

# CAMPFIRE TALES

## Our Flag!

They've hung a big Old Glory on a rope across the street,  
And just to see it flutter puts a tickle in my feet.  
And sends a crinkle up my back and down into each arm—  
It makes me hear the bugle call and feel war's awful charm;  
I hear the life notes shrilling and the throbbing of the drum;  
I hear the yell of battle as the thunderous hoof thuds come;  
I see men's bodies falling, though their spirits never lag—  
Such thrills as this run through me when I see that swaying flag!

Look—look! The breeze has caught it up and holds it, while the sun sets all its stripes a-gitter, while the ripples race and run!  
The glory of those ruddy bands shut in by lanes of white  
Floods all my dusky deskroom with a lingering, loving light;  
I drop my work enraptured; while, to break that magic spell,  
I doff my hat and wave it, with a loud, ecstatic yell—  
I love that flag! I love it with a love would dare and die—  
God bless those glorious Stripes and Stars flung out against the sky!

I love it, as did Francis Key, who penned the immortal song;  
I love it with a fervor that can never think it wrong;  
I love it for the freedom it has given unto men;  
I love it for its beauty, for its gracefulness, and then  
I love it with the patriot love that never wonders why,  
But sheds hot tears whenever those folds he sees athwart the sky;  
I love it for the lessons it has taught to men of brag—  
But most of all I love just because it is OUR FLAG!

—Baltimore American.

## Union Ex-Prisoners of War.

The national officers of the Union Ex-Prisoners of War for the year are: National commander, Col. J. D. Walker of Pittsburg, Pa.; national senior vice commander, John Kissane of Cincinnati, O.; national junior vice commander, John L. Parker of Lynn, Mass.; national chaplain, the Rev. John S. Ferguson of Keokuk, Iowa; national historian, Gen. Harry White of Indiana, Pa. The executive committeemen are: Gov. A. T. Bliss of Michigan, Major Charles G. Davis of Boston, Charles W. Fischer of Minnesota and O. A. Parsons of Pennsylvania. The national commander has appointed Stephen M. Long of East Orange, N. J., adjutant general; John A. Fairman of Allegheny, Pa., chief of staff, and William C. McKelvey as special aid for the next encampment.

## The Badge Money Cannot Buy.

The first badge of the Grand Army was a modest one, as became so modest men as those who were to wear it. It was made of silver or silver plate,



the extreme dimensions being one inch long by one inch wide. The lower half was occupied by two American flags, their staffs crossed and the tops ornamented with two tassels. At the intersection of the staffs was shown an open Bible with crossed swords resting upon it, and the letters "G. A. R." displayed around it. In the angle formed by the flags was a small field piece placed in front of an anchor, while behind all were two rifles crossed. At the top of the badge appeared the cabalistic letters and figure, "B" "3" "N," the significance of which will be recalled by all who

were members of the order at that time.

In October, 1868, the national council of administration made a change in the badge by placing an eagle at the top for a pin; one talon clasped a branch of laurel and the other a bundle of arrows, emblematic of peace and war. Officers added a circle beneath the shield, the center of which bore the familiar star, eagle, or bar, indicating their respective rank.

Contracts were made for the manufacture of these badges, either silver or gold plated, or solid silver or gold, at prices ranging from 40 cents to \$25 each. Such a variety of prices and



material was very unsatisfactory to the comrades, and as the manufacturers soon failed comparatively few of the badges were made.

## Entitled to More.

Old soldiers of the West, especially those of Nebraska, remember Gen. Dilworth, of Hastings. A braver soldier never lived, and a more genial gentleman never made happy an evening around a campfire. During one of the skirmishes prior to the engagement on Lookout mountain Gen. Dilworth was standing upon the breastworks taking an observation, with the bullets singing a chorus around him. "Jake" Dew, a private in the ranks, stood up beside the general, who turned and said:

"Get down, Jake, they'll hit you."  
"But what about you?" queried Dew.  
"You only get \$13 a month," said Dilworth, "and mustn't take any chances. I get \$240 a month to stand up and get shot at."

Just then a cloud of shrapnel came singing along, and Dilworth jumped down and hugged the earth. Dew, with his nose shoved in the ground, exclaimed:

"Why ain't you standing up, general?"  
"They don't pay enough," was the response.—The Commoner.

## Effect of Smoking Coffee.

Two old men in blue uniforms, veterans attending the soldiers' reunion, sat on a bench in Boston Common.

"What was your hardest week during the war?" said the first veteran.  
"My hardest week," the other answered, "was the one when I had no tobacco. I'll never forget that."

He paused to light a cigar. Then he went on:

"Do you know what we all smoked during that week? Why, sir, we all smoked coffee. We ground up our coffee coarse and smoked it in our pipes."

The other veteran looked interested. "How did it taste?" he said.  
"Taste?" Why, it tasted about like you'd think it would.

"Smelt good, I bet you."  
"Yes, smelt all right."  
"Any bad effect from it?"  
"Gorry, yes. Took the skin off all our tongues."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## Pictured Animals.

Have a blackboard at one side of the room. Give each player a slip of paper containing the name of some animal. Each in turn must go to the blackboard and draw a picture of the animal whose name is on his slip of paper. The company then guess what each one is meant to represent.

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## The Christmas Fellows.

Gettin' close to Christmas, an' you hear 'em, every day:  
"How long is it away—  
How long is it away—  
How long is it away?"  
They're thinkin' of the runnin' of the reindeer, with the sleigh—  
"How long is it away  
Till Christmas?"

Bless 'em—little fellows—with the rosy cheeks of May,  
"How long is it away—  
How long is it away?"  
There is no sweeter language that the shiny angels say:  
"How long is it away  
Till Christmas?"

An' the old folks get to thinkin'—with furrowed brows an' gray:  
"How long it seems away—  
How long it seems away!"  
An' they are as little children, as for those they love they pray:  
"God keep the little fellows  
To their Christmas!"  
—Atlanta Constitution.

## Gave Riders a Bath.

An incident is related of a horse, kind, intelligent and good-natured, but as full of fun as a person might be, as will be seen by the joke he played upon some boys. They were four of the lads, and one day they undertook to ride the horse bareback, all at once. Dobbin gave no warning of his intentions, but walked off, apparently almost asleep, until he reached a stream of water, into which he walked and laid down, emptying all the four boys into the water, and then, turning, galloped home.

## A Twelfth Night Party

Or the feast of the star, was an olden time merry-making which is modernized for twentieth century children in the book of children's parties.

The chief feature of the twelfth night revels was the choosing of the king and queen and their court by means of cards on which pictures were drawn and colored to represent the different characters. Such cards the hostess provides beforehand, and as the children arrive each girl draws one from a tray, on which are placed, face downward, cards representing the queen and her ladies. Each boy takes a card from another tray, which contains those for the king and his lords in waiting. In an adjoining room the hostess, to whom each child in turn is sent, dresses him in the property or bit of costume belonging to the character which his card bears. It is a gay little court; king and queen with gold paper crowns, jester in parti-cil-



ored cap and tinkling bells, the herald with trumpet, and the lords and ladies in waiting with their wands tipped each with a golden star.

Fortunately their dignity is laid aside, for they will not need it in the merry game of air ball. Two bright colored paper balls are provided for this game, also two palm leaf fans tied with ribbons of the same colors. Two captains are elected, who choose sides

and colors. A goal is arranged at each end of the room by placing two chairs or footstools a yard apart. A chair is also placed half way between the goals in the middle of the room. Each team takes possession of a goal and the ball and fan in its colors. Two players at a time contest, one from each side. Each stands in front of his goal, fan in hand, his paper ball at his feet. At a signal from the hostess, who acts as umpire, each child fans his ball toward the opponent's goal. The object is to send the ball between the legs of the chair in the center of the room and through the goal of the opposing team. The players are not allowed to touch the ball, which is moved by the breeze of the fan alone. The team that scores the most is rewarded with a bouquet of flowers, which is divided by the captain among the players.

After other jolly games there is a supper, which includes individual star-shaped cakes with a ring baked in one.

## Poor Dragon.

The dragon is a very much abused beast. In every country in the world but one he is looked upon as a fire-breathing monster that likes nothing better than to eat all the people in a village, set fire to the houses and take a nap,



saving the tender young babies and the pretty little girls for dessert.

The one country in the world where this kind of monster is given credit for his good heart is in China and that is the dragon's home, so they ought to know something about him. One day, a mere trifle of 2,800 years ago, so the Chinese legends say, while the Emperor Fu-hsi was walking beside the river Lo, a yellow dragon rose from the water and taught him the art of writing, giving him an alphabet, so that the Chinese could record their history and make out laundry tickets, and for this the Chinese worship the dragon to this day. Even the emperor's throne is still called "the dragon's seat." The dragon which is shown here was drawn by the Chinese artist and shows the fabled monster rising amid flames from the river Lo with "the pearl of mystic powers" between its claws.

Of course, there never was a real dragon. It is only a mythical beast, the first stories of which probably arose from descriptions handed down from father to son of those ancient days when the earth was the home of the dinosaurs and other terrible creatures with no less terrible names.

## Concealed Sentences.

Concealed in each one of these is a sentence that expresses exactly the same thing in a much better way. Transpose the words so that you make a new and more simple sentence, being careful to use every word that is in the original sentence:

Vastly different are the ways, right and wrong, of saying things.

Try, again try, if you don't at first succeed.

Cheerless over hills of gray that brief December day rose the sun.

Everything is worth doing well that is worth doing.

Thou sluggard, go to the ant; be wise and consider its ways.

Fear makes all of us cowards.