FOURERS



JUST ODDS AND ENDS.

we will be showing the

In the booming of the cannon there's a grand, impulsive thrill Like to that which roused a people mid the smoke of Bunker Hill. And in triumph waves that banner men have carried through the wars. With its sacred white and crimson and the splendor of its stars. The trenches are no kinger red where streams that standard fair. Uplified is the hymn of peace upon the summer air. And far and wide from palm, to pino, from distant sea to sea. The Nation proudly celebrates the Ergh of Likes. The Nation of the glorious post Ultipleads in their restinuing more And the grand eld Continentuli in their restinuing more. It And the grand eld Continentuli in their restinuing more And the grand eld Continentuli in their restinuing more And the grand eld Continentuli in their restinuing more And the start of Marine values from the summer direct the And Glore suards Marine Verma in the Unique start and the dire and Liber wrests actin apper themes is reading wood.

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LIBERTY'S NATAL DAY.

Wield and

In Old England

The Walking Gallows

WARS CAUSED BY SALIC LAW



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Old Glory flass this cheriable's day beneath the distant skies. And herees greet is with a flaat where Santiago lies. Aye, neath its own immerial folds amid the traine sea Our brethren of the polen and pine stand up for yet free. The eagle battler file gammage is the literation of the sun And scars with consistent trained where the Cuban rivers run Yea, where our basited is emblem ways with many 5 write an The rose of love and page the day bloom on the type 5-per

Let every bell ring out the fame of Freedom's while stay. Let every beemain lift his voice from occan spray to spray A chain of ever glorious years cuices with many a threft The Hall of Independence and the crest of San Juan's hill. We celebrate a nation's birth mild the cannon's roar. Yet estile Peace hath spread her wings with fave from shore to shu No North, no South, no East, no West, but One in purpose free United stands this land of ours for God and Liberty.

The flags that kissed the breezes where the Shenandah flows No longer Hy abare the ranks that met as stubborn loes. The marital tread of thousands shake no more the cast and west, And Freedom's eagle builds in peace on Lookou's lofty creat. The graves down in the valley and the mounds upon the height Columbia gently covers with a sheen of blossoms bright. And all the bells are ringing as the story is relold Hose Independence triumphed in the glorious days of old.

THE PRESCHOOL



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T. C. HARRAUGH