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State of Colorado

Arbor Day

April 17, 1896

Selected and Prepared by the

State Superintendent of Public Instruction

For County and City School Superintendents
for Distribution



DENVER, COLORADO:
THE SMITH-BROOKS PRINTING COMPANY, STATE PRINTERS
1896

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STATE OF COLORADO.
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
DENVER.

PROCLAMATION.

ARBOR DAY.

WHEREAS, By an act of the General Assembly of the State of Colorado, approved March 22d, 1889, provision is made for the setting apart of one day in each year, viz., the third Friday in April to be observed by the people of this State in planting of forest trees for the benefit and adornment of public and private grounds, places and ways and in such other efforts and undertakings as shall be in harmony with the general character of the day so established,

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Albert W. McIntire, Governor of the State of Colorado, do hereby proclaim and set apart as

ARBOR DAY,

FRIDAY, THE 17TH DAY OF APRIL, 1896.

And I hereby call the attention of the people to the provisions of the above quoted act, and recommend its due observance by all the people and particularly by the officers and scholars of the public schools, and enjoin upon the State Superintendent of Public Instruction and the County Superintendents of Schools throughout the State, that they promote by all proper means the observance of this day.

Arbor Day should be observed with appropriate ceremony and by the actual planting of many trees. Not only is the custom one that is beautiful in thought and purpose, but of lasting benefit particularly to the rising generation, and it is peculiarly appropriate that it should be observed and perpetuated by the school children themselves. It teaches the wisdom of forethought and tends to cultivate a love of nature so often dwarfed in the hurry and rush of the artificial modern life. Let this be a day of enjoyment for the young in the open air amid the beauties of nature.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the State to be affixed, this 20th day of March, A. D. 1896.

Signed: ALBERT W. MCINTIRE,
Governor.

By the Governor:
A. B. MCGAFFEY,
Secretary of State.

Department of Public Instruction.

Denver, Colorado, March 20, 1896.

Every pupil should be made to feel a sympathetic interest in all that belongs to the good name or the beauty of his school, his town, his county, or his state. As our eighth annual celebration of Arbor Day approaches, it is especially appropriate for the pupil to realize that *all* this country in its physical aspects is, in a certain sense, his *own possession*. The mountains will seem to have a nobler grandeur, the rivers and lakes will appear more glorious, the plains and prairies more extensive, the valleys more lovely, the trees more majestic, and the flowers more beautiful, if he is taught to feel that in the planting of trees, shrubs and flowers he is instrumental in helping to beautify and develop his own environments. Let him feel that in nature's school the door stands open day and night. Instruction is free, and the invitation is universal; lessons are suited to every capacity. Teach the pupil that the tree that bears the leaves will not die; its roots are in the earth. They take hold of a life beyond; they go deeper than winter, and in their out-reaching and down-going will touch next summer. Hidden away in the branches above are also *budding* promises, full of the sure hope of

succeeding life. Let him feel that these decorations in their beauty tell of a day only a little distant, when the earth shall become a scene of unfolding beauty. They are almost human in their utterances; they tell a story all love to hear, and as their grateful shade shelters from a burning sun, or their sweet perfume fills the air, the pupil may be inspired to "Go forth under the open sky and list to nature's teaching."

A. J. PEAVEY,
Superintendent Public Instruction.

WE THANK THEE.

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;
For song of bird, and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in heaven, we thank thee.
For blue of stream, and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air, and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in heaven, we thank thee.

Merry little sunbeams,
Flitting here and there;
Joyous little sunbeams,
Dancing everywhere,
Come they with the morning light,
And chase away the gloomy night.
Kind words are like sunbeams
That sparkle as they fall;
And loving smiles are sunbeams,
A light of joy to all.
In sorrow's eye they dry the tear,
And bring the fainting heart good cheer.

Historic Trees in America.

The groves of sequoia trees in Calaveras and Mariposa counties, California, are probably the most noted in the world. The largest which has been measured is 450 feet high, and forty feet in diameter. One of the stage routes to the Yosemite leads through the Mariposa group, and a passage has been cut through one of the largest trees, and the coach, filled with passengers and drawn by six horses, always stops within the tree, to give the travelers an opportunity to judge of its size. There are also some very large redwood trees near Santa Cruz.

Several individual trees occupy a noted place in our history. The Charter Oak, at Hartford, Connecticut, held in its hollow trunk the charter, concealed there by the people's party to prevent the king's party from getting possession and revoking it. This tree was blown down in 1856. The vice-president's chair at Washington is made from its wood, and the place where the tree stood is marked by a stone monument.

The Washington Elm, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, is celebrated because of Washington having taken command of the colonial army under its branches, July 3, 1775. It is now protected by an iron fence. The poet, Lowell, for the celebration of

the 100th anniversary, composed the poem, from which the quotation, "Beneath our consecrated elm," has become familiar.

The Liberty Elm, on Boston Common, was planted long before the revolution by a schoolmaster. Around this tree the people often gathered to listen to speeches in favor of freedom. During the war they met here to return thanks for the victories of the patriotic army, and after its close the people were accustomed to assemble there to celebrate the independence of our country. During a fearful storm it fell, and all the bells in the city of Boston were tolled, and a feeling of sadness pervaded the whole state. A stone monument has been erected on the place where the tree stood.

The Treaty Elm, in Philadelphia, where William Penn made his treaty with the Indians, was carefully guarded till 1810, when it was blown down. Its wood was used to make boxes and chairs, and much of it was presented to the descendants of Penn. The spot is marked by a monument, with an inscription.

In Chicago, on Eighteenth street, between Prairie avenue and the lake, is a large cottonwood tree, which marked the spot where the Indian massacre of 1812 took place. Seventy-five whites fought for their lives against 600 Indians. Fifty men, women and children were killed. Although the tree still stands, the place is marked by a fine bronze monument.

A few miles from the city of Mexico is an old cypress tree, called the tree of Triste Noche (sad night). Under this tree Cortez sat and wept on the night he was driven from the city of Mexico by the Indians.

Another cypress of enormous size stands a few feet from the entrance gate to Chapultepec, which is called Montezuma's Tree, under which the Aztec often sat when Chapultepec was his residence.

Arbor Day originated with J. Sterling Morton, our United States Commissioner of Agriculture. In 1872 he was governor of Nebraska, which was then a vast treeless prairie. At a meeting of the state board of agriculture, he proposed that the 10th day of April should be set apart for the planting of trees, and offered a premium for the proper planting of the greatest number. More than one million of trees were planted that day in Nebraska, and now more than 700,000 acres are planted with trees. The first intention of Arbor Day tree planting was a purely economic one, but in itself an unselfish act—planting that others may enjoy—developed the esthetic sentiment: "He who plants trees loves others besides himself." It cultivated broader views of things; aroused a sentiment of patriotism, a love of the beautiful in nature, which leads "through nature up to nature's God."

In 1876, B. G. Northrop, of Connecticut, the originator of the village improvement societies, offered a dollar prize to every boy and girl who planted or helped to plant five centennial trees. This led to the development of the idea of encouraging the boys and girls of the nation to unite in the work of adding to the beauty and attractiveness of the landscape, as well as its economic value. In 1883, when the American Forestry Association held its annual meeting in St. Paul, Prof. Northrop introduced a resolu-

tion, which was adopted, favoring the observance of Arbor Day in the schools of the United States and Canada. Mr. Northrop was appointed chairman of a committee to push the work. He presented its claims to the governors and state superintendents of schools of all the states and territories, and though the proposition was not favorably received by some states at that time, now, with but few exceptions, it has been adopted, and the days dedicated to this purpose range from early in February to late in May, according to location. In some of the United States it is necessary to have two different days for different parts of the state. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and some parts of Europe are now celebrating Arbor Day.

The frequent allusions to trees in our literature become familiar to the pupils, and induces a desire for a knowledge of the structure, character, growth and uses, so that through the trees children are taught the love of books. No one can estimate the value of these lessons. The habits of observation acquired by their examination cultivates attention, perception, memory, imagination and expression, and arousing the best instincts in the heart, helps to establish right principles and form good character.

L. E. R. Scott.

If the Oak leaf comes out before the Ash,
 'Twill be a summer of wet and splash;
 But if the Ash leaves out before the Oak,
 'Twill be a summer of fire and smoke.

My Pines.

Acres of mighty pines I bought.
 As lord and master, went to see
 My goodly trees, and fondly thought,
 I own their very minstrelsy.

I stepped within their solemn shade,
 And cried aloud, "Mine! mine! all mine!
 The deed is drawn, the price is paid;
 This day I claim you, every pine!"

Alas! my vain and vulgar words
 Broke rudely on the sacred air,
 Accustomed to the leaves and birds,
 As street cries in a house of prayer.

The chaste, sweet silence hushed the sound;
 Then through the aisles and arches ran
 Afar, anear, above, around,
 The Forest's answer to the man.

O Sound ineffable! you hear
 The pulses of the Ocean's rhyme;
 The breath of peace and death and fear,
 The rustle of the wings of time.

"Our roots take hold on vanished lives;
 Our veins with blood of ages run;
 Aloft each spire and needle strives
 To take the vintage of the sun.

"When living airs draw softly near,
 Or trail our whispers on the wind,
 We shape the vacant atmosphere
 To accents of the Eternal Mind.

"We read the secret of the stars,
 By vigils under open skies:
 We fight in elemental wars;
 We look into the morning's eyes.

"We hold our green. No change we know.
 The branding heat, the frost that delves,
 The singing rain, or cowles of snow,
 Our life is hid within ourselves.

"We warm the winter's aged heart;
 We stand unscathed in Autumn's fires;
 And to the pale young Spring impart
 Our mighty faith when her's expires.

"Above your insect joys and fears,
 Your hopes and dreams forever fleeing,
 Hear the deep tones of endless years;
 Behold the sign of changeless being."

Beneath the forest's ancient spell,
 My soul awoke, and heard the call
 Of boyhood. Voices dimly fell
 Around me—voices magical—

Whose subtle intonations clear,
 Like echoes tangled in the wind,
 Had failed for many a weary year
 To gain my manhood's grosser mind.

Ashamed, abased, as from the shrine
 Of an offended god I stole,
 And felt the accusing light with fine,
 Deep scorn look through and through my guilty
 soul.

Not mine! O Holy Pines, not mine!
 Your birthright lies in earth and sky;
 The round world claims your fadeless sign,
 The Soul, your ancient minstrelsy.

J. H. Ecob.

WHAT THE ROBINS TOLD.

How do the robins build their nests?
 Robin Redbreast told me.
 First a wisp of amber hay
 In a pretty round they lay.
 Then some shreds of downy floss,
 Feathers, too, and bits of moss,
 Woven, with a sweet, sweet song,
 This way, that way, and across—
 That's what robin told me.
 Where do the robins hide their nests?
 Robin Redbreast told me.
 Up among the leaves so deep,
 Where the sunbeams rarely creep.
 Long before the winds are cold,
 Long before the leaves are gold,
 Bright-eyed stars will peep, and see
 Baby robins, one, two, three—
 That's what robin told me.

Geo. Cooper.

Good morrow, little rose bush;
 Now prithee tell me true,
 To be as sweet as a red rose,
 What must a body do?
 To be as sweet as a red rose,
 A little girl like you
 Just grows, and grows, and grows,
 And that's what she must do.

Joel Stacy.

Common Causes of Failure in Planting

1. *Inattention to the relationship between top and root.*

The planting of a tree implies removal from the forest, the nursery, or other place where it has developed from the seed, to the spot selected as its permanent home. This process of removal or transplanting is successful or unsuccessful according to the attention given to the details of the process. By successful I here mean, not merely that the tree live—for it may live for some years, and still score a failure—but that it recover at once from the shock of removal, and go on in its development in full health and vigor. The details of the process fall under and are governed by principles of plant growth which, though they may be understood, are often lost sight of or forgotten in practice.

The first division in the gross anatomy of a tree commonly brings all parts under three heads—roots, stem, and leaves; or, suppose we simplify this, and make a division at the ground line into two parts or systems—the root system lying below the surface; the other, consisting of trunk, branches and all they bear, above. Nature adjusts a perfect balance between these two systems; they are interdependent; the growth of one means the growth of the other; the injury of one injures the other. Vigorous root growth induces strong growth of branches, with an

ample accompaniment of leaves, and vigorous root action is only possible through the agency of abundant leaf surface and healthy leaf action. It follows that in the process of transplanting the aim should be to maintain the balance between these two systems. Bear in mind that the spread of the root system is in proportion to the top, and that even under the most careful handling severe root-pruning goes with transplanting. Then prune the branches to adjust them to the shortened roots. Of course, the amount of pruning necessary will depend largely upon the age of the tree, and in a measure upon the species. These are matters beyond the scope of definite rules; they require the use of good judgment, and some knowledge of the characteristics of the various trees.

2. *Absence of protection for the roots during removal.*

When a tree is taken from the ground the root system is out of its element, and as unable to perform its office as the leaves would if buried in soil. Exposure to sun and wind quickly dries the small feeding roots, and the vitality of the tree is destroyed, or at least seriously injured. More failures result from careless management of the roots while out of the ground than from any other one cause. As soon as a tree is lifted, surround it with conditions that approximate as closely as possible to the natural—protect the roots from sun and wind, and keep them moist. This is easily done, and there is no excuse for neglecting it.

3. *Errors in setting the tree.*

In placing trees in position, two inexcusable mistakes are common, namely: the crowding of roots

into holes entirely too small, and covering with earth too coarse and lumpy to settle into close contact with the roots. Common sense should teach correct practice in this, but I have observed that often it does not. To crowd the roots into contorted and unnatural masses retards growth, and is a menace to the life of the tree. Each root, with its laterals, should be given a natural position, and the soil used in covering should be fine, so that it may completely and closely envelop each small root. Only under these conditions can we expect that abundant production of feeling rootlets necessary to vigorous growth.

To be successful in planting it is necessary to consider the tree as a living organism, possessed of intrinsic value. Caution is unnecessary to those who thus view it, because the idea implies a love of trees, and carries with the desire to rightly value their needs. On this view trees are certain to receive that treatment which insures success.

Tree planting is not a temporary expedient; there is an element of permanency that ought to influence the act and command for it careful attention. We should look beyond the recompense that comes as personal pleasure, and view the tree as planted, not only for a lifetime, but for generations to come. The existing trees that have reached the majestic beauty of full maturity were planted by those who preceded us; they are now ours to enjoy. Is it not well that we do as much for those who are to follow? Should we not do the act well, with a full appreciation of the fact that in trees we have the highest types of natural beauty.

C. S. CRANDALL.

The State Agricultural College.

Arbor Day Poetry.

Dear friends we greet you this happy day,
 With cheerful songs from hearts blithe and gay;
 And patiently listen, if you please,
 To our stories in rhyme of beautiful trees.
 Which is your favorite of them all?
 Is it the pine so straight and tall,
 Who lifts his head in stately pride,
 Winter and summer on mountain side?
 Is it box-elder or cottonwood,
 That swaying winds and drouth withstood?
 Is it the aspen, with trembling leaves,
 That ever its sad, weird story breathes?
 Is it the maple, underneath whose shade
 Your childhood's feet full oft have strayed?

* * * * *

No pine nor maple, no beech nor elm,
 Nor all the trees from every realm,
 It matters not how wide their fame,
 E'en crowned with an immortal fame,
 Can lessen the pride, with which we seek
 To proclaim our choice, and to bespeak
 The kindly interest and gentle care,
 (Which we hope our friends with us will share),
 For the lovely spruce so fair to see;
 The dear blue spruce—our own State Tree.

Original.

In Concert—

Which is the best of all the trees,
 Answer me, children, all, if you please —
 Is it the oak, the king of the wood,
 That for a hundred years has stood,
 The graceful elm or the stately ash,
 Or the aspen, whose leaflets shimmer and flash?
Youth's Companion.

* * * * *

First Speaker—

Four centuries grows the oak tree, nor does its
 verdure fail;
 Its heart is like the ironwood, its bark like plaited
 mail;
 Now cut us down the oak tree, the monarch of the
 wood,
 And of its timbers stout and strong, we'll build a
 vessel good.
 The oak tree of the forest both east and west shall
 fly,
 And the blessings of a thousand lands upon our
 ships shall lie.
 She shall not be a man of war, nor a pirate shall
 she be,
 But a noble Christian merchant ship, to sail upon
 the sea.

Mary Howitt.

* * * * *

Second Speaker—

The elms have robed their slender spray,
 With full-blown flower and embryo leaf,
 Wide o'er the clasping arch of day
 Soars like a cloud their hoary chief.

Holmes.

* * * * *

Or—

The elm, in all the landscape green
 Is fairest of God's stately trees;
 She is a gracious-mannered queen,
 Full of soft bends and courtesies;

And though the robins go as guests,
 To swing among the elm's soft leaves,
 When they would build their snug round nests
 They choose the rough old apple trees.

May Riley Smith.

* * * * *

Third Speaker—

"Help one another," the maple spray
 Said to its fellow leaves one day.
 "The sun would wither me here alone
 Long enough ere the day is gone,
 But I'll help you, and you help me,
 And then what a splendid shade there'll be."

* * * * *

Or—

In the spring so blithe and merry,
 How our maple queen
 Dons a robe so bright and cheery,
 Daintiest of green.
 Children love this joyous season,
 Give it sweetest praise;
 Maple fair can tell the reason—
 Maple sugar days.

* * * * *

Fourth Speaker—

Mrs. Horse Chestnut Tree said: "Oh, dear me!
 I must have a new gown, and what shall it be—
 On catkin trimmings the willows dote,
 The staid old oak wears a gay pink coat,
 Miss Birch is dressed in the prettiest taste,
 With a sash of green, 'round a white satin waist?
 But I think I've guessed what fashion is best,
 Besides it will be quite unlike all the rest."
 So a Japanese costume this morning she plans,
 All made of the softest of little green fans.

Fifth Speaker—

Under the yellow pines I house,
 When sunshine makes them all sweet-scented,
 And here among their furry boughs
 The basking west wind purs contented.

Lowell.

* * * * *

Or—

Tell me thy secret true, Whispering Pine;
 Tell me a story new, Whispering Pine.
 Hast thou a secret foe?
 What tale of joy or woe?
 Dost thou still murmur so, Whispering Pine?

Selected.

* * * * *

Or—

Regal and stately behold it stand
 Above its brethren, towering grand—
 A sentinel guarding the sleeping land.
 Beauty and grace in its form combine;
 A monarch, born of a noble line;
 Long may it be ere its race decline.
 Frost shall not wither a leaf of thine,
 Fearless and fadeless pine.

* * * * *

Sixth Speaker—

I am the hemlock;
 I shake the snow on the ground
 Where the flowers safely sleep,
 And all the night long,
 Though winds blow strong,
 A careful watch I keep.

* * * * *

Seventh Speaker—

When the autumn comes its round,
 Rich sweet walnuts will be found
 Covering thickly all the ground
 Where my boughs are spread.

Ask the boys that visit me,
 Full of happiness and glee,
 If they'd mourn the hickory tree,
 Were it felled and dead.

* * * * *

Eighth Speaker—

Let one who sips life's tears with strange delight,
 And finds in sobs and sighs life's harmony,
 Go out beneath the cottonwood trees at night,
 And there repent the laughter of the day;
 Then listen to the rustling of the leaves,
 Like steady rainfall from the homestead eaves,
 And listening, weep and pray:
 But on the morrow, hie away;
 It is not well to dwell there all the dreary while.
 To-night we weep and pray, to-morrow toil and
 smile,
 While the cottonwoods weep and sway,
 All the night and all the day.
 All the night and all the day.

Mrs. B. C. Rude.

* * * * *

Ninth Speaker—

You are welcome, Pussy Willows,
 In your silvery gowns,
 For your smiling, cheerful glances
 Banish Winter's frowns.

* * * * *

O Willow, why forever weep,
 As one who mourns an endless wrong?
 What hidden woe can lie so deep?
 What utter grief can last so long?
 Mourn on forever, unconsolated,
 And keep your secret, faithful tree.
 No heart in all the world can hold
 A sweeter grace than constancy.

Elizabeth Allen.

Tenth Speaker—

Hark! hark! what does the Fir tree say,
 Standing still all night, all day—
 Never a moan from over his way.
 Green through all the winters gray—
 What does the steadfast Fir tree say?
 The winter's frost and the summer's dew,
 Are all in God's time, and all for you;
 Only live your life, and your duty do,
 And be brave, and strong, steadfast and true.

Luella Clark.

* * * * *

Eleventh Speaker—

When the great wind sets things whirling
 And rattles the window panes,
 And blows the dust in giants
 And dragons tossing their manes;
 When the willows have waves like water,
 And children are shouting with glee;
 When the pines are alive, and the larches,
 Then hurrah for you and me,
 In the tip o' the top o' the top o' the tip of
 The popular poplar tree.

* * * * *

Twelfth Speaker—

Who plated this old apple tree?
 The children of that distant day
 Thus to some aged man shall say.
 And gazing on its mossy stem,
 The gray-haired man shall answer them,
 A poet of the land was he,
 Born in the rude but good old times;
 'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
 On planting the apple tree.

Bryant.

Thirteenth Speaker—

Why tremble so, broad Aspen tree;
 Why shake thy leaves never ceasing?
 At rest thou never seem'st to be,
 For when the air is still and clear,
 Or when the nipping gale, increasing,
 Shakes from thy boughs soft twilight's tear,
 Thou tremblest still, broad Aspen tree,
 And never tranquil seem'st to be.

WORDS OF THE ARBOR DAY SONG.

Welcome sweet Spring time!

We greet thee in song,
 Murmurs of gladness fall on the ear;
 Voices long hushed now their full notes prolong,
 Echoing far and near.
 Sunshine now wakes all the flow'rets from sleep,
 Joy giving incense floats on the air,
 Snowdrop and primrose both timidly peep,
 Hailing the glad new year.
 Balmy and life breathing breezes are blowing,
 Swiftly to nature new vigor bestowing.

CHORUS—

Ah! how my heart beats with rapture anew,
 As earth's fairest beauties again meet my view.
 Sing, then, ye birds! raise your voices on high;
 Flow'rets awake ye!
 Burst into bloom!
 Spring time is come! and sweet summer is nigh;
 Sing, then, ye birds, O sing!

II.

Welcome bright Spring time, what joy now is ours;
 Winter has fled to far distant climes;
 Flora thy presence awaits in the bow'rs,
 Longing for thy commands.

Brooklets are whispering as onward they flow,
Songs of delight at thy glad return;
Boundless the wealth, thou, in love dost bestow,
Ever with lavish hands.
How nature loves thee, each glad voice discloses;
Herald thou art of the time of the roses.

CHORUS

