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Special Day Programme Bulletin

FOR USE IN

Virginia Public Schools and Community Leagues



BETTER SCHOOL DAY AT A THREE-ROOM COUNTRY SCHOOL IN HENRY COUNTY

Issued and Distributed by

The Department of Public Instruction
and
The Co-operative Education Association

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Introductory

To Teachers and League Officers:

We believe this bulletin will be a source of great assistance to you in your social work, and we trust you will carefully plan to use as many of the programmes as possible. Of course no one school or community is expected to observe all the occasions but we must urge you to observe the following programmes if at all possible; Better School Day, Better Roads or Streets Day, Better Farm Life Day, Better Health Day, May Day, and Better Church Day, and try to accomplish something definite on each occasion.

We have mailed or will mail on request to the league Secretaries a post card report blank for each of these six programmes, which you should fill in and send us immediately after the observance of the day. The State Departments co-operating with us expect this information in order to be of further assistance to you. If you have observed either of the days before receiving this post card, do not fail to fill in the blank for that day and mail to us at once.

It has cost much to furnish you this bulletin, now will you not show your appreciation, by making the very best use of it, and by faithfully attending to these reports?

Yours for a most happy and successful year.

J. H. MONTGOMERY,

Executive Secretary Co-operative Education Association.



Foreword

To The Children of Virginia:

Unless the memory of my youthful days greatly deceives me the normal boy or girl is more than ready to favor any change in the usual routine of the day's work at school. To confess the truth, I can recall many occasions when pupils of my generation absolutely sighed for variations in the long-protracted monotony of their labors, and literally wriggled with joy when something unexpectedly "turned up" to take them out of the beaten classroom track. And so I feel almost certain that this modest bulletin offering "special day" programmes for schools will receive a hearty welcome at the hands of the thousands of boys and girls to whom it is dedicated. At any rate, it has been prepared with no little pains in the hope both of entertaining, encouraging and instructing those for whom it is intended. Furthermore it is believed that a careful observance of even a few of the suggested programmes will serve as a genuine inspiration to the average pupil, since most of the exercises are designed to commemorate the achievements of illustrious men—men whose imperishable names one cannot fail to revere.

The South—and particularly our own dear Virginia—has been peculiarly fruitful of great soldiers, statesmen and citizens, and it is fitting that our children should have the example of these splendid figures constantly before them. Nor do I believe that any of you will ever weary of hearing about the deeds of Washington, Davis, Lee, Jackson or Maury. The mention of these very names should quicken your pulses and stimulate your ambitions.

But the "special day" exercises outlined in this publication are not intended solely as appeals to your sentiment and imagination. While I, for my part, would regret to see any child without either sentiment or imagination—the two things that give a roseate tint to life—I should be more than disappointed if the programmes relating to Public Health, Better Roads, Better Farms and Labor are overlooked. These all bear more or less on the practicalities of everyday life and affect our happiness at a dozen different angles. Nor should we fail to reverence our Flag, that ever-fluttering, star-flecked symbol of our national greatness, although we

Better School Day Program

would pray that it may long wave in Peace. Last of all—but this surely is unnecessary—I would remind you of the Mother's Day programme. Indeed I would rejoice to know that every day in the year all our Virginia boys and Virginia girls, big or little, did individual homage in some form or other to their mothers.

It will, of course, be impossible for any one school to have all of the fifteen or more special day programmes suggested in this bulletin, though it is my hope that as many as possible will be followed. Teachers should use their own judgment in the matter of making selections.

While dates for the various exercises have been given it may, in some cases, be found desirable to fix the programmes for other occasions. This will make no particular difference; the thing to do is *have* the exercises—preferably on some Friday afternoon—and to see that they “go off” with snap and vim. For this I shall trust my friends, the boys and girls of Virginia.

R. C. STEARNES,
State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Labor Day Program

(First Monday in September.)

MUSIC—Are You From Dixie?

QUOTATION—Words of Lincoln.

RECITATION—The Heritage.

RECITATION—Ten Things For Which No One Is Ever Sorry.

READINGS—By Three Children.

QUOTATIONS.

RECITATION—I Can and I Can't.

MUSIC—Toiling On.

QUOTATIONS.

RECITATION—If.

RECITATION—Better to Wear Than to Rust.

RECITATION—Be Strong.

RECITATION—Labor.

QUOTATIONS.

MUSIC—Spring Song.

GAMES OUT OF DOORS.

Words of Lincoln.

Workingmen are the basis of all governments.

Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration.

Whatever is calculated to improve the condition of the honest, struggling, laboring man, I am for that thing.

The Heritage.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
 And piles of brick and stone and gold,
 And he inherits soft white hands,
 And tender flesh that fears the cold,
 Nor dares to wear a garment old;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
 The bank may break, the factory burn;
 A breath may burst his bubble shares;
 And soft white hands could scarcely earn
 A living that would serve his turn;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
 His stomach craves for dainty fare;
 With sated heart he hears the pants
 Of toiling hands with brown arms bare
 And wearies in his easy chair;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
 A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
 King of two hands, he does his part
 In every useful toil and art;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
 A rank judged by toil-worn merit
 Content that from employment springs;
 A heart that in his labor sings;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor;
Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it;
A fellow feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless' his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son, there is a toll
That with all other level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens, soft white hands.—
That is the best crop from thy lands:
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son, scorn you thy state!
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Work only makes the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both children of the same dear God;
Prove title to your heirship vast,
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

—James Russell Lowell.

Ten Things for Which No One is Ever Sorry.

For doing good to all.
For being patient to everyone.
For hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For holding an angry temper.
For being kind to the distressed.
For speaking evil to no one.
For asking pardon for all wrongs.
For stopping the ears to a tale-bearer.
For disbelieving ill reports.

—A Book of Holidays—Colorado.

Readings.

The future of American civilization, and with it the future of the world's civilization, is to be determined not by the influence of trade alone, but by the influence of trade joined with the influence of

broad intelligence, humanitarian sympathies and unselfish purposes. The highest title in the new order of nobility will be neither "merchant" nor "scholar," nor yet "gentleman" in its conventional sense, but "citizen"—a title rich in its suggestion of public spirit, the recognition of the claims of human brotherhood, the merging of the individual into the higher life of the Nation, of humanity itself.—*A. V. V. Raymond.*

Every one owes it to himself to contribute his full share to the common possession of men—material, intellectual, and moral. Society always is what the individuals composing it make it; and in return every individual to become the best he is capable of, must depend on society. From society he draws back with compound interest all he can give it. But society owes him not a farthing except in return for what he has first given. It owes no mortal a living who has not first earned his living by contributing to the common store. If it saves the indolent from starving, it does so solely as a gratuity. If any one would make the world his debtor, he must make it the richer for his having been in it.—*Ezekiel G. Robinson.*

Here in America, I am told in nearly every city I visit that the young men are more and more caring for and bestirring themselves to discharge their civic duties. That is the best news one can hear. Surely no country makes so clear a call upon her citizens to work for her as yours does. Think of the wide-spreading results which good, solid work produces on so vast a community, where everything achieved for good in one place is quickly known and may be quickly imitated in another. Think of the advantages for the development of the highest civilization which boundless resources of your territory provide. Think of that principle of the sovereignty of the people which you have carried further than it was ever carried before, and which requires and inspires, and, indeed, compels you to endeavor to make the whole people fit to bear a weight and discharge a task such as no other multitude of men ever yet undertook. Think of the sense of fraternity, also without precedent in any other great nation, which binds all Americans together and makes it easier here than elsewhere for each citizen to meet every other citizen as an equal upon a common ground. * * * Nature has done her best to provide a foundation whereon the fabric of an enlightened and steadily advancing civilization may be reared. It is for you to build upon that foundation. Free from many of the dangers that surround the States of Europe, you have unequalled opportunities for showing what a high spirit of citizenship—zealous, intelligent, disinterested—may do for the happiness and dignity of a mighty nation, enabling it to become what its founders hoped it might be—a model for other peoples more lately emerged into the sunlight of freedom.—*James Bryce.*

The Nobility of Labor.

This is the Gospel of labor—wing it, ye bells of the kirk—
The Lord of love came down from above to live with the men who work.
That is the rose that he planted, here in the thorn-cursed soil;
Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will,
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!

—Lowell.

Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it cast,
Protects the lingering dewdrops from the sun.

—Wordsworth.

I Can and I Cant.

I can, rules a mighty dominion,
With power to do and to dare;
I can't, is a slave and a minion,
Who lives in the realm of despair.

I can, wears the crown of the master,
Whose forces no foe can turn back;
I can't, flies the flag of disaster,
And surrenders at every attack.

I can, is a fighter and leader,
Who faces the battle each day;
I can't is a chronic seceder,
Who always retreats in dismay.

I can, marches steadily forward,
Achieving, rejoicing, in life,
I can't, is a craven and coward,
Who never can win in the strife.

—John C. Wright.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with anything—
These are wanted every hour.

The true test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of the cities, nor the crops, but the kind of men the country turns out.

—R. W. Emerson.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy.

—Frances S. Osgood.

Oh, what a glory this world does put on
 For him who with fervent heart, goes forth
 Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
 On duties well performed, and days well spent!
 For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves
 Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
 He shall so hear that solemn hymn, that death
 Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
 To his long resting place without a tear.

—*Longfellow.*

The height of great men reached and kept
 Were not attained by sudden flight,
 But they while their companions slept,
 Were toiling upward in the flight.

—*Longfellow.*

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
 In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
 Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

—*Lowell.*

Pass therefore, not today in vain,
 For it will never come again.

—*Omar Khayyann.*

If.

If you can keep your head when all about you
 Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
 If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
 But make allowance for their doubting, too,
 If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
 Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
 Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
 And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
 If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
 If you can meet with triumph and disaster
 And treat those two impostors just the same,
 If you can bear to hear the word you've spoken
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
 Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
 And stoop and build 'em up with worn out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
 And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
 And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
 And never breathe a word about your loss;

If you can force your heart and brain and sinew
To serve their turn long after they are gone,
And so to hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run—
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a man, my son.

Rudyard Kipling.

Better to Wear Than to Rust.

'Tis better by far in the battle of life
To be at the front than the rear,
To earn the regard and the guerdon of strife
By manfully battling here.

'Tis better to work with a spirit of love,
Although we may gain but a crust,
Still looking above the effort will prove
'Tis better to wear than to rust.

A man upon earth with nothing to do
Is only a man in the way,
And the soul unused to service, 'tis true,
Is doomed to an early decay.

It is the decree of an Infinite will
That struggle and labor we must
Our mission fulfill, discovering still—
'Tis better to wear than to rust.

—*Frank L. Beeby.*

Be Strong.

Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift,

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—oh, shame!
Stand up, speak out and bravely in God's name.

Be strong!

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long,
Faint not, fight on; tomorrow comes the song.

—Selected.

Labor.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us,
Hark! how Creation's deep musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing,
Never the little seed stops in its growing,
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper unspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from our Nature's heart.
From the dark cloud flows the live-giving shower;
From the rough sod comes the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life!—'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lead us to ill.
Work,—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work,—thou shalt ride o'er care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
Look on yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy darkness,—a clod.
Work for some good,—be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

—Francis Osgood.

Toil, and the arm grows strong,
Sluggards are ever weak.
Toil, and the earth gives forth
Riches to those that seek.

—James P. Bloomfield.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.

—Longfellow.

The greatest genius God ever gave a man is the genius of hard work.

—Edward Olney.

Round swings the hammer of industry,
Quickly the sharp chisel rings,
And the heart of the toiler has throbbings
That stirs not the bosom of kings.

'Tis not the blood of kith or kin,
'Tis not the color of the skin;
'Tis the true heart that beats within
Which make the man a man and brother.

Toil, I repeat—toil either of the brain, or of the heart, or of the hand—is the only true manhood, the only true nobility.

These are the gifts I ask
Of thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load,
And, for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.
These are the sins I fain
Would have thee take away:
Malice, and cold disdain,
Hot anger, sullen hate,
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
And discontent that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness of the common day.

—Henry van Dyke.

Aim to be what you would like to seem to be.

—The School Journal.

You will find that luck is only pluck
To try things over and over.

—Ella Higginson.

Joy to the toiler! him that tills
The fields with plenty crowned;
Him with the woodman's axe that thrills
The wilderness profound;
Him that all day doth sweating bend
In the fierce furnace heat;
And her whose cunning fingers tend
On loom and spindle fleet!
A prayer more than the prayer of saint
A faith no fate can foil,
Lives in the heart that shall not faint
In time-long tasks of toil.
—Songs of the Toiler.

If little labor, little are our gains:
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

—Herrick.

To look up and not down
To look forward and not back
To look out and not in
And to lend a hand.

—Hale.

Let no one 'till his death
Be called unhappy. Measure not the work
Until the day's out and the labor done.

—Browning.

Columbus Day Program

October 12th.

MUSIC—God Ever Glorious.

RECITATION—Columbus.

RECITATION—Keep A-Trying.

RECITATION—The Boy Columbus.

MUSIC—The Flower of Liberty.

COMPOSITION—The Life of Columbus.

RECITATION—Columbus.

A READING—An Anecdote of Columbus.

MUSIC—Ark of Freedom.

AN ESSAY ON THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE.

The program should consist largely of stories told by pupils of the condition in Europe, ideas of the earth, knowledge of geography, commerce, and incidents in the life of Columbus.

Also; this is an appropriate day for the reading of essays on the American merchant marine.

Columbus.

What treasure found he? Chains and pains and sorrows—
 Yea, all the wealth those noble seekers find
 Whose footfalls mark the music of mankind!
 'Twas his to lend a life; 'twas man's to borrow;
 'Twas his to make, but not to share, the morrow.

—*Theodore Watts-Dunton.*

Keep A-Trying.

Say, "I will!" and then stick to it—
 That's the only way to do it.
 Don't build up a while and then
 Tear the whole thing down again.
 Fix the goal you wish to gain,
 Then go at it heart and brain
 And, though clouds shut out the blue
 Do not dim your purpose true
 With your sighing
 Stand erect, and like a man
 Know "They can who think they can,"
 Keep a-trying.

Had Columbus, half seas o'er,
 Turned back to his native shore,
 Men would not, to-day, proclaim
 Round the world his deathless name.
 So must we sail on with him
 Past horizons far and dim,
 Till at last we own the prize
 That belongs to him who tries
 With faith undying;
 Own the prize that all may win
 Who, with hope, through thick and thin
 Keep a-trying.

The Boy Columbus.

"'Tis a wonderful story," I heard you say,
 "How he struggled and worked and pleaded and prayed,
 And faced every danger undismayed,
 With a will that would neither break nor bend,
 And discovered a new world in the end—
 But what does it teach a boy of to-day?
 All the worlds are discovered, you know, of course;
 All rivers are traced to their utmost source:
 There is nothing left for a boy to find,
 If he had ever so much a mind

To become a discoverer famous;
And if we'd much rather read a book
About someone else and the risks he took,
Why nobody surely can blame us."
So you think all the worlds are discovered now;
All the lands have been chartered and sailed about,
Their mountains climbed, their secrets found out;
All the seas have been sailed, and their currents known,
To the uttermost isles the winds have blown
They have carried a venturing prow?
Yet there lie all about us new worlds, everywhere,
That await their discoverer's footfall. Spread fair
Are electrical worlds that no eye has yet seen,
And mechanical worlds that lie hidden serene
And await their Columbus securely.
There are new worlds in Science, and new worlds in Art,
And the boy who will work with his head and his heart
Will discover his new world surely.

—*Manual of Patriotism.*

Columbus.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For, lo! the very stars are gone;
Speak, Admiral, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, sail on! and on!"

"My men grow mut'nous day by day;
My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave wash'd his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say, at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanch'd mate said:
"Why now, not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on!"

They sailed, they sailed, then spoke his mate:

"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight,
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,

With lifted teeth as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one word;

What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leaped as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And thro' the darkness peered that night.
Ah, darkest night! and then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew—a star-light flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn;
He gained a world! he gave that world
Its watch-word: "On! and on!"

An Anecdote of Columbus.

One morning in spring, many years ago, a gray-haired man was riding slowly along a narrow road in Spain. On each side of him were blossoming orchards; in front of him, and not far away, were green mountains; behind him was the city which he had left an hour before.

The man's face was very sad, and he rode slowly as though lost in deep thought.

Suddenly he heard the sound of a galloping horse coming far behind him. Then he thought he heard a voice calling. But he did not look around; he did not so much as raise his head. "It's only some farmer hurrying home from the city," he thought; and he rode slowly onward.

The sounds grew rapidly nearer. Then the voice of the horseman could be plainly heard. "Halt! halt! Christopher Columbus. I have news for you."

The gray-haired man, hearing his name called, drew up by the roadside and looked around. "Well, well, my friend Santangel," he said, "what news can you bring to me that is not bad news?"

The horseman was beside him in a moment. "I bring you the best news in the world," he said. "Come back with me to the city. I have seen Queen Isabella, and she bids you come back."

"Why should she wish me to come back?" answered Columbus. "I have now been seven years in Spain, trying to induce the king and queen to aid me, and all to no purpose. They only call me a crazy dreamer, and the people laugh at me because I wish to prove that the earth is round. I am now on my way to France, where I shall find a more liberal king and a wiser people."

"You must go no further," said Santangel. "The queen promises to aid you. She believes that you are right, and she says that she will fit out some ships for your use, even though she may have to sell her jewels to pay for them."

"Are you speaking the truth, Santangel?"

"Most surely," answered his friend. "Come! Let us hasten back, as the queen commands."

Without another word, Columbus turned and rode back by the side of his friend. His mind was filled with thoughts of the past.

He remembered how, when a little boy, he had stood by the seashore and watched the ships coming into port from far-away lands. He remembered how the sailors had told him wonderful stories of the sea, and how he himself had afterwards become a sailor and had visited strange countries and distant islands.

Then he thought of the time when he had first come to Spain. How even wise men had laughed at him when he declared that the earth is round! How they laughed again when he said that he would sail across the western ocean and prove that he was right!

He thought of the seven years of waiting. Then he turned to his friend, Santangel, and said: "All my life I have held to the idea that the earth is round. Indeed, I know it is round; and now, with the queen's help, I am sure that I shall prove it."

Better School Day Program

October 27th

Music—They Made It Twice As Nice As Paradise.

Recitation—How the Leaves Came Down.

Recitation—Somebody's Mother.

Recitation—The Cider Web.

Song—Little Grey Home In the West.

Recitation—The Temperance Boy.

Recitation—The Squirrel's Lesson.

A Reading—The Fashionable School Girl.

Song—NATIONAL Prohibition's Coming. Tune "Yankee Doodle."

Recitation—Song of Life.

Recitation—The Duel.

A Colloquy—Lest Brown's Battle—By six children.

Song—We Are All For Uncle Sam.

A Reading—Test of a Bad Book.

A Drama for twelve little girls.

Music.

Address.

Discussion of future plans for definite work for the year.

Topics for Discussion.

Topics for Discussion.

How and Why Standardize Our Schools.

(One and two room schools.)

How To Secure Better Average Daily Attendance at School.

(Schools having low average daily attendance.)

How To Enlarge and Improve Our Playgrounds.

(Schools having less than three acres for playgrounds.)

What Improvements are Needed on Our School Building and How We Shall Make Them.

How Can The School Term Be Lengthened.

(Schools having less than nine months session.)

How To Secure Co-operation of Patrons.

(Schools where Patrons do not visit or co-operate with schools.)

Why We Need a Community League. Organize one at this meeting.

(For schools which haven't a league.)

Be sure to send a report of the day to J. H. Montgomery, Co-operative Education Association, Richmond, Va.

How the Leaves Came Down.

"I'll tell you how the leaves came down,"

The great Tree to his children said:

"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,

Yes, very sleepy, little Red.

It is quite time to go to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,

"Let us a little longer stay;

Dear Father Tree, behold our grief!

'Tis such a very pleasant day,

We do not want to go away."

So, for just one more merry day

To the great Tree the leaflets clung,

Frolicked and danced, and had their way,

Upon the autumn breezes swung,

Whispering all their sports among—

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget,

And let us stay until the spring,

If we all beg, and coax, and fret."

But the great Tree did no such thing;

He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried;

And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,

He shook his head, and far and wide,

Fluttering and rustling everywhere,

Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
 Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
 Waiting till one from far away,
 White bed clothes heaped upon her arm,
 Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.
 "Good-night, dear little leaves," he said.
 And from below each sleepy child
 Replied, "Good-night," and murmured,
 "It is so nice to go to bed!"

Susan Coolidge.

Somebody's Mother.

The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
 And bent with the chill of a winter's day;
 The streets were white with a recent snow,
 And the woman's feet with age were slow.

At the crowded crossing she waited long,
 Jostled aside by the careless throng
 Of human beings who passed her by,
 Unheeding the glance of the anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
 Clad in the freedom of "school let out,"
 Come happy boys, like a flock of sheep,
 Hailing the snow piled white and deep;
 Past the woman, so old and gray,
 Hastened the children on their way.

None offered a helping hand to her,
 So weak and timid, afraid to stir,
 Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
 Should trample her down in the slippery street.

At last came out of the merry troop
 The gayest boy of all the group;
 He paused beside her, and whispered low,
 "I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
 She placed, and so without hurt or harm,
 He guided the trembling feet along,
 Proud that his own were young and strong;
 Then back again to his friends he went,
 His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
 For all she's aged, and poor, and slow;
 And some one, some time, may lend a hand
 To help my mother—you understand?—
 If ever she's poor, and old, and gray,
 And her own dear boy so far away."

"Somebody's mother" bowed low her head,
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: "God, be kind to that noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy."

Faint was the voice, and worn and weak,
But the Father hears when His children speak;
Angels caught the faltering word,
And "Somebody's Mother's" prayer was heard.

—*Macmillan.*

The Cider Web.

I know a dingy corner where a wicked spider clings;
Where he spins his web around bottles, glasses, jugs and other things;
And I listened in the shadow, as one day I passed along,
And I heard the wicked spider, as he sang his cruel song:

"Will you take a little cider? Will you call while passing by?"
Said the wicked, crafty spider to the buzzing little fly.
"Will you take a little lager? Surely you will not decline
Just to take a drink for friendship; say, just sip a little wine."

"He is coming for his cider!" said the wicked, cruel spider;
"He is coming for his wine, and my cord shall round him twine;
While he sits and sips his lager, I will whet my little dagger;
And when from wine he's drunken he will find that he is mine!
Ha! the little fool is coming; I can hear him buzzing, humming.
He who comes to visit me, vainly struggles to be free."

"You are welcome to my parlor; I am glad to see you come.
Do not stay outside the entrance; please to make yourself at home.
Will you take a little lager while I sharpen up my dagger?
Will you take a drop of wine? then you surely shall be mine.
I will bind you, I will grind you, though you struggle, weep and pray;
I will tie your hands behind you; you shall never get away;
I will fight you, I will smite you, I will stab you, I will bite you;
I will make you poor and needy; I will make you old and seedy;
I will make you bleared and bloated, with rags and tatters coated,
And your hat will look so shocking that the boys will all be mocking;
I will haunt you till you die, then I'll hang you up to dry."

* * * * *

Oh, my boy, beware of cider, and of lager, and of wine,
Then the wicked, cruel spider ne'er shall get a child of mine.
Let us storm his ugly castle, let us tear his web away;
Let us drive away this spider. Heaven in mercy speed the day.

From Medal Contest Reciter.

The Temperance Boy.

I am a little temperance boy,
 Good friends do you doubt it?
 Only listen and I'll soon
 Tell you all about it.

These are little temperance feet,
 So you'll never find them
 Walking to a beer saloon,
 Dragging me behind them.

Through these little temperance hands,
 Poison never passes;
 But with water pure and cold,
 They will fill your glasses.

And these lips shall never taste,
 Brandy, beer or whisky;
 Sooner would I see them all,
 In the Bay of Biscay.

And these eyes shall never look,
 Where the red wine glistens;
 God forbids it in His book,
 To the child that listens.

So, my friends, I think this truth,
 You will soon discover—
 That I am a Temperance Boy,
 Temperance all over.

—*St. Louis Christian Advocate.*

The Squirrel's Lesson.

Two little squirrels, out in the sun,
 One gathered nuts, and the other had none;
 "Time enough yet," his constant refrain;
 "Summer is still only just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate;
 He roused him at last, but he roused him too late;
 Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud,
 And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were placed,
 One always perfect, the other disgraced;
 "Time enough yet for my learning," he said;
 "I will climb, by and by, from the foot to the head."

Listen, my darling; their locks are turned gray;
 One as a Governor sitteth to-day;
 The other, a pauper, looks out at the door
 Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day :
One is at work, the other at play,
Living uncared for, dying unknown—
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

The Fashionable School Girl.

A few months ago the daughter of a Rockland man, who had grown comfortably well-off in the small grocery line, was sent away to a "female college," and last week she arrived home for the holiday vacation. The old man was in attendance at the depot when the train arrived, with the old horse and delivery wagon, to convey his daughter and trunk to the house. When the train had stopped, a bewitching array of dry goods and a wide-brimmed hat dashed from the car, and flung itself into the elderly party's arms.

"Why, you superlative Pa! I'm ever so utterly glad to see you."

The old man was somewhat unnerved by the greeting, but he recognized the sealskin cloak in his grip as the identical piece of property he had paid for with the bay mare, and he sort of gathered it up in his arms, and planted a kiss where it would do the most good, with a report that sounded above the noise of the depot. In a brief space of time the trunk and its attendant baggage were loaded into the wagon, which was soon bumping over the hobbles towards home.

"Pa, dear," surveying the team with a critical eye, "do you consider this quite excessively beyond?"

"Hey? quite excessively beyond what? Beyond Warren? I consider it somewhat about ten miles beyond Warren, if that's what you mean."

"Oh, no, Pa; you don't understand me: I mean this wagon and horse. Do you think they are soulful?—do you think they could be studied apart in the light of a symphony, or even in a simple poem, and appear as intensely utter to one on returning home as one could express?"

The old man twisted in his seat and muttered something about he believed it used to be used for an express before he bought it to deliver pork in; but the conversation appeared to be traveling in a lonesome direction, and the severe jolting over the frozen ground prevented further remarks.

"Oh, there is that lovely and consummate Ma!" and presently she was lost in the embrace of a motherly woman with spectacles.

"Well, Maria," said the old man at the supper table, "an' how'd you like your school?"

"Well there, Papa, now you're shou—I mean I consider it far too beyond. It is unquenchably ineffable. The girls are sumptuously stunning—I mean grand—so exquisite—so intense! And then the parties, the balls, the rides—oh, the past weeks have been one sublime harmony."

"I s'pose so—I s'pose so," nervously assented the old man as he reached for his third cup, half full—"but how about your books—readin', writin', grammar, rul o' three—how about them?"

"Pa! don't. The rule of three. Grammar! It is French and music and painting and the divine art that have made my school life the boos—I

mean that have rendered it one unbroken flow of rhythmic bliss—incomparably and exquisitely all but!"

The grocery man and his wife looked helplessly at each other across the table. After a lonesome pause the old lady said:

"How do you like the biscuits, Maria?"

"They are too utter for anything, and this plum preserve is simply a poem in itself!"

The old man arose abruptly from the table, and went out of the room, rubbing his head in a dazed and benumbed manner, and the mass convention was dissolved. That night he and his wife sat alone by the stove until a late hour, and at the breakfast table the next morning, he rapped smartly on the plate with the handle of his knife, and remarked:

"Maria! Me an' your mother have been talkin' the thing over, an' we've come to the conclusion that this boardin' school business is too utterly all but too much nonsense. Me an' her consider that we haven't lived sixty consummate years for the purpose of raisin' a curiosity, an' there's goin' to be a stop put to this unquenchable foolishness. Now after you've finished eatin' that poem of a fried sausage an' that symphony of twisted doughnut, you take and dust upstairs in less's two seconds, an' peel off that fancy dress-gown and put on a caliker, an' then come down an' help your mother wash the dishes. I want it distinctly understood that ther' ain't goin' to be no more rhythmic, foolishness in this house, so long's your superlative Pa an' Ma's running the ranch. You hear me, Maria?"

Maria was listening.

National Prohibition's Coming.

ANNA A. GORDON

Tune, "Yankee Doodle"

1. Prohibition's bound to come,
We've even set the date, Sir!
That's what boys and girls believe
The only thing that's straight, Sir!

Chorus—

Prohibition is our law,
Ever! Ever! Ever!
License for the land we love?
Never! Never! Never!

2. Prohibition is the law
The liquor dealers fight, Sir!
That's the reason it should come.
It's just exactly right, Sir!

Chorus—

3. Alcohol is bad for us,
It's very bad for you, Sir,
Uncle Sam should drive it out,
That's what he's going to do, Sir!

Chorus—

4. In this glorious fight for God,
For purity and right, Sir,
You must lend a helping hand,
Must work with all your might, Sir!
Chorus—

Song of Life.

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

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern ;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle on the brink ;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that Toil might drink.
He passed again ; and lo ! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues,
And saved a life beside.

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

Charles Mackay.

The Duel.

The gingham dog and the calico cat
 Side by side on the table sat;
 'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
 Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
 The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
 Appeared to know as sure as fate
 There was going to be a terrible spat.
*(I wasn't there; I simply state
 What was told me by the Chinese plate!)*

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"
 And the calico cat replied "mee-ow!"
 The air was littered, an hour or so,
 With bits of gingham and calico,
 While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
 Up with its hands before its face,
 For it always dreaded a family row!
*(Now mind; I'm only telling you
 What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)*

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
 And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
 But the gingham dog and the calico cat
 Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
 Employing every tooth and claw
 In the awfulest way you ever saw—
 And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
*(Don't fancy I exaggerate!
 I got my views from the Chinese plate!)*

Next morning where the two had sat
 They found no trace of the dog or cat;
 And some folks think unto this day
 That burglars stole the pair away!
 But the truth about the cat and the pup
 Is this: They ate each other up!
 Now what do you really think of that!
*(The old Dutch clock it told me so,
 And that is how I came to know.)*

—Eugene Field.

A Colloquy—Lest' Brown's Battle.

A TEMPERANCE COLLOQUY.

ANNA ADAMS GORDON.

CHARACTERS.

Lester Brown	Millicent Marston
Paul Meredith	Polly Parker
Geraldine Hughes	Dot Raymond

SCENE I.

(Lester and Paul meet each other. Paul carried a strap of school books.)

LESTER: Hello, old fellow! Where are you from just now? Been winning another ball game?

PAUL (twirling his books): No. I'm on my way home from Harrow-smith, Lester. How are you enjoying yourself since you stopped school? Found any work yet?

LESTER (nervously putting his hands in his pockets): Well—not—exactly—just—yet, Paul. But so far I haven't tried very hard, don't you know. No great hurry, you see. I came pretty near getting one job, but just because I smoke a cigarette now and then they gave me the grand bounce. It's all nonsense and don't you forget it, Paul, this being so particular about a boy's smoking or drinking. There are boys and boys. If he doesn't get too much steam on, a little drink and a cigarette once in a while make a boy more manly. They can't hurt him one single bit.

PAUL: I'm bound to say, Lester, that I can't agree with you on that proposition. No, sir! (emphatically). You ought to have been in our hygiene class this morning. You would be singing a different tune on that subject. We had a dandy lesson on "Things that hinder strength and speed." It was great. The athletic leagues of the New York public schools contest for an elegant silver trophy and—

LESTER (interrupting): Well, suppose they do? What's that got to do with it, anyway? I don't see any connection between silver trophies and a glass of beer or a puff of cigarette smoke!

PAUL: I guess you'll find it's got a lot to do with it, Lester. Not a boy entering those contests could *touch* alcoholic drinks or tobacco. They hurt the heart, and a fellow's muscle. Stagg of Chicago, the big trainer, says no one can be a long distance running winner who smokes or drinks. And the same is true in all sports. Not a boy in the Harrowsmith nine smokes or drinks.

LESTER: Oh, pshaw! You know too much, Paul! I'll prove to you that there are exceptions to all rules. I can keep my head level. You'll see! Bye-bye, old chap.

(Boys leave the platform in opposite directions.)

SCENE II.

(Geraldine and Millicent, dressed in outdoor costume, are walking slowly back and forth talking together very earnestly. Enter Paul Meredith, who lifts his hat and falls into step with the girls. After a few seconds the three stop suddenly, continuing their conversation with much interest.)

GERALDINE: Paul, do you know what has become of Lester Brown? Have you seen him lately?

PAUL: Yes, I have, Geraldine. I met him only a few weeks ago and we had quite a lively sprint about our hygiene lessons. I told him all about the athletic clubs in the New York schools, and how sport trainers today won't let contestants for honors use any drink or tobacco.

MILLICENT: What did he say, Paul? I think it's a shame he should drink and smoke. He's so smart and might come to something big otherwise. He ought to know better.

PAUL: Well, he didn't seem to care a straw for what I said. Simply pooh-pooed the whole business.

GERALDINE: Don't you think it's fine we have hygiene at the Harrowsmith School? I had no idea it could be so interesting.

MILLICENT: Yes! I always had an idea that such things were only for grown folks to know about—and doctors, of course. I supposed they knew how to take care of us and that was all there was of it. But, dear me, some of the grown-ups ought to go to school again and learn some of the things we are finding out!

PAUL: That lesson we had today on the brain was an eye-opener, wasn't it? My! didn't it make you see the danger of monkeying with drink and tobacco? How I wish we could get Lester Brown to cut them out of his diet! He's fooling right along with both poisons. Going down hill faster and faster.

THE GIRLS: Too bad! Too bad!

SCENE III.

(A home sitting room. Several chairs and a table, with books, etc., on it. Geraldine Hughes sits by the table reading. Millicent Marston, Polly Parker, and Dot Raymond enter with almost breathless haste.)

MILLICENT: Geraldine Hughes, listen! Have you heard what's happened to Lester Brown? Well, it's the strangest thing. You remember what we were studying in hygiene the other day when we met Paul Meredith, and we all talked about Lester?

DOT: Was it that lesson, Millie, about the brain and the neurons and the phagocytes, and how alcohol plays the mischief with them?

GERALDINE: Mercy, Dot! Do please stop talking long enough for somebody to tell me what's happened to Lester. And please don't all talk at once. Polly, do you know anything about it?

POLLY: Well, I should think I ought to know all about it. It happened in my father's mill. I saw the ambulance carry the poor boy off to the hospital.

GERALDINE: Where was he? What was he doing? Was he killed? You're all so excited I can't find out anything!

POLLY: Now keep still a minute yourself, Geraldine, and I'll tell you. The truth is, Lester had been drinking. He went into the mill. He was pretty jolly and wanted to manage one of the machines that a friend of his was running. This friend of course wouldn't let him do anything so dangerous. Lester grew angry. They had quite a scuffle. Lester's arm got caught in a revolving belt, and was terribly hurt. He fainted dead away. I heard one of the men say he guessed he'd lose his whole arm. Isn't it just awful, girls?

GERALDINE (thoughtfully closing her book): It's simply a dreadful thing. I'm sorry enough for Lester. What can we do for him, I wonder.

(Enter Paul Meredith. The girls turn to greet him and eagerly ask the question. "Have you heard anything very lately about Lester Brown?")

PAUL: Poor fellow! Yes, I have girls. I've just come from the hospital. Nobody could see him. They had him on the operating table then. The doctors hope they can save his arm, but he'll suffer a lot and he's got a long hard battle ahead! When he gets well again I'm going to tell him about Edison, the wizard of electricity. He always banks on him because he is so fond of everything mechanical. I'm going to mention to him what Edison said when some one asked him why he had never in his life touched drink (I tell you he's all right). He just quietly replied, "I always felt I had a better use for my head."

DOT: I know who asked Edison that question, Paul. It was Miss Frances Willard, the great temperance woman whose marble statue is in our National Capitol Building in Washington.

MILLICENT: I'm glad she asked him, Dot, and I'm glad, Paul, that you are going to have some more talks with Lester. We must all help him to be a winner in the battle for a clear brain and a good, useful life. I'm mighty thankful so many thousands of boys and girls are now being taught in the public schools the truth about alcoholic drinks.

PAUL: There are lots of ways we can work out our hygiene and temperance lessons for the good of everybody in this town. Patriotism is not only saluting Old Glory.

Test of a Bad Book.

Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may after all be innocent, and that that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others, and disposed you to relax in that self-government without which both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue, and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so—if you are conscious of all or any of these effects—or if, having escaped

from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book in the fire, whatever name it may bear in the title-page! Throw it in the fire, young man, though it should have been the gift of a friend! Young lady, away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture of a rosewood bookcase!—*Southey*.

A Search for the Fairies.

A Simple Drama for Twelve Little Girls.

CHARACTERS

Four Little Girls, Eight Little Fairies.

COSTUMES.

For the little girls any simple pretty suits; fairies, white dresses, wings made of ribbon-wire and covered with white illusion. If the dress waists are made full, the wings may be fastened among the folds by means of small safety pins. Each fairy should carry a long gilt wand. The stage should be arranged to look like a forest. Evergreens may be successfully used for this purpose. The four little girls come strolling in as if weary.

First Speaker

I wonder why still the dear fairies stay,
With dewdrops and blossoms and grasses all day.

Second Speaker

I've looked for them high 'mid green rustling trees,
And listened for one to speak in the breeze.

All together (turning about and looking around.)

O, bright roving fairies, where, where do you hide?
We begin to believe you have every one died.

Third Speaker

I've torn into pieces a hundred bright flowers,
I've searched and I've searched through long sunny hours.

Fourth Speaker

I thought they were hid in the birdie's brown nest,
Cuddled closely and safe 'neath the mother-bird's breast.

All (looking and peering about)

O fairies! sweet fairies! we want you to play;
But we're so tired of searching this long summer day.

First Speaker

O come, let us lie down here in the shade,
So long have we searched, so far have we strayed.

Second Speaker

And let us go searching for fairies no more;
Our heads are all aching, our feet are so sore.

Third Speaker

And, perhaps, should we find them they wouldn't be kind,
And give us the gifts we all have in mind.

Fourth Speaker

So, the fairies may go while we take a sweet rest.
I think, after all, little girls are the best.

(They throw themselves down short distances apart, and immediately fall asleep. A piano behind the scenes plays a soft, gentle melody. Enter the eight fairies in pairs. Each pair takes position at the head of one of the sleepers, a fairy on each side. They should move lightly and with precision. There must be no hurrying and crowding, but they must move promptly and quickly. Let the head pair advance to the farthest sleeper, and so in regular order. The sleepers should lie as near as possible in a circle. When all are in place the fairies make several passes over the sleepers with their wands. This is followed by a tableau lasting one minute, the wands poised in air. The piano strikes a lively tune and the eight fairies join hands and dance three times around the sleepers, keeping time to the melody. The circle then opens and the fairies dance off the stage, their hands still joined. As the last fairy disappears, the sleepers awake and arise suddenly.)

First Speaker

O, did you see those beautiful things?

Second Speaker

With their golden wands and thin, snowy wings.

Third Speaker

Now, let us go home, and there tell to all,

Fourth Speaker

How the fairies, dear fairies, all came at our call!

All (dancing about).

And never, O, never, must any one say
To us, that the fairies have vanished away.

—(Exeunt, running).

Thanksgiving Day Program

Last Thursday in November.

SONG—Come, Ye Thankful People, Come.

INVOCATION.

RECITATION—The First Thanksgiving Day, A. D. 1621.

QUOTATIONS—Thanksgiving Verses.

RECITATION—The Reason Why.

MUSIC—Thanksgiving Hymn—Praise God, Immortal Praise.

RECITATION—The Bill of Fare.

A READING—Early Thanksgiving Days.

RECITATION—When The Frost is On The Pumpkin.

RECITATION—In Confidence.

RECITATION by eight children.

MUSIC.

A PLAY—A Perfect Feast—By six little boys.

DOXOLOGY AND BENEDICTION.

Each child should bring some things that have been raised on the place, such as pumpkins, apples, fruits and vegetables of any kind. Have the teachers to bank them up, either around the platform or in a corner, and after the entertainment either take them or send them to some poor and unfortunate neighbor.

Song—Come, Ye Thankful People, Come.

The First Thanksgiving Day, A. D. 1621.

“And now,” said the Governor, gazing
Abroad on the piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings,
And covered the meadows o’er,
“’Tis meet that we render praises
Because of this yield of grain,
’Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest,
Be thanked for his sun and rain.

“And therefore, I, William Bradford,
(By the grace of God, to-day,
And the franchise of this people)
Governor of Plymouth, say,
Through virtue of vested power,
Ye shall gather with one accord,
And hold in the month of November
Thanksgiving unto the Lord.

“So, shoulder your match-locks, masters,
There is hunting of all degrees,
And, fishermen, take your tackle
And scour for the spoils the seas.
And maidens and dames of Plymouth,
Your delicate crafts employ
To honor our first Thanksgiving
And make it a feast of joy.”

At length came the day appointed;
The snow had begun to fall,
But the clang in the meeting-house belfry,
Rang merrily over all
And summoned the folks of Plymouth,
Who hastened with one accord
To listen to Elder Brewster,
As he fervently thanked the Lord.

In his seat sat Governor Bradford;
Men, matrons and maidens fair,
Miles Standish and all of his soldiers,
With corelet and sword were there.
And sobbing and tears of gladness
Had each in turn its sway;
For the grave of sweet Rose Standish,
O’ershadowed Thanksgiving Day.

And when Massasoit, the Sachem,
 Sat down with his hundred braves,
 And ate of the varied riches
 Of gardens and woods and waves,
 And looked on the granaried harvest,
 With a blow on his brawny chest,
 He muttered, "The good Great Spirit
 Loves his white children best."

—*From Colonial Ballads.*

Thanksgiving Verses.

Accept our thanks,
 Dear Lord, this day,
 For blessings that
 Have strewn our way.

Now for the bounteous harvest, Lord,
 All people should their thanks accord.

Let each one bow in thankfulness;
 The Lord of harvest join to bless.

May the spirit of Thanksgiving
 Dwell within us on this day.
 Let us thank the Lord of Harvest
 Who our labor doth repay.

We bid one and all
 A real happy good-bye;
 We hope you'll have plenty
 Of turkey and pie.

Thanksgiving day is coming
 And a happy boy am I,
 We're going to my grandma's
 Where we'll have some pumpkin pie
 And nice turkey fixed with dressing,
 And a lot of other things.
 Right glad am I that every year
 A Thanksgiving dinner brings.

For home, for food,
 For friends, for love,
 We humbly thank
 The God above.
 And may our lives
 In all we do
 Prove loyal to
 His love so true.

—*Lillian M. Jones.*

"To the giver of all blessings
 Let our voices rise in praise,
 For the joy and countless mercy
 He has sent to crown our days."

—From "The Home."

Of all of the glad days of the year,
 Thanksgiving Day's the best;
 Then fun and joy runs riot,
 And sorrow is at rest.

—M. J. B.

The Reason Why.

We learned it all in history—you didn't think I knew?
 Why, don't you suppose I study my lesson? Course I do.
 The Pilgrim Fathers did it, they made Thanksgiving day.
 Why? Oh, I don't remember; my history doesn't say,
 Or perhaps I wasn't listening when she was telling why;
 But if the pilgrim mothers were busy making pie,
 I suppose they couldn't bother and so that is the way
 It happened that the *Fathers* made our Thanksgiving Day.

The Bill of Fare.

Pies of pumpkin, apple, mince,
 Jams and jellies, peaches, quince,
 Purple grapes and apples red,
 Cakes and nuts and gingerbread—
 That's Thanksgiving.

Turkey! Oh, a great, big fellow!
 Fruits all ripe and rich and mellow,
 Everything that's nice to eat,
 More than I can now repeat—
 That's Thanksgiving.

Lots and lots of jolly fun,
 Games to play and races run,
 All as happy as can be—
 For this happiness, you can see,
 Makes Thanksgiving.

We must thank the One who gave
 All the good things that we have;
 That is why we keep the day
 Set aside, our mammas say,
 For Thanksgiving.

—Eugene Field.

Early Thanksgiving Days.

The first recorded Thanksgiving was the Hebrew feast of the Tabernacles.

The first English Thanksgiving was on September 8, 1588, for the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

There were but two English Thanksgivings in the last century. One was on February 27, 1872, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from illness the other June 21, 1887, for the Queen's Jubilee.

The New England Thanksgiving dated from 1633, when the Massachusetts Bay Colony set apart a day of Thanksgiving.

The first National Thanksgiving proclamations were by Congress during the *Revolutionary War*.

The first great American Thanksgiving was in 1784, for the declaration of peace. There was one more National Thanksgiving in 1789, and no other till 1863, when President Lincoln issued a National Proclamation for a day of Thanksgiving. Since that the President has issued an annual proclamation.

When the Frost is on the Punkin.

“When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder’s in the shock
 And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin’ turkey cock,
 And the clackin’ of the guineys and the cluckin’ of the hens,
 And the rooster’s hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence.
 O, its then’s the time a feller is a feelin’ at his best,
 With the risin’ sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
 As he leaves the house bare-headed and goes out to feed the stock
 When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder’s in the shock.

They’s something kindo harty-like about the atmosfere,
 When the heat of summer’s over and the coolin’ fall is here—
 Of course we miss the flowers and the blossoms on the trees,
 And the mumble of the hummin’ birds and buzzin’ of the bees;
 But the air’s so appetizin’, and the landscape through the haze
 Of the crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days
 Is a pictur’ that no painter has the colorin’ to mack—
 When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder’s in the shock,

The husky rusty ressel of the tossels of the corn,
 And the raspin’ of the tangled leaves as golden as the morn;
 The stubble in the furries—kindo lonesome like and still
 A preachin’ sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;
 The straw stack in the medder and the reaper in the shed;
 The hosses in their stalls below—the clover overhead!
 O, it sets my hart a-clickin’ like the ticken’ of the clock
 When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder’s in the shock.

Then your apples all is gethered and the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the cellar floor in red and yellow heaps;
And your cider-makin's over and your wimmin folks is through
With their mince and apple-butter and their sauce and sausage, too:—
I don't know how to tell it—but ef sich a thing could be
As the Angels wantin' boardin' and they'd call around on *me*
I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the whole indurin' flock
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock."

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

In Confidence.

Mother says we should be thankful
For whatever we have to eat,
Even if it were only bread
With never a speck of meat.

And, of course, what she says is true;
But I surely do hope that I
Shall have a chance to be thankful
For turkey and pumpkin pie.

—*Winifred A. Hoag.*

Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in years to be,
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven, who lovest all,
Oh, help Thy children when they call,
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage!

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That in our time Thy Grace may give
The truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves always,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise
No maimed nor worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,
To Thee for judge—and not our friends;
That we with Thee may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

Teach us the strength that cannot seek
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak,
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us to delight in simple things,
 And Mirth that has no bitter springs,
 Forgiveness free for evil done,
 And love to all men 'neath the sun!

Land of our Birth, our Faith our Pride,
 For whose dear sake our fathers died;
 O Motherland, we pledge to thee
 Head, heart and hand through years to be!

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

A Perfect Feast.

For Thanksgiving Day.

CHARACTERS.

Turkey.	Pumpkin.
Cranberry.	Potato.
Plum Pudding.	Bean.

Little Boys.

Housekeeper—A girl somewhat larger than the boys.

COSTUMES.

TURKEY.—Tight-fitting waist, and keen pants of light yellow cotton, long stockings of the same material. No shoes. A cloth waistband, on which turkey feathers are thickly sewed, should be worn; also a collar of the same about the neck, and bands around the wrists and brow.

CRANBERRY.—Suit made in the same manner as above, but of deep red color. Long green stockings. No shoes. Leaves resembling the cranberry should be cut from cloth or paper, and fastened about the waist and neck.

PLUM PUDDING.—Suit in shape like the above, made of unbleached cotton, and covered thickly with pieces of brown cambric the size and shape of raisins. These pieces may be pasted on the suit. Stockings the same. No shoes.

PUMPKIN.—Suit of bright yellow cotton. Leaves like those of the pumpkin are cut from green flannel, and worn on the breast, and fastened also around the forehead. Stockings like suit. No shoes.

POTATO.—Suit of light brown cotton approaching the color of the potato as nearly as possible. Leaves cut from green flannel, and worn around the neck, brow, and waist. Stockings like suit. No shoes.

BEAN.—Suit of white. Feet as above. Bean leaves cut from green flannel, around the waist and neck, and trailing over the breast.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Short, dark calico dress, long white apron, white mob cap.

(The characters are discovered ranged in a row in the center of the stage.)

Turkey (on the right).

Cranberry.

Plum Pudding.

Pumpkin.

Potato.

Bean.

Housekeeper (standing a little behind them).

(Tableau with lights.)

PUMPKIN (stepping to centre).

I'm the pumpkin, ripe and big,

Tell me now, what would there be

Of Thanksgiving Day, my friends,

If it wasn't just for me?

TURKEY (stepping out of the line and strutting about).

Pshaw! you pumpkin, big and yellow,

Look at me, a noble fellow!

Think, what would Thanksgiving be

If it wasn't just for me?

PLUM PUDDING (walking up to the Turkey).

I'd like to know, if you suppose

Any sort of feast there'd be,

If there was no pudding there?

Just try it once and see!

CRANBERRY (remains in his place).

Without the juicy cranberry,

Imagine, if you can, a feast;

I'm very sure that it would be

A tasteless one, to say the least.

POTATO (walking to centre and looking around scornfully).

What a set you are, indeed!

Each thinks on him alone

The feast depends; but what if I

Were from the menu thrown?

BEAN (hopping about).

Or if I was cast away,

I, the tender, luscious bean,

Then, indeed, some faces long

At the table would be seen.

HOUSEKEEPER (stepping forward).

Stop your boasting, every one;

On you all we mean to dine,

And to make the dinner good,

All your virtues must combine.

Any one of you alone

Would, indeed, be wretched fare,

And a dinner spread like that

None, I'm sure, would wish to share.
Let your voices then unite
In tones of hearty praise,
That you can help to bring good cheer,
On this day of days.

ALL (just as they happen to stand).

Cheerfully will we obey,
And in peace combine
To make a rare Thanksgiving feast
On which a prince might dine.

HOUSEKEEPER.

Then march away,
'Twas for this day,
They from your shelter took you;
The hour draws nigh,
While eager I
Am waiting now to cook you.

(While she is speaking they form in line as they stood at first and all march
out to music.)

(Curtain.)

Doxology—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow." ,

Tuberculosis Hour Programs

December 8th—From 2 to 3 P. M.

Foreword to Teachers.

Very few people in Virginia realize how bad the conditions are with regard to tuberculosis. It is a preventable disease and serious efforts should be made to rid the State of it. We lack many hospital beds, dispensaries, and nurses. Yet whenever we ask the legislature or county boards to provide more, they speak of the terrible expense. Hospitals and dispensaries would cost only dollars. We are paying for consumption in human lives.

We have about 36,000 consumptives in the State. We lost 3,914 people from the disease in 1914. We need 4,000 beds and have 300. We need many dispensaries and have four. It is impossible to care for our sick unless we provide beds for them.

Education is the only means of altering such conditions. We must teach people that consumption is preventable, and how it can be prevented. We must teach them to have faith in the treatment for it, and in the education of the patients who have it, so that they will not give it to others. As soon as the people have faith, they will provide what is needed. We will not lose human lives in Virginia because we do not care to spend dollars to save them.

Knowing that education is our only hope, the Virginia Anti-Tuberculosis Association has asked for this Tuberculosis Hour in the schools. We beg every teacher in the State to think seriously of this piece of work. If we can fire the imagination of the children with the terror of tuberculosis, the wonder of hope in our modern knowledge of the disease, and the fight we are waging against it, we will raise up an army to fight for us in the very homes. The tender sympathy of the child can be touched, and he will act as a special pleader for our army of sick. Let us try to do these two things.

The programs suggested may not be just what you think will best suit your school. They can be altered, shortened, lengthened, amended in any way to suit the particular set of children. Let us, however, try to have the work in each school that the children may be impressed with the fact that in every school every child has paused at the same hour to learn how to rid the people of our State of this plague.

It Happened in Wise Man's Land.

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

FATHER—Middle aged laborer.

MOTHER—Middle aged.

JACK—About twelve.

ANNIE—About ten.

MARY—Quite pretty, about seven, with curls if possible.

MISS BROWN—Social Worker, nice looking woman of about thirty, simply dressed.

MISS LEE—Pretty young girl of twenty-six or twenty-eight.

MR. FERGUSON—Old gentleman, quite prosperous looking.

SCENE: Very simple sitting room. Couch on one side is necessary.

SCENE I.

(Annie and Mary discovered on stage, playing with dolls.)

ANNIE: Let's play dolls. You can be a Princess.

MARY: I don't want to a Princess. Let's play we're back home in Virginia.

ANNIE (joyfully): All right. We'll play father's finished making the money to pay the mortgage. We are back on the farm. You can be grown up and be helping mother cook supper and I'm finishing a dress to wear to a party!

MARY: I want to go to the party.

ANNIE (raising her chin): You're too young.

MARY: Let's play its strawberry time and I'm picking strawberries for dinner and you—

ANNIE: Oh, that isn't any fun. You've got to have other people doing things. I was going to have a sweetheart come to take me to the party.

MARY: I don't want any sweetheart. I wish I was back home really truly.

(Enter mother, looking worried.)

MOTHER: What are you children doing? Annie, run peel the potatoes for me. That's a good daughter. (Exit Annie.) You can help, too, Mary.

MARY: I'm awful tired, mamma. Let me get in your lap.

MOTHER: Not now, child. Get on the bed if you're so tired. (Picks up sewing.) I must finish this work. This gown is going to pay for a dress for you so that you can go to school.

MARY: I don't want to go to school. (Begins to cry.)

MOTHER: Stop crying, Mary. (Rises and makes child comfortable on couch.) You lie still and rest. You'll feel better soon. (Goes back and picks up sewing.) I do hope your father gets that new job and that we can save enough to go back home. I don't know what I will do, with you always tired and your father looking like death.

(Enter father.)

MOTHER: Why, Father, what are you doing home?

FATHER: I'm right sick, honey. I came home to rest.

MOTHER (goes to him, so does Mary): What seems the matter, John?

FATHER: I don't know, honey. I feel dead tired. I don't want anything. You go on sewing. I'll just lie here and rest. (Mary follows him to couch and lies down close to him.)

MARY: Do you feel so awful tired, Daddy. I do, too. Are you real sick?

FATHER: Oh, no child. I'll be all right.

MOTHER: Don't ask Father questions, Mary. Let him get quiet.

FATHER (anxiously, after a pause): How much money have you Mother?

MOTHER (rises and goes to him): Don't worry about money. We'll get along. I have some sewing.

FATHER (coughing): I'll be all right in the morning and can get back to work.

MOTHER: Don't worry, John. You take the time to rest.

(Enter Jack, with much noise.)

JACK: Mamma, mamma, look what I found. (Shows beautiful diamond pin.)

MOTHER: Why, Jack, where did you get it?

MARY: Oh, let me see.

FATHER: Bring it here, son. Where did you find it?

JACK: I was walking along the street way down town and saw it in the mud.

MARY: What makes it shine so, Daddy?

FATHER (wearily): I think those are diamonds, Mary.

MARY: They certainly is beautiful.

MOTHER: And worth a lot of money.

JACK: I want to keep it.

FATHER: No, no, son. Some one lost it and will advertise for it.

MARY: But Jack found it; can't he keep it? (sits up, eyes shining) and we could sell it, and—

JACK: Of course not, Mary. I'm honest. You are so little you don't know nothing. I hope she won't advertise.

(Enter Annie, with half-peeled potato.)

ANNIE: What have you got?

JACK (shows her pin): It's worth a lot of money.

ANNIE: Goody, goody; now we can go back to Virginia. (Seizing Jack and dancing about floor singing.)

SCENE II.

Time, next morning.

Father, lying on couch; Mother, sewing; Mary, playing with dolls.

MARY (running to couch): Feel better yet, Daddy?

FATHER: No, Mary. I'm right tired.

MARY: I ain't tired yet, but my shoulders hurt some. (Knock on door. Mother goes to door. Enter Miss Brown.)

MISS BROWN: I'm Miss Brown, the factory social worker. They told me at the factory Mr. Meeks was sick. Is there anything I can do?

MOTHER (pleasantly): I don't know. Sit down, won't you?

MISS BROWN (shakes hands with Mr. Meeks): Do you feel better to-day?

FATHER: Not much. I am just tired, but I'll be all right.

MISS BROWN: What is the trouble?

FATHER: I don't know. I have felt sorter dogged out for a long time.

MISS BROWN: Have you had a doctor?

FATHER: I haven't any money to waste on doctors. If I lie here, I'll get well in no time.

MISS BROWN: But why don't you go to the dispensary, Mr. Meeks?

MOTHER (puzzled): What is the dispensary?

MISS BROWN: It's the place where a doctor examines people without charging them, and then sends a nurse to see them at home to help them to get well.

MOTHER: Why, I don't know anything about such places. We don't have them in Virginia.

MISS BROWN (smiling): Yes, you do. Only you don't have enough of them. You only have them in a few big towns like Richmond, Norfolk, and Roanoke.

FATHER (rubbing his hands across his forehead): Seems to me I've heard tell of them in those places.

MOTHER: Oh, yes, that's where Sam Jones was treated. And you know he got so well.

FATHER: I believe it was. (Mary has been standing watching Miss Brown. Comes forward.)

MARY: What is a nurse?

MISS BROWN: A nurse is a nice girl who takes care of sick people. The nurse at the dispensary is very pretty. Wouldn't you like to see her?

MOTHER (hastily): There is nothing the matter with Mary.

(Enter Jack.)

JACK: There ain't anything in the paper about the pin, Daddy. I reckon I can keep it.

MARY: Oh, Daddy, Daddy, we'll get the money for it. We can go home right away. (Climbs on bed and hugs father.)

MISS BROWN: I wouldn't let Mary lie by me too much, Mr. Meeks. If you have any trouble with your lungs, it might make her sick. (Mother starts in alarm.)

FATHER: I sure haven't anything catching. (In alarm.)

MISS BROWN: I don't know. The doctors say those things are catching—but you know you can get well.

MOTHER: Can you? I thought if you had consumption you were bound to die.

MISS BROWN: Oh, no, you can get well all right if you treat it. (Picks up Mary.) What pin are you going to sell, baby?

MARY: A pin that all shines. Daddy says it is worth a heap of money.

FATHER: My son found it. We are watching for the advertisement. Show it to Miss Brown, son. (Jack gets pin and hands it to Miss Brown.)

MARY: We are going to sell it for a heap of money and go home. Then Daddy'll get well and I won't never be tired again.

MISS BROWN: Are you tired often?

MARY: I'm tired all the time, just like Daddy.

FATHER: Where is the dispensary?

MISS BROWN: I'll leave you this card. It gives the address and the hours. If you will go, I'll come back to-morrow in the afternoon and see what they say. You might take Mary, too.

MARY (jumping up and down): Oh, Daddy, do; please do, Daddy.

FATHER (in an aside to Miss Brown, which is overheard by the mother): I spit some blood yesterday. I believe I'd better go.

MOTHER (has come up behind him and hears): Oh, John, John, you had a hemorrhage. (Begins to cry.)

FATHER (pats her hand): There, there, honey. Don't you cry. I'll get all right.

SCENE III.

(Jack, studying his lessons; Annie, straightening around dolls)

JACK (throwing down book): If Daddy is really sick, I'm going to work.

ANNIE: Mamma won't let you.

JACK: Yes, she will, too. Somebody's got to make money or we'll starve.

ANNIE: If Daddy's sick, we won't ever be able to go back to Virginia.

JACK: You and I will have to make money somehow.

ANNIE: I might learn to sew—

(Enter mother.)

MOTHER: I wonder where your father is. He's late.

JACK: I am going to borrow a newspaper, mamma.

(Exit Jack.)

ANNIE: Would you let Jack go to work, mamma?

MOTHER: What for child? Daddy and I make enough.

(Enter father and Mary.) Well, here you are at last. (Rising and going to him.) I was getting worried.

FATHER (goes wearily to couch and lies down): You children go in the other room. I want to talk to Mother. (Children go out. Honey, I'm awful sick. (Hides his face in his hands.)

MOTHER: I was afraid of it, John. What is the matter?

FATHER: It's the consumption. I've given it to Mary, too.

MOTHER: To Mary, John—to Mary—

FATHER: The doctor says so, and, honey, he says you might catch it, too.

MOTHER: I'm not afraid—but Mary— (rocks to and fro.)

FATHER: He says I must have caught it from Bob Yancey. He died of it, and we used to watch with him.

MOTHER: But, John, you don't catch it that way. You get it from your father and mother.

FATHER: Seems like that is wrong. You get it from the spit of somebody who has it. Bob used to cough and spit most anywheres.

MOTHER (rocking back and forth): Lord, to think you've got this thing because of Bob.

FATHER: Don't you remember I had a cough all that spring and a heap of pain in my side?

MOTHER: Yes, honey. Was that it?

FATHER: So this doctor says. Old Doctor Gray said it wasn't anything. This man says Dr. Gray was a fool not to know. (Enter Mary.)

MARY: Let me come in. I want to tell Mamma about my bugs.

MOTHER: (Takes her in her arms.) Your bugs, child?

MARY: The pretty nurse says she is afraid I've got them in my mouth. You cannot see them, they're so small—but if you kiss me, or drink out of my glass, you can catch them, and they'll make you tired, just like I am.

MOTHER: I am not afraid of your bugs.

MARY: I am going to make you afraid, because that pretty nurse says you've got to sew hard now and we must keep you well.

MOTHER: She did say that?

MARY: I told her about the gown you were making and she said now that they were afraid Daddy was going to have to go to the place with the big name, you'd have to sew awfully hard.

MOTHER: What place, John?

FATHER: Seems like they have hospitals here for consumption where you go and get well and don't have to pay anything.

MOTHER: Oh, John, you can't leave me like that. (Rocks backward and forward.) I can't bear it.

FATHER: Honey, it sounds like I have to go. Perhaps I'll get well. If I don't go, I am bound to die and I can't die and leave you with these two children to raise. (Bows his head in his hands.) Lord, what can I do?

MARY: (Clasps hands.) Oh, Daddy, we have forgot the shiny pin. (Enter Jack.)

JACK: Mamma, look, here it is about the pin. It says if I'll bring it back there's a reward. Why, here's Daddy. What sort of place was the dispensary?

FATHER: It was a good place, son, but Mary and I are both mighty sick and I've got to go to a hospital.

JACK: (Begins to cry.) Oh, Daddy, you can't. Who'll take care of us?

FATHER: (Bows his head again. Presently he looks up with set lips.) Where's the paper son? (Takes paper from Jack. Knock at door. Enter Miss Brown and Miss Lee.)

MISS BROWN: This is Miss Lee, Mrs. Meeks. We came to see about Mr. Meeks.

FATHER: (Trying to smile at nurse.) Miss Brown, you remember that pin my boy found the other day? The man is advertising for it. He lives at 200 West Avenue. It is getting late, Jack. You had better run along and take it to him, but don't take any reward. He couldn't help losing it. (Mary springs forward to remonstrate, but seeing her father's face, claps her hand over her mouth.)

MISS LEE: Dr. Jackson phoned about the hospital. You can go to-morrow morning, Mr. Meeks.

MOTHER: Oh, John, I can't have you go. (Sits on couch. Father pats her hand.)

MISS BROWN (stepping close to mother): Try not to worry too much, Mrs. Meeks. It is the best thing for him, and we have a fund at the factory that will pay you something every week, and we'll get you sewing.

MOTHER: But Mary?

MISS LEE: I'm going to get Mary in the clinic school, where she'll learn and be nursed. too. (Mother rises, draws Mary to her side, takes the hand of the nurse and tries to smile.)

MOTHER: You sound so good Miss Lee. (Bows head.) Thank you, may be this is Wise Man's Land after all. (Miss Lee and Miss Brown take leave, and the family sit staring at each other helplessly for a few moments. Then Jack enters breathlessly and down cast.)

JACK: I carried the pin, Daddy, and did like you told me. A servant took it and said thank you, it was all right. He asked my name and where I lived.

FATHER (rather absently puts hand on boy's shoulder): I'm glad you did, son. The time's come now for you to be a man, and you've made a good start.

SCENE IV.

Three months later.

Mother, sewing busily; Mary and Annie playing on floor.

ANNIE: I'm thirsty. (Picks up glass from table.)

MARY (excitedly): Put down my glass. Get yourself a clean one. Mine has bugs on it. (Annie runs out to get a glass.)

MARY: Dr. Jackson says I'm all right now and the bugs have gone, but I'm going to be mighty careful. I don't want to make anybody sick. (There is a knock on door. Mother goes to it. Enter Miss Brown.)

MISS BROWN: Good morning. I just put my head in to say I saw Mr. Meeks a few moments ago at the sanatorium. The Doctor says he's doing very well. He's been such an obedient patient. He can go to work again in six months if he will get out-of-door work again. Isn't that fine? He just needed the right kind of treatment.

MOTHER (who is standing by her): Oh, thank you, Miss Brown. Just suppose we had been in Virginia with no place to send him. It does seem that we'll have to try hard to get back now, though, so we can work on a farm. If we just could!

MISS BROWN: Yes, that would be the very thing. And you might start people in Virginia to building hospitals and opening dispensaries. Maybe some way will come. I must run now. I have sick people to see. Mary, do you sleep with all your windows open, the way they taught you in the Fresh Air School?

MARY: Les, ma'm.

MISS BROWN: Do you let anybody use your glass or kiss anybody on the lips?

MARY: No, ma'm. I'd fight 'em first. I did fight Jack one day.

MISS BROWN: Do you ever spit now?

MARY: Never 'cept when I clean my teeth. Then I put it in a keerful place.

MISS BROWN: Well, bless your heart. You know your lesson. You ought to have a medal. Lie down a lot, eat a plenty, stay out of doors, and you'll soon be well. Good-bye. (Goes out.)

MARY: My Mr. Rich Man said he was going to take us for a drive to-day.

(Enter Jack.)

JACK: I sold a lot of seals to-day, mother.

MOTHER: That's good, son.

(Knock on door. Enter Mr. Ferguson.)

MR. FERGUSON: Well, Mrs. Meeks. How are you? Well, Mary, child. (Picks her up.)

MARY: My Mr. Rich Man will buy your seals, Jack?

JACK: I bet he buys seals anyway.

MR. FERGUSON: What seals, Jack?

MARY: Red Cross Christmas Seals. The ones that take care of us consumptives.

MR. FERGUSON (hugs her): You're not a consumptive, Mary.

MARY: Yes, I am. So is Daddy. But we're going to get well, because of the sanatorium and dispensary and clinic school and Miss Lee and things. The Red Cross Seals buy them.

MR. FERGUSON: I didn't know that, child. I'll give you a check, Jack. Where shall I send it?

JACK: Please, sir, give it to me and let me turn it in, because of Mary and Daddy. I'll be careful not to lose it. You know I took the pin all right.

MR. FERGUSON: Of course you did. We've never settled about that pin. I told you how I loved it because of the dear daughter to whom it belonged, and who has since died of tuberculosis. You wouldn't take any reward for it, and I have waited to see what you wanted and needed most. I have brought a present for you to-day. (Hands him an envelope.) This does not bear your name, but your honesty wins it for those you love. (Jack opens envelope with puzzled air, cries out and hands it to mother, then turns earnestly to Mr. Ferguson.)

MOTHER: The deed to our farm. Oh, Mr. Ferguson.

JACK: I'm afraid I would have taken a reward. It was father who wouldn't let me ask for one.

MR. FERGUSON: (Pats boy on head.) There is one condition attached to that paper, Mrs. Meeks. I want you to let me have Mary for a part of each year and let me educate her.

MOTHER: Why, Mr. Ferguson, how could I do that?

MR. FERGUSON: Mary is just like my little dead grandchild, Mrs. Meeks. I am all alone, now. Let me have her for part of the time.

MARY: The Lord's doing it. He made Jack find the pin, and he makes you and me love each other so as we can all go back to Virginia. (Enter Annie.)

ANNIE: What is that about Virginia?

MOTHER: Mr. Ferguson wants to give us the place in Virginia.

ANNIE: And we can go home, and Father can get well.

MOTHER: That's so. In thinking about Mary, I forgot John.

JACK: Oh, Mother, ain't it too good to be true? Daddy can get well sure enough now.

ANNIE: And we can be so happy at home.

MOTHER: And Mary will get strong.

MR. FERGUSON: Well, we'll have plenty of time to talk about these things. Get your things children. Suppose we go to see Mr. Meeks and give him the deed.

MARY: (Tucking her hand into Mr. Ferguson's.) Won't Daddy be joyful? We're just as good as gone to Virginia, cause it's all the Lord's doing.

(Curtain.)

PROGRAM II

The Gray Ogre.

An Ogre there is of a terrible kind,
Slaying thousands on thousands to-day.
He will strike down the mother, the infant he'll find,
And the strong men that get in his way.

He is ghastly, and gray, and grim to behold,
And he wanders about everywhere.
He transforms his victims, the young to the old.
And changes their joy to despair.

He has no big sword nor enchanter's wand,
Nor a vaporous, poisonous breath
That floats on the night like mists from a pond,
Bearing ghost-like a burden of death.

But he uses with cunning as subtle as sin,
A small living microbe.
This he plants in the blood, the lungs or the skin,
Even into the joints he will probe.

These germs that he sends with their errand of hate,
Move slowly and steadily on,
The barriers of life give way soon or late,
Then the will to struggle is gone.

Now, how does this Ogre so horrid and grim,
Spread these deadly poisons around,
He has at his call, both working for him
Two Imps from down, deep under ground.

The first, and the worst keeps the light turned down low,
For the Ogre must work in the dark.
The other spreads pitfalls and adds to the woe,
Of pity, he has not a spark.

The name of this Ogre so deadly and bad,
Is "Consumption" that scourge of the race.
The Imp, at his right hand is "Ignorance" sad,
With the "Carelessness" imp in next place.

For "Ignorance" acts by darkening the mind,
 A sad, inexcusable thing.
 With the 'dirt' then from "Carelessness" not far behind.
 "Consumption" is given full swing.

The way then to stop this Ogre's dark work,
 Is to kill off the imps at his side.
 Turn the search light of Knowledge on the den where they lurk,
 And you'll slay them wherever they hide.

How Diseases are Spread and How to Avoid Them.

Contagious disease is distributed around
 By impurities which in the body are found.

Consumption and Grip and Measles are had
 Very often in spray from a cough that is bad.

For the Globules of spit in the cough and the sneeze,
 Bear in particles fine the germs of disease.

Scarlet fever and Croup that unholy pair,
 May also be borne in this spray on the air.

Common cups, common pencils and the fingers when wet
 By the spit of the mouth are more dangerous yet.

It is dangerous, too, to spit carelessly 'round
 On the floor on the walks and in dust on the ground.

For it dries and its poisonous material floats
 On the air and thus reaches our lungs and our throats.

So guard well your mouth when your cough or your cold
 Has its troublesome way, to your face you should hold.

A handkerchief clean that you carry about.
 (An article people should ne'er be without.)

Cough and spit in this cloth, if you must clear your throat,
 And the danger to others will then be remote.

Don't kiss anybody, least of all a young child,
 On the lips, when you're sick, for they may be defiled.

Be cleanly in habits, take a bath every day.
 Eat food that's well cooked in a moderate way.

Sleep nine hours a night in a room with fresh air,
 Have windows all up with particular care.

Exercise in the open, daily, walking a mile.
 This will build up your muscles and nerves all the while.

The sewer of the body must be emptied each day,
Or poisons will gather and make you their prey.

If you follow these rules strength will visit your frame.
So disease germs that enter may yet miss their aim.

The Sick Man's Hope.

Scene—A Dispensary, table in center of room, chairs facing audience and by side of table.

Characters:

DR. MASON—Nice looking young doctor.

MISS JAMES—Middle aged woman in nurses' white dress.

MR. WILLIAMS—Man about thirty-five, well dressed, sick looking.

(Enter Doctor and Mr. Williams, talking as they walk across floor, sit at table. Doctor faces the audience, Mr. Williams at side of table.)

DOCTOR: Well, Mr. Williams, sit down and let us see what is best to do.

MR. WILLIAMS: I've got it, then?

DOCTOR: I'm afraid so. I think you had better act as though we were sure of it. The sputum has to be examined, of course, but that chest sounds like nothing except consumption.

MR. WILLIAMS: I've been afraid of it.

DOCTOR: How long have you had a cough?

MR. WILLIAMS: I nursed my brother with it last year and caught a cold just as he died. I haven't been well since.

DOCTOR: Been examined?

MR. WILLIAMS: No, sir.

DOCTOR: When will you people learn that you ought to be examined regularly—always for a cold that lasts longer than three weeks. Been spitting much?

MR. WILLIAMS: Yes, in the morning when I get up.

DOCTOR: Lost any weight?

MR. WILLIAMS: Right much.

DOCTOR: Feel tired?

MR. WILLIAMS: About all the time, and then some.

DOCTOR: Got any family?

MR. WILLIAMS: Wife and three children.

DOCTOR: Any money?

MR. WILLIAMS: Mighty little.

DOCTOR: What is your work?

MR. WILLIAMS: Expert machinist.

DOCTOR: You get about \$6 a day, then. Saved any?

MR. WILLIAMS: I own my house and have a little.

DOCTOR: Well, you're lucky. You'd better go right off to Catawba for six months. You've caught this thing in the nick of time.

MR. WILLIAMS: Goodness, Doctor. I can't rest that long.

DOCTOR: Then you'll die in about two years and you'll probably give it to your family.

MR. WILLIAMS: My, Doctor, you're rough!

DOCTOR: Got to be to save your life.

MR. WILLIAMS: Well, if I don't go what will happen?

DOCTOR: You'll have to come to us when we tell you to and Miss James will visit you at home.

MR. WILLIAMS: That sounds all right.

DOCTOR: Have you got a porch to your house?

MR. WILLIAMS: Yes, a front one.

DOCTOR: Well, you'll have to live on it.

MR. WILLIAMS: It's right on the street.

DOCTOR: What of that? You won't go to Catawba. How old are your children?

MR. WILLIAMS: Two, five and seven.

DOCTOR: You'll give it to the baby anyway.

MR. WILLIAMS: Why the baby?

DOCTOR: You see you have germs in your lungs and whenever you cough you spit them out and get them in your mouth and on your hands. You spit up millions of them every day.

MR. WILLIAMS: And I could give them to the baby?

DOCTOR: She plays around you all the time, doesn't she?

MR. WILLIAMS: Pretty much.

DOCTOR: I bet she gets into your bed at night, too.

MR. WILLIAMS: Yes, she does.

DOCTOR: All right. You can't protect her. Is your wife strong?

MR. WILLIAMS: No, not very.

DOCTOR: Well, she will have to nurse you and take care of the house and children. Remember she will be worried about you all the time. Man, go to Catawba. You've got some money. Miss James will watch over your wife.

MR. WILLIAMS: Sounds as though I had better. I'll think about it and talk it over with my wife.

DOCTOR: That sounds better. I'll get Miss James to talk to you. (Rings bell. Enter nurse.)

DOCTOR: This man's family has got to be watched. Give him your directions, please. (Goes out.)

MISS JAMES: Are you sleeping with anyone?

MR. WILLIAMS: Yes.

MISS JAMES: You will have to sleep in a bed alone, and in a room alone if possible. Do you have your windows open?

MR. WILLIAMS: One of them.

MISS JAMES: They ought all to be up. Well people get sick because they don't have enough fresh air. Sick people often get well if they get enough of it. Do you cough?

MR. WILLIAMS: Right much.

MISS JAMES: Where do you spit?

MR. WILLIAMS: In a spittoon or the fire.

MISS JAMES: Then the flies get to it and will carry it to the children.

MR. WILLIAMS: Can flies carry it?

MISS JAMES: Oh, yes. I'll show you how to cough so that you won't scatter it about. (Shows him how to fold handkerchief and to hold it over mouth and nose when he coughs. They work together.)

MISS JAMES: If you are careless about that, the spray may drop on the food at the table, or on your baby's face or your wife's hand.

MR. WILLIAMS: People certainly ought to know these things.

MISS JAMES: Yes, they ought. You must help us teach them. Always wash your hands before you eat. Have separate dishes. I'll come to the house to-morrow to talk to you and your wife. Sleep with every window wide open.

(Enter doctor.)

DOCTOR: Here is a prescription for that cough. Eat a plenty and lie down all day if you can, certainly all afternoon.

MISS JAMES: When shall he come back, doctor?

DOCTOR: Better come day after to-morrow.

MISS JAMES: I'll be by to-morrow to see you.

MR. WILLIAMS: I certainly do thank you. I'll be back, and I'll talk to the wife about Catawba. (Goes out.)

DOCTOR: There's a man we can save, if he will go to Catawba now. Bring the children here as soon as you can and let us look them over. For the Lord's sake don't let us have any more of the thing. Ready for the next case.

(Curtain.)

Christmas Program

December 25th.

SONG—Little Town of Bethlehem.

RECITATION—Christmas is Coming.

RECITATION—Everywhere Christmas.

RECITATION—If you Don't Believe.

RECITATION—Little Baby Stocking.

QUOTATIONS.

SONG—Hark, The Herald Angels Sing, Glory to the New Born King.

RECITATION—A Real Santa Claus.

RECITATION—An Old Christmas Carol.

RECITATION—While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks By Night.

RECITATION—A Feel in the Christmas Air.

QUOTATIONS.

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE.

SONG—It Came Up-on the Midnight Clear.

A PLAY—Funny Little Visitors.

Hold a Community Christmas Tree. Instead of having a Christmas Tree at each church in the neighborhood, hold the Community Christmas Tree at the School and invite the whole community to come and participate. Let everybody bring "Gifts for the King," and after the exercises carry the food articles and the other things to the poor of the neighborhood.

Christmas Is Coming.

Christmas coming! Hear the clatter
O the children; what's the matter?
Why this pent expectancy?
Goodness me! What can it be?
Christmas coming! Sleigh bells jingling,
Frost and cold set blood tingling,
Christmas coming! Old Kris Kringle
With his pack and reindeer jingle
Down the chimney soon will come
With the dolls and sleds and drum.

Christmas coming! Old folks blinking;
At the children's chatter winking;
Kindly hands and watchful eyes,
Fixing up a glad surprise.
Christmas coming! Oh, what joy,
Little girl and little boy;
Hide the toys and trim the tree,
Soon we'll hear a shout of glee.
Christmas coming! Snow and weather,
Young and old are young together.

Christmas coming! You remember
What that meant long gone December?
Years may pass, but still 'tis true,
At the thought Love springs anew.
Christmas coming! Magic season.
Why is it? What is the reason?
Why is grandpa growing young?
Why the songs so long unsung?
Christmas coming! Christmas here!
With its joy, its laugh, its tear.

—*E. J. Sturtzel.*

Everywhere Christmas.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine,
Christmas where snow-peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where corn fields lie sunny and bright!
Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace like a dove in his flight
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas to-night!
For the Christ-child who comes is the master of all;
No palace too great, no cottage too small.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

If You Don't Believe.

If you don't b'lieve in Santa Claus, and that your way he'll call,
 Don't mind the Christmas stockin'—don't hang it up at all!
 But when Christmas winds are whistlin', and the home-lights burnin' dim,
 He rides away from little folks that don't believe in him!

When you hear his sleigh-bells jingle on the house-tops snowy white,
 Say: "The wind is playin' music for the witches o' the night."
 When he's slidin' down the chimneys of the still and dreamy town—
 "'Tis the wind that wants to warm himself—the wind is comin' down!"

If you don't b'lieve in Santa Claus, like other folks b'lieve,
 Just wait until Fourth o' July, and forget it's Christmas Eve!
 Say: "The children—they just dreamed him, and they think he's true-and-
 true!"
 And don't hang up your stocking—for he won't believe in you!

When the floor is piled with playthings, and the Christmas trumpets
 blow,
 Say no fairy-folk have been there, and that Santa Claus ain't so!
 When your stockin's lookin' lonesome, then you'll know the reason why;
 You'll wish you'd made-believe in him 'fore Santa Claus went by!

Your great and great grand-people—they knew him far away,
 (There's toys that he gave them in the attic there to-day!)
 The chair grandfather dreams in—he gave him that, you know,
 For bein' once a little boy, and believin' in him so!

But—don't you hang your stocking up, if you don't think that way,
 And know lots more 'bout Santa Claus than folks that's old and gray;
 But—when Christmas winds are whistlin', and the mornin' stars burn dim,
 He rides away from little folks that don't believe in him!

Little Baby Stocking.

Little baby stocking
 Hanging on the wall,
 Waiting for a tiny gift,
 A sugar plum or ball.

Maybe just a woolly toy,
 That wants a baby's love,
 Wants to hear him coo just like
 A little baby dove.

Little baby stocking
 Hanging on the wall,
 Do you know your owner is
 The sweetest gift of all?

—*Marion Mitchell.*

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of "peace on earth, good will to men!"

'Tis the time of the year for the open hand,
And the tender heart and true,
When a rift of heaven has cleft the skies
And the saints are looking thru
The flame leaps high where the hearth was drear,
And sorrowful eyes look bright
For a message, dear, that all may hear
Is borne on the Christmas light.

—Margaret Sangster.

A Real Santa Claus.

Santa Claus, I hang for you
By the mantel, stockings two;
One for me and one to go
To another boy I know.

There's a chimney in the town
You have never traveled down.
Should you chance to enter there
You will find a room all bare;
Not a stocking could you spy,
Matters not how you might try;
And the shoes, you'd find are such
As no boy would care for much.
In a broken bed you'd see
Some one just about like me,
Dreaming of the pretty toys
Which you bring to other boys,
And to him a Christmas seems
Merry only in his dreams.

All he dreams then, Santa Claus,
Stuff the stocking with, because
When it's filled up to the brim
I'll be Santa Claus to him!

—Selected.

An Old Christmas Carol.

Oh, wake ye, little children,
And be of goodly cheer.
Yon sun so high along the sky
Hath shone two thousand year.

And once it saw a little child
 In manger lying undefiled,
 And all about the cattle mild
 Did lovingly draw near.
 So wake ye, little children, and be of goodly cheer.

Oh, wake ye, little children,
 And let each heart be gay.
 Good will to men they caroled then,
 And why should ye delay?
 Awake, awake, and rise and sing,
 And greet ye every living thing,
 For man and beast did greet your King
 On that first Christmas day!
 Then wake ye, little children,
 For this is Christams day.

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks By Night.

This is the best known Christmas carol, and should be taught to every child. It was written by Nahum Tate, who was England's poet laureate in 1692.

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

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

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

A Feel in the Christmas Air.

They's a kind o' *feel* in the air, to me,
 When the Chris'mas time sets in,
 That's about as much of a mystery
 As ever I've run agin!
 Fer instunce, now, whilse I gain in weight
 An' ginerall health, I swear
 There's a *goneness* somers I can't quite state—
 A kind o' *feel* in the air.

They's a feel in the Chris'mas air goes right
 To the spot where a man *lives* at!
 It gives a feller an appetite—
 There ain't no doubt about *that!*
 And yit, theys *somepin'*—I don't know what—
 That follows me here and there,
 And ha'n'ts and worries and spares me not—
 A kind o' feel in the air.

Is it the racket the children raise?
 W'y, *no!*—God bless 'em!—*no!*
 Is it the eyes and cheeks ablaze—
 Like my own wuz, long ago?—
 Is it the bleat o' the whistle and beat
 O' the little toy drum and blare
 O' the horn—*No! no!*—it's jest the sweet—
 The sad-sweet feel in the air.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A Christmas Eve Thought.

If Santa Claus should stumble
 As he climbs the chimney tall
 With all this ice upon it,
 I'm afraid he'd get a fall
 And smash himself to pieces—
 To say nothing of the toys!
 Dear me, what sorrow that would bring
 To all the girls and boys!
 So I am going to write a note
 And pin it to the gate—
 I'll write it large, so he can see
 No matter if it's late—
 And say: "Dear Santa Claus, don't try
 To climb the roof to-night,
 But walk right in, the door's unlocked,
 The nursery's on the right.

—St. Nicholas.

Unto a child of Bethlehem
 The wise men came and brought the crown;
 And while the infant smiling slept,
 Upon their knees they fell and wept,
 But with her babe upon her knee,
 Naught recked that mother of the true
 That would uplift en Calvary
 What burden saveth all, and me.

—*Eugene Field.*

I didn't want a story book; I didn't want a doll;
 I didn't want a thimble or a satin parasol.
 I didn't want a bonnet
 With a curly feather on it,
 And everything that Santa brought I didn't want at all!

And so, to-night, I got a note from Mr. Santa Clause,
 Explaining how it happened, and he said it was because
 He never got the letter
 And that little girls had better
 Have their mail at Christmas posted by their Pa's and Ma's.

—*Mrs. John Van Stant.*

Little Orphant Annie.

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
 An' wash the cups and saucers up an' brush the crumbs away,
 An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
 An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-an-keep;
 An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
 We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
 A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,
 An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

Once't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs—
 An' when he went to bed at night, away up-stairs,
 His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him bawl,
 An' when they turn't the kivers down, he wasn't there at all!
 An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
 An' seeked him up the chimby flue, an' everywhere, I guess;
 But all they ever found was thist his pants an' roundabout!
 An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
 An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood-an-kin;
 An' onc't when they was "company," an' ole folks was there,
 She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
 An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
 They was two big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
 An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what she's about!
 An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
 An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
 An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
 An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,
 You better mind your parents, an' yer teachers fond an' dear,
 An' churish them 't loves you, an' dry the orphant tear,
 An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 't clusters all about,
 Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Beautiful Long Ago.

Come nestle your head on my loving breast
 While we sit in the firelight's glow,
 And I'll sing you a song of the days now gone
 From the beautiful long ago.
 The wild wind howls on this Christmas Eve,
 The earth is wrapped in white,
 The stars shine cold as they did of old
 On another Christmas night.

In warmer clime, in that olden time,
 The Saviour of men was born,
 In an humble manger of Bethlehem,
 Christ woke on a Christmas morn.
 He lay content, in his mother's arms
 While the wise men bowed them low;
 And the angels sang till the heavens' rang,
 In the beautiful long ago.

The Christ-child grew to man's estate,
 And died for the sins of men,
 But the holy power of the Christmas hour
 Is as sacred now as then.
 So bend your golden head at my knee,
 And pray with me soft and low;
 And God above will answer in love
 As he did in the long ago.

Funny Little Visitors.

CHARACTERS.

DOROTHY—A little girl.

GOOD CHEER FAIRY.

VISITORS—Eskimo, Dutch, Japanese, Chinese, Siamese, African, and Indian (one or more boys, or a boy and girl of each nationality or race).

COSTUMES.

Dorothy wears ordinary clothing. Fairy wears white, gauze dress, white stockings and shoes, hair loose. The Visitors are dressed in the typical costumes of the country represented.

Scene—A sitting room. Dorothy sits in a rocking chair with a large book in lap.

DOROTHY (yawning):

Oh, dear, it is so lonesome here,
 I scarce know what to do;
 There's not a soul to play with me,
 And I've looked the pictures thru.

I wish that all these boys and girls
 That pictured in my book
 Might really, truly come to life—
 How funny they would look!

If only some good fairy hand
 Would make them all come out,
 I think 'twould be such jolly fun
 To romp with them about.

I wish—but what's the use of it—
 'Twould do no good, I know,
 For fairies only walked and talked
 A long, long time ago.

(A sound of tiny bells jingling off stage. Dorothy listens. The Fairy enters.)

FAIRY:

Say not that fairies live no more,
 For I am one, my dear.

The fairies you may ne'er have seen,
Be sure they do appear.

DOROTHY:

Are you a truly fairy then?
Pray tell me what's your name?

FAIRY:

I am the Fairy of Good Cheer;
To gladden your heart I came:
You'll find in me a fairy true
As e'er you've read about,
And now I'll ring my fairy bell,
And call the book folks out.

(The book may be placed on small stand at extreme right of stage, standing on end and partially opened, with back to audience. The fairy rings bell while reciting.)

Come one and all, from your pages small!
Come Jap and little Chinee!
Come Eskimo from the frozen North,
And Dutch from the Zuyder Zee!

Come every one this maid to cheer
With merry sport and play.
We'll drive away her lonesomeness
And make her bright and gay.

(Enter visitors at right, directly from behind book.)

JAP (with kite):

I am a little Japanese
From the islands o'er the seas,
And many the pleasant times we have
Beneath the cherry trees.
O course you've heard of the "Feast of Dolls,"
The little girls to please.
Then next comes the merry "Feast of Kites"
With thousands of kites like these.

(Marches about with kite held above head. If Japanese girl takes part, she may carry doll.)

CHINESE (with Chinese lantern at end of pole):

I am a little Chinaman,
And my name is Li Ching Chi,
And when the "Feast of Lanterns" comes,
Oh muchee giad am I,
For then we'll have a grand parade,
While the song and the tom-toms go;
And we'll march along like the Melican man,
And hold our lanterns so.

(Marches about holding pole, with lantern forward.)

ESKIMO (with spear, or "pin-and-ball". See note.)

I am a little Eskimo
 From the icy northern land;
 We have great fun at pin-and-ball
 (Noo-glook-took),
 As we twirl it in our hand.
 Sometimes we play at reindeer hunt,
 And then we show great skill.
 We boys and girls all love to ride,
 With sledges, down the hill.

DUTCH (with skates, or with paper pin-wheel).

I come direct from the Netherlands,
 Where the pretty tulips grow,
 And the windmills turn their busy arms
 When the merry breezes blow.
 In summer we love the pretty flowers,
 But in winter 'tis just as nice
 For—oh! such fun as we Hollanders have
 As we skim o'er the glistening ice.

(March about holding pin-wheel to front.)

INDIANS (with bows and arrows).

We are little Indian folks
 From Hiawatha's land;
 We shoot the deer and the hungry wolves,
 That roam in the forest grand,
 And every year we have a dance
 At the harvest of the corn,
 Then "heap big fun" do the "Indians" have,
 And we dance till break of morn.

(March about with bows and arrows drawn.)

SIAMESE:

I am a little Siamese,
 And I live on a funny boat;
 My brothers and sisters live with me,
 While on the bay we float.
 We can swim and dive like fish at sea
 For the water is warm and nice,
 But we never skate, we don't know how,
 And we never saw any ice.

AFRICAN (with cocoanut).

A little African am I;
 I live in the jungle land,
 And under the tall palm trees we play,
 A merry dusky band.
 Sometimes we hunt the elephant,
 And maybe the zebra, too,
 And here's a cocoanut I've picked
 Especially for you.

(Holds cocoanut toward girl, then, marching about, hands it to her.)

ALL:

Oh, funny little folks are we,
From all the world around,
And some of us are black as coals,
As black as can be found;

And some of us have yellow skins,
And hair done up in queue;
And some of us are fair to see,
And just as white as you;

And some of us are brown as nuts,
That toast before the fire;
And some are redskins strong and brave,
With limbs that never tire.

Tho' we may dwell in far off lands,
And different traits have we,
You'll always find us full of fun,
As children ought to be.

DOROTHY:

Kind Fairy, I am very glad
You came to make me gay,
For every bit of lonesomeness
You've driven quite away.

FAIRY (joined by others, sing to tune of "Yankee Doodle").

Then let us sing a merry song,
And all be gay and jolly,
For life would not be worth the while
Without some fun and folly.

(Chorus.)

Then all join hands and dance around,
And dance around together;
We'll have a merry time to-day,
No matter what the weather.
Wherever may our homelands be,
In jungle or in city,
Who fails to find his share of fun
Deserves from us some pity.

Chorus. Curtain.

NOTE.—The African, Indian, Siamese, Jap, and Chinese should have faces painted to indicate the race. The pin-and-ball, or Noo-glook-took, may consist of a small block of wood bored full of holes and attached by a string to a pointed wooden pin. The object is to hold the pin and twirl the block so that it will lodge upon the pin point.

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—By Willis N. Bugbee, from *School Century*.

Syracuse, N. Y.

Mathew Fontaine Maury Day

Dedicated as Better Roads Day Program

January 14th.

You should do or plan for some definite road or street work on this occasion.

MUSIC.

GOOD ROADS "BEE"—Include the grown people as well as the children.

RECITATION—House by the Side of the Road.

RECITATION—Little by Little.

MUSIC.

ADDRESS.

MUSIC.

RECITATION—The Two Roads.

RECITATION—The Road.

A PAPER by some in the community on, "What are we doing for our roads?"

RECITATION—Two Classes.

An Exercise in rhyme for eleven girls and one boy—The Record of the Hours.

MUSIC.

COMPOSITION BY PUPIL—Life of Mathew Fontaine Maury.

Topic for Debate in Public Schools.

Resolved, That a tax for the upkeeping of public highways should be imposed on all vehicles using them.

Topic for debate in public schools.

Resolved, That a tax for the up-keep of the public highways should be imposed on all vehicles using them.

ARGUMENTS IN FAVOR OF.

1. It is necessary to raise money by taxation for the up-keep of the public highways and the plan proposed in this resolution is the most equitable and will reach a number of persons who would otherwise escape paying any tax.

2. The present revenue for this purpose is not sufficient, although it is efficiently and economically expended by the local road officials.

3. The present taxes are comparatively light when the benefits we derive from them are considered.

4. No one should use the public highways without contributing to their up-keep.

ARGUMENTS AGAINST.

1. The public highways are the property of all the people and there should be no tax, levy or other charge for travel over them.

2. The present tax for the up-keep of the roads is ample, if efficiently and economically expended.

3. The taxes are now so heavy as to be a burden upon the people of the State, and should be decreased rather than have any taxes added.

4. A tax such as is proposed in this resolution would be almost impossible of collection and would not reach a number of users of the roads.

5. Such a tax would be very inequitable when vehicles are not in continuous use.

A Short Lesson in Good Roads.

Q.—What is a good road?

A.—One that can be travelled over comfortably at all seasons of the year.

Q.—Why do you say at all seasons of the year?

A.—Because an earth road may be good in the summer, at other times, on account of bad weather, may be very bad.

Q.—What can be done to make an earth road passable even in the worst weather?

A.—Give it good drainage.

Q.—How is this done?

A.—By rounding up a road so that it is higher in the middle than on the sides. This lets the rain and melted snow run off the road into the ditches. Then keep the ditches and drains open so the water will be carried away from the road.

Q.—What are the best kinds of roads?

- A.—Roads that have stone, gravel, shells or some other material put on them, so as to give them a smooth, hard surface.
- Q.—Is drainage necessary for all roads?
- A.—Yes, because water running on the surface of any road, or soaking in under the surface always does harm.
- Q.—But it does more harm to earth roads than ones surfaced with stone, gravel, etc., does it not?
- A.—Yes, because the water soaks in easily, which softens the road and ruts and mud holes follow quickly.
- Q.—Then until we are able to give a road a hard surface, what is the best thing we can do to improve it?
- A.—Drain it so as to get as much water away from it as we can, as quickly as possible.
- Q.—Is there any exception to this rule?
- A.—Yes, a very sandy road is better damp than dry.
- Q.—Then what is the best way to improve a sandy road?
- A.—To haul clay on the road and mix it with the sand.
- Q.—Does clay by itself make a good road?
- A.—No, in wet weather it makes a very bad road.
- Q.—What is a good way to improve a clay road besides draining it?
- A.—Haul sand on it and mix it with clay.
- Q.—What do you call these last two kinds of roads?
- A.—Sand-clay roads.

State Aid for Road Improvement.

- Q.—Does the State of Virginia aid the counties to improve their public roads?
- A.—Yes, the State gives aid in two forms.
- Q.—What are the two forms?
- A.—1. Convict labor aid;
2. Money aid.
- Q.—Can a county have both forms of State aid in the same year?
- A.—No, only one.
- Q.—What is meant by convict labor aid?
- A.—A camp of about 50 prisoners from the State Penitentiary and the county jails is established in a county, and the State feeds, clothes and guards the prisoners who work on the roads.
- Q.—Is the county at any expense for this convict labor?
- A.—None, except that it pays for the doctor and medicines when the prisoners are sick.
- Q.—What is meant by State Money Aid?
- A.—The Legislature gives a certain amount of money each year for the improvement of roads, and to this is added the taxes on automobiles collected to June 17, 1916. This money is divided among the counties that ask for it.
- Q.—How is it divided among the counties?
- A.—According to the amount of taxes each county pays into the State Treasury.

- Q.—What do the counties have to do to get this money besides asking for it?
A.—They have to put up an amount equal to that received from the State.
Q.—Who decides what roads are to be improved?
A.—The Board of Supervisors of the county, subject to the approval of the Highway Commissioner.
Q.—Who expends the money?
A.—The State Highway Commission and the Board of Supervisors.
Q.—How many counties are there in Virginia?
A.—One hundred.
Q.—How many counties had Convict Road camps in 1916?
Q.—Thirty-three.
Q.—How many took State Money Aid?
A.—Sixty-seven.
Q.—Therefore, every county availed itself of State aid in one or the other form?
A.—Yes, for the first time since State Aid was provided.
Q.—What amount of State Money Aid and Automobile Taxes collected to June 17, 1916, was divided among the counties in 1916?
A.—About \$368,000.00.

Federal Aid for Road Improvement.

- Q.—Does the U. S. Government provide any money to aid the States in improving their roads?
A.—Yes. Congress has just made a law that gives \$5,000,000.00 to the States for the year from July 1, 1916, to July 1, 1917, and the amount will increase \$5,000,000.00 each year thereafter for five years, so that in the fifth year the Government will give the States \$25,000,000.00 for roads.
Q.—How will this money be divided between the States?
A.—In three ways.
Q.—What are they?
A.—One-third of the money will be divided according to the number of square miles; one-third according to the population, and the remaining third according to the number of miles of rural delivery routes and star routes in each State.
Q.—On this basis how much will Virginia get?
A.—Nearly \$100,000.00 the first year, and as much more each year for the next five years, so that in the fifth year this State will get about a half million dollars.
Q.—What will the State have to do to get this money from the U. S. Government?,,
A.—The State will have to agree to put up each year as much as the Government gives it, and to see that the roads built with the money are maintained.

Road Maintenance.

- Q.—In your last answer you used the word “maintained.” What is meant by maintaining the roads?
- A.—Keeping the roads in good condition.
- Q.—What is the best way of doing this?
- A.—By keeping ditches and drains always open and making repairs as soon as needed.
- Q.—Then going over the road frequently and making small repairs is a better way than waiting until general and extensive repairs are necessary?
- A.—Much better, and much cheaper in the long run.
- Q.—What is meant by the patrol system of maintenance?
- A.—Employing a man, who may be given a horse and cart, or a wheelbarrow and a few tools, to go over a certain section of road every day, or so many times a week, and make any small repairs he finds necessary.
- Q.—How long a section can one man attend to in this way?
- A.—It all depends very much on the kind of road, and the travel over it. but generally speaking from four to eight miles.
- Q.—Does the State help the counties to maintain their roads?
- A.—The last Legislature made a law that gives all the Automobile Taxes collected after June 17, 1916, to the maintenance of roads that have been built with Convict Labor or State Money Aid.
- Q.—How is his money divided between the counties?
- A.—In the same way as the State Money Aid.

The House By the Side of the Road.

[A subscriber asks us to publish the following old favorite by Sam Walter Foss.]

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn,
 In the peace of their self-content;
 There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart
 In a fellowless firmament;
 There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
 Where the highways never ran—
 But let me live by the side of the road,
 And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
 Where the race of men go by—
 The men who are good, and the men who are bad,
 As good and as bad as I,
 I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
 Or hurl the cynic's ban—
 Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
 And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road—
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with strife,
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an Infinite plan—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
And the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night,
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers who moan;
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
They are good—they are bad—weak and strong,
Wise—foolish, so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

Little By Little.

One step and then another, and the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another, and the widest rent is mended;
One brick upon another, and the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another, and the deepest snow is laid.

Then do not frown nor murmur at the work you have to do,
Or say that such a mighty task you never can get through;
But just endeavor, day by day, another point to gain,
And soon the mountain that you feared will prove to be a plain

The Two Roads.

Where two ways meet the children stand,
A fair, broad road on either hand;
One leads to Right, and one to Wrong;
So runs the song.

Which will you choose, each lass and lad?
The right or left, the good or bad?
One leads to Right, and one to Wrong;
So runs the song.

The Road.

I sing you an ode
 Of the country road—
 The lumpy road
 And the bumpy road,
 That jolts the wagon and spills the load
 Mud to the hubs when the rain comes down;
 Flooded wherever the creeks run high;
 Filled with ruts when the fields are brown,
 And the sun is hot, and the air is dry.
 It's clogged with gravel and packed with sand;
 So built and graded and laid and planned
 That it takes a team,
 And sometimes two.
 To do the work one horse should do.
 It racks the wagons with jolts and jars;
 It ruins horses and motor-cars;
 Keeps back crops from the market-place;
 Piles up debt on the farmer's place;
 The old-time road is a plain disgrace.
 But the modern road is a different thing—
 A worthy theme for the bard to sing;
 Put together
 For every weather,
 Smooth and dustless and good to see,
 And (graded) right, as a road should be;
 Useful always and muddy never;
 A thing of beauty—a joy forever.

—*Berton Braley.*

Two Classes.

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day,
 Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.

Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood
 The good are half bad, and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
 You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span,
 Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
 Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No, the two kinds of people on earth I mean,
 Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or are you a leaner who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Record of the Hours.

An exercise in rhyme for eleven little girls and one boy.

CHARACTERS.

TEN HOURS—Girls.

DAY—A girl.

TIME—A boy.

COSTUMES.

THE HOURS—Short, white dresses, simply made; hair flowing. These parts should be assumed by girls of nearly the same height.

DAY—This girl should be taller than "The Hours." Her dress may be of white or pale blue, with sashes and trimmings of light colors to represent light. Hair flowing.

TIME—Long, white, flowing robes; long, white beard, and white wig. He should stand on a dais covered with white, which must be placed at the back of the central part of the stage. An hour glass should be held in his left hand; a scythe should lean against the steps of the dais near his right hand; a pair of long, white wings fastened to his shoulders will add greatly to the effect.

(Time and the Hours discovered; Time standing on the dais; the Hours arranged in a half circle at his left.)

HOURS (together):

We are the Hours, the fair young Hours,
Many the burdens we bear;
Sometimes smiles and joy's light weight,
Sometimes burdens of care.
But to every heart we bring the power
Some worthy deeds to do;
The power to keep through joy or pain,
Undaunted, pure, and true.
We crave thy blessing, Father Time,
That when the day is done.
A record fair for eternity
We may each have bravely won.

TIME (extending his right hand):

Go, gentle Hours, your errands do,
And may you only win
Goodness and truth, and never bear
The scarlet brand of sin.

(The Hours pass out slowly (R). Music softly played.)

(Enter one hour alone (L).)

Hour (pausing before Time):

I bring a record, O Father Time,
Of rash words spoken not,
Of a check held fast and firm upon
A tember fierce and hot.

TIME (slowly waving his hand):

Pass on! pass on! thy record shall be
Safely kept for eternity!

(Soft music; First Hour turns to go (R.), at the same moment enter Second Hour (L.). These exits and entrances must be so planned that, at the moment the departing Hour disappears the coming Hour must pause before Time, when the music ceases.)

SECOND HOUR:

I bring to thee, O Father Time,
A record bright and fair;
A little child, a stray bird brought
Back to its mother's care.

TIME (as above):

Pass on! pass on! thy record shall be
Safely kept for eternity!

(Exit (R.) and enter (L.) as above, the Third Hour.)

THIRD HOUR:

I bring to thee, O Father Time,
A record to give delight;
A child subdued her foolish fears,
And braved alone the night.

TIME (as before):

Pass on! pass on! thy record shall be
Safely kept for eternity!

(Exit and enter Fourth Hour, as above.)

FOURTH HOUR:

I bring to thee, O Father Time,
A record to cheer thy heart;
A child gave most of his sweets away
And kept but a smaller part.

TIME (as before):

Pass on! pass on! thy record shall be
Safely kept for eternity!

(Exit and enter Fifth Hour as above.)

FIFTH HOUR:

The record I bring, O Father Time,
Is surely a noble one,
A boy subdued his laziness,
And rose with the morning sun.

TIME (as before):

Pass on! pass on! thy record shall be
Safely kept for eternity!
(As above.)

SIXTH HOUR:

I bring a record of difficult tasks
Mastered by saying "I will"!
Of laughing lips, whispering tongues,
And mischievous hands held still.

TIME (as before):

Pass on! pass on! thy record shall be
Safely kept for eternity!
(As above.)

SEVENTH HOUR:

I bring a record, O Father Time,
Of a long and valiant fight;
When the tempter came, but was driven back,
And the heart left pure and white.

TIME (as before):

Pass on! pass on! thy record shall be
Safely kept for eternity!
(As above.)

EIGHTH HOUR:

I bring a record to gain thy smile.
A child, with eager feet,
Came at its mother's call, and cheered
Her heart, by obedience sweet.

TIME (as before):

Pass on! pass on! thy record shall be
Safely kept for eternity!
(As above.)

NINTH HOUR:

This record mine. A boy would not,
Where vile words fell, remain;

He lost his game of ball, but kept
His white soul free from stain.

TIME (as before):

Pass on! pass on! thy record shall be
Safely kept for eternity!
(As above.)

TENTH HOUR:

I bring a record pure and bright,
Of vanity cast away;
And a girlish heart made clean and sweet
'Neath humility's gentle sway.

TIME (as before):

Pass on! pass on! thy record shall be
Safely kept for eternity!

(Day now enters as the Tenth Hour departs.)

DAY:

Many and beautiful, Father Time,
The records my hours have brought;
But one wide sweep of thy snowy wing,
May bring them all to naught.

TIME:

Mourn not, O Day! for knowest thou not
Each deed these hours have brought,
Will shine on the shores of eternity,
With jewels richly wrought?

There, when Days shall be no more,
And these poor wings of mine
Are withered and blown away in dust,
These deeds will ever shine.

(Curtain.)

Lee-Jackson Day Program

January 19th.

Hymn—How Firm a Foundation (Lee's favorite hymn).

Composition by pupil, "Life of Robert E. Lee; or a Reading of Gamaliel
Bradford, Jr.'s Appreciation of Lee.

Recitation—The Nineteenth of January.

Tribute to Robert E. Lee, by Charles Francis Adams. By a boy.

Song—The Bonnie Blue Flag.

Recitation—The Sword of Lee. By six children.

Confederate Memory Gems. By seven children.

Charles Francis Adams on Secession. By a pupil.

Robert E. Lee on Secession. By a pupil.

Song—Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.

Composition—By pupil, Life of Stonewall Jackson.

Recitation—"Stonewall Jackson."

Recitation—"Stonewall Jackson's Way."

Song—Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!

Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.'s Appreciation of Lee.

(From Lee, *The American*.)

The technical charge that Lee has to answer, the one most commonly brought against him, is that, having accepted his education and support at the hands of the United States Government and sworn allegiance to it, he broke his military oath and betrayed his trust. This charge is said to have been discussed by Lee himself. "General Lee told Bishop Wilmer, of Louisiana, that if it had not been for the instruction he got from Rawle's text-book at West Point, he would not have joined the South and left the old army at the breaking out of the late war between the States." Surely Lee cannot be blamed for following the lessons which he believed the Government itself had taught him.

Rawle was an ardent supporter of the Union. Yet he says, "This right (of secession) must be considered as an ingredient in the composition of the general government, which, though not expressed, was mutually understood, and the doctrine heretofore presented to the reader, in regard to the infeasible nature of personal allegiance, is so far qualified in respect to allegiance to the United States." Such an assertion from such a source is significant of the state of mind of many Americans in the second quarter of the century as to the metaphysical tangle of duties, loyalties, allegiances, to which I referred above, and which was inevitable in view of the peculiar organization of the United States Government. In any case, it cannot be disputed that Lee and those who took the same course he did were influenced by an imperious conception of duty as much as Scott, Thomas, and the many others whose action was most honorably different.

Lee As An Educator.

But let us look more closely at what he accomplished in his college presidency for the profoundly interesting light it throws on the various aspects of his character. To begin with, as I have said, he worked. His was no ornamental position. He spent his days regularly in his office and attended personally to his immense correspondence, with so much faithfulness that a newspaper editor, who had occasion to send a large number of college presidents a circular calling for an answer, relates that General Lee was the only one from whom he received a reply. Nor did he confine himself to the details of the administrative side of his position. He was constant in visiting examinations and recitations, remaining a few moments, asking pertinent and stimulating questions in every sort of subject, then departing with the dignified bow of his grave, old-fashioned courtesy.

And his intellectual interest was much more than a mere routine observation of pedagogical work. As may be seen from his yearly reports to the trustees, he set himself at once to devise large educational plans, which went far beyond the means he had to work with and far beyond the traditions that prevailed about him. Brought up at once in old habits of thought and in modern practical training, he would have saved, if possible, the liberal, classical culture of the past, combined it with the energetic

commercial methods of new America. He wanted to develop his scientific courses, his laboratories, begged money for them, sought teachers for them. He designed an elective system which was most broadly in advance of current ideas, yet he saw the necessity of checking such a system by rigid supervision and constraint. In other words, so far as his limited opportunities will allow us to judge, he was a thinker in education as he was a thinker in war.

But these were "worlds not realized," and I find him in his human relations even more worthy study. He managed his faculty as he managed his generals, with firmness tempered by an ever-ready sympathy. In their personal welfare he took the kindest and most genuine interest. "My wife reminds me," says Professor Joynes, "that once, when I was detained at home by sickness, General Lee came every day, through a deep Lexington snow, and climbed the high stairs, to inquire about me and to comfort her." At the same time he was minutely exacting himself about matters of duty and wished others to be so. A professor walked into church with his pipe-stem protruding from his pocket. This caused some comment in the faculty meeting, and the offender took out the pipe and began cutting off the stem. "No, Mr. Harris," said the general, "don't do that; next time leave it at home." The narrow circumstances, not only of the college but of the whole South, seemed, to Lee, at any rate, to demand the closest economy. One day a professor wished to consult a catalogue and was going to tear the wrapper off one that had been prepared for mailing. Lee hastily handed him another already opened. "Take this, if you please." Regularity and punctuality were his cardinal principles and he did not like others to neglect them. A professor who was not always constant at chapel, one day spoke of the importance of inducing the students to attend. Lee quietly remarked, "The best way that I know of to induce students to attend is to set them the example by always attending ourselves."

Some of these anecdotes and the many others like them suggest that Lee may have appeared just a little of a martinet, just a little over-particular. I suspect that he did occasionally appear so to some who have forgotten it now, or who do not wish to remember it. Yet the general testimony is that kindness of manner made up for any sharpness of speech; and as we have seen that his greatness in war came from his wide knowledge of all rules and his perfect willingness to fling them aside at the right moment, so we find that in peace he thought nothing of tradition or system when it trammelled the progress of the soul. "Make no needless rules," he told his teachers. Again, "We must never make a rule that we cannot enforce." And when one of them appealed to precedent and urged that "we must not respect persons," Lee replied, "I always respect persons and care little for precedent." Coming from a man whose life was built on law and the reverence for law, I call that magnificent.

On this nice balance of law and liberty his whole discipline of the college was based. It might be supposed that as a military man, brought up in a military school, he would be a firm believer in the military methods of training of which we nowadays hear so much. It is only another instance of his breadth of mind that this was not so. "I have heard him say," writes Professor Joynes, "that military discipline was, unfortunately, neces-

sary in military education, but was, in his opinion, a most unsuitable training for civil life." Without going to any opposite extreme, he believed, as we have seen above, in reducing rules to the minimum, in making rules simple and not vexatious, believed that the highest aim of education is to produce a type of character which shall leave rules unnecessary. "Young gentleman, he said to one newcoming student, "we have no printed rules. We have but one rule here, that every student be a gentleman." And in a general circular issued after some public disturbance he embodied his idea completely. "The Faculty, therefore, appeal to the honor and self-respect of the students to prevent any similar occurrence, trusting that their sense of what is due to themselves, their parents, and the institution to which they belong, will be more effectual in teaching them what is right and manly than anything they can say."

Such leniency of system sometimes works havoc. Not when it is supported by the personal force which Lee gave it. He used the same methods with his students that he had used with his soldiers. His reprimands were gentle and quiet, but they were effective. They did not sting, but they stirred and touched and inspired. Rough and bitter he could not make them. When some one remonstrated a little on this, he answered: "I cannot help it; if a gentleman can't understand the language of a gentleman, he must remain in ignorance, for a gentleman cannot write in any other way." Nevertheless, it seems that he usually achieved his object. For all his gentleness, the wildest boys were apt to come out of his office in tears. One, who had boasted that this would not happen, underwent the same experience as the rest. "What did he do to you? Did he scold you?" were the eager inquiries. "No; I wish he had. I wish he had whipped me. I could have stood it better. He talked to me about my mother and the sacrifices she is making to send me to college, and before I knew it, I was blubbering like a baby."

As with his officers and soldiers, he had endless ingenious devices of kindly fun for making reproof more tolerable—and more effectual. A student was once called to account for absence. "Mr. M., I am glad to see you better," said the general, smiling. "But, General, I have not been sick." "Then I am glad you have better news from home." "But, General, I have had no bad news." "Ah," said the General, "I took it for granted that nothing less than sickness or distressing news from home could have kept you from your duty." In the same vein Mr. Page has a story of being late for prayers and the general's asking him to "tell Miss ——— that I say will she please have breakfast a little earlier for you?"

And again, as with the officers and soldiers, back of Lee's discipline there was love. He was not thinking of his own dignity, or even of the reputation of the college. He was thinking first of the boy and of what could be done to save him. And the boy knew it. It is said that often in the faculty meetings, when a case seemed hopeless and expulsion the only remedy, Lee would plead, "Don't you think it would be better to bear with him a little longer? Perhaps we may do him some good."

With scholarship it was as with discipline for conduct. Lee made it a point to know every student, know his character, know his record, know his marks, when necessary. A boy's name was one day mentioned. "I am

sorry to see he has fallen so far behind in his mathematics," the general observed. "You are mistaken, general, he is one of the very best men in my class." "He only got 66 on his last month's report," was the general's answer. Investigation showed that the president was right as to the report, but a mistake had been made in copying 66 for 99.

It is an advantage to have a subject like Lee that one cannot help loving. I say, cannot help. The language of some of his adorers tends at first to breed a feeling contrary to love. Persist and make your way through this and you will find a human being as lovable as any that ever lived. At least I have. I have loved him, and I may say that his influence upon my own life, though I came to him too late, has been as deep and as inspiring as any I have ever known. If I convey but a little of that influence to others who will feel it as I have, I shall be more than satisfied.

The Nineteenth of January.

Once more this honored day rolls round;
And loyal all are we,
For out of the past steals a martial sound,
And our hearts beat quick, while our pulses bound
To the memory dear of those days renowned,
When we followed the banner of Lee.

We honor ourselves when we honor this day,
And we of the South agree,
To tell to our children while we may
Of the knightliest knight who "wore the gray."
Come orator, statesman, and veteran, pay
Your tribute to Robert Lee.

Oh! tell us the thrilling story again,
Familiar to you and to me,
'Tis a glorious song, with a sad refrain.
But a history grand which will attain
A stainless right to live and reign,
In hearts which are loyal to Lee.

You can tell of our youth of a warrior brave
A king among men to see,
Of his wonderful life which he willingly gave
To the people he loved and struggled to save—
Historian can write, and poet can rave
O'er the glorious career of Lee.

To the closing days of his life we will turn,
And then we will silent be.
He gave us a lesson of patience to learn,
One faithfully practiced 'mid duties stern,
Oh! comrade and soldier, our hearts doth burn
When we speak of our matchless Lee.

Tribute to Robert E. Lee by Charles Francis Adams.

"To my knowledge I never saw General Lee; I certainly never stood in his presence nor exchanged a word with him. * * * Thus I know him only by report and through his letters. But, if the report of those who did know him well, and the evidence of what he wrote, may be relied on, "habitual self-possession, habitual regard to interior and constitutional motives, a balance not to be upset or easily disturbed by outward events and opinion," were his to an eminent degree—a degree which his harshest and most prejudiced critic could not ignore. That, himself a devout man and by conviction sincerely religious, he was neither ashamed nor afraid so publicly to profess himself, may be read in his repeated army orders; or to such as prefer there to look for it, in his family letters. * * * Show me the man you honor; I know by that symptom, better than by any other, what kind of man you yourself are. For you show me then what your ideal of manhood is; what kind of man you long possibly to be, and would thank the Gods, with your whole soul, for being if you could. Whom shall we consecrate and set apart as one of our sacred men? Sacred; that all men may see him, be reminded of him, and by new example added to old perpetual precept, be taught what is real worth in man. Whom do you wish to resemble? Him you set up on a high column, that all men looking at it may be continually apprised of the duty you expect from them." "The virtues of a superior man are like the wind; the virtues of a common man are like the grass; when the wind passes over it, bends."

Some One Who Knew Lee Well Said of Him

"He had the quiet bearing of a powerful yet harmonious nature. An unruffled calm upon his countenance betokened the concentration and control of the whole being within. He was a kingly man whom all men who came into his presence expected to obey."

The Sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
 Flashed the sword of Lee!
 Far in front of the deadly fight!
 High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
 Its stainless sheen like a beacon light,
 Led us to victory!

Out from its scabbard where full long,
 It slumbered peacefully,
 Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
 Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
 Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
 Gleamed the sword of Lee.

From its scabbard, high in the air,
Beneath Virginia' sky;
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And know who bore it knelt to swear,
That where the sword led they would dare
To follow and to die.

Out of its scabbard! never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for brighter land,
Nor brighter land has cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee.

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
That sword might victor be;
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
Of noble Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, all in vain,
Bright flashed the sword of Lee.
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

—*Father Ryan.*

Confederate Memory Gems.

And the Sage's Book and the Poet's Lay
Are full of the deeds of the men in Gray.

A past whose memory makes us thrill—
Futured uncharactered to fill
With heroism—if he will.

Lee wore the Gray! Since then 'Tis right's and honor's hue;
He honored it—that man of men—
And wrapped it round the true.
Never Knight of old
Wore on serener brow, so calm, yet bold.
Divine courage; never martyr knew
Trust more sublime, nor patriot, zeal more true.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

As Nations see with vision clearer
The name of Lee is ever dearer.

To the world Virginia gives
A name that now and ever—
A name as moveless as the base
Of yonder mountain from its place,
Fixed and immovable as fate
With all that's pure and good and great,
The grandest of the century
The name of Robert Edward Lee.

"Over the river," now a heavenly guest!
"Neath the shade of the trees," forever at rest!
In that glorious land, enraptured he'll sing
The praises of Him who of kings is the King!

Charles Francis Adams Said:

"Thus BE IT ALWAYS REMEMBERED Virginia did not take its place in the secession movement because of the election of an anti-slavery president. It did not raise its hand against the National Government from mere love of any peculiar institution, or a wish to protect or perpetuate it. It refused to be precipitated into a civil convulsion; and its refusal was of vital moment. The ground of Virginia's final action was of wholly another nature, and of a nature far more creditable.

"Virginia, as I have said, made state sovereignty an article—a cardinal article—of its political creed. So logically and consistently it took the position that though it might be unwise for a state to secede, a state which did secede could not and should not be coerced.

"To us now this position seems worse than illogical. It is impossible. So events proved it then. Yet, after all, it is based on the fundamental principle of the consent of the governed; and in the days immediately preceding the Civil War something very like it was accepted as an article of correct political faith by men afterwards as strenuous in support of a Union re-established by force as Charles Sumner, Abraham Lincoln, Wm. H. Seward, Salmon P. Chase and Horace Greeley. The difference was that confronted by the overwhelming tide of events, Virginia adhered to it; they, in presence of that tide, tacitly abandoned it."

Robert E. Lee, Writing on the 23rd of January, 1861, said:

"Secession is nothing but revolution. The framers of our constitution never exhausted so much labor, wisdom and forbearance in its formation and surrounded it with so many guards and securities if it was intended to be broken by every member of the Confederacy at will. * * *

"Still a Union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness, has no charm for me. If the Union is dissolved and the Government disrupted, I shall return to my native state and share the miseries of my people—and save in defense will draw my sword on none."

“Stonewall” Jackson.

Mortally wounded—“The Brigade must not know, sir.”

“Whom have you there?” Only a dying brother,
Hurt in the front just now.”

“Good boy! He’ll do. Somebody tell his mother
Where he was killed and how.”

“Whom have you there?” “A crippled courier, major,
Shot by mistake, we hear.
He was with Stonewall.” “Cruel work they’ve made here.
Quick with him to the rear!”

“Well, who comes next?” “Doctor, speak low, speak low, sir;
Don’t let the men find out.

“It’s Stonewall!” “God!” “The brigade must now know, sir,
While there is a foe about.”

Whom have we here—shrouded in martial manner,
Crowned with a martyr’s charm?
A grand dead hero in a living banner,
Born of his heart and arm.

The heart whereon his cause hung see how clingeth,
That banner is his bier!
The arm wherewith his cause struck—hark! how ringeth
His trumpet in their rear.

What have we left, His glorious inspiration,
His prayers in council met.
Living he laid the first stones of a nation;
And dead, he builds it yet.

“Stonewall” Jackson’s Way.

These verses were found written on a small piece of paper, all stained with blood, in the bosom of a dead soldier of the old Stonewall Brigade, after one of Jackson’s battles in the Shenandoah Valley. There had been terrific fighting, and Jackson had encountered three separate armies, defeating each in turn. It is well known that he was a man of prayer. His servant man, a faithful negro, would sometimes go out early in the morning to the officers’ camp and say: “Gentlemen, there’s gwine to be hard fightin’ to-day; Mars Tom was on his knees praying all night long.” Jackson’s favorite way of sending news of his victories to Richmond, the headquarters of the Confederacy, was the following telegram: “God has blessed our arms with another glorious victory.” No wonder, then, that the spirit of prayer should have been in this wonderful poem. Though the author is unknown, this beautiful production will go down the ages as a classic in the English language.

Come, stack arms, men; pile on the rails,
 Stir up the camp-fire bright;
 No matter if the canteen fails,
 We'll make a roaring night.
 Here Shenandoah crawls along,
 Here burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
 To swell the brigade's rousing song,
 Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the old slouched hat
 Couched o'er his eyes askew—
 The shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat,
 So calm, so blunt, so true,
 The "Blue Light Elder," knows 'em well;
 Says he, "That's Bank's, he's fond of shell;
 Lord, save his soul! We'll give him—" well
 That's Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! Kneel all! caps off!
 Old "Blue Light's" going to pray;
 Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
 Attention! it's his way!
 Appealing from his native sod,
 "Hear us, Almighty God!
 Lay bare thine arm, stretch forth thy rod,
 "Amen!" That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

He's in the saddle now! Fall in!
 Steady! The whole brigade!
 Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
 His way out, ball and blade.
 What matter if our shoes are worn?
 What matter if our feet are torn?
 Quick step! we're with him ere the dawn!
 That's Stonewall Jackson's way!

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
 Of morning—and, by George!
 Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
 Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
 Pope and his Yankees, whipped before;
 "Bayonets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar;
 "Charge, Stuart! pay off Ashby's score,"
 Is Stonewall Jackson's way.

Ah! Maiden, wait, and watch, and yearn,
 For news of Stonewall's band!
 Ah! widow, read—with eyes that burn—
 That ring upon thy hand!
 Ah! wife, sew on, hope on, and pray!
 Thy life shall not be all forlorn—
 The foe had better ne'er been born,
 That gets in Stonewall's way.

Washington's Birthday Program

February 22.

SONG—Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

RECITATION—Washington's Birthday.

RECITATION—February—A resolution—Something Better.

RECITATION—Washington.

RECITATION—The Twenty-Second of February.

MUSIC—Ode To Washington's Birthday.

RECITATION—Johnny's History Lesson.

READING—A few selections from Washington's Rules of Civility.

READING—A Letter from Washington.

MUSIC—For Thee, America.

A PLAY ENTITLED—A Brave Little Rebel.

Washington's Birthday.

Welcome, thou, festal morn!
Never be passed in scorn
Thy rising sun.
Thou day forever bright
With freedom's holy light,
That gave the world the sight
Of Washington.

Unshaken 'mid the storm,
Behold that noble form—
That peerless one—
With his protecting hand,
Like Freedom's angel, stand,
The guardian of our land,
Our Washington.

Traced there in lines of light,
Where all pure rays unite,
Obscured by none;
Brightest on history's page,
Of any clime or age,
As chieftain, man, and sage,
Stands Washington.

Name at which tyrants pale
And their proud legions quail,
Their boasting done;
While Freedom lifts her head,
No longer filled with dread,
Her sons to victory led
By Washington.

Now the true patriot see,
The foremost of the free,
The victory won.
In Freedom's presence bow,
While sweetly smiling now
She wreathes the spotless brow
Of Washington.

Then with each coming year,
Whenever shall appear
That natal sun.
Will we attest the worth
Of one true man on earth
And celebrate the birth
Of Washington.

February.

January's gone,
February's here;
I am the smallest
Month of all the year.
Little though I am,
I am proud, you see,
For I bring the birthday
Of Washington with me.

A Resolution.

Faithful boys make faithful men;
I'll always do my best, and then
I'll have a name, when I am old,
Worth more to me than shining gold.

Something Better.

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

"First in war—
First in peace—
First in the hearts of his countrymen."

Washington.

From out the page of history, long ago,
There steps a stately figure, calm and slow,
Serene his bearing and august his mold
"The Father of His Country;" loved of old.

Now, on those noble features, shining through,
We see the patriot's purpose, tried and true!
Those eagle glances cowed the nation's foes,
That stern will conquered in the battle's throes.

Intolerant only of deceit and wrong,
His love of man rose ever high and strong.
Home, fortune, life unto the common need
Counted no sacrifice, only duty's need.

Oh, noble, vital presence, with us stay
 To solve the problems of our modern day,
 Give of this power, to choose with clear insight,
 Thy faith in God, thy strength to do the right.

—E. E. S., in *Journal of Education*.

The Twenty-second of February.

Pale is the February sky,
 And brief the mid-day'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,
 Of glorious Washington was born!

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

Johnny's History Lesson.

I think, of all the things at school
 A boy has got to do,
 That studyin' hist'ry, as a rule,
 Is worst of all, don't you?
 Of dates there are an awful sight,
 An' though I study day an' night,
 There's only one I've got just right—
 That' fourteen ninety-two.

Columbus crossed the Delaware
 In fourteen ninety-two.
 We whipped the British, fair an' square
 In fourteen ninety-two.
 At Concord an' at Lexington
 We kept the red-coats on the run
 While the band played "Johnny, Get Your Gun,"
 In fourteen ninety-two.

Pat. Henry, with his dying breath—
 In fourteen ninety-two.

Said "Gimme liberty or death!"

In fourteen ninety-two.

An' Barbara Fritchie, so 'tis said,

Cried, "Shoot, if you must, this old, gray head,

But I'd rather 'twould be your own instead!"

In fourteen ninety-two.

The Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock

In fourteen ninety-two.

An' the Indians standin' on the dock

Asked, what are you goin' to do?"

An' they said, "We seek your harbor drear

That our children's children's children dear

May boast their forefathers landed here

In fourteen ninety-two.

Miss Pocahontas saved the life—

In fourteen ninety-two.

Of John Smith, an' became his wife

In fourteen ninety-two.

An' the Smith tribe started then and there,

An' now there are John Smiths ev'rywhere,

But they didn't have any Smiths to spare

In fourteen ninety-two.

Kentucky was settled by Daniel Boone.

In fourteen ninety-two.

An' I think the cow jumped over the moon

In fourteen ninety-two.

Ben. Franklin flew his kite so high

He drew the lightnin' from the sky,

An' Washington couldn't tell a lie,

In fourteen ninety-two.

—*Nixon Waterman.*

A Few Selections from Washington's Rules of Civility.

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

When you see a crime punished you may be inwardly pleased; but always show pity to the suffering offender.

Superfluous compliments and all affectation of ceremony are to be avoided, yet, where due, they are not to be neglected.

Do not express joy before one sick or in pain, for that contrary passion will aggravate his misery.

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

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

In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate Nature, rather than to produce admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals.

Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for 'tis better to be alone than in bad company.

Speak not injurious words neither in jest nor in earnest; scoff at none although they give occasion.

Gaze not at the marks or blemishes of others and ask not how they came. What you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.

Nothing but harmony, honest industry and frugality are necessary to make us a great people. First impressions are generally the most lasting. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary, if you mean to make any figure upon the stage, that you should take the first steps right.

There is a destiny which has the control of our actions not to be resisted by the strongest efforts of Human Nature.

Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of every one, and let your hand give in proportion to your purse; remembering always the widow's mite, but that it is not every one who asketh that deserveth charity; all, however, are worthy the inquiry, or the deserving may suffer.

I consider storms and victory under the direction of a wise Providence who no doubt directs them for the best purposes, and to bring round the greatest degree of happiness to the greatest number.

—George Washington.

*In the State Archives at Washington is a manuscript which Washington used as a boy, in which he copied about a hundred or more rules of conduct.

Their source has been traced to an old French book on Behavior.

A Letter from Washington.

We usually think of Washington as a serious, grave, rather stern man, but he appeared so because he had so much serious and stern work to do. As a boy, he was much like other boys, full of life and fond of play. One of his playmates was Richard Henry Lee, afterwards famous in our history. When Washington was about nine years old, he wrote this letter to Lee:

"Dear Dicky—I thank you very much for the pretty picture-book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures, and I showed him all the pictures in it; and I read to him how the tame elephant took care of the master's little boy, and put him on his back, and would not let anybody touch his master's little son. I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word. Ma says I may go to see you and stay all day with you next week if it be not rainy. She says I may ride my pony, Hero, if uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero. I have a little piece of poetry about the picture-book you gave me, but I mustn't tell who wrote the poetry:

"G. W.'s compliments to R. H. L.,
And likes his book full well;
Henceforth will count him his friend,
And hopes many happy days he may spend.
"Your good friend,

—*George Washington.*

"I am going to get a whip-top soon, and you may see it and whip it."

In honor of truth and right,
In honor of courage and might,
And the will that makes a way,
In honor of work well done,
In honor of fame well won,
In honor of Washington
Our flag is floating to-day.

—*Youth's Companion.*

A Brave Little Rebel.

CHARACTERS.

CYNTHIA SMITH.

MR. SMITH—A South Carolina Farmer.

MRS. SMITH.

TOM SMITH.

TWO YOUNGER BOYS OF THE SMITH FAMILY.

LUCY DALE—A neighbor of Cynthia.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

SEVERAL ENGLISH OFFICERS.

SCENE I.

A room in a farm house in 1776. Mrs. Smith and Cynthia Smith are sewing; Mrs. Smith is reading a paper; three sons of Mr. Smith are cleaning a gun. All should wear costumes of the colonial style.

MR. SMITH—Here is a copy of the Declaration of Independence which Congress adopted last summer. (Reads.) "When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which connect them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the law of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind require that they should declare the cause which impel them to the separation. We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are—

CYNTHIA (interrupting): Free 'n equal will be a good name for that new calf father gave me. That name will be all right won't it, mother?

MRS. SMITH: Yes, that name will be alright.

CYNTHIA: And isn't it too bad Brother John died in the battle of Bunker Hill? He won't be here now to fight those awful British.

MRS. SMITH: Yes, but perhaps he did as much good then as he could now.

TOM: Father, won't you let me join Washington's army at Valley Forge? I could take some provisions and I might get some neighbors to help, too.

MR. SMITH: A good idea, my son, but we hate to have you leave us.

TWO YOUNGER SONS: We ought to go, too.

MR. SMITH: Just wait, you two other boys, we'll have the war at our own door before it is all over.

SCENE II.

A room in the farmhouse in 1780. Mrs. Smith sewing or knitting.

Enter Lucy.

LUCY: Mrs. Smith, where is Cynthia?

MRS. SMITH: She is out of doors, playing.

LUCY: Mrs. Smith, do you know that the British soldiers have been here and driven off our cow and also some of our cattle?

MRS. SMITH: You don't say! Well, I suppose we'll have to make the best of it. Cynthia will nearly go crazy, she liked Free'n'equal so much. Why, she even consulted her as to the number of stitches to be put on a pair of wristlets for Tom. But alas! Tom, as you know, never wore those wristlets. He was one of those who died in that awful winter at Valley Forge. When France decided to aid the American cause, Cynthia shared her joy with Free'n'equal. When Mr. Smith and my two younger sons went to the army, Cynthia says that Free'n'equal moored when she told her, as much as to say: "Never mind, little mistress, we'll take care of ourselves." Now we won't have any milk with our rice since Free'n'equal is gone. (Enter Cynthia.) Cynthia, they're been here and driven off Free'n'equal.

CYNTHIA: They! Who?

MRS. SMITH: The British soldiers; they tied a rope round her horns and dragged her away to their camp. Cynthia, Cynthia, what shall we do?

CYNTHIA: I'll go and bring her home. (Exit Cynthia and Lucy.)

SCENE III.

Lord Cornwallis's headquarters, 1780. Lord Cornwallis and several British officers are seated at a table on which are a bottle and glasses.

Enter Cynthia.

CYNTHIA (courtesying): I am Cynthia Smith, and your men have taken my cow, Free'n'equal Smith, and I've come to fetch her home, if you please.

LORD CORNWALLIS: Your cow?

CYNTHIA: They dragged her away with a rope.

LORD CORNWALLIS: Where do you live?

CYNTHIA: Three miles away, with my mother.

LORD CORNWALLIS: Have you no father?

CYNTHIA: One, and four brothers.

LORD CORNWALLIS: Where is your father?

CYNTHIA: He is on General Gates' army, Mr. Lord Cornwallis.

LORD CORNWALLIS: Where are your brothers?

CYNTHIA: John went to heaven along with General Warren from the top of Bunker Hill, and Tom died at Valley Forge, where he was helping General Washington.

LORD CORNWALLIS: Rank rebels.

CYNTHIA: Yes, they are.

LORD CORNWALLIS: H'm! and you're a bit of rebel, too, I'm thinking, if the truth were told; and yet you come here for your cow; I've no doubt that she is rebel beef herself.

CYNTHIA: Well, I think she might be if she had two less legs and not quite so much horns; that is, she'd be a rebel; but maybe you wouldn't call her beef then.

LORD CORNWALLIS (laughing): Come here, my little maid; I myself will see to it that your cow is safe in her barn to-morrow morning. And perhaps (unfastening his silver kneebuckles), perhaps you will accept these buckles as a gift from one who wishes no harm to these rebels. (Cornwallis and the other officers raise their wine glasses.) Here's to the health of as fair a little rebel as we shall meet and God bless her! (Cynthia courtesies with buckles clasped in her hands and goes out of the room as curtain falls.)

—A. M. Deegan, in *Normal Instructor*.

Better Farm Life Program

March 2d

You should do or plan for some definite farm improvement on this occasion.

MUSIC—Spring is Here.

RECITATION—The Voice of Spring.

All recite in concert "The Farmer's Creed." (Write on blackboard.)

RECITATION—On Grandpa's Farm.

SONG—Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny.

RECITATION—The Call of the Soil.

A READING—He Had Faith.

ADDRESS by Demonstration Agent or by a representative from V. P. I. or the Farmer's Union.

SONG—When You and I Were Young Maggie.

RECITATION—When I Am Big.

EXERCISE for Five Boys and Eight Girls. Time and The Seasons.

MUSIC—Little Grey Home In the West.

Subject for Debate:

Resolved, That the Virginia Country Boy Should Stay on the Farm.
(See outlines for affirmative and negative sides.)

The Voice of Spring.

I come, I come! Ye have called me long;
I have come o'er the mountains, with light and song.
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains;
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright, where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

—*Felicia Hemans.*

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.*

On Grandpa's Farm.

Miss Dolly went a'walking
Out in a lovely park;
Beside her ran a striped squirrel,
Above it sang a lark.

She stood knee deep in clover
And watched the light clouds pass.
And no policeman shouted out,
"Hi there! Keep off the grass!"

She gathered rosy apples,
Beneath the spreading trees,
And no old apple woman said
"A nickel, if you please."

She plucked the dainty violets
That all around her grew,
And no boy flower peddler cried,
"I'll take ten cents from you!"

How is it she's so favored?
Who knows where lies the charm?
The secret's here, my little dear—
She's out on Grandpa's farm.

The Call of the Soil.

I have played my part in the bustling mart
Where the restless thousands dwell,
I've been swept aside by the pulsing tide
Where they barter and buy and sell;
I have fought my fight as I saw the right
In the struggle with knaves and men,
And I cease my quest in the great unrest,
And it is back to the soil again.

I have taken heed to the lust and greed
Where the masters wrest the spoil,
I have spent my time in the dust and grime,
In the ranks where the minions toil.

And I loathe the glare and the strife and care
And the surge of the human sea;
So 'Ive slung my pack and I'm going back,
It's the call of the soil for me.

You can spend you time 'mid the dust and grime
Where the great steel structures rise,
But in sweet content I will pitch my tent
'Neath the big blue country skies,
For there is health I know where the sunsets glow
In a life that is wild and free,
So I've slung my pack and I'm going back,
It's the call of the soil for me.

—H. Howard Biggar.

He Had Faith.

A young man, about twenty-one years old, was sitting in the waiting room of a depot with a year old baby on his knee, and his alarm and helplessness when the child suddenly began to howl was so marked as to attract attention. By and by a waiting passenger walked over to him with a smile of pity on his face and queried:

"A woman gave you that baby to hold while she went to see about her baggage, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! I tumbled to the fact as scon as I saw you. You expect her back, I suppose?"

"Of course."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! This is rich! Looking for her every blessed minute, ain't you?"

"I think she will come back."

"Well, this makes me laugh. I had a woman play that same trick on me in a Chicago depot once, but no one will ever again. Young man, you're stuck. You have been played on for a hayseed. Better turn that baby over to a policeman."

"Oh, she'll come back," replied the young man as he looked anxiously around.

She will, eh? Ha! Ha! Joke grows richer and richer. What makes you think she will come back?"

"Because she's my wife."

"Oh! I see," muttered the fat man, who got over feeling tickled at once; and in his vexation he crossed the room and kicked a dog which a farmer had tied to a seat with a piece of clothes line.

When I Am Big.

When I am big I mean to buy
A dozen platters of pumpkin pie,
A barreil of nuts to have 'em handy,
And fifty pounds of sugar candy.

When I am big I mean to wear
 A long-tailed coat and crop my hair;
 I'll buy a paper and read the news
 And sit up late whenever I choose.

Time and the Seasons.

For five boys and eight girls.

CHARACTERS.

TIME—A Boy.
 WINTER—A Boy.
 PINE TREE—A Boy.
 OAK TREE—A Boy.
 SPRING—A Girl.
 CROCUS—A Girl.
 DANDELION—A Girl.
 SUMMER—A Girl.
 ROSE—A Girl.
 TIGER LILY—A Girl.
 AUTUMN—A Boy.
 GOLDEN ROD—A Girl.
 BLUE GENTIAN—A Girl.

COSTUMES.

TIME—White flowing robes; long white beard and white wig. He should stand on a low dais covered with white and placed in the centre of the back part of the stage. An hour glass should be held in his left hand; a scythe should lean against the steps of the dais near his right hand.

WINTER—Wrapped in furs (carriage robes can be used); white wig and beard; little tufts of cotton fastened over his costume to give it a snow-besprinkled appearance will add greatly to the effect.

PINE TREE—Sprigs of pine fastened over the ordinary clothes, completely covering them; wreath of pine on the head; pine boughs in both hands.

OAK TREE—Sprigs of faded oak leaves used in the same manner as above. If natural ones are not obtainable use artificial ones.

SPRING—Pale green dress; wreath of grass and willow catkins about the head; bouquets of same in the hand and on the bosom; flowing hair if possible.

CROCUS—White dress and decorations of the flower, either natural or artificial.

DANDELION—The same, with flowers.

SUMMER—Dress of pink; wreath and bouquets of wheat or clover blossoms; flowing hair.

ROSE—White dress, decorations of roses.

TIGER LILY—White dress, decorations of tiger lilies.

AUTUMN—Dark brown suit, decorated with autumn leaves; wreaths of same; string of various kinds of nuts around the neck; also a girdle may be fastened around the waist, from which strings of nuts depend; a large apple in each hand.

GOLDEN ROD—Pale green dress of thin material trimmed with the flowers; wreath and bouquets of same.

BLUE GENTIAN—Pale green dress with decorations of the flowers.

(Enter Winter, with Pine Tree and Oak Tree walking together and following closely. As they enter, an instrument of some sort plays softly behind the scene. They take their places in front of Time; their side faces toward him and the audience. The music then ceases. These directions answer for the entrance of all the characters, therefore will not be repeated.)

WINTER:

I am Winter. When I come
Birds and bees and brooks are dumb.

PINE TREE:

I, the Pine Tree, green and fair,
Though the snow is everywhere.

OAK TREE:

Spite of storms, do I, the Oak,
Round me wrap my somber cloak.

WINTER (kneeling on the lower step of the dais):

Bless me, Time, ere I depart,
Bless me with thy voice and heart.

TIME (right hand held over Winter's head):

Blessed be thy ice and snow
Which thou freely didst bestow;
From beneath it may the earth
Meet the Spring's awakening birth.

(Winter arises, the music begins, the three characters turn and face the audience, tableau lasting thirty seconds. March out slowly; music.)

(Enter Spring, Crocus, and Dandelion.)

SPRING:

I am Spring, O, listen all,
On the ear sweet echoes fall.

CROCUS:

I, the Crocus, lo, I bring
First of all glad news of Spring.

DANDELION:

I, the Dandelion, low,
Bravely everywhere I grow.

SPRING (kneeling on lower step of dais):

Bless me, Time, ere I depart,
Bless me with thy voice and heart.

TIME (holding right hand above head of Spring):

Spring, I bless thee, thou hast given
To the earth a glimpse of heaven,
Well hast thou thy duty done,
Now, farewell, thy race is run.

(For further movements of these characters see the scene containing Winter. The directions there given must be followed by all the characters.)

(Enter Summer, Rose, and Tiger Lily.)

SUMMER:

I am Summer. As I come
Bees awake with merry hum.

ROSE:

I, the Rose, whose fragrance sweet
Makes the summer hour complete.

TIGER LILY:

I, the Tiger Lily tall,
In my cup the sunbeams fall.

SUMMER (kneeling like the others):

Bless me, Time, ere I depart,
Bless me with thy voice and heart.

TIME (right hand raised as before):

Blessings, Summer, on thy power,
'Neath thy breath have fruit and flower,
Riper, fairer, grown each day,
But thou, too, must pass away.

(See winter scene for further directions.)

(Enter Autumn, Golden Rod, and Blue Gentian.)

AUTUMN:

I, the Autumn, wild and free,
Merry school boys welcome me.

GOLDEN ROD:

I, the stately Golden Rod,
Nodding o'er the withered sod.

BLUE GENTIAN:

I, the Gentian, fringed and blue,
Last to greet old Autumn's view.

AUTUMN (kneeling to Time):

Bless me, Time, ere I depart,
Bless me with thy voice and heart.

TIME (as before):

Autumn, with thy perfect skies,
Cheering heavy, weary eyes,
Crown of all the fitting year,
Blessings on thee, tried and dear.

(In this scene the characters do not march off, but the curtain falls on the tableau. Reverse seasons if necessary, beginning with Summer and ending with Spring.)

Resolved, That the Virginia Country Boy Should Stay on the Farm.

AFFIRMATIVE.

1. Better Business Advantage.
 - a. Land's cheap at present, but steadily increasing in value.
 1. Good farming land from \$10 to \$40 per acre.
 2. Have doubled in value in last ten years.
 3. Many Virginia country boys inherit land.
 - b. Virginia boys can get Agricultural Education chiefly and easily.
 1. State Agricultural College at Blacksburg gives good two-year courses in Agriculture at very low cost.
 2. County agents and specialists in all lines of farming give their services free to the farmers of the State.
 3. Virginia Experiment Station, Virginia Department of Agriculture and United States Department of Agriculture maintain experts on all farming activities and publish and distribute free bulletins of great value.
 - c. Returns from farming very profitable and growing more so each year to those who use new methods of farming.
 1. Alfalfa 4-6 tons to acre each year. Value, \$20; cost, \$6 to \$8.
 2. Poultry raising, dairying, hogs and live stock profitable.
 3. Prices of farm products advancing every year.
 4. Population increasing very rapidly.
 - d. Positions in cities poorly paid and crowded.
 1. Uneducated men get the inferior positions paying low wages.
 2. Price of living very high.
 3. Advancement slow.
 4. Always have a boss.
 - e. Professions overcrowded and preparation expensive.
 1. Education for professions very expensive.
 2. Takes years to prepare for profession, and years after education to build up a profitable business.
11. a. Country Life more desirable life to lead.
 1. More healthful.
 2. Better place to raise children.
 3. Freer and more independent life.
 4. Conditions constantly improving. (a) Good roads. (b) Telephones. (c) Automobiles. (d) Lights and water in the homes. (e) Churches and schools.
- b. Life man was intended to lead.
 1. Feeding the world.
 2. Working with nature.
 3. Producing something rather than living off what others produce.

NEGATIVE.

1. City offers progressive boys better opportunities.
2. More money in the cities and men better paid.
 1. All large fortunes made by city men.
 2. Big public service corporations, such as railroads and big manufacturing concerns give country boys preference and advance them as rapidly as possible.
- b. Professions open large fields for advancement.
 1. Lawyers, preachers, doctors, engineers, scientists advance further than it is possible for a farmer to go, and obtain positions of great importance, power and influence.
 2. Makes men able to render greater service to their fellow-men.
 3. Always room at the top.
- c. Labor conditions are better in cities.
 1. Money comes in every pay day.
 2. Work a certain number of hours every day.
 3. Works at regular job and generally under shelter.
11. City Life more desirable than Country Life.
 - a. More healthful than country life.
 1. Have boards of health to keep conditions sanitary.
 2. Have pure food inspectors to protect food supply.
 3. Have skilled physicians and hospitals in case of sickness or injury.
 - b. Better advantages for education and development.
 1. Better schools and churches.
 2. Libraries, clubs, societies for bettering conditions.
 3. Many more neighbors and entertainments.
 4. Theatres, moving picture shows, concerts and lectures.
 - c. Greater comforts to be found in the city.
 1. Street cars and paved streets.
 2. Good stores and markets.
 3. Electric lights, steam heat, running water, labor saving devices.
 - d. Opens up greater future for man.
 1. Contact with mankind broadens and develops personality.
 2. Makes it possible for man to be of greater service to his fellow-man.

Health Day Program

April 6th.

You should do or plan for some definite improvement of health conditions on this occasion.

Several programs have been published for the observance of Health Day in the schools. That issued in 1914 was general in character and contained selections that emphasized several aspects of sanitation. That for 1915 was devoted to the conservation of vision, a most important matter in the schools. That prepared for 1916 was styled the "Blue Bird," and, written in verse, took the form of a charade, in which pupils represented various agencies in the prevention of disease. Copies of all or any of these programs can be had free of cost by addressing The State Board of Health, Richmond, Virginia. To those schools that have not presented the "Blue Bird" it is particularly recommended as novel, interesting and instructive.

The appended new program, "The Knights of Health," is published for the use of those schools which have either rendered all those mentioned above or else prefer this. If possible, the program should be given on a platform, around a table, with the Knight Herald at that end of the table farthest from the audience. If desired, the various knights may be dressed in helmets and imitation armor, which can be made from pasteboard with little trouble. Each knight should carry a wooden lance or spear. Care should be taken not to place any of the knights with their backs to the audience. If a curtain is provided, it should not be drawn until all the knights are seated at the table. Where there is no curtain, the knights may enter, one at a time, headed by the Knight Herald, to the music of a song or march.

THE KNIGHTS OF HEALTH.

KNIGHT HERALD.

KNIGHT OF SUNSHINE.

KNIGHT OF FRESH AIR.

KNIGHT OF QUARANTINE.

KNIGHT OF TREATMENT.

KNIGHT OF EDUCATION.

KNIGHT OF PREVENTION.

KNIGHT OF LAWS.

KNIGHT OF PUBLIC OPINION.

(The knights enter and take their seats, or are discovered when the curtain is drawn.)

KNIGHT HERALD (rising):

Sir Knights, we here have met to find a way
 Whereby the dragon die, Disease, may be
 O'ercome. His wiles you know. His cave is dug
 Where thousands unsuspecting pass along;
 His sleepless eyes forever watch the road;
 His claws are strong; his bloody maw is wide.
 On stalwart youth and low-bowed age he feeds,
 Nor mercy shows to any whom he finds.
 He must be slain if mankind is to live
 The life God gave. You are the tested knights
 Whose strength and prowess all the world admits.
 Speak now. If you are able to combat
 The foe of every age and every race.
 Sir Knight of Sunshine, what have you to say?

THE KNIGHT OF SUNSHINE (rising):

Let me go forth to slay this monster grim!
 I only need to raise my golden shield
 And in its rays disease will disappear.
 I kill the hidden foes that lurk unseen
 Where plagues have ruled and held their loathsome sway,
 And ill can never grow where sunshine is.

(Takes his place.)

KNIGHT HERALD:

You speak the truth. The blessed sunshine is
 Disease's direct enemy. But you
 Are barred from gloomy places where Disease
 Is bred. Your shield you cannot, potent, raise
 Where shuttered windows bar life-saving light.
 Some other of the knights of health may have
 A better way. Fresh Air, we look to you.

(Takes his place.)

THE KNIGHT OF FRESH AIR (rising):

If I can pass the dragon's close-locked gate,
 Fresh Air Disease can surely overcome.
 The darkest malady of human life—
 The dread White Plague—cannot for long resist
 The breeze I send to languished, ailing men.
 For I the strength of mountains have and bring
 The hope eternal from the hills of life.
 I only ask an open, even fight—
 A chance to come when men are weak in pain—
 And from consumption and from kindred ill
 I surely can gain for them relief.

(Takes his place.)

KNIGHT HERALD:

Another knight has spoken as a knight
 And such another pair as these brave two.

Fresh Air and Sunshine—all our host of health
Has not. But in the shade Disease has spread
About those it has claimed its own, Fresh Air
Cannot survive. A third good knight may serve.
Sir Quarantine, what can you promise us?

THE KNIGHT OF QUARANTINE (rising):

A worthy part is mine in this hard fight
Against Disease. I cannot save the ones
In whom the dragon deep has sunk his fangs,
But where men use me I am vigilant,
To throw about the well, protecting care
And save them from the fate the others meet.
A castle-keeper I, a sentinel,
Who never sleeps when in his gates
Are those who on my watchfulness rely.
But if the thoughtless leave my sure retreat,
Or if, when danger comes, they laugh at me,
Disease sweeps on with ever-faster pace.

(Takes his place.)

KNIGHT HERALD:

Ah, Quarantine, you battle well, I know,
But cannot fight this dismal plague alone!
When other knights in combat are arrayed,
You worthily acquit your name and fame.
Sir Treatment, can you best this monster dark?

THE KNIGHT OF TREATMENT (rising):

My blade was welded in the forge of time
And many cunning masters have I had.
Against Disease I deal a thousand blows,
And often when the dragon mocks me
I drag from out his very jaws some one
He thinks to slay. If you will send me forth,
I pledge my faith unending war to wage
And treat disease till it be overcome.

(Takes his place.)

KNIGHT HERALD:

A promise worthy of your noble deeds
In every age. Yet even all your lore—
Your thousand blows, your tempered blade—
Cannot alone suffice against Disease.
With Treatment all the knights of health must fight.
Sir Education, can you win alone?

THE KNIGHT OF EDUCATION (rising):

I win my victories by sounding far
My warning to the men who trembling wait.
I know the depths of their untutored strength;
I know if I can place in their brave hands

The sword Prevention wields uncounted blows
 Will fall where other knights can deal but one.
 I ask but time. If men will give me that
 The knowledge of the race will yet suffice
 To triumph over every human ill.

(Takes his place.)

KNIGHT HERALD:

Too hopeful, good Sir Knight, I fear you are,
 For education can advance but slow
 Against disease unless these others, too,
 Move on. Prevention, can we trust in you?

THE KNIGHT OF PREVENTION (rising):

My home is in a tower high, from whence
 I see the dragon creeping forth to slay.
 My walk is in the crowded streets of men
 And by the cots where mothers watch their babes.
 I know the secret of the monster's power,
 And this I tell to all who stop to list.
 Once learned, that secret breaks the stubborn back
 Of ills that wreck the lives of thoughtless men.
 I ready stand to venture forth and fight,
 But not alone, for Education must
 Persuade the minds of men ere I can guide.

(Takes his place.)

KNIGHT HERALD:

Another cannot worst our foe alone!
 Sir Knight of Law, you do command a host,
 And ancient fear within the hearts of men
 Gives force to all you say. Can you go forth
 And by the strength of law the monster slay?

4

THE KNIGHT OF LAWS (rising):

I am created by the men I rule.
 The punishment I measure out, they fix;
 And though my strength is used with care,
 By men who love their luckless fellow-men,
 I am no stronger in the lasting fray
 Than is the will of those who made me thus.
 Public opinion by my side, I win;
 Arrayed without him, as I fight Disease,
 I cannot hope to gain the victory.

(He takes his place.)

KNIGHT HERALD:

Public opinion, worthy knight, to you,
 The last resort, we look for our success!
 Is your arm of might to slay Disease?
 Clad in the armor of stout common-sense,
 Will you go forth to triumph and to rule?

THE KNIGHT OF PUBLIC OPINION (rising):

You know, my brother-knights, my changing plight.
To-day, perhaps, quick passion makes me strong;
To-morrow and I muster not my might.
Sometimes I fly to arms to right a wrong;
Again—such is the spirit of mankind—
I listless look on evil unavenged!
I make the laws, as yonder knight has said,
Yet make them wisely but as knowledge grows.
Arouse me, guide me, I can win the day.
Alone, like these, I may not overcome.

(He takes his place.)

KNIGHT HERALD:

What now? No single knight of health is strong
To rend the foe that claims relentless toll?
Not Sunshine, Law, Fresh Air or Quarantine—
Public Opinon, Education—none
Can drive the demon from his gory den?
Prevention, Treatment, both now seem to fail?
What must we do? Shall we permit Disease
To triumph where so many need relief?
It must not be. Suppose—

(Pause.)

(We fight as one!)

Suppose, instead of trusting to one knight,
Together we assail this enemy.
What one may lack, the other will supply.
When law shall fail, public opinion then
Shall lend his help; Prevention Treatment aid,
Fresh Air and Quarantine unite their strength.
What say you, knight, to this a brother's war?

KNIGHTS (rising):
Agreed!

THE KNIGHT OF SUNSHINE:

Where Education clears the way,
I'll raise my saving shield and call Good Food
To me.

THE KNIGHT OF FRESH AIR:

Fresh Air will go where Sunshine can.

THE KNIGHT OF QUARANTINE:

And Quarantine is strong with Law's support!

THE KNIGHT OF LAWS:

Whate'er Public Opinion Grants, Law gives.

THE KNIGHT OF PUBLIC OPINION:

As Education moves, I follow on.

THE KNIGHT OF EDUCATION:

As Treatment and Prevention point the way
I press the truth of waiting, ready minds.

THE KNIGHT OF TREATMENT:

Where good Prevention cannot wake me up
I'll stand beside and ward them as they sleep.

KNIGHT HERALD:

Together we shall win. Come now—to work.

(They go out to the music of a march.)

Note: The teacher or some school officer can follow, if desired, with a brief address on the prelation of these various agencies to the prevention of disease, and can point out how sunshine, fresh air, quarantine, treatment, prevention, education, laws and public opinion all have their related part in the conquest of communicable disease. Bulletins fully explaining these points can be had upon application to the State Board of Health.

Subject For Debates.

5. Debate—This should be participated in by two or four pupils, selected and properly coached. For the convenience of the teacher, suggested arguments on both sides of three suitable topics are given.

TOPIC I.

Resolved, That the county should provide free treatment for all consumptives.

Affirmative Arguments.

1. That the first duty of the county is to protect the health of citizens and that to this end it should aid them, without respect to race or condition, in their fight against disease.

2. That the county should protect the well from the sick and can only do so by providing treatment for all.

3. That in giving this treatment, the county serves itself, not less than the victims of disease and those whom it would protect from disease, in that when it cures or prevents disease it saves human life, the real wealth of the county.

Negative Arguments.

1. That the treatment of all consumptives by the county will include many who have sufficient money of their own and have no claim on the county.

2. That the expense would be beyond the means of the county and would mean the sacrifice of other important activities.

3. That if free treatment should be provided, it should be at the expense of the State or at the joint expense of the State and county rather than at the sole expense of the county.

TOPIC II.

Resolved, That persons suffering from smallpox ought not to be quarantined.

Affirmative Arguments.

1. That this quarantine is a heavy expense, due to the carelessness of the victim who did not protect himself by vaccination.

2. That none need fear the results in case quarantine is not enforced, since all can have such absolute protection by vaccination that they cannot contract disease.

3. That the abolition of quarantine will be of educational value and will cause people to be so universally vaccinated that smallpox will disappear.

Negative Arguments.

1. That smallpox is a dangerous and disfiguring disease against which the county cannot afford to relax precautions, since otherwise the disease will spread.

2. That many people will not be vaccinated and should not, merely because they will not protect themselves, be subjected to the dangers of smallpox.

3. That failure to quarantine would keep people from the county and State and will hurt business without accomplishing any good purpose.

TOPIC III.

Resolved, That girls should participate more in outdoor sports.

Affirmative Arguments.

1. That such sports are necessary to robust health, in which many girls are lacking.

2. That participation in such sports will increase the love of outdoor life, thereby adding permanently to the girls' happiness.

3. That by participating in such sports, girls will share the pleasures of rivalry and contest and will learn needed lessons in human nature.

Negative Arguments.

1. That most girls take enough exercise already without the roughness of outdoor sports.

2. That the time a girl has to spare should be given to the cultivation of other arts and to learning domestic science.

3. That outdoor sports, except such as those in which girls now indulge, take away from the refinement and delicacy of a girl's nature.

Other arguments and other topics of debate will readily suggest themselves to teachers. In selecting a topic, the teacher should keep in mind some maxim of health and happiness.

Paper or Address on "What Our School Needs to Make the Children Happy."—This should be read or delivered, after preparation, by some pupil. The pupil should explain that a school must have, (1) Cleanliness, inside and out, (2) proper heating and ventilation, (3) good lighting, (4) the control of dust and dirt, (5) suitable drinking water, (6) good seats and (7) effective control of communicable disease. He should emphasize such of these as may be lacking in his own school and should suggest means whereby they can be supplied. He should then explain how much happier school life is if the environment is pleasant and should discuss how the school grounds may be beautified and the walls of the room supplied with pictures, etc. In case it is not practicable to have a pupil read this paper, a friend of the school or a neighboring physician should be invited to make an address along these or similar lines. Full material for the paper or address can be found in a bulletin of the State Board of Health entitled *The Sanitary School*, copies of which will be sent teachers free upon request.

Arbor and Bird Day Program

By Proclamation.

MUSIC—Wake Up America.

A READING—The Significance of Arbor Day.

QUOTATIONS.

RECITATION—Twenty Little Chickadees.

RECITATION—A Little Boy's Conundrum.

DUET—Sweet and Low.

RECITATION—Remorse.

RECITATION—Just to See Them Fall.

A READING—The Sparrow's Shower Bath.

MUSIC—The Linden Tree.

RECITATION—Woodman, Spare That Tree!

RECITATION—Somebody's Knocking.

RECITATION—Discontent.

A PLAY—Arbor Day. Fifteen children.

The Significance of Arbor Day.

Arbor Day in its broad significance has far outgrown the thoughts of its founders. In its beginning it signified little more than the planting of a tree. To-day it is closely related to the whole "out-of-door" movement.

There is a real educational value in well-kept grounds as there is in appropriate decorations in the school room. School boys and girls will become stronger and better men and women through the almost unconscious influence of the beautiful in nature.

Arbor Day should be a day of beginnings, which should last through the entire year. If a tree or shrub is planted, it must be given care. The setting of the roots in the soil is only the first step. The necessary watering, the placing of guards and the watching against injurious insects and other enemies give opportunity for the exercise of constant, intelligent thought. Without continuing throughout the year the work begun on Arbor Day, the whole effort is lost and the lessons of real worth forgotten.

The question is often asked: "What trees shall we plant?" Select the trees of your own locality. It is a most interesting study to search out the important species in any given section of the State and to note their habits.

In the observance of the day make use of any material at hand from which the best results may be secured. This may relate to the general appearance of the school grounds, ornamental trees, shrubbery, the school garden, the study of agriculture, fruit trees of the locality, the farm wood lot, or even the more general subject of our forests. The vital point is not so much the special subject considered as the relating of the day to the real activities of the life of your community. The work begun on Arbor Day, even thought it may be the mere planting of a vine, must be only a beginning. The results must be enduring.

—A. S. Draper,

Ex-Commissioner of Education of New York.

The year's at the spring,
 The day's at the morn,
 The morn's at seven,
 The hill-side's dew-pearled,
 The lark's on the wing,
 The snail's on the thorn,
 God's in His heaven,
 All's right with the world.

—*Browning.*

And Nature, the old nurse, took
 The child upon her knee,
 Saying: "Here is a story book
 Thy Father has written for thee."
 "Come wander with me," she said,
 "Into regions yet untrod:
 And read what is still unread
 In the manuscripts of God."

—*Longfellow.*

They'll come again to the apple tree—
Robin and all the rest—
When the orchard branches are fair to see,
In the snow of blossoms dressed,
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest.

—Mrs. M. E. Sangster.

Sweet bird; thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

—John Logan.

Twenty Little Chickadees.

Twenty little chickadees,
Sitting in a row;
Twenty pairs of naked feet
Buried in the snow;
I should think you'd fly away
Where the weather's warm,
Then you wouldn't have to be
Out there in the storm.

Sorry little chickadees,
Don't you know the way?
Can't you find the road to go
Where 'tis always May?
Robins all have found it out,
Wrens and bluebirds, too.
Don't you wish you'd thought to ask
Ere away they flew?

A Little Boy's Conundrum.

I know a cunning little bird
That takes a bath each day;
He doesn't bathe a bit like me—
In quite another way.
He just sits right in the dirt
And rubs his feathers, then
He flies up to a tree o'erhead
And starts to sing again.

I saw a squirrel, too, one day,
Out in the garden make
A deep hole with his nose and claws
As if he'd got a rake.

He rolled himself from side to side,
 Rubbed hard his nose and ears;
 "Why, Chippy's at his bath!" ma said,
 "Or so it thus appears."

Now when I play out in the dirt,
 It's: "Mercy! what a sight
 Your face and hands are! run right in
 And wash them! you're a fright!"
 So what I want to know is this:
 If dirt gets squirrels clean,
 Why must I wash to get it off
 Of me, before I'm seen?

Sweet and Low.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
 While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.
 Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon;
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

—Tennyson.

Remorse.

I killed a robin. The little thing,
 With scarlet breast and a glossy wing,
 That comes on the apple tree to sing.

I flung a stone as he twittered there,
 I only meant to give him a scare
 But off it went—and hit him square.

A little flutter—a little cry—
 Then on the ground I saw him lie,
 I didn't think he was going to die.

But as I watched him I soon could see
He never would sing for you or me
Any more in the apple tree.

Never more in the morning light,
Never more in the sunshine bright,
Trilling his song in gay delight.

And I'm thinking every summer day,
How never, never can I repay
The little life I took away.

Just to See Them Fall.

Oriole sang in the smiling sun:

(Heigh—

O,

But I loved him so!)

Sang all day, and at night said he,
"Just as sleepy as I can be!—
Sleepy and tired and my throat is sore;
Did my best all the whole day long,
Cheering the world with my sweetest song!"

Oriole sang in the smiling sun:

(Heigh—

O,

But I loved him so!)

One came by with the deadly gun
Flash!—and the song was forever done!
Never again will the music free
Ring in the green of the Singing Tree;
"Shot him for fun," said the boy, "that's all;
Wanted to hit him and see him fall!"

Oriole sang in my dreams to-night,

(Heigh—

O,

For I loved him so!)

Sang for the days when the sun was bright,
Bright on the swift wing's joyous flight;
What had he done? Ah, answer me,
Lonesome leaves on the Singing Tree!
Answer, shapes that among us crawl!
Shooting dear things—just to see them fall!

The Sparrow's Shower Bath.

Once upon a time there was a very, very hot day, just like we shall have this summer. It was so very hot that even the children couldn't go

out to play much, but had to sit in the shade and keep quiet so as not to over-heat themselves and get sick.

There were a lot of sparrows in the trees just outside little Nellie's home, and she felt very sorry for them all day; they looked so hot and acted as though they could hardly move.

When father came home at night Nellie told him how the sparrows acted and he said he knew what would make them feel better. Nellie didn't know what he was going to do, so she followed him out on the porch.

Her father went and got the hose out and fixed to the end of it a hollow iron ring with tiny holes around the top of it. Then he laid it on the grass in the middle of the lawn and turned on the water. The water went up in a perfect shower just like a fountain, and then came down on the grass in beautiful glittering drops that formed pools in the grass and made one feel cooler just to look at it.

When the sparrows saw the water they began to twitter joyously and all flew towards it. Nellie crouched down behind the rail of the porch to watch them and be sure not to scare them away. What a great time they had and how it refreshed them.

They would fly right through the cooling spray and then settle down under the fountain and let the drops come down on them, and flutter their feathers and laugh in sparrow language, as though they were having the greatest time of their lives. Wasn't it nice of Nellie to take pity on the poor birds, and don't you think they were grateful to her for making it possible for them to get cool?

—*Ohio Bird and Arbor Day Book.*

Woodman, Spare That Tree!

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;

In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.

My heart strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

—George Pope Morris.

Somebody's Knocking.

There's somebody knocking. Hark! who can it be?
It's not at the door! No, it's in the elm tree.
I hear it again; it goes rat-a-tat-tat!
Now, what in the world is the meaning of that?

I think I can tell you. Ah, yes! it is he;
It's young Master Woodpecker, gallant and free.
He's dressed very handsomely (rat-a-tat-tat),
Just like a young dandy, so comely and fat.

He's making his visits this morning, you see;
Some friends of his live in that elm tree;
And, as trees have no doorbells, (rat-a-tat-tat),
Of course he must knock; what is plainer than that?

Now old Madam Bug hears him rap at her door;
Why doesn't she come? Does she think him a bore—
She stays in her chamber, and keeps very still,
I guess she is afraid that he's bringing a bill.

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

Discontent.

Down in a field, one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together
Save one, who tried to hide herself,
And drooped, the pleasant weather.

A robin who had flown too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near this buttercup
Who wished she were a daisy.

For daisies grow so smart and tall;
She always had a passion
For wearing frills around her neck
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome color,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear robin," said this sad young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me
Some day when you are flying?"

"You silly thing!" the robin said;
"I think you must be crazy;
I'd rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown,
The little children love you.
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places;
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here, where you are growing."

Arbor Day, May 7th.

(An Arbor Day exercise for fifteen characters. Daisy, a girl about twelve; Ted, a boy about the same age; Robin, a child dressed to represent a herald, with a megaphone. The megaphone can be made by rolling heavy paper of cardboard the right shape.

The twelve trees could be costumed appropriately or with just leaves as a crown on the head and carrying branches.

Daisy is discovered on the stage arranging some flowers in a vase. She hums a little song while she works. Ted comes in and makes faces at the

audience behind her back, mimicking her until he snickers, then she turns and discovers him.)

DAISY: Why, Ted Mack. You horrid thing. I think you are just as mean as you can be. You better practice your own piece, instead of making fun of me. I don't believe you know your part yet.

TED: I'll bet I don't, either, and I don't care whether I learn it or not. What's the use of all this Arbor Day stuff, any how?

DAISY: What is the use? Why, why don't you want to plant trees and talk about the birds and things.

TED: Naw, I don't. This Arbor Day stuff is all nonsense and fuss, got up by the teachers to make us kids grind. They won't get much out of me I can tell you.

DAISY (horrified): Ted Mack, what will the teacher say? You will spoil the whole thing if you do not get your part learned.

TED (surlily): I don't care if I do. I am sick of the whole baby business. If there was any use of the things I wouldn't mind working.

(Bird calls heard outside. Enter Robin, the Spring Herald.)

ROBIN (Talks in megaphone):

Make way, make way,
The trees are coming
Make way for Arbor Day.

(Enter Willow.)

WILLOW:

I come the harbinger of spring
I come the harbinger of spring
By river bank and rushing torrent stream,
Before the budding leaves awake
My branches smile in golden shining green.
My roots cling stoutly to the muddy banks,
Defying cakes of ice, the tree tops blow,
I hold the waters to their lawful place,
Policeman of the river's ebb and flow.

ROBIN:

Make way, make way,
Here comes the sugar trees;
Smell the sweet fragrance
Wafted on the breeze.

MAPLES (With sugar cakes or can of syrup):

Sweetest of all the trees are we,
The boys and girls love us, for every spring
We give them sap to make their sugar cakes;
Around the busy sugar camp they shout and sing.

TED: Say, Miss Maple, I just said a few moments ago I did not see any use in Arbor Day. But I think I would like to plant more maple trees like you. For you are all right.

MAPLE: I am glad you appreciate us, but you will find also many other useful trees, if you only knew them.

ROBIN:

Make way, make way,
Here comes the apple fair,
Her pink petals perfuming the air.

APPLE:

I give you blossoms in the beautiful spring,
A happy home I make for any bird a-wing,
And in the autumn, all my broad arms will hold,
I scatter fruit fit for the gods of old.

ROBIN:

Make way, make way,
Here comes two maidens sweet;
The peach so pink,
The cherry hard to beat.

CHERRY:

A dainty maiden, I, or dark or fair,
You can take your choice, some sweet, some sour;
The birds all love me,
Robin, you know you do (looks at Robin)
And every boy and girl are faithful sweethearts, too.

DAISY: Of course, we are, Miss Cherry. You are perfectly delicious.

PEACH:

I am always sweet and beautiful to see;
There is not a boy but what would climb a tree for me,
With my pink cheeks no other can compare,
No matter where I go—at market or at fair.

TED: You bet your life. You are a peach, sure enough. I guess I would like to celebrate Arbor Day if they wanted to plant a peach and sing a song about you.

ROBIN:

Make way, make way,
Two husky, flowering trees,
All loaded down with busy honey bees.

Enter Basswood and Locust with yellow and brown confetti on heads and shoulders that they are trying to shake off.

BASSWOOD:

'Tis hard for boys to be so plaguesy sweet,
That all the bees buzz around your head and feet,
My business is to make boards for a Zoo.
Broad and stout to hold an Elephant or two.

LOCUST:

I'll furnish posts to hold your boards up right,
To fence a baseball ground that's knothole tight.

TED: That's all right, old Locust, if I am on the inside, but when I haven't the price of a ticket, you better shrink up a bit, so I can get a peek at the game.

(Beech comes in with a dunce cap on and capering in a clownish manner.)

BEECH:

I am the dunce, I'd rather play than work,
From every tree—like duty I always try to shirk.
The only thing I really like to do
Is to make the small boys dance and caper, too.

(He grabs Ted by the hand and whirls him around and pretends to whip him with his switch.)

Ted, assisted by the trees, gets the whip away from him and sets him on a dunce stool at the side front of the stage.

DAISY: You see, Ted, it is not so funny when a tree acts as you do!

TED: I guess I see it and you need not rub it in any more. I am going to learn my part right off and quit plaguing the girls.

ROBIN:

Make way, make way,
The favorites of fall,
The nut trees, with their gifts for large and small.

HICKORY:

I am the hickory, tough, hard to crack,
And always with a crowd of boys climbing on my back,
I make good wheels, and handles tough and sound.
Good hickory is the best the world around.

WALNUT:

For boys and squirrels my wealth of nuts I shower
While I grow big, round trunks each summer hour;
In home and school and churches everywhere
My big brown boards sounds music in the air.

ROBIN:

Make way, make way,
Here comes the stately oak,
The graceful elm, rich blessings now invoke.

ELM:

I build your barns that house your sheep and cows,
Your horses, pigs, and hold your big haymows.

OAK:

So stout am I naught but the lightning's fire
Can strip me of my strength and rooted power,
King of the forest, king of the open field,
For shade and strength to none my place I yield.
My stout beams shape the keels, I river span,
I build a house and furnish it for man.

(All of the trees): Hail, all hail the king.

TED: Never again will I say what is the use of Arbor Day. For the trees give us fruit, food, shade, shelter, bridges, boats, houses, school, and churches. Surely we should care for our trees and plant more for other boys and girls in future days.

DAISY: Come let us crown the King of Arbor Day.

The oak kneels near the center of the stage, facing the audience, and the others march around; Daisy places a crown of leaves on his head, then all may sing, "We love the Grand Old Trees," from Rural School Manual Music, page 1, "Pat's Pick."

—Dora Stockman.

Mother's Day Program

MUSIC—M-o-t-h-e-r.

RECITATION—A Speech of Welcome.

RECITATION—The Way of a Boy.

SONG—My Old Kentucky Home.

RECITATION—Mother Knows.

RECITATION FOR A LITTLE BOY—The Prescription.

RECITATION—Which Loved Mother Best.

SOLO—Mother Machree.

RECITATION—Mother's Almanac.

RECITATION—If Mother Would Listen.

RECITATION—Saving Mother.

RECITATION—Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

MUSIC—Home, Sweet Home.

A Speech of Welcome.

I am so very little,
 I haven't much to say;
 But teacher says to tell you
 We're glad you came to-day.

I'm sure you ought to know it;
 For see how sweet we smile,
 And how we speak nice pieces,
 And watch you all the while!

But if you haven't guessed it
 I guess I'd better say
 Just what my teacher told me—
 "We're glad you came to-day!"

—*Edith P. Putnam.*

The Way of A Boy.

When mother sits beside my bed at night,
 And strokes and smooths my head,
 And kisses me, I think some way
 How naughty I have been all day;
 Of how I waded in the brook,
 And of how the cookies that I took,
 And how I smashed a window light
 A-rassling—me and Bobby White—
 And tore my pants, and told a lie,
 It almost makes me want to cry,
 When mother pats and kisses me;
 I'm just as sorry as can be,
 But I don't tell her so—no, sir,
 She knows it all; you can't fool her.

Song—Ole Folks at Home.

Songs—Home, Sweet Home, Swanee River.

Mother Knows.

Who can tell us 'bout the flowers
 And the weeks and days and hours?
 How the giant oak tree grows?
 Mother—she knows.

Who can harder tasks explain,
 Ease our hours of ache and pain?
 Who will listen to our woes?
 Mother—she knows.

Who will teach how to pray,
At the close of each glad day,
When star-lighted heaven glows?
Mother—she knows.

Who loves us the very best?
Who goes with us to our rest,
And a good-night kiss bestows?
Dear mother—she knows.

The Prescription.

It was a very dreadful time when mamma lay ill,
The nurse went tiptoe through the halls,
The house was sad and still.
The doctor with his medicines came every single day;
He would not let me see mamma to kiss her pain away!
But every time he looked so grave, for dear mamma was worse,
I knew they could not make her well, the doctor and that nurse.
I sat before her chamber door and cried and cried and cried—
I knew I could cure mamma, if I could be inside.
But once I had a splendid thought; behind the doctor's back,
To write my own prescription out and tuck it through the crack!
I made upon a paper sheet round kisses in a shower,
And wrote—"A kiss for my mamma, please take one every hour."
And from that very time, of course, my dear mamma grew well,
The doctor thinks it was his pills, and I shall never tell.

—*Abbe Farwell Brown.*

Which Loved Mother Best?

"I love you, mother," said little John,
When forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell,"
When she teased and pouted half the day,
Till all were glad when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"To-day I'll help you all I can.
How glad I am that school does not keep!"
And she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she brought the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said,
 Three little children all going to bed.
 How do you think that mother guessed,
 Which of them really loved her best?

—Joy Allison.

Song: "Mother Machree."

Mother's Almanac.

I tell you when it comes to dates,
 My mother's just the boss!
 She tells me all I want to know
 'Thout ever gettin' cross.

You'd think she's get mixed up sometimes;
 At school I know I do—
 'Bout Washington and Plymouth Rock,
 And 1492.

But mother says: "The war with Spain
 Was fought in '98,
 The year you all had chickenpox,
 Exceptin' Sister Kate.

"The Boer war was in Africa—
 That was a dreadful thing—
 Began in '00, I know,
 For Jack was born that spring.

"In '98 the Spanish ships
 Were sunk in Cuba channels,
 'Twas summer, for you children had
 Just changed your winter flannels.

"In 1904, my dear,
 The Russians fought the Japs,
 That year was very cold, and you
 Had chillblains and the chaps."

There's six of us, and we're mixed up
 With history just that way.
 Sometimes it's measles, croup or mumps,
 But there's no date that ever stumps
 My mother, night or day.

If Mother Would Listen.

If mother would listen to me, dears,
 She would freshen that faded gown,
 She would sometimes take an hour's rest
 And sometimes a trip to town,

And it shouldn't be all for the children,
The fun and the cheer and the play,
With the patient droop on the tired mouth
And the "Mother has had her day."

True, mother has had her day, dears,
When you were her babies three,
And she stepped about the farm and the home,
As busy as a bee,
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,
And sent you all to school,
And wore herself out and did without,
And lived by the Golden Rule.

And so your turn has come, dears,
Her hair is growing white,
And her eyes are gaining that far away look
That peers beyond the night.
One of these days, in the morning,
Mother will not be here;
She will fade away in the silence—
The mother so true and dear.

Then what will you do in the daylight?
And what in the gloaming dim?
And father, tired and lonesome then,
Pray, what will you do for him?
If you want to keep your mother
You must make her rest to-day,
Must give her a share in the frolic
And draw her into the play.

And if mother would listen to me dears,
She'd buy her a gown of silk,
With buttons of royal velvet,
And ruffles as white as milk,
And she'd let you do the trotting,
While she sat still in her chair;
That mother should have it hard all through
It strikes me it isn't fair.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Saving Mother.

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
Between the fire and the lamplight's glare;
His face was ruddy and full and fair;
His three small boys in the chimney nook
Conned the lines of a picture-book;

His wife, the pride of his home and heart,
 Baked the biscuits and made thê tarts,
 Laid the table and steeped the tea,
 Deftly, swiftly, silently.

Tired and weary, and worn and faint,
 She bore her trials without complaint,
 Like many another household saint—
 Content, all selfish bliss above,
 In the patient ministry of love.

At last between the clouds of smoke
 That wreathed his lips, the husband spoke:
 "There's taxes to raise an' interest to pay,
 And if there should come a rainy day,
 'Twould be mighty handy, I'm bound to say,
 T' have something put by. For folks must die,
 Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh;
 Besides, there's Edward and Dick and Joe
 To be provided for when we go.

"So 'f I was you, I'll tell you what I'd do;
 I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could—
 Extra fire don't do any good—
 I'd be savin' of soap, and savin' of ile,
 And run up some candles once in a while;
 I'd be rather sparin' of coffee an' tea,
 For sugar is high,
 And all to buy,
 And cider is good enough for me.

"I'd be kind o' cereful about my clo'es,
 And look out sharp how the money goes—
 Gewgaws is useless, Natur' knows;
 Extra trimmin'
 'S the bane of women.

"I'd sell the best of the cheese and honey,
 And eggs is as good nigh about's the money,
 And as to the carpet you wanted new
 I guess we can make the old one do;
 And as for the washer and sewing machine,
 Them smoothed-tongued agents's so pesky mean.
 You'd better get rid of them slick and clean.
 What do they know about women's work?
 Do they kalkilate women were made to shirk?"

Dick and Edward and little Joe
 Sat in a corner in a row.
 They saw the patient mother go
 On ceaseless errands to and fro;

They saw that her form was bent and thin,
Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in;
They saw the quiver of lip and chin—
And then with a warmth he could not smother,
Outspoke the youngest and frailest brother:

 “You talk of savin’ wood and ile,
 An’ tea and sugar all the while,
But you never talk of savin’ mother!”

Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod, one night,
 Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light
 Into a sea of dew.

“Where are you goin, and what do you wish?”

 The old moon asked the three.

“We have come to fish for the herring-fish

 That live in this beautiful sea;

Nets of silver and gold have we,”

 Said Wynken,

 Blynken,

 And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song

 As they rocked in the wooden shoe;

And the wind that sped them all night long

 Ruffled the waves of dew;

The little stars were the herring-fish

 That lived in the beautiful sea.

“Now cast your nets wherever you wish—

 Never afeard are we!”

So cried the stars to the fishermen three

 Wynken,

 Blynken,

 And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw

 To the stars in the twinkling foam,

Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,

 Bringing the fishermen home.

’Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed

 As if it could not be;

And some folks thought ’twas a dream they’d dreamed

 Of sailing that beautiful sea,

But I shall name you the fishermen three:

 Wynken,

 Blynken,

 And Nod.

Wynken and Bynken are two little eyes
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three
Wynken,
Bynken,
And Nod.

—*Eugene Field.*

May Day Program

May 4th.

You should do or plan for some definite community improvement on this occasion.

The object of the celebration is to bring the entire community together for a happy, enthusiastic, home-coming, outdoor meeting. Invite former citizens to return for a visit and have at least one address by a "Native Son." If at all possible, make it a picnic occasion.

A report should be made of the work accomplished by the League during the past year, and officers should be elected for the ensuing year.

By some simple contest in advance select a May Queen, keeping the result secret until time for the crowning ceremony.

Have every family decorate windows and doors with flowers and foliage.

PROGRAM.

MUSIC—Welcome, Sweet Springtime.

SPRING'S MESSENGER—(A play for three children).

FATHER WILLIAM—Recitation by two boys.

REPORT from each Committee of year's work.

REPORT from teachers on school enrollment, average attendance, etc.

MUSIC—Spring Song. Mendelssohn.

GIFTS FOR ALL—By two girls.

PUSSY WILLOW'S SECRET—Recitation.

QUOTATIONS.

RECITATION—Out in the Fields.

RECITATION—The Butterfly and the Bee.

RECITATION—My Shadow.

ADDRESS.

DISCUSSION of plans for future work.

PICNIC DINNER.

DANCE around the May-Pole.

OUT-DOOR SPORTS—Such as running, jumping and baseball and basket ball contests.

Spring's Messenger.

A Play for Three Children.

THE BROOK—A Boy.

BLUE BIRD—A Boy.

PUSSY WILLOW—A Wee Girl in gray coat and furs.

(Pussy Willow huddles at the side of state, head hidden, asleep. Brook lies asleep. Then begins to yawn and stretches as he rises.)

BROOK (sleepily):

I think I'm waking up to-day—
I just believe I will try to run!
My coat of mail has slipped away;
I feel like singing just for fun!

(Stretches and hops stiffly.)

I'm just a little stiff, I fear,
But I shall be myself ere long!
And then I'll skip. (A whistle is heard.)
What's that I hear?
Oh, can it be the Blue Bird's song?

(He listens eagerly. Bird calls and notes sound nearer. Blue Bird flies in.)

BLUE BIRD:

Oh, you've burst your bars of snow!
So with joy we two will go—
Wake the sweet wee maid in gray!
That will mark the first spring day.

BROOK:

Welcome, Blue Bird, I rejoice
For I guess the news you bring;
I will call—she knows my voice.
Stand beside me when I sing.

(Brook skips near Pussy Willow. Blue Bird watches, but remains where he is.)

BROOK:

Greetings, Pussy Willow, dear—
You can't guess the time of the year!
I'm the Brook—that lively chap.

PUSSY (stirring, speaks drowsily):

Oh, I haven't had my nap!

BROOK (yawns):

I just woke a while ago,
Shook off coverings of snow;
You and I have work to do!

PUSSY (waking):

Oh, dear brooklet, is it you?
Who's that whistling? (Looks around.)
I declare!
There's our Blue Bird over there.

(Blue Bird hops over to Pussy.)

BLUE BIRD:

Wake up, Pussy; for, you see,
Spring's just waiting for us three.
We're her messengers so true!
See, the sky is a softer blue!
Pussy, in your furs so gray,
Not your cheeriest all day,
Smile and mock the wind so chill.
I'll go flying o'er the hill,
Bid the children run and look!
Find dear Pussy by her brook.

BROOK:

I'll go skipping on my way,
Where the happy children play,
When they hear the news I bring,
Gladly will they greet the Spring.

PUSSY:

Here quite gladly will I stay;
Wake my sister pussies gray.
Some bright morn the children dear
Hearing your glad message clear,
Hide-and-seek will play with me.
Then the world will share their glee.

ALL:

For we bear a message true,
Spring is coming now to you!

(Blue Bird and Brook run out.)

—Daisy D. Stephenson, Denver, Colo.

Father William.

(For Two Boys.)

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head.
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But now I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth," as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door.
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box
Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak.
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth; "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose.
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father, "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!"

—*Lewis Carroll.*

(Alice in Wonderland.)

Gifts for All.

(For Two Girls.)

CHARACTERS.

THE ROSE.

THE LILY.

The characters should be dressed in white, their dresses trimmed with the flowers represented. Wreaths of the flowers on their heads, bouquets of the same in their hands and on their shoulders and bosoms if desired.

They are discovered standing in the centre of the stage.

ROSE:

Am not I the fairest flower
Ever found in field or bower?
From my petals fragrance rare
Floats upon the summer air.

LILY:

Be not boastful, sister mine;
Others, too, are fair and fine.
Canst thou match my stately grace,
With the beauty of thy face?

ROSE:

But tell me, Lily, white and tall,
If grace and stateliness are all?
I, the flower that cheers the heart,
With the fragrance I impart.

LILY:

This is true, I know sweet Rose,
Far indeed thy fragrance goes;
But all hearts to me incline,
Though my gifts are unlike thine.
I, an emblem e'er must be,
Of sweet truth and purity.
This I would not, Rose, exchange
For thy perfume's widest range.
I the tomb and bridal grace;
Smile in childhood's gentle face,
And ever with my snowy cup
Bid earth's tearful ones "Look up."

ROSE:

Ah, 'tis true a Father's care
Giveth wisely everywhere.
Though a fragrance rare is mine,
Many charms indeed are thine.

LILY:

Thus on Lily and on Rose
Graciously He much bestows.

BOTH (together):

And to all the flowers that bloom
Gives He beauty or perfume.
Praise Him, then, with thankful hearts,
Who to all some grace imparts.

Pussy Willow's Secret.

Pussy Willow had a secret that the snowdrops whispered her,
And she purred it to the South Wind while it stroked her velvet fur;
And the South Wind hummed it softly to the busy honey bees,
And they buzzed it to the blossoms on the scarlet maple trees;
And these dropped it to the wood brooks, brimming full of melted snow,
And the brook told Robin Redbreast, as they chattered to and fro;
Little Robin could not keep it, so he sang it loud and clear
To the sleepy fields and meadows, "Wake up! Cheer up! Spring is here."

If thou art worn and hard beset
 With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
 If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
 Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
 Go to the woods and hills! No tears
 Dim the sweet look that nature wears.

—*Longfellow.*

The robin, the forerunner of the Spring,
 The bluebird with his jocund caroling,
 The restless swallow building in the eaves,
 The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves,
 The lilacs tossing in the winds of May,
 All welcome this majestic holiday.

—*Longfellow.*

Among the beautiful pictures
 That hang on memory's wall,
 Is one of a dim old forest,
 That seemeth best of all.

—*Alice Carey.*

Out in the Fields.

The little cares that fretted me,—
 I lost them yesterday
 Among the fields above the sea,
 Among the winds at play,
 Among the lowing of the herds,
 The rustling of the trees,
 Among the singing of the birds,
 The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen,—
 I cast them all away
 Among the clover scented grass,
 Among the new-mown hay,
 Among the husking of the corn
 Where drowsy poppies nod,
 Where ill thoughts die and good are born,—
 Out in the fields with God.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

The Butterfly and the Bee.

Methought I heard a butterfly
 Say to a laboring bee:
 "Thou hast no colors of the sky
 On painted wings like me."

“Poor child of vanity! those dyes,
And colors bright and rare,”
With mild reproof the bee replies,
“Are all beneath my care.

“Content I toil from morn to eve,
And scorning idleness,
To tribes of gaudy sloth I leave
The vanity of dress.”

—*Wm. Lisle Bowles.*

My Shadow.

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very like me from the heels up to the head,
And I can see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so closebeside me, he's a coward, you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

Onemorning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an errant sleepyhead,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

—*Robt. Louis Stevenson.*

Memorial Day Program

May 30th.

SONG—O, Lord of Hosts! Almighty King! Behold the sacrifice we bring.

INVOCATION.

ACROSTIC—Memorial Day—By ten children.

RECITATION—The New Memorial Day.

RECITATION—Decoration Day.

MUSIC.

ADDRESS.

MUSIC—God Speed the Right.

RECITATION—Union and Liberty.

QUOTATIONS.

RECITATION—Ship of State.

RECITATION—Old Flag Forever.

MUSIC—Dixie.

BENEDICTION.

Every family should visit the cemetery and place flowers on the graves of their loved ones and on the graves of the soldiers. Wreaths of evergreens or flowers should be made and placed on the monuments.

Acrostic—Memorial Day.

M—

Moldering side by side
Peaceful the heroes rest.
Each bravely fought and died
For the cause he loved best.
Cast no reflections now,
Silent lies friend and foe;
Honor the graves of all;
Ask not who lies below.

—Anon.

E—

Each mystic chord of memory, stretching from every battlefield
and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone over this
broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again
touched, as surely they will be, by the better angles of our nature.

—Abraham Lincoln.

M—

'Mid the flower-wreathed tombs I stand,
Bearing lilies in my hand,
Comrades, in what soldier-grave
Sleeps the bravest of the brave.

—T. W. Higginson.

O—

On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

—O'Hara.

R—

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep;
The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.

—Anon.

I—

It's lonesome—sorter lonesome, It's Sunday day to me;
It 'pears like more'n any day I nearly ever see!
Yit with the Stars and Stripes above, a-flutterin' in the air,
On every soldier's grave, I'd love to lay a lily there.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A—

And every patriot's dust will claim
Affection's tenderest tears,
And blazened on the scroll of fame,
Shall shine each martyred soldier's name.

—Anon.

L—

Lone violets peer from their dusty beds,
 With tearful dew in their great pure eyes;
 The lilies quiver their shining heads,
 Their pale lips full of sad surprise;
 And the lizard darts thru the glistening fern,
 And the squirrel rustles the branches hoary;
 Strange birds fly out with a cry, to bathe,
 Their wings in the sunset glory,
 While the shadows pass
 O'er the quiet face and the dewy grass.

—Anon.

D—

Deck them with garlands, these brothers of ours;
 Lying so silent by night and by day—
 Sleeping the years of their manhood away.

—Will Carleton.

A—

Around these mounds of noble fame
 Bend forms unseen by mortal eye,
 To catch the sacrifice of death,
 And bear the incense to the sky.

—Anon.

Y--

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
 In deathless song shall tell,
 When many a vanished age hath flown,
 The story how ye fell;
 Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
 Nor time's remorseless doom.

The New Memorial Day.

Oh, the roses we plucked for the blue,
 And the lilies we twined for the gray
 We have bound in a wreath,
 And in silence beneath
 Slumber our heroes to-day.

Over the new-turned sod
 The sons of our fathers stand,
 And the fierce old fight
 Slips out of sight
 In the clasp of a brother's hand.

For the old blood left a stain
That the new has washed away,
And the sons of those
That have faced the foes
Are marching together to-day.

Oh, the blood that our fathers gave!
Oh, the tide of our mothers' tears!
And the flow of red,
And the tears they shed,
Embittered a sea of years.

But the roses we plucked for the blue,
And the lilies we twined for the gray
We have found in a wreath,
And in glory beneath
Slumber our heroes to-day.

—*Albert Bigelow Paine.*

Decoration Day.

The Eastern wizards do a wondrous thing,
Which travelers, having seen, scarce dare to tell;
Dropping a seed in earth, by subtle spell
Of hidden heat they force the germ to spring
To instant life and growth; no faltering
'Twixt leaf and flower and fruit; they rise and swell
To perfect shape and size, as if there fell
Upon them all which seasons hold and bring
But love far greater magic shows to-day;
Lifting its feeble hands, which can but reach
The hands-breath up, it stretches all the way
From earth to heaven, and triumphant each
Sweet wilting blossom sets, before it dies.
Full in the sight of smiling angels' eyes.

But ah! the graves, which no man names or knows,
Uncounted graves which never can be found;
Graves of the precious "missing," where no sound
Of tender weeping will be heard, where goes
No loving step of kindred. O, how flows
And yearns our thought to them! More holy ground
Of graves than this, we say, is that whose bound
Is secret till eternity disclose its sign.
But nature knows her wilderness,
There are no "missing," in her numbered ways,
In her great heart is so forgetfulness,
Each grave she keeps, she will adorn, caress;
We cannot lay such wreathes as summer lays
And all her days are Decoration Days.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

Union and Liberty.

Flags of the heroes who left us in their glory,
 Borne through their battlefield's thunder and flame
 Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
 Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!

Up with our banner bright
 Sprinkled with starry light,
 Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
 While through the sounding sky
 Loud rings the Nation's cry,
 Union and Liberty! One evermore!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
 Pride of her children, and honored afar,
 Let the wide beams of thy full constellation,
 Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

* * * * *

Lord of the universe! Shield us and guide us,
 Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
 Thou hast untied us, who shall divide us?
 Keep us, O keep us, the Many in One.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Of the Blue or the Gray, what matter to-day!
 For each some fond heart weeps;
 So children dear, make the spot less drear
 Wherever a soldier sleeps.

—*W. D. Howells.*

Bring ye blossoms of the May
 For the brave beloved dead:
 Tender memories rise to-day
 O'er each fallen hero's bed.

Bring ye blossoms of the May
 Strew each humble soldier's grave;
 Liberty shall kneel to-day
 Honoring the true brave.

—*Selected.*

Ship of State.

Thou, too, O Ship of State!
 Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
 Humanity with all its fears,
 With all the hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
 We know what master laid thy keel,

What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee.

—*Longfellow.*

Old Flag Forever.

She's up there—Old Glory—where lightnings are sped
She dazzles the nations with ripples of red;
And she'll wave for us living, or drop o'er us dead—
The flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—how bright the stars stream!
And the stripes like red signals of liberty gleam!
And we dare for her, living, or dream the last dream,
'Neath the flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—no tyrant-dealt scars,
No blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars!
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars.
She's the flag of our country forever!

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

Jefferson Davis Program

June 3d.

MUSIC—Massa's in the Cole, Cole, Ground.

READING—Life, Service and Character of Jefferson Davis. John W. Daniel
in his Oration, January 25, 1890.

MUSIC—Nellie Gray.

RECITATION—Nobility.

RECITATION—President Davis.

A READING—Letter of Jefferson Davis to Repudiate the Imputation that he
was a Disunionist.

A READING—Rev. Chas. Minnigerode's Appreciation of Jefferson Davis.

MUSIC—Lorena.

RECITATION—The Confederate Note.

RECITATION—On To Glory.

MUSIC—Dixie.

Oration by John W. Daniel on Life, Service and Character of Jefferson Davis.

Noble are words of Cicero when he tells us that "it is the first and fundamental law of history that it should neither dare to say anything that is false or fear anything that is true, nor give any just suspicion of favor or disaffection."

No less high a standard must be invoked in considering the life, character and service of Jefferson Davis—a great man of a great epoch, whose name is blended with the renown of American arms and with the civic glories of the cabinet and the Congress hall—a son of the South who became the head of the Confederacy more popular and extensive than that for which Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, and the commander-in-chief of armies many times greater than those of which Washington was the general.

He swayed senates and led the soldiers of the Union—and he stood accused of treason in a court of justice.

He saw victory sweep illustrious battlefields—and he became a captive. He ruled millions—and he was put in chains.

He created a nation; he followed its bier; he wrote its epitaph and he died a disfranchised citizen.

But though great in all vicissitudes and trials, he was greatest in that fortune which, lifting him to the loftiest heights and casting him thence into the depths of disappointment, found him everywhere erect and constant friend of truth. He conquered himself and forgave his enemies, but bent to none but God.

Those who knew Jefferson Davis in intimate relations honored him most and loved him. Genial and gentle, approachable to all, especially regardful of the humble and the lowly, affable in conversation, and enriching it from the amplest stores of refined and cultured mind, he fascinated those who came within the circle of his society and endeared them to him. Reserved as to himself, he bore the afflictions of a diseased body with scant allusion even when it became needful to plead them in self-defense. With bandaged eyes and weak from suffering he would come from a couch of pain to vote on public issues, and for over twenty years, with the sight of one eye gone, he dedicated his labors to the vindication of the South from the aspersions which misconceptions and passion had engendered.

At over four score years he died with his harness on, his pen yet bright and trenchant, his mental eye undimmed, his soul athirst for peace, truth, justice, and fraternity, breathing his last breath in clearing the memories of the Lost Confederacy.

Clear and strong in intellect; proud, high-minded, sensitive; self-willed, but not self-centered; self assertive for his cause, but never for his own advancement; aggressive and imperious, as are nearly all men fit for leadership, with the sturdy virtues that command respect, but without the small diplomacies that conciliate hostility, he was one of those characters that naturally make warm friends and bitter enemies; a veritable man, "terribly in earnest" such as Carlyle loved to count among the heroes.

Jefferson Davis is entitled to stand in the Pantheon of the world's great men on a pedestal no less high than those erected for the images of Hampden, Sidney, Cromwell, Burke and Chatham of the fatherland, and Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson and Adams, Madison and Franklin, of the New World, who, however varying in circumstances or in personality, were liberty leaders and representatives of great people, great ideas and great deeds.

In the eyes of Him to whom a thousand years are as a watch in the night, the war and the century in which it came are but as a single heart-throb in the breast of time, and when the myriads of this great land shall look back through unclouded skies to the old heroic days, the smoke and stain of battle will have vanished from the hero's name. The tall chieftain of the men who wore the gray will stand before them "with a countenance like the lightning and in raiment as white as snow."

Nobility.

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

We get back our mete as we measure—
 We cannot do wrong and feel right;
 Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
 For justice avenges each slight.
 The air for the wing of the sparrow,
 The bush for the robin and wren;
 But always the path that is narrow
 And straight, for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story
 The heart of its ills to beguile,
 Though he who makes courtship to Glory
 Gives all that he hath for her smile.
 For when from her heights he has won her,
 Alas! it is only to prove
 That nothing's so sacred as honor,
 And nothing so loyal as love.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
 Nor catch them like fishes in nets:
 And sometimes the thing our life misses,
 Helps more than the thing which it gets.

For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing; and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,
Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
Our part is to work and to wait,
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

..—*Alice Cary.*

President Davis.

The cell is lonely, and the night
Has filled it with a darker gloom;
The little rays of friendly light,
Which through each crack and chink found room
To press in with their noiseless feet,
All merciful and fleet,
And bring, like Noah's trembling dove,
God's silent messages of love—
These, too, are gone, shut out and gone,
And that great heart is left alone.

Alone, with darkness and with woe,
Around him freedom's temple lies,
Its arches crushed, its columns low,
The night wind through its ruin sighs.
Rash, cruel hands that temple razed,
Then stood the world amazed!
And now those hands—ah, ruthless deeds!
Their captive pierce—his brave heart bleeds;
And yet no groan
Is heard, no groan!
He suffers silently, alone.

For all his bright and happy home,
He has that cell, so drear and dark,
The narrow walls, for heaven's blue dome,
The clank of chains, for song of lark;
And for the grateful voice of friends—
That voice which ever lends
Its charm where human hearts are found—
He hears the key's dull, grating sound;
No heart is near,
No kind heart near,
No sigh of sympathy, no tear!

Oh! dream not thus, though true and good!
 Unnumbered hearts on thee await,
 By thee invisibly have stood,
 Have crowded through thy prison-gate;
 Nor dungeon bolts, nor dungeon bars, nor floating
 Nor floating "stripes and stars,"
 Nor glittering gun or bayonet,
 Can ever cause us to forget
 Our faith to thee,
 Our love to thee,
 Thou glorious soul! Thou strong! thou free!

Jefferson Davis in 1853, in a Letter to Hon. Wm. J. Brown, of Indiana, repudiates the Imputation that He was a disunionist.

"Pardon," he said, "pardon the egotism, in consideration of the occasion, when I say to you that my father and uncles fought in the Revolution of 1776, giving their youth, their blood, and their little patrimony to the constitutional freedom which I claim as my inheritance. Three of my brothers fought in the war of 1812; two of them were comrades of the Hero of the Heritage, and received his commendation for gallantry at New Orleans. At sixteen years of age I was given to the service of my country. For twelve years of my life I have borne its arms and served zealously, if not well. As I feel the infirmities which suffering more than age has brought upon me, it would be a bitter reflection indeed if I was forced to conclude that my countrymen would hold all this light when weighed against the empty panegyric which a time serving politician can bestow upon the Union, for which he never made a sacrifice.

"In the Senate I announced if any respectable man would call me a disunionist I would answer him in monosyllables. But I have often asserted the right for which the battles of the Revolution were fought, the right of a people to change their government whenever it was found to be oppressive and subversive of the objects for which governments are instituted, and have contended for the independence and sovereignty of the States, a part of the creed of which Jefferson was the apostle, Madison the expounder, and Jackson the consistent defender."

Rev. Chas. Minnigerode, D. D., in a Memorial Address, December, 1839, St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Va.

People have misunderstood Mr. Davis very much. Before I knew him, I often heard him spoken of as a "fire-eater"; but I am sure, he did not deserve that name, unless it means the man, firm, and bold and uncompromising, standing by what is right even unto death. No, he was no brawler, no demagogue, no friend to violence. It was a sore trouble to him to yield to what appeared to him at last the necessity of secession; and wrath, cruelty, bloodthirstiness were far from him. His real nature was gentle, and conscience ruled him supreme. Such was the sense of his responsibility,

that whilst when it was plain, decided action, albeit the most dangerous, was needed, he never flinched, but such was his scrupulous conscientiousness, that at times, when the issue was not clear, he would stay to weigh so fully the pros and cons that his delay at times may have interfered with a success.

The Confederate Note.

Representing nothing on God's earth now
And naught in the waters below it,
As a pledge of a nation that's dead and gone
Keep it dear, captain, and show it.
Show it to those that will lend an ear
To the tale this paper can tell
Of liberty born, of the patriot's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ore,
And too much a stranger to borrow,
We issue to-day our "promise to pay,"
And hope to redeem on the morrow.
Days rolled by, and weeks became years
But our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes,
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed
And our poverty well we discerned,
And these little checks represented the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.
We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold the soldiers received it,
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay
Or of bills tha' were over-due;
We knew if it bought our bread to-day,
'Twas the best our country could do.
Keep it! it tells all our history over,
From the birth of the dream to its last,
Modest, and born of the angel Hope
Like our hope of success it passed.

On to Glory.

Sons of freedom, on to glory,
Go where brave men do or die
Let your names in future story
Gladden every patriot's eye;

'Tis your country calls you hasten
Backward hurl the invading foe;
Freemen, never think of danger,
To the glorious battle go.

Oh, remember gallant Jackson,
Single-handed in the fight,
Death blows dealt the fierce marauder,
For his liberty and right.
Though he fell beneath their thousands,
Who that covets not his fame?
Grand and glorious, brave and noble,
Henceforth shall be Jackson's name.

Sons of freedom, can you linger,
When you hear the battle roar,
Fondly dallying with your pleasures,
When the foe is at your door?
Never, no, we fear no idlers,
Death or Freedom's now the cry
'Till the "Stars and Bars" triumphant
Spread their folds to every eye.

Flag Day Program

June 14th.

SONG—America.

INVOCATION.

RECITATION—Ballad to Betty Ross.

RECITATION—The School and the Flag.

RECITATION—Meaning of the Colors. By three pupils.

A READING—A History of the United States Flag.

A READING—Respect the Flag.

MUSIC—For Dixie and Uncle Sam.

RECITATION—The Name of Old Glory.

RECITATION—Soldier Boys. By three little boys.

A READING—The Meaning of Our Flag.

SONG—Star Spangled Banner. (All standing.)

MUSIC—A March, the children going out carrying the flag in front. It is then hoisted at full mast and all give three cheers.

OUT-DOOR EXERCISES—Such as running, jumping, baseball and basket ball, etc.

Ballad of Betty Ross.

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

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

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

—Selected.

The School and the Flag.

Ye who love the Republic, remember the claim
 Fe owe to her fortunes, ye owe to her name,
 To her years of prosperity past and in store,
 A hundred behind you, a thousand before.
 'Tis the schoolhouse stands by the flag,
 Let the Nation stand by the school;
 'Tis the school-bell that rings for our Liberty old,
 'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot will rule.

The blue arch above us in Liberty's dome,
 The green fields beneath us, Equality's home.
 But the schoolroom to-day is humanity's friend—
 Let the people the flag and the schoolhouse defend,
 'Tis the schoolhouse stands by the flag,
 Let the Nation stand by the school;
 'Tis the school-bell that rings for our Liberty old,
 'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot shall rule.

—Butterworth on "The Schoolhouse Stands by the Flag."

Meaning of the Colors.

FIRST PUPIL:

Red, from the leaves of the autumn woods
 Of our frost kissed northern hills;
 Red, to show that patriot blood
 Is beating now in a hurrying flood
 In the hearts of American men.

SECOND PUPIL:

White, from the fields of stainless drift
On our wide western plains;
White, to show that as pure as snow
We believe the Christ light yet shall glow
In the souls of American men.

THIRD PUPIL:

Blue, from the arch of the winter sky
O'er our fatherland outspread;
Blue, to show that as wide as heaven
Shall justice to all mankind be given
At the hands of American men.

ALL:

Red, white, and blue, and the light of stars,
Through our holy colors shine;
Love, truth and justice, witness three,
That shall bloom in the land of liberty,
In the homes of American men.

The Stars and Stripes.

A History of the United States Flag.

It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the Constitution. It is the Government. It is the free people that stand in the Government on the Constitution.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

The Stars and Stripes is one of the very old national flags of the world. It was ordained and established June 14, 1777, by resolution of the Congress of the United States of North America, and officially published September 2 and 3, 1777, by the Secretary of the Congress.

Among national ensigns the flag of Denmark is probably the oldest; and that of Russia second in age. The present national flag of Spain dates from 1785; that of France, from 1789; of Austria-Hungary, from 1867; of Germany, from 1871; of Portugal, from 1911; of China, from 1912.

During the life of the Stars and Stripes one-half of the nations of the earth have become republics, and every government has given increased liberty and representation to its people. The world has advanced, particularly during the past fifty years, in the science, in the arts, in the material prosperity and personal comfort, as never before.

The sun never sets on the Stars and Stripes, for the flag flies from our embassies, legations, and consulates the world over; and the sun is above the eastern horizon of Porto Rico, just rising, as it sets at Philippines.

In the one hundred and thirty-eight years of its existence the flag of the United States has come to be recognized and respected by all nations as representatives of a great and free people. It has stood throughout its life for

liberty and justice. Though it has led armies and navies to victory, yet its message is one of civilization and peace. And to-day more than ever it is carrying a message of hope and international righteousness to the world.

For seventy years prior to the Revolutionary War the British-American Colonies flew the red ensign of the mother country, with the union of the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew. New England used also a blue flag, with red cross of St. George on a white canton.

In a flag the canton (Laton canton, "corner") is a rectangle in the upper corner next the hoist. The hoist is the vertical part, dimension or height of the portion next the staff, pole or halyards. The union is the device placed in the canton to indicate political union; the term "union" sometimes indicates both the device and the canton, and is generally called the Jack or Union Jack.

The name "Jack" was first applied to the flag of England—the union of the cross of St. George representing England, and of St. Andrew representing Scotland, ordered in 1606, for English and Scotch ships, by James I, whose name in French is Jacques. The flag was then called "Jacques Flag," and later simply "The Jack." This Jack was adopted by Parliament in 1707, modified in 1801, by the addition of the cross of St. Patrick representing Ireland, and the Jack of the United Kingdom became the flag of the British Empire, as it is to-day.

Some of the colonies had special devices added to their red and blue banners. The early American flags of the Revolutionary War were of various colors and many designs, including pine trees, rattlesnakes, thirteen red and white stripes, crescents, and mottoes. Some of these flags were used throughout the war.

A flag of thirteen horizontal red and white stripes with the red cross of St. George on a white canton was the distinguishing mark of flagships in the British navy in the eighteenth century. A similar flag was flown on vessels of the East India Company. The light horse troop of Philadelphia carried in 1775 their marked banner with a canton of thirteen stripes, alternate blue and silver. Washington's family coat of arms bore red five-pointed stars, one point upward and red and white horizontal stripes.

—*From the Stars and Stripes, by Charles W. Stewart.*

Respect the Flag.

The flag should not be hoisted before sunrise nor allowed to remain up after sunset.

At "retreat," sunset, civilian spectator should stand at "attention," and the men should remove their hats during the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner." Military spectators are required by regulations to stand at "attention" and give the military salute.

When the national colors are passing on parade, or in review, spectators should, if walking, halt, and if sitting, rise and stand at attention, the men removing their hats.

When the flag is flown at half staff as a sign of mourning it should be hoisted to full staff at the conclusion of the funeral.

In placing the flag at half mast it should first be hoisted to the top of the staff and then lowered to position, and preliminary to lowering from half staff it should first be raised to the top.

On Memorial Day, May 30, the flag should fly at half mast from sunrise to noon and full staff from noon to sunset.

The Name of Old Glory—1898.

When, why, and by whom, was our flag, The Stars and Stripes, first called "Old Glory?"

—Daily Query to Press.

I.

Old Glory! say, who,
 By the ships and the crew,
 And the long, blended ranks of the Gray and the Blue.
 Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
 With such pride everywhere,
 As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air,
 And leap out full length, as we're wanting you to?
 Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
 And the honor and fame so becoming to you?
 Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
 With your stars at their glittering best overhead—
 By day or by night
 Their delightfulest light
 Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue;
 Who gave you the name of Old Glory—say who—
 Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*The old banner lifted, and faltering then
 In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again*

II.

Old Glory—speak out! We are asking about
 How you happened to "favor" a name, so to say,
 That sounds so familiar and careless and gay,
 As we cheer it, and shout in our wild, breezy way—
 We—the crowd, every man of us, calling you that—
 We—Tom, Dick and Harry—each swinging his hat
 And hurrahing "Old Glory!" like you were our kin,
 When—Lord! we all know we're as common as sin!
 And yet it just seems like you *humor* us all
 And waft us your thanks, as we hail you and fall
 Into line, with you over us, waving us on
 Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone.
 And this is the reason we're wanting to know

(And we're wanting it so!)
 Where our own fathers went we are willing to go,
 Who gave you the name of Old Glory—O-ho!—
 Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill
 For an instant; then wistfully sighed and was still.*

III.

Old Glory! the story we're waiting to hear
 Is what the plain facts of your christening were—
 For your name—just to hear it,
 Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
 As salt as a tear;
 And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
 There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye,
 And an aching to live for you always—or die,
 If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
 And so, by our love
 For you, floating above,
 And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
 Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
 Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

*Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,
 And fluttered an audible answer at last.*

And it spake with a shake of the voice, and it said:
 By the driven snow white and the living blood red
 Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—
 By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
 As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,
 Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,
 My name is as old as the glory of God
 . . . So I came by the name of Old Glory."

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Atlantic Monthly, December, 1898.

Soldier Boys.

(To be given by three little boys bearing—one a gun and knapsack, one a flag, and the third a drum. The first two lines may be sung by the school, the boys replying.)

Soldier boy, soldier boy, where are you going,
 Bearing so proudly your knapsack and gun?

SOLDIER BOY:

I go where my country my duty is showing,
 Bearing so proudly my knapsack and gun.

Color boy, color boy, where are you hieing,
Waving your banner of red, white and blue?

COLOR BOY:

I go where the flag of the free should be flying,
Waving my banner of red, white and blue.

Drummer boy, drummer boy, where are you speeding,
Rolling so gaily your bold rataplan?

DRUMMER BOY:

I go where my country my service is needing,
Rolling so gaily my bold rataplan.

When will you come again, soldier boys playing,
Drumming and waving and bearing the gun?

Boys:

Not while our country our duty is showing,
Drumming and waving and bearing the gun.

The Meaning of Our Flag.

If one asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him: It means just what Concord and Lexington meant, what Bunker Hill meant. It means the whole glorious Revolutionary War. It means all that the Declaration of Independence meant. It means all that the Constitution of our people, organized for justice, for liberty and for happiness meant.

Under this banner rode Washington and his armies. Before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day and his treachery was driven away by the beams of light from his starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven out from around New York, and in their painful pilgrimage through New Jersey. This banner streamed in light over the soldiers' heads at Valley Forge and at Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton, and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned in the despondency of this nation.

Our flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feeling. Beginning with the colonies, and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *divine right of liberty in man.*

Every color means liberty; every thread means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty—not lawlessness, not license, but organized institutional liberty—liberty through law, and laws for liberty!

This American flag was the safeguard of liberty. Not an atom of crown was allowed to go into its insignia. Not a symbol of authority in the ruler was permitted to go into it. It was an ordinance of liberty by the people, for the people. *That* it meant, *that* it means, and, by the blessing of God, that it shall mean to the end of time!

Peace Day Program

July 4th.

SONG OF PEACE. (Tune—Onward, Christian Soldiers.)

INVOCATION.

A READING—What Americans Most Cherish.

QUOTATIONS.

RECITATION—Cost of a Cannon.

SONG—It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

A DIALOGUE—For six girls and three boys. The Peace Victory.

A READING—I Am War.

A PEACE DAY ACROSTIC—By six children.

THE VERDICT OF CIVILIZATION—By fifteen children.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE—To be said in concert.

SONG—I Did Not Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier.

RECITATION—Arbitration.

RECITATION—The Foot-Path to Peace.

BENEDICTION.

Song of Peace.

Tune—Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Forward, all ye faithful,
Seeking love and peace,
Hast'ning on the era
When all strife shall cease;
All the saintly sages,
Lead us in the way,
Forward in their footsteps,
T'ward that perfect day.

Chorus:

Forward, all ye faithful,
Seeking love and peace,
Hast'ning on the era
When all strife shall cease.

Raise the voice of triumph,
"Peace on earth, good will;"
Angels sang this anthem,
Let us sing it still;
War's foundation quiver
At this song of peace,
Brothers, let us sing it
Till all strife shall cease.

Chorus: Forward, etc.

Wealth and power shall perish,
Nations rise and wane;
Love of others only
Steadfast will remain;
Hate and greed can never
'Gainst this love prevail;
It shall stand triumphant
When all else shall fail.

Chorus: Forward, etc.

—A. S. Sullivan.

What Americans Most Cherish.

President Wilson to the Sixty-third Congress.

It is said in some quarters that we are not prepared for war. What is meant by being prepared? Is it meant that we are not ready upon brief notice to put a nation in the field, a nation of men trained to arms? Of course we are not ready to do that; and we shall never be in time of peace so long as we retain our present political principles and institutions. And what is it that it is suggested we should be prepared to do? To defend our-

selves against attack? We have always found means to do that and shall find them whenever it is necessary without calling our people away from their necessary tasks to render compulsory military service in times of peace.

Allow me to speak with great plainness and directness upon this great matter and to avow my convictions with deep earnestness. I have tried to know what America is, what her people think, what they are, what they most cherish and hold dear. I hope that some of their finer passions are in my own heart—some of the great conceptions and desires which gave birth to this government and which have made the voice of this people a voice of peace and hope and liberty among the peoples of the world, and that, speaking my own thoughts, I shall at least in part, speak theirs also, however faintly and inadequately, upon this vital matter.

We are at peace with all the world. No one who speaks counsel based on fact or drawn from a just and candid interpretation of realities can say that there is reason to fear that from any quarter our independence or the integrity of our territory is threatened. Dread of the power of any other nation we are incapable of. We are not jealous of rivalry in the fields of commerce or of any other peaceful achievement. We mean to live our own lives as we will; but we mean also to let live. We are, indeed, a true friend to all the nations of the world, because we threaten none, covet the possessions of none, desire the overthrow of none.

Our friendship can be accepted and is accepted without reservation, because it is offered in a spirit and for a purpose which no one need ever question or suspect. Therein lies our greatness. We are the champions of peace and of concord. And we should be very jealous of this distinction which we have sought to earn. Just now we should be particularly jealous of it because it is our dearest present hope that this character and reputation may presently, in God's providence, bring us an opportunity such as has seldom been vouchsafed any nation, the opportunity to counsel and obtain peace in the world and reconciliation and a healing settlement of many a matter that has cooled and interrupted the friendship of nations. This is the time above all others when we should wish and resolve to keep our strength by self-possession, our influence by preserving our ancient principles of action.

QUOTATIONS.

There are two ways of ending a dispute—discussion and force; the latter manner is simply that of the brute beasts; the former is proper to beings gifted with reason.—*Cicero*.

War is a most detestable thing. If you had seen but one day of war, you would pray God you might never see another.—*Wellington*.

If there is in the affairs of mortal men any one thing which it is proper to explode, and incumbent upon every man by every lawful means to avoid, to deprecate, to oppose, that one thing is doubtless war.—*Erasmus*.

Polygamy and slavery have been abolished by civilized nations. Duelling no longer exists where English is spoken. The right of private war

and of privateering has passed away. Many other beneficent abolitions have been made in various fields, but there still remains the foulest blot that has ever disgraced the earth, the killing of civilized men by men like wild beasts as a permissible mode of settling international disputes.—*Andrew Carnegie.*

Cost of A Cannon Shot.

According to Bloch, the writer on war, the cost of one shot by a big cannon, including the deterioration of the weapon, is \$1,700. This amount would send through college a boy who could get along on \$425 a year, as many do. It would pay for an ordinary workingman's house. Taking the average figures as given in the statistical reports, this sum is equal to a workingman's wages for three and two-thirds years. It is as much as the salary of the average school teacher in this country for five and one-third years.

Our governments, national, state and local, are continually importuned to do more for social betterment in one way and another, especially for education. Refusal is based on lack of funds. When it is remembered that one battleship represents an outlay sufficient for the establishment of a university, the possibilities from the reduction of expenditures for military purposes loom large. Think what could be done for education, for irrigation, for reforestation, in providing better housing conditions for the people, and in many other ways of like social significance with the expenditures made necessary by the fear of war.

—*United Nations.*

The Peace Victory.

(A Dialogue for Six Girls and Three Boys.)

THREE GIRLS (wearing wreaths and carrying wands):

We are peace angels;
We try to be
Makers of peace
On land and sea.

FOURTH GIRL (addresses Peace Trio):

I am a soldier's mother!
If I could see my boy
Who's serving in the army
How great would be my joy!

FIFTH GIRL:

I am a soldier's widow;
Many years ago
My husband fell in battle
Fighting 'gainst the foe.

SIXTH GIRL:

I am a soldier's sister;
'Tis long since brother dear
Has written me a letter
Or message of good cheer.

(The soldiers march in carrying guns or drums.)

FIRST SOLDIER (to Peace Angels):

We are brave soldiers;
For miles we have come,
Marching in step
To the rolling drum.

FIRST PEACE ANGEL:

Oh, lay down your arms,
Dear soldiers, we pray;
These hearts will be happy
When Peace holds its sway.

SECOND SOLDIER:

No, no; we're protecting
Our own native land;
We take up our arms
At our leaders' command.

SECOND PEACE ANGEL:

We've told all the rulers
In lands far and wide
That men must be brothers
Though countries divide.

THIRD SOLDIER:

But nations have honor
Which they must defend;
How can this be done
If war has an end?

THIRD ANGEL:

They'll have a committee
Their wrongs to debate;
Fair play and glad hearts,
When men arbitrate.

(Soldiers lay down arms at Peace Angels' feet and march away.)

FOURTH, FIFTH AND SIXTH GIRLS (in unison, to Peace Angels):

Dear Angels, we thank you
For what you have done;
You've given us hope,
And sweet peace you've won.

PEACE ANGELS: (waving wands, sing to tune "My Bonnie"):

We're bringing peace to the nations,
We're bringing peace o'er the sea,
We're bringing peace the world over.
We're bringing peace to thee.

I AM WAR.

I was conceived in passion, hatred, envy and greed, born in the morning of antiquity, and have a genealogy whose every page drips with the red blood of murdered innocence. I respect neither the feebleness of gray hairs, the helplessness of infancy, nor the sacredness of virtue, and walk iron-shod, ruthlessly and impartially over the form of the weakling or the form of the giant. I paint the midnight skies a lurid glow from the burning homes I have ravaged and turn peaceful scenes of rural beauty, where God's own creatures dwell together in amity, into a raging hell. I set neighbor against neighbor in deadly combat, and I incite the brother to slay his brother.

I make puppets of kings, princes of paupers, courtiers of courtesans, and thieves of respected subjects, and empires melt before my breath as does mist before the morning sunlight.

I make of religion fanaticism; the heathen I make a fiend incarnate; and of all men I make playthings devoid of reason and justice. Through intrigue I make the intelligent powerful, the unscrupulous wax fat on the spoils of blood-won victories gained by others, and the less learned suffer for their own ignorance.

Famine, want and misery follow in my path; I lay waste green fields and still the hand of industry. I pillage the land of its resources but contribute nothing of benefit to mankind, leaving pestilence to stalk ghost-like in my wake and complete the work of destruction. I lay a heavy tribute upon my most loyal subjects for the maintenance of my establishment; I squander the vitality and lives of those who serve me faithfully, yet return to the world nothing but ruin and ashes. The baubles of fame I confer on some are the empty shells of false standard wherein the license to commit murder and rapine is held to be the insignia of glory by mistaken civilization.

I can offer no excuse for my having come into existence, nor can I give one plausible reason why I should not cease to be, other than so long as men who wield influence are permitted to gratify their selfish desires and ambitions at the expense of the many who must carry the burdens and endure the suffering, that long will I continue to exact my toll of sorrow, devastation and death. For I am pitiless—devoid of all feeling; I fear neither man nor God; I am amenable to no law, and I am in myself the Law and the Last Resort.

I AM WAR!

—James Logan Mosby, *from Life.*

The American School Peace League was organized in 1908 with the avowed purpose "To promote through the schools and the educational public of America, the interest of international justice and fraternity."

The most dishonored word in the English language is honor. Fifty or sixty years ago honor would have required you to march as Hamilton did to meet Aaron Burr. To-day the gentleman belonging to the race that speaks the English tongue would be degraded if he fought a duel. Honor has changed. So with nations. As long as the Republic herself acts honorably she remains stainless. Who abolished the duel? Our English-speaking race. Let us now take the next step forward and abolish international duels; let us have the nation's differences settled by the supreme court of humanity.

—*Andrew Carnegie.*

Peace Day Acrostic.

- P is for prayer. In sweet accord
All nations should pray for peace from the Lord.
- E is for ever. Dear land of the Free,
Ever may peace be dwelling in thee!
- A is the army of peace, good and grand,
With kind deeds and cheer it aids our great land.
- C is the call we hear more and more
From those who are weary of havoc of war.
- E is the end. We hope it is near
When war shall have ceased to fill hearts with fear.
- D is for dove. With snowy white wings
Of peace among men, how sweetly it sings!
- A is for angels' whisper that strife will depart
From nations as soon as there's peace in each heart.
- Y is for young. Both young men and old
Would rather have peace than silver or gold.

—*Dora A. Mondore.*

The Verdict of Civilization.

Jean Jacques Rousseau—War is the foulest fiend that ever vomited forth from the mouth of hell.

Thomas Jefferson—I abhor war, and view it as the greatest scourge of mankind.

Andrew Carnegie—We have abolished slavery from civilized countries—that owning of man by man. The next great step that the world can take is to abolish war—the killing of man by man.

Abraham Lincoln—With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Emanuel Kant—The method by which States prosecute their rights cannot under the present conditions be a process of law, since no court exists having jurisdiction over them, but only war. But, through war, even if it result in victory, the question of right is not decided.

William Ellery Channing—The doctrine that violence, oppression, inhumanity is an essential element of society is so revolting that, did I believe it, I would say, let society perish, let man and his works be swept away and the earth be abandoned to the brutes. Better that the globe should be tenanted by brutes than by brutalized men.

Robert E. Lee—But what a cruel thing is war, to separate and destroy families and friends, and mar the purest joy and happiness God has granted us in this world; to fill our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbors, and to devastate the fair face of the beautiful world.

Charles Dickens—There will be the full complement of backs broken in two, or arms twisted wholly off, of men impaled upon their bayonets, of legs smashed up like bits of firewood, of heads sliced open like apples, of other heads crunched into soft jelly by the iron hoofs of horses, of faces trampled out of all likeness to anything human. This is what sulks behind "a splendid charge." This is what follows, as a matter of course, when our fellows rode at them in style and cut them up famously.

Baroness von Sutter—What is most astonishing, according to my way of looking at it, is that men should bring each other into such a state—that men who have seen such a sight should not sink down on their knees and swear a passionate oath to make war on war—that if they are in a position of power they do not from that moment devote their whole action in speech or writing, in thought, teaching or business, to this end—Lay down your arms.

Victor Hugo—A day will come when the only battlefield will be the market open to commerce and the mind opening to new ideas. A day will come when bullets and bombshells will be replaced by votes, by the universal suffrage of nations, by the venerable arbitration of a great sovereign senate, which will be to Europe what the parliament is to England, what the diet is to Germany, what the legislative assembly is to France. A day will come when a cannon will be exhibited in public museums, just as an instrument of torture is now, and people will be astonished how such things could have been. A day will come when these two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, shall be placed in presence of each other, extending hands of fellowship across the ocean.

D'Estournelles De Constant—War belongs to the past. Peace is the policy of to-morrow. Peace is our duty to coming generations. Let us organize for justice and peace.

Count Albert Apponyi—The only question is whether ignorance shall be the lot of the many or the few, whether disease shall be widespread or confined to isolated cases, and whether peace shall be the ruling atmosphere, the normal state among nations, and war very rare, or that peace shall depend, as now in Europe, or the mutual distrust and suspicion of nations.

E. Gray—The great nations of the earth are in bondage, increasing bondage, and it is not impossible that in some of the future years they will discover, as individuals have discovered, that the law is a better remedy than force, and that in all the time they have been in bondage the prison-door has been locked on the inside.

Whitelaw Reid—The community feeling, starting from the common use and possession of the English Bible, is the greatest single guarantee for the peace and progress of the world.

Theodore Roosevelt—Such power to command peace throughout the world could best be assured by some combination between those great nations which sincerely desire peace and have no thought themselves of committing aggression.

A Prayer For Peace.

Father of light and love, Thou who preside over the destinies of nations and of men, stretch forth Thy mighty arm and with gentle touch of Thy loving hand dispel the dark clouds of war hovering over our brothers across the sea.

Pierce the gloom with the beautiful light of Thy countenance and send comfort and consolation to those who mourn. Banish the demon war from the hearts of men and in its stead let the love of justice, mercy and peace reign supreme.

Let those who must face its realities look to Thee for counsel and trust in Thee for the blessings of life and liberty. Enrich and enlarge their lives with the blessings of peace that they may leaven the lives of future generations. Let sweet recollections be their constant companions. Be Thou, O Father, merciful to those who must sacrifice their lives in this terrible conflict and bear them gently over like flowers on the bosom of a peaceful stream.

—Anon.

Arbitration.

Bob and I used to wrestle quite often, you see,
Bob was about the same size as me.

He'd take my gloves, then I'd take his bat;
We'd scrap over this and quarrel over that.

One day we were having it—first left, then the right,
When Bob stopped quite short and said, "Let's not fight;

"Arbitration's the thing that they use nowadays;
Folks find it is better in a great many ways."

"You're getting afraid, that's the trouble, I guess!"

"No, sir, I am not, but fighting's a mess!

"Arbitration will give you your rights in the end;
It gives just fair play and wins back your friends."

"I'm willing," Said I, "to give it a test;
Then we will know which way is the best."

We gave up our fighting, but, sad to relate,
The trouble won't come, so we can't arbitrate!

—Dora A. Mondore.

The Foot-Path to Peace.

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

—Henry van Dyke.

Better Church Day Program

August 19th.

You should do or plan for some definite improvement of churches or moral conditions on this occasion.

HYMN—All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

A READING—The Country Church Creed. This should be said in concert.

SONG—The Church's One Foundation.

A PRAYER FOR THE CHURCH—A Teacher's Prayer. The Prayer of the Out-of-Doors.

RECITATION—The Things I Prize.

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE READINGS—Psalm 145, 84; Deut., 8; Isaiah, 55; Luke 10, 25-37.

RECITATION—Two Pictures.

RECITATION—Lines on Revisiting the Country.

SONG—I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

A FARMER'S PRAYER.

RECITATION—A Prayer for Good Habits.

SONG—Blest Be the Tie That Binds.

RECITATION—In Old Virginia.

RECITATION—The Unfinished Prayer.

SONG—Onward Christian Soldiers.

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE TEXTS AND SERMON THEMES.

The Privilege and Duty of Church Attendance. Hebrew 10:24, 25.

The Church—Its Call and Service to Country People. Col. 3:15, 17.

The More Abundant Life. John 10:10.

The Whole Duty of Man. Matt. 22:37-40.

God's Message in Nature. Psa. 19:1; Matt. 5:44, 45; Acts 14:17.

The Country Church Creed.

"I. That the Church universal is the servant of the highest, but also a minister to the least and the lowest, in His name; that her citizenship is yonder in a far country, but is also here and now among men to-day; that nothing involving the relief of men's estate in the earth is alien to her proper life and work.

"And therefore this Conference believes:

"That the Church can and ought to be the great central, illuminating, organizing agency in the war upon ignorance and disease, poverty and sin alike.

"That she ought to lead in organizing the best of all, to avert the worst from each.

"That she can and ought to be an efficient force in public education, in public hygiene, physical and social, in establishing economic, social and civil justice among men, and always, everywhere, the voice of righteousness against sin.

"II. That the country church ought to cherish ideals of efficiency for herself—fewer pastorless churches, more liberal support for her ministry, more country homes for country pastors, fewer country churches served by non-resident, absentee preachers with once-a-month sermons; more and better Sunday Schools, with larger enrollment and better attendance.

"That the country church ought to promote stable citizenship and agricultural prosperity by laying upon the conscience of land barons the sin of joining house unto house and field unto field, by exhibiting faithfully the social ills and evils attendant upon land ownership by the few and land orphanage by the many.

"That the country church can and ought to be actively interested in the farmer's field and crops, because they are necessarily related to the farmer's home and children, and in promoting good cheer in the country side, for the sake of the commonweal as well as the commonwealth.

"That the country church can and ought everywhere to lead in the campaign for better elementary public schools, for larger sustaining school revenues, for more enlightened ideals of school efficiency, for larger enrollment, better attendance, and less illiteracy in the rural regions.

"That the country church ought to join the school authorities in promoting wholesome recreational life as well as prosperous occupational life in the rural regions.

"III. That material prosperity alone will not avail to make country life efficient, satisfying and wholesome; that all the rural life forces and agencies must work to this end, in generous, sympathetic co-operation—the business men and the farmers, the teachers, doctors, and preachers, the church and school authorities, the homes and the schools."

A Prayer for the Church.

O let Thy mercy descend upon the whole Church; preserve her in truth and peace, in unity and safety, in all storms, and against all tempta-

tions and enemies; that she, offering to Thy glory the never-ceasing sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving, may advance the honor of her Lord, and be filled with His Spirit, and partake of His glory. Amen.

—*Jeremy Taylor.*

A Teacher's Prayer.

Make me respect my material so much that I dare not slight my work. Help me to deal very honestly with words and with people because they are both alive. Teach me to see the local color without being blind to the inner light. Give me an ideal that will stand the strain of weaving into human stuff on the loom of the real. Keep me from caring more for books than for folks. Steady me to do my full stint of work as well as I can; and when that is done, stop me, pay what wages Thou wilt, and help me to say, from a quiet heart, a grateful Amen.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

The Prayer of the Out of Doors.

Eternal God, in whom we live and move and have our being:

Thou art our Father; Thou are our God.

We praise Thee, we worship Thee, we yield Thee most hearty thanks for the glory of Thy presence in the great "out of doors."

The mountains speak to us of Thy strength; may we be strong to serve.

The woods tell us of the lavishness of Thy love; do Thou shed abroad Thy love in our hearts.

The still waters speak peace to our souls; oh, may we know the peace which passeth all understanding!

The beauty of the sun fills us with gladness; may the beauty of holiness in our lives bring gladness to those around us.

The gentle rain cleanses, refreshes, brings us the power of growth; do Thou give us Thy Holy Spirit that we may be clean, bringing forth fruit to the uplift of mankind, the extending of Thy Kingdom, the exalting of Thy Holy Name.

Our Father, Thou art the source of all joy; may we so enter into Thy joy that we shall reveal to others the glory of our God and of His Son Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen.

The Things I Prize.

These are the things I prize
 And hold of dearest worth:
 Light of the sapphire skies,
 Peace of the silent hills,
 Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass,
 Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
 Shadows of clouds that swiftly pass,

And after showers,
The smell of flowers
And of the good brown earth,—
And best of all along the way
Friendship and mirth.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Two Pictures.

An old farm-house with meadows wide
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:
Oh, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who 'round the world has been,
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking, all day long:
Oh, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!

—Annie Douglas Robinson.

Lines on Revisiting the Country.

I stand upon my native hills again
Broad, round, and green, that in the summer sky,
With garniture of waving grass and grain,
Orchards, and beechen forests, basking lie,
While deep the sunless glens are scooped between,
Where brawls o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

Here I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air;
And where the season's milder fervers beat
And gales, that sweep the forest borders, bear
The song of bird, and sound of running stream,
Am come a while to wander and to dream.

Ay, flame thy fiercest, sun! thou canst not wake,
In this pure air, the plague that walks unseen.
The maize-leaf and the maple-bough but take,
From thy strong heats, a deeper, glossier green.
The mountain wind, that faints not in thy ray,
Sweeps the blue steams of pestilence away.

The mountain wind! most spiritual thing of all
 The wide earth knows—when in the sultry time,
 He stoops him from his vast, cerulean hall,
 He seems the breath of a celestial clime;
 As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow
 Health and refreshment on the world below.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

A Farmer's Prayer.

O God, our Father, Thou has taught us in Thy word that hitherto and even until now Thou dost work to clothe the earth in vesture of verdant beauty, to feed the sparrow and the raven, and to give all good and needed gifts unto Thy children who daily ask of Thee. Cause us evermore to rejoice that we are permitted to be fellow laborers with Thee in helping make the earth bring forth and bud that there may be seed for the sower and bread for the eater, that while the earth remaineth seed time and harvest shall never cease. May we do battle bravely against all the foes of fertility and fruitage, guarding for the good of all the people and the generations yet unborn the sacred soil which thou hast entrusted to our care. Teach us to be kind unto the sheep and oxen, the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and all the works of Thy hands over which Thou hast given us dominion, that we may learn with simple faith to know that Thou art our Shepherd and we are Thy people and the sheep of Thy pasture. Help us to be willing to eat our bread in the sweat of our faces, and rejoicing in our freedom and the beauty of the land, to be content to count small gains when the year is done. Though our purses be small may our hearts be large, prompting us to cast into Thy treasury with all cheerfulness our mite in support of every good cause. So may we have fellowship with Thee and with Thy Son Our Saviour in giving unto all mankind the more abundant life, and come at length to meet Thee unabashed as servants found faithful, and workmen needing not to be ashamed in His Name. Amen.

—*W. M. Forrest.*

A Prayer for Good Habits.

Dear God, kind Gardener of my heart,
 Plant seeds of goodness there,
 Protect that springtime garden by
 Your loving thought and care.
 O plant good habits in my heart,
 Each known by name to show
 That there is left no room at all
 For evil ones to grow.

O make good habits take deep root,
 And flourish more and more,
 So that their fruit and blossoms spread
 Across my garden's door.

O plant the growing habits of
True kindness, zeal, and truth,
With love to beautify and warm
The garden of my youth! Amen.

In Old Virginia.

I love the mountains wreathed in mist,
The twilight skies of amethyst,
The graves of ancient oaks sun-kissed
In Old Virginia.

I love the gorgeous trumpet flowers,
Wild rose and honeysuckle bowers,
The woodland incense after showers
In Old Virginia.

I love the laughter of the rills,
Cloud shadows stretched athwart the hills,
The jocund sound of him who tills
In Old Virginia.

I love the martial ranks of corn,
Their blades agleam with lights of morn
The curtains of night withdrawn
In Old Virginia.

I love the Ocean's deep toned roar,
Surf-lashed to foam on wind-swept shore,
The spray-born rainbow arching o'er
In Old Virginia.

I love the modest maidenhood,
The deference paid to womanhood,
The chivalric and gentle blood
In Old Virginia.

I love the love of native sod,
The simple faith that trusts in God,
The heads bowed neath the chastening rod,
In Old Virginia.

The Unfinished Prayer.

"Now I lay me—say it darling,"
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending,
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep," "to s'leep," she murmured;

And the curly head bent low.

"I pray the Lord," I gently added—

"You can say it all, I know."

"Pay the Lord," the words came faintly

Fainter still, "my soul to teep,"

Then the tired head fairly nodded,

And my child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,

When I clasped her to my breast,

And the dear voice gently whispered,

"Mamma, Dod knows all de yest."

Oh! the trusting, sweet confiding

Of the child-heart! Would that I

Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,

He who hears my feeblest cry!

—*Selected.*

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