Iowa Special Days

March, 1914

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1914

Property of the District

Compiled by

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A. M. DEYOE

Superintendent of Public Instruction

Des Moines, Iowa

A Proclamation

By The Governor:

In an article in the Register and Leader of February 22, 1914, entitled "The Forests of Iowa," Mr. H. C. Evans of Des Moines, said: "There is an old elm in the yard of the J. J. Selman home in Bloomfield that is probably the largest tree in the state. The writer has had intimate acquaintance for over fifty years with another old elm a few miles northeast of Bloomfield. This tree was a monarch of the forest ere the white man set foot on Iowa soil. It was known to the Indian and the wild beast a hundred years before the independence of our country. It is probably three hundred years old. It reached its splendid proportions through great tribulations, in spite of wind and weather. We have seen its splendid branches whipped almost to the breaking point by terrific winds. It stands so high above surrounding objects that twice it has attracted the lightning and it is scarred from tip to base. For more than seventy years children have found a playground beneath its shade. It has withstood droughts and storms, the rigors of many winters, the assaults of men and nature—and has not its fellow in beauty and grandeur for miles around. There is majesty and gripping pathos about a great tree. There is mystery about its everlasting silence, its tranquil patience."

How fine, how great a thing it would be to plant a tree to withstand the storms and beautify landscapes and shelter and refresh by its shade for centuries. Plant trees on the school grounds of Iowa. Keep a record of the planting—when and by whom—that future generations may call your name blessed. All is for the future. Remember that and contribute something to make life in the coming years desirable, beautiful, great. Fail not to do so in many ways, but plant trees.

In the hope of encouraging the planting I do hereby designate

FRIDAY, APRIL 24TH, AS ARBOR DAY,

and recommend that it be generally observed, but more especially by those in charge of our schools, in such manner as may be deemed best to subserve the purposes of the day.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the Great Seal of the State of Iowa this 23d day of February, A. D. 1914.

[SEAL]

GEORGE W. CLARKE,
Governor.

Attest:
W. S. ALLEN,
Secretary of State.

Foreword

DEAR TEACHERS AND PUPILS:

The favor with which former compilations of Special Day selections have been received, and the increasing interest taken by teachers, pupils, and patrons in the formal observance of state and national anniversaries fully justify the Department of Public Instruction in issuing this new volume of choice selections for these memorable occasions.

Arbor Day takes on added interest and importance with the introduction of agriculture and kindred subjects to be studied in the public schools. The rapidly increasing number of consolidated districts with their greatly enlarged school grounds are affording ample opportunity for scientific soil and plant cultivation, landscape gardening, and horticulture. Here are special opportunities for Arbor Day observance, but the need of such interest is universal. Let Arbor Day be coupled with Bird Day in a concise and fitting program, and follow this with outdoor exercises, the planting of trees, shrubs, and perennial flowers, and the general cleaning up of the premises. A picnic dinner for patrons and children would add interest to the day, and a stroll for the study of nature as noted in trees and flowering plants, and birds which dwell among them, will afford both pleasure and profit.

Memorial Day should be observed with increasing reverence for the memories of the millions of our country's defenders who now sleep in honored graves. We should not forget to pay tribute to the veteran soldiers who still survive. They should have a part in the patriotic exercises of the day.

Thanksgiving Day is fittingly devoted to family reunions, with the crowning feasts of the year; but the giving of thanks should be remembered as the chief purpose of the call to the day's observance.

Christmas Day needs no special proclamation, for all the christian world awaits its observance. Appropriate selections for school use during the holiday season will be found, as well as for all other notable anniversary days.

The birthday anniversaries of Washington and Lincoln are growing in interest and importance as opportunities for teaching loftiness of purpose, purity of life, consecration of powers, and the highest type of patriotism.

It is urged that every public school render some carefully planned and impressive program, even though it must be short, on each day set apart as a state or national holiday, and that as far as possible, the general public be permitted to share in its observance.

Respectfully yours,

ALBERT M. DEYOE,
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Des Moines, Iowa, March 4, 1914.

Arbor and Bird Day

THE BIRTH OF ARBOR DAY.

In the prairie State of Nebraska,
One happy April morn,
On a fair day in the springtime,
Our Arbor Day was born.

The prairies were green and grassy,
Like beautiful billowy seas,
But the people in vain were longing
For a sight of the leafy trees.

So their council assembled together
The first month of the year;
They said, "A day shall be chosen
When springtime draweth near.

To plant the trees, for we love them,
We'll make this state of ours
One glorious leafy arbor
For children, birds and flowers."

Then all the people helped them,
Till many thousands of trees
Throughout the State of Nebraska,
Rejoiced in the summer breeze.

And wise J. Sterling Morton,
Oh, did he understand,
That the beautiful plan he started
Would spread o'er all the land.

Till in many a State of the Union,
Myriads of trees would spring
In beautiful shining splendor
His honor and praise to sing?

—Nellie R. Cameron.
From Nebraska Special Day Program.

A HYMN FOR ARBOR DAY.
(To be sung by Schools to "America.")

God save this tree we plant!
And to all nature grant
Sunshine and rain.
Let not its branches fade,
Save it from axe and spade,
Save it for joyful shade—
Guarding the plain.

When it is ripe to fall,
Neighbored by trees as tall,
Shape it for good.
Shape it to bench and stool,
Shape it to square and rule,
Shape it for home and school,
God bless the wood.

Lord of the earth and sea,
Prosper our planted tree,
Save with thy might.
Save it from indolence,
Waste and improvidence,
And in thy excellence,
Lead us aright.

—Henry Hanby Hay.

CELEBRATION OF ARBOR DAY.

Arbor Day was originally intended to benefit the treeless States of the West by stimulating the desire to plant trees for fuel, timber, shade, protection to buildings, orchards and crops, and for beauty. From there it spread to almost every State in the Union. The idea back of it is mostly an altruistic one, for the man who plants a tree cannot begin to keep the benefits derived from the growth of the tree to himself. Others will get the benefit of its shade, protection, perhaps its fruit, and its beauty. Furthermore, it was to interest the child in the study of trees as he watched the development of those planted by him. It opened a field for research and observation to him in which he could not help being interested. With the study of the tree and the care for it would come a love for it, and from this sprang the thought of making the day one entirely devoted to the whole field of nature, and not to trees alone. Again with the study of nature the natural resources of a country will be considered—their extent, value and use. Anything which tends to increase the benefits derived from these, or which contributes to the welfare of the people, is a patriotic work. So, finally, we have as the idea of Arbor Day, patriotism, because of the study and love of nature as manifested in our beautiful country.

The advantages of Arbor Day then might be summed up thus: It changes the idea of young people of caring only for the present to that of providing for the future; it creates a love for the beautiful, and with this teaches certain lessons of carefulness and cleanliness; it increases the love for one's home and neighborhood because of the effort to make it beautiful and desirable to live in; it teaches love of country and service to one's country; it takes one from "nature to nature's God;" and all these things tend to produce good citizenship. Is it worth while?—*Penn. School Journal.*

"GLAD NATURE."

"Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows thro' all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away."

—By Wm. Cullen Bryant.

THE TREES.

Time is never wasted, listening to the trees;
If to heaven as grandly we arose as these,
Holding toward each other half their kindly grace
Haply we were worthier of our human place.

Bending down to meet you on the hillside path,
Birch and oak and maple each his welcome hath;
Each his own fine cadence, his familiar word,
By the ear accustomed, always plainly heard.

Every tree gives answer to some different mood;
This one helps you, climbing; that for rest is good;
Beckoning friends, companions, sentinels they are;
Good to live and die with, good to greet afar.

—By Lucy Larcom.

HISTORIC TREES.

The following list includes some of the more prominent trees that have been consecrated by the presence of eminent personages, or by some conspicuous event in the history of our country.

1. One of the best known trees in American history is the Charter Oak which stood in Hartford, Conn., until 1856, when it was blown down. This tree once preserved the written guarantee of the liberties of the then infant colony of Connecticut. In 1767 Governor Andros, whom King James had sent across the sea to be Governor of all New England, appeared before the Connecticut Assembly, then in session in Hartford, and demanded the Colony's charter. Tradition tells us that the charter was brought in and laid upon the table. In an instant all lights were extinguished and the room was wrapped in total darkness. Not a word was spoken. The candles were again lighted, but the charter had mysteriously disappeared; and though Sir Edmund searched diligently for it, his search was in vain. Captain James Wadsworth had seized the precious charter and concealed it in a hollow in the trunk of this friendly tree.

2. All strangers who visit Cambridge, Massachusetts, look with interest upon the remnants of the venerable Elm tree under which Washington sat, when on the 3d of July, 1775, he assumed command of the Colonial army. It stands in the center of a great public thoroughfare, its trunk protected by an iron fence from injury by passing vehicles, which for more than a century have turned out for this tree.

3. It was the custom of our New England ancestors to plant trees in the early settlement of our country, and dedicate them to liberty. Many of these "Liberty Trees" consecrated by our forefathers are still standing. "Old Liberty Elm" in Boston, was planted by a school-master long before the Revolutionary war, and dedicated by him to the independence of the Colonies. Around that tree, before the Revolution, the citizens of Boston and vicinity, used to gather and listen to the advocates of our country's freedom. Around it during the war, they met to offer up thanks and supplications to Almighty God for the success of the patriot armies, and after the terrible struggle had ended the people were accustomed to

assemble there year after year, in the shadow of that old tree, to celebrate the liberty and independence of our country. It stood till within a few years, a living monument of the patriotism of the people of Boston, and when at last it fell, the bells in all the churches of the city were tolled, and a feeling of sadness spread over the entire State.

4. The Elm tree at Philadelphia, under which William Penn made his famous treaty with nineteen tribes of barbarians, the only treaty never sworn to and never broken. The Elm was carefully guarded until 1810, when it was unfortunately blown down. A monument now marks the spot.

5. "The Burgoyne Elm," at Albany, which was planted on the day the British General Burgoyne was brought a prisoner into the city, the day after the surrender.

6. The grand Magnolia tree near Charleston, South Carolina, under which General Lincoln held a council of war previous to surrendering the city.

7. The Freedman's Oak, or Emancipation Oak, Hampton Institute, Hampton, Virginia, under which the slaves of this region first heard read President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.

8. The Eliot Oak of Newton, Mass., under which the apostle, John Eliot, taught the Indians Christianity.

THIS IS ARBOR DAY.

(Tune: "Lightly Row.")

Arbor Day, Arbor Day!
See, the fields are fresh and green;
All is bright—cheerful sight,
  After winter's night!
Birds are flying in the air;
All we see is fresh and fair;
Bowers green now are seen;
  Flowers peep between.

Swaying trees, swaying trees;
Rocking gently in the breeze,
Dressed so gay—fine array,
  For this is Arbor Day!
While we plant our tree so dear,
All the others list to hear
How we sing, in the spring,
  And our voices ring.

Here we stand, here we stand,
Round the tree, a royal band;
Music floats, cheering notes,
  Sweetly, gaily floats.

March along with heads so high
While our tree is standing nigh;
Step away, light and gay,
  On this Arbor Day!

—Selected.
From Colorado Spring Holidays, 1913.

WHISPERERS.

Whenever I go up or down
Along the roadway into town,
I hear a busy whispering there
Among the trees high up in air.

It's clear to one who's not a fool
That trees have never been to school;
And if you ask me why I know—
It is because they whisper so.

—Clinton Scollard.

THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG.

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary—
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery!

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying.

"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter I know;
Hark while I sing you a message of cheer!
Summer is coming! and spring time is here!"

"Little white snowdrop! I pray you arise;
Bright little crocus! come open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
Daffodils! daffodils! say do you hear?
Summer is coming! and spring time is here!"

WHY THE EVERGREEN TREES NEVER LOSE THEIR LEAVES.

Winter was coming, and the birds had flown far to the south, where the air was warm and they could find berries to eat. One little bird had broken its wing and could not fly with the others. It was alone in the cold world of frost and snow. The forest looked warm, and it made its way to the trees as well as it could, to ask for help.

First it came to a birch-tree. "Beautiful birch-tree," it said, "my wing is broken, and my friends have flown away. May I live among your branches till they come back to me?"

"No, indeed," answered the birch-tree, drawing her fair green leaves away. "We of the great forest have our own birds to help. I can do nothing for you."

"The birch is not very strong," said the little bird to itself, "and it might be that she could not hold me easily. I will ask the oak." So the bird said, "Great oak-tree, you are so strong, will you not let me live on your boughs till my friends come back in the springtime?"

"In the springtime!" cried the oak. "That is a long way off. How do I know what you might do in all that time? Birds are always looking for something to eat, and you might even eat up some of my acorns."

"It may be that the willow will be kind to me," thought the bird, and it said, "Gentle willow, my wing is broken, and I could not fly to the

south with the other birds. May I live on your branches till the spring-time?"

The willow did not look gentle then, for she drew herself up proudly and said, "Indeed, I do not know you, and we willows never talk to people whom we do not know. Very likely there are trees somewhere that will take in strange birds. Leave me at once."

The poor little bird did not know what to do. Its wing was not yet strong, but it began to fly away as well as it could. Before it had gone far, a voice was heard. "Little bird," it said, "where are you going?"

"Indeed, I do not know," answered the bird sadly. "I am very cold."

"Come right here, then," said the friendly spruce-tree, for it was her voice that had called. "You shall live on my warmest branch all winter if you choose."

"Will you really let me?" asked the little bird eagerly.

"Indeed, I will," answered the kind-hearted spruce-tree. "If your friends have flown away, it is time for the trees to help you. Here is the branch where my leaves are thickest and softest."

"My branches are not very thick," said the friendly pine-tree, "but I am big and strong, and I can keep the north wind from you and the spruce."

"I can help, too," said a little juniper-tree. "I can give you berries all winter long, and every bird knows that juniper berries are good."

So the spruce gave the lonely little bird a home, the pine kept the cold north wind away from it, and the juniper gave it berries to eat.

The other trees looked on and talked together wisely.

"I would not have strange birds on my boughs," said the birch.

"I shall not give my acornes away for any one," said the oak.

"I never have anything to do with strangers," said the willow, and the three trees drew their leaves closely about them.

In the morning all those shining green leaves lay on the ground, for a cold north wind had come in the night, and every leaf that it touched fell from the tree.

"May I touch every leaf in the forest?" asked the wind in its frolic.

"No," said the frost king. "The trees that have been kind to the little bird with the broken wing may keep their leaves."

This is why the leaves of the spruce, the pine and the juniper are always green.—*From The Book of Nature Myths.*

THE OWL'S ADVICE.

"I want to look wise!" said Maud one day;
"I want to look clever and wise!"
"Oh! oh!" said the owl, as he sat on a spray,
And blinked as in solemn surprise;
"You had better by far remain as you are,
And learn to *be* clever and wise!"
Then echoed the birds as they sat in a row,
"You hear what he says; you'd better, you know,
Just learn to be clever and wise!"

SUN AND RAIN.

Down falls the pleasant rain,
To water thirsty flowers;
Then shines the sun again,
To cheer this earth of ours.

If it were always rain,
The flowers would be drowned;
If it were always sun,
No flowers would be found.

THE COUNTRY BOY'S CREED.

"I believe that the Country which God made is more beautiful than the City which man made; that life out of doors and in touch with the earth is the natural life of man. I believe that work is work wherever I find it; but that work with nature is more inspiring than work with the most intricate machinery. I believe that the dignity of labor depends not on what you do, but on how you do it; that opportunity comes to the boy on the farm as often as to a boy in the city; that life is larger and freer and happier on the farm than in town; that my success depends not upon my location, but, upon myself. I believe in working when you work, and playing when you play, and in giving and demanding a square deal in every act of life."—*Northwest Journal of Education.*

THE FARMER'S CREED.

I believe in a permanent agriculture; a soil that will grow richer rather than poorer from year to year.

I believe in 100-bushel corn and in 50-bushel wheat, and I shall not be satisfied with anything less.

I believe that the only good weed is a dead weed, and that a clean farm is as important as a clean conscience.

I believe in the farm boy and in the farm girl, the farmer's best crops, the future's best hope.

I believe in the farm woman, and will do all in my power to make her life easier and happier.

I believe in the country school that prepares for country life, and a country church that teaches its people to love deeply and live honorably.

I believe in community spirit, a pride in home and neighbors, and I will do my part to make my community the best in the state.

I believe in the farmer, I believe in farm life, I believe in the inspiration of the open country.

I am proud to be a farmer, and I will try earnestly to be worthy of the name.—*By Frank I. Mann.*

DO APPLE SEEDS POINT UP OR DOWN?

When teacher called the apple class, they gathered round to see
What question deep in apple lore their task that day might be.
"Now tell me," said the teacher to little Polly Brown
"Do apple seeds grow pointing up, or are they pointing down?"

Poor Polly didn't know, for she had never thought to look
(And that's the kind of question you can't find in any book);
And of the whole big apple class not one small pupil knew
If apple seeds point up or down! But then, my dear, do you?

—Carolyn Wells, in St. Nicholas.

From Colorado Spring Holidays, 1913.

A RIDDLE.

I have only one foot, but thousands of toes;
My one foot stands, but never goes.
I have many arms, and they're mighty, all;
And hundreds of fingers, large and small.
From the ends of my fingers my beauty grows.
I breathe with my hair, and I drink with my toes.
I grow bigger and bigger about the waist,
And yet I am always very tight laced.
None e'er saw me eat—I've no mouth to bite;
Yet I eat all day in the full sunlight.
In the summer with song I shake and quiver,
But in winter I fast and groan and shiver.

—George MacDonald.

From Colorado Spring Holidays, 1913.

GRASS.

The rose is praised for its beaming face,
The lily for saintly whiteness;
We love this bloom for its languid grace,
And that for its airy lightness.

We say of the oak, "How grand of girth!"
Of the willow we say, "How slender!"
And yet to the soft grass, clothing earth
How slight is the praise we render.

But the grass knows well in her secret heart
How we love her cool, green raiment;
So she plays in silence her lonely part,
And cares not at all for payment.

Each year her buttercups nod and drowse,
With sun and dew brimming over;
Each year she pleases the greedy cows
With oceans of honeyed clover.

Each year on the earth's wide breast she waves
From spring until stern November;
And then she remembers so many graves
That no one else will remember.

And while she serves us with gladness mute
In return for such sweet dealings,
We tread her carelessly under foot,
Yet we never wound her feelings.

—Edgar Fawcett.

WHAT THE OLD TREE LEARNED.

One October day, many, many years ago, a big, fat acorn was being carried by a blue-jay over a large, open pasture in a New England town. Just at that moment a hunter in an adjoining field shot off his gun, and Blue-Jay was so scared that he dropped the acorn and flew away, and forgot to come back for it.

Now the acorn bounded just under the hedge of a little hummock. And soon, one day, there was a hard thunder-shower; the rain pelted down on the hummock and loosened a piece of earth from its edge, and it fell right on the acorn and buried it.

Quite content to stay where it was, it yet wanted to look through its covering, so straightway it went to work to bring it about, and before many days, in some mysterious way, it had sent a little shoot up through the particles of earth. Urged and helped by something below, this shoot kept pushing up higher and higher till, at the approach of winter, several times invisible hands took it in their grip and squeezed harder and harder, until it seemed to the tender little spire as if it must perish. But a kind wind-elf came one day and wrapped round it several leaves from the parent tree, and these stayed all winter, and helped it to endure more of the same kind of suffering.

One spring day another elf came and took the leaves away, and then the little tree, for such it had become, was very happy, and all summer it drank in the rainwater, basked in the sun, and gleefully took many a shower-bath.

Many summers and winters passed. Each summer there was development and each winter there was hardship. In spite of all, there finally stood, a conspicuous landmark in the middle of this great pasture, with no other trees near, a large handsome oak. The birds visited, prinked, wooed, nested and rested in its branches; the wind-elves played tag among the leaves, and the cows chewed their cud while lying in the luxury of its shade.

But for a long time there had been something wrong with the tree. In the midst of summer it continually thought of winter. Every perfect day, it said, was the fore-runner of a hail-storm. The rain fell too fast, or the sun shone too hot. To the birds it said: "If I could fly like you, and choose my home and resting-place, and flee to the sunny clime when winter was near, how happy I would be." To the wind-elves it said: "And you may go where you will; visit one day the sea and the next the mountain or rest on the plain, while I, and misery it is, stay here year in and year out, with no companions for fellowship to admire me or condole with me." And to the cows it said: "My lot is harder even than yours, for you have this whole great pasture to roam over by night, the shade of my leaves by day, and warm stables for winter." The birds, wind-elves and cows agreed that this was a strange way for a tree to talk, but they made no reply, only kept on visiting it.

But one day it had a revelation. On a fine August afternoon there appeared a company of jolly boys and girls, carrying blankets, baskets and boxes, and headed straight for the old tree. When they reached it, they spread their blankets in its shade, opened their baskets and boxes, and

spent a gay hour. Then quiet began to steal over them, as they noticed that twilight was coming, and one boy a little more thoughtful than the rest, said: "What a magnificent old tree this is! I wonder we never before thought of comnig to picnic here." Another said: "Yes, what a blessing its shade must be to these cows on a hot summer day!" And a third, as he lay on his back and gazed into its boughs: "And what a place for the birds to nest! And see how those great, brilliant leaves flash in the sunset breeze."

Of course the old tree heard. It said to itself, "I think I have missed something all these years. Is it possible that is what I am here for? And I never thought of it. I believe I will 'turn over a new leaf'." And it did.—*By Arthur W. Upson.*

ABOUT THE FAIRIES.

Pray, where are the little bluebells gone,
That lately bloomed in the wood?
Why, the little fairies have each taken one,
And put it on for a hood.

And where are the pretty grass-stalks gone,
That waved in the summer breeze?
Oh, the fairies have taken them every one,
To plant in their gardens, like trees.

And where are the great big bluebottles gone,
That buzzed in their busy pride?
Oh, the fairies have caught them everyone,
And have broken them in, to ride.

And they've taken the glow-worms to light their halls,
And the cricket to sing them a song,
And the great red rose-leaves to paper their walls,
And they're feasting the whole night long.

But when spring comes back with its soft, mild ray,
And the ripple of gentle rain,
The fairies bring back what they've taken away,
And give it us all again.

THE LARK AND THE FARMER.

In the field of wheat there was a lark's nest, and in the nest there were four young larks almost large enough to fly. One morning when the mother lark was going out for something to eat she said to her little ones:

"The wheat is now ripe enough to be cut, and there is no telling how soon the reapers will come. So keep wide awake today, and when I come home tell me all that you see or hear."

The little larks promised that they would do so, and the mother flew away singing.

She was hardly out of sight when the Farmer who owned the field came with his son to look at his wheat. "I tell you what, John," he said, "it is time this wheat was cut. Go round to our neighbors this evening and ask them to come tomorrow and help us."

When the old Lark came home the young ones told her what they had heard; and they were so badly frightened that they begged her to move them out of the field at once.

"There is no hurry," she said. "If he waits for his neighbors to come he will have to wait a long time."

The next day while the mother Lark was away, the Farmer and his son came again.

"John, did you ask the neighbors to come?" said the Farmer.

"Yes, sir," said John, "and they all promised to be here early."

"But they have not come," said the Farmer, "and the wheat is so ripe, that it must be cut at once. Since our neighbors have failed us, we must call in our kinsfolk. So mount your horse and ride round to all your uncles and cousins, and ask them to be sure and come tomorrow and help us."

The young larks were in great fear when they heard this, and in the evening they told their mother all about it.

"Mother," they said, "we shall be killed if we stay here another day. Our wings are strong enough; let us fly away right now."

"Don't be in a hurry," said the mother. "If the Farmer waits for his kinsfolk the wheat will not be cut tomorrow; for the uncles and cousins have their own harvest work to do."

She went out again the next day, but told the young ones to notice everything that happened while she was gone.

Towards noon the Farmer and his son came into the field.

"See how late in the day it is," said the Farmer, "and not a man has come to help us."

"And the grain is so ripe that it is all falling down and going to waste," said his son.

"Yes," said the Farmer, "and since neither our friends nor our kinsfolk will help us, we must do the work ourselves. Let us go home and whet our scythes and get everything ready, so that we can begin before sunrise in the morning."

The old Lark came home quite early that day, and the little Larks told her what they had heard.

"Now, indeed, it is time for us to be off," she said. "Shake your wings and get ready to fly; for when a man makes up his mind to do a thing himself, it is pretty sure to be done."

THE HOLLYHOCK AND THE HONEY BEE.

A Honey Bee in search of sweets
From flower to flower flew,
And when a sudden shower came
He cried: "What shall I do?

"I'll get my pretty wings all wet—
Then what a sight I'll be!"
"Don't worry, Bee," said Hollyhock.
"Just creep inside of me."

The shower o'er, out came the Bee
And said: "What can I do,

Kind Mr. Hollyhock, to show
  My gratitude to you?"

Then Mr. Hollyhock replied:
  "If you would like to pay,
Just take to sweet Miss Hollyhock
  A kiss from me to-day."

—Will P. Snyder.
From John Martin's Book, Sept., 1913.

THE DISCOVERY.

I've made the strangest 'scovery
  That ever you did hear,
And in the very oddest place—
  In just my Mother dear.

I never thought about her much,
  Until one time, for fun,
I looked at her all over, 'cause
  My other games were done.

And then I saw to my surprise,
  That she was not so old,
Nor only made to cook my lunch,
  And keep me from the cold.

Perhaps she'd like to drop her broom
  And leave her work and go
Away with me to our back yard,
  Where things and flowers grow;

And see the rose beds all in bloom,
  And listen to the bees,
And watch the fiery hang-birds' nests
  Up in the tall old trees;

And then stroll idly to the spring
  To have a nice cool drink,
Where our two faces smile right back
  As we look o'er the brink.

I think she'd like to run and play
  At "tag" and "prisoners' base;"
Perhaps—perhaps she'd even like
  To have a dirty face!

And so my strangest 'scovery
  Is plain as plain can be;
My Mother's just a little girl—
  A little girl like me!

—Elsinore-Robinson-Crowell.
From John Martin's Book, Sept., 1913.

THE STORY OF THE MORNING-GLORY SEED.

A little girl one day in the month of May dropped a morning-glory seed into a small hole in the ground and said: "Now, morning-glory seed, hurry and grow, grow, grow until you are a tall vine covered with pretty green leaves and lovely trumpet flowers." But the earth was very dry, for there had been no rain for a long time, and the poor wee seed could not grow at all. So, after lying patiently in the small hole for nine long

days and nine long nights, it said to the ground around it: "O ground, please give me a few drops of water to soften my hard brown coat, so that it may burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves, and then I can begin to be a vine! But the ground said: "That you must ask of the rain."

So the seed called to the rain: "O rain, please come down and wet the ground around me so that it may give me a few drops of water. Then will my hard brown coat grow softer and softer until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves and I can begin to be a vine!" But the rain said: "I cannot unless the clouds hang lower."

So the seed said to the clouds: "O clouds, please hang lower and let the rain come down and wet the ground around me, so that it may give me a few drops of water. Then will my hard brown coat grow softer and softer until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves and I can begin to be a vine!" But the clouds said: "The sun must hide, first."

So the seed called to the sun: "O sun, please hide for a little while so that the clouds may hang lower, and the rain come down and wet the ground around me. Then will the ground give me a few drops of water and my hard brown coat grow softer and softer until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves and I can begin to be a vine!" "I will," said the sun, and he was gone in a flash.

Then the clouds began to hang lower and lower, and the rain began to fall faster and faster, and the ground began to get wetter and wetter, and the seed-coat began to grow softer and softer until at last open it burst!—and out came two bright green seed-leaves and the Morning-glory Seed began to be a Vine!—*Margaret Eytinge.*

A SPRING SONG.

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

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

"We'll embroider the front," said the violets,
  "With a lovely purple hue,"
"And we," said the roses, "will make you a crown
  Of red, jeweled over with dew."
"And we'll be your gems," said a voice from the shade,
  Where the ladies' ear-drops live—
"Orange is the color for any queen

And the best we have to give."
Old Mother Earth was thankful and glad,
As she put on her dress so gay;
And that is the reason, my little ones,
She is looking so lovely today.

—Selected.

From Wisconsin Arbor & Bird Day Annual.

WHAT THE TREES TEACH US.

(For fourteen small pupils.)

First Pupil:
I am taught by the Oak to be rugged and strong
In defense of the right; in defiance of wrong.

Second Pupil:
I have learned from the Maple, that beauty to win
The love of all hearts, must have sweetness within.

Third Pupil:
The Beech, with its branches wide spreading and low,
Awakes in my heart hospitality's glow.

Fourth Pupil:
The Pine tells of constancy. In its sweet voice
It whispers of hope till sad mortals rejoice.

Fifth Pupil:
The nut-bearing trees teach that 'neath manner gruff,
May be found as "sweet kernels" as in their caskets rough.

Sixth Pupil:
The Birch, in its wrappings of silver and gray,
Shows that beauty needs not to make gorgeous display.

Seventh Pupil:
The Ash, having fibers tenacious and strong,
Teaches me firm resistance, to battle with wrong.

Eighth Pupil:
The Aspen tells me with its quivering leaves,
To be gentle to every sad creature that grieves.

Ninth Pupil:
The Lombardy Poplars point upward in praise.
My voice to kind Heaven they teach me to raise.

Tenth Pupil:
The Elm teaches me to be pliant yet true;
Though bowed by rude winds, it still rises anew.

Eleventh Pupil:
I am taught generosity, boundless and free,
By the showers of fruit from the dear Apple tree.

Twelfth Pupil:
The Cherry tree blushing with fruit crimson red,
Tells of God's free abundance that all may be fed.

Thirteenth Pupil:
In the beautiful Linden, so fair to the sight,
The truth I discern: It is inwardly white.

Fourteenth Pupil:
The firm-rooted Cedars like sentries of old,
Show that virtues deep-rooted may also be bold.

—Helen O. Hoyt, in the Teachers' World.

From Nebraska Special Day Program.

THE PLANTING OF A TREE.

I. **Take up as many roots as possible.** Only root tips gather food from the soil. Many of these feeding rootlets will be broken off and left in the ground in spite of our precautions.

II. **Keep the roots from drying.** Exposed to the air, the delicate root hairs shrivel and can never be revived. They are the mouths that feed the tree. Loss of a large percentage of these means starvation.

III. **Have the hole dug deep and wide.** The roots should have room to spread out naturally in all directions. To wind them around, or twist and crowd them in would mean to stunt the tree's after growth.

IV. **Trim to smooth ends all torn roots.** The healing of a ragged wound is a long and uncertain process. A smooth slanting cut soon heals and causes no further trouble.

V. **Set the tree as deep as it was before.** The time is critical. The former depth was right. You cannot afford to try now to teach your tree new habits.

VI. **Sift the fine surface soil in about the roots.** Holding the tree erect and firm, press the dirt close about the roots until they are covered. Lift the tree a little once or twice. This establishes contact between the roots and the particles of soil. Surface soil is richer and finer than that from the bottom of the hole.

VII. **Pour in water and let it settle away.** This dissolves plant food contained in the soil, and brings a supply of it to each root hair.

VIII. **Fill the hole with dirt,** tramping in each spadeful. This provides for the food supply, and makes the tree firm in its place.

IX. **Prune the top of the tree.** Transplanting prunes the roots, in spite of careful digging. The top must be reduced to correspond, or it will by transpiration overtax the maimed root system.

X. **Water the tree frequently at first.** Thorough soakings are what it needs, not light sprinklings. The roots need the water, and they are underground. Until they become established their thirst is inordinate.

XI. **Dig around the tree.** Keep the soil loose to prevent its caking and cracking. Digging the soil above them trains the roots to go deep, and frequent stirring of the fine surface soil prevents the escape of moisture from below.

After all, it is about as easy to plant a tree the right way as to plant it one of the many wrong ways. If it is worth while to plant a tree at all it is worth while to plant it well.

—*From "Among Green Trees."*

REGULATIONS FOR THE PROTECTION OF MIGRATORY BIRDS.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, an Act of Congress approved March fourth, nineteen hundred and thirteen, entitled, "An Act making appropriations for the Department of Agriculture for the fiscal year ending June thirtieth, nineteen hundred and fourteen" (37 Stat., 847), contains provisions as follows:

All wild geese, wild swans, brant, wild ducks, snipe, plover, woodcock, rail, wild pigeons, and all other migratory game and insectivorous birds which in their northern and southern migrations pass through or do not remain permanently the entire year within the borders of any State or Territory, shall hereafter be deemed to be within the custody and protection of the Government of the United States, and shall not be destroyed or taken contrary to regulations hereinafter provided therefor.

The Department of Agriculture is hereby authorized and directed to adopt suitable regulations to give effect to the previous paragraph by prescribing and fixing closed seasons, having due regard to the zones of temperature, breeding habits, and times and line of migratory flight, thereby enabling the department to select and designate suitable districts for different portions of the country, and it shall be unlawful to shoot or by any device kill or seize and capture migratory birds within the protection of this law during said closed seasons, and any person who shall violate any of the provisions or regulations of this law for the protection of migratory birds shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be fined not more than $100 or imprisoned not more than ninety days, or both, in the discretion of the court.

The Department of Agriculture, after the preparation of said regulations, shall cause the same to be made public, and shall allow a period of three months in which said regulations may be examined and considered before final adoption, permitting, when deemed proper, public hearings thereon, and after final adoption shall cause the same to be engrossed and submitted to the President of the United States for approval: *Provided, however*, That nothing herein contained shall be deemed to affect or interfere with the local laws of the States and Territories for the protection of nonmigratory game or other birds resident and breeding within their borders, nor to prevent the States and Territories from enacting laws and regulations to promote and render efficient the regulations of the Department of Agriculture provided under this statute.

OPEN SEASONS FOR MIGRATORY BIRDS UNDER FEDERAL REGULATIONS—ZONE NO. 1.

Waterfowl	**Sept. 1—Dec. 16**
Exceptions: Massachusetts	Sept. 15—Jan. 1
New York (except Long Island)	Sept. 16—Dec. 16
Long Island, Oregon, Washington	Oct. 1—Jan. 16
New Jersey	Nov. 1—Feb. 1
Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wisconsin	Sept. 7—Dec. 1

Rails, coots, gallinules	**Sept. 1—Dec. 1**
Exceptions: Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island	Aug. 15—Dec. 1
Connecticut, Michigan, New York, Long Island	Sept. 16—Dec. 1
Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wisconsin	Sept. 7—Dec. 1
Oregon, Washington	Oct. 1—Jan. 16
Woodcock	**Oct. 1—Dec. 1**
Exceptions: Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey	Oct. 10—Dec. 1
Rhode Island	Nov. 1—Dec. 1
Pennsylvania, Long Island	Oct. 15—Dec. 1
Shore birds—Black-breasted and golden plover, jacksnipe, yellowlegs	**Sept. 1—Dec. 16**
Exceptions: Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Long Island	Aug. 15—Dec. 1
New York (except Long Island)	Sept. 16—Dec. 1
Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wisconsin	Sept. 7—Dec. 1
Oregon, Washington	Oct. 1—Dec. 16

Insectivorous birds protected indefinitely. Band-tailed pigeons, cranes, swans, curlew, smaller shore birds, and wood ducks protected until September 1, 1918. Rails in Vermont and woodcock in Illinois also protected until 1918.

Shooting prohibited between sunset and sunrise; or at any time on sections of upper Mississippi and Missouri Rivers indicated on map.

Memorial Day

This festival is not merely a holiday, but rather a holy day. It is our All Saints' Day, sacred to the memory of the glorified dead who consecrated themselves to their country.

It is well that, in the hurry and press of our times, when the higher soul within us is choked and stifled by the more sordid cares of the hour, by the selfish struggle for place and pelf, we should pause for a period to dwell upon the memory of the illustrious dead who gave their lives for their country, and who typify that higher and truer Americanism which lies within us still, dormant and latent indeed, yet ready to spring again to the surface whenever the needs of the country issue a new call to arms. It is well that we should do them honor which honors ourselves in the doing.

—*Illustrated American.*

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S TRIBUTE TO MEMORIAL DAY.

Time only enhances the lasting value and demonstrates anew the true significance of these inspiring observances. Whatever may be the character of its temporary problems, this liberty loving nation is not and never can be forgetful of the immortal heroes of the civil war.

The debt of gratitude which we owe to the nation's defenders can never be repaid, either by this or future generations; yet the acknowledgment of the obligation each year, in various forms and in a multitude of places throughout this broad land, purifies our ideas and brings us all together in sympathy of sentiment and unity of purpose.

Generations come and go and the issues for which they fought and died soon pass into history. But the living principles of undertakings worthily accomplished for an unselfish purpose, abide forever and guide us to a nobler destiny and still greater achievements as a nation.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL.

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness;
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law.

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine.

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears;
America! America!
God shed his Grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

—By Catherine Lee Bates.

Not simply a show-time, boys and girls,
Is this day of falling flowers,
Not a pageant, a play,
Nor a holiday
Of flags and floral bowers.
It is something more than the day that starts
War memories athrob in the veteran hearts.

For across the years,
To the hopes and fears,
To the days of battle,
Of roar and rattle:—
To the past that now seems far away,
Do the sons of the Blue and the sons of the Gray
Gaze—hand clasping hand—Decoration Day.

—From Red Letter Days.

ORIGIN OF CUSTOM OF DECORATING SOLDIERS' GRAVES WITH FLOWERS.

It is eminently fitting that this custom of decorating the graves of our dead with flowers should play the leading part it does in the celebration of Memorial Day. For this day was flower-born. Two years after the close of the Civil war the New York Tribune printed a paragraph simply stating that "the women of Columbus, Miss., have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers."

Whereupon the North thrilled with tenderness and Francis Miles Finch was inspired to write his moving lyric "The Blue and the Gray" which has been the *credo* of the festival.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

"And leaving in battle no blot on their name,
Look proudly to heaven from the deathbed of fame

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron had fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:—
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat;
All with the battle blood glory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;—
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe:—
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting for judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drops of rain;
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting for judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years, now fading,
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting for judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting for judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.—Finch

In a famous address, Chauncey M. Depew very happily related the incident referred to above. He said: "When the war was over in the South, where under warmer skies and with more poetic temperaments symbols and emblems are better understood than in the practical North, the widows, mothers, and the children of the Confederate dead went out and strewed their graves with flowers; at many places the women scattered them impartially also over the unknown and unmarked resting-places of the Union soldiers. As the news of this touching tribute flashed over the North it roused, as nothing else could have done, national amity and love and allayed sectional animosity and passion. Thus out of sorrows common alike to North and South came this beautiful custom."

The incident, however, produced no practical results until in May, 1868, Adj. Gen. N. P. Chipman suggested to National Commander John A. Logan of the Grand Army of the Republic that their organization should inaugurate the custom of spreading flowers on the graves of the Union soldiers at some uniform time. General Logan immediately issued an order naming the 30th day of May, 1868, "for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrdaes who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, or hamlet churchyard in the land.—It is the purpose of the Commander-in-chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of the departed."

The idea spread rapidly. Legislature after legislature enacted it into law until the holiday has become a legal one in all states except Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, New Mexico, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, and Texas.

Decoration Day, the earlier name of the festival, was soon felt to be too superficial to express the profound ideas and emotions to which the day is dedicated and the name was changed to Memorial Day.

—*From introduction to Schauffler's Memorial Day Selections.*

THE PATRIOT DEAD.

Breathe balmy airs, ye fragrant flowers,
O'er every silent sleeper's head;
Ye crystal dews and summer showers,
Dress in fresh green each lowly bed.

Strew loving offerings o'er the brave,
Their country's joy, their country's pride;
For us their precious lives they gave,
For Freedom's sacred cause they died.

Long, where on glory's fields they fell,
May Freedom's spotless banner wave,
And fragrant tributes grateful tell
Where live the free, where sleep the brave.

—Samuel F. Smith.

WHAT CAN THE CHILDREN DO?

First Child.

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

Second Child.

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

Third Child.

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

Fourth Child.

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

—Laura F. Armitage in Journal of Education.

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT WILSON AT REUNION OF BLUE AND GRAY AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 4, 1913.

Friends and Fellow Citizens: I need not tell you what the battle of Gettysburg meant. These gallant men in blue and gray sit all about us here. Many of them met here upon this ground in grim and deadly struggle. Upon these famous fields and hillsides their comrades died about them. But fifty years have gone since then, and I crave the privilege of speaking to you for a few minutes of what those fifty years have meant.

What have they meant? They have meant peace and union and vigor and the maturity and might of a great nation. How wholesome and healing the peace has been! We have found one another again as brothers and comrades in arms, enemies no longer, generous friends rather, our battles long past, the quarrel forgotten, except that we shall not forget the splendid valor, the manly devotion, of the men then arrayed against one another, now grasping hands and smiling into each other's eyes. How complete the union has become and how dear to all of us, how unquestioned, how benign and majestic, as state after state has been added to this our great family of freemen! How handsome the vigor, the maturity, the might, of the great nation we love with undivided hearts—how full of large and confident promise that a life will be wrought out that will crown its strength with gracious justice and with a happy welfare that will touch all alike with deep content-

ment! We are debtors to those fifty crowded years. They have made us heirs to a mighty heritage.

But do we deem the nation complete and finished? These venerable men crowding here to this famous field have set us a great example of devotion and utter sacrifice. They were willing to die that the people might live. But their task is done. Their day is turned into evening. They look to us to perfect what they established. Their work is handed on to us to be done in another way, but not in another spirit. Our day is not over. It is upon us in full tide.

I have in my mind another host, whom these set free of civil strife in order that they might work out in days of peace and settled order the life of a great nation. That host is the people themselves, the great and the small, without class or difference of kind or race or origin and undivided in interest, if we have but the vision to guide and direct them and order their lives aright in what we do. Our constitutions are their articles of enlistment. The orders of the day are the laws upon our statute books. What we strive for is their freedom, their right to lift themselves from day to day and behold the things they have hoped for and so make way for still better days for those whom they love who are to come after them. The recruits are little children crowding in. The quartermaster's stores are in the mines and forests and fields, in the shops and factories. Every day something must be done to push the campaign forward, and it must be done by plan and with an eye to some great destiny.

Lift your eyes to the great tracts of life yet to be conquered in the interest of righteous peace, of that prosperity which lies in a people's hearts and outlasts all wars and errors of men.

—*From Penn. School Journal, July*, 1913.

THE VETERANS.

Every year they're marching slower,
Every year they're stooping lower,
Every year the lilting music stirs the hearts of older men;
Every year the flags above them
Seem to bend and bless and love them
As if grieving for the future when they'll never march again!

Every year that day draws nearer—
Every year the truth is clearer
That the men who saved the nation from the severing southern sword
Soon must pass away forever
From the scene of their endeavor,
Soon must answer to the roll-call of the angel of the Lord.

Every year with dwindling number,
Loyal to those that slumber,
Forth they march to where already many have found peace at last,
And they place the fairest blossoms
O'er the silent, mould'ring bosoms
Of the valiant friends and comrades of the battles of the past.

Every year grow dimmer, duller,
Tattered flag and faded color;
Every year the hands that bear them find a harder task to do.
And the eyes that only brightened
When the blaze of battle lightened,
Like the tattered flags they follow are grown dim and faded too.

Every year we see them massing,
Every year we watch them passing,
Scarcely pausing in our hurry after pleasure, after gain;
But the battle flags above them,
Seem to bend and bless and love them
And through all the lilting music sounds an undertone of pain!

—Denis A. McCarthy, New York Sun.

"If ever it is a question whether you or the flag must perish, you will instantly choose that it shall not be the flag."—*Wm. T. Sherman.*

"We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union."—*Rufus Choate.*

"I'M ONLY A REGULAR."

El Caney: The battle was over. In the midst of the dead and dying were two New York volunteers and a soldier of the regular army, lying there suffering in the burning sun. Suddenly the regular saw an opportunity to get a canteen from a dead Spanish sharpshooter. With difficulty, he crawled the 300 yards necessary to reach the water. But instead of quenching his own thirst, wounded as he was, he painfully dragged himself back to his comrades, and died lifting the canteen to their lips. "I'm only a regular," he said, "you fellows have folks at home waiting for you."

DECORATION DAY.

Sleep, comrades! sleep and rest
On this field of grounded arms,
Where foes no more molest,
Nor sentry's shot alarms.

Ye have slept on the ground before,
And started to your feet
At the cannon's sudden roar,
Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of death
No sound your slumber breaks;
Here is no fevered breath,
No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace;
Untrampled lies the sod;
The shouts of battle cease,—
It is the truce of God.

Rest, comrades! rest and sleep!
The thoughts of men should be
As sentinels, to keep
Your rest from dangers free.

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.

—Longfellow.

"The cycling years again have brought
To us Memorial Day.
The gallant men who bravely fought
For us are old and grey.

Their numbers, year by year, grow less,
And more are laid away.
Where we with flowers their graves may dress,
On each Memorial Day.

Then bring the blossoms fair and sweet
To deck each grass-grown bed,
While, reverently, we all repeat
'Here lies our honored dead
Whose memory we will all revere
Till time shall pass away,
And, sacred, keep with every year
A new Memorial Day.'"

—From Red Letter Days.

THREE SOLDIER BOYS.

(This short exercise may be given by three little boys with soldiers' caps and capes. Each bears a small flag. All march to drum beats, and stand in line.)

First Soldier.

An honest soldier I would be
And serve my country, grand and free.
I'll fight for truth, be good and great;
I'll bravely march and fear no fate.

All (Waving flags.)

Hurrah! Hurrah! Wave, flags, wave!
Wave for the soldier who is true and brave!

Second Soldier.

A loving soldier I would be,
And serve my country, grand and free,
Loving God, and loving man,
I'll always do the best I can.

All.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Wave, flags, wave!
Wave for this country and our soldiers brave!

Third Soldier.

A soldier brave I'll try to be,
And serve my country, grand and free;
In dangers I'll be brave and true;
This for my country I will do.

All.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Wave, flags, wave!
Wave for this country and our soldiers brave!

—From Colorado Spring Holidays.

THE BANNER BETSY MADE.

(To be recited by a girl dressed in Quaker costume and carrying a large flag.)

We have nicknamed it "Old Glory,"
As it floats upon the breeze,
Rich in legend, song and story,
On the land and on the seas;
Far above the shining river,
Over mountain, glen, and glade,
With a fame that lives forever,
Streams the banner Betsy made.

Once it went from her, its maker,
To the glory of the wars;
Once the modest little Quaker
Deftly studded it with stars,
And her fingers deftly flying
Through the sunshine and the shade,
Welded colors bright, undying,
In the banner Betsy made.

When at last her needle rested
And her cherished work was done,
Went the banner, love-invested
To the camps of Washington;
And the glorious Continentals,
In the morning light arrayed,
Stood in ragged regimentals
'Neath the banner Betsy made.

How they cheered it and its maker—
They, the gallant sons of wars;
How they blessed the little Quaker,
And her flag of stripes and stars!
'Neath its folds, the foeman scorning,
Glinted bayonets and blade,
And the breezes of the morning
Kissed the banner Betsy made.

Years have passed, but still in glory,
With a pride we love to see,
Laureled with a nation's glory
Waves the emblem of the free;
From the rugged pines of Northland
To the deep'ning everglade,
In the sunny heart of Southland,
Floats the banner Betsy made.

Now she sleeps whose fingers, flying,
With a heart to freedom true,
Mingled colors bright, undying—
Fashioned stars and field of blue.
It will lack for no defenders,
When the nation's foes invade;
For our country's close to splendor
'Neath the banner Betsy made.

—Thomas C. Harbaugh.

Thanksgiving Day

WE THANK THEE.

Father, we thank Thee for fruit and for grain,
Gold of the harvest that covered the plain,
For all the kindness that follows our way,
Father, we thank Thee today.

Father, we thank Thee for the sunshine so bright,
Patter of raindrops and snow falling light,
Flowers of summer and autumn leaves gay,
Father, we thank Thee today.

Father, we thank Thee for parents and friends,
All the good gifts which Thy loving heart sends;
Gratefully, tenderly, gladly we say,
[illegible]

To complete the reading on page 33 turn to page 36, and to complete the reading on page 35 turn to page 37.

ing a day for thanksgiving in 1575.

Governor Bradford, of Plymouth Colony, was first to institute the observance of a special thanksgiving day in America. Congress recommended such a day annually during the Revolution, and Washington named a day of thanksgiving for peace in 1784 and another for the adoption of the Constitution, in 1789. Since 1864 Thanksgiving Day has been an annual national festival by proclamation of the President and of the Governors of the various States of the Union. It was President Lincoln who first made the day one of general observance.

But not all the proclamations of magistrates can transform a thankless spirit into a thankful one, for gratitude is a habit, not an act. Like justice, truth and reverence, it is a tone in life's music, and not a separate note to be struck occasionally.

Days like this are valuable, in that they give us leisure and impulse to review our past, and see how "goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our lives;" to survey the growth of our nation, and recognize the hand of God in history: Contentment brings ease of mind and cheerful views. The poor woman who had only potatoes and salt fish for dinner "returned thanks" with queenly grace when she said, "I bless Thee, O Lord, that Thou hast spread my table with bounties from earth and sea." Addison tells us of his admiration for the philosophy of the

THE BANNER BETSY MADE.

(To be recited by a girl dressed in Quaker costume and carrying a large flag.)

We have nicknamed it "Old Glory,"
As it floats upon the breeze,
Rich in legend, song and story,
On the land and on the seas;
Far above the shining river,
Over mountain, glen, and glade,
With a fame that lives forever,
Streams the banner Betsy made.

Once it went from her, its maker,
To the glory of the wars;
Once the modest little Quaker
Deftly studded it with stars,
And her fingers deftly flying
Through the sunshine and the shade,
Welded colors bright, undying,
In the banner Betsy made.

'Neath its folds, the foeman scorning,
Glinted bayonets and blade,
And the breezes of the morning
Kissed the banner Betsy made.

Years have passed, but still in glory,
With a pride we love to see,
Laureled with a nation's glory
Waves the emblem of the free;
From the rugged pines of Northland
To the deep'ning everglade,
In the sunny heart of Southland,
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All the good gifts which Thy loving heart sends;
Gratefully, tenderly, gladly we say,
Father, we thank Thee today.— —*Angelina W. Wray.*
In Sprague Reader.

THANKSGIVING.

The custom of appointing certain times and seasons for thanksgiving is an old one. The Hebrews observed it long before the dawn of Roman law and Grecian art. The harvest festivals of pagan peoples show a certain sense of recognition, even among untutored nations, of the natural duty of gratitude to the Supreme Giver. The citizens of Leyden, Holland, commemorated the first anniversary of their delivery from siege by naming a day for thanksgiving in 1575.

Governor Bradford, of Plymouth Colony, was first to institute the observance of a special thanksgiving day in America. Congress recommended such a day annually during the Revolution, and Washington named a day of thanksgiving for peace in 1784 and another for the adoption of the Constitution, in 1789. Since 1864 Thanksgiving Day has been an annual national festival by proclamation of the President and of the Governors of the various States of the Union. It was President Lincoln who first made the day one of general observance.

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GIVE THANKS FOR ALL.

Give Thanks for all the love that brings
To us a host of precious things;
Let's stop and think that here we are—
Close to our sides and near and far
Spread God's good gifts of pleasant Foods,
And Joys in waiting multitudes;
And Toys and Games and lots of Fun;
And Sky and Stars and smiling Sun;
And Thoughts awake and Dreams asleep;
And Things to give and Things to keep;
And rosy Hope that never ends;
And cozy Secrets, Laughs and Friends;

And Little Things like Flowers sweet,
And useful Hands and dancing Feet—
O, stop and think of all of these,
And for a moment bend the knees
Before a Loving God that brings
This endless store of precious Things;
Let's prove to God by grateful living
How full we are of true THANKS-GIVING.

—*By John Martin.*

From John Martin's Book for November, 1913.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Ride a Turkey Gobbler
All around the town,
When the days are frosty
And the leaves are brown.

Apple Pie and Pumpkin,
Cranberry and, O!
Mince Pies in the pantry
In a smiling row.

Pantry's full of good things,
Safely stowed away
For a certain Thursday,
Called Thanksgiving Day.

Everybody's waiting
Man and Bird and Beast,
Everybody's waiting for
A great Thanksgiving Feast.

—*E. W. Peckham.*

From John Martin's Book, November, 1913

THE FIRST THANGSGIVING.

Our great grandparents, long ago,
Made one day of the year
A day for Giving special Thanks
For blessings and good cheer.

They were so glad for all the Corn
That they had made to grow—
The corn the Indians gave them
And taught them how to sow.

THE THANK-YOU DAY.

How Mr. B. Bear, and Mrs. S. Squirrel and all the world said "thank you."

"Woof, woof," shivered Mr. B. Bear. (B. stands for Brown.) "It's cold—woof, woof—and not a berry in sight anywhere, not a blackberry, not a blueberry, not a berry of any color." And Mr. B. Bear went nosing along the frozen ground.

Mrs. S. Squirrel (S. stands for Silver) saw him from her seat in the tree-top. And because she wanted to find out what Mr. B. Bear was going to do she followed in a furry-scurry from tree to tree.

"Not even a blade of grass—woof, woof," grunted Mr. B. Bear. "I see that there is no dinner here for B. Bear, Esq." And it was *Thanksgiving Day!*

"I suppose that Mr. B. Bear is feeling very, very sad," thought Mrs. S. Squirrel, "because he hasn't even a smell of Thanksgiving dinner."

Mr. B. Bear was not sad; quite the contrary. He sat down on his haunches and began to chuckle. He felt all over his fat sides with his fore paws and chuckled again.

"Ha, ha," laughed he, "how good those Stony Slope blackberries were that I ate last summer! And as for that grass on the edge of the wood, never did I taste better."

Mrs. S. Squirrel, who sat on the branch over-head, cocked a merry eye at him and murmured to herself: "Poor fellow, what good does he get from the berries he ate last summer? What good are they going to do him now?"

But Mr. B. Bear kept rubbing his sides. He cuddled himself once more, and felt the rolls of fat just underneath his brown fur overcoat, and he said:

"What a good thing it is to carry your Thanksgiving dinner with you—and to have enough left over to last all winter too." Then Mr. B. Bear put his forepaws down on the ground and shimbled shambled off. Mrs. S. Squirrel frisked and whisked away.

"Queer old fellow," squeaked she.

Mr. B. Bear went straight home. On the way he said to himself: "How nice it is to have dinner all ready. I'll be bound, that poor Mrs. S. Squirrel, whom I saw watching me, had to work hard gathering nuts for her's.

"What a cozy place this is," he said, as he opened his front door in the hollow of a brown old tree. "That cold wind can't get inside at all. And how soft my bed is! Did anyone ever have a mattress made of such rustly, crunchy-brown leaves? I really must lie down and take forty winks the very first thing."

So Mr. B. Bear poked up his mattress of rustly, crunchy-brown leaves and lay down upon it. He turned over three or four times. He forgot it was dinner-time.

"How very comfortable," he said. Then he snuggled down inside his winter overcoat of thick brown fur.

"How very glad I am," thought Mr. B. Bear, "to have such a thick, warm coat. I don't need a blanket." He tucked his nose down under

Dutch sailor who, when he fell and broke his leg, exclaimed, "What a mercy it wasn't my neck!" Sadi, the Persian poet, was compelled by poverty to go barefoot. Once he walked a city street "with hot and envious heart," complaining of his bitter lot, until he saw a beggar who had no feet. "Then," he says, "I thought no more of my lack of shoes."

If any man who finds it not in his heart to join the thankful today will but compare his condition with that of someone less fortunate than himself—an invalid or a prisoner, an exile or an outcast—his feelings may change. Plato thanked God that he was born a man, and not a beast; that he was a Greek and not a barbarian, and that he was a philosopher, and not a fool. Is there not rational ground for gratitude in the reflection that we are human, and therefore "only a little lower than the angels;" that we are Americans, and therefore free-men, and that we are moderns—heirs of all the wisdom of the past?

This may not be the best possible world, for the golden age is yet to come. But it is a vastly better world than it was a hundred years ago. Man's life and woman's honor are more sacredly guarded. Childhood is more tenderly nurtured. The weak are growing stronger and the strong gentler.

So that, whether our outlook be limited to the circle of a single life or extended to world-movements, there is reason why this Thanksgiving Day should be a festival of grateful joy and reverent praise.

—From Pennsylvania School Journal.

Long years ago, a little band
Of Pilgrims, from a distant shore,
Found a wild home in that cold land
Where the Atlantic surges roar.
They were strong, iron-hearted men,—
Oppression's stern, unbending foes;
And in each rugged mountain glen
The village church and school-house rose.

Those Pilgrim sires have passed away,
But still they live in deathless fame;
And Pilgrim mothers of that day
Are crowned with an immortal name.
They have departed, but have left
A glorious legacy behind,
Of which we cannot be bereft,—
The freedom of the human mind.

THANKSGIVING.

"For sowing and reaping, for cold and for heat,
For sweets of the flowers, and gold of the wheat,
For joy in the land from the East to the West,
For shelter, for clothing, for every day's food,
We bless Thee, our Father, Thou giver of good."

—*William B. Cruikshank.*

his paws. "So many pleasant things happen to me," Mr. Bear yawned, "I could never say *thank you* enough times." But he began to say his "Thank yous" just the same—"Thank you, thank—you—tha—nk—y——" until Mr. B. Bear fell fast asleep, never to wake until months and months after.

Now Mrs. S. Squirrel had gone home, too, at the same time as Mr. B. Bear.

"How thankful I am to be able to scamper and leap," she thought. "Whatever would have become of me and the children if I were as slow and clumsy as Mr. B. Bear!"

She caught sight of her children playing near the doorway of their home in the maple trunk.

"What a fine family I have!" she said to herself. "How well grown, and their coats so sleek and soft! Run, Nibblekins," she called, "and bring some butter-nuts. Let me see if your teeth are as sharp as ever and if they can find the shortest cut to the meat inside."

And Mrs. S. Squirrel was very proud to see how quickly and surely all of her children bored through the hard shells to the sweet kernel inside, and was very sure *her* Squirrels were the brightest, prettiest Squirrels in all the forest.

"Listen, my dears, to something very odd," said Mrs. S. Squirrel, and she began to tell them about Mr. B. Bear. "To think of having nothing but rolls of fat for a Thanksgiving dinner, while our storehouse is piled high with acorns, beech-nuts—"

"Chestnuts," Nibblekins interrupted.

"And hazel-nuts and butter-nuts, such a lot of them," chattered all the others.

"Yes, enough to last all winter long," Mrs. S. Squirrel added. "And it's such fun to gather nuts, too."

"How very nice it is to be a squirrel," squeaked Nibblekins. "So many good things happen to us."

"Yes," said Mrs. S. Squirrel, "let us all say *thank you* as many times as we can."

And they did. So that was their Thanks-Giving Day, as it was and is for all the rest of the world.

—*Rebecca Deming Moore.*

From John Martin's Book, November, 1913.

COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM.

In their holiest temples the Incas
Offered the heaven-sent Maize—
Grains wrought of gold, in a silver fold,
For the sun's enraptured gaze;
And its harvest came to the wandering tribe
As the god's own gift and seal;
And Montezuma's festal bread
Was made of its sacred meal.
Narrow their cherished fields; but ours
Are broad as the continent's breast,
And lavish as leaves, the rustling sheaves

Bring plenty and joy and rest.
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
When the reapers meet at morn,
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds wing
A song for the garnered Corn.

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold;
But the shields of the great Republic,
The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasseled Corn,
Of all our wealth the best!
The arbutus and the golden-rod
The heart of the North may cheer,
And the mountain laurel for Maryland
Its royal clusters rear;
And jasmine and magnolia
The crest of the South adorn;
But the wide Republic's emblem
Is the bounteous Golden Corn!

—*Edna Dean Proctor.*

IN HONOR OF THANKSGIVING.

For ten girls and boys.

On the blackboard sketch the Mayflower, Pilgrim houses, chairs, Peregrine White's cradle, kettles, lanterns, etc. Also outline a map showing the Pilgrims' starting point, route, and landing place. Costumes: Girls, caps, kerchiefs, and cuffs made of white paper, and the boys round collars and cuffs of the same material. The boys and girls march around the schoolroom and upon the rostrum in time to music, arrange themselves in a semi-circle and recite the following lines together:

RECITATION FOR ALL.

When November's gusty breezes
Shake the branches bare and brown
And you hear on sunny uplands,
Ripened nuts come dropping down,
While the loaded wains are creaking
'Neath a weight they scarce can hold,
And you see each bin and storehouse
Brimming o'er with Nature's gold,
Then the nation's sons and daughters,
Wheresoe'er their feet may stray
Turn their eager footsteps homeward,
There to keep Thanksgiving Day.

Then they separate a little and each one takes the pointer in turn and indicates the proper picture on the blackboard, as she recites her lines.

First Child: (Pointing to starting point of Mayflower.)
This is the land so far away,
Where started the germ of Thanksgiving Day.

Second Child: (Pointing to picture of Pilgrims.)
These are the pilgrims who sailed the sea,
To found a nation for you and me.

Third Child:
This is the Mayflower staunch and true
In which they sailed o'er the ocean blue.

Fourth Child:
This is the route, where, day by day,
To an unknown country they made their way.

Fifth Child:
Here is Plymouth Rock where they stood,
And called the land they had come to "Good."

Sixth Child:
Here is a house of logs and clay,
The shelter from cold they built one day.

Seventh Child:
Here is the captain of great renown,
Stout Miles Standish of Plymouth town.

Eighth Child:
Here is Priscilla, the saucy young elf,
And Alden, she told to "speak for himself."

Ninth Child:
Here are the chairs, still safely kept
And the cradle where baby Peregrine slept.

Tenth Child:
Would you like to see more? Then come with me
To the old town standing beside the sea.
There you will find them, things galore
The Pilgrims bore to the new world's shore.

Re-forming in a semi-circle, the ten children sing the following to the air "America:"

Ruler of land and sea,
Hear, as we lift to Thee
Our hearts alway,
For guidance thro' life's maze,
For health and length of days,
We come with songs of praise
Thanksgiving Day.

—Adapted from Lizzie M. Hadley's "In Honor of Thanksgiving," in Schauffler's "Our American Holidays," Volume on Thanksgiving.

GIVE THANKS FER WHAT?

"Let earth give thanks," the deacon said,
And then the proclamation read.

"Give thanks fer what, an' what about?"
Asked Simon Soggs when church was out.
"Give thanks fer what? I don't see why;
The rust got in an' spiled my rye,
And hay wan't half a crop, and corn
All wilted down, and looked forlorn;
The bugs jest gobbled my pertaters,
The, what-you-call-'em, lineators,
And gracious! when you come to wheat,
There's more than all the world can eat;
Onless a war should interfere,
Crops won't bring half a price this year;
I'll hev to give 'em away, I reckon!"

"Good for the poor!" exclaimed the deacon.

"Give thanks fer what?" asked Simon Soggs,
"Fer th' freshet carryin' off my logs?
Fer Dobbin goin' blind? Fer five
Uv my best cows, that was alive
Afore the smashin' railroad come
And made it awful troublesome?
Fer that hay stack the lightnin' struck
And burnt to ashes?—thund'rin luck!
Fer ten dead sheep?" sighed Simon Soggs.

The deacon said, "You've got your hogs!"

"Give thanks? And Jane and baby sick?
I e'enmost wonder if old Nick
Ain't ownin' things."

The deacon said, "Simon! yer people might be dead!"

"Give thanks?" said Simon Soggs again,
"Jest look at what a fix we're in!
The country's rushin' to the dogs
At race horse speed!" said Simon Soggs,
"Rotten all through—in every State,—
Why, ef we don't repudiate,
We'll hev to build, fer big and small,
A poor-house that'll hold us all.
All 'round the crooked whiskey still
Is runnin' like the Devil's mill;
Give thanks? How mad it makes me feel
To think how office holders steal!
The taxes paid by you and me
Is four times bigger'n they should be;
The Fed'ral Gov'ment's all askew,
The ballot's sech a mockery, too!
Some votes too little, some too much,
Some not at all—it beats the Dutch!
And now no man knows what to do,
Or how is how, or who is who.
Deacon! corruptfon's sure to kill!
This 'glorious Union' never will,
I'll bet a continental cent,
Elect another President!
Give thanks fer what? I'd like to know?"

The deacon answered, sad and low,
"Simon! It fills me with surprise,
Ye don't see whar yer duty lies;
Kneel right straight down, in all the muss,
And thank God that it ain't no wuss!"

—By W. F. Croffut.

A THANKSGIVING FABLE.

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

—By Oliver Herford.

THE GAME THANKSGIVING DINNER.

One is chosen to tell the story. He gives each player the name of something to be eaten at a Thanksgiving dinner. All form a circle. The leader, in the center, begins a story about Thanksgiving Day. Whenever he mentions a name that has been given to one of the players, that player must turn around in his place. For instance, if the leader should say "The big turkey was put on the table," all who are named turkey must turn about. Whenever the words "Thanksgiving Dinner" are heard, all the players must turn.

—From Happyland.

GIVING THANKS.

For the hay and the corn and what is reaped,
For the labor well done, and the barns that are heaped,
For the sun and the dew and the sweet honey-comb,
For the rose and the song, and the harvest brought home—
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!
For the trade and the skill and the wealth in our land,
For the cunning and strength of the working-man's hand,
For the good that our artists and poets have taught,
For the friendship that hope and affection have brought—
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!
For the homes that with purest affection are blest,
For the season of plenty and well deserved rest,
For our country extending from sea to sea,
The land that is known as "the Land of the Free"—
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

—Anon.

Christmas

I'm
glad to
have upon
my boughs
good Christmas
gifts for you because
I know, dear little friends
that you've been kind and
true. Whene'er you smell my spicy
breath and see my twinkling light
recall to mind the little Child born
that first Christmas night. Like Him, shed
happiness around spread all Good Will and Peace
and every year make glad the sad and Christmas cheer
increase. So shall your tree bear fruit of joy whenever
it is found and always bloom in sparkling light when Christ-
mas rolls
around.
But do not
cast me off,
dear friends,
when Christ-
m a s h a s
slipped by
but plant
me in the
yard with
strings
from ground
to tip-top
high. Up there let morning-glories climb and breathe
their bloom and shade. You'll find that, for your
summer-joys, a play-tent you have made.
C-H-R-I-S-T-M-A-S T-R-E-E.

—From John Martin's Book.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

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

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night!
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod,
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
The voice of the Christ-child shall fall;
And to every blind wanderer open the door
Of hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the Holiest trod,
This, then, is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS TREE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—*Susan Coolidge.*
From "Days and Deeds."

THE YULE LOG.

"Ule, Ule, Ule, Ule,
Three puddings in a pule,
Crack nuts and cry 'Ule'."

This was the Yule song our ancestors sang at the lighting of the Yule Log on Christmas eve in old England. Big, strong men hauled in the great log with pomp and ceremony, and the minstrels saluted it with a song. Such big gatherings as there used to be, around the great, roaring fire, in the big English halls of those olden days.

Like so many of the quaint and beautiful old customs, the origin of the Yule log was really pagan, for the Saxons and Danes used it to show their rejoicing at the return of the winter solstice. For their feast of Yule, or "Juul," is about the time of the winter solstice, or our Christmas, so that Christians of the early English days adopted it for their Christmas festival, and thought that the burning of the Yule log signified the burning out of old wrongs. In the warm, cheery glow lighting up the old halls no one could cherish any resentment, or hold any cold memory of a wrong.

A piece of each year's log was carefully saved to start the next. That, too, was a pretty custom.

The days of the old Yule log have long passed away. We do not burn the log of Yule now, but we can bring its cheer to our Christmas. We do not keep the Yule log bit for the next year, but we can carry through the months a little of the Christmas spirit of kindness and good cheer to light the way for the Christmas of another year.

From American Primary Teacher.

THE REWARD OF THE CHEERFUL CANDLE.

Once upon a time two little candles lay side by side in a big box. Both were pure white.

Said one, "I wonder what will become of us? Do you think we could be meant for a Christmas tree?"

"Of course not!" said the other, who was cross. "If we are meant for a Christmas tree it will be for some shabby little children, see if it isn't."

"If we are," said the first, "I'll shine my very brightest; for the eyes of even poor children, with only few pleasures in prospect, are enough to rival little candles on Christmas Eve."

"If we are," grumbled the second, "I'm not sure that I will allow myself to be lighted at all."

Christmas Eve drew nearer and nearer. Sure enough, the two little candles, with many others of blue and pink and yellow and red, were bought for a Christmas tree.

On the day before Christmas, while it was still daylight, some young girls came to arrange the presents, and make the tree ready for the evening.

"Oh! what a lot of pretty little candles!" said one of them. "They are such lovely colors—all except those two white ones. We will put those out of sight because the red and pink ones are prettier."

"Didn't I tell you what would happen?" said the cross little candle, in a whisper.

"Yes, but wait," replied the other. "Just shine your brightest all the time."

"I won't!" snapped the cross one.

When evening came, ranged all round the tree were happy boys and girls. Soon every bough on the great tree blossomed with little lights. Some of the flames were faint but many were bright. When the little white candles were lighted the cross one just sputtered a minute, and then went out. The other shone so brightly that a gentleman standing near said:

"Oh! what a brilliant little candle—but it is almost out of sight among the green branches. We ought to put it where it can be seen better."

"Put it on the very tip-top," said a little lady.

And that is where they did put it—on the very tip-top of the tree, where it nodded and gleamed in answer to the smiling faces from all around it.

—Mary V. Worstell.

From Holiday Selections.

THE CHRISTMAS WELCOME.

(Tune, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.")

When the summer time is passed and the harvest housed at last,
And the woods are standing bare and brown and sere,
When the frost is sharp at night, and the days are short and bright
Comes the gladdest, merriest time of all the year.

Chorus:—Shout, boys, shout the hearty welcome!
Greet old Christmas with a roar!
He has met us with good cheer for this many a merry year,
And we hope he'll meet us all for many more.

Then away with every cloud that our pleasure might enshroud,
And away with every word and look unkind;
Let old quarrels all be healed and old friendships closer sealed,
And our lives with sweeter, purer ties entwined.

Since we know the blessed power of this happy Christmas hour,
We will keep its holy spell upon our heart,
That each evil thing within that would tempt us into sin,
May forever from our peaceful souls depart."

—From Song Knapsack.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

"Merry, merry Christmas everywhere,
Cheerily it ringeth through the air."

Only by giving gifts can the true meaning of the great gift of peace and good-will be impressed. The old German legend of the origin of the Christmas tree is full of the spirit of the season. The story introduces two children sitting by the fire one cold winter's night. A timid knock is heard at the door, and the boy runs to open it, to find a child standing outside in the cold and darkness, with no shoes on his feet, and clad in thin, ragged garments. He is shivering with cold, and asks to come in

and warm himself. "Yes," cry both children, "you shall have our place by the fire. Come in." They draw the little stranger to their warm seat, share their supper with him, and give him their bed, while they sleep on the hard bench. In the night they are awakened by strains of sweet music, and looking out, see a band of children in shining garments approaching the house. They are playing on golden harps, and the air is full of melody. Suddenly the Stranger child stands beside them, no longer cold and ragged, but clad in silvery light, and His soft voice says, "I was cold, and you took me in. I was hungry, and you fed me. I was tired, and you gave me your bed. I am the Christ child, wandering thro' the world to bring peace and happiness to the hearts of all good children. As you have given to me, so may this tree every year give rich fruit to you." So saying, he broke a branch from a fir-tree, planted it in the ground and disappeared.

But the branch grew into a great tree and every year bore golden fruit for the kind children. —*Lucy Wheelock.*

From "Holiday Selections."

We all think of friends and dear ones
Although scattered far and near,
And some kindly mesage send them
When the Christmas time draws near.

Some small token of remembrance,
Kind reminder of past time,
Sent as from the heavenly portals
Ordered by His plan divine.

Merry Christmas is our wishes
Love and friends and glad good cheer;
May His guardian hand protect you
Through the coming of the year.

CHRISTMAS EVERY DAY.

Once there was a little girl who liked Christmas so much that she wanted it to be Christmas every day in the year; and as soon as Thanksgiving was over she began to send postal-cards to the old Christmas Fairy to ask if she mightn't have it. But the old fairy never answered any of the postals; and after a while the little girl found out that the Fairy was pretty particular, and wouldn't notice anything but letters. So, then, she began to send her letters; and just the day before Christmas, she got a letter from the Fairy, saying she might have it Christmas every day for a year, and then they would see about having it longer.

The little girl was a good deal excited already, preparing for the old-fashioned, once-a-year Christmas that was coming the next day, and perhaps the Fairy's promise didn't make such an impression on her as it would have made at some other time. She just resolved to keep it to herself, and surprise everybody with it as it kept coming true; and then it slipped out of her mind altogether.

She had a splendid Christmas. She went to bed early, so as to let Santa Claus have a chance at the stockings, and in the morning she was up the

first of anybody and went and felt them, and found hers all lumpy with packages of candy, and oranges and grapes, and pocket-books and rubber balls, and all kinds of small presents. Then she waited around till the rest of the family were up, and she was the first to burst into the library, when the doors were opened, and look at the large presents laid out on the library-table—books, and portfolios, and boxes of stationery, and breast-pins, and dolls, and little stoves, and dolls' houses, and water-proofs—and the big Christmas-tree, lighted and standing in a waste-basket in the middle.

She had a splendid Christmas all day. She ate so much candy that she did not want any breakfast, and she went around giving the presents she had got for other people, and came home and ate turkey and cranberry for dinner, and plum-pudding and nuts and raisins and oranges and more candy, and then went out and coasted, and came in with a stomach-ache, crying; and they had a light supper, and pretty early everybody went to bed cross.

The little girl slept very heavily, and she slept very late, but she was awakened at last by the other children dancing round her bed with their stockings full of presents in their hands.

"What is it?" said the little girl, and she rubbed her eyes and tried to rise up in bed.

"Christmas! Christmas! Christmas!" they all shouted, and waved their stockings.

"Nonsense! It was Christmas yesterday."

Her brothers and sisters just laughed. "We don't know about about that. It's Christmas to-day, anyway. You come into the library and see."

Then all at once it flashed on the little girl that the Fairy was keeping her promise, and her year of Christmases was beginning. She was dreadfully sleepy, but she sprang up like a lark, and darted into the library. There it was again! Books, and portfolios, and boxes of stationery, and breastpins—and there was the Christmas-tree blazing away, and the family picking out their presents, but looking pretty sleepy, and her father perfetly puzzled, and her mother ready to cry. "I'm sure I don't know how I'm to dispose of all these things," said her mother, and her father said it seemed to him they had had something just like it the day before, but he supposed he must have dreamed it.

Well, the next day, it was just the same thing over again, but everybody getting crosser; and at the end of a week's time so many people had lost their tempers that you could pick up lost tempers anywhere; they perfectly strewed the ground. Even when people tried to recover their tempers they usually got somebody else's, and it made the most dreadful mix.

The little girl began to get frightened, keeping the secret all to herself; she wanted to tell her mother, but she didn't dare to; and she was ashamed to ask the Fairy to take back her gift, and she thought she would try to stand it, but she hardly knew how she could, for a whole year. So it went on and on, and it was Christmas on St. Valentine's Day and Washington's Birthday, just the same as any day, and it didn't skip even the First of April.

After it had gone on about three or four months, the little girl, whenever she came into the room in the morning and saw those great ugly, lumpy stockings dangling at the fire-place, and the disgusting presents around everywhere, used to just sit down and burst out crying. In six months she was perfectly exhausted; she couldn't even cry any more; she just lay on the lounge and rolled her eyes and panted. About the beginning of October she took to sitting down on dolls wherever she found them—French dolls, or any kind—she hated the sight of them so; and by Thanksgiving she was crazy, and just slammed her presents across the room.

By that time people didn't carry presents around nicely any more. They flung them over the fence, or through the window, or anything; and, instead of taking great pains to write "For dear Papa," or "Mama," or "Brother," or "Sister," or "Susie," or "Sammie," or "Billie," or whoever it was, and troubling to get the spelling right, and then signing their names, and "Xmas, 18-," they used to write in the gift-books, "Take it, you horrid old thing!" and then go and bang it against the front door. Nearly everybody had built barns to hold their presents, but pretty soon the barns over-flowed, and then they used to let them lie out in the rain, or anywhere. Sometimes the police used to come and tell them to shovel their presents off the sidewalk, or they would arrest them.

Then the little girl began to send letters to the Christmas Fairy, and then telegrams, to stop it. But it didn't do any good; and then she got to calling at the Fairy's house, but the girl that came to the door always said, "Not at home," or "Engaged," or "At dinner," or something like that; and so it went on till it came to the old once-a-year Christmas Eve. The little girl fell asleep and when she woke up in the morning she found a letter from the Fairy asking if she wanted to continue the Christmas Every Day Plan, and saying that, if not, she would like her to tell what she did want. The little girl replied that she didn't want to have Christmas every day any more and so this plan was stopped.

Well, there was the greatest rejoicing all over the country and it extended clear up into Canada. The people met together everywhere, and kissed and cried for joy. The city carts went around and gathered up all the candy and raisins and nuts, and dumped them into the river; and it made the fish perfectly sick; and the whole United States, as far out as Alaska, was one blaze of bonfires, where the children were burning up their gift-books and presents of all kinds. They had the greatest time!

The little girl went to thank the old Fairy and she said she hoped she would see that Christmas never, never came again. Then the Fairy frowned, and asked her if she was sure she knew what she meant; and the little girl asked her, Why not? and the old Fairy said that now she was behaving just as greedily as ever, and she'd better look out. This made the little girl think it all over carefully again, and she said she would be willing to have it Christmas about once in a thousand years; and then she said a hundred, and then said ten, and at last she got down to one. Then the Fairy said that was the good old way that has pleased people ever since Christmas began, and she was agreed.

—Wm. Dean Howells.

CHRISTMAS SNOW.

Snow-Flakes are like a lot of boys,
Except they do not make a noise.
Sometimes they loiter down the sky;
Sometimes their tiny feet just fly.
Or else they dance and whirl about
Until policeman Wind roars out:
"On hill and meadow bend your heads
To make a coast for children's sleds.
In idle dance you must not pause,
Or waste a bit of time, because
Your feathery feet bring Peace and Love
From all the watching sky above.
Your soft white wings prepare a cloak
To shelter many a Christmas joke.
Down many a chimney tall you come,
With Doll and Game and rattling Drum.
There's Christmas Love in each soft flake
And Merry Christmas Thoughts that make
The wide, wide world brim full of joy
For every little Girl and Boy.
Over the earth you fall until
We feel the touch of sweet Good Will.
Over the earth the snow sleeps white
And Happy Thoughts ring all the night."

—Robert Alden Sanborn.
From John Martin's Book, Dec.

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?

If you should see
A big, green tree,
  With candles all alight,
With pop-corn strings
And pretty things,
  And tinsel shining bright,

With stars that swing
And bells that ring,
  All red and green and blue,
And lots of toys
For girls and boys
  And lots of candies, too;
And you should hear
Somebody near
  Call out in cheery way;
"What sort of tree
Can this one be?"
  I wonder what you'd say?

—Edith Stanford Tillotson.
In the St. Nicholas.

CHRISTMAS SECRETS.

I just love secrets; it's such fun
To hint and whisper, hide and run,
And Christmas time of all the year
Is just when there's the greatest fear
That folks will find out what you're doin'
And bring your plans to rack and ruin.

My Christmas shoppin'—it's all done
And presents bought for every one.
Nobody knows exceptin' me
What all the things are goin' to be.
They're always askin', but I say:
"You'd better wait till Christmas Day!"

I've bought my father somethin' white
And thin and smooth; you fold it tight
And in your pocket is its house;
It snuggles there just like a mouse.
I told my father all of this,
But he says he can't guess what 'tis!

My mother's present is to wear,
There's two of it, it's called a pair;
It's smooth and shiny, black and white,
It goes by day and goes by night.
My mother guessed a bird, with wings—
When ever did you hear such things!

I bought my sister somethin' red,
You tie it tight around your head;
Its silky-smooth as any rose.
What can it be, do you suppose?
My sister guessed a bathin' hat—
As if I'd give a thing like that!

They're not good guessers, though they're dear;
They'll never know my plans, that's clear.
When Christmas comes, what glad surprise
And thanks will shine from all their eyes.
There's not a clam down by the sea
Can hold his tongue as well as Me!

—From John Martin's Book

A DECEMBER SPELLING LESSON

ALL

The nicest word there is to spell
Is just the one we mean to tell;
The nicest day of all the year
Is this one we will show you here.
(Each in turn holding up letter.)

C
H
R
I
S
T
M
A
S

(All together)
Christmas!

—*Bertha E. Bush.*

Patriotic Days

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

FEBRUARY 12

Probably the finest analysis of the character of the great President is contained in the following eloquent words selected from Bishop Fowler's lecture on Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln was the representative character of his age. No man ever so fully embodied the purposes, the affections, and the power of the people. He came among us. He was one of us. His birth, his education, his habits, his motives, his feelings, his ambitions, were all our own. Had he been born among hereditary aristocrats, he would not have been *our* President. But born in the cabin and reared in the field and in the forest, he became the Great Commoner. The classics of the schools might have polished him, but they would have separated him from us. But trained in the common school of adversity, his calloused palms never slipped from the poor man's hand. A child of the people, he was as accessible in the White House as he had been in the cabin.

His practical wisdom made him the wonder of the lands. With such certainty did Lincoln follow causes to their ultimate effects that his foresight of contingencies seemed almost prophetic. While we, in turn, were calling him weak and stubborn and blind, Europe was amazed at his statesmanship and awed into silence by the grandeur of his plans.

Measured by what he did, Lincoln is a statesman without a peer. He stands alone in the world. He came to the government by a minority vote, without an army, without a navy, without money, without munitions. He stepped into the midst of the most stupendous, most wide-spread, most thoroughly equipped and appointed, most deeply planned rebellion of all history. He stamped upon the earth, and two millions of armed men leaped forward to defend their country. He spoke to the sea, and the mightiest navy the world had ever seen, crowned every wave.

He is radiant with all the great virtues, and his memory shall shed a glory of this age that shall fill the eyes of man as they look into history. An administrator, he saved the nation in the perils of unparalleled civil war. A statesman, he justified his measures by their success. A philanthropist, he gave liberty to one race and freedom to another. A moralist, he bowed from the summit of human power to the foot of the cross and became a Christian. A mediator, he exercised mercy under the most absolute abeyance to law. A leader, he was no partisan. A commander in a war of the utmost carnage, he was unstained with blood. A ruler in desperate times, he was untainted with crime. As a man, he has left no word of passion, no thought of malice, no trick of craft, no act of jealousy, no purpose of selfish ambition. He has adorned and embellished all that is good and all that is great in our humanity, and has presented to all coming generations the representative of the divine idea of free government.

—*Charles H. Fowler.*

FROM SPEECHES AND LETTERS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY.

Lincoln's Opinion on Universal Suffrage. From a Letter Published in the Sangamon "Journal."
June 13, 1836.

I go for all sharing the privileges of the government who assist in bearing its burdens; consequently I go for admitting all whites to the right of suffrage who pay taxes or bear arms (by no means excluding females).

From a Letter to William H. Herndon, Washington.
July 10, 1848.

The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself every way he can, never suspecting that anybody wishes to hinder him. Allow me to assure you that suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation. There may sometimes be ungenerous attempts to keep a young man down; and they will succeed, too, if he allows his mind to be diverted from its true channel to brood over the attempted injury. Cast about, and see if this feeling has not injured every person you have ever known to fall into it.

Letter to Miss Grace Bedell, Springfield, Illinois, October 19, 1860.

My dear little Miss, your very agreeable letter of the 15th is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons—one seventeen, one nine, and one seven years of age. They, with their mother, constitute my whole family. As to the whiskers, having never worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affectation if I were to begin it now?

LINCOLN.

The politicians are right about Lincoln. He is pre-eminently the greatest of our political leaders. But we accord him this praise not on the ground of a larger moral purpose and a clearer intellect than the other leaders of his day. * * * The difference is this: All these leaders,—honored as they are and as they deserve to be—lost their perspective at one time or another. Lincoln never did. He never took himself too seriously. He never harbored the notion that he was indispensable to the country's progress. * * * Above every other political leader of his time, he had the saving grace of a humane imagination, a true sense of humor. It was out of the true sense of perspective which this combination of qualities brought that he was able to realize clearly two truths which were vital to the politics of his own day and which are equally important to our own: first, that waiting is sometimes the highest form of action; and, secondly, that patience is oftentimes the finest expression of courage.

In the tradition now fast gathering about the name of Lincoln, we are prone to think of his story-telling as a minor element in his character, useful indeed, but trivial as compared with his moral and intellectual qualities. To do this is to confuse the external mark of humor with the deeper underlying spirit. Lincoln's stories had the same relation to his political arguments which the parables of Christ had to His preaching. * * *

A good Lincoln story which illustrates this recently came to me. It was told me by one of the few men now living who knew Lincoln well. For some years before the Lincoln-Douglas debates it was the custom of Senator Douglas to come to Springfield from time to time and speak on political questions. Even at that date, it was Lincoln's habit to reply to these speeches.

On one such occasion, Senator Douglas had made one of his most brilliant efforts. His audience was carried away with enthusiasm. Nevertheless, at the end of the meeting a friend of Mr. Lincoln announced that one week later, from the same platform, he would undertake to reply to the arguments of Senator Douglas.

The next morning, at an early hour, the man who told me the story (then a boy of eighteen) was sweeping out the store in which he was employed when Mr. Lincoln came along on the way to his office. In his usual kindly way, he stopped to have a word with the boy, whom he knew well, and the talk turned naturally on the speech of the night before. "Mr. Lincoln," said the boy, in his enthusiasm, "do you think you can reply to Senator Douglas's speech? Why, Mr. Lincoln, Senator Douglas is the greatest man in the United States, and that speech was the finest speech that was ever made." "My boy," said Lincoln, "that wasn't a great speech, and Senator Douglas isn't a great man, and the reasons are these: three times in that speech Senator Douglas made a false statement, and he know in each case that the statement was false. Some time or other, even in politics, falsehoods catch up with the men who start them."

One can well imagine that it was under the stress of those days that Lincoln hammered out the phrase which has become part of the currency of political discussions:

"You can fool part of the people all the time, you can fool all the people part of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time."

From Politicians and the Sense of Humor.

HOW LINCOLN EARNED HIS FIRST DOLLAR.

In the Executive Chamber one evening, there were present a number of gentlemen, among them Mr. Seward.

A point in the conversation suggesting the thought, the President said: "Seward, you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?" "No," replied Mr. Seward. "Well," continued Mr. Lincoln, "I was about eighteen years of age. I belonged, you know, to what they call down South, the 'scrubs'; people who do not own slaves are nobody there. But we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down to the river to sell.

"After much persuasion, I got the consent of mother to go, and constructed a little flat-boat, large enough to take a barrel or two of things that we had gathered, with myself and little bundle, down to New Orleans. A steamer was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the western streams; and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, for them to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board.

"I was contemplating my new flat boat, and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any particular, when two men came down to the shore in carriages with trunks, and looking at the different boats singled out mine, and asked, 'Who owns this?' I answered, somewhat modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something. I supposed that each one of them would give me two or three bits. The trunks were put on my flat-boat, the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I sculled them out to the steamboat.

"They got on board, and I lifted up their heavy trunks, and put them on deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out that they had forgotten to pay me. Each of them took from his pocket a silver half dollar, and threw it on the floor of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. Gentlemen, you may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me a trifle; but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day,—that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time."

From "The Words of Abraham Lincoln."

The following is related by a newspaper correspondent of "a couple of aged, plain country people, poorly clad, but with frank, open countenances," who had called to see the President:

"Now is your time, dear," said the husband, as the President dismissed the one preceding them. The lady stepped forward, made a low courtesy, and said:

"Mr. President."

Mr. Lincoln, looking over his spectacles, fixed those gray, piercing, yet mild, eyes upon her, then lifting his head and extending his hand, he said, in the kindest tones:

"Well, good lady, what can I do for you?"

"Mr. President," she resumed, "I feel so embarrassed I can hardly speak. I never spoke to a President before; but I am a good Union woman down in Maryland, and my son is wounded badly, and in the hospital, and I have been trying to get him out, but somehow couldn't, and they said I had better come right to you. When the war first broke out I gave my son first to God, and then told him he might go fight the rebels; and now if you will let me take him home I will nurse him up, and just as soon as he gets well enough he shall go right back and help put down the rebellion. He is a good boy, and don't want to shirk the service."

I was looking full in Mr. Lincoln's face. I saw the tears gathering in his eyes, and his lips quivered as he replied:

"Yes, yes, God bless you! you shall have your son. What hospital did you say?" It seemed a relief to him to turn aside and write a few words, which he handed to the woman, saying: "There, give that to ————; and you will get your son, if he is able to go home with you."

From "The Words of Abraham Lincoln."

No nobler reply ever fell from the lips of ruler than that uttered by President Lincoln in response to the clergyman who ventured to say, in his presence, that he *hoped* "the Lord was on our side." "I am not at all concerned about that," replied Mr. Lincoln, "for I know that the Lord is *always* on the side of the *right*. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and *this nation* should be on the *Lord's* side."

From "The Words of Abraham Lincoln."

LETTERS SHOWING LINCOLN'S APPRECIATION OF THE COMMON SOLDIER.

Letter to Secretary Stanton, Washington, March 1, 1864.

My dear sir: A poor widow, by the name of Baird, has a son in the army, that for some offense has been sentenced to serve a long time without pay, or at most with very little pay. I do not like this punishment of withholding pay—it falls so very hard upon poor families. After he had been serving in this way for several months, at the tearful appeal of the poor mother, I made a direction that he be allowed to enlist for a new term, on the same condition as others. She now comes, and says she cannot get it acted upon. Please do it.

A Letter to Mrs. Bixley, of Boston, November 21, 1864.

Dear Madam, I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From Speeches and Letters of Abraham Lincoln—Everyman's Library.

REBUFF TO A MAN WITH A SMALL CLAIM.

During a public "reception" a farmer, from one of the border counties of Virginia, told the President that the Union soldiers, in passing his farm, had helped themselves not only to hay, but his horse, and he hoped the President would urge the proper officer to consider his claim immediately.

Mr. Lincoln said that this reminded him of an old acquaintance of his, "Jack Chase," who used to be a lumberman on the Illinois, a steady, sober man, and the best raftsman on the river. It was quite a trick, twenty-five years ago, to take the logs over the rapids; but he was skilful with a raft, and always kept her straight in the channel. Finally a

steamer was put on, and Jack was made captain of her. He always used to take the wheel going through the rapids. One day when the boat was plunging and wallowing along the boiling current, and Jack's utmost vigilance was being exercised to keep her in the narrow channel, a boy pulled his coat-tail, and hailed him with: "Say, Mister Captain! I wish you would stop your boat a minute—I've lost my apple overboard!"

From Speeches and Letters of Abraham Lincoln.

If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them.

If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them.

My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and not either to save or to destroy slavery.

If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.

What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union.

I shall do less whenever I shall believe that what I am doing hurts the cause; and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause.

I shall try to correct errors where shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views as fast as they shall appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my views of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.

Letter to Mrs. Lincoln, Washington, August 8, 1863.

My dear Wife, All as well as usual, and no particular trouble anyway. I put the money into the Treasury at five per cent. with the privilege of withdrawing it at any time upon thirty days' notice. I suppose you are glad to learn this. Tell dear Tad poor "Nanny Goat" is lost, and Mrs. Cuthbert and I are in distress about it. The day you left Nanny was found resting herself and chewing her little cud on the middle of Tad's bed; but now she's gone! The gardener kept complaining that she destroyed the flowers, till it was concluded to bring her down to the White House. This was done, and the second day she had disappeared and has not been heard of since. This is the last we know of poor "Nanny."

ORDER OF SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

Executive Mansion,
Washington, November 16, 1862.

The President, commander-in-chief of the army and navy, desires and enjoins the orderly observance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in the military and naval service. The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors,

a becoming deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine will demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity.

The discipline and character of the national forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperiled, by the profanation of the day or name of the Most High. "At this time of public distress" (adopting the words of Washington in 1776) "men may find enough to do in the service of God and their country without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality."

The first general order issued by the Father of his Country after the Declaration of Independence indicates the spirit in which our institutions were founded and should ever be defended:

"The general hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavor to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country." ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From "The Words of Abraham Lincoln."

PICKETT, LINCOLN AND GRANT.

In Mrs. Pickett's introductory chapter to "The Heart of a Soldier, As Revealed in the Intimate Letters of General George E. Pickett, C. S. A.," there is an extremely interesting story. It appears that while at Richmond, just after the surrender, she was summoned to the door by a sharp rap. She gives a charming account of what followed:

With my baby on my arm, I answered the knock, opened the door and looked up at a tall, gaunt, sad faced man in ill fitting clothes, who, with the accent of the North, asked:

"Is this George Pickett's place?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, "but he is not here."

"I know that, ma'am," he replied, "but I just wanted to see the place. I am Abraham Lincoln."

"The President?" I gasped.

The stranger shook his head and said: "No, ma'am; no, ma'am. Just Abraham Lincoln; George's old friend."

"I am George Pickett's wife, and this is his baby," was all I could say.

My baby pushed away from me and reached his hands to Mr. Lincoln, who took him in his arms. As he did so an expression of rapt, almost divine tenderness and love lighted up the sad face. It was a look that I had never seen on any other face. My baby opened his mouth wide and insisted upon giving his father's friend a dewy infantile kiss. As Mr. Lincoln gave the little one back to me, shaking his finger at him playfully, he said:

"Tell your father, the rascal, that I forgive him for the sake of that kiss and those bright eyes."

One impression the book conveys is that of the kindly and generous feeling that existed between Confederates and Unionists graduated from West Point who had been friends before the war. An exhibition of this feeling was made at the time of the birth of General Pickett's first baby. Mrs. Pickett, telling the story, says:

"On the occasion of my son's birth, bonfires were lighted in celebration all along Pickett's line. Grant saw them and sent scouts to learn the cause. When he reported, he said to General Ingalls: 'Haven't we some kindling on this side of the line? Why don't we strike a light for the young Picket?' In a little while bonfires were flaming from the Federal line. A few days later there was taken through the lines a baby's silver service engraved, 'To George E. Pickett, Jr., from his father's friends, U. S. Grant, Rufus Ingals, George Suckley.' "

Pennsylvania School Journal.

LINCOLN AND THE MARBLES.

A gentleman living in the city of Washington tells this story about Lincoln:

"I was about ten years of age and given violently to the game of marbles. One cold March day my companions and I were playing on the sidewalk before my father's shop when I slipped on a piece of ice and fell, cutting my chin. The other boys seized as many of my marbles as they could and made off. Wild with anger, I started after them, calling them names, and threatening to annihilate them and so on. Suddenly a hand on my collar stopped me, and a deep voice said:

" 'We've got enough ill feeling going on in this country these days without you boys catching it.' A big man swung me around and wiped my wounded chin, and then went on: 'I saw what they did, son. Have you any agates left? Good! I'll put up three chiny-alleys and we'll see who'll win.' He drew from his pocket three marbles. 'I got them from my boy, Tad,' he explained, and then I knew who he was. There on the street I played marbles with the President for five minutes, and he let me win. Here are the marbles, a precious possession."

From The Woman's Home Companion, February, 1914.

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.

Washington's Birthday

FEBRUARY 22

Acrostic for Washington's Birthday.

Note.—If recited by ten small children, they might have letters covered with colored paper, or with evergreen.

W-hy are we gathered here today,
A-nd what would our friends all have us say?
S-urely a hero our theme should be,
H-onored his name, on land and sea.
I-nquire thou the name of our hero true?
N-oble, courageous, a patriot too,
G-uiding through trial our "Ship of State."
T-ruly his name we can all call great.
O-'er this broad country, each daughter and son,
N-ow welcomes the name—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

QUOTATIONS FROM ADDRESSES OF WASHINGTON.

1. "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.' "
2. "A good moral character is the first essential in a man. It is, therefore, highly important to endeavor not only to be learned but virtuous."
3. "Speak not evil of the absent; it is unjust."
4. "To persevere in one's duty and be silent is the best answer to calumny."
5. "It is impossible to account for the creation of the universe without the agency of a Supreme Being."
6. "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called Conscience."
7. "I believe that man was not designed by the All-wise Creator to live for himself alone."
8. "Associate with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company."
9. "Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let these few be well tried before you give them your confidence."
10. "True friendship is a friendship of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation."
11. "Religion is as necessary to reason as reason is to religion. The one cannot exist without the other."
12. "The liberty enjoyed by the people of these States, of worshiping Almighty God agreeably to their conscience, is not only among the choicest

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The bells of Mount Vernon are ringing today,
And what say their melodious numbers,
To the flag-blooming air? List! What do they say?
"The fame of the hero ne'er slumbers."
The world's monument stands the Potomac beside,
And what says the shaft to the river?
"When the hero has lived for his country, and died,
Death crowns him a hero forever."
The bards crown the heroes, and children rehearse
The songs that give heroes to story,
And what say the bards to the children? "No verse
Can yet measure Washington's glory!"
For freedom outlives the crowns of the earth,
And freedom shall triumph forever;
And time must long wait the true song of his birth,
Who sleeps by the beautiful river. —*Hesekiah Butterworth.*

WASHINGTON'S HATCHET.

(Little girl recites. A number of small boys with pasteboard hatchets, in costume, if possible.)

[1]I'll tell you a very old story,
My teachers tell often to me,
Of a curly-haired boy, and a [2]hatchet
[3]That would cut, and a straight cherry tree.
This curly-haired boy with the hatchet
Was out in the garden, she said
[4]And cut down his father's tree, covered
With cherries, all juicy and red.
[5]When it lay on the grass there beside him,
[6]He was sorry,—this boy with the curls,—
We know how he felt,—[7]we've been naughty
And sorry; now haven't we, girls?
His father came down, and said sternly,
Who cut down my best cherry tree?
"It was I," said the boy, "with my hatchet,
[8]I'm sorry,"—as brave as could be.
Then his father forgave him and loved him,
His own little son with the curls.—
Just the same as our fathers and mothers
Forgive their own sad boys and girls,
And there's not a bit more to the story.
Now, listen, please, every one,—
That curly-haired boy with the hatchet
[9]Was,—really, George Washington.

—From Wisconsin Memorial Day Annual.

MOTIONS FOR THE ABOVE.

[1]Touch hats.
[2]Hold up hatchets.
[3]Feel blades.
[4]Motions of cutting.
[5]Drop hatchet and bend over.
[6]Cover faces with hands.
[7]Take off hat, look down sorrowfully.
[8]Look up bravely.
[9]Hold hat on breast, bow low.

THE EARLIEST CELEBRATIONS OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

It was in 1793, during Washington's administration, that the idea of observing his birthday with public demonstrations originated. The ladies connected with what has been wrongly called the "Republican Court" were first to encourage the idea, and dinners and balls were proposed, while some special testimonial to the chief was advised. But a storm of opposition arose from a political party who tried on all occasions to belittle the first President's claim to anything personal in the way of homage or attention. They declared that to celebrate the day would be but the beginning of a monarchy. They stormed and raved, and said many bitter and unjust things of the man whose fidelity, skill, patience, and endurance had led them out of bondage. But the other side won the day, and February 22nd, 1793, the sixty-first birthday of George Washington, was celebrated with some display, but not so generally as in the years which followed.

A few years later, when on the eve of retirement from his exciting public life, a birthday celebration occurred which well deserves recording. The opposition to honoring February 22nd had quite died away, and all hearts and heads joined in making this festival of 1797 as brilliant as possible. The afternoon was devoted to what was then called a "drawing room"—like the "levee" of today—when General and Mrs. Washington received their friends. "It was," says an eye-witness, "affecting beyond all expression by its being in some degree a parting scene. Mrs. Washington was moved to tears. I never saw the President look better or in finer spirits. But his emotions were too powerful to be concealed. He could sometimes scarcely speak." * * * The ball given in the evening was at the Philadelphia Amphitheatre. The crowd was tremendous. When the President and his wife appeared, cheers rent the air. It was the greatest ovation he had ever received. Nor did the homage end with the ball. After the President was in bed and asleep, a band serenaded him, repeating "Yankee Doodle" five times, hoping to arouse him; but he must have had a very easy conscience, as he slept through it all, and was amazed and mortified on being told of it next day!

—From Harper's Young People.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Mother. "What is the matter with mother's little darling?"
Son. "Boo-hoo-hoo. I stubbed my toe and bumped my nose."
Mother. "Never mind, don't cry. Come here and mother will make it all well. There, there, don't cry any more. Sit right down here on this nice little stool, and mother will tell you a nice story."
Son. "All right. Go on, Mama."
Mother. "Well, once upon a time there was a good little boy named George Washington."
Son. "George who?"
Mother. "George Washington. He was a nice little boy, just as big as you are. One day his father—"
Son. "Whose father?"
Mother. "George Washington's."
Son. "Oh!"
Mother. "Yes, George Washington. And his father told him—"
Son. "Told who?"
Mother. "Told George."
Son. "George told him?"
Mother. "No, his father told George."
Son. "Oh!"
Mother. "Yes, he told him to be careful with his hatchet."
Son. "What hatchet."
Mother. "Why, George's."
Mother. "With the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out in the grass all night. So George went around cutting everything he could reach with his hatchet. And at last he came to a splendid cherry tree, his father's favorite, and cut it down, and—"
Son. "Who cut it down?"
Mother. "George did."
Son. "Oh!"
Mother. "But his father came home and saw it the first thing, and—"
Son. "Saw the hatchet?"
Mother. "No, saw the cherry-tree. And he said, 'Who cut down my favorite cherry-tree?'
Son. "What cherry-tree?"
Mother. "George's father's. And everybody said they didn't know anything about it, and—"

Son. "Anything about what?"
Mother. "The cherry-tree."
Son. "Oh!"
Mother. "And George came up and heard them talking about it, and he said he cut it down."
Son. "What did he cut it down for?"
Mother. "Just to try his little hatchet."
Son. "Whose little hatchet?"
Mother. "Why, his own, the one his father gave him."
Son. "Gave who?"
Mother. "Why! George Washington."
Son. "Oh!"
Mother. "So George came up and said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie, I—"
Son. "Who couldn't tell a lie?"
Mother. "Why, George Washington! He said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. It was—' "
Son. "His father couldn't?"
Mother. "Why, no; George couldn't."
Son. "Oh, George! Oh, yes!"
Mother. "It was I cut down your cherry tree. I did—"
Son. "His father did?"
Mother. "No, no; it was George said this."
Son. "Said he cut his father?"
Mother. "No, no, no; said he cut down his cherry-tree."
Son. "George's cherry-tree?"
Mother. "No, no, his father's."
Son. "Oh!"
Mother. "He said—"
Son. "His father said?"
Mother. "No, no, no! George said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said, 'Noble boy! I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie!"
Son. "George did?"
Mother. "No, his father said that."
Son. "Said he'd rather have a thousand cherry trees?"
Mother. "No, no, no! Said he'd rather lose a thousand cherry trees than—"
Son. "Said he'd rather George would?"
Mother, "Said he'd rather he would than have him lie."
Son. "Oh! George would rather have his father lie. Say, Ma, there's Tommy come to play with me. I can hear him. Can I go?"
Mother. "Yes, yes, go. (How exhausting it is to tell stories to children.)"
Son. "I'll tell Tommy the story. There was a boy, and his father's name was George. And he told him to cut down a cherry-tree. And he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one cherry-tree."

WASHINGTON'S FAME IN THE LAND OF THE RAINBOW FLAG.

The old flag of China, which has served the Empire for ages, is called the Dragon Flag, because its one marked figure was that of a huge dragon upon a background of yellow silk. This was the symbol of Manchu domination. The new flag of China consists of a band of red silk, representing China proper; of yellow silk, representing Manchuria; a band of blue silk, representing Mongolia; a band of white silk, representing Chinese Turkestan; and a band of black silk, representing Tibet. But these bands of silk are never woven in pieces and sewed together; on the contrary, the new flag consists of a single piece of silk of five bands of color woven without a seam, to represent the complete union of these various lands in the new Republic. When the new flag was first seen upon the streets, everybody called it "the rainbow flag of China."

Another fact attracts the attention of the American in China: since the outbreak of the revolution, the name of Washington has become the best known foreign name throughout the land. In the old Fifth Reader which some of us studied in our childhood was a fragment on the memory of Washington. The oration was written in Massachusetts by Edward Everett in the earlier days when Ohio was a long way off and the Mississippi a far distant river. Some of us can yet repeat its rolling sentences:

"Beyond the Ohio, beyond the Mississippi, along the stupendous trail of emigration which, bursting into states, add new glories to the Republic, the name of Washington travels with the Silver Queen of Heaven through sixty degrees of longitude; nor parts company with her until she sails out of the Golden Gate. And in the distant archipeligoes untrodden by the foot of civilized man, there and there only is the name of Washington unknown. And there, too, when they blossom with civilization, the millions of Asia will join with America in perpetuating the memory of Washington."

Fine rhetoric that, we boys thought as we rolled these sentences over our tongues. I little dreamed that its rhetoric would turn into reality in my very hearing. But in the city of Foochow last winter, I heard the orator of Fukien Province telling the audience the story of the Revolution. Listening through an interpreter, I heard—not a single name from the bead-roll of European statesmen, but once and again, I heard the name of Washington fall from the orator's lips. And at the mention of this magic name, the entire audience burst into a tumultuous applause, and then the applause died away into an almost infinite longing that they too might have a Father of their country. Desperate as the founding of the Republic is, the attempt of one-fourth of the human race to frame a government after the type of Washington and Lincoln is the greatest compliment ever paid to the United States.

—By Bishop J. W. Bashford, Peking, China.
From Teacher's Year Book of Maryland.

WASHINGTON.

The New York Indians hold this tradition of Washington. "Alone of all white men," say they, "he has been admitted to the Indian heaven, because of his justice to the red men. He lives in a great palace, built like a fort. All the Indians, as they go to heaven, pass by, and he himself is in his uniform, a sword at his side, walking to and fro. They bow reverently, and with great humility. He returns the salute, but says nothing." Such is the reward of his justice to the red men. God be thanked for such a man!

—Theodore Parker's "Washington."
From Our Country in Poem and Prose-Persons.

WASHINGTON.

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

—Byron.

I love the name of Washington,
I love my country, too;
I also love the dear old flag,
The red, the white, the blue.
(For a small child, carrying a flag to wave at end.)

FRANKLIN'S FAMOUS TOAST.

This is Benjamin Franklin's famous toast given at the Versailles banquet which followed the signing of the treaty of peace. The banquet was given by a French nobleman, and among the guests were several loyal British subjects, about a dozen Frenchmen, and the four American Peace Commissioners. At the close of the feast one of the Englishmen rose, and, holding a glass aloft and looking intently at Franklin, he said:

"I wish to propose a toast to England—the sun—and the grandest nation on the globe."

Naturally, the British subjects present loudy applauded the toast proposed, whereupon a young Frenchman sprang to his feet, and exclaimed: "To France! Beautiful France!"

And then, bowing gracefully to the Englishman who had proposed the first toast, he added:

"To France—the moon—my toast is offered."

This caused the Frenchmen, Americans, and Englishmen to rise and join in honoring France. After the glasses had been drained, all the guests, with the exception of Franklin, resumed their seats. This caused all eyes to be turned upon him, and in a voice broken with emotion, he said:

"Gentlemen, we are told in the Good Book, of Joshua, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still in the heavens, and they obeyed him. I drink, sirs, to George Washington!"

—By Anna E. McGovern.

From Stories and Poems With Lesson Plans.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

It has been said "The memory of Washington has never received so worthy a tribute, from an American poet, as the stanzas given below."

—Wm. Cullen Bryant's Last Poem.

THE TWENTY SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

Pale is the February sky,
And brief the midday's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
Brings in its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born.

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones, shall live
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

—Wm. Cullen Bryant's last poem.