audience. They speak:

ALL—

Stately Colonial dames are we
Of seventeen hundred and eighty-three,
We wish to add a bit of fame
To Mistress Washington's honored name;
But before we say good-by and go,
Perhaps *our* names you'd like to know.

(Each girl drops low curtsey as she pronounces her name.)

(1) Rachel, (2) Martha, (3) Prudence, (4) Hannah, (5) Judith, (6) Elizabeth, (7) Susan, (8) Roxana.

(March music is resumed, pass to front four

abreast, where those on front row turn to right, march to corner, while those on back row pass to left, up sides, across back of stage, the files passing with those from the right, keeping in front, and exit at corners of back.)

OUR NOBLE WASHINGTON.

Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland."

There is a hero we love well,
 Washington, oh, Washington.
 His famous deeds we love to tell,
 Washington, oh, Washington.
 Of Valley Forge and suffering there,
 Of how he crossed the Delaware,
 And how Cornwallis he did snare,
 Washington, oh, Washington.

There is a bright, illustr'ous name,
 Washington, oh, Washington,
 Emblazoned in our country's fame,
 Washington, oh, Washington.
 He fought against oppression's wrong,
 And with his valiant, little throng,
 He conquered tyrants bold and strong,
 Washington, oh, Washington.

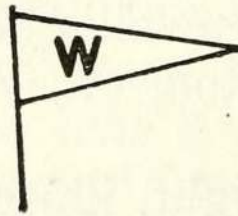
When independence he had won,
 Washington, oh, Washington,
 He thought his public work was done,
 Washington, oh, Washington.
 But from the weak new government,
 A call unto Mount Vernon went,
 And he was made first President,
 Washington, oh, Washington.

As wise as on the battlefield,
 Washington, oh, Washington,
 His power as ruler he did wield,
 Washington, oh, Washington.
 He guided well the ship of state,
 He made our nation strong and great,
 At death the whole world mourned his fate,
 Washington, oh, Washington.

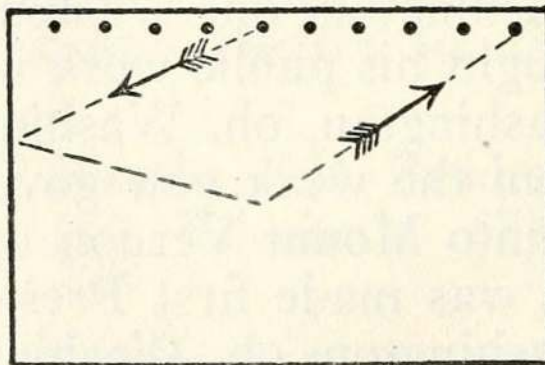
PENNANT DRILL.

For Five Boys and Five Girls.

Each one carries a pennant made of cambric, the boys having red ones with a blue back, the girls blue ones with a red back, all having the letters of white, the letters to spell Washington. Be sure the pennants are all made same side out, thus:



To the strain of a march the line enters in single file led by a boy, the boys and girls alternating. The pennants are held at the right side drooping over the shoulder, the plain (*unlettered*) side to the front. Pass to center of back, in diagonal line to right corner of front, across front to left corner, in diagonal line to center of back, from which point they march as shown in diagram below, and form a line of ten across the back of stage.

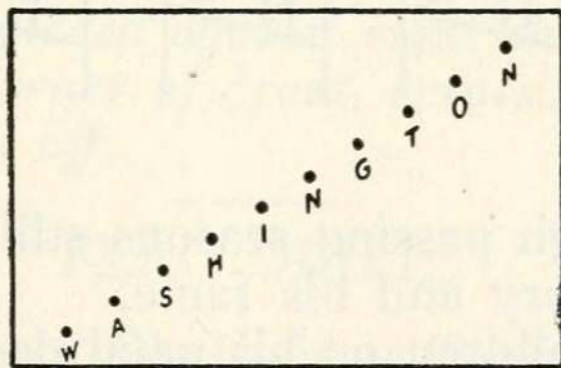


As they get into line at back of stage at close of diagram No. 1 each one swings pennant around and holds the point with the left hand so as to draw pennant taut across the breast, the letters to the front. (*Should the stage be narrow the pennants can overlap which will bring the letters closer together, No. 1 holding the point of his pennant back of the pennant of No. 2.*) They now march to the front of stage ten abreast and halt, hold pennants to the front and recite:

ALL—

Years may come and years may go,
 Many changes may appear,
 And the world may soon forget
 What most people have done here;
 But succeeding generations
 Shall still recall the deeds of one,
 The Father of his Country,
 The noble Washington.

They now swing pennants back over right shoulder as on entering, face right, pass up right side of stage, across the back, then from left corner of back in a diagonal line to right corner of front and halt in line



from front corner to the back (Diagram), each one holding the pennant out at left side, left hand holding the point, right hand holding stick at left shoulder.

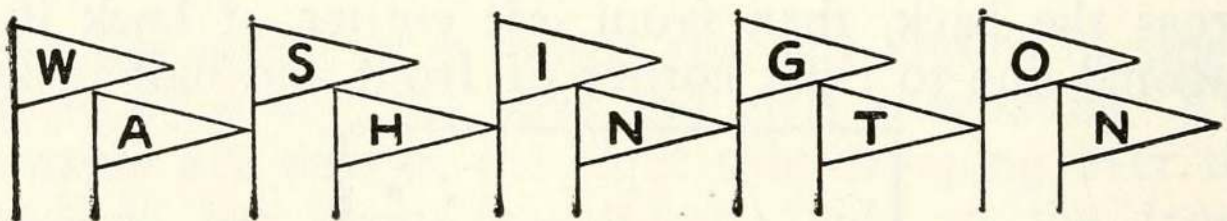
When all are in position the boys speak:

Boys—

Coping with the cunning Indian,
 Marching 'gainst the British host,

He was ever brave and valiant,—
 This patriot of whom we boast;
 He placed our infant nation,
 When independence had been won,
 Upon a firm foundation,
 Our wise statesman, Washington.

The file, with pennants against right shoulder, passes to right corner, up the right side, across to center of back, down the center to front where the boys turn to right, the girls to left, march to corners of front, up sides and form two lines across the back of stage, the five girls on the front row, boys on the back. (*First boy halts behind girl with "A," second boy passes back of him and halts back of girl with "H," third boy goes back of these two, etc.*) Advance five abreast down to near front of stage where they halt. Each brings pennant to the front, holding stick with right hand and the point of pennant with the left; girls hold them across breast just below face; boys held them with the letter just above right shoulder of the girl in front to give this effect:



GIRLS *speak*:

Through passing seasons still grow bright
 His glory and his fame,
 And children on his natal day
 Pay their tributes to his name;
 Though scores of years have vanished
 Since his life and work was done,
 With reverent devotion
 We still love our Washington.

Place pennants on right shoulder, march music is resumed and the boys face right while the girls face

left. The boys pass to the right of stage, turn and march across to left just in front of the line of girls, leaving a space between each boy as they turn the corner. As the first boy gets even with the first girl she steps into line back of him; next girl as the line passes drops in back of the second boy, and thus a single line is formed. They pass up left side, across the back of stage and turning at right corner form a diagonal line and halt across stage from the left corner front to right corner back. Each one holds the pennant with both hands across the chest slightly below the face. They sing:

Tune: "America."

Oh, Washington, of thee,
Who made our nation free,
We love to sing:

- (a) All honor to thy name,
Still brighter grow thy fame,
Thy glory to proclaim
Our voices ring.

(a) *As this line is started the pennants are raised and held above the heads, each child bending forward slightly.*

Pennants are placed against right shoulder, the file passes to right corner of front, across front of stage, up right side and off.

FLAG DRILL.

Six Boys and Six Girls or Twelve Girls.

Each child carries a flag.

Enter at right or left corner of back in couples, the right-hand members of couples having flags resting against right shoulders, the left-hand members having them against left shoulders, thus bringing flags to the outside. Couples pass to center of back, down the center of stage to front, first couple turns to right, second

to left, third to right, march to corners, up sides and meet at center of back, forming fours. As the fours are formed each couple brings flags to the front and crosses sticks. Pass four abreast to the front of stage and halt where they sing:

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

We'll sing a song of Washington, his banner we'll
fling out,

(Uncross flags, raise each one and hold to the front, all with right hand.)

We'll commemorate his birthday with a song and
happy shout,

Firm of hand, strong and courageous, loyal patriots
are we,

(Raise flag and wave above head.)

'Neath our flag of the free.

CHORUS.

Flag of Washington's devotion,

(Hold stick diagonally across chest, flag against left shoulder.)

Honored over land and ocean,

(Flag out in front from right side, stick vertical, height of head.)

If in peace or war's commotion,

(At close of line raise above head and wave during next line.)

It waves for you and me!

Flags are now held in right hand against right shoulder, couple at the right passes to left, other couple of each row passes to right, each couple coming to center of front before crossing, go to corners, down sides and form in two rows across back of stage, first two couples from the right and the first one from the left making the front row of six, while

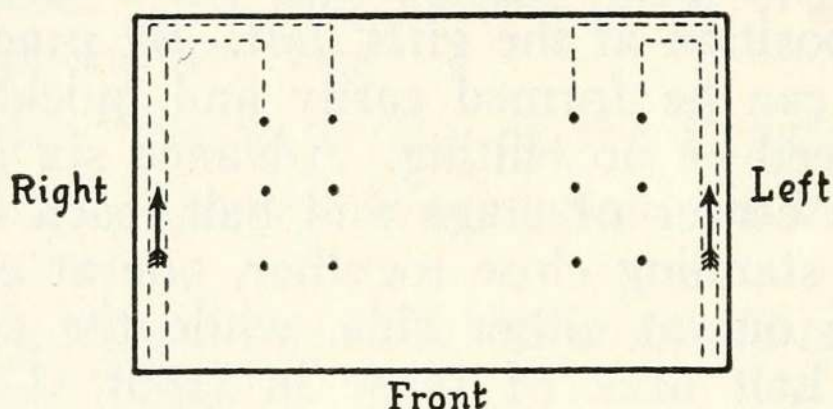
the last couple from right and other two from the left form the back row. If boys are taking part when the two lines are formed the boys on the front row will be at the girls' right, while those on back row will take position at the girls' left. By practice these two rows can be formed easily and quickly enough so there need be no halting. Advance six abreast to line across center of stage and halt, each couple on front row standing close together, one at center and one couple out at either side, while the couples on back row halt back of those in front. Couples on front line face the front, those on left-hand side hold sticks in left hand with the flag resting against right shoulder of partner, while right-hand members hold stick in right hand and flag against partner's left shoulder. The two of each couple on back row stand facing each other, moving three feet apart and hold flags with sticks crossed above the heads of the couple ahead, whom they should stand close behind. Holding this position they sing:

To our country we pledge service though our life
 is in its dawn,
 We shall fill the vacant stations of the patriots now
 gone;
 Where the starry banner leads us we will proudly
 follow on—

The flag of Washington.

All hold flag in right hand, those on back row face the front and sing the chorus with the same movements as before. At the close the flag is held against right shoulder, couples come down to front, the couple at center of front row leading followed by couple on right, then the one on left, then by center couple on back row, followed by its right and then left-hand couple. At the center of front the first couple turns to right, second to left, third to right, pass to corners, down sides to back where they come up toward front

and halt in four lines as shown in diagram below, the two lines on left of stage facing the right, while other two lines face the left as they halt.



Those on the two inside lines hold flags with stick diagonally across chest, the flag against shoulder nearest front of stage; those on outside lines hold flags above the head of the one in front. Hold this position a certain number of counts or until the close of a certain strain of the music, then those on the outside lines pass through at the right of the one ahead, meet at the center of wide aisle, the two who stood at ends nearest front forming a couple, next two on each line forming second couple and other two the third couple. Each couple on meeting will cross the sticks of their raised flags and march once around in a circle, taking short steps, then those from the left will come back to the member who stood on the line in front of her, these two will cross sticks of raised flags and march once around in a circle, while at the same time those from the right will go back to the ones who stood in front of them, each two will form a couple with raised flags crossed and the six couples will thus be marching around in a circle at the same time. As the circle is completed the one who was on the inside line of each column will step back and halt on the outside while those who stood on the outside will take places on the inside lines. Then holding flags as before described those on the outside lines pass through, form couples in center of aisle, and proceed as the first six did. When this is completed the two

outside lines will pass through at the right of the inside members and stand facing with flags raised and tips touching. The members who are now on the outside will face back of stage, then march single file, one from one line, then one from the other, alternating, down between the inside lines, under the up-raised flags. As the last one passes those at the back will fall into line, each in turn until all are in line. At center of front first one goes to right, second to left, and so on, pass to corners, down sides to back where they form two lines of six each. Advance to near front in lines six abreast, halt and sing:

George Washington was faithful to the work he had
to do,

(Those on front line hold flags pointing to the right while those on back line hold them to the left. Same position for the next line of song.)

He was prudent, diligent and kind, brave, just, and
upright, too;

And we children must be like him if we wish to grow
up true

(Raise flags and wave during next line.)

To the red, white and blue.

CHORUS *same as before.*

Girls now face left, the boys the right, files pass to corners of stage down sides, across and form in couples at the center of back. Marching in couples they form a circle at center of stage and after passing once around in circle, those on the inside face the other way and they march around in a circle again, one file going each direction, those on the inside having flags raised and pointing to the center of the circle; those on the outside file having flags raised and pointing out to sides of stage. After revolving twice they halt and the two at the front of the outside circle raise flags and hold them with tips of staffs together. The inside file

HARRY. Well, I know I'd like to be President, even if I couldn't be so great a one as Washington was.

NED. Let's try to become noted men when we're grown up.

JAMES. Say we do. I don't see why we can't do fine things and have our names put into books for the children to study about.

HARRY. How shall we begin? I'd be willing to try pretty hard if I could become famous.

Enter NORA.

NORA. If you please ma'am, the wood box is entirely empty and I've got to finish the ironing and make a cake for supper.

NED. Oh, I just hate to bring in wood!

NORA. But you can eat as much cake as anybody, Mister Ned.

JAMES. You always want something, Nora.

NORA. Yes, and the kindling is all gone, ma'am, so there will be none to build the fire in the morning if one of these boys doesn't chop some for me.

HARRY. Oh, I detest to chop up that old kindling!

NORA. And, ma'am, I haven't a single bit of baking powder left in the house. Can't one of the boys run to the store and get some so I can have it to put in the cake?

NED. I don't want to go to the store.

JAMES. Neither do I, so there.

HARRY. Well, I can't go. I hurt my foot at school today.

NORA (*crossly*). Oh, such boys as you are! I'd be ashamed to be so lazy, I would.

MRS. BENTON. All right, Nora. You go back to your work and the boys will come right away and help you. One will go for the baking powder and the other two will attend to the wood and kindling.

NORA (*smiling with satisfaction at the boys*). Oh, thank you, ma'am. (*Exit.*)

NED. I don't want to.

JAMES. Neither do I.

HARRY. I don't like Nora a bit.

MRS. BENTON. Boys, you were talking a few minutes ago about wanting to be like Washington and become great men. Do you think Washington had a pleasant time when he was tramping through storms and snow in the French and Indian wars?

NED. No, I think not.

MRS. BENTON. Do you think he had a very pleasant time during the war with England when his troops were cold, ragged, hungry and some of them half-sick? And he was often defeated in battle?

JAMES. I suppose not.

MRS. BENTON. Do you think he had a pleasant time when he was first President with the nation so weak and so little money to use, or was it a hard place?

HARRY. Pretty hard, I guess.

MRS. BENTON. Do you think Washington would have put up with all this if he had always had everything pleasant and easy when he was a boy and never done things he didn't want to do?

NED. No-o.

MRS. BENTON. No, I think not. Boys who always please themselves are not the ones to make men who do hard things, and no man ever became noted who did not do hard things. Now who is going after the baking powder?

JAMES. I'll go!

MRS. BENTON. And who will fill the wood box?

HARRY. I guess I can!

MRS. BENTON. Then that leaves the kindling for Ned. Now while you are doing these tasks remember Washington, who never shirked work as a boy or a man.

JAMES. Come on, boys. Here we start to become famous. (*Exeunt.*)

CURTAIN.

THE GHOSTS OF BY-GONE YEARS.

For Ten Children, Intermediate Grades.

CHARACTERS.

FATHER TIME.

A PUPIL.

Eight GHOSTS of by-gone years.

COSTUMES—FATHER TIME *should have long white hair and beard (these can be made of raveled rope or even white tissue paper cut very fine), face marked with black lines, and wear a black shawl draped about the shoulders. The GHOSTS each wear a white sheet over the head and draped up at sides, with a small white cloth mask over the face.*

Enter FATHER TIME.

FATHER TIME. Well, boys and girls, I heard you were to have some speaking here today, so I thought I'd drop in for a little visit. I am always glad when people pay honor to George Washington because he is one of the greatest men the world has ever known. I am so many thousands of years old, and there have been such a lot of great men during this time, that I forget a good many of them; but you may be sure I shall never forget Washington. He was a grand man and you children do well to honor his memory.

PUPIL (*who sits among audience*). Can't you tell us something about him, Father Time? We never tire of hearing about Washington and it will be interesting to listen to you because you knew him.

FATHER TIME (*rubbing hand over forehead*). Well—I—you see, I am so very old my memory is a little poor, and it is dreadful confusing when so much happens every year to take up my attention. But I'll tell you what I'll do. How would you like to have me call back the Ghosts of By-gone Years to tell you about Washington? These years are sure to remember all his history without a mistake.

PUPIL. Oh, please do, Father Time! That will be fine.

FATHER TIME (*going to side of stage and putting hand to mouth*). Oho, there! Ho! you By-gone Years! Say, come here a few minutes, will you, 1732, 1754, 1775, 1776, 1781, 1789, 1797 and 1799. Hurry up, because we can't keep this program waiting.

Enter the GHOSTS in single file.

FATHER TIME. These boys and girls want to hear something about George Washington. Just tell them a few things, will you?

1732. George Washington was born at Bridges Creek, Westmoreland County, Virginia, in the year 1732. I need not tell the day and month for all children know why February 22 is a holiday. Washington's ancestors were English and his great-grandfather, John Washington, settled in Virginia about 1657. George was a manly, honest boy, courteous, studious and of fine appearance. From a youth he had a strong military spirit and was fond of engaging his comrades in mimic parades and battles. He studied diligently and made good progress but school privileges were poor and George's education was elementary. He was fond of horses and became an excellent horseman. At the age of sixteen he took up surveying and spent three years in this work. He was a robust youth and became accustomed to toil and the hardships of outdoor life.

1754. At the outbreak of the French and Indian war, in 1754, Washington was sent by Governor Dinwiddie to warn the French away from their forts in western Pennsylvania, and his vigorous defense of Fort Necessity made him so prominent that at the age of twenty-three he was commissioned commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces. He defended a frontier of over 350 miles against the French and Indians and commanded the advance guard of the expedition

against Fort Du Quesne. Soon after the close of this war Washington married Mrs. Martha Custis, a beautiful and charming young widow. He was very prompt in keeping engagements, but it is said that on the day he met Mrs. Custis, Washington had ordered his horse to be ready immediately after dinner as he had a pressing engagement elsewhere. But, having met Mrs. Custis, he became so interested in her that he spent the afternoon visiting with her while his old servant waited hour after hour for him to appear.

1775. Washington took his bride to Mount Vernon, a beautiful estate overlooking the Potomac, and here they lived the life of the typical Virginia planter. In 1774 Washington was appointed delegate to the Continental Congress and thus began his national career. His military ability was soon recognized and after the battles of Lexington and Concord, at the beginning of the Revolutionary war, he was elected commander-in-chief of the armed forces of the United Colonies. Washington said he was not equal to such an important position but he undertook it because it seemed to be his duty.

1776. We must not forget the year 1776, which was made famous by the passing of the Declaration of Independence by the United Colonies, who had grown tired of the oppression of the Mother country, England. This declaration was an incentive to Washington, for he felt that now he must win for his country the freedom which they had resolved upon. There was great excitement when the Liberty bell rang forth its peals announcing the passing of the Declaration of Independence, but perhaps no one understood as did Washington the great struggle it would mean for the Colonies.

1781. The training Washington had received during his early manhood enabled him to endure the trials he met as commander-in-chief of the army, and while they were enough to have broken down most men

Washington remained calm, patient and hopeful. His army was untrained, many of the soldiers being farmers and shopmen, while there was not money to properly equip them; but Independence had to be won and it was won. By the campaign of Yorktown and the surrender of Cornwallis, October 17, 1781, Washington brought the hostilities of the Revolution to a close. Through his leadership America was delivered from oppression and gained a position among the nations of the earth.

1789. On the fourth of December, 1783, Washington delivered his farewell address to the army, soon after delivered his commission to Congress and returned to private life at Mount Vernon, to enjoy the tranquility of agricultural pursuits. When the Federal Convention met in Philadelphia, 1787, to frame the present Constitution, Washington, who was a delegate from Virginia, was chosen chairman. When the time came for election of a President, the unanimous choice of the nation was the commander who had led the Colonies to independence, and George Washington was chosen the first President of the United States in 1789.

1797. On the balcony of old Federal Hall, New York, Washington took the oath to support the Constitution of the United States. Many difficulties beset the government, but the President and his cabinet met them so wisely that the new nation made rapid progress. As President, Washington carefully weighed his decisions, but steadfastly carried out his policy, however great the opposition. He was elected President for a second term in 1793. The nation never wavered in its devotion to him, and he would have been elected to a third term if he had not positively refused to serve. In 1796 he published his farewell address, which will ever remain an important document because of its fervent patriotism, and the following year he resumed his plantation life.

1799. In the midst of active duties upon his es-

tates Washington was stricken with sudden illness, due to exposure in a storm. He grew steadily worse and December 14, 1799, the last month of the last year of the century, he who had been "brave, wise and good, supreme in war, in council and in peace," departed from earthly life. His death caused great national sorrow, and foreign nations vied in tributes to his memory.

"In the annals of modern greatness
He stands alone;
And the noblest names of antiquity
Lose their luster in his presence."

PUPIL. Thank you, Voices from the Past, for your tributes to our beloved Father of his Country. How fortunate you were to have known him.

FATHER TIME. Now, boys and girls, before you go let me say that I hope many of you will become famous when you are older, and I trust *all* of you will be kind, good, courteous and diligent as was Washington. Who knows but that some day I may see one of you, a boy or a girl—you know things are getting so progressive in this country that it will not be strange if a woman is some day President—and maybe one of you will be ruling the nation in future years. I think a lot of you look pretty bright. Well, Years, we must be going. (*He passes off followed by the years in order.*)

FOR LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Advanced Grades.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. WINSTON.

BESSIE and ROBERT, *her children.*

GOLING and DEXTREL, *British soldiers.*

ELLIOT, *an American soldier.*

COSTUMES.

MRS. WINSTON—*Hair rolled back from face and coiled at back of head, plain dark dress, white apron, neckerchief.*

BESSIE—*A girl of sixteen, light cotton dress, full skirt with overskirt, plain waist, hair combed back, hanging in braids tied with ribbon.*

ROBERT—*Good-sized boy of fourteen, plain suit.*

ELLIOT—*Plain dark suit, dark felt hat, a dark cloth cape.*

GOLING and DEXTREL—*Coats of red cambric, knee trousers, long stockings and three-cornered hats.*

STAGE ARRANGEMENT—*For room in Winston home, several plain chairs, a kitchen table, cupboard made of boxes with curtain in front containing some dishes and victuals, a musket hanging on the wall. A rag rug upon the floor.*

For room at camp remove furniture except the table, which is pushed to the back of room and is piled with articles of clothing, several candles in plain candlesticks, some dishes, etc. On the floor are several blankets, while several guns stand against the wall and a saber hangs on side wall.

SCENE I: *The Enemy in Pursuit.*

The Winston home. Discovered, MRS. WINSTON, BESSIE and ROBERT.

BESSIE (*dropping her sewing*). Oh, mother, I am so tired of sitting here sewing and thinking. How I

wish we knew what father and Thomas are doing to-day and if they are still well.

MRS. W. (*stops sewing and sighs*). Yes, daughter, it is hard to sit at home and endure the slowly passing hours when we are longing for news from our dear ones, but (*sighs*) such is the condition of war and we must be patient.

ROBERT (*walking floor*). I wish I could go with father. I am large for my age and strong—why can't I go as well as Thomas? I can handle a gun well and you know I am not afraid.

MRS. W. Why, my son, I could not give you up too. Isn't it hard enough for me to feel that I may lose your father or Thomas? Moreover, some one must stay with me to look after the land and stock.

BESSIE (*with spirit*). Well, if I were only a boy instead of a girl I should go—nothing would keep me from fighting the British soldiers. I love my country as well as Thomas does, if only I had some way to show it. I wish there was something I *could* do.

ROBERT (*crossly*). You could do my work here and let *me* go with father. I want to go and—

MRS. W. (*rising*). Robert, do not speak more of this. I cannot allow you to think of such a thing. You can prove your loyalty to your country by standing by our little home. Now, if you two do not mind being left alone, I think I shall walk over to neighbor Hennings and see if she is better. She is badly off with rheumatism and I may be able to cheer her a bit.

BESSIE. Of course you can go, mother. I'll be glad to look after the house. (MRS. W. *puts on bonnet and shawl*.)

ROBERT. I hope you do not think we are afraid. (*Points tragically*.) Don't I know how to use this gun?

MRS. W. I think you will have no reason to use it. I do not imagine the enemy is near us (*sighs*), though we do not know how soon they may come. But we must be brave, for our cause is just and we are sure

to win in time. Our good General Washington is hopeful and we must be. Good-by, my children.

BESSIE and ROBERT. Good-by, mother. (*Exit Mrs. W.*)

ROBERT. Mother may talk, but if the war continues for many months I am going to have a part in it. I want to do something.

BESSIE. I do not blame you, brother. Even though I am a girl I feel that I should gladly follow our dear Washington.

ROBERT (*proudly*). At any rate I am glad father is with Washington instead of another general. (*A knock comes at door.*)

BESSIE. Who can it be?

ROBERT. Wait. (*Hurriedly takes musket from wall. The knock is repeated.*) Who is there?

VOICE OUTSIDE. A friend. Let me in quickly, I pray. (*BESSIE opens the door, ROBERT standing with gun raised.*)

Enter ELLIOT.

ELLIOT (*closing the door*). I hope I find friends.

BESSIE (*proudly*). We are loyal followers of Washington and the cause of independence.

ELLIOT. Good! Who is about home?

ROBERT. None but my sister and myself. Can we help you?

ELLIOT (*speaking quickly*). I am in sore straits. I have a message for General Washington which I *must* get to him. I am pursued by two British soldiers whom I must elude. If only there was someone here who could take my horse and ride rapidly to the west while I hide here until the British soldiers have gone on in pursuit of my horse; then I could continue on my way eastward.

BESSIE. We have a good horse you can use, sir.

ROBERT (*quickly*). And I can ride your horse and lead them to the west. Shall I start at once?

ELLIOT (*doubtfully*). But you are too young to go on—

ROBERT (*stepping forward*). I am strong and I am not afraid. In the name of Washington and for love of my country I will do it, sir. Shall I start now?

ELLIOT. Have you a good hiding place for me?

ROBERT. We have, sir. A cellar beneath the shed which they will not discover. We made it in case my father—he is with General Washington, you know. (*To BESSIE.*) But I hate to leave you alone to face those British soldiers, sister.

BESSIE. I am not afraid. God will protect me. You must go and I shall manage (*proudly*) to the honor of my country, I am sure.

ELLIOT. You must make haste. (*To BESSIE.*) Can you lead your horse out into the thicket to the east where I may find him later? We don't want the British to take him.

BESSIE. I can, sir. I'll hide him in the oaks just over the little knoll.

ROBERT (*pulling cap on his head*). I am ready, sir. Let me show you where to hide.

BESSIE. Oh, brother, suppose the British capture you? What will mother—

ROBERT. Father's motto is, "For love of country," and it is mine, too. I shall be brave, whatever comes. (*Throws arm about BESSIE.*) And you be brave, also.

ELLIOT. Of course she will. But we must hasten. (*He hurries out followed by BESSIE and ROBERT.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II: *The arrival of the British soldiers.*

Scene laid as before. Discovered, BESSIE standing by table.

BESSIE. Oh I *must* not be afraid, but—I do wish mother were here. If only she would come before those British get here. (*Listens.*) I think they are

riding into the yard. (*Clasps hands and raises eyes.*) Oh, Father in heaven, protect a girl who wants to be brave for love of country. (*Loud knock on door.*) Who is without?

VOICE OUTSIDE. Loyal subjects of His Majesty. Open in the name of the king.

BESSIE (*opens door*). You may enter, sirs, but this is the home of humble patriots who are fighting for independence.

Enter GOLING and DEXTREL.

GOLING. Aha! A little rebel. You will be sorry, miss, when we have conquered your Washington, that you did not remain loyal to our king. God save him.

DEXTREL. Waste no time in parley. (*To BESSIE.*) Where are your people?

BESSIE. My father is with General Washington; my mother will be here presently.

DEXTREL (*looking about*). Are you alone?

BESSIE. I am, sir.

GOLING. Did a man stop here a short time since?

BESSIE. Yes, sir.

GOLING. A man with a dark cape and riding a gray horse?

BESSIE. Yes, sir.

DEXTREL. That is our man all right. (*To BESSIE.*) What said he?

BESSIE. He was in a hurry, for he said he was pursued by two British soldiers.

DEXTREL. Ha, he knows we are after him! (*To BESSIE.*) Which way did he go?

BESSIE. He is my friend. I do not wish to tell you.

GOLING. None of that, young lady. (*Shakes her by the arm.*) Tell us which way he went. Tell us the truth.

BESSIE. You will find the rider of that gray horse traveling to the west. I think you can trace him as the road is somewhat soft.

DEXTREL. You are sure he is not hiding here?

BESSIE. You may search the house, sirs.

DEXTREL (*to GOLING*). We better. We do not want to be fooled. (*They look about room, then pass off at side and are heard searching. They soon return.*)

GOLING. There is no one in the house. I noticed the road to the west. I will learn if a horse has gone that way. (*Exit.*)

DEXTREL. My pretty miss, just set us on a bit of lunch. We are feeling the need of food. Make haste. (*He sits at table. BESSIE hurriedly puts some dishes and plates of food on the table.*)

Enter GOLING.

GOLING. From the prints I am certain he has taken that road. We must make haste. (*Sits at table and begins to eat.*)

DEXTREL. I wonder if we can get fresh horses here?

BESSIE. My father and brother who are with Washington, sir, have our horses. The stable is empty.

DEXTREL. Our horses are too good to leave here, anyway. Come, let us be going. (*They rise from table, putting small cakes in their pockets.*)

GOLING (*advancing to BESSIE*). Let me hear you say "God save the King" before we go.

BESSIE (*retreating*). My father is with General Washington and I—

DEXTREL (*pulling GOLING by the arm*). Come, let us hasten or we shall miss our spy. Good-by, miss, and thank you for the food. (*Exeunt.*)

BESSIE (*standing as if watching them depart*). Yes, oh, yes, they are going to the west! I must tell our soldier they have gone. (*Exit.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE III: ROBERT'S *escape*.

Scene at camp. The room in darkness.

Enter GOLING and DEXTREL pulling ROBERT by the arms.

GOLING. You hold him, Dextrel, while I strike a light. (DEXTREL holds ROBERT and GOLING lights the candle.)

DEXTREL. Now we will tie him. Find the rope, will you? (GOLING gets a rope while DEXTREL holds ROBERT by the arm. They proceed to tie his hands together and then his feet. As they do so they ask him the questions.) We ask you again, young fellow, where was the man whose horse you were riding?

ROBERT. I refuse to answer.

GOLING. Perhaps a few sword pricks will help you to tell us.

ROBERT. You may kill me, if you are so wicked, but I shall tell no secrets of my fellow soldiers.

DEXTREL. Come, come, young man, do not act foolishly. Tell us what we wish to know and we will reward you handsomely. Do you not wish a gold piece?

ROBERT (*scornfully*). Never, if I must earn it playing traitor. Do you think I shall disgrace my father, who is with General Washington?

GOLING. Well, he is tied securely. Tomorrow we will take him to the captain, who will teach him a lesson. (*Raises sword.*) I am of a notion to give him a gash for the way he tricked us.

DEXTREL. No, let him be. He will get his punishment later. Now I shall ride across to the east and investigate. Do you stay here with the boy and cook us some food. (*Exit.*)

GOLING (*giving ROBERT a push*). Lie down out of my way, you young rebel whelp. (ROBERT falls to floor and lies there. Puts head on arm and pretends to go to sleep. Soon is breathing heavily. GOLING busies himself about the room.) I believe he is asleep already.

(*To ROBERT.*) Here, don't you want something to eat. (*Pause.*) Say, don't you want something to eat? Oh, he is asleep all right. I can go to the spring and get some fresh water. (*Takes pail and leaves room.*)

ROBERT (*sitting up*). Oh, I'm asleep, am I? Well, hardly. I don't sleep when the British are about. (*Crawls over to wall where sword hangs. Manages to get to his feet and drawing the rope on his hands up and down the sword blade manages to cut the rope. That is, he seems to do so; but when tying his wrists the rope should be loose enough to allow him to slip his hands out, so that after seeming to cut it with the sword he drops his hands and pretending to break the severed rope apart slips it from his hands. Then quickly taking down the sword he cuts the rope from his feet and hangs sword back on wall.*) Now for home! At least I shall start, but what new peril awaits me I know not. Good-by, British hounds. Yankees may yet prove too much for you. (*Quickly hastens from room.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE IV: ROBERT'S return. Two days later.

The Winston home. Discovered, MRS. WINSTON and BESSIE.

MRS. W. (*wiping eyes*). Ah, this agony of suspense! If only we knew whether Robert is safe. Oh, my boy, my boy, so young to be engulfed in the terrors of war! (*Bows head in hands.*)

BESSIE. Do not weep, mother. I pray that our dear Robert returns safely to us, but at a time like this we must be willing to sacrifice everything for the love of our country.

MRS. W. If I had but remained at home that day I could have prevented Robert from going.

BESSIE. Why, mother, if he had not gone I should have done so. I would gladly have done that much for my country.

MRS. W. (*sighing*). Ah, me, such patriotic children, the very spirit of your brave father. Of course I want you to be brave, but I find the heart aches hard to bear.

Enter ROBERT, unsteadily.

ROBERT (*sinking onto chair*). Some food, mother, quick!

BESSIE (*springing forward*). Oh, Robert, is it really you?

MRS. W. (*her arms about him*). Are you hurt, dear son?

ROBERT (*faintly*). No, only tired and—very hungry.

MRS. W. Bessie, some food for him while I mix a drink. (*She mixes some medicine with water while BESSIE runs to cupboard and sets plates of food upon the table.*)

BESSIE. Oh, brother, did they capture you?

MRS. W. Wait, Bessie. He cannot talk until he has eaten. The poor boy is worn out. (*Gives him the medicine. ROBERT pulls chair to table and begins to eat.*) Thank heaven he is safe at home again.

ROBERT. I've been over two days finding my way back. I had to travel carefully for fear of being seen.

BESSIE. And did they really capture you, Robert?

ROBERT. Yes, but I got away. (*Knock is heard.*)

MRS. W. (*going to side*). Will you enter, sir?

Enter ELLIOT.

BESSIE. Oh, it's our soldier who was here while you were gone, mother.

ELLIOT. As I was returning this way I stopped to inquire whether my young comrade reached home in safety. He served me a splendid turn for I was enabled to reach General Washington with my message, thanks to your son's help, madam. (*Bows to MRS. W.*)

ROBERT. I hope I can help you again, sir.

ELLIOT. I have something for you, madam, from our General Washington. (*Hands MRS. W. a note.*)

MRS. W. (*reads aloud*). Respected and honored

Madam: My compliments to the woman who sends me such a brave husband and son and has with her a son and daughter whose patriotism is unexcelled. With such hearts back of our cause we are determined to triumph in victory. Your obedient servant, G. Washington.

BESSIE. Isn't that splendid?

ROBERT. I wish I could tell the General how I got away from those soldiers. But (*to ELLIOT*) they have your horse, sir.

MRS. W. You have not told us about it yet, my son. Wait until we set some food for our friend, then we shall hear your story.

CURTAIN.

IN MEMORY OF LINCOLN

PART I.

Recitations, Readings and Monologues

JUST A LITTLE GIRL.

I'm just a little girl,
But I know who Lincoln was ;
I know a lot about him
And the things he did, because
Our teacher told us 'bout him,
How he set the slave folks free,
And he died 'cause he protected
This dear land for you and me.

RAISE THE FLAGS.

Let us raise our flags today,
In memory of Lincoln ;
Let us loving tributes pay,
In memory of Lincoln.

Let us now the story tell,
In memory of Lincoln,
Of how he lived and worked and fell—
Our dear, unselfish Lincoln.

WHEN LINCOLN WAS A BOY.

When Lincoln was a little boy
He had no fine home nice and warm
But just a cabin made of logs
That let in cold and wind and storm.

When Lincoln was a little boy
He had no schoolroom large and bright,
Where he could learn to sing and paint,
As well as cipher, read and write;

But from the Bible he must learn
His letters, making progress slow;
And after work was done at night
He'd study by the firelight's glow.

When Lincoln was a little boy
He had no games and toys like you,
But with an ax he had to learn
To split up wood and chop and hew.

Yet so eagerly he studied
That when the lad to manhood grew
People wondered at his knowledge,
And the many things he knew.

Then it was this humble Lincoln
Proved himself to be strong and great,
Shaping our nation's destiny
Until he met a martyr's fate.

LINCOLN'S PICTURE.

*For a Small Child who Holds a Picture of Lincoln,
Gazing at It while Speaking.*

This picture I am holding here
Is Lincoln, whom we all love dear.
Some folks call him a homely man,
But I just don't see how they can,
He looks so noble, good and wise,
With deep-seamed face and thoughtful eyes;
And where, pray tell me, could you find
A countenance that is more kind?
Although he may not handsome be,
I tell you now, his looks suit me!

BETTER OFF THAN LINCOLN.

*To Be Given by a Boy Wearing Ragged Cap and Old
Suit Which is Too Small for Him.*

My clothes are getting somewhat old,
They're not the best to keep out cold,
An' they are kinder out of style
Because I've worn 'em quite a while;
But if they're poor, what do I care?
They're better'n Lincoln used to wear.

I work more'n some boys think I should,
Carry water and chop up wood;
In summer I get up at morn
To hoe potatoes or the corn;

I mow the lawn an' milk the cow,
An' pretty soon I'm goin' to plow;
But work won't hurt a husky kid—
I don't do half what Lincoln did.

I'm not good lookin'—guess I know
For lots of folks have told me so;
Girls make fun of my face an' hair,
An' say I've got no beauty to spare;
But I don't feel bad, friends, because
I'm handsomer than Lincoln was.

A STUDIOUS LAD.

I'm sure that if I would try
Abraham Lincoln's plan,
I, too, would have some knowledge
When I become a man.

He studied in the morning,
By the early dawning light,
He studied at the noon hour,
And he studied late at night.

He studied in the forest,
Beneath a spreading bough,
He studied in the furrows
When he was sent to plow.

He studied by the roadside,
A sitting on the fence;
Beside the blazing fireplace
He was still a seeking sense.

He always wore his pocket
With book or paper in it,
Which he'd pull out and study
When he'd rest a minute.

He borrowed every volume
For miles about his home,
With diligence devoured them,
And stored them in his dome.

I'm sure that if I would try
Abraham Lincoln's plan,
I, too, would have some knowledge
When I become a man.

LINCOLN'S KIND HEART.

Many stories are told which prove Lincoln's great kindness of heart. Once when as a lawyer in Illinois he was riding the circuit with several others they passed a tree where a young bird lay chirping pitifully upon the ground. It had fallen from the nest in the branches above and could not get back. Mr. Lincoln had ridden past the tree when he turned, dismounted and carefully placed the little bird in its nest. "I could not have been happy all day," he explained to the others, "if I should have heard that pitiful cry ringing in my ears."

When the wagons were crossing a river on the journey to the new home in Illinois a small dog managed to get left behind on the bank. With anxious barks he ran frantically about, begging to be taken as the wagons moved off on the other side. Abraham felt so sorry for the unfortunate dog that he pulled off his boots and socks, rolled up his trousers and, wading through the cold water, brought the left-behind across to the other bank. "The little fellow's joyful barks when he found himself across were sufficient thanks for me," Lincoln told the others.

One day as Lincoln was passing along the street in Springfield he came upon a little girl standing at the gate crying. Upon his asking her what was the matter

she said she was afraid she would miss the train as the wagon had not come for her trunk. "Oh, we can fix that," Mr. Lincoln assured her, and picking her small trunk up he carried it upon his shoulder to the station, while the little girl trudged happily by his side.

When a young man he went with a cargo on a boat down the Mississippi River. In one of the southern cities he went to the slave market where the negroes were bought and sold. His sympathy for the slaves sold in this manner was so great that he never forgot the scene, and later in years was a very earnest worker for the rights of the colored people.

A WARNING TO THE GIRLS.

To be Given by a Boy.

Say, girls, I want to tell you something. You are quite inclined to give your sweetest smiles to the nice-looking boys who tog up in swell clothes and act as if they owned a good share of the town. Oh, yes, you are, and you can't deny it. As long as a boy dresses like a fashion plate and acts like a book of polite manners you girls think he is just too cute for anything. But if one of us is sort of homely and awkward, with a long nose and big ears, and doesn't know what to do with his hands and feet, you girls just love to poke fun at us and make us feel uncomfortable. Then when we blush and act as if we are plumb scared to death at the sight of a girl you don't feel a bit sorry for us. Now, girls, don't you know it is risky in you to slight the lank, ungainly, awkward boys? When you turn a cold shoulder on one of them, how do you know but you are missing a chance to be nice to a future Abraham Lincoln? Now who would have thought when Abe was sixteen that he ever would become the greatest man the United States has yet produced? Say, don't you s'pose some of the young ladies who used

to giggle at him because he was homely and poorly dressed and awkward felt pretty bad about it when he got to living in the White House?

No, girls, you can't judge a fellow by his big feet and shy manners. Now, even my own mother can't say I'm handsome, but Aunt Mehitable says I've got an awful good heart and I think she seems real smart; at least I'm sure it's a big heart, for the way it gets to thumping when some of you pretty girls make eyes at me, it seems like it's as big as a wash tub.

Being as this is the time of year when we devote some special notice to the memory of Lincoln, I hope you girls will think seriously about what a splendid patriotic hero he was, and then remember that whenever you turn up your nose at a loose-jointed, slab-sided, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed, homely boy you may be missing a chance to boss the White House some day.

TO LINCOLN.

Oh, Lincoln, on thy natal day,
 We turn from worldly cares away
 To meditate
 On thy hard and rigorous life,
 The ceaseless years of toil and strife
 Which made thee great.

Well we recall thy fortitude,
 The quest of learning, long pursued;
 The slow ascent
 Of a lawyer without legal tricks,
 Gaining a knowledge of politics
 And government.

We admire the legislator,
 The strong, logical debater,
 And the kind heart

Which with deep sympathy did flow
For the slave's bondage with its woe,
And took their part.

Who can forget thy guiding hand
When disruption swept the land,
And upon thee
Rested the fate of our brave band,
Our nation's future welfare and
Our destiny?

Oh, Lincoln, on thy natal day
We pause along life's busy way
To offer thee
The love of a united land,
A North and South which firmly stand
In harmony.

LINCOLN, THE GREATEST.

Columbus sailed o'er stormy seas,
And braved a distant unknown land,
Giving birth unto our nation
Whose power and might shall e'er expand.

Washington led our army when
Independence was our intent,
And guided our councils until
He founded a strong government.

But Lincoln with his mighty power
Conquered slavery and gave us
Peace, that from disruption
And disaster he might save us.

Columbus we ever shall honor,
And we love Washington, the great,
But we hallow the memory of
Lincoln who met a martyr's fate.

LINCOLN'S HUMOR.

A smile is much like sunshine,
It will drive the blues away,
Or bring a glow to gloomy hearts,
And cheer them with its ray.
Though a smile's a little thing
Lincoln thought it worth his while
To drive his shafts of humor
And make the people smile.

A laugh is much like sunshine,
It goes with cheerful ring
Unto some melancholy heart
And causes it to sing.
A laugh is worth the trouble,
So Lincoln loved to chaff,
And tell amusing stories
To make the people laugh.

In sunshine or in shadow,
In days of peace or trial,
Lincoln's wit could not resist
The chance to cause a smile.
When rebels tried to sever
Our government in half
His humor still bubbled over
To make somebody laugh.

SO CAN YOU.

Lincoln was a busy lad,
He had to work like anything
At chopping, digging, hoeing,
Or what task the day might bring;
But spare hours were not wasted,

And he managed oft to find
 Time to read and study books,
 Such as would improve his mind—
 And so can you!

Lincoln was an upright lad,
 As "Honest Abe" was he known,
 And he had as kind a heart
 As a boy could ever own;
 He befriended animals,
 Helped the folks who were distressed,
 Sympathized with those in trouble,
 Took the part of the oppressed—
 And so can you!

Lincoln's life was one of hardship,
 He knew poverty and toil,
 And as President he had still
 To meet dissension and turmoil;
 But he faced his trials bravely,
 Struggled on through thick and thin,
 Took defeat with smiling grace,
 Hoping he at last might win—
 And so can you!

OUR HEROES.

In England children love the name
 And the daring exploits tell
 Of the Commonwealth's Protector,
 The brave, undaunted Cromwell.

In Scotland loyal boys and girls
 Hold the name of Wallace dear;
 While in Ireland 'tis O'Connell
 Whose memory they still revere.

In patriotic Switzerland
 Winkelreid's an honored name,
 And in Italy Garibaldi
 Lives within the nation's fame.

But we have our dear Washington,—
 The world has known no greater—
 And our immortal Lincoln,
 The loved Emancipator!

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on 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 civil war, testing whether that nation, or any other nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract.

The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly had in him not only the kindly sentiments which

resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth. November 19, 1863. Abraham Lincoln.

LINCOLN'S SHORT SERMON.

The following words, which it is stated President Lincoln was in the habit of repeating to his children, might well be memorized and heeded by every American, young or old: "Don't drink, don't smoke, don't chew, don't swear, don't gamble, don't lie, don't cheat; love your fellow-men as well as God; love truth, love virtue, and be happy."

DESCRIPTIONS OF LINCOLN.

Various writers have given the following descriptions of Lincoln, which are believed to be correct:

"Mr. Lincoln stands six feet four inches in his stockings. His frame is not muscular, but gaunt and wiry; his arms are long but not unreasonably so for a person of his height; his lower limbs are not disproportioned to his body. In walking, his gait, though firm, is never brisk. In matters of dress he is by no means precise. Always clean, he is never fashionable; he is careless but not slovenly. In manner he is remarkably cordial, and at the same time simple. His politeness is always sincere, but never elaborate and oppressive. At rest, his features, though those of a man of mark, are not such as belong to a handsome man; but when his fine dark gray eyes are lighted up by any emotion, and his features begin their play, he would be chosen from among a crowd as one who had in him not only the kindly sentiments which

women love, but the heavier metal of which full-grown men and presidents are made. His hair is black, and though thin is wiry. His head sits well on his shoulders, but beyond this it defies description. It is very large and well proportioned, betokening power in all its developments. A slightly Roman nose, a wide-cut mouth and a dark complexion, with the appearance of having been weather-beaten, complete the description."

"In his personal habits Mr. Lincoln is as simple as a child. He loves a good dinner and eats with the appetite which goes with a great brain; but his food is plain and nutritious. He never drinks intoxicating liquors of any sort, not even a glass of wine. He is not addicted to the use of tobacco in any shape. He never was accused of a licentious act in all his life. He never uses profane language."

"As a speaker, he is ready, precise and fluent. His manner before a popular assembly is as he pleases to make it, being either superlatively ludicrous or very impressive. He employs but little gesticulation, but when he desires to make a point, produces a shrug of his shoulders, an elevation of his eyebrows, a depression of his mouth, and a general malformation of countenance so comically awkward, that it never fails to bring down the house. His enunciation is slow and emphatic, his voice sharp and powerful."

LINCOLN'S KINDNESS TO THE SOLDIERS.

President Lincoln often visited the hospitals to visit with the wounded soldiers and cheer them in their hours of lonely suffering. With fatherly interest he would pass around among his "boys" as he called them and bestow upon them his smiles and kindly words. Never did he miss a chance to do a soldier a favor when in his power. The following story is told

by an English clergyman: "A gentleman told me that he was one day conversing with the general in command of one of the armies on the subject of desertion, when the general said, 'The first week of my command there were twenty-four deserters sentenced by court-martial to be shot, and the warrants for their execution were sent to the President to be signed, but he refused. I went to Washington and had an interview. I said, "Mr. President, unless these men are made an example of, the army itself is in danger. Mercy to the few is cruelty to the many.'" He replied, 'Mr. General, there are already too many weeping widows in the United States. For God's sake, don't ask me to add to the number, for I won't do it.'"

A young man who was acting as sentry was one day found asleep at his post and was sentenced to be shot. The case was one deserving pardon as the young man had been kept awake too long, and while anxious to do his sentry duty faithfully was so overpowered by fatigue as to be unable to remain on watch at his post. The President, having been informed of the case, came into camp and granted a pardon for the condemned lad. The dead body of that youth was afterward found among the slain on the field of Fredericksburg, and under his waistcoat, next to his breast, was a photograph of the President, beneath which the young man had written, "God bless President Lincoln." Many similar incidents might be cited to show how tender-hearted the President was and how ready to bestow favors upon the defenders of the flag.

GEMS FROM LINCOLN'S SPEECHES.

Gold is good in its place; but living, brave and patriotic men are better than gold.

Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves; and, under a just God, cannot long retain it.

If all that has been said by orators and poets since creation in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them full justice for their conduct during the war.

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

The most enviable of all titles is the character of an honest man.

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

The reasonable man has long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all evils among mankind.

Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulty.

As was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on.

LINCOLN'S PROMISE.

Once, when Abraham Lincoln was a member of Congress, a friend criticised him for his seeming rudeness in declining to test the rare wines provided by their host, urging as a reason for the reproof, "There is certainly no danger of a man of your years and habits becoming addicted to its use."

"I mean no disrespect, John," answered Lincoln, "but I promised my precious mother a few days before she died that I would never use anything intoxicating as a beverage, and I consider that promise as binding today as it was the day I gave it."

“There is a difference between a child surrounded by a rough class of drinkers and a man in a home of refinement,” insisted the friend.

“But a promise is a promise forever, John, and when made to a mother it is doubly binding,” replied Mr. Lincoln.—Children’s Friend.

LINCOLN’S RULES FOR LIVING.

“Do not worry, eat three square meals a day, say your prayers, be courteous to your creditors, keep your digestion good, steer clear of biliousness, exercise, go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift.”—Abraham Lincoln.

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT.

The National Lincoln Monument, in Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Ill., is a stately and imposing memorial, a work of art as well as possessing the massive dignity of an enduring monument. From the ground rises a base seventy-two and a half feet square, a little over fifteen feet high. On the south side of this base is a room over thirty-two feet long, about half of which projects with a circular sweep, the other half extending inward. This room is called Memorial Hall and is used as a repository for articles associated with the memory of Abraham Lincoln. On the north side is a similar projection, the Vestibule to the Catacomb. The base, called the Terrace, is ascended by four flights of granite steps, one at each corner. From the center of the Terrace rises a mas-

sive shaft with a round pedestal at each corner upon each of which is a group of statuary; while from it rises the Obelisk, the apex of which is something over ninety-eight feet from the ground. On the south of the Obelisk stands a statue of Lincoln. The groups on the pedestal are a Cavalry group, two human figures and a horse, representing a battle scene; the Naval group, with three figures, representing a scene on a gunboat; the Artillery group, which represents a section of artillery in battle; and the Infantry group, which represents a body of infantry soldiers with their arms and baggage on the march. This monument is not merely a memorial to the martyred President; it is an aid to patriotism, for few of the thousands who yearly visit the tomb can gaze upon the towering Obelisk, the realistic statuary, the imposing statue of the beloved Lincoln without being stirred with uplifting emotion and patriotic devotion.

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.

Though born into widely different homes and reared in social atmosphere totally unlike; though trained by dissimilar circumstances and called to face diverse problems of national life, yet Washington and Lincoln show the same pure character and blameless reputation. They stand shoulder to shoulder as sage, patriot, defender and statesman, worthy of an equal share of our nation's love and honor. Washington is fondly called the Father of his Country, but Lincoln is the savior who preserved our freedom and union; Washington was the Securer and Lincoln the Conservator of a nation united, prosperous and free. Washington won our independence, but Lincoln won the enduring unity of the north and south. Washington founded our government and Lincoln saved it from disruption. Both faced grave political situations and stood firm

for the right; both were true, just, loyal and kind. Their characters as well as their works entitle them to the reward of undying fame.

Yet the reward of life was very different. Washington lived to a ripe age, enjoying the fruit of his public labors, having the pleasure of seeing the government develop and prosper; Lincoln, who after years of worry and struggle with problems of battlefields and political intrigue, lived only to see the dawn of peace which he eagerly hoped would bring harmony and prosperity again to the nation. Deprived, by the assassin's hand, from knowing the greatness of his service, his only reward is the martyr's crown of fame and glory.

PART II.

Songs, Exercises and Dialogues

WHY I LIKE LINCOLN.

Six Little Children.

FIRST—

I like Lincoln because he was
Willing to work as well as play,
And with whatever task he met
With all his might he toiled away—
Industrious little Abe Lincoln.

SECOND—

I like Lincoln because he was
Fond of study and wished to know
Arithmetic, history and grammar,
Which would make him wiser grow.
Studious little Abe Lincoln.

THIRD—

I like Lincoln because he was
As honest as the day is long;
He would not cheat or ever take
That which did not to him belong—
Honest little Abe Lincoln.

FOURTH—

I like Lincoln because he was
Brave, and not afraid to fight
For those who were in need of help,
And always stood up for the right—
Courageous little Abe Lincoln.

FIFTH—

I like Lincoln because he was
 A lad who did not smoke or chew;
 He would not swear or liquor drink,
 His mind was pure, his body, too—
 Virtuous little Abe Lincoln.

SIXTH--

I like Lincoln because he was
 A boy who in his youth did plan
 To grow up strong and wise and good,
 A noble and an upright man—
 Sensible little Abe Lincoln.

TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

Tune: "Bringing in the Sheaves."
(Found in nearly all hymnals.)

1.—

Lincoln, we are singing, loving tribute bringing,
 For a grateful nation honors thy dear name;
 Encomiums bestowing, to the whole world showing
 Thy immortal deeds and thy undying fame.

CHORUS.

In our hearts enshrined, by our love entwined,
 A united nation e'er shall honor thee;
 Glowing fondly bright, with a sacred light,
 Lincoln, thy dear mem'ry revered shall be.

2.—

Born of humble station, with determination
 Obstacles and hardships bravely thou didst meet;
 Lawyer, legislator, Congressman, debater,
 Then as President the list was made complete.

3.—

When through vict'ry ceasing war clouds were de-
creasing,
And the dawn of peace was brightening the land,
As you dreamed with exultation of a re-united
nation,
Your great work was closed by the assassin's hand.

WHAT WE LEARN.

For a Number of Small Children.

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne."

We go to school to learn to read,
That we may hard words know;
But many other things we're taught—
We're growing wise, oh, ho!

CHORUS.

We've learned about a splendid man,
Whom children should love well;
We've learned of Lincoln, good and great,
His story we can tell.

2.—

We learn to write, we learn to spell,
And little sums to do;
But of our country's famous men
Our teacher tells us, too.

CHORUS.

3.—

We mind the rule and study well,
And after lessons, then
Our teacher tells us of the deeds
Of patriotic men.

CHORUS.

4.—

We're going to study and be good,
 So when we're big that we
 May serve our country faithfully
 And wise and noble be.

CHORUS *To Last Stanza.*

We've learned of Lincoln, good and great,
 Ne'er shall our love grow dim,
 But here we pledge, as years go by,
 We'll try to be like him.

LINCOLN.

An Exercise for Seven Children.

Each child wears a card on a cord about the neck to spell Lincoln. Children come on together and stand in line across stage, the cards being worn with letters turned to the body. Each child as he begins to speak turns his card to show the letter.

FIRST CHILD—

L stands for the long, lank man,
 Built upon an awkward plan,
 Who had a wonderful mind,
 And a heart exceedingly kind.

SECOND CHILD—

I is the inquiring boy,
 To whom knowledge was a joy;
 He read his books o'er and o'er,
 Eagerly longing for more.

THIRD CHILD—

N is the night watch he kept
 While others about him slept,
 Reading by the firelight's glow
 That he might the wiser grow.

FOURTH CHILD—

C was the log cabin poor,
Where for years he must endure
The trials of a pioneer,
Splitting rails the land to clear.

FIFTH CHILD—

O were the obstacles great,
Placed in his path by fate;
Through hardship and failure he came,
Ere reaching the goal of fame.

SIXTH CHILD—

L was the love that he gave
To the land he died to save;
The love of one great and true,
With a hero's work to do.

SEVENTH CHILD—

N was the negro whose need
Caused Lincoln for them to plead;
Through conflict our nation he bore
To Union for ever more.

(Each child now takes hold of card by right side and holds it out in front of body as far as cord will permit.)

FIRST CHILD—L. SECOND CHILD—I. THIRD CHILD—
N. FOURTH CHILD—C. FIFTH CHILD—O. SIXTH
CHILD—L. SEVENTH CHILD—N. (*Spelling quickly.*)

ALL—

Lincoln! The brave pioneer,
With a heart which knew no fear,
Fashioned by Hardship's rough hand,
To a nature noble and grand.
Lincoln, the statesman of might,
Working for justice and right;

From duty he would not swerve,
 That the Union he might preserve.
 Lincoln, forever thy name
 Shall brighten our country's fame,
 Forever, while time shall be,
 Our nation will honor thee.

THE LIBERATOR.

An Exercise for Seven Children.

Each child wears a sash of red-white-and-blue bunting diagonally across chest and tied in a knot with ends hanging at left side. To the sash, across the breast, is pinned a strip of white paper with a word printed in black, first child having the word Liberator, the others, in order, Injustice, Negro, Campaign, Opposition, Life, and Nation. The first letter of each word is larger than the others and is printed upon a piece of white paper like the long strip, and just large enough to fit into place at the beginning of the word in such a way that the audience will not notice that it is on a separate paper. This piece with the first letter is fastened to the long strip by sewing it with white thread in two or three places, the ends of the thread left unfastened on the back so the card with the letter can be quickly pulled loose from the long strip.

The seven march in single file, words in order as given above, pass across the back of stage from left to right corner (*as they stand facing front*), then up right side, where they halt, the leader at right corner front of stage, the others in file one behind the other and standing quite close together. Leader speaks. Then the other six move to the left and forward a step so it brings Number 2 in line beside Number 1 and the

other five standing just behind Number 2 (*the object being to keep each child's word concealed until he begins to speak.*) After Number 2 has spoken the file moves to the left and forward to bring Number 3 into line beside Number 2. This is done each time until Number 7 is standing in line with the others.

FIRST CHILD. **L** is the Liberator.

SECOND CHILD. **I** is the injustice of slavery strong, which had troubled deeply and long the heart of the Liberator.

THIRD CHILD. **N** is the negro, a numerous throng, who had borne the injustice of slavery strong, which had troubled deeply and long the heart of the Liberator.

FOURTH CHILD. **C** is the campaign a victory to gain, waged for the negro, a numerous throng, who had borne the injustice of slavery strong, which had troubled deeply and long the heart of the Liberator.

FIFTH CHILD. **O** is the opposition the South did maintain, in the campaign a victory to gain, waged for the negro, a numerous throng, who had borne the injustice of slavery strong, which had troubled deeply and long the heart of the Liberator.

SIXTH CHILD. **L** is the life, ended at the close of the strife, in the opposition the South did maintain, in the campaign a victory to gain, waged for the negro, a numerous throng, who had borne the injustice of slavery strong, which had troubled deeply and long the heart of the Liberator.

SEVENTH CHILD. **N** is the nation which today tributes of love and honor pay, in memory of the noble life ended at the close of the strife, in the opposition the South did maintain in the campaign a victory to gain, waged for the negro, a numerous throng, who had borne the injustice of slavery strong, which had troubled deeply and long the heart of the Liberator.

(*Each child now pulls loose from the strip the first*

letter and raising it holds it forward so the letters will spell the word Lincoln. They speak together.)

Nor stone nor bronze can fit memorial raise
 To him whose life and noble deeds we praise;
 But millions now, and millions yet to be,
 A North and South made one in unity,
 Shall keep with patriotic fires alight
 The Liberator's fame and glory bright.

COLUMBIA'S HERO.

Five Girls and Four Boys.

Each girl carries a wreath of evergreen with artificial or paper flowers entwined in the green; each boy carries a flag. Columbia, dressed in white with sash of red-white-and-blue, wears a crown of stiff paper with red band surmounted by blue stars upon white ground. At the center of back stands an easel upon which is a picture of Lincoln. (If a framed picture is not at hand put a picture of Lincoln in a frame in front of some picture of right size.) At the top and sides of the easel tie four loops of heavy cord which will hold the flags of the boys when slipped through them. At the top and bottom of the easel tie securely four hooks (these can be made of stiff wire hair pins bent up), which will hold the wreaths when hung on them.

Enter COLUMBIA.

COLUMBIA—

Today my people mourn the loss
 Of a valiant patriot;
 A son whose fame shall not grow dim,
 Nor his virtues be forgot.

My heart grows sad as I recall
 The trials he was called to face,
 And difficulties which he met
 With patient and courageous grace.

I trust my nation east and west
 Will honor his dear name today,
 While boys and girls with reverence
 To Lincoln their fond tributes pay.

Enter four GIRLS.

FIRST GIRL—

Columbia, we come to show
 The love we owe to your dear son,
 Who preserved our glorious Union,
 And for the slaves their freedom won.

SECOND GIRL—

We wish to honor him today
 And add new luster to his fame;
 For in our hearts he is enshrined,
 And Lincoln's is a hallowed name.

THIRD GIRL—

Though by the foul assassin's hand
 He was suddenly struck down,
 His work lives on and he has won
 A martyr's immortal crown.

FOURTH GIRL—

To the Shepherd of the people,
 Who the nation's burden bore,
 We offer loving gratitude,
 As we sing his praises o'er.

COLUMBIA—

But why do not our boys have part
 And share this kind ovation?
 Do they not love this name which ought
 To be to them an inspiration?

Enter four Boys.

BOYS (*to be spoken as they are marching onto stage*)—
 We're coming, coming with loyal heart,
 In this tribute to have a part.

FIRST BOY—

You may be sure, Columbia,
 The boys will not be left behind,
 In doing honor to our hero
 Whose greatness we e'er bear in mind.

SECOND BOY—

He stood by the flag of the Union,
 And saved its bright stars from defeat;
 Though traitors longed to defame it
 He preserved its honor complete.

THIRD BOY (*raising flag*)—

By this, our emblem of freedom,
 He conquered and saved our fair land;
 With courage sublime and undaunted,
 For Justice he made a brave stand.

FOURTH BOY—

We pay our homage to Lincoln,
 Whose greatness fills us with pride,
 And pledge to stand by this banner
(*Raises flag.*)

By which he lived, worked and died.

COLUMBIA—

Boys and girls, I deeply thank you
 For your words of commendation;
 Be like Lincoln that you each may
 Live to nobly serve your nation.

The girls now hand their wreaths to Columbia and she hangs them about the easel; then the boys give her their flags and she slips them into loops around the easel. They then sing.

Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching."

ALL—

Through the years his fame shall grow, grow till all
 the world shall know
 All the virtues of this noble patriot;
 And through all our land today, hearts with grati-
 tude shall glow
 For our Lincoln whose name ne'er shall be forgot.
 Wave, wave, wave the starry banner, 'tis the flag
 for me and you;
 Lincoln loved its folds and we will uphold it loyally.
 Yes, to Lincoln and our land we will prove true.

THE LINCOLN SOCIETY.

CHARACTERS.

CHARLES, *President of the Society.*

HELEN, *Secretary.*

TOM, WILLIS, HENRY, EDITH AND ESTHER.

STAGE ARRANGEMENT.

At center of back have a desk or small table at which the President and Secretary sit. Chairs for the others are arranged along either side, near the back. As members speak they step forward slightly, facing the front.

Discovered, the MEMBERS standing in groups.

EDITH. Oh, say, wasn't that exam in History a fright? I'm sure I shall flunk. I always did hate all that dry stuff, anyway.

TOM. Well, tell us something you don't hate.

EDITH. Oh, chocolate creams and—boys, when they're nice.

ESTHER. Dear me, I went to the party last night instead of working on my speech and today I know I'll do just awful.

HENRY. Never mind, you'll have company. I can't say mine fit for sour beans.

CHARLES (*rapping on desk*). The Lincoln Society will please come to order.

HELEN (*rushing around*). Oh, where is my minute book? I know I laid it down somewhere. Here it is. (*Finds it on a chair.*)

CHARLES (*rapping*). Order, please. (*All take seats.*) The Secretary will read the minutes of the last meeting.

HELEN (*stands and reads*). The Lincoln Society met the first Tuesday in February, usual time and place, all members being present. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The subject for discussion was a comparison of the characters and work of Washington and Lincoln. The speakers all did creditably, but it was voted that Lincoln had made the best showing. The meeting closed with the singing of America and Edith Norris treated the crowd to fudge. Helen Barton, Secretary. (*Sits.*)

CHARLES. Are there any corrections to the minutes? (*Pause.*) If not they will stand approved. The Secretary will read the subject of the meeting for today.

HELEN (*stands and reads*). A study of the childhood, vocations and failures of Lincoln, and Lincoln as a lawyer, a writer and a President. (*Sits.*)

CHARLES. Edith Norris will speak on the Childhood and Vocations of Lincoln.

EDITH. Mr. President, Members of the Lincoln Society: The ancestors of Abraham Lincoln we find as early pioneers dwelling among the Quakers in the peaceful hills of Pennsylvania, and belonging to the independent working class rather than mere wage-earners. With the passing of years they moved from Pennsylvania to Virginia, and from here in 1781 Abraham Lincoln, the grandfather of our martyred President, took the wilderness trail over the mountains into

Kentucky. Here, among dangers of Indians and wild beasts, he endeavored to make a home for his wife and three sons. After several years of adventure the father was suddenly surprised and killed by Indians. Thomas, the youngest son, the father of President Lincoln, early having to become a laborer, was unable to secure an education and became a carpenter. In early manhood he married Nancy Hanks, and their son, Abraham Lincoln, was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, 1809. Hoping to better his circumstances the father decided to migrate across the Ohio River into Indiana, and this journey was made when Lincoln was in his eighth year. Here, in the wild life of the forest, still the home of lurking animals, Abraham shouldered his ax and began the work of clearing the land and securing logs for the new house. Under his mother's guidance he learned to read and write; sometimes he had opportunity to attend school, but up to his manhood his entire schooling amounted to only one year. Abraham was old for his years and very strong. He had a great desire for knowledge, and though there was scant time for study, the eager boy managed to make the best of his spare minutes, reading at night and often in the early morning. His mother died when he was nine, but the stepmother who came to the home a year later was kind, energetic and anxious to help Abraham. Lincoln was warm-hearted, kind and ever ready to take the part of one weaker than himself. He was raised to farm work and developed great strength. It is said he could pick up and carry a six-hundred pound chicken house. Often he assisted his father at rough carpenter work. When nineteen he made a trip on a flatboat as "bow-hand" with a load of produce to New Orleans. In 1830 the Lincoln family again moved westward, this time into Illinois, and here Abraham began work as a rail-splitter. He made subsequent journeys south on the river. For a time he was employed as a clerk. During the trouble with Black

Hawk and his Indian band Lincoln was captain of a company. Later he worked for some time as a surveyor. This brings us to the years when he became a lawyer.

CHARLES. We will now listen to "Lincoln as a Lawyer," by Willis Evans.

WILLIS. Mr. President, Members of the Lincoln Society: As a youth in Indiana Lincoln had been in the habit of walking to the nearest court house, many miles distant, to watch the lawyers and listen to their pleas. Such a fascination did the law have for him that he borrowed the "Statutes of Indiana" from the constable and mastered not only its 375 pages but also the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the Ordinance of 1787 the book contained. From this time his ambition was toward the law, but he realized that he must have a fundamental education to build upon, so he spent his spare hours mastering mathematics and grammar. When in a store he had paid fifty cents for a barrel of rubbish a needy family wished to part with. On looking over the contents of the barrel it was found to contain a complete set of Blackstone. It happened that the following summer was an idle one for him, and through the long days he lay under a tree devouring these books of law. "Never in my whole life," Lincoln said, "was my mind so thoroughly absorbed." Even before this he had entered political life and the discussions and speeches he took part in helped to make him a ready, forceful speaker. During his work as a surveyor he spent his spare hours upon his law books. March, 1836, Lincoln was admitted to the bar and in the autumn of that year his name appeared on the roll of attorneys. Major Stuart, one of the most popular lawyers of the State, who had lent Lincoln law books, now made him an offer of partnership. Without money to pay for the furnishing of a room, he began his career as a lawyer in Springfield, his future home. He was much given

to exposition and explanation. He was determined that he should make himself clear upon all points. From boyhood he had been fond of anecdotes and was a great story teller. This art he employed largely in his pleas, driving home a truth or explaining a point by a story. He refused to take a case he did not consider honest. His early study of the Constitution was continued and he became one of the best constitutional lawyers in the State. During the following years, up to his election to the presidency, he continued his law work, interrupted by his political labors and his work against slavery.

CHARLES. Esther Holcomb will speak on Lincoln as a writer.

ESTHER. From a child Lincoln had been in the habit of putting English into his own words. Often things he heard the neighbors say were kept in mind until night when he would have leisure to write them down in sentences of his own. Often he would re-write a sentence time and again until he had expressed it to his satisfaction. Ever he had been a great reader and the books of his early years were such as would give him both clear English, masterful diction and imagery. "Pilgrim's Progress," the Bible, "Æsop's Fables," history and biography played an important part in giving Lincoln distinctive style as a writer. His cousin writes of him: "When Abe and I returned to the house from work he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn bread, sit down with a book, cock his feet up as high as his head and read." In later years he spent much time studying Shakespeare and Burns and their poetry added an artistic flavor to his plainer expression. But his reading could not have influenced his style to any great extent had Lincoln not made it a part of himself by a practice of writing. It is said that stray pieces of paper, boards, the flat sides of logs, even a wooden shovel were used to write upon. He had a passion for getting a thought expressed in

the plainest manner and to this practice is due the clearness which marks his writings. He had a freedom and ease in the selection of words which made him the most convincing speaker of his day. No matter how complex a subject was he would put it into a simple language readily understood. One of his Inaugural Addresses is known wherever the English language is spoken. A clear persuasive eloquence glows in his later speeches which will make them permanent classics of literature.

CHARLES. Tom Judson will speak of Lincoln's failures.

TOM. Mr. President, Members of the Lincoln Society: Although reaching the highest office within the gift of our nation, Lincoln was not unacquainted with failure. His first venture into politics, when he ran for the Illinois Legislature in 1832, ended in defeat, as he ran far short of the votes required to elect him. Shortly afterward he went into partnership in a general store, but the enterprise finally failed, and Lincoln, being too honest to escape them, assumed debts which he was a number of years in paying. In 1841, desiring to go to Washington, he sought the nomination as member of Congress, but he failed to receive it, and not until five years later did he secure the election to Congress. In 1849, at the close of his term in Congress, he applied for the Commissionership of the General Land Office, which work would allow him to remain in Washington; but this appointment he also failed to receive. In 1856 Lincoln's name was mentioned in the Republican Convention as candidate for the Vice-Presidency, but as he received only second place he was not nominated. Probably his bitterest defeat was at the time of his brilliant debates with Stephen A. Douglas on the question of slavery. Both men were working for election to the United States Senate and Lincoln was defeated by Douglas. Lincoln said he "Felt like a boy that stumped his toe—it hurt

too bad to laugh, and he was too big to cry." These accounts show us that Lincoln's success was not gained without discouragements. His greatness was the result of patient endeavor and rising above obstacles.

CHARLES. In conclusion we will listen to Henry Jones on "Lincoln, the President."

HENRY. Lincoln was so fitted by clearness of vision, greatness of heart and power of mind to grapple with the crucial problems which beset his administration as President that he seems to have been raised by Providence for this crisis of the nation. Lincoln was strong physically and his rugged constitution could stand much, which was most fortunate, as the nervous strain of the four years of his administration was very great. Scarcely had he assumed his duties as President when the important question regarding Fort Sumter must be settled, the question which meant the beginning of war with the South. From that time until the close of the struggle, four years later, President Lincoln was harassed with perplexities. He found political intrigue as well as civil contention. The war was a long, hard struggle and many of his friends took sides with his enemies in criticizing his judgment. Incompetent generals on the battlefield made the President's duties as commander-in-chief of the army trying and difficult. Many of the prominent leaders did not agree with Lincoln's policies and often the people seemed to lose confidence in his guidance. Yet through it all Lincoln remained true to his convictions and steadfast in his purpose. He saw that the question of a divided nation, with the attending evil of slavery, must be settled once and forever, and could not be settled until it was settled right. Where others looked only at the present, Lincoln, with wise foresight, saw the reunited and harmonious nation prospering with all its people free and independent. In spite of criticism and seeming defeat he stood firm, calm, patient, hopeful and prudent. Fitted by a life of toil and struggle for the difficulties of

his position, he guided the nation to a peace which meant ultimate prosperity. When the government might have been wrecked upon the rocks of dissension he preserved it united and unsullied. To no other man does our nation owe the debt of loving gratitude it should pay to the memory of the martyred Abraham Lincoln.

CHARLES. Is there any business to come before the society?

ESTHER. It isn't business, but I'd like to say I think Lincoln was perfectly grand and splendid.

WILLIE. He was certainly great, all right.

CHARLES (*rapping*). Order, please. If there is no further business the society will adjourn.

HELEN. I move we adjourn and eat the peanuts Henry promised us.

EDITH. I second the motion.

CHARLES. Meeting stands adjourned. (*Exeunt.*)

FINIS.



Nancy
Hanks
Lincoln
Public
Library