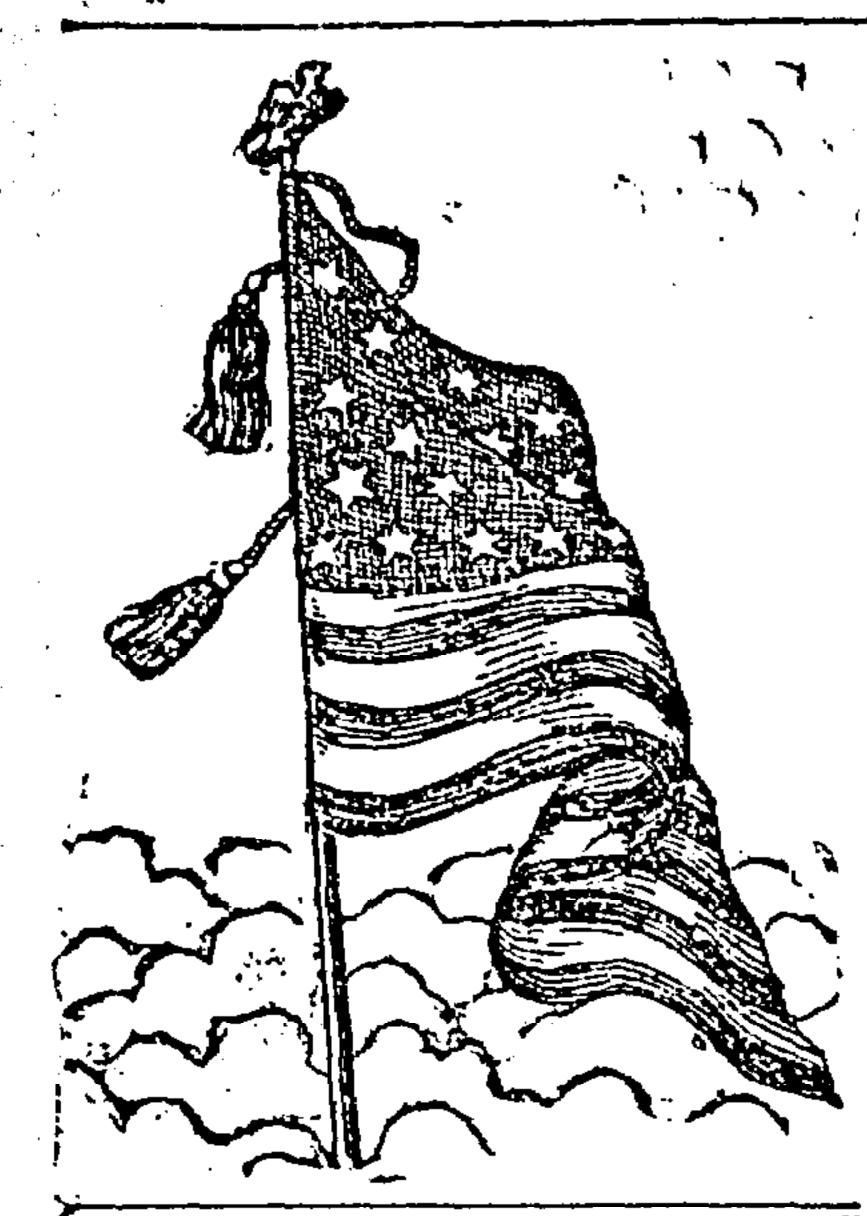
WAR SONGS FOR ATCHISON FOTKS

Get Out Your Melodeon, and Practice Them Up. Also, a Lot of Good Poetry for the Children to My second to lot would est you for food, Recite---Keep This Page for Future Reference.



"REMEMBER THE MAINE!" Then the vengeunce wakes, when the battle And the ships sweep out to sea, When the foo is neared, when the decks are And the colors floating free,

When the squadrons meet, when it's fleet to And front to front with Spain, From ship to ship, from lip to lip, Pass on the quick refrain, "Remember, remember the Maine!"

When the flag shall sign, "Advance in line: Train ships on an even keel," When the guns shall flash and the shot shall And bound on the ringing etcel, When the rattling blusts from the armore Are hurling their deadliest rain,

Let their voices loud, through the blinding Cry ever the fierce refrain, "Remember, remember the Mainel" God's sky and sea in that storm shall be Fato's chaos of smoke and flame But across that hell overy shot shall tell.

Not a gun can miss its aim; Not a blow shall fail on the crumbling mail. And the waves that engulf the slain Shall sweep the decks of the blackened wrecks With the thundering, dread refrain "Remember, remember the Mainel" Robert Burns Wilson in New York Herald.

ANSWERING TO ROLL CALL. [Air, "Marching Through Georgia."]

This one fought with Jackson and faced the fight with Lee, That one followed Sherman as he galloped to But they're marchin on together just as friendly as can be, And they'll answer to the roll call in the morn-

Thoy'll rally to the fight In the stormy day and night In bonds that no cruel fate shall sever. While the storm winds waft on high Their ringin battlecry, "Our country—our country forever!" The brave old flag above them is ripplin down

Each crimson stripe the emblem of the blood by heroes shed. It shall wave for them victorious or droop above them dead. For they'll answer to the roll call in the morn-

They'll rally to the fight

In the stormy day and night In bonds that no cruel fate shall sever. While their far famed battlecry Shall go ringin to the sky, "Our country—our country forever!" -F. L. Stanton in Chicago Times-Herald.

A VETERAN'S LAMENT.

Oh, for the boys of the old brigade Who fought in the ranks of Lee, Who charged the columns when Sherman With his legions for the seal But the grasses of forest and field and glade Wave over the boys of the old brigade.

Oh, for the boys of the old brigade Who fought by my side that day When we battled for victory, blade to blade, And the ranks at our rush gave way! But lone in the silence and shadow they're And the grasses wave green o'er the old bri-

Oh, for the boys of the old brigade! And the legions seem to come From a thousand graves, like breastworks And march to the rolling drum. Like sundows they march and like shadows The ghosts of the boys of the old brigade. And God rest the boys of the old brigade And hallow the turf that lies Flowering over each crimsoned blade And over their dreaming eyes!

-Atlanta Constitution. THE SUMMONS OF THE DRUM

Be sentinels over the old brigade!

Hark, I hear the tramp of thousands And of armed men the hum. Lo. a notion's hosts have gathered Round the quick, alarming drum, Saying, "Come,

Ere your heritage be wasted," said th quick, alarming drum. "But whon won the coming battle, What of profit springs therefrom?

What if conquest, subjugation,

Even greater fils become?" But the drum Apswered: "Come! You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee answering drum.

Thus they answered, hoping, fearing, Some in faith and doubting some, Till a trumpet voice proclaiming Said, "My chosen people, come!"

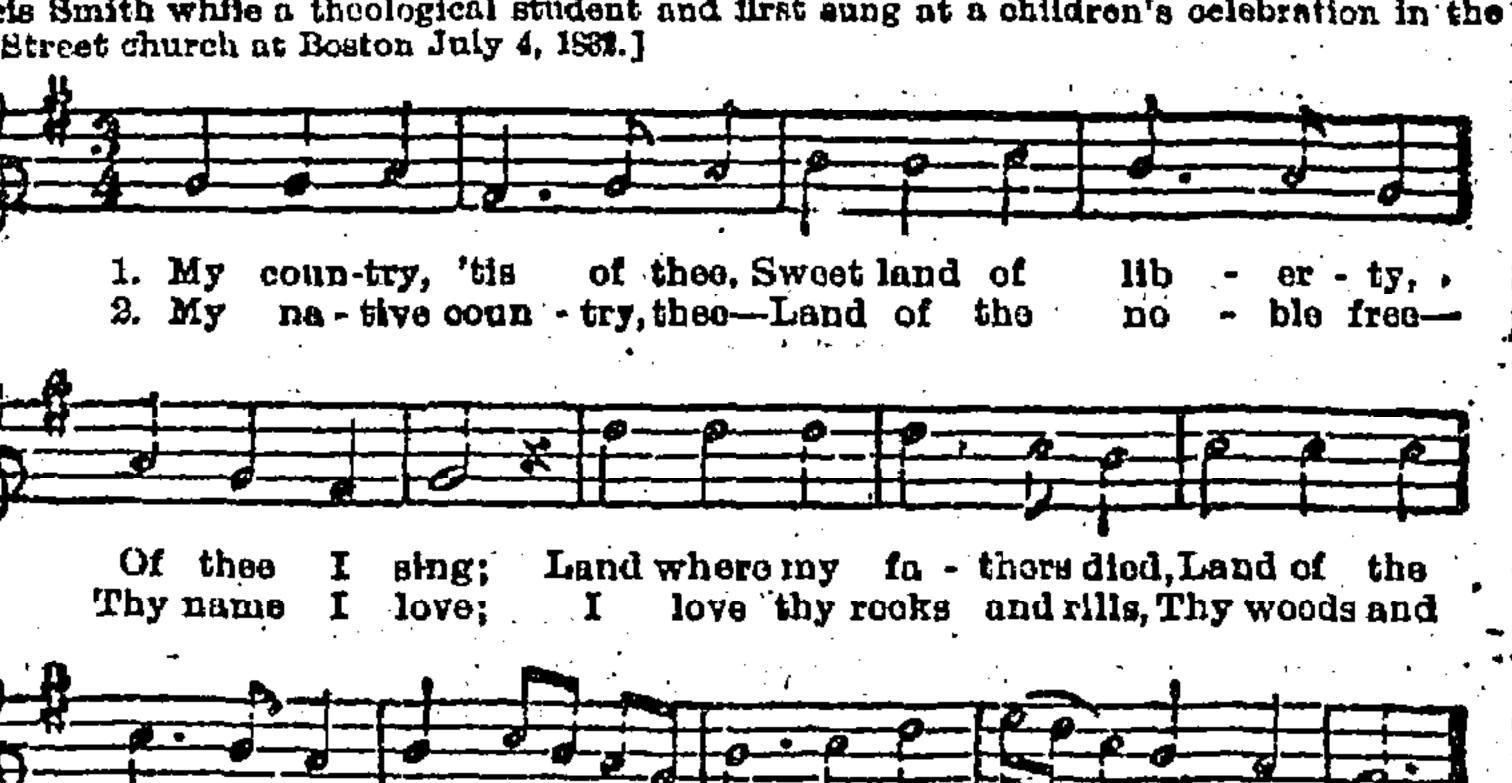
Then the drum. Lo. was dumb. For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered, "Lord, we come!"







Francis Smith while a theological student and first sung at a children's celebration in the Park Street church at Boston July 4, 1831.]



pilgrim's pride, From ev 'ry moun-tain side Let free - dom ring! templed hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - boyo. 4. Our father's God, to thee,

3. Let music swell the breeze And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Lot rocks their silence break;

Author of liberty, To thee wasing: Long may our kind be bright ! F With freedom's holy light: Protect us by thy might,

STAR SPANGLED BANNER,

f"The Star Spangled Banner" was written by Francis Boots Key, who witnessed the British attack upon Fort McHenry in 1814 and was inspired by the sight of the stare and stripes floating over the fort after firing had ceased, proclaiming an American victory.] O say can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hail'd at the 2. On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the fee's haughty host in dread And where is that band who so vauntingly swore, That the havec of war and the O thus be it over when Freemen shall stand Between their lov'd home, and the twilight's last gleaming; Whose stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight, O'er the

gi-lenco re-pos-es; What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep As it bat-le's con-fus-ion. A home and a coun - try shall leave us no more-Their war's desclation; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heav'n rescu'd land, Praise the

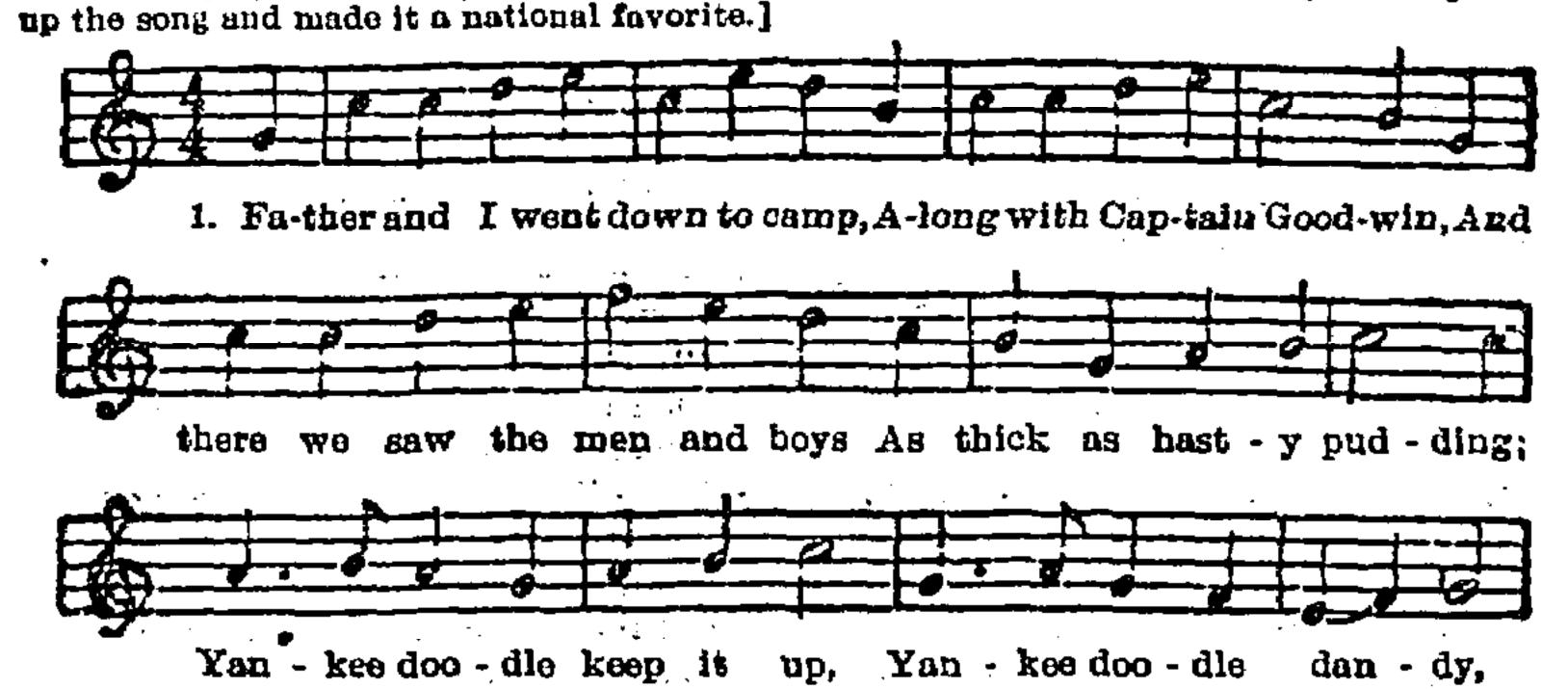
ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming; And the rockets' red glare, the bombs fit-ful-ly blows, half conceals, half discloses; Now it catches the gleam of the blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' polution. No refuge could save the Pow'r that hath made and preserv'd us a nation: And this be our motto-"In

bursting in air, Gave proof three the night that our Flag was still there. Osay does that morning's first beam, In full glory reflect'd, now shines in the stream, 'Tie the Star Spangl'd hirdling and slave From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave; And the Star Spangl'd God is Our Trust" And conquer we must, when our cause it is just, And the Star Spangl'd

Star Spangl'd Banner yet wave O'er the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. Banner, O long may it wave O'er the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. Banner in triumph doth wave O'er the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. Banner in triumph shall wave O'er the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave.

YANKEE DOODLE,

The tune of "Yankee Doodle" was known in England as early as the reign of Charles I and was used to satirize Cromwell. In colonial times it was coupled with various dogrerel verses and played and sung by the British in ridicule of the Americans. The patriots dicked



Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be hand - y.

Mind the mu-sic and the step, And with the girls be hand - y. 2. And there was General Washington And there I see'd a little keg. Upon a snow white charger. All bound around with leather. He look'd as big as all outdoors; They beat it with two little sticks. Some thought he was much larger. To call the men together. . And there they had a copper gun, 5. But I can't tell you half I see'd;

Big as a log of maple. They kept up such a smother. They tied it to a wooden cart, I took my hat off, made a bow, A load for father's cattle. And scamper'd home to mother,

DIXIE'S LAND.

["Dixie's Land" was written by Dan Emmett in 1859 for Bryant's Minstrels. Emmett was a member of the company and was asked one Saturday to compose "a hurrah walk around--semething to make noise with—and bring it in Monday." The famous southern song and a olace among the immortals were the result of Emmett's Sunday work.]



Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land I'll

took my stand, To lib an die in Dix-ie,

2. Old missus marry "Will-de-weaber," 4. Now here's a health to the next old Willium was a gay deceaber; But when he put his arm around 'or He smiled as tierce as a forty pounder, But if you want to drive 'way sorrow' Come and hear dis song tomorrow; Look away! etc.

way I

8. Dis face was sharp as a butcher's But dat did not seem to greab 'er; Look away! etc. Old missus acted de foolish part And died for a man dat broke her-

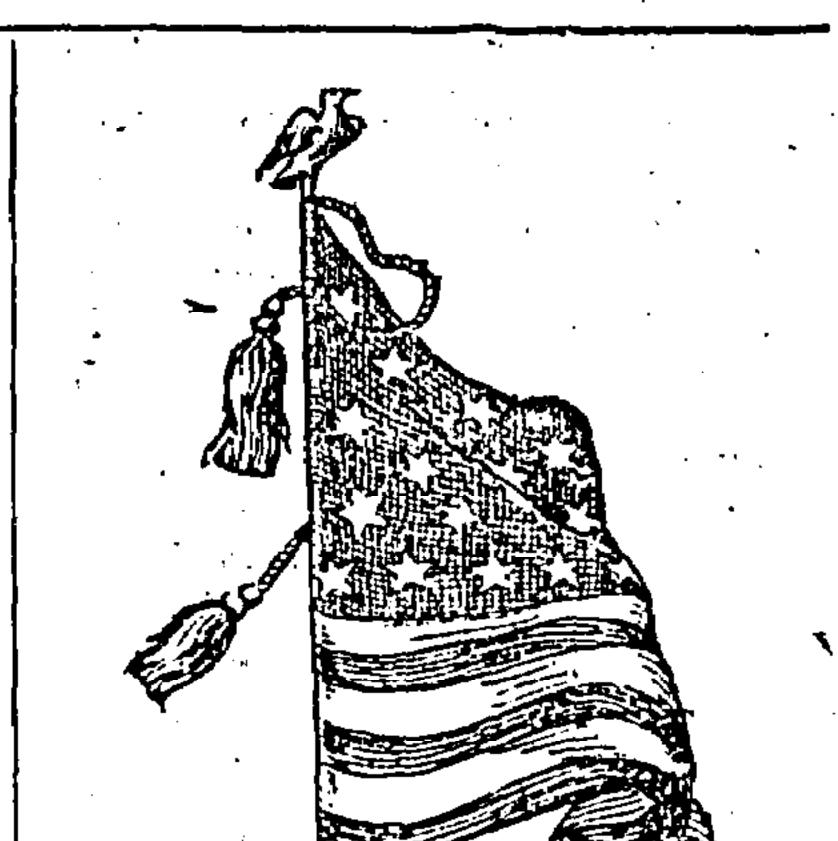
Look away! ofc.

way down south in Dix-ie. A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dixie. An all de gals dat want to kiss us: Look away! etc.

Look away! etc.

Dix-ie Land.

5. Dar's buckwheat cakes an Ingen-batter. Makes you fat or a little fatter: Look away! etc. Den boe it down an soratch your grate To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble: Look Bwegi etc.



Comes a cry from the Cuban water, From the warm, dusk Antilles, From the lost Atlanta's daughter. Drowned in blood as drowned in seas— Comes a cry of purpled anguish. See her struggles! Hear her cries! Shall she live, or shall she languish? Shall she sink, or shall she rise?

She shall rise by all that's holy! She shall live, and she shall last, Rise as we, when crushed and lowly. From the blackness of the past Bid her strike! Lo, it is written Blood for blood and life for life Bid her smite as she is smitten. Stars and stripes were born of strife.

Once we flashed our lights of freedom, Lights that dazzled her dark eyes Till she could but yearning heed them, Reach her hands and try to rise. Then they stabbed her, choked her, drown Till we scarce could hear a note.

Ah, these rustling chains that bound her!

Oh, these robbers at her throat!

And the kind that forged these fetters? Ask five hundred years for news. Stake and thumbscrew for their betters Inquisition! Banished Jews! Chains of slavery! What reminder Of one red man in that land?

Why, these very chains that bound her

Bound Columbus, foot and hand! She shall rise as rose Columbus From his chains, from shame and wrong. Rise as morning, matchless, wondrous, Rise as some rich morning song, Rise a ringing song and story, Valor, love personified.

Stars and stripes espouse her glory, Love and liberty allied. -Josquin Miller in Milwaukee Sentinel.

THE BEST OLD GUN IN TOWN

I never thought I'd need her, That gun o' mine, ag'in: N'er ever have ter take her Frum the rack she's rustin in. But times is changed, an, Johnny, You might's well han' her down. Thar's still some fightin in her. The best ole gun in town!

They heard her at Manassas. She ripped away like fun. An made some lively music. I tell you, at Bull Run, An ever whars she helt her ow Till peace come 'long ter d That overpowerin voice o' her'n, The best ole gun in town!

I'm sorry that she's needed-I 'lowed the wars wuz done. An that I'd never have ter fill More graves with that ole gun-But times is changed, an, Johnny, You might's well han' her down, Once more they'll hear the music O' the best ole gun in fown! -F. L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

A WAR SONG.

To arms! the eagle screams. The bugle sounds the call. The roar of battle's on the breeze. Our gallant navy plows the seas. We're ready, one and all!

A Spartan spirit fills the land

And mounts upon the gale. Our flying squadrons furious ride Upon the ocean, deep and wide, Surcharged with iron hail! The stars and stripes our oriflamb, The Maine our battledry,

We'll swift avenge our shipmates' death. Spain execrate at every breath And fight her till we die! We'll arbitrate with cannon balls, Teach rapine to refrain,

O'erturn by force of arms the wrong, In God our trust, in justice strong, Till liberty obtain! We'll double shot each bellowing gun And tinge the oceans red,

Rain down upon Spain's vaunted fleet An avalanche of iron sleet And pave their decks with dead. As bravely speed our gallant tars Across the raging sea, We'll charge upon the Spanish main Annihilate the hordes of Spain And set poor Cuba free! -David James Evans.

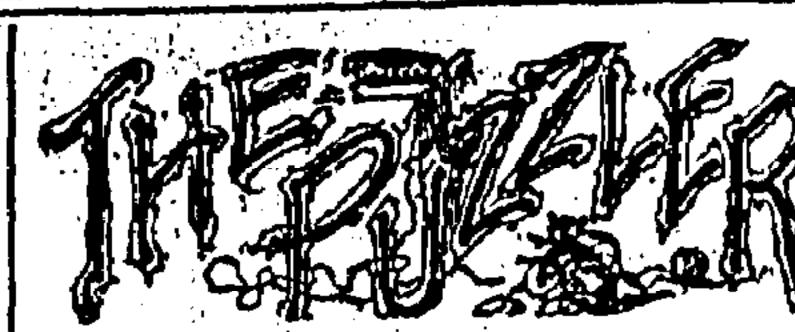
MARCHING SOUTHWARD. Again the fire of Bunker Hill

Fills every martial band. Again the sound of marching feet Is heard throughout the land.

The hosts are streaming through the Along historic ways, And Chickamauga sees again The campfire's fitful blaze.

Now southron marches side by side His friend from lands of snow. And every blade is drawn against The nation's common foe.

Among north Georgia's somber hills The bugle calls to strife, And ghosts that dwell on Kenesaw Are stirred again with life. -J. A. Hall in Atlanta Journal.



My whole is a plant you see every day.

No. 97.-Charade.

It blooms through the months of April and No. 08.—Definitions.

Phonetic and otherwise. A lotter and a weight equal "to in-2. The same letter and "hearty" equal "to breathe out."

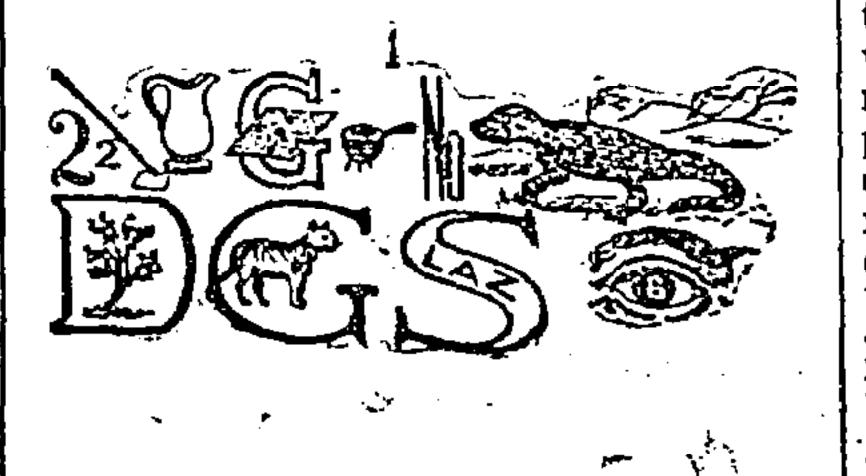
equal "to surpass," problem to be solved." money" equal "reciprocity."

7. The letter and "saucy" equal "a 8. The letter and "a machine for print- superior to those of Spain. It will be re-

skillful porson." ing" equal "to declare." sholter" equal "size." No. 99,-The Meeting of the Wise. CUBA LIBRE. 5 • • • • • • 8

> for his wisdom; 3 to 1, a man who was a severe fight against the United States as called by Jeffrey "The most Shakespearean | soon as the occasion arises. of our great divines;" 4 to 1, a great American statesman; 5 to 1, the surname of "Fighting Joe;" 13 to 2, one of the which there is such a vast gulf between seven sages; 6 to 2, a great philosopher of officers and privates that no emergency is the Elizabethan period; 7 to 8, a very fa- ever permitted to bridge it; where the mous author; 8 to 3, a celebrated satirist commissioned officers take no interest and man of letters; 9 to 4, the author of the line, "The poetry of earth is never dead;" 10 to 4, a great Scotch poet; 11 to | ment; where guns are allowed to become 5, a great American tragedian; 12 to 5, rusty for lack of care; where the soldiers the author of our national hymn.

No. 100,-Illustrated Rebuses.





-Country Gentleman.

No. 101.-Charade. Beneath the gaslight's brilliant glare The feast was spread with dainties rare. My whole was set with silver fine And shining glass and sparkling wine. A wise professor, old and staid, Was talking to a chattering maid. In ancient lore she was not versed: She was my LAST and he my FIRST, While I across the table sat, Wishing I could enjoy her chat.

No. 102.-Beheadments. . Behead a small animal and leave a

writing fluid. 2. Behead another animal and leave 8. Behend part of a ship and leave a wa-

4. Behead visionary and leave to dis-5. Behead very clean and leave to con-6. Behead a bird and leave a large ves-

Behead to arm and leave to taunt. 8. Behead annual and leave very soon. The beheaded letters form the name of a very prominent man in the United States.

No. 103.-Bidden Vegetables. . Cook, put them in the pot at once. 3. Gaspar, a gust of wind nearly blow B. Ah, that plum tart I choked over i

4. My last was a bad situation. I only wish I could find a better one. 5. He gets up each morning at eight. 6. You must be an actress. How They Differ. How geese and ladies differ

You enally may guess. Ladies are often dressed to kill. While geese are killed to dress. Rey to the Puzzier, No. 91.—Word Squares:

BOLL,

R R L S

No. 93.—The Traveling Coins: No answor required. 10+11+12=33. 3. Greater number 23, that sleep did not come to his pillow. He losser 18. 4. 17+18+19=54. 5. 6 and 30. | told me the other day that in the course No. 94.—A Mechanical Device:

TAYBOLT

No. 95.—Transpositions: Somerset Snail. 2. Over: 8. Manchester. 4. Esther. No. 06.—Charades: 1. Bar-rack.

5. Robin. 6. Salmon. 7. Eagle. 8. Tur-Bag-pipe. 3. Bride-groom. 4. Bar-row.

DEWEY'S BIG VICTORY:

Effect of His Splendid Triumph In Washington.

HAILED WITH JOYFUL ACCLAIM.

Our Army Also Believed to Be Vastly Superfor to Spain's—Weakness of the Spanish Military System-How the President Received the News From Manilla.

WASHINGTON, May 9.- [Special.]-Ad-8. The letter and "a room in a prison" | mirai Dewey's victory at Manilla produced In great effect here. Although there had 4. The letter and "to quote" equal "to been no lack of confidence in the ultimate triumph of American arms in the struggle 5. The letter and "liberal" equal "a with Spain, when the news of the victory came it was halled with acclaim by offi-6. The letter and "unother kind of cials of every grade. It was regarded as indicating some most important factors of the situation. One of these is that American gunnery and naval tactics are surely membered by readers of these dispatches 9. The letter and "a certain kind of that I some time ago pointed this out as one of the reasons why the Americans would be sure to whip the Spaniards. Confirmation of that view, which was given upon the authority of naval experts, has come very suddenly. The first engagements of the war have demonstrated its accuracy. Not only at Manilla, but at Matanzas and in every skirmish between the contending forces, have the Americans shown superior skill and management.

What is true of the naval forces is true without question of the military arms of the two nations. As soon as a serious collision comes between the armies of Spain and the United States it will be found that the soldiers of the latter country are very much the superior of those of the former in marksmanship, in care of guns and equipment, in discipline and morale. It is not meant by this that the soldiers or | Spain are utterly worthless. Far from it. The Spaniards are a fighting people, as history shows, and our most conservative ' military mon agree that if the troops which Spain now has in Cuba were led by ablo men and by honest and ceurageous men who knew how to train their men and get From 2 to 1, King of Pylos, renowned | the best out of them, they would put up Cause of Spain's Decline.

But what is to be said of an army in whatever in their men, their physical coudition or the state of their arms and equipare so little trained that in an engagement half of them point their weapons in the lair, and it is believed many of them shut their eyes before pulling the trigger; where organization of hospital corps, commissary trains, camp outlit, everything pertaining to the ramifications of an army excepting only those things which make for the comfort of the officers is neglected day after day and month after month? What can be expected of an army that is

poorly fed and that has not been paid for It has been suggested by members of the diplomatic corps who know Spanish character that the secret of Spain's rapid decline among the nations of the earth is found in this very fact. Neither her civil nor her military affairs are administered with the energy, honesty and skill which characterize the public administrations of America, of Great Britain, of Germany, of France and Russia. The Spaniard as a man of affairs is successful only in a private capacity when guarding his own. Ho is a failure in public service, and even in corporate activity be is not a shining light. Many of the largest corporations in Spain are of foreign organization, captital, officers and managers. It has been found that in order to secure honest and effective administration of affairs it is necessary to employ Englishmen, Germans

ganization, fidelity and executive work that characterize the Angle-Saxons. I am told that President McKinley was the happiest man in Washington when the news came of the victory at Manilla. Of course it is no secret that the president went into the war reluctantly and with many misgivings. Once in it his greatest desire was to secure results that would make for peace with the smallest possible loss of life on either side. When Admiral Dewey's fleet destroyed the enemy's ships lat Manilla, the president in common with many other public men here concluded a

or Frenchmen. This does not mean that

lall Spaniards are dishonest or incapable,

but they have not the adaptability to or-

great and not very costly step toward ' peace had been taken. Manilla Made McKipley Laugh. "I was at the White House when the news from Manilla reached the president," said one senator to me, "and on that occasion, for the first time in several weeks, 1 heard a hearty laugh from the president's

lips. His face showed what a relief the news was to him. Ever since the tidings of the victory came he has been a different man. I suppose you know that for a couplo of weeks, while the crisis was at its height, Mr. McKinley was pretty nearly worn out. He sould not sleep, and ability to sleep under the most trying circumstances and thus to regain his strongth has always been his strong point. I have known him for many years, and I can remember a number of occasions when he would retire to bed while every one around him was wildly excited and in a few minutes be fast asleop. I have known him to curl up in the corner of a seat in an ordi-- o | nary railway coach, while bands of music A 13 B D and shouting crowds were making the welkin ring, and go off to the land of no as if everything was calm and peacefu around him. But this Spanish crisis, until the die was cast and congress had taken No. 93.—Arithmetical Puzzles: 1. 9. 2. Its final action, so stirred the president of some 73 hours he did not sleep five hours, and that he was more nearly worn out than he had ever before been in all bis long career as a public man and as a

The happy effect of the naval triumph at Manilla upon the president is characteristic of the effect it has had upon almost every one here in Washington. In well informed circles the talk is all to the. offoot that Manilla marks the beginning of the end. With one more good victory. either on land or sea it is believed Spain | will make overtures to the powers of Europe for mediation which will afford her. cover for a retreat. The prevailing impression in Washington is that the war will be over in three months at the longest, and many think a few weeks will bring the end of it.

WALTER WELLMAN.

