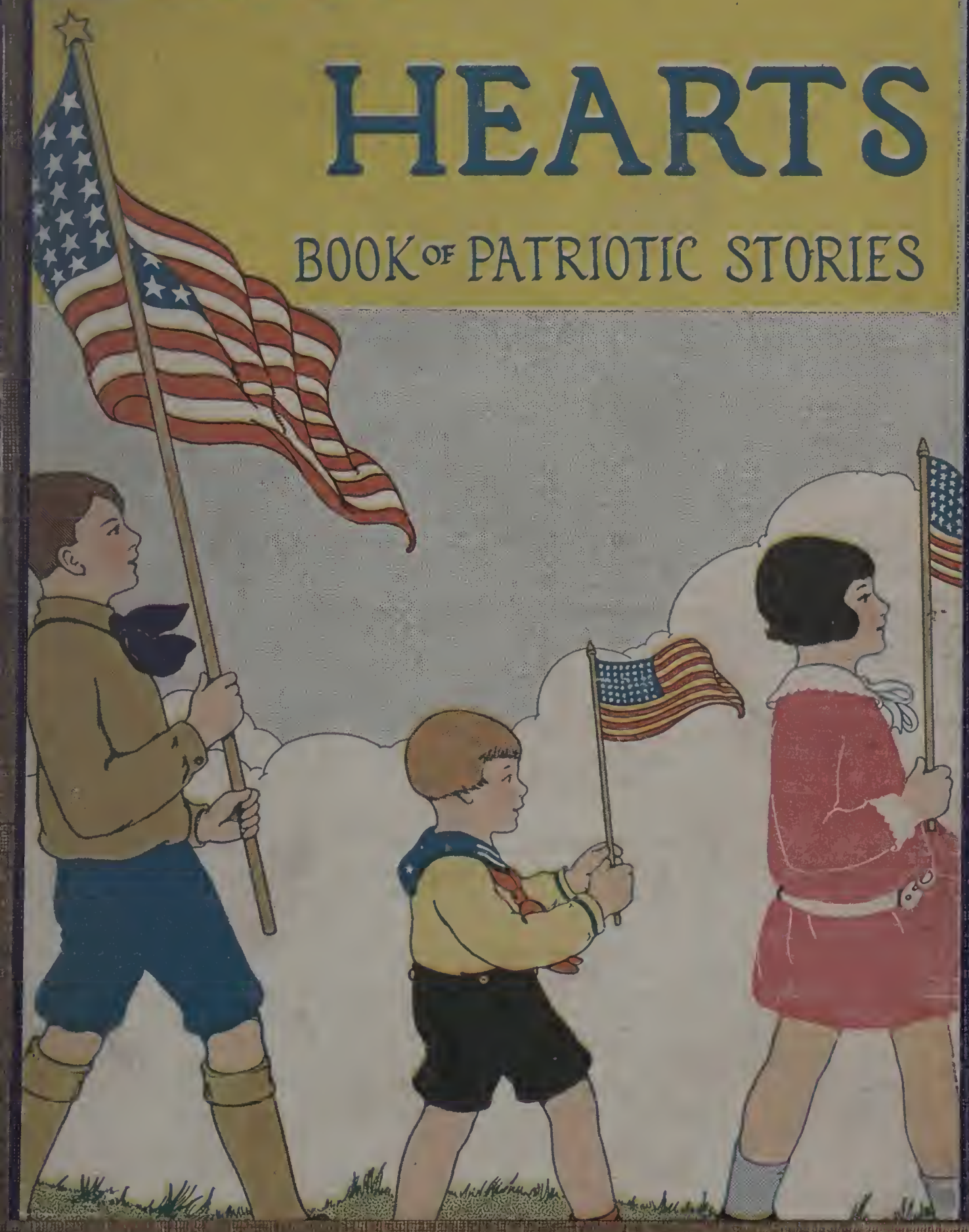
FLAG OF OUR HEARTS

BOOK OF PATRIOTIC STORIES



GPO

FLAG
OF OUR HEARTS

Fourth of July Fun

FLAG OF OUR HEARTS

Edited By

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Fully Illustrated in Color

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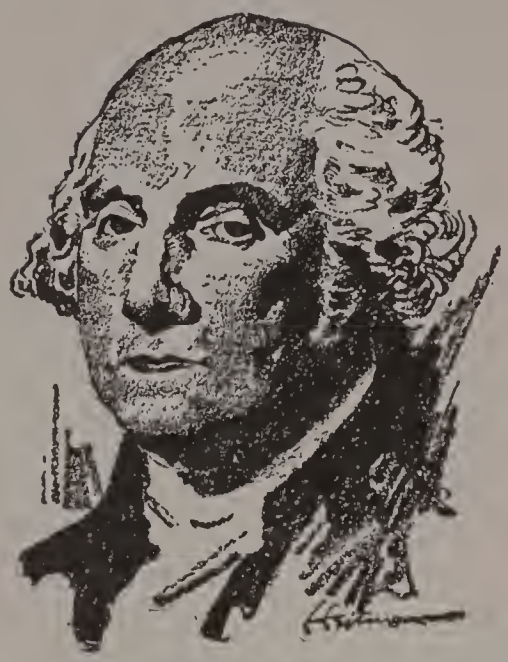

Other Titles Uniform With This Book

TODAY'S STORIES OF YESTERDAY
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By Clara J. Denton

LOOKING GLASS
By Edna Groff Deihl

MERRY CHRISTMAS STORIES
Edited by W. Montgomery Major

HAPPY EASTER STORIES
Edited by W. Montgomery Major

IN OCEAN LAND
By Emily Paret Atwater

THE WOODS IN THE HOME
By Hope Daring

A "JUST RIGHT" BOOK
MADE IN THE U. S. A.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We wish to extend our thanks to the "Just Right" authors and artists for the contents appearing in this book of patriotic stories as follows:

To Authors: Carolyn Sherwin Bailey, Clara J. Denton, Dorothy Arno Baldwin, Edna Groff Deihl, Lena C. Ahlers, Laura Rountree Smith, Ida C. Mirriam.

To Artists: Sarah K. Smith, Frances Kerr Cook, Sue Seeley, Marjorie Howe Dixon, Helen Lyon, Uldene Trippe, Genevieve Fusch Samsel, Joseph E. Dash, Cobb X. Shinn, Jean Van Cleve.

At the end of each story the reader will note that the story has been selected from one of our own Just Right Books. The title and author are named.

—The Editor.

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

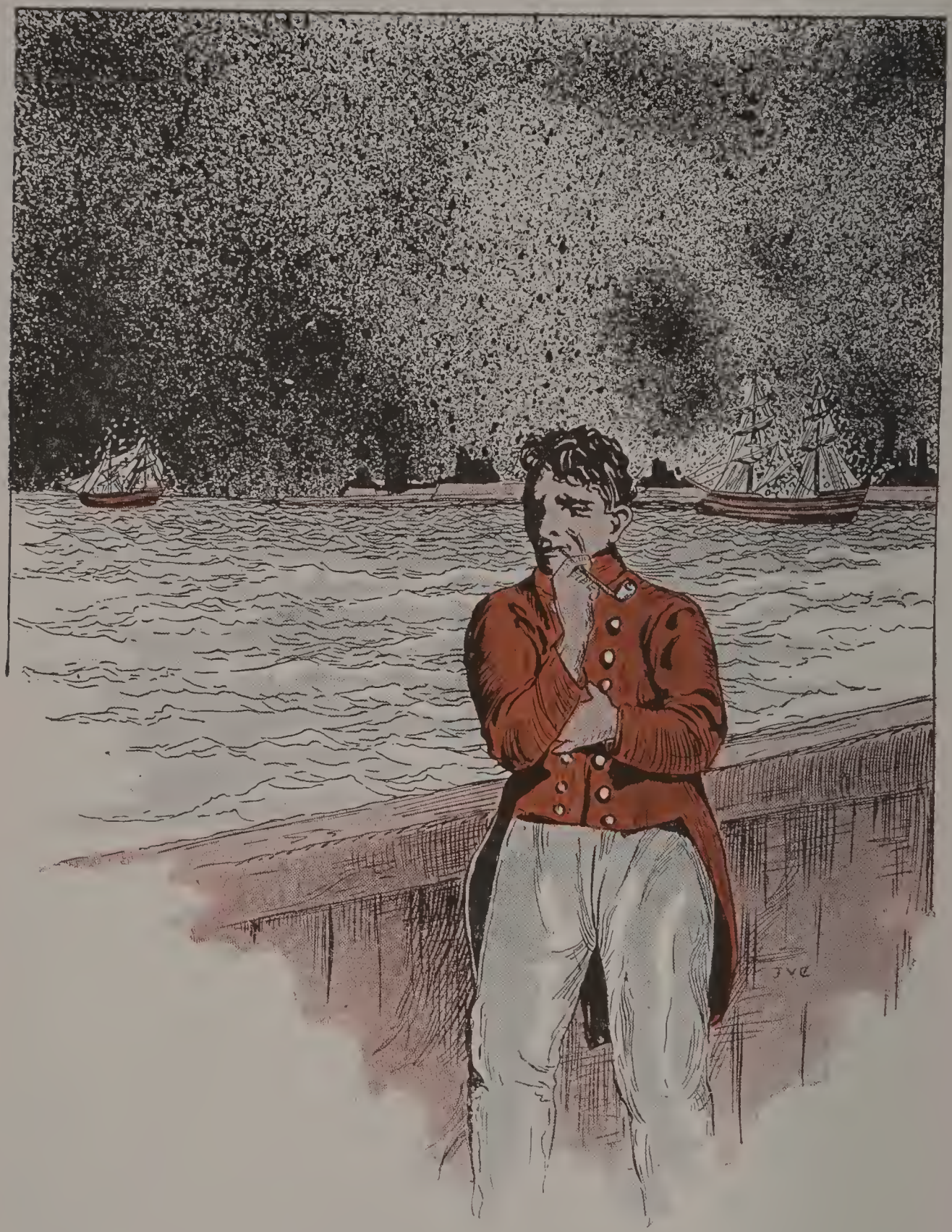
Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps' polution:
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just;
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust;"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

—Francis Scott Key.



The Life of

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

EVERY evening at flag lowering time the "Star-Spangled Banner" is played in every American fort and garrison and on every American battleship throughout the world. Could anyone ask for a more loving and appropriate monument than has been dedicated to the memory of Francis Scott Key, the author of these patriotic words?

Francis Scott Key was born on August 9, 1780, in Frederick County, Maryland. His parents were of good birth and culture, and were true Christians.

It is said that Francis was not a pretty baby, nor in after years did he possess great personal charm, but he was endowed with a far greater gift. He became the possessor of a noble character, with which training made him grow into a respected, loving and lovable man, who always had a good reputation.

After finishing his common school education Francis was sent to Saint John's College at Annapolis, where he first became interested in literature, and commenced writing poems. He graduated from law school and began its practice in his home town in 1801. Because of his diligence and perseverance he rose in a short time to the position of district attorney of the District of Columbia. This position he held for many years.

After the burning of Washington by the British in 1814, Doctor William Beams, one of Key's friends, put three British refugees in jail. He was quickly arrested by English soldiers and taken aboard an English warship. John S. Skinner, a friend of Beams, and Francis Scott Key were permitted by Secretary of the State, James Monroe, to intercede for the doctor. The two Americans boarded the vessel just as it was preparing to bombard Fort McHenry.

The British officer agreed to release Doctor Beams, but refused to let Key and his companion leave the vessel till after the battle, fearing they might have discovered their plans and would tell them. The bombardment began early in the morning of September 13, 1814,

Taken Aboard an English Warship

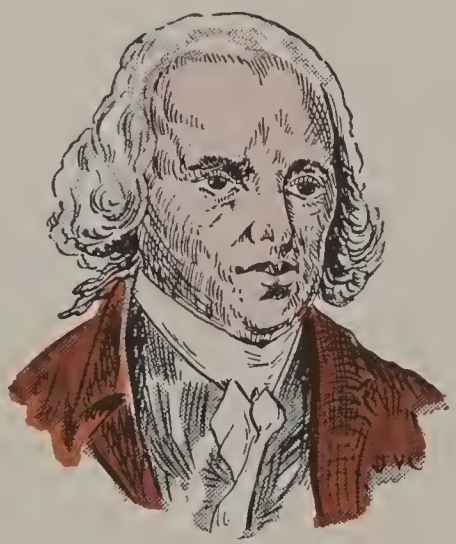
and continued during all the day and night. Key and Skinner, who knew the strength of the fort, feared it would not survive the attack. All night, in terrible anguish, they paced up and down the deck, hoping and praying the fort could hold out. Key's brother-in-law was one of the commanders at the Fort, and beside fearing the loss of the fort, the young man knew if it fell his relative would be taken captive.

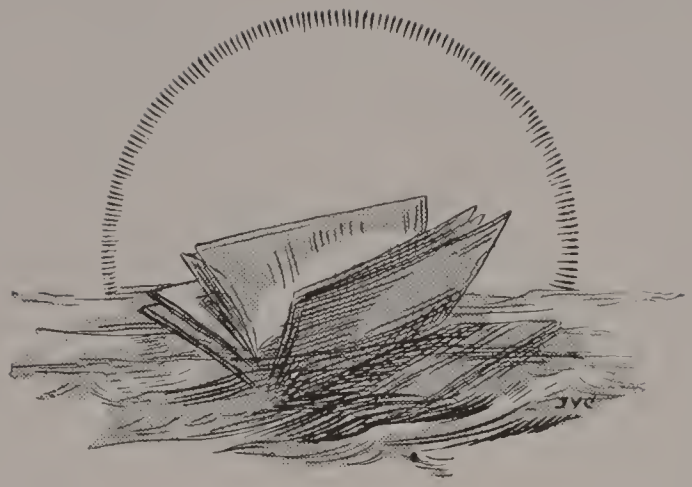
Slowly the dawn of the morning came, but the distance between the fort and the ship was filled with fog and smoke. Nothing could be seen. Skinner and Key tried again and again to see through the mist, but were unsuccessful. Then at seven o'clock a rift appeared in the density of the veil, and it grew wider and wider. Eagerly the two Americans watched, and then shouted with joy when they saw the fragments of a flag still proudly floating over the battered fort. These tatters are still kept as an historic relic.

Thrilled and inspired by the sight, Key thrust his hand into his pocket and brought out an unfinished letter, and on the back of it he wrote the most of the words of the "Star-Spangled Banner." He finished it that night in a hotel in Baltimore, and showed it to his brother-in-law. He became enthusiastic over it, and took it the next morning to a printer, who printed it on hand bills. That day they were distributed through the fort, and it was sung to the tune of an old English drinking song, "Amacreon in Heaven." A few days later an

actor sang it in public in Baltimore, and it immediately became popular. Shortly afterward it was played at the Battle of New Orleans. It is commonly thought that, if the British had not bombarded the fort, Key would never have been inspired to write his famous song. Mr. Key died January 11, 1843, and is buried beside his wife at Frederick, Maryland. The United States keeps a flag continually floating over the two graves, and every Memorial Day a new one is raised with solemn ceremony. The first monument erected to Key's memory is in San Francisco, and it looks out over the broad waters of the Pacific Ocean.

Lena C. Ahlers.





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Flag of Our Hearts Is Waving High

FLAG OF OUR HEARTS

Flag of our hearts is waving high,
From sea to sea it cheers the eye,
Though stretches wide this goodly land,
Beneath its folds all safely stand.

May we this dear old flag so prize,
That evermore our prayers may rise,
Oh! may it stand for all things pure,
And ever keep the truth secure.

Then lift the hand and bow the head,
While words of loyal love are said
And may there never hand be found
To trail its glory on the ground.

Be this its mission evermore,
To spread sweet peace from shore to shore,
Then bow the head and lift the hand.
While neath its folds secure we stand.

From "Denton's New Program Book" —Clara J. Denton.

WHAT THE FLAG SAID

Wayne crept softly through the hedge that separated his garden from that of his neighbors, Helen and Bob. He knew that the brother and sister had gone in to town to buy some red, white and blue bunting for trimming their piazza. Flag Day was coming tomorrow and all the houses and piazzas in Elmhurst would be decorated. Already there was a large flag hung from Bob's piazza pillars that was like a curtain. One could not see behind it.

Wayne thought that was a good thing,

for he did not want to be seen. He was going over secretly to look at his neighbor's sand pile to see how Bob and Helen had arranged the sand for Flag Day. His was not fixed yet and he thought that he would try and get an idea for it from his neighbors. Bob and Helen had fine ideas about making things for their play, almost better than any of the other children.

There was a contest among the children of that part of Elmhurst. They were trying to see who could plan the best kind of play for Flag Day and a committee made up of Bob, Bruce Watson and Tommy Joyce was to judge the contest. They would decide on the afternoon of Flag Day, after all the plans and games and sand-pile plays had been seen and tried out, which child had kept Flag Day best. This was going to be fun. No Flag Day had ever been kept so well in Elmhurst before by the children.

Wayne had looked through the dictionary

for colored pictures of flags and had made some of heavy paper, colored with his crayons. These he had pinned up on his back fence and he was going to let each child, blind-folded, walk up to the fence and try to touch the Stars and Stripes, just by remembering where our flag was placed among the others.

But Bob and Helen had been secretly busy for almost a week now, and Wayne felt sure that they had been getting ready to win the prize of an Uncle Sam suit which Tommy's father, who had the Elmhurst store, had offered for the Flag Day contest. Surely, Wayne thought, if no one was at home at Bob's house, he might be able to look at the sand box and copy the village in it for his own. He had more blocks than Bab and Helen and a larger sand pile.

Wayne crept stealthily along by the house and to the place on the wide front lawn where, under a tent, was Helen and Bob's sand pile. The day was so quiet that Wayne

A Committee Was Made Up

jumped when a saucy bird scolded at him from an apple tree. But he soon forgot everything save the wonder of the Flag Day sand camp the children had made. It was an idea!

There were little white paper tents with a red, white and blue tissue paper flag flying from each. Helen must have made the flags. And the toy soldiers were just clothespins with uniforms painted on them and wearing gay caps with plumes of fringed paper. These soldiers stood up and paraded very well in the sand which Bob had smoothed and packed neatly into a parade ground. The small sand pile camp was a copy of the soldiers' encampment outside of Elmhurst.

"But I can copy this," Wayne thought to himself. "I can copy it so that Bob and Helen will not recognize it, but I can make it larger and better by using my toy soldiers and real little flags. I may win the prize and no one will know—"

But Wayne was suddenly surprised. What was that? No wind was blowing, for the day was as still as June can be. Not even the petals of the roses stirred. But the large flag on Bob's piazza stirred. Indeed it billowed out toward Wayne as if someone were behind and pushing it. Wayne just stood and looked at it. Yes, the flag was moving. Then it spoke. The flag spoke with a strange voice, a voice that Wayne had never heard, spoke very plainly and clearly. It was the flag's message.

"A banner to them that fear thee, displayed

because of the truth!" Those were the words spoken by the flag's voice.

Wayne was not a coward, but he did make haste as he went home. And he decided, thinking over the message of the flag, not to be a copy-cat and try for a prize by imitating his neighbors. Our flag, our American flag, the little boy thought, was hung for the truth and honesty of every American, even the children. How strange about the flag next door, though, that had moved and spoken alone!

It happened that Wayne won the prize of the Uncle Sam suit on Flag Day, because the children had so much fun playing the flag game in his back yard. He dressed up in it and they all had ice cream and cake on Bob's lawn. Just before the feast, the large flag moved again and out from behind it came a strange boy. He was dressed like a soldier of the Revolutionary War and he recited as he touched the folds of Old Glory.

Wayne Won the Prize of the Uncle Sam Suit

"A banner to them that fear thee, displayed because of the truth."

Wayne looked surprised again, but Helen explained to him. "That is our cousin from the city. He came yesterday to spend the holiday with us and I guess he must have practiced that recitation when he was alone here and we were in the city. He wanted to do something to surprise us for today."

"Oh," was all that Wayne said, but he thought very hard. What difference did it make if it were a boy or just a voice from behind the stars of the flag that he had heard? He knew it had been the voice of Old Glory, a message of honesty and truth, and he was an American boy who was never going to forget it.

From "Wonderful Tree" —Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

CONCORD HYMN

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
  Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
  And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
  Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
  Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
  We set today a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
  When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
  To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
  The shaft we raise to them and thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE FIREWORKS TREE

A queer little Toodlums came one Fourth
  Out of the forest hard by,
He carried a great, big, leather gun
  Pointing right up to the sky.

He said, "I will shoot some poor, dead thing
  With my great, big, leather gun,
This is the Fourth, I must make a noise
  Before the long day is done."

Just then drew near a pretty Tehee,
  A-singing so loud and clear,
"I'm trying to find the Fireworks tree,
  I heard that it grew down here."

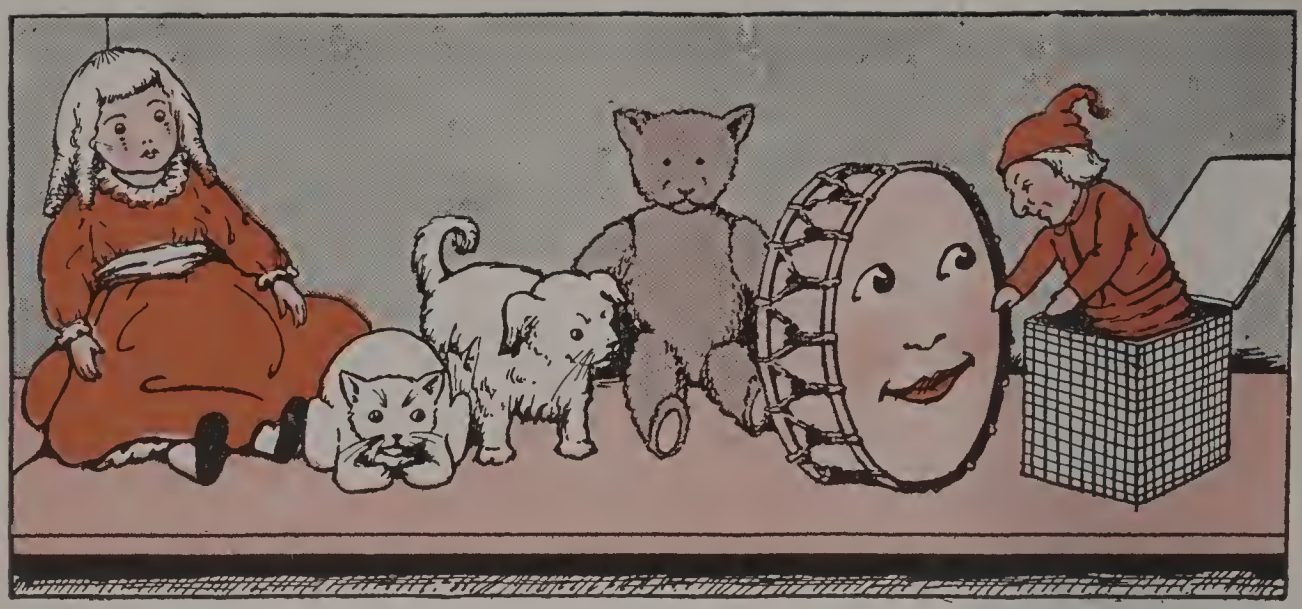
The Toodlums said, "With you I will go
  Afar on this happy quest,
For if we can find a Fireworks tree,
  Nothing I care for the rest."

"For a Fireworks tree will help us keep
In old-fashioned style the Fourth,"
But they didn't find it, tho I've heard
They hunted from south to north.

From South to North and from East to West,
Through days that were hot and cold,
Yet not a trace of the Fireworks tree,
Did their weary eyes behold.

But if some day they really should find
A rousing big Fireworks tree,
With crackers and rockets and the rest,
May we all be there to see.

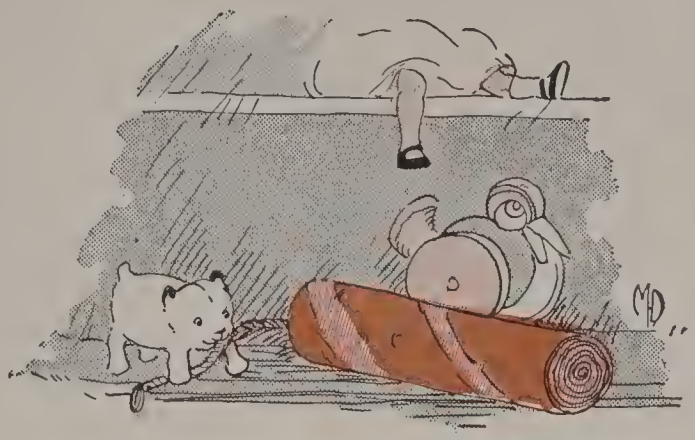
From "Denton's New Program Book" —CLARA J. DENTON.



HURRAH FOR THE FLAG!

The Firecracker was talking to himself in his place in the window of the toy shop. We would not have been able to catch what he was saying, for he spoke in Chinese, and his voice was choked with powder and sputtery like fireworks. But the others beside him there understood.

"He says that this is his great day, the Fourth of July," said the wooden soldier. "He says he will be bought and set off and very likely he will burn the boy who lights him."



The Others Beside Him Understood

Jack-in-the-Box laughed. That seemed funny to Jack, for he liked to scare children. He had an odd idea of what was amusing and pleasant to do. "Ha-ha!" chuckled Jack, leaning far out of his box so as to see the Firecracker better. "I have no doubt but what he will burn several children. See how large he is and what a long tail he wears. Ha-ha!"

Now the Noah's ark opened and several of the animals looked out. "It would be safer for a boy to take a voyage with us on the Fourth of July," they said, "than to buy a firecracker that can only make a noise and hurt him and his friends. Only think of all the great men

who served their country by sailing in ships over the sea, Columbus, and the rest."

"Quack, quack!" said the toy duck on wheels. "You are right, but you must remember that you can only talk about history. You can not really sail. You would spring a leak." Which was true, and the animals drew their heads inside the ark and said nothing more.

But the toy puppy looked at the Firecracker with big scared eyes. He stood so near that the Firecracker's long tail, braided like a Chinaman's queue, touched him. "I have seen dogs running through the street with firecrackers tied to their tails," he said in his small voice. At that the Firecracker spoke proudly.

"That is nothing to what my family can do!" he boasted in Chinese. "Look at my splendid red coat and my height and my width! All inside of me is powder! If I am set off under a tin pan I will be able to shoot the pan higher than this window. I can

frighten a horse so that he will run away. I can make enough noise to wake all the babies on the block. I can hurt a boy so he won't be able to play for a long time!" It was dreadful to listen to the Firecracker, and as he talked he made crackling sounds inside, in his powder, as if he were going off all by himself there in the window of the toy shop. But this did not happen then.

It was going to come off soon, though, the toys knew, for down the street came a Boy.

His cheeks were rosy and his eyes bright for the holiday. His little dog ran barking by his side. Now he was almost to the toy shop. Now he had come in, and he was taking his money from his pocket. The Firecracker stood waiting there proudly in his red coat. This, he knew, was his day. The Fourth of July was the day of powder, burns and noise.

But how strange! The Boy did not buy the Firecracker. He did not even look at it.

Instead he bought with his holiday money a red, white and blue flag with stars. It was the Boy's own flag, the Stars and Stripes of his country. He went out of the toy shop waving the flag and shouting, "Hurrah for the Flag!" as he ran along the street. The Firecracker was left alone.

The toys did not know what to think of this. At last the youngest doll spoke. "They keep the Fourth of July with flags now," she said. "They have a parade and wave the flags as it marches by. Of course you didn't know that, you are all such old residents of the toy shop. But I am new. I keep up with the times. I know how much more sensible the children are now than they were when that old Firecracker was made."

"Ha-ha!" laughed the Jack-in-the-Box, who did not care whom he made fun of so long as he had a chance to chuckle at a joke.

"Well, we live in the ark, but we said that

Firecracker did not know how to keep a holiday," said the animals, poking out their heads again.

And the Firecracker had not a word to say for himself. He stood up in his red coat in the front of the toy shop window, but the toy puppy played with his tail and after a while he fell down on his side. No one ever bought him. He never had a chance to do any child a bit of harm.

From "Lincoln Time Stories" —Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

THE PARADE IN THE CITY OF SOMEWHERE

The trouble in the City of Somewhere began with a wrinkled-up nose—Leonora's nose. If no one had seen her wrinkle it, it wouldn't have mattered so much, but, unfortunately, she wrinkled it at Guy; so, of course, he wrinkled his nose at her.

At that moment Robin came running down the street, and he saw the two noses all out of kilter.

All the Boys and Girls in Somewhere Were Making Up Faces Everytime They Met Each Other.

"Whew! What faces!" he said. "I wonder if I can make as good a one."

Robin tried, and he succeeded so well that Guy thought he had better try again himself; and Leonora, not wanting to be left out, screwed her face into a tangle, too.

No one knows just how it came about, but by the next week all the boys and girls in Somewhere were making up faces every time they met each other, and a great many other times as well. All through the winter and spring they practiced to see who could make up the ugliest face.

One day the Mayor called the inhabitants of the city to a meeting to make plans for celebrating the Fourth of July. The Mayor himself made a speech, and so did the Bishop, and the Superintendent of Schools and one or two other important officials.

It was voted to have a wonderful parade in which every boy and girl in the city should march. The procession was to be headed by one of the girls dressed as Columbia, and every one in it was to carry a flag. A committee was appointed to train them to march properly, and a judge from a far-away city was to choose the one who should represent Columbia.

The first rehearsal was held the very next day, and everyone got there early. The Judge was already on the platform when the boys and girls filed into the hall to stand in line before him. He spoke a few pleasant words to them, reminding them what an honor it was to carry the American flag in a Fourth of July parade, and especially to take the part of Columbia, who represented America herself. After that, the Judge put on his spectacles and looked at the first girl in line, then at the second and the third and the fourth. The farther he looked down the line, the more surprised he appeared to be.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed, when he had looked at every girl. "What has happened to twist the faces of these girls all out of shape? And the boys' faces, too? Why—I don't like to say it— but really they look more like little monkeys than they do like boys and girls."

The Chairman of the Committee came forward and put on his spectacles.

"Why, so they do!" he agreed. "That is too bad! It would never do to have a parade of little monkeys to carry the flags on the Fourth of July, and there's not a single one here that's fit to represent Columbia. We can't have a parade, after all."

The Chairman looked very sad, and so did the Judge, and so did the boys and girls, and so did all the people in the city when they heard that there couldn't be any Fourth of July parade.

"I don't believe I look so ugly," pouted Leonora, as she hurried home. She ran straight to her mirror, and she was surprised when she saw her face in the glass.

Her mouth was twisted into a pucker and her nose was all crinkly. One eyebrow pointed up and one pointed down, and her forehead was quite askew. She tried to smile, but her face was so much more used to screwing up that it was some time before she could man-

age to make a nice, even smile. At last she succeeded, and when she saw how much better it made her look, a wonderful idea popped into her head. She rushed out of the house and hunted up the other boys and girls to tell them her plan.

The next afternoon the Mayor was surprised to hear a knock on his door, and when it was opened a long line of boys and girls marched into the room. In an armchair by the Mayor's desk sat the Judge from the far-away city.

'What fine-looking boys and girls!" he remarked, after the Mayor had greeted them. "What a pity that they don't belong in this city!"

"But we do!" cried Lenora. "We're the very same ones that you saw yesterday."

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed the Judge. "Why, then we can have the parade."

"We're the Very Same Ones You Saw Yesterday."

"Hurrah!" cheered Guy, forgetting where he was. "Leonora ought to be Columbia because she made us practice smiling until we got our faces smooth."

"I wrinkled my nose first," confessed Leonora.

"But now you're leading the right way. I think you're the very one to be Columbia," declared the Judge.

The Parade in the City of Somewhere

That parade was the best ever seen in the City of Somewhere.

From "Today's Stories of Yesterday" —Dorothy Arno Baldwin.

THE CORNFLOWER'S MESSAGE

Once upon a time a great many flowers lived in a beautiful green field. There were the Daisies, dear little white-gowned children, wearing quaint yellow caps on their heads. There were hundreds of yellow Buttercups, nodding their curls in the sunlight. There were the Wild Grasses, in their many shades of green, and there were the Cornflowers, wearing their dainty blue gowns.

There in the field they dwelt, in quiet and happiness, waving happily through the sunny days, and sleeping through the starry nights.

One morning they awoke to find that their quiet home was being upset. They heard a noise of tramping feet, and saw people carrying baskets. There was shouting and running and jumping.

"What is happening?" asked Daisy.

"It's a picnic," answered Buttercup.

"Oh, then we must look pretty," said Daisy. "The little children will want to play with us."

Although Daisy looked very neat in her beautiful white dress, and Buttercup tossed her golden curls saucily all day long, not a child came near to play with them, or pick them.

How badly they felt when they found out that the children did not want to play with them. Worst of all, some of them were even

trampled under foot, and their peaceful home was turned into a regular battleground. The air smelled of smoke, and was full of loud noises. Toward evening, when the children started to go home, the flowers saw that many of the little boys and girls were hurt and crying.

"This is surely a queer sort of holiday," said Cornflower. "Will you tell me who all these foreign looking red creatures are that the people have thrown among us. They look like red Chinamen with their long pigtails, and they are lying all over our field. What a noise they made, like little claps of thunder. Who are these funny creatures?"

No flower could answer her question, until Red Clover saw one little red fellow lying right near her, and asked the red stranger what it was all about.

"Little red man, tell me who you are, and why did the little boys and girls bring you and your brothers here today?"

It was a tired voice that answered her. "We are the Firecracker family. My name is Noisy. The American people celebrate their Fourth of July with us. They use us by the millions, and, worst of all, many folks let the little children play with us, and many of my brothers are very dangerous, and they hurt and burn the little boys and girls. Don't you think that is a queer way to celebrate a holiday?"

"It is, indeed," answered Red Clover. "It is a queer way for them to celebrate the day when their great-great-grandfathers signed the Declaration of Independence, which made all Americans free."

Here Cornflower spoke up. "The trouble is," she said, "that they have the wrong idea of independence. They think freedom means that they may do anything they please, but true liberty really means that each one may do anything he or she pleases, if it doesn't hurt anyone. Let me tell you, dear Flowers,

what I think we can do. Let us try to teach these people the real meaning of freedom—the happiness and joy of being gentle and thoughtful of others, and being careful not to do anything which might hurt anybody, not even one's self.

"Have you ever thought that we flowers have different colors, and that between us we have colors enough to form a beautiful American flag, which we can spread ever so gayly over our field? Then people may notice our gentle way of celebrating the Fourth of July, and start to copy it. If you

will all do your part, we will send them a message about a safe and sane Fourth of July for next year—a Fourth of July when there will be beauty and quiet instead of noise and danger."

"We will be glad to do our part," said all the Flowers.

"Very well," said Cornflower, "I'll give my blue for the corner of the flag. And the Cloverblossoms will give their red for the stripes of red, and the Daisies will give their white for the stripes of white, and also for the stars in the blue corner of the flag. Then, when it is all ready, the breezes will help us wave our beautiful flower flag so gayly that the people must see and understand our message. All the breezes will carry it to their hearts, and when they do understand, what a beautiful Fourth of July everybody will have!"

From "Three Books" —Edna Groff Deihl.

LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggle here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinishd work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task of remaining before us: that from the same honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead should not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE FOURTH OF JULY TENT

There it stood, a beautiful surprise on the morning of the Fourth of July! Billy and Betty had not expected anything so nice or so unusual. It was a fine, large, khaki colored tent set up magically the evening before in the shady part of their yard by father.

"Oh," exclaimed Betty, "what a splendid place for shooting off torpedoes!"

And, "Oh," said Billy, "what a great place to send off firecrackers!"

So, right after breakfast on the morning of the Fourth of July, Betty and Billy went down town to Mr. Brewster's general store and Betty said to Mr. Brewster, "Ten cents worth of torpedoes, please!" And Billy said to Mr. Brewster, "Fifteen cents worth of firecrackers, please!"

But Mr. Brewster just looked at these two children over his spectacles and shook his head. "Nobody is buying torpedoes and firecrackers this year," he told them. "No children in our town are going to set off fireworks this year."

That settled it, because their town had decided that fireworks for boys and girls were not safe. So Billy and Betty went home and tried to decide upon something pleasant and patriotic that they might play in the new tent. They put their largest flag up on the

top of it and then Billy played his drum in front of it and Betty dressed her boy doll as a soldier and stood him up outside. But these plays did not last for very long. And they did not seem exciting enough for the Fourth of July.

Dinner time came and then it was afternoon. Suddenly strange things began to happen to Betty and Billy. They were down in the orchard when they heard a sorrowful whining from the garden. Betty ran to see what was the matter and there, at the door of the tent, was a lame dog. He had tried to follow the parade that morning and had hurt his foot on a stone. And there he was waiting to be helped, just as if he knew that the Fourth of July tent had not been used.

So Betty and Billy washed the dog's cut foot and bound it up with a clean bandage and he wagged his tail in thanks and went home.

Was a Lame Dog

"If only something else exciting would happen!" Betty said as they watched the dog until he was out of sight. Just then they heard a voice at the back of the tent.

"I wonder if I might have a glass of water," asked an old soldier, tired and dusty and warm, "I had to drop out of the parade because of the heat."

"Yes, indeed!" said Betty.

"Right here in our new tent, sir," said Billy.

So the old soldier sat inside the tent which was cool and he enjoyed the glass of milk and the sandwich which Betty brought out to him.

Later in the afternoon mother made some pink lemonade and frosted, small white cakes and set a Fourth of July feast on a table with red and blue flowers in the center of the tent. And just as Betty and Billy sat down to enjoy it, they saw a wistful face looking at them over the top of their gate.

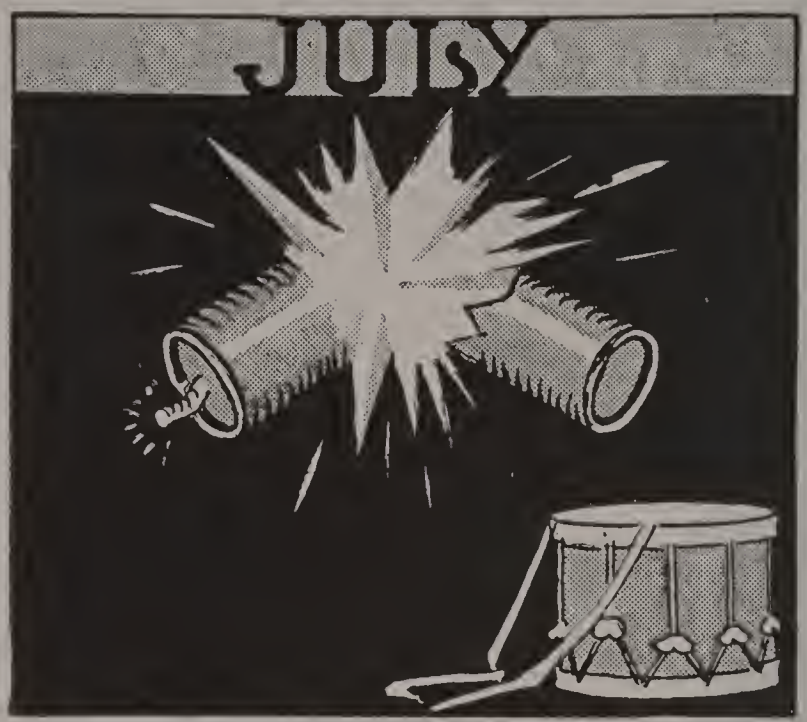
"It is that new little boy, Pierre, who has just come to live in our neighborhood," said Betty.

Billy ran out and opened the gate. "Come in, Pierre," he said, "and share our Fourth of July tent."

The eyes of the little stranger boy shone and the stars in the flag that waved on the top of the tent seemed to shine too in the

setting sun that afternoon. The Fourth of July tent, Billy and Betty had found out, could keep Fourth of July very well through its hospitality, and without the help of a single torpedo or firecracker.

From "Wonderful Tree" —Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.



THE FIRECRACKER THAT WENT OFF

It was larger than a cannon cracker but it was a very safe one. Vivian, who lived next door to Billy and was his very good playmate, had been ill. Now that summer had come Vivian was better, but only able to sit quietly on the piazza. Billy planned all sorts

of fun for her, winding flower wreaths, races shelling green peas, making paper boats to sail in a tin tub of water. Now he had made the great firecracker for a surprise for Vivian on the morning of the Fourth of July.

It was made of the largest cardboard roll that Billy had been able to glue in shape, It was covered with bright red flannel that Billy's mother had helped him stretch over the cardboard. It stood up in Billy's tent in the back yard, safely hidden from Vivian's window and the top of it was covered with the red cloth all except its twine fuse. Many nice gifts were going to be put in Vivian's firecracker, a package of homemade cookies, some rolls of bright cloth for making dolls' dresses, the new little doll herself and a bright silk flag.

But when Billy went out to the tent early in the morning of the Fourth with these gifts in his hands, his eyes opened wide and he nearly dropped the gifts. The great fire-

cracker was gone. Yes, it was altogether gone! The great red firecracker might have gone through the earth to China. Billy hunted from the sloping lawn of the back garden to the street outside but the firecracker was not to be found.

Vivian came out soon and was made comfortable on the piazza in her steamer chair and Billy was so disappointed that his surprise was spoiled. He wrapped the cookies and the rolls of cloth and the little doll and the silk flag in some red, white and blue paper. Right after Vivian came out Billy took the package over to her and Vivian's eyes were as bright as the sparks from skyrockets as she thanked him. But Billy wanted her to know all.

"I had a great, big red firecracker for you, too, Vivian," he told her, "but I wasn't able to keep it. It went off!" He was going to tell Vivian how he had made it and the mys-

tery about its disappearing, but Vivian's eyes suddenly clouded.

"I thought, Billy," she told him, "that you were one of the nicest boys in this town, but I see now that you are not. I am so sorry!"

Billy was puzzled. He thought that Vivian was feeling cross because she couldn't have the firecracker as well as the gifts too. Some girls, he knew, would be like that. So he spoke a little crossly.

"I couldn't help it. It just went off all by itself. I couldn't keep it for you." He thought that now he would not explain any more about the strange firecracker to Vivian. And the day was spoiled for the two. The little girl looked sorrowfully at her friend and at last Billy went home to weed his garden where the beans were too thick. He did not even care to go down to the town park where there was a band and fireworks for Fourth of July.

It was near the end of the afternoon when Billy, looking up from his neat rows of beans, had a bright idea.

"I believe I made a mistake in not telling Vivian that was a home made firecracker," he said to himself. "She thought that I had meant a real firecracker that explodes. Of course Vivian thought that I had set it off early this morning and that is against the laws of our town."

But even as this thought came to Billy his face grew sober again.

"Vivian ought to know that I keep the law," he said to himself. "She ought to have kept her temper and let me tell her all about the firecracker." And so it happened that Billy did not go across to Vivian's house when he heard her calling him a little later.

But Vivian kept on calling. And Billy could hear the voices of other children laughing about Vivian's merry voice. Then he

He Is All Worn Out

heard Dandy, his terrier pup barking. Why, although Billy had not stopped to think of it, Dandy had not been around all day.

"Billy, oh, Billy, such a joke! Do come on over!" Vivian called, so at last Billy went.

It was a joke! Sitting in Vivian's lap was Dandy, but a very sober, tired small dog. His tongue hung out of his mouth and he looked as if he were an unwilling little clown dog. He was all wound up in what was left of the great, home made firecracker which was

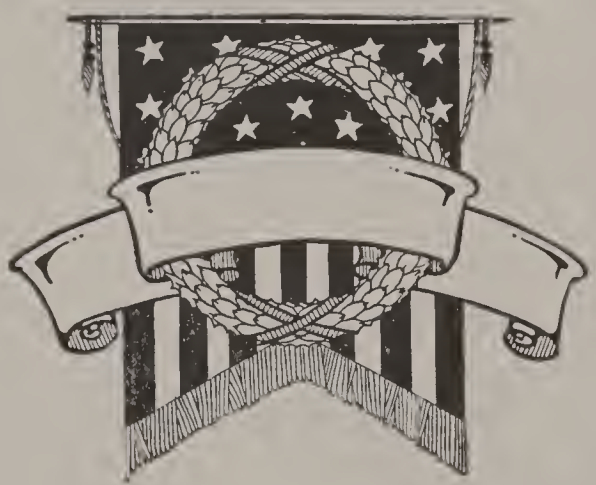
around his body like a red cage. Only his four wriggling legs were free.

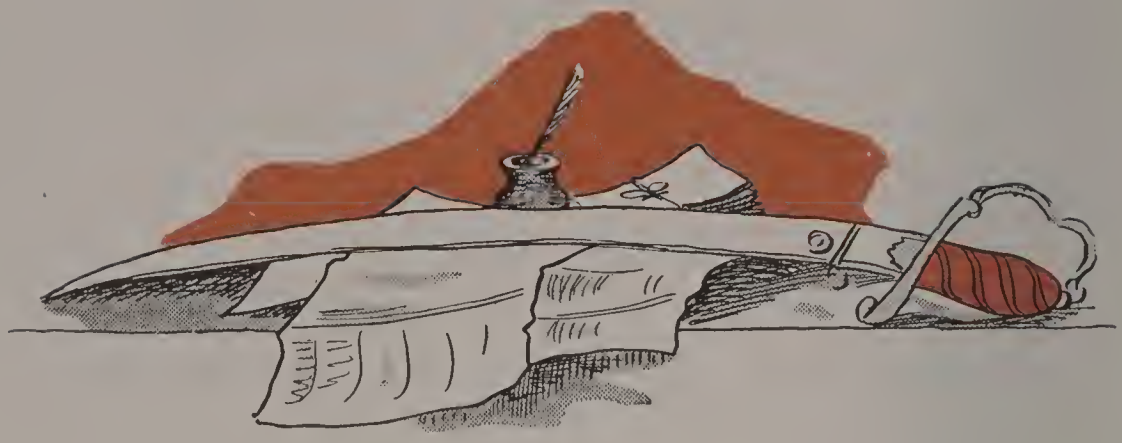
"What did you do to Dandy?" Vivian asked. "Your grandfather was making a speech in the park and Dandy nearly spoiled it by running up to the grand stand all dressed up like a firecracker. The children brought him here to show to me. He is all worn out trying to celebrate Fourth of July and so warm, poor little fellow! Why did you put a firecracker on Dandy, Billy?"

"I didn't," Billy told her when he was able to stop laughing. Then he told Vivian all about the firecracker he had made for her and how it had disappeared. "I made the fuse out of twine that was wrapped around a package from the butcher's," he said, "and Dandy must have smelled it and gone inside the firecracker and then not been able to get out. He was frightened and just ran away with the firecracker."

Vivian laughed too as they unwrapped the tired little dog. Then she held out her hand to Billy. "I am sorry," she said, "that I didn't trust you, Billy. I am glad that it was Dandy and not you who made our firecracker go off."

From "Wonderful Tree" —Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.





THE MAN WHO KNEW LINCOLN

Bob was really quite well of his mumps, but he could not go to school yet. There was a rule about the length of time children who had been ill with mumps must stay home. And this time covered Lincoln's birthday. That was too bad, for the primary children were going to have such a good time. Bob heard about it when the other boys and girls came home and told him across his front fence.

"We are going to march with the big flag," they said, "and have a drill up in the assembly room and sing. And," they kept the news

They Were Going to Have a Good Time

until the last, "a man who knew Lincoln is going to talk to us!"

It was almost more than Bob could stand. On the morning of Lincoln's birthday he felt quite like crying. But so many things happened at home that he couldn't take the time.

In the first place, old great-uncle John came unexpectedly with his great old leather bag and he wanted a fire in the guest room. It was a chilly kind of day. And mother was too busy looking after Sister and cooking to do very much else. So Bob, who could go outdoors as well as not, the doctor said, came to the rescue. He sharpened his hatchet and cut kindlings and brought in enough logs so great-uncle John could have a rousing fire all day. He hadn't unpacked yet, and he told Bob he had saved him from the rheumatism.

Then the groceries didn't come so Bob went down to the store to see what was the matter. "If you would rather not, Mr. Stebbins," Bob

said to the grocer, "I won't come in. I have had the mumps, but the doctor says I am well."

The grocer laughed. "I had the mumps when I was a little boy," he said, "and I would almost be willing to have them over again if I could get a boy to help me. Your mother's order has just gone. It ought to be there now, but I am behind with all these orders. My delivery boy is taking a holiday."

"I can carry some of the orders for you, Mr. Stebbins," Bob told him. "I'm not going to the celebration." He took a couple of baskets and was off. It was a busy day in the kitchens and everyone was glad to see Bob coming with the sugar and eggs and spices. He worked for the grocer until late in the afternoon and then he started home. The celebration would be over at school and Bob was tired, but he had a shining quarter in his pocket in payment for his work.

When he came home, he had a great surprise. He thought at first that he must have

been dreaming, for a strange man dressed in the uniform of old war days sat in the living room with Sister in his lap. The soldier was telling Sister about Lincoln.

"He split wood for his mother when he was a boy, and he worked in a grocery store, carrying home things until late every day. You see I knew Lincoln. I went to war when he was president," the man was saying.

But Bob knew the voice. Why, this was great uncle John! Bob had never known these wonderful things about him. His uniform, his old canteen, his knapsack and his army pistol must have been in his bag right up there in the guest room.

Just then great uncle John spied Bob. "Well, sonny," he said, "I missed you in school. I told the children how I knew Lincoln, but I didn't see you anywhere."

"I had to split wood and help the grocer," Bob began, and then he stopped, for he had a

"I Had to Split Wood and Help the Grocer," Bob Began

nice thought. The same thought came to great uncle John at the same time. "You were having a Lincoln's birthday celebration all by yourself, weren't you?" he said.

That was true. Like the great man whose birthday it was, Bob had been trying to do the small things that came, in a big way, without complaining. And such an end to the day! A man who had known Lincoln right in their house!

From "Lincoln Time Stories" —Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

A LITTLE HISTORY OF WASHINGTON

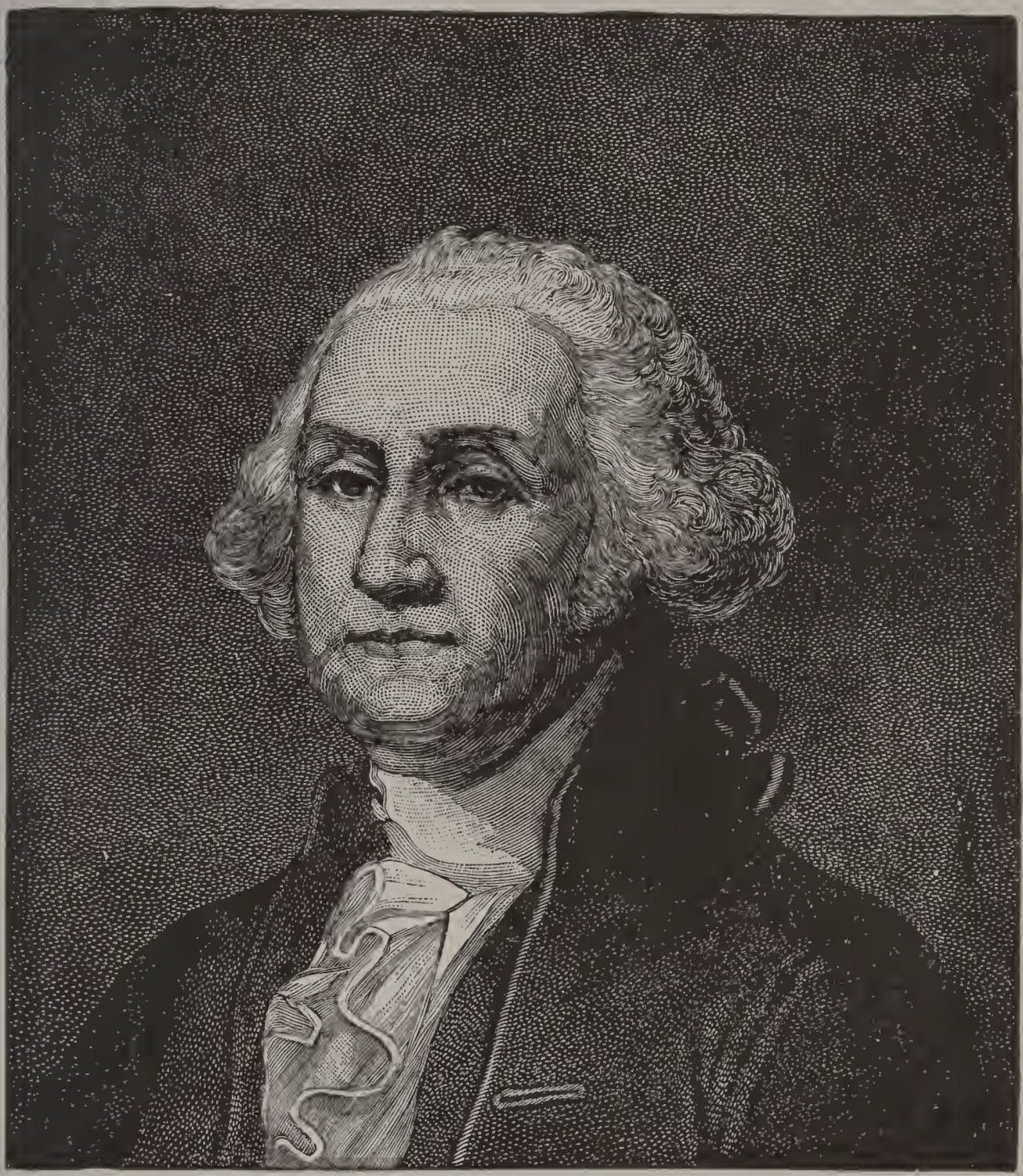
George Washington, the first president of the United States, was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, Feb. 22, 1732.

He was the son of Augustine Washington and his second wife, Mary Ball. Augustine Washington was a widower with two sons when Mary Ball married him. These two sons, Lawrence and Augustine were very fine boys, the elder one being 14 years of age.

When George was born, the family lived in a home on the banks of the Potomac River. It was a very modest dwelling, but it ranked among the best farm-houses in Virginia at that time. There were four rooms and an attic, with a very large chimney at each end. On the river front was a piazza.

There were many men and women servants. The home was surrounded by green tobacco fields and flowery meadows, and there were many barns and storehouses and sheds about it.

Of course, George Washington did not have the same kind of a childhood that city boys and girls have. There were no toy-shops in his time, and there were no candy stores. George did not even have neighbor boys to play with. But he played with his younger brothers and sister. And he made playmates of the horses, cattle, sheep and dogs that were on the farm.



George Washington

He played out of doors all the time and grew very strong. He went fishing and swimming in the river; he ran races and jumped fences with his brothers and the dogs; he threw stones across the brooks.

He made a little humming-top that he liked to play with. His father had given him a pony named "Hero" that he loved very much. He rode Hero all about the plantation.

The first playmate he had, outside of his own family, was a cousin whose name was the same as his half-brother—Lawrence Washington. He and his brother Robert Washington lived at Choptank on the Potomac River.

George used to visit these two boys, whom he called Lal and Bob, very often. On visits to these two he learned many new things.

He learned about the traffic between foreign countries. He saw the foreign ships come in. They brought goods that the Virginians needed. The captains of these ships sold the

His Father Had Given Him a Pony

goods for tobacco notes, as that was the kind of money that was used.

There were no good schools in Virginia at that time. The richest families would send their sons to England to be educated in the schools over there.

George Washington's father, when a young man, had received his training at Appleby School in England.

His half-brothers, Lawrence and Augustine, who were several years older than George, had been sent to the same school.

George's first teacher was Master Hobby. He was not a very good teacher, but was the only one available. George learned to spell easy words, and perhaps to write a little. He also learned a little about arithmetic, but not very much.

The school-house was a log building that stood in an old field. It was called the "field

school." George used to ride to school on his pony.

George got most of his instruction from his father who was very anxious that he should have a good education. His father also taught him other kinds of lessons, so that he would grow up to be a good citizen.

One of the most important of his teachings was that George should be truthful. George remembered this instruction. He was always honest as a boy. He never took advantage of his playmates and he could not be tempted to tell a lie. He was a natural-born leader in his youth.

When George Washington was eleven years old his father died. The devotion of his mother to her children, and her tender instruction more than made up for this great loss.

Mrs. Washington's two stepsons, Lawrence and Augustine, now grown to manhood, also lived with her. They were both well-educated and very well-mannered.

So George's mother had a large family to direct. There were four children younger than George—Betty, Samuel, John and Charles. She taught these children at her knee; she also had private tutors for them.

In addition to her household duties and the care and education of her children, Mrs. Washington also managed her farm. Her stepson, Lawrence, gave her advice about matters relating to the plantation.

Wool, flax, tobacco and corn were raised on the plantation; carding and spinning wool were carried on in the house.

Lawrence was married to Miss Fairfax two months after his father died. He went to Mount Vernon to live. Both Lawrence and his wife felt a deep affection for George and he was a favorite at their home. Lawrence treated him like a son, and George was under his brother's roof much of the time.

Here and at Belvoir, the elegant home of Sir Fairfax, George enjoyed the advantage of re-

fined surroundings. He observed the manners of his brother and the Fairfax family and tried to follow the good example set to him.

At the age of thirteen, he wrote out for his own use 110 maxims of civility and good behavior. The following are some of these rules:

"Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly."

"Be not curious to know the affairs of others."

"Speak not evil of the absent; for it is unjust."

"Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat."

"Be not angry at table, whatever happens; and, if you have reason to be so, show it not. Put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers; for good-humor makes one dish of meat a feast."

At the age of sixteen years, George became a surveyor for William Fairfax, the manager of the estate of Lord Fairfax. He was engaged in this work for three years and endured many hardships and dangers. He slept on the ground in the open air, shot wild game for food and in this manner became a sturdy young man. He grew to be six feet two inches in height, and had the strength of a giant.

From "Washington's Boyhood" —Ida C. Mirriam.

THE BOY WHO DID NOT KNOW THE FLAG

The Man-Who-Knew-Lincoln could tell stories about the Civil War, and before he went away from Bob's house he told him all about a little boy way down in Tennessee who had never seen the Stars and Stripes.

"It was in a little town called Normandy," he began, "in the mountains, and way, way off with only a small store and a smaller

blacksmith shop and ever so many wild dogs and rough little boys. And the Army of the Union had to stop there, for we were all tired out trying to march to Georgia and the soldiers were going to make bread. Yes, sir," said the Man-Who-Knew-Lincoln, "there was a lot beside fighting to do for the regiment.

"So we stopped just outside Normandy and set up the tents with the Stars and Stripes flying, and the masons of the regiment tore down an old house and built a big oven with the bricks. It was a big, wide, old fashioned oven such as my grandmother used. You never saw one like it. And then the carpenters of the regiment took the old boards of the house and made bread trays and mixing troughs and moulding boards.

"Then I helped the other soldiers bring water from a spring and mix it with our flour into dough. After that we moulded it and baked the loaves brown and crisp in the brick oven.

Every morning each soldier in the regiment had a loaf of fresh bread, all the same size. And there was enough baking done to provide bread for the march.

"Well, just before we broke camp there at Normandy a little village boy came with a pack of fierce hounds and was going to try and steal some bread for himself and his dogs. He looked as if he needed it, and so did the dogs, thin, half starved creatures. And the soldiers brought the boy into camp, for they had never seen a little boy so wild and ragged and yet so brave. He had tried to set his dogs on the sentinel and was not one bit afraid when he was brought right up to the tent where the colonel of the regiment sat under the Stars and Stripes with his sword across his lap. No one was going to hurt that little southern boy, but the colonel wanted to see him.

"But the boy did not pay a bit of attention to anything but the flag. It was a large flag that had been in battles. It was torn and

burned in spots, but its colors were bright. There it waved above him, the flag of his country.

" 'Whose flag is that?' the little Tennessee boy asked in a voice full of wonder, 'I reckon I never saw such a pretty piece of blue color as that in the corner of it, with all those stars. What's that piece of blue in your flag for?'

"Our colonel of the regiment didn't say anything for a moment, for he was so much taken aback. The soldiers stood around surprised too. Here the Union was at war with itself, brothers fighting brothers, and a fair land being spoiled with gun powder, and back there in the Tennessee mountains they hadn't ever seen our flag! Maybe that was the reason the fighting was going on, because they didn't know what Old Glory waved for.

"So our colonel called the little Tennessee boy to him and we soldiers kept his wild dogs off while the boy heard all about his flag. He

Asked in a voice of wonder

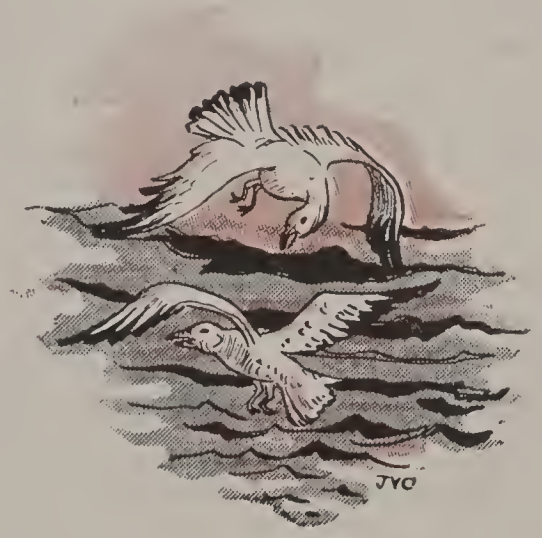
heard how the red stripes stood for our country's courage, and the white for its purity, and the blue was for being true to the right. And the boy was most pleased to hear about the blue, the patch of it with stars in the corner, for that was what took his eye most of all. And when the colonel told him that it was his flag, you ought to have seen his eyes stick out. He had very little of his own, hardly enough to eat, there in his mountain town. But it made him feel proud to know that he had a flag.

"We fed his dogs and gave him some fresh bread to take home, and he was the friend of the Army until we started on toward Georgia. Almost every day that boy came out to our camp to look at the flag and we never thought of him as the boy of an enemy. He was just a little fellow who had never seen the flag.

"Then we joined General Grant and fought with Sherman, farther toward the sea, but we never forgot that boy back in Tennessee. We

always wondered if there were not others who did not know the Stars and Stripes, who would have loved the blue and the stars as he did," said the Man-Who-Knew-Lincoln.

From "Lincoln Time Stories" —Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.



THE SWORD'S STORY

"Your sword is rusty, Great-uncle John," Bob said as the Man-Who-Knew-Lincoln was packing his bag ready to go home.

"I know it," he said, "and there is a story about that."

"Oh, is there time for it?" Bob asked.

"It's short, and good for today," the Man-Who-Knew-Lincoln said, laying his sword in his lap. "It begins with a birthday party.

"You see, when the war was all over, there was a great deal of planting and making things and inventing things to be done in the Union. War always sets a country back, so we all went to work hard, and when we were one hundred years old according to our independence, we had what we called a Centennial celebration in a big green park in Philadelphia. But it was really America's birthday party.

"All the nations of the world came or sent exhibits to it. You would have had a fine time looking at the carved ivories from India, the first popped corn from our west, the queer little locomotives we were using, the wax figures of minute men of the Revolution, the Chinese fans and toys, the new carpet looms, and our press for printing stamps for letters. I can't tell you one-quarter of all the wonderful and odd exhibits at the Centennial.

"We had a family of acrobats, and among them a little boy who went up over the

grounds every day in a balloon. That was something very new, and always drew a crowd. But what I was going to tell you wasn't about balloons or popped corn. It was the story of a sword as a school child had written it, and it was hung up on the wall of one of the Centennial buildings. People stood in front of it all day reading it.

"This child's story was told by a sword itself who lived in the first place deep down under a mountain in a mine. It was dark there and the sword felt as if it would like to see the light. One day it was dug up in a piece of metal, tempered, and shaped into a soldier's blade. It felt bright and shining then. It started out to fight for the man and win him honor and glory.

"It was a sharp, strong sword and it did its work well, but wherever it went, instead of seeing the light, the sword seemed to bring on a storm. It was almost as bad as being hidden

People Stood in Front of It All Day Reading It

down under the ground in a mine. Clashing against other swords, this one that was telling its story, made lightning. All about it was the thunder of great guns and the fire of their powder. It was important to fight, this sword knew, but before it was through, it began to think of itself, not as bright and shining, but as a very frightful creature. It was not at all pleased with itself.

"But presently the war was over. A place was found for the sword in a sheath of leather and it was hung on the wall of the soldier's house. It grew rusty, but it felt better pleased with its peaceful life than it had with its fighting, and it asked a quill pen who lived in an ink stand near by to write its story for our Centennial. The pen did this, and there was the little girl's sword composition in a place of honor at our country's birthday party.

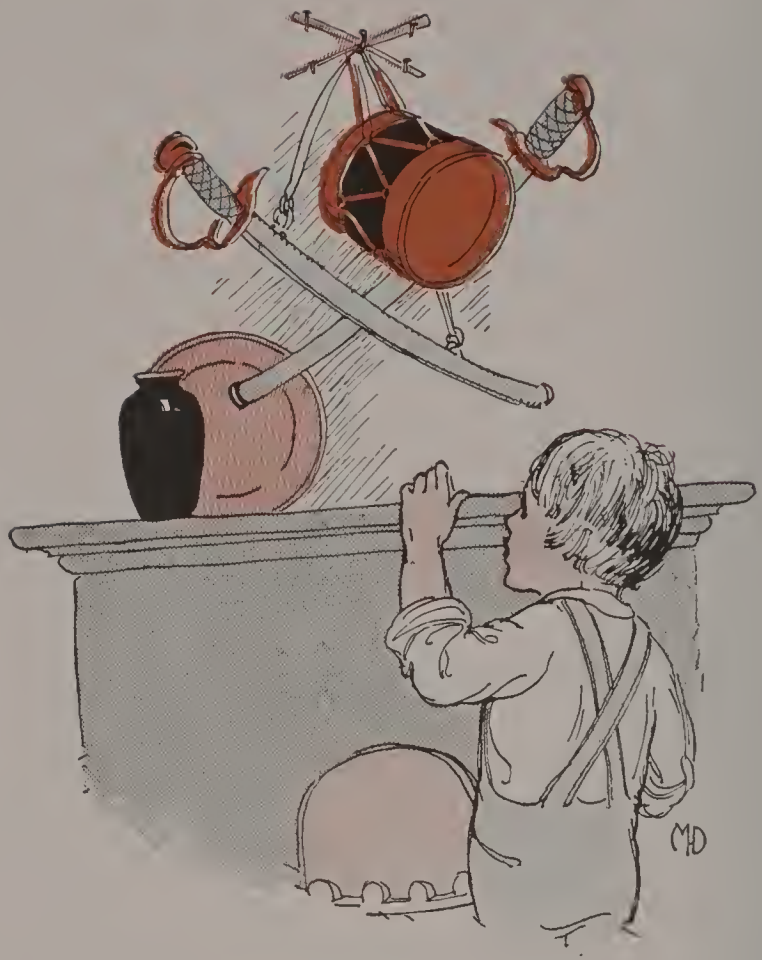
"There was hardly anything there that was more interesting," the Man-Who-Knew-Lincoln ended. "Every sword wants to win its

battle, if it must, but a rusty sword can be proud of itself too.

"It could dig weeds, or make furrows for planting," Bob said, touching the old sword with a new interest.

"Or keep off new wars by telling the story of its own fights," said the Man-Who-Knew-Lincoln, as he went on with his packing. " 'Don't let it happen again!' That's what my sword says."

From "Lincoln Time Stories" —Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.



STAY-AT-HOME SOLDIER

Great-Grandfather's little red drum hung in a place of honor in the farm house. He had been a drummer boy in the Civil War, a boy no older than John, when he had strapped on that drum and gone with the regiment.

John knew that it was still a good drum, for he had carried it in the parade when the Feeding Hills boys decided to go to France. There was a World War and a camp for training soldiers near the farm at Feeding Hills, the farm that had been Great-Grandfather's. John longed with all his heart to go with the new regiment, beating the old drum, and telling France that America had come.

But as John thought about it and planned to run away, perhaps, for that was what Great-Grandfather had done when he joined the army as a drummer boy, this other boy of the World War worked.

There was ever so much to do on the farm, short of men as they were.

In the spring there was the winter wheat to cut, and soon after that the haying began. The horses at the training camp needed so much hay, and wheat flour must be sent on the great ships that were carrying food to Europe. Then

the seed potatoes had to be put in, and there were always odd jobs for John. He took all the care of the chickens, and bedded stalls in the barn. He helped mother plant and tend the garden. He had no time to even lift down the old drum.

But as John worked, he often heard a patter and thud of horses' hoofs on the road in front of the barn. Looking up he would see the soldiers riding by. Then he would salute them, and once an officer had stopped for a drink of their clear, cool well water. How brave and gallant he looked in his new uniform.

"Will you need a drummer boy for the Feeding Hills regiment?" John asked, but the officer only laughed as he patted him on his head. "What we need most is regulars," he said, "regular soldiers to show that America has come."

So John began to feel very much discouraged. He felt as if he were not keeping up the honor of the family. Father had gone to France the year before and mother was keeping the farm going with the help of two old men from the village. But John wanted to go. He wanted to beat that red drum, and with every beat tell the world what it means to be an American.

Every day made his chance slimmer, though. The training camp emptied. No one knew when the regiment went, but one morning it was gone. The farm was quiet, but there was a great deal of work to do. Food, food, that was the call at all the farms that lay among their fields of grain. And John did his best to help raise food for the army.

For days there were no troops to be seen on the road. But one day, as John was raking up the chaff at the barn door, thud, thud, came again the beat of horses' hoofs. He looked out

at two soldiers riding by. Why, one of them was an officer, John saw, the one who had asked for a drink and told him that he wasn't needed as a drummer boy.

The officer, too, remembered John. For an instant he drew rein and waved his hand to the boy in overalls there in the barn door.

"Good-bye, Stay-At-Home Soldier," called the officer. "Hold that rake as tightly as if it were a musket, for it's quite as useful!" Then he was off in a cloud of dust.

John watched him until the road was white and still again in its sunlight. What a surprise that had been, to be called a soldier by an officer whose word could be trusted! Very likely times were changed from the days when boys could drum with the regiment. He could fight a battle every day with the weeds and shoulder his hoe like a gun and help raise food for father and the others so far away in France.

To Be Called a Soldier by an Officer

Stay-At-Home Soldier! That was a fine title, John thought. He would go on helping mother and the old red drum would keep up his courage and the honor of his family, just as well as if he had hung it around his neck.

From "Lincoln Time Stories" —Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

Twittered a Call to Louis

FRANZ' LAST LESSON

Louis, a little boy of beautiful Alsace, was not listening to the alphabet which his good grand-mere was teaching to him in the garden. The sun was warm and the birds, drinking at the pump, twittered a call to Louis to

go with them to the meadows. Louis' book almost dropped from his hands. He was thinking, not of his A B C's, but of play.

"Fie upon you, Louis!" said his grand-mere. "You are like little Franz who did not want to learn the language of our Alsace so many years ago."

"Franz? Who was he, Grand-mere?" asked Louis. A story, he thought, would be better than saying over and over the letters of the dull alphabet.

"He was a young Alsatian boy of many years ago, was little Franz," said Grand-mere, "and one morning just like this, when the sun was shining warmly and the blackbirds were calling across the grain fields, Franz was on his way to school. The school was kept by the kind old schoolmaster, Monsieur Hamel, who had sat at his desk so many years that the walnut tree in the school yard, once a stripling, was now bearing nuts, and the hop vine had climbed to the roof.

"But little Franz was like you, my Louis, careless of his letters, and he took his way slowly across the fields and by the longest way. He was already late, but still he did not hurry. Suddenly Franz heard a loud drumming from the parade ground of the Prussians, for at that time our Alsace was in the hands of enemies.

"Boom-boom, went the guns more loudly than Franz had ever heard them before. And as he came to the gate of the school the town blacksmith was putting up a sign which Franz could not read, because it was written in the language of the Prussians. The blacksmith looked very sad. Franz went into school then, expecting that the teacher would scold him for being so late."

"And did Monsieur Hamel scold little Franz?" Louis asked.

"No," said his grand-mere. "Little Franz took his seat on the bench, and the school

room was so quiet that he could hear the humming of the insects in the garden outside. The children sat still and with folded hands. At the back of the room sat a row of the oldest men of the village, the mayor, the letter carrier, and some old soldiers. And the carrier had his old French primer open in his lap, saying over and over to himself, the lessons he had neglected to learn when he was a little boy.

"But the strangest part of it all to Franz was the appearance of Monsieur Hamel. He wore his best green broadcloth suit and his white ruffled shirt and a black tie. He stood before the children and spoke to them, his face full of sorrow.

"The teacher told them that this was to be their last lesson in French. The notice pinned up on the gate said that a new teacher from Berlin was coming to their village and they were to learn only the language of the Prussians in their school, the language of their

enemies. And he said that he wished the children had been more diligent in learning their primer lessons, for the French language seemed to him the most beautiful language of all.

"So little Franz opened his book and read with the others and they worked harder over the letters and words than they ever had before. They could hear the old soldiers, the mayor of their village and the letter carrier reading, too, from a bench at the back of the room. And the French lesson books seemed to all in the school room more precious than fairy tales.

"Suddenly there was a crash of trumpets. It came from the parade ground of the Prussians. It was a signal to close the school, for Monsieur Hamel, who had taught the children so many years, to close his desk and lock the door behind him, giving the key to the new teacher. But he waited for only a moment. He went

to the blackboard and wrote on it in large flowing letters the motto of the French:

" 'Long live our Country!'

"It was little Franz' last lesson in French."

"Oh, Grand-mere!" said Louis, "but not mine, is it? Our country is living and happy, and I will learn my lessons well, and now."

Louis' grand-mere smiled. "Yes, my Louis," she said, "that was a story of long ago, but it is always best for a boy to learn to read as soon as he can. That makes him a good countryman, wherever he lives."

From "Lincoln Time Stories" —Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

PAUL REVERE, AMERICAN PATRIOT

"So through the night rode Paul Revere,
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance and not of fear."

So Longfellow wrote about Paul Revere, an American hero, dear to the heart of every boy, and an inspiration to the patriotic young man.

Few Americans have had a more beautiful tribute paid them than has been given to Paul Revere in the poem written about him by Longfellow.

Paul Revere was born the first of January, 1735, in Boston, Massachusetts. He grew up in the atmosphere and times that made staunch patriots of every noble man. When other boys hardly knew the meaning of country, this small boy's heart was beating with love for his. After finishing his school education, Paul began studying to be an engraver, and later had the honor of engraving and printing the first paper currency in Massachusetts.

When Paul Revere was a young man, the colonists rebelled at the tax the English put on their imports. At last the English government became alarmed at the way the colonists were acting, and rescinded the taxes on everything except tea. At Charleston the tea was taken from the English ships and stored in damp cellars, where it soon spoiled. Finding

that the colonists refused to buy the tea, the British had their ships at New York and Philadelphia sent back to England, but the authorities refused to let the tea ships at Boston return. When the Boston men heard about this, they called a patriotic meeting, and Paul Revere was one of the leaders. It was decided that the tea should never be brought ashore. The night of December 16, 1773, a number of patriots, disguised as Indians, boarded the vessels and emptied three hundred and forty-two chests of tea into the water. Paul Revere was one of the most enthusiastic of the leaders and workers.

On their way home from the famous "Boston Tea Party," as this expedition has ever afterward been called, Admiral Montague, a prominent British leader, was visiting at a friend's house, and, hearing the men come, raised a window.

"Well, boys, you have had a fine night for

your Indian caper," he laughed. "But, mind, you've got to pay the fiddler yet."

"Oh, never mind," replied one of the patriots, "never mind, Squire! Just come out here, if you please, and we'll settle the bill in two minutes." The admiral probably thought it best to let things be, and he quickly put down the window.

Soon after the Tea Party the patriots of Boston formed a league, known as the Boston League, who pledged themselves to watch every movement of the British. Again Paul Revere showed the glowing patriotism in his heart by becoming a member of the league.

On the eighteenth of April, 1775, General Gage, a noted British general, mustered eight hundred men whom he ordered to march to Concord, which is twenty miles from Boston, and destroy some military stores. And after that to go on to Lexington and destroy other military supplies, and arrest the "arch rebels,"

Ready to Ride and Spread the Alarm

John Hancock and Samuel Adams. His plan was at once suspected by members of the Boston League, and it was to circumvent the British that Paul Revere made his famous ride. The daring patriot rode from Charleston to Lexington, rousing the country to arms, and, according to Longfellow—

> "Said to his friend: 'If the British march
> By land or sea from the town tonight,
> Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
> Of the North Church tower as a signal light;
> One if by land and two if by sea,
> And I on the opposite shore shall be,
> Ready to ride and spread the alarm
> Through every Middlesex village and farm,
> For the country-folk to be up and to arm'."

The countryside was aroused, and when Gage's men reached Lexington they were confronted by armed men, and the first shot of the Revolutionary War was fired. Marching to Concord, the British found more armed men, and the military supplies all removed. Paul Revere was taken a captive, but was soon released.

This great American patriot died in Boston in 1818, and the house in which he lived is still standing.

—Lena C. Ahlers

Almost Any Large Dictionary

MAKING A FLAG GAME

In the back pages of almost any large dictionary you will find colored pictures of the flags of all the different nations. You will be surprised to see how many there are of these, and how different they all are in design and coloring. Some day when it rains you can have a very good time copying these to make a splendid flag game.

Draw oblongs of the size that you want the flags to be with a ruler and pencil on some light weight cardboard. A very good material for making the stripes and other designs will be heavy tissue paper, and you are likely to have a number of scraps of this in just the shades that you will need.

Study the designs of the flags in the dictionary carefully and then paste them, designed with the colored paper, on your cardboard oblongs. It will be a good plan to put them under some books to press for a while so that the paste may dry thoroughly. Then cut very neatly on the pencil line with which you marked the oblong and the flags are finished.

It is a very simple matter to make them into a game. On the white side of each flag draw some lines with a pencil that divide it into halves or quarters. Then cut on these lines, making the flags into a kind of picture puzzle. You can keep these pieces all in a box, and play a game with them when you have com-

pany by drawing from it in turn and seeing which player is able to make the most flags by putting the pieces together.

From "All the Year Playgames" —Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

A Number of Stiff Cards

PLAYING AMERICA FIRST

This is going to be two kinds of fun, because it is something to make on a rainy day, and something to play a game with too.

You will need quite a number of stiff cards, all of the same size. These are to be had at the shops where stationery is sold and mother will get you a package when you tell her all about the fun they will give you. They are the white cards which father puts in his box files at the office.

Next, find all the small pictures that you can which make you think of our own United States. These will be pictures of the capitol, of soldiers, presidents, ships, the different forts, tents, Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls, our forests, lakes, rivers, big trees, and other things that make America great. You will find ever so many of these pictures in old magazines, newspapers, and catalogues. Cut them out neatly, mount them on the cards, and put these picture cards under a heavy weight to press.

While they are pressing, paint or color a few cards with the Stars and Stripes. Then find a box in which to put the game of America First which you have made.

A number of children can play it with you. Pile the cards, the picture side down, in the middle of a table, the children grouped around it. Each player, in turn, takes a card and turns the picture up in front of him. If it is

one of the pasted pictures, he does not say anything. If it is one of the flag pictures, he must shout, "America First," before anyone else does. If he is not quick enough about this, the child who said, "America First," before he did, gets all his cards, and the game is won by that player who gets all the cards at last.

From "All the Year Playgames" —Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

FOURTH OF JULY FUN

You may plan some Fourth of July games all yourself if you like, without mother's help, even, and they will give all the children who come to your party a good time, indeed.

Ever so many boys and girls made collections of the beautiful posters that Uncle Sam issues. Perhaps you have one, a poster of a

soldier, a sailor, a ship, or a child who did something patriotic to help the government.

Cover the back of this poster with paste and mount it on a piece of heavier paper or on a backing of cotton cloth. It will be a good plan also to fasten a tape or a length of string to the top by which it may be hung. Then get a penny flag and stick a thumb tack through the handle.

The children playing the game are blindfolded, one at a time, and walk up to the poster, which you have hung in the party room or out on the piazza, with the little flag in their hands. The game consists of trying to fasten it to the hand of the person in the poster or to the bow of the ship, which isn't as easy as one would suppose. The prize for the child who succeeds may be a large flag.

Another merry game is played with sugar almonds which you wrap up, before the party, in fringed red, white and blue tissue papers, so that they look just like fat torpedoes. One

of these sugar plums, though, is wrapped in gold paper, the color of a star.

The children are seated in a circle and each one is given a candy torpedo, including the gold one. The child who is "It" stands in the center of the circle and counts, One, Two, Three. At Three, the children begin passing the torpedoes from one to another, their hands closed over them, so that the colors will be hidden.

A child in the circle gives the signal to stop at the end of a certain length of time, and the center child tries to guess who holds the gold torpedo. If he is successful, he takes a place in the circle and the player who held it goes into the center.

From "All the Year Playgames" —Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

A FOURTH OF JULY PARTY

The Party Twins painted flags on one corner of cards they sent out as invitations and they contained the verse,

One and all the children cry,
"Hurrah, hurrah for the Fourth of July,"
We will spend an hour together,
So we'll hope for pleasant weather.

(Hour—place.)

The guests arriving were pleased to see flags everywhere.

They played out-door games and among them the game of "Liberty Bell."

A large paper bell was placed on the ground and a child ran in from the circle they formed, naming a president, and another child did the same, and so on, each time touching the bell.

They next played a "Flag Game."

The children are in two lines and they choose one to carry a flag and run between the lines saying.

"How many stripes, how many stars
In this beloved flag of ours?"

The one at the north end of each line now skips round his line, returns to his place and names the correct number of stripes and stars in the flag as, 13 stripes, 48 stars, or goes out of the game. The second child from the north end of the line, next skips round, and so on, until every one has had a chance to name the

They Ran a Flag Race

number of stars and stripes in the flag. The line having the most left in it, wins the game.

A large firecracker is fastened to the ground and children throw hoops over it. The hoops are wrapped with red, white and blue muslin, the children all stand at an equal distance to throw, and the prize is a bag of peanuts.

The children run a flag race. Two start with flags to a goal, the last one there selects a child to take his place in the next race.

Refreshments were ice cream cones bearing a tiny paper flag and cookies sprinkled with red and blue sugar.

From "Party Twins" —Laura Rountree Smith.