

Official Memorial Ceremony
OF THE
Improved Order of Red Men,
COMMEMORATING
The 100th Anniversary
OF THE
Death of George Washington,
TO BE USED BY
Tribes of the Order
ON THE
14th Sleep of Hunting Moon,
G. S. D. 408.

Directions for Preparing for the Ceremony.

Back of the stump of the Sachem, and about level with his head when standing, a framed picture of Washington is to be hanging, thoroughly concealed from view but in a manner so that the picture can be instantly unveiled at the proper moment in the ceremony.

There is to be provided for the Chief acting as Senior Sagamore a flag which is concealed behind his stump until needed for use in the ceremony.

Also, there is to be provided for the Chief acting as Junior Sagamore a wreath of evergreen, or flowers, for use at the proper time and until then to be concealed.

An open way for passage of the Chiefs must be left between the stumps of the Sagamores and that of the Sachem.

A short time previous to the run named for the beginning of the exercises, the Sachem, Prophet, Sagamores and two Sannaps will assemble in the ante room, clothed in regalia appropriate to their rank and ready to enter at the proper moment.

Promptly at the appointed run the Chief selected to act as Master of Ceremonies will assume the stump of the Sachem. If there is an orchestra in attendance or if other instrumental music has been provided, he may request a selection from it. After the instrumental music he will rise in his place and say:

AMERICA.

My Country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet Land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

Our Father's God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light,
Protect us with Thy might,
Great God, our King.

As the concluding verse of the hymn is being sung, the Chiefs in the ante room will enter and proceed to their proper stations, remaining standing until given the signal to be seated by the Sachem. At the conclusion of the singing the Master of Ceremonies hands the tomahawk to the Chief acting as Sachem and says:

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: Sachem, with this emblem of authority I now surrender to you the further conduct of these solemn ceremonies.

The Master of Ceremonies will take a seat near the Sachem. The Sachem will say:

SACHEM: The audience will now be seated. (Gives one rap with the tomahawk.)

After waiting a very brief period, the Sachem, without rising, will give one rap with the tomahawk and say:

SACHEM: We will now proceed with the solemn ceremonies of the occasion, in accordance with the mandates of our honored Great Chiefs.

The First Sannap then rises and says:

FIRST SANNAP: Like the primitive Red men, our Order recognizes and venerates the controlling power of the Great

Spirit. Should we not, then, ask the Divine guidance for this memorial service? For that purpose, therefore, let our worthy Prophet invoke the Great Spirit.

The Sachem will rise and say:

SACHEM: Sannap, your words are words of wisdom and shall be heeded. Brothers, sisters and friends, kindly rise and remain standing during the invocation of our worthy Prophet. (Turning to the Prophet)—Worthy Prophet, will you invoke the Great Spirit in our behalf?

PROPHET: We are here tonight, O Great Spirit, to honor Thee by paying homage to the life of one of Thy most worthy servants. Thy name is honored most by honoring Thy handiwork. To glorify Thy creation is Thy greatest praise. And so, O Great Spirit, we meet tonight to recall the virtues, to praise the noble deeds, to recount the devotion to his country and to review the unselfish life of Washington, the founder of our liberty. Help us tonight to reap a benefit from his example. Help us to walk the worthy way he laid out for us. Direct our lives in virtue, honor, truth and patriotism. Make us understand the value of freedom. Fill us with the love of our country and her institutions and guard us securely from the danger of decay. Make of us a nation of patriots, proud of the liberty in which we live. Keep us secure from all national vice and danger, and may the dawning century be grander than the past. Be mindful, O Great Spirit, of our noble Order. Help each member to do life's duties well, and to enrich his family with his purest love. Enable us to rise and live above all unworthy things. Inspire our Tribes with increased ardor in the cause of all good. May we work together in harmony for making universal Freedom, Friendship and Charity. Inspire, also, our Great Councils with wisdom that they may guide their respective Tribes in the right path, that they go not astray and follow the path of the Evil Spirit. Prolong the lives of our Great Chiefs that we may long have the benefit of their wisdom.

And when our frail bark has touched that silent shore whence no messenger ever returns, harbor us, O Great Spirit, in the haven of Thy eternal love. Hear us, O Great Spirit.

Response by the whole Tribe: Hear us, O Great Spirit.

SACHEM: The audience will now be seated. (Gives one rap.)

Appropriate instrumental music may here be given or the audience invited to join in singing "Nearer My God to Thee."

SECOND SANNAP: Our Sachem has a message for the Tribe. His words are always words of wisdom. Therefore, let us hear him.

SACHEM: One hundred years ago the bells in all the cities of this nation were tolling; and men going to and fro upon the streets turned to ask their neighbors the cause, and received the answer that Washington, the first President of the first real republic in all the world, was dead.

In life he had been one of the founders and faithful members of the "Sons of Liberty." That Order was instituted among the American colonies to prepare the mind for the sublime idea of human liberty. To prepare the foundation in the minds of men for the deathless doctrine that all men are created equal.

That the Sons of Liberty succeeded is attested by the freedom of our people and by that charter of human rights, the Declaration of Independence; by the growth of our Republic, and the glory of our institutions.

The Improved Order of Red Men traces its origin back through varying names to that same Order, the Sons of Liberty. From that Order ours has grown. After the triumphs of human rights, after the Declaration of Independence had been ratified in the forum of debate and on the fields of death—after its doctrines were lifted above all doubt—it was well that our Order have another name. The awful struggle was at an end and, better still, the arbiter of the sword had decided that struggle in our favor. Peace,

with its prosperity, had builded schools and churches in the trenches of war, and battle-fields were now bannered with waving grain. The Sons of Liberty had largely been merged into the St. Tamina Societies, which in their turn founded the Society of Red Men of 1813. This Society flourished for just a score of years and its written records, preserved in our archives, show the prominent part it played in the events of those years, not the least of which was the grand welcome given to the great Lafayette in 1824. For causes not necessary to mention a reorganization again became necessary and the Order, first known as the Sons of Liberty, and subsequently perpetuated through the St. Tamina Society and Society of Red Men, in the year 1833 became known to the world under its present name, the Improved Order of Red Men. Proud in our great strength of 220,000 members in Tribes and Councils, we still look back with just pride to the patriotic origin of our Order in the Sons of Liberty, the real founders of our Order, and find there among his illustrious peers the sacred name of George Washington.

For this reason our Great Chiefs in council have set apart this night and called us here that we, his descendants, might commemorate the hundredth anniversary of his death; that we might recount his deeds of duty done that gem with jewels our nation's life. And that we might gain new impulse for life's work from the countless virtues that were his.

The name of Washington was held in highest veneration among primitive Red Men upon whose manners, traditions and customs our Ritual is founded. They recognized and respected his sterling integrity so much in keeping with their own innate truthfulness and sincerity, and in their religious teachings they assigned a special resting place to him in the Happy Hunting Grounds above, as the only pale-face ever permitted to enter the home of the Great Spirit.

Washington was dowered in a rare degree with that uncommon gift called common sense. It is that gift which

enables men to look beyond the little agitations of the day to that sure truth to which experience must at last arrive. It is that mental power which can reach through time a hand to catch the ultimate solution the future holds in store. It has none of that brilliancy that arouses enthusiasm or produces unnatural fervor. It leads through slow and certain paths by well considered steps up to a sure and lasting greatness. It makes each question solved, each duty done the base and basis of a higher achievement. The wayward waves of passing agitation beat in vain on such a character. But, like the mighty rock when the level of dead calm has come, its uncovered head proclaims the stability of its position.

Washington was not a genius—that is to say, he was not eccentric nor impulsive. Others shone with greater brilliancy; but his was the way that went without gild or glitter up to the highest exaltation.

France has a magnificent tomb, carved and gilded, which she has builded for a Napoleon. The sentiment of its lettering is vaunting and vain. Its matchless marble is the gift of mercenary motives. He who pauses there thinks of the pomp and splendor of that tomb, fit monument of the man it so aptly portrays.

Our nation has carved no gilded marble to keep alive the deeds of Washington. That were needless indeed. More eloquent than carved stone are the grateful heart-throbs of a mighty nation. At the tomb of Napoleon we admire the marble—at the tomb of Washington we are awed to silence in our reverence for the man. One, led by ambition, went to the glory of Austerlitz, and on to the fatal day of Waterloo, and again on to the exile and bleak and barren rocks of St. Helena. The mighty influence of the other, led by loyalty to his country, had by comparison just begun the day he died. Napoleon's guide was genius. Washington's guide was judgment.

His critics have said of Washington that in no particu-

lar was he great. The superficial student might accept that estimate as being true because in no one quality did he greatly excel another. And this was taken as proof that he was great in none. The same logic would conclude that because no one point of the rounded ocean was higher than another, it was neither deep nor vast.

The fault in the philosophy is in concluding that because he was equally great in all things he was especially great in none. Other men may have possessed in the same degree one of the rare gifts of this wonderful man, but none was found in which they were all so happily combined.

If we look for courage it was found in him in the superlative degree. Upon his heart there never fell the shadow of a fear. For seven years he was the voluntary mark of English bullets. And that, too, in a war that at first seemed almost hopeless. And when later in 1798 it seemed almost certain that our frail army should be pitted against the powerful force of France he stood ready to take the field against the great Napoleon.

In unselfishness his character was sublime. He left a home of affluence and ease and a fortune behind him and to the cause of country gave his energy and for it risked his life. And from the scant treasury of the land he served he refused to draw even the meagre pay of his rank. Afterward, when the devotion of that country tendered him a third term, feeling that the nation was firmly fixed on the map of the world, he declined the offer. Not all the fabled wealth of India could have moved him to forget his country and to think of self.

In truth and honor he was the man ideal. A falsehood never trembled on his tongue—his lips were never tarnished with a lie. From boyhood to old age he clothed himself in robes of truth and mantles of honor. In patriotism he was without a peer. But one voice could command him—that of his country. But one motive marked every movement of his life. That motive was his country's need.

In executive ability he was slow but unfailing. Others in the frenzy of enthusiasm might leap to conclusion, but he calculated with unerring certainty every step, and from the sure position reached he never wavered. Lifting a few scattered colonies by force of arms into the altitude of a republic and planting the face of that republic toward our present greatness, he attested the excellence of his worth.

In moral and religious life he was stainless as a star. He lived in that exalted height to which the poisoned arrows of slander never reach. In thought and speech he had the rare uncommon gift of modesty. But what he spoke and wrote will live forever in the literature of the race.

Such, in brief, was the character of him who was "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." His name will forever linger on the lips of his grateful people. And members of our Order will look back to him through all the years to come for inspiration to higher and better things.

And so, tonight, I give to the walls of this wigwam, that they may ever look down upon our chiefs and braves in council, the features of our patron saint—George Washington.

As the Sachem concludes his address, he unveils the picture of Washington, exposing the same to the full view of the audience. He will then say:

SACHEM: The audience will please join in singing

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

TUNE:—John Brown and Glory, Glory Hallelujah.
Words by JULIA WARD HOWE.

- 1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored,
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift
sword:
His truth is marching on.—Cho.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!

His truth is marching.

- 2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps:
His day is marching on.—Cho.
- 3 I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemnners, so with you my grace
shall deal:
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his
heel,
Since God is marching on.—Cho.
- 4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment
seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my
feet!
Our God is marching on.—Cho.
- 5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.—Cho.

FIRST SANNAP: Our Sachem's gift is a most fitting one. And his words are wise and worthy of our long remembrance. What says our worthy Senior Sagamore?

SENIOR SAGAMORE: *Worthy Sachem, Chiefs and Brothers:* I, too, would add a word of tribute to the name and fame of Washington. Our worthy Sachem in words most eloquent has told of the many elements that went to

make this mighty man. I, therefore, speak only of his services to his country.

He it was, above all others, that bid defiance to old forms and powers and planted on this western soil the seeds of lasting civil and religious liberty. He builded, not for a day, nor a year, but for all coming time, upon the eternal foundation of equality of right, duty and responsibility. We may well wonder if, keen in vision as he was, he foresaw the grandeur and glory that in a hundred years would mantle the country he gave to the map of the world. The rich and powerful States to be added to the thirteen Colonies, made out of territory then alien and unexplored. The growth of the republic until it spanned the continent from ocean to ocean and from lake to gulf and became one of the leading powers of the world. But it is largely to his work, done so faithfully and so well, that these glorious results have been achieved.

He never drew a sword except in defense of independence and equality. He never sheathed it in the presence of tyranny. He felt the sting of cold and hunger and even offered to give up his life that we might have the heritage of being free.

At last the triumph of Yorktown was reached. From our shores the black form of tyranny retreated. To us was given the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Who was to launch the new Ship of State? One name alone was acclaimed by every voice—the name of Washington. The experiment of free people, armed with the sublime right to select the rulers of their choice, was to be put to test and trial. A new flag was to enrich the heavens and command its share of the seas. A new nation had been born to the family of the earth. The keeping of that flag and the honor and protection of that nation were consigned to Washington.

Thirteen small and thinly settled states then. Forty-six populous and powerful ones now. Three hundred thousand

miles of territory then. Four millions of territory now. Three millions of people then. Seventy-five millions of people now. Weak and impoverished then. Rich, mighty and majestic now. And everywhere and over all floats and flutters the stars and stripes—the flag of the Republic.

Many a one among these States is greater in area than the whole British Isle. Many a single one is larger than the whole of France. And some equal to Germany. Almost a half a hundred of these states are blended in this one Republic. But the greatest glory of our people is not our vast domain. Our wealth is not our greatest pride. Our highest honor—our strongest fortress—is the security of the happiness of our homes. That which most of all exalts our people is to sit beside our firesides and in the light of happy faces read the prophecies of all that is to be. It is to live with those we love and feel that they are free. It is to hear the lisp of children's lips and see the old familiar faces we love glowing in the firelight. It is to know that from the door of every home, whether cot or palace, climbs a path to highest and most exalted trust. To feel that full upon the face of every boy and girl there falls the light of opportunity. To know that up from every hearth and home there springs the incense of eternal hope.

Navies filled with commerce—the tireless hand of steam and steel dividing fields and forests—the reapers' song amid the ripened grain—the whirl of busy factory wheels mingling music with the whistled tune of him who toils—the leap of children just let out of school, and everywhere the spectral finger of the church spire pointing upward to eternal joy—such is the nation that delights to call Washington its founder and father.

One of the mighty men of his time said of him: "His was the single destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence, of conducting its councils through the birth of a government new in its forms and prin-

ciples until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train, and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example."

We must, therefore, while we give praise to Washington, wed with his name that of the country he served. Its banner is the emblem of civil and religious liberty in thought and action. It is a certificate wherever it floats that all beneath its silken folds are free. Therefore, I give to these walls and to the picture hanging there the Stars and Stripes.

The party selected by the Committee of Arrangements, who may be a member of the Tribe or Council or a paleface friend, but who should be one who can give the recitations with proper elocutionary effect, will be ready immediately after the picture has been draped by the Senior Sagamore to deliver the poem by Joseph Rodman Drake entitled

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light,
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She call'd her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,

When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given

To guard the banner of the free.
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
 By angel-hands to valor given,
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet,
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

SECOND SANNAP: We have another Chief in the Council here tonight. Although the younger of our Sagamores he yet is full of that true worth that brings unto our councils wisdom. Our worthy Junior Sagamore should speak.

JUNIOR SAGAMORE: *Chiefs and Brothers:* I ask your patience and your time for only a few words. I thank the century of our nation's birth for giving us the life of Washington. I thank the present century for the blessings of the land in which we live. As that heritage has been handed down to us—growing better, grander, freer all the time—so let us transmit it to our children. Greater than the growth of the century in whose dusk we now stand tonight should be the one so soon to dawn. What the future has in store for us we cannot tell. What infant blessings are nursing in the lap of the years to be we cannot guess. What splendid inventions will yet be born in the brain of the future we do not know, but this we do know, that a life of liberty, energy and culture is a life of growth. We know,

The circling sunlight never spanned
 A brighter or a better land.

We know we have the broadest valleys rich in fruits and flowers. Mountains hiding under their mantles the richest minerals and the grandest rivers that ever ran to meet the seas. And here in the west, if we but preserve the virtue of the people and our nation's integrity, will continue to be the greatest nation of the world. One by one the despotic powers of the earth are changing into republics. One by

one old tyrannies are being trampled under foot and in their stead will rise governments like our own. The new century may see an universal freedom for the race. Future years may yet realize the poet's dream:

"When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags
 are furled
 In the Parliament of man and the federation of the world."

As a pledge that we will not forget that he laid the foundation in the past that made the present possible, and filled the future full of stars, I crown his picture with a wreath of evergreen.

Immediately after the Junior Sagamore places the wreath of evergreen upon the picture, the elocutionist of the occasion will recite James Whitcomb Riley's poem

OLD GLORY.

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 wanting 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.*

IV

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 haven 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.

At this point should be delivered the oration if an orator has been secured. If not, then the Brother named for that purpose will read the address of Representative Rice delivered by him at the Tomb of Washington and printed in the Records of the G. C. U. S. for G. S. D. 408.

The Sachem, or the Chief acting as such, will introduce the orator or the reader, as the case may be, in a graceful and appropriate way.

ORATION OR Reading of Address.

At the conclusion of the oration, or of the reading, the Sachem will say:

SACHEM: In no more fitting manner can we conclude our service than by singing our grand and inspiring national anthem and the audience is therefore requested to rise and join in singing:

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

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

And the star-spangled banner forever shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

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

It may be well for the Tribe to have printed a leaflet containing
the words of all the songs to be sung and distribute the same among
the audience. At the conclusion of "The Star Spangled Banner" the
Sachem will say:

SACHEM: Our beloved Prophet will ask the benedic-
tion of the Great Spirit.

PROPHET: Great Spirit, that rulest the land and sea
and marks the pathway of the sun and moon, and in the
darkness speaks and stars go twinkling down the slopes of
space, keep us faithful and pure in life and fill the vale of
death with hope and promise. O, Great Spirit, hear us!

By the Whole Tribe: O, Great Spirit, hear us!

This Ceremony has been arranged so that all the Tribes may be
guided in a fit observance of the memorial occasion. Any addition
that is appropriate, in the way of music or recitations, may well be
given provided, always, that the services from first to last are con-
ducted with that solemn dignity and decorum befitting the occasion
and honorable alike to our Order and to the memory of the great man
whom we thus seek to honor.