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COLORADO
ARBOR *and* BIRD DAY
NOTES

April 19, 1901

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PROCLAMATION



ARBOR DAY

March 11, 1901.

Under and by virtue of an Act of the General Assembly of the State of Colorado, approved March 22, 1889, it is provided that one day in each year shall be set apart for observance by the people of the State in the planting of forest trees for the adornment and improvement of public and private grounds, places and ways, and in such other exercises and undertakings as may be deemed proper and meet for the occasion.

Therefore, I, James B. Orman, Governor of the State of Colorado, do hereby designate

FRIDAY, THE 19th DAY OF APRIL, A. D. 1901,
AS ARBOR DAY,

And I hereby call the attention of the people of the State to the provisions of the said statute, and recommend to them, and especially to the officers and scholars of public schools throughout the State, and the Superintendent of Public Instruction, and the various County Superintendents, its due observance.

The custom is one which Nature, the great benefactor of mankind, would seem to commend to our earnest consideration, and proper attention should be extended by all to the many pleasing features of the day.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of State to be affixed, this eleventh day of March, A. D. 1901.

JAMES B. ORMAN,
Governor.

BY THE GOVERNOR:

DAVID A. MILLS,
Secretary of State.



THE SMITH-BROOKS PRINTING CO.
PRINTERS--BINDERS
DENVER

Denver, Colo., April, 1901.

TO THE SUPERINTENDENTS AND TEACHERS:

We send you this little book for Arbor and Bird Day, with the hope that it may offer you some practical help in your school work, not only in assisting the celebration of this particular occasion through tree planting and appropriate exercises, but to further the greater mission of the day, in bringing our boys and girls nearer to Nature, and to so associate the spirit of the day with the school work throughout the year, that steady progress will be made in establishing an intelligent understanding of the necessity of protecting the forest and bird life of the state, so that in the years to come Colorado may, at least in part, be relieved from the harm that has been done through the careless destruction of her plant and animal life.

The greatest power and the richest treasure of our state are the children of our public schools. Everything that we do to minister towards building the right kind of character in our children, means that we will have higher-minded and more intelligent citizens to carry on the affairs of the commonwealth in the future.

The large schools of the cities, the smaller ones of the towns or villages, and the isolated schools of the rural districts, may all, in their own way, celebrate the occasion, even should there be no facilities for tree planting. An appropriate program should be given, and parents and citizens should be invited to share the pleasures and benefits to be gained from the selections and exercises presented.

We wish you success and happiness in your work.

Very truly yours,

Helen L. Greiffell.

Denver, Colo., Arbor Day, 1901.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS OF COLORADO:

Arbor Day occurs this year in our State upon the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, the day that marked the beginning of the Revolutionary War which gave us our country. It seems to be the very time for us to show that we love our country and that we are willing to do what we can to help to make her better and greater and more beautiful, and if every school in Colorado would observe the custom of tree planting, and if every boy and girl in the schools would resolve anew to practice the noble law of kindness towards all living creatures, we should indeed be helping to make our State and our country better and greater.

Arbor Day teaches us many lessons that we should learn and obey. It teaches us that it is a blessing to live in such a fair and prosperous state as Colorado; it teaches us that it is our duty to plant trees, to make our home and school surroundings more beautiful, and to in some measure make up for the careless destruction of our forests; it teaches us to appreciate and protect the birds which are being killed all over the world with such ceaseless cruelty that if they are to be saved, an army of boys and girls must rally to their rescue. I hope your teacher helped you to form a Bird Club, as suggested

in the Arbor and Bird Day book of a year ago, but if not, will you not ask her to please read the plan presented then, and carry it out with you this year?

There is a little story farther on in the pages of the Arbor Day book of to-day, called "The Good Shot." I want every pupil in the State to read, or have read to him, that little story, and ask himself whether he would be willing to have caused its being written.

If you desire, dear girls and boys, you may make of Arbor Day the most beautiful and useful holiday of the year, not only to those who take part in its celebration, but to all who love our State and country and who are interested in whatever will advance its welfare. To do what is noble and right and for our country's good, is to be a true patriot and a worthy successor to those brave men who showed their patriotism at Lexington by firing the "shot heard 'round the world."

Sincerely your friend,

Helen L. Grenfell.

NATURE STUDY

NATURE STUDY.



It cannot too often nor too emphatically be brought home to us all, that the beneficent work of Arbor and Bird Day belongs not alone to the one holiday set apart in the Spring for specific exercises. The spirit of that day should be a dominating influence from September to June, and diffuse itself throughout the entire course of Nature Study work.

In the State Course of Study and in the other courses of study in use in Colorado are given full outlines, most carefully prepared, for the direction and development of this work, and a list is given below of recent publications that are excellent aids.

In an article quoted in this circular, is graphically shown the great and growing peril that menaces our State, in the destruction of her noble forests. The writer's suggestion for the planting of groves of trees where possible, should be brought to the attention of school boards. In many cases it would be practicable for the members of such boards to set apart certain portions of ground for the purpose, and in so doing, they would not only give the children a source of great interest and pleasure, but would also perform a service of lasting value to the community. The facts given by this writer and other investigators of the subject have led to the framing of the bill (of

which we give a synopsis farther on) presented during the present session of the State Legislature. It is to be earnestly hoped that it will not be long before such a measure becomes a law, and the educational workers be upheld by its power.

The statistics given elsewhere relating to the destruction of bird life might well inspire every humane citizen to do his utmost to stop the terrible sacrifice.

Again, let us remember that Arbor Day itself should represent the climax of weeks and months of Nature Study and of humane teaching, and the pupils who have been properly interested throughout the year in that glorious work, will eagerly participate in the celebration of Arbor Day.

BOOKS FOR NATURE STUDY AND HUMANE TEACHING.

"Our Feathered Friends," Grinnell; D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

"Citizen Bird," Mabel Osgood Wright; McMillan & Co., New York.

"Friends and Helpers," Sarah J. Eddy; Ginn & Co., Boston.

"Heart Culture," Page; Whitaker, Ray & Co., San Francisco.

"Hand Book of Nature Study," Lange; McMillan & Co.

"Mother Nature's Children," Gould; Ginn & Co.

"Birds of the United States"; American Book Co., New York.

NOTES.



The observance of Arbor Day was instituted in 1872 through the efforts of the Hon. J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska. The beneficent custom spread rapidly throughout the country until now it prevails in every state and territory in the union excepting Delaware, Indian Territory and Utah, where, however, the day is kept in some localities.



The first reference to any birds residing in Colorado is found in Lieutenant Pike's account of his trip through the state in 1807. He mentions the raven, the magpie, the turkey and the pheasant.

—COOKE'S "BIRDS OF COLORADO."



The total number of species in Colorado, as reported in Mr. Cooke's "Birds of Colorado," is 374, of which resident species number 88, summer residents 236, migratory 60, etc.



Reports of the past fifteen years show that there has been a decrease in bird life in all the states and territories except seven—North Carolina, Oregon and California, where the balance has just been maintained, and the banner states of Kansas, Wyoming, Washington and Utah, where bird life is on the increase. Twelve states have sustained losses in the following proportions: Maine, 52 per cent; Massachusetts, 27 per cent; New York, 48 per cent; Pennsylvania, 51 per cent; Ohio, 38 per cent; Indiana, 60 per cent; Wisconsin, 40 per cent; Iowa, 37 per cent; Nebraska, 10 per cent; Florida, 77 per cent; Indian Territory, 75 per cent; Colorado, 28 per cent. Unless prevented, this abuse of nature is likely to become general.

The gratifying result in Kansas seems to be due to a law which exists and is enforced to the effect that no one can buy or sell within the state certain birds named in the statute.

Why cannot Colorado have such a law?

From the statistics collected the following conclusions are reached:

Throughout about three-fifths of the whole area of our country, exclusive of Alaska, bird life in general is being annihilated.

The edible birds (about 144 species) have been, and still are, most severely persecuted.

Owing to the disappearance of the true game birds, our song and insectivorous birds are now being killed for food purposes,

and, unless prevented, this abuse of nature is likely to become general.

The extermination, throughout this country, of the so-called "plume birds" is now practically complete.

The persecution of our birds during their nesting season by egg collectors, and by boys generally, has become so universal as to demand immediate and special attention.

Under present conditions, and excepting in a few localities, the practical annihilation of all our birds, except the smallest species, and within a comparatively short period, may be regarded as absolutely certain to occur.



SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO ARE TO BLAME FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRD LIFE.



Sportsmen, and "so-called sportsmen."

Boys who shoot.

Plume hunters and milliner's hunters.

Women who wear birds on their hats.

Nest robbers.

People who devour song birds.

Members of gun clubs.

Collectors.

(Adapted from report of New York Zoological Society.)



SOME QUESTIONS FOR THE CHILDREN.



Are there any birds that do not sing?

What is the attitude of other birds to the owl?

Is any country too cold, or any too warm, for birds?

Have birds individuality?

What is the largest bird of North America?

What is the smallest bird of North America?

Ought the government to make laws for the protection of birds?

Is the blue jay wicked?

What birds walk?

What birds are weavers? Masons or plasterers? Tailors?

—PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL JOURNAL.



WHY BIRDS GO TO THE ARCTIC REGIONS.



The number of birds that go to the Arctic regions to breed is "vast beyond conception." They go not by thousands, but by millions, to rear their young on the tundra. The cause which attracts them is that nowhere else in the world does nature provide, at the same time and in the same place, "such a lavish prodigality of food." That the barren swamp of the tundra should yield a food supply so great as to tempt birds to make journeys of thousands of miles to rear their young in a land of plenty only to be found beyond the Arctic circle, seems incredible.

The vegetation largely consists of cranberry, cloudberry and crowberry bushes. Forced by the perpetual sunshine of the Arctic summer, these bear enormous crops of fruit. But the crop is not ripe until the middle and end of the Arctic summer, and if the fruit-eating birds had to wait until it was ripe they would starve, for they arrive on the very day of the melting of the snow. But each year the snow descends on this immense crop of ripe fruit before the birds have time to gather it. It is then preserved beneath the snow, perfectly fresh and pure, and the melting of the snow discloses the bushes with the unconsumed last year's crop hanging on them, or lying, ready to be eaten, on the ground.

The frozen meal stretches across the breadth of Asia. It never decays, and is accessible the moment the snow melts. Ages have taught the birds that they have only to fly to the Arctic circle to find such a store of "crystallized foods" as will last them till the bushes are once more forced into bearing by the perpetual sunlight.

The same heats which free the fruits bring into being the most prolific insect life in the world; the mosquito swarms on the tundra. No European can live there without a veil after the snow melts, the gun-barrels are black with them, and the cloud often obscures the sight. Thus the insect-eating birds have only to open their mouths to fill them with mosquitoes, and the presence of swarms of tender little warblers, chiffchaffs, pipits, and wagtails in this Arctic region is accounted for.—Lutheran Standard.



ROBBING A MOTHER.



The aigrettes that we wear in our hats are the feathers from the back, called the dorsal feathers, of the white heron. • They come only when the little mother bird is getting ready to build her nest and lay the eggs which she will care for so tenderly, that her little birds may help to make the world a more beautiful place.

The hunters know they can get these feathers only when the mother heron is on her nest, and that she loves her babies so dearly that she will not leave her nest. Then the hunters shoot her, pluck her beautiful feathers, and leave the baby birds to starve and perish in the nest for want of care.—Outlook.

PROTECTING THE BIRDS.



One of the most pleasing ideas connected with this Arbor Day work of planting trees is that we are thereby making homes for our precious singing birds. We are now close to the season of building nests; may we not earnestly hope that parents everywhere, and especially teachers in the public schools, will give to this matter of protecting the birds the most earnest and thoughtful attention? Let your voices and your positive authority be heard in this most humane work. I am also constrained to believe that hundreds of boys and girls reared in well-ordered homes, who read these pages, will plead earnestly with those who indulge in the degrading, criminal practice of despoiling the nests of birds. The beautiful and grateful notes of the mother robin, whose nest has been thus secured from desecration, will linger in memory for a whole lifetime.

CHARLES ALDRICH.



TREES.



(The following suggestive lessons, from which material for several might be drawn, are taken from "Outlines in Nature Study and History." by Annie G. Engell; Silver, Burdett & Co.)

(Conversational Lesson.)

Why are trees plants? What difference is there between trees and other plants? What is the main body of a tree called? What is the difference between a stalk and a trunk? Which live longer—plants with woody stems, or those whose stems are not woody?

How do trees indicate their age? During which seasons do trees grow? Of what uses to the tree are the following: The roots? The sap? The trunk and branches? The leaves? The

bark? The fruit? Of what use are the leaves after they fall from the tree? Compare the bark of different trees and find out some that have smooth and some that have rough bark. Compare also in reference to color, thickness, etc.

How does the chestnut tree protect its seed leaves? The walnut? The pine? Why are the seeds protected in this way? Of what uses are trees to man? To beasts? To birds? To insects? Name some trees of which we use the bark, the bast, the sap, the leaves, the fruit, the seeds.

Name some trees that furnish materials for each of the following purposes: Food, medicine, fuel, shade, building purposes, etc. From what part of a tree do we obtain cork, quinine, olive oil, material for making matting, baskets?

Of what uses are the maple, sugar maple, birch, yellow pine, white oak, walnut, peach, India rubber, fir, cinnamon, nutmeg, palm, olive, cinchona, ash, white pine, linden or lime tree, willow, elm? Which part of each of these trees do we use?

What are forests? Of what use are forests? Name some trees that are found in forests.

Of what wood is each of the following articles in the school room made: Floor, desks, teacher's desk, chair, blackboard frame, bookcase, lead pencil, etc.?

Examine a cross section of a tree and observe the pith, the rings of growth, the sapwood, etc.



SUMMARY.

Plants are divided into three classes according to their length of life and kind of stem. These are called herbs, shrubs and trees.

Herbs are plants with soft stems which do not live through the winter. Sometimes the root remains alive and the plant grows again in the next spring. Sometimes the root also dies. Among plants of this kind are the morning glory, pea, dandelion, carnation, etc.

Shrubs are plants with many woody stems rising from the root. They are generally less than ten feet high. They are able to endure the winter season. Among plants of this kind are the blackberry, spiræa, hydrangea and syringa or orange blossom.

Trees are plants with woody stems branching from the trunk. They grow from ten to sixty feet high. The trunk is generally somewhat conical in shape, larger at the base and tapering toward the top.

The part of the tree that is just under the bark is the only part that is really alive. This is called the sapwood. Through the sapwood the sap starts to rise in the spring to feed all of the parts of the tree that are above the ground, so that they can grow. A new layer of wood is thus formed each year. During the winter season the tree ceases its work of growing.

The pith in the center is white and soft, and always remains the same. Young trees grow faster than older ones. For this reason the rings near the center are thicker and plainer than those near the bark.

A forest is a large tract of woodland that has never been cultivated.

The moisture in the form of rain, snow, etc., that falls in forests, does not run off on the surface. The snow melts more slowly in the forest than it does in other places, and the moisture from the rain and snow sinks into the ground and forms springs which come to the surface and supply creeks and streams with water.

Trees purify the air for human beings. The leaves take in carbonic acid gas from the atmosphere and send out oxygen. The roots absorb moisture from the ground and send it out slowly into the air through the leaves. The leaves absorb heat and light for the use of the tree, thus further modifying the temperature. Forests influence the rainfall, modify the climate and afford protection and homes to many animals.

Trees furnish us with food, medicine, fuel, shade, materials for building purposes, such as houses, vessels, furniture, etc.



BIRDS.



(Conversational Lesson.)

How many legs have birds? Do they all have the same number of claws? Name some birds that scratch with their claws. What is the difference in position of the back toe of a scratcher and a percher? Why does not a bird fall from its perch when it is asleep? Name some birds that perch; some that swim; some that wade; some that climb; some that hop; some that run; some whose claws are a means of defense; some whose claws are used in obtaining food. How do the claws of animals differ? What peculiarity have the claws of a parrot? What are the claws of an eagle called?

Consider the fact that the claws of a bird are really its toes. The first joint from the toes, that bends backward, corresponds to the heel of human beings. The knee joint (which bends forward in all animals) is close to the body under the feathers.

Do all birds have the same kind of covering? Why are birds covered with feathers instead of fur? What is the difference between the feathers of a duck and those of a chicken? Why are the duck's feathers more oily? Why are the owl's feathers so soft and downy? Why has the eider duck such a close covering of down?

Of what use are feathers to a bird? As the feathers are sufficient covering to keep them warm, why do some birds migrate at the approach of cold weather? What is meant by "birds of passage?"

Of what advantage to a bird are hollow bones?

On what do birds feed? Do all birds eat the same kind of food? What kinds of food are preferred by the sparrow, the duck, the canary, the eagle, the sea gull, the parrot, the crow, the stork, the woodpecker and the blackbird?

What kind of beak and claws have the eagle and the owl? Why have birds that eat insects long bills? Why have grain eaters strong bills? Why have birds of prey sharp hooked beaks?

What kind of a beak has each of the following: Humming bird, sparrow, raven, hawk, pelican, robin, bobolink (or rice bird), crow, duck, lark, blackbird and magpie?

Of what use are wings to a bird? Where are the muscles that move the wings? Of what use are wings to the ostrich and penguin? How does a bird use its wings in flying?

Consider how the sizes of birds vary, from the tiny humming bird to the albatross, which measures from ten to twelve feet between the tips of its wings.

In how many ways are birds useful to us? Name birds that are useful in each of the different ways.



SUMMARY.

Birds are two-footed animals. They have a bony skeleton covered with flesh and feathers. Their bones are hollow and filled with air; this helps to make the framework of the body very light. They are warm-blooded animals. They have no teeth, but crush their food by means of a gizzard. They feed on worms, grains, fruits, insects and fish, and have a bill and claws fitted for obtaining the kind of food which they need. The bill of the bird is the horny covering of the jaws.

The eyes of birds are supplied with three eyelids—an upper eyelid, a lower eyelid and a skin or membrane attached inside the lower lid. This can be drawn over the eye like a curtain, and by means of it birds can look at the sun without inconvenience. The eyes of birds like the eagle and hawk are supplied with a set of bony plates which can be arranged for seeing objects that are distant, as well as those that are near.

Birds of prey have strong, sharp beaks, that are hooked, and sharp claws or talons. Among these are the eagle and the owl. Birds that feed on grain have short, strong beaks, as the lark, the bobolink and sparrow. Birds that feed on insects have long, slender beaks. The blackbird, humming bird and robin have beaks of this kind.

Birds can move from place to place in different ways. Most birds move by flying. These have bodies that are light in weight, and wings and muscles of size and strength sufficient to raise them in the air. Some birds can run. Among these are the ostrich and sandpiper. The ostrich can run very swiftly for many hours, using its wings like sails, but it does not escape from its pursuers because it runs in a series of circles. Many birds that fly, hop when they are on the ground.

The adjutant bird, or marabout, which is found in Asia and Africa, is the only bird that walks on its whole foot. The first joint from the toes (which is really the heel) rests on the ground along with the toes. The legs of birds are covered with a scale-like skin.

The claws of birds are fitted for the particular needs of the bird. Some need claws for scratching, as the peacock, chicken, pigeon and quail. Birds that scratch do not fly much and they have short wings. The parrot and woodpecker have long, large feet, with two front toes and two back, with which they can climb along the bark of trees.

The lark and canary have claws with which they can grasp a twig firmly in perching. All birds that perch have a long hind toe.

The tendon that is used to bend the claws passes over the joint in such a way that when the bird is perching the weight of the body, pressing downward, keeps the claws bent firmly.

Birds that swim are webfooted and have broad bodies. Among these are the duck, goose, pelican and sea gull.

Birds that wade have long legs, with long, flat toes, as the stork, heron and sandpiper; but these birds can fly as well as wade.

All birds have bills or beaks fitted to obtain the kind of food that they need. They make their homes near places where this food can be most easily obtained.

Some birds go fishing for food. Among these are the duck, the pelican, the penguin, the sea gull and the stork.

Some of these have webbed feet, so that they can swim after their food. The wings of the penguin have no feathers. It uses them as fins for the purpose of swimming. The stork and heron have long legs and spread toes for the purpose of wading after frogs, lizards, etc. Other birds, such as the sea gull and the pelican, fly close to the water and seize the fish as it approaches the surface of the water.

The pelican has a skin-like pouch or bag, in which it places the fish captured, to be eaten later. The sea gull and pelican are webfooted and have long hooked beaks.

The fish hawk or osprey has claws like the eagle, with which it catches fish.

All birds of prey are solitary in their habits. The owl is a bird of prey that flies at night and feeds on other creatures that wander at night, such as rats, mice, bats, etc.

The flesh of some birds is useful for food to man and other animals. The eggs of some birds are also useful for food.

The feathers of some birds are used as decoration by both civilized and savage races.

Some birds are useful in destroying other creatures that annoy us, as worms, bugs, beetles, etc.

Some birds build nests; others do not. Nests are generally built so that the inside is soft and warm. Sometimes they are made of hay and straw. Some are lined with horsehair, feathers, thistledown, moss or sheep's wool, which are found on bushes. The nest of the ostrich is simply a hole in the ground, in which it places the eggs. It sometimes wanders a long distance seeking food. If in its wanderings it finds another nest it forgets its own and adopts the one it has found.

Some birds build their nests in high places. The eagle places its nest among the rocks. The sea gull builds its nest of seaweed on ledges of rocks close to shore. The heron makes its nest in the tops of tall trees.

Other birds have their nests in low places. The lark's nest is built on the ground and is lined with dried grass and roots. The partridge scratches a hole in the ground among high grass or corn and lays a few twigs across it. The peacock hides its nest on the ground among low bushes. It is made of a few sticks, twigs and leaves, closely put together.

Some birds build their nests in trees. The thrush uses either a tree or low bush. The jay's nest is made of roots woven together like a basket, and is placed upon a kind of platform of birch and other small twigs put together very loosely.

The nest of the bobolink or reed bird is woven of broken reeds and grasses and pieces of moss. It fixes it among the tall reeds and grasses on the edge of a stream, using the reeds as pillars to support it.

The sparrow builds a nest either in a tree or under the eaves of a house. It will also steal the nests of other birds.

Birds build their nests so as to imitate the surroundings and thus protect the inmates from their enemies. Their nests are always so placed as to be near the kind of food which they prefer.

As a general thing, the smaller the bird and the more delicately formed its feet and bill, the more compactly will its nest be built.



EXTRACTS FROM "THE FOREST OUTLOOK FOR COLORADO."



The present conditions of the Colorado forest cannot be called promising or attractive. Of 36,000 square miles of alpine growth which existed in 1861, there are but 6,000 left, and this small remnant does not lie in large bodies, but in scattered areas away from the lines of commerce and communication. The forest fires of the year 1900 were the most destructive in sixteen years.

Investigations in forty water-producing counties show that there is less water in the streams than formerly, that floods and droughts are more frequent and that the flow of streams is becoming more intermittent.

That thirty thousand square miles of mountain forest must have exercised some influence upon the water courses fed by them must be patent to the dullest intellect. There is little use in disguising facts; the necessity of substituting artificial reservoirs for the natural preservers of water, which have been destroyed, is upon us.

To supply homes and to make possible land ownership to the masses of a country is the highest form of patriotism and advances the welfare of the people more thoroughly than can possibly be achieved in any other way. These facts have been elucidated by the National Irrigation Congress for many years,

with the final result that both the Republican and Democratic National conventions of 1900 endorsed the principle, which will bring about the end desired if the people of Colorado sustain the efforts of their friends in congress and unmistakably make known their wishes.

In Colorado, large parts of the eastern mountain counties, viz.: Larimer, Weld, Boulder, Clear Creek, Jefferson, El Paso, Pueblo and Huerfano, may be classed as denuded of timber; other sections, more particularly the Indian lands of the West which were thrown open to homestead entry by the law of May 17th, 1900, will probably be cleared of timber in the near future.

Arbor Day has been of but limited usefulness. To plant a tree upon the sterile campus of a school, to see it die from want of care within a few short weeks, this has been the usual mode of procedure, creating, quite often, in the minds of the pupil, a result the very reverse of what was intended. Now, it is quite possible to obtain in the vicinity of each high school or college a piece of ground, upon which tree planting might annually be done in earnest. Of course, the greatest care should be taken in the selection of the land, in the procurement of the right kind of seed, and of the young trees to be set out; in the preparation of the soil, a proper water supply should be secured, and the land should be safely fenced. The topography of the country, the exposure, humidity and other requirements, must also be taken into consideration. Upon such lands planting should be done by the students under the direction of competent teachers. This practice, once inaugurated, would mean the creation of a number of sylvan spots, protected and cared for by those who would remember their share in the work of planting, and would inspire a love of woodland and mountain and stream sufficient to realize in its final results much of what we aim to achieve. Within the next few years a definite and effective forest policy will be inaugurated by this nation, at least in the Western mountain region.

The people of the several states, and of Colorado especially, should be ready to extend active co-operation to the federal government to the end that the best and most rational solution of the problem may be attained.

HENRY MICHELSEN, DENVER.

ABSTRACT OF THE FORESTRY BILL.



(This bill, introduced in the House of Representatives of Colorado during the session of 1901, provides for an act relating to the preservation of the forest trees of the state, and also provides penalties for the violation of the act.)

Section 1 states that "No trees needed to conserve the snows, ice or water of any irrigation district shall be cut from any part of the public domain, except as hereinafter provided."

Section 2 makes provision for applying to the state board of land commissioners for permission to cut trees and for promising not to take any that are necessary for the conservation of irrigation waters, and to carefully remove all portions of trees cut, in order to avoid danger of fire from those remaining.

Sections 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 give a detailed course of procedure for the persons making application to cut the trees, for persons entering protests against the permission, and for the land appraisers in determining. One provision is that "No trees less than ten inches in diameter two feet above the ground shall be allowed to be cut by any person whomsoever."

Section 9 states that "The word tree shall be held to mean all vegetable growth of a woody texture of any size whatsoever. No lands contemplated in this act shall be leased for any purpose whatsoever that will destroy the tree growth."

Sections 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14 relate to preventing the starting and spreading of forest fires, by placing restrictions upon settlers, campers and the railroads.

Section 15 provides for the appointment of the proper officials for enforcing the law.

Section 16 states: "Any person violating any of the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof shall be fined in the sum of not less than ten, nor more than one hundred dollars, or by imprisonment of not less than fifteen days nor more than sixty days, or by both fine and imprisonment, as the court may direct. Suit may also be brought in the name of the state for damages arising from fires destroying the timber or the trees of the state whenever such damage has been caused by any violation of the provisions of this act by any person or persons engaged in any business or pleasure pursuit whatever."

SELECTIONS

THE COLORADO BLUE SPRUCE.



OUR STATE TREE.



The sturdy oak, of the forest the king,
With his branching arms where the ivies cling,
With his acorns brown and his leaves deep green,
May be the noblest of all the scene,
But Colorado loves full well
Her chosen Spruce of hill and dell.
Her sun shines bright on her fair spruce tree,
Where he dwells on the mountains stately and free.
His needles are bright with their silver gleam,
His shade is grateful on soil and stream,
Her winds blow gently or wildly lend
The powers of air that monarchs bend.
Her skies above him smile or frown,
And he nods gaily or bows him down.
Her birds in summer come and go,
Her clouds in winter shroud him in snow,
Her rain falls softly or beats with might
On the evergreen helm of her mountain knight,
But he stands steadfast and guards her true,
Colorado's Spruce in his armor blue.

—Celia Osgood Peterson.



SPRING.



The alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over—
And oh, how sweet they sing!—
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.

The gay, green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold,
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue;
O, happy little children!
God made them all for you.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.



OUR NEIGHBOR.



We've a charming new neighbor moved in the next door;
He's hardly new either, he's lived there before;
I should think he had come here two summers or more;
His winters he spends far away.

He is handsome and stylish, most fine to behold,
In his glossy black coat and his vest of bright gold;
He is "proud of his feathers," so I have been told,
And I half believe what people say.

His wife is a beauty, he's fond of her, too;
He calls her his "Judy;" I like it, don't you?
And he sings every day all the long summer through,
Yet he's not a bit of a bore.

For he's a musician of wonderful power;
I could list to his beautiful voice by the hour,
And he sings to his wife in their green, shady bower,
In the elm tree that shadows my door.

He's a sociable neighbor, we like him full well,
Although we've not called yet, and cannot quite tell
All he says, tho' his voice is as clear as a bell,
And as sweet as the notes of a psalm.

Do you ask what his name is? Our dear little Sue
Was anxious to know it, and asked him it, too,
And this was his answer, I'll tell it to you—
"My name is Sir Oriole, ma'am."

—L. A. P., in *Our Dumb Animals*.

FEATHERED NAME-SPEAKERS.



Do you see that bird on the apple tree,
As white with blossom as it can be?
Ask her her name and she'll sing to thee—
She heard you and answers, "Phe-be, Phe-be!"

I hear a bird when the days are bright,
Blithely he whistles from morn till night;
Timid is he and seldom in sight;
How sweetly he tells me his name—"Bob White!"

Lo! there comes another! Where do you think
This fellow stands to teeter and prink?
On a clover top, where the cattle drink,
He chatters his own name, "Bobolink!"

And now it is night and the world is still;
Not a ray of sunshine gleams on the hill.
Another bird speaks in accents shrill,
Suddenly giving her name—"Whip-poor-Will!"

Who taught you, O, birds, to know so well
Those names you're always quite ready to tell,
With voices musical, clear as a bell?
Alas! we must bid each other farewell.

Again we shall meet, though you'll go away;
Bobolink, Phebe, dear, sing while you stay,
And whistle, Bob White, while they're making the hay;
Winter will silence the music of May.

—Anon.



THE BROKEN WING.



In front of my pew sits a maiden,
A little brown wing in her hat,
With its touches of tropical azure,
And the sheen of the sun upon that.

Thro' the bloom-colored pane shines a glory
By which the vast shadows are stirred,
But I pine for the spirit and splendor
That painted the wing of that bird.

The organ rolls down its great anthem
With the soul of a song it is blent;
But for me, I am sick for the singing
Of one little song that is spent.

The voice of the curate is gentle;
"No sparrow shall fall to the ground,"
But the poor broken wing on the bonnet
Is mocking the merciful sound.

—Anonymous in Pennsylvania School Journal.



QUESTIONS.



Can you put the spider's web back in place,
That once has been swept away?
Can you put the apple again on the bough,
Which fell at our feet to-day?

Can you put the lily-cup back on the stem,
And cause it to live and grow?
Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing
That you crushed with a hasty blow?

Can you put the bloom again on the grape,
And the grape again on the vine?
Can you put the dewdrops back on the flowers
And make them sparkle and shine?

Can you put the petals back on the rose?
If you could would it smell as sweet?
Can you put the flour again in the husk,
And show me the ripened wheat?

You think that my questions are trifling, dear,
Let me ask you another one?
Can a hasty word be ever unsaid,
Or an unkind deed be undone?

—Anon.



PLANT SONG.



"Oh, where do you come from, berries red,
Nuts, apples and plums that hang ripe overhead,
Sweet, juicy grapes, with your rich purple hue,
Saying, 'Pick us and eat us; we're growing for you'?"

"O, where do you come from, bright flowers and fair,
That please with your colors and fragrance so rare,
Glowing in sunshine, or sparkling with dew?"
"We are blooming for dear little children like you;

"Our roots are our mouths, taking food from the ground,
Our leaves are our lungs, breathing air all around,
Our sap, like your blood, our veins courses through.
Don't you think, little children, we're somewhat like you?"

"Your hearts are the soil, your thoughts are the seeds;
Your lives may become useful plants or foul weeds;
If you think but good thoughts, your lives will be true,
For good women and men were once children like you."

—Nellie M. Brown.



AN APPEAL FOR THE BIRDS.



O say, O say, can you hear them,
In forest and field and lane,
The starving nestlings crying
While the parent birds are slain?
Can you see the nests deserted,
And the pretty eggs chilled o'er,
And hear all Nature mourning
For the birds that sing no more?

O say, O say, can you see them,
The songbirds we love to hear,
Dying by hundreds and thousands,
Perishing year by year?
To the gaudy haunts of fashion
We may trace their plumage gay,
But their hearts that throbbed with music
Have ceased to beat for aye.

O songsters, beautiful songsters,
Ye come and sing no more.
Spring waits in vain for the carol
That welcomed her coming of yore;
But beware! There is One who made them,
Our birds with their voices sweet,
And the cries of his dying songsters
Ascend to his mercy seat!

—Margaret Frances Mauro, in *Our Dumb Animals*.



WARBLERS AND PERCHERS.



A little brown bird sat on the twig of a tree
A swinging and singing as glad as could be,
And when he had finished his gay little song,
He flew down in the street and went hopping along.

A little boy said to him, "Little bird, stop!
And tell me the reason why you go with a hop?
Why don't you walk as boys do, and men,
One foot at a time, like a duck or a hen?"

Then the little bird went with a hop, hop, hop,
And he laughed and he laughed as he never would stop,
And he said, "Little boy, there are some birds that talk,
And some birds that hop and some birds that walk.

"Every bird that can scratch in the dirt can walk;
Every bird that can wade in the water can walk;
Every bird that has claws to scratch with can walk;
One foot at a time, that's the way that they walk.

"But most little birds who can sing you a song,
Are so small that their legs are not very strong,
To scratch with, or wade with, or catch things. That's why
They hop with both feet. They all know how to fly!"

—The Kindergarten.



THE SECRET.



We have a secret, just we three,
The robin and I and the sweet cherry tree;
The buds told the tree, and the tree told me,
And nobody knew it but just us three.

But, of course, the robin knew it best,
Because he built the—I shan't tell the rest;
And laid the four little—somethings in it—
I am afraid I shall tell it every minute.

But if the tree and the robin don't peep,
I'll try my best the secret to keep;
Though I know when the little birds fly about,
Then the whole secret will be out.



THE PLOW-BOY.



From stake to stake a bluebird flew
Along the fence and sang;
Its golden pipe the flicker blew,
The blooming orchard rang
With robin notes; far lowed the cow
Across the balmy morn,
While Abe, the plow boy, drove his plow
To break the glebe for corn.

Oh, tall and gaunt and rudely dressed,
Untaught and poor was he;
Who but a prophet could have guessed
The far off mystery
Toward which that poor lad's life was drawn
O'er ways that seemed forlorn,
What time he marked the furrows on
The future field of corn?

Or south, or east, or west, or north,
The wind of springtime flowed,
While 'twixt the plow-helves back and forth
The grim young giant strode
All thoughtless that on lonely heights
Fame blew her brazen horn—
That freedom flared in battle-lights
Beyond the fields of corn.

Close to the earth, near Nature's heart,
In poverty and toil,
He felt the germs of greatness start
At contact with the soil,
And through him stole the tender thrill
Of destiny unborn,
A wonder shimmered on the hill,
Above the field of corn.

The day was long, the work was hard,
Slow, slow the feet of fate,
Relentless griffins seemed to guard
The future's golden gate;
But while rude ignorance strangled hope,
Amid the dews of morn
Unwittingly he climbed the slope
Far from the field of corn.

Up, up past Gettysburg and on
To Fame's most sacred tower
He bore the torch that lit the dawn
Of Freedom's highest power,
And all the world looked up to him,
As he looked up that morn
And saw the wondrous vision swim
Beyond the field of corn.

—Maurice Thompson, in *Youth's Companion*.



ROBIN REDBREAST'S SECRET.



I'm a little Robin Redbreast;
My nest is in a tree;
If you look up in yonder elm,
My pleasant home you'll see.
We made it very soft and nice,—
My pretty mate and I,—
And all the time we worked at it
We sang most merrily.

I have a secret I would like
The little girls to know;
But I won't tell a single boy,
They rob the poor bird so!
We have four pretty little eggs:
We watch them with great care,
Full twenty nests are in this wood—
Don't tell the boys they're there!

Joe Thompson robbed my nest last year,
And year before,—Tom Brown;
I'll tell it loud as I can sing
To every one in town.
Swallow and sparrow, lark and thrush,
Will tell you just the same;
To make us all so sorrowful
Is just a wicked shame.

Oh, did you hear the concert
This morning from our tree?
We give it every morning,
Just as the clock strikes three.
We praise our great Creator
Whose holy love we share;
Dear children, learn to praise Him, too,
For all His tender care.

—Arbor Day Manual, R. I.



A NEST IN A POCKET.



A little bird went to and fro,
In spring, the nesting season,
And sought for shelter high and low,
Until, for some queer reason,
She flew into a granary,
Where on a nail suspended,
The farmer's coat she chanced to see,
And then her search was ended.

The grain was heaped up to the loft;
There not a creature met her;
The coat had hollows, deep and soft—
Could anything be better?
And where it hung, how safe it was,
Without a breeze to rock it!
Come, busy little beak and claws,
Build quick inside a pocket!

Three speckled eggs soon warmly lay
Beneath the happy sitter;
Three little birds—oh, joy!—one day
Began to chirp and twitter,
And then—ah, can you guess the tale?—
The farmer came one morning,
And took the coat down from the nail
Without a word of warning!

Poor little, frightened motherling!
Out of her nest she fluttered,
And each unfledged, small downy thing
Its terror, piping, uttered.
The good man started back aghast,
But merry was his wonder
When, in the pocket, he at last
Found such unlooked for plunder.

He put the coat back carefully;
" 'Tis well I have another;
You need not be afraid of me,
You bright-eyed little mother.
I know just how you feel, poor thing,
For I have youngsters, bless you!
There—stop your foolish fluttering—
Here no one shall distress you."

Then cheerfully he walked away
To tell his wife about it—
How in the coat the nestlings lay,
And he must do without it.
She smiled, and said she knew he could,
And so, all unmolested,
The mother birdie and her brood
Safe in the pocket rested.

Till all the little wings were set
In proper flying feather,
And then there was a nest to let,
For off they flocked together,
The farmer keeps it still to show,
And says that he's the debtor;
His coat is none the worse, you know,
While he's—a little better.

—From "Lights to Literature."

THE PALM TREE.

Is it the palm, the cocoa palm,
On the Indian sea by the isles of balm?
Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm?

A ship whose keel is of palm beneath,
Whose ribs of palm have a palm bark sheath,
And a rudder of palm it steereth with.

Branches of palms are its spars and rails
Fibres of palm are its woven sails,
And the rope is of palm that idly trails.

What does the good ship bear so well?
The cocoanut with its stony shell,
And the milky sap of its inner cell.

What are its jars, so smooth and fine,
But hollowed nuts filled with oil and wine,
And the cabbage that ripens under the Line?

The master he sits on a palm mat soft,
From a beaker of palm his drink is quaffed,
And a palm thatch shields from the sun aloft.

His dress is woven of palmy strands,
And he holds a palm leaf scroll in his hands,
Traced with the Prophet's wise commands.

The turban folded about his head
Was daintily wrought of the palm-leaf braid,
And the fan that cools him of palm was made.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun
Whereon he kneels when the day is done,
And the foreheads of Islam are bowed as one!

To him the palm is a gift divine,
Wherein all uses of man combine,—
House, and raiment, and food, and wine.

And, in the hour of his great release,
His need of the palm shall only cease
With the shroud wherein he lieth in peace.

"Allah il Allah!" he sings his psalm,
On the Indian sea, by the isles of balm;
"Thanks to Allah who gives the palm!"

—John Greenleaf Whittier.



THE SANDPIPER.



Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud, black and swift, across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry:
He starts not at my fitful song,
Nor flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye;
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My drift-wood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

—Celia Thaxter.



NEST EGGS.



Birds all the sunny day
Flutter and quarrel
Here in the arbor-like
Tent of the laurel.

Here in the fork
The brown nest is seated;
Four little blue eggs
The mother keeps heated.

While we stand watching her,
Staring like gabies,
Safe in each egg are the
Birds' little babies.

Soon the frail eggs they shall
Chip, and upspringing,
Make all the April woods
Merry with singing.

Younger than we are,
O, children! and frailer;
Soon in the blue air they'll be
Singer and sailor.

We, so much older,
Taller and stronger;
We shall look down on the
Birdies no longer.

They shall go flying,
With musical speeches,
High overhead in the
Tops of the beeches.

In spite of our wisdom
And sensible talking,
We on our feet must go,
Plodding and walking.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.



THE CROW'S CHILDREN.



A huntsman, bearing his gun a-field,
Went whistling merrily;
When he heard the blackest of black crows
Call out from a withered tree:

"You are going to kill the thievish birds,
And I would if I were you;
But you mustn't touch my family,
Whatever else you do!"

"I'm only going to kill the birds
That are eating up my crop;
And if your young ones do such things,
Be sure they'll have to stop."

"Oh," said the crow, "my children
Are the best ones ever born;
There isn't one among them all
Would steal a grain of corn."

"But how shall I know which ones they are?
Do they resemble you?"

"Oh, no," said the crow; "they're the prettiest birds
And the whitest that ever flew!"

So off went the sportsman, whistling,
And off, too, went his gun;
And its startling echoes never ceased
Again till the day was done.

And the old crow sat untroubled,
Cawing away in her nook;
"For," she said, "he'll never kill my birds,
Since I told him how they look.

"Now, there's the hawk, my neighbor,
She'll see what she'll see soon,
And that saucy, whistling blackbird
May have to change his tune!"

When, lo! she saw the hunter
Taking his homeward track,
With a string of crows as long as his gun
Hanging down his back.

"Alack, alack!" said the mother,
"What in the world have you done?
You promised to spare my pretty birds
And you've killed them every one!"

"Your birds!" said the puzzled hunter,
"Why, I found them in my corn;
And, besides, they are black and ugly
As any that ever were born!"

"Get out of my sight, you stupid!"
Said the angriest of crows;
"How good and fair are her children,
There's none but a parent knows!"

"Ah! I see, I see," said the hunter,
"But not as you do, quite;
It takes a mother to be so blind
She can't tell black from white!"

—Phoebe Cary.



PHOEBE.



When skies are blue
And threaded through
With skeins of sunlight spangles,
And breezes blow
Quite soft and low
Amid the tree-top tangles;
When summer has the world in thrall
And joy is sovereign over all,
'Tis curious that a little bird
Should utter such a wistful word
As "Poor me! Poor me!"

When days are long
And limbs are strong,
And blithe with youth the season;
When everything
Is tuned to spring
And rhyme, and not to reason;
When life is all a holiday
With naught of care and much of play,
'Tis sinful that a little maid
Such complaining words have said
As "Poor me! Poor me!"

—Julie Lippmann in St Nicholas.

THE WAY FOR BILLY AND ME.



Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow lies the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little maidens from their play
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, along the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

—James Hogg.



THE SEASONS.



(To be read to the children.)

Four babies lay in their cradles new,
Beginning to think of "What shall I do
The world to brighten and beautify?"
The Spring baby first said, "Let me try."

So she put on a dress of freshest green,
With trimmings the loveliest ever seen—
Trimmings of tulips and hyacinths rare
And trailing arbutus looped everywhere.

"How perfectly beautiful," Summer said;
"But wait till you see my dress of red
And darker green with golden spots,
Trimmed with roses and pinks and forget-me-nots."

"Pooh," said Autumn, "my dress will be
A more substantial one, you'll see;
With skirt of finest and yellowest wheat,
A girdle of grapes and squash turban neat."

Then Winter came silently tripping along,
Chanting softly a Christmas song,
In pure white dress with jewels spread,
Holding a basket of books on his head.

Poems and stories and pictures were there
Of the Christ child, the Yule log of Folk-lore rare.
"I am not in bright colors," he said with a smile,
"But the long winter evenings my gifts here beguile."

—Helen Adelaide Ricker.



"COME, PUSSY."



Soon red will bud the maple trees,
The bluebirds will be singing,
And yellow tassels in the breeze
Be from the poplars swinging;
And rosy will the Mayflower lie
Upon its mossy pillow;
"But you must come the first of all,—
"Come, Pussy!" is the south wind's call—
Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!
A fairy gift to children dear,
The downy firstlings of the year,—
Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!

— Anonymous.



HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN.



I'll tell you how the leaves came down,
The great Tree to his children said:
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow, and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red.
It is quite time to go to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief!
'Tis such a very pleasant day,
We do not want to go away."

So, for just one more merry day
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced, and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among—

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg, and coax, and fret."
But the great Tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bed clothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.
"Good night, dear little leaves," he said.
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good night," and murmured,
"It is so nice to go to bed!"

—Susan Coolidge.



THE TREE.



The Tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow;
Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree while he bent down his laden boughs low.

—Bjornstjerne Bjornson.

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ.

May 28, 1857.



It was fifty years ago
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvelous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud.

Though at times he hears in his dreams,
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold.

And the mother at home says, "Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return!"

—Henry W. Longfellow.

ROBIN REDBREAST.



Good-by, good-by to summer!
For summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,—
But Robin's here, with coat of brown,
And ruddy breastknot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast, O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly in the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The scanty pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,
'Twill soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast, O Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do?
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling night winds whistle
And moan all round the house.
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow,—
Alas! in winter dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast, O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer!

—William Allingham.



VIOLETS.



Under the green hedges after the snow,
There do the dear little violets grow,
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads
Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds.

Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,
Down there so the dear little violets lie;
Hiding their heads where they scarce may be seen,
By the leaves you may know where the violet hath been.

—John Moultrie.

THE YELLOW VIOLET.



When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the bluebird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mold,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk,
Yet midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

But when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

—William Cullen Bryant.



TO A CHILD.



Small service is true service while it lasts.
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one.
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

—William Wordsworth.

FROM HOME TO HOME.



When swallows were building in early spring
And the roses were red in June;
When the great white lilies were fair and sweet,
In the heat of the August noon;
When the winds were blowing the yellow wheat,
And the song of the harvest nigh,
And the beautiful world lay calm and sweet,
In the joy of a cloudless sky—

Then the swallows were full of glad content
In the hope of their northern nest;
Were sure that the land they were tarrying in
Of all other lands was the best.
And if they had heard in those blissful days
The voice they must heed say "Go,"
They had left their nests with a keen regret,
And their flight had been sad and slow.

But when summer was gone and flowers were dead,
And the brown leaves fell with a sigh,
And they watched the sun setting every day,
Further on in the northern sky,
Then the voice was sweet when it bid them "Go,"
They were eager for southward flight,
And they beat their wings to a new-born hope
When they went at the morning light.

If the way was long, yet the way was glad,
And they brighter and brighter grew,
And they dipped their wings in the glowing heat,
And they still to the southward flew,
Till they found the land of the summer sun,
The land where the nightingale sings,
And joyfully rested 'mid rose and song
Their beautiful weary wings.

Like swallows we wander from home to home—
We are birds of passage at best—
In many a spot we have dwelt a while,
We have built us many a nest.
But the heart of the Father will touch our hearts,
He will speak to us soft and low,
We shall follow the Voice to the better land,
And its bliss and its beauty know.

—From Harper's Weekly.

THE GOOD SHOT.



Once there was a boy who was a good marksman with a stone, or a bow and arrow, or an air gun. Even at his meals he would think about good shots at the clock, or the cat, or the flies on the wall, or anything else he chanced to see.

Near where he lived there lived a little bird, which had a nest and five young birds. To feed so many little mouths kept her hard at work. From dawn to dark she flew here and there, over fields, and woods, and roads, getting worms, and flies, and bugs, and seeds, such as she knew were good for her young nestlings. It was a great wonder what lots of food those five small creatures could eat. What she brought each day would have filled that nest full up to the top, yet they ate all the food and asked for more before daylight next morning.

Though it was such hard work, she was glad to do it, and went on day after day, always flying off with a gay chirp, and back soon with a bit of some kind of food. She did not eat herself, except what stuck to her bill after she had fed her little ones, but she never let them want—not even the smallest and weakest of them. He could not ask so loudly as the others, yet she always fed him first.

One day, when she had picked up a worm, and had perched a minute on a wall before flying to her nest, the boy marksman saw her, and, of course, aimed at her. He hit her in the side. She was much hurt, yet she fluttered, and limped, and dragged herself, though in great pain, to the foot of the tree where her nest was. But she could not fly up to the nest, for her wing was broken. She chirped a little and the young ones heard her, and, as they were hungry, they chirped back loudly, and she knew all their voices, even the weak note of the smallest chirper. She could not come up to them, however, nor even tell them why she did not come.

When she heard the small one call again, she tried once more to rise, but only one of her wings would move, and that just turned her over on one side. Do you think the boy would have laughed if he had seen her tumble over?

All the rest of that day the little mother lay there, and when she chirped her children answered, and when they chirped she answered, except when the boy marksman chanced to pass near by. Then she kept quite still. But her voice grew fainter and weaker, and late in the day the young ones could not hear it any more, but she could still hear them. Some time in the night the mother bird died, and in the morning she lay there with

her dim eyes still turned up to the nest in which her young ones were dying of hunger.

During all the next day they slept—when hunger allowed them—and waked, and then called out until they were so tired they fell asleep again. The next night was very cold, and they missed their mother's warm breast. Before dawn they all died, one after the other, excepting the smallest, which was lowest down in the nest. In the morning he pushed up his head and opened his little bill to be fed; but there was no one to feed him, and so he, too, died at last.

The boy marksman had killed six birds at one shot—the mother and her five young ones. Do you not think he must have been a proud boy? If you know him, please read this little story to him. He may like to hear it, perhaps.

—JOSEPH KIRKLAND.



POLLY'S ARBOR DAY MISSION.



Polly was a patriotic little girl, and so when Miss Merryman, the teacher, asked the class a week before Arbor Day, to write a composition about trees, Polly decided to find out and tell all she could about some of the celebrated trees of our country. There was the Old Liberty Elm of Boston, the famous Charter Oak of Hartford, the Burgoyne Elm of Albany, the Penn tree, where William Penn made his treaty with the Indians, the Washington Elm of Cambridge, Mass., under which Washington took command of the American army, the venerable Ash trees of Mount Vernon and the Weeping Willow over the Mathers' tomb in Copp's Hill Burial Ground in Boston, and ever so many more of interest.

Polly was sitting on an old trunk by the west window in the garret, and before her on a chair, and lying open on the trunk beside her, were all the books she could find in the library which had anything in them about trees. In each book she had put a long piece of paper, so as to easily find the reference. In the middle of the garret floor, in a bracket, stood the last Christmas tree, looking very sorry and lonesome that warm April afternoon, as the sun peeped in and smiled at the little girl, who had just discovered some magazines and old books lying on the floor under the tree and covered with little brown needles which had once been glossy and green. A strange attraction drew Polly's attention to the old tree, and led her to put an elbow on the cushion she had brought from the trunk when she commenced

looking over the books, and with her head resting on her arm, she sat looking hard at the tree. Presently she heard a voice say: "I'm so useless up here in the garret, and all for one little day's pleasure! Had I and the other twenty million which were cut down for Christmas trees in 1898 been left standing, how much good we could have done."

"Twenty million trees!" exclaimed Polly; "that is almost a forest!"

"Not quite," said the voice, "but there were just as many cut last year, and there will be more cut this year, and with all those that have been cut in the years gone by, oh, I can't tell you just how many—but they would have made quite a forest."

"I'm so sorry," said Polly.

And continued the voice: "J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska, who has entered a protest in our behalf, says that 'the 20,000,000 trees cut were the straightest and most symmetrical of our family, and that it is wrong to celebrate the birth of the Saviour of the world by wanton waste and extravagance.' When the government thought it necessary to set apart a day every year, which you call Arbor Day, for the planting of trees for the good of the people, do you think it is patriotic for children to forget the welfare of their country, and millions of human beings, by having a Christmas tree, and destroying, oh, so many more trees than they planted in the spring?"

"I never thought of it," sighed Polly, "but Christmas trees are so beautiful."

"Am I beautiful?" And the old tree trembled so that Polly was afraid it would fall over, and she heard the voice say: "Yes, yes, Polly Wyeth is a patriotic little girl, a very patriotic little girl—she has had twelve Christmas trees and her little friends have each had just as many, and they talk about loving their country and their flag—and next Arbor Day the whole school will plant one tree for the hundreds destroyed. It seems to me patriotic children could find some better way to celebrate the birth of the Christ Child, who came not to destroy—"

"Oh, don't, don't!" sobbed Polly, stretching out her hands to the tree. "I am a patriotic little girl. I never before thought of all you have said. I'll do all I can and I'll never have another Christmas tree."

The old tree trembled again and fell over, and the noise awoke Polly.

"It was a dream," sighed Polly, "but it's true, every word of it, and I shall never have another Christmas tree."

She picked up the papers and books and put them away and finished writing her composition; then, taking a little note book from her pocket, she wrote:

"We who write our names here are patriotic children and will do all we can to prevent trees being cut down for Christmas trees." She headed the list with her name and the determined look on her sweet face showed that good would result from the afternoon's work in the old garret.

—Abridged from M. Winchester Adams in *The Spirit of '76*.



FOR PRIMARY PUPILS

FOR PRIMARY PUPILS.



CONCERT RECITATION.



FOR INTRODUCTION OF ARBOR DAY PROGRAM.

When April's golden sunbeams
Have melted ice and snow,
And all the buds are swelling,
And the rivers cease to flow.

'Tis then you'll hear a bustle,
A sound o'er all the land,
And you'll see the little children
Start up on every hand.

We are like a mighty army,
Our banners, fair green trees,
That wave and bend and rustle,
With every passing breeze.

As from the blue Atlantic,
To the far Pacific Coast,
Then north and southward marching,
You may see this mighty host.

First, to preserve the forests,
The woodman's axe we'll stay.
And then you'll see us planting
New trees on Arbor Day.

—Lizzie M. Hadley.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.



Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnnet and thrush say, "I love! and I love!"
In the winter they're silent—the wind is so strong;
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves and blossoms and sunny warm weather
And singing and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings; and forever sings he—
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me!"

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.



FOR THE LITTLE ONES.



(An exercise for eight little children. The first and last stanzas are to be recited in concert; the others individually.)

We are four little maids and four little men,
And together we're just two less than ten;
If you'll listen to us we'll try to say
A word or two about trees to-day.

This is the root of the tree—you know
If it had no root it could not grow.

This is the bark. I'm sure you see
It is rough and hard as it can be.

This is a little branch—you'll find
On every tree the selfsame kind.

Here are the leaves, when they appear
We know that the lovely spring is near.

The top of the tree we call the crown,
In summer it's green, in autumn, brown.

The leaves of the trees are its foliage,
And the rings in its stem reveal its age.

The tree is worthy of our best care;
Its leaves take a poison from the air.

For this alone it seems to me
That all the world should love the tree.

We are four little maids and four little men,
And together we're just two less than ten;
If you listened, we're sure you heard us say
A word or two about trees to-day.

—Susie M. Best.



PINE NEEDLES.



If Mother Nature patches
The leaves of trees and vines,
I'm sure she does her darning
With the needles of the pines.

They are so long and slender;
And sometimes, in full view,
They have their thread of cobwebs,
And thimbles made of dew.

—William H. Hayne.



A LITTLE COCK SPARROW.



A little cock sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirrup'd, and chirrup'd, so merry was he,
But a naughty boy came with a small bow and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little cock sparrow.

"This little cock sparrow shall make me a stew,"
Said this naughty boy, "yes, and a little pie, too."
"Oh, no!" said the sparrow, "I won't make a stew,"
So he fluttered his wings and away he flew.

—Mother Goose.



DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY.



Poor little daffy-down-dilly!
She slept with her head on a rose,
When a sly moth-miller kissed her,
And left some dust on her nose.

Poor little daffy-down-dilly!
She woke when the clock struck ten,
And hurried away to the fairy queen's ball
Down in the shadowy glen.

Poor little daffy-down-dilly!
Right dainty was she and fair,
In her bodice of yellow satin,
And petticoat green and rare.

But to look in her dew-drop mirror,
She quite forgot when she rose,
And into the queen's high presence
Tripped with a spot on her nose.

Then the little knight who loved her—
O, he wished that he were dead,
And the queen's maid began to titter,
And tossed her saucy head.

And up from her throne so stately
The wee queen rose in her power,
Just waved her light wand o'er her,
And she changed into a flower.

Poor little daffy-down-dilly!
Now in the silver springtime hours,
She wakes in the sunny meadows,
And lives with other flowers.

Her beautiful yellow bodice,
With green skirts wears she still;
And the children seek and love her,
But they call her daffodil.

—Anon.



NURSERY SONG.



As I walked over the hill one day,
I listened and heard a mother sheep say,
"In all the green world there is nothing so sweet
As my little lammie, with his nimble feet;
With his eye so bright,
And his wool so white,
Oh! he is my darling, my heart's delight."
And the mother sheep and her little one
Side by side lay down in the sun;
And they went to sleep on the hillside warm.
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen and what did I see
But the old gray cat with her kittens three!
I heard her whispering soft: said she,
"My kittens, with tails so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.
The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe—she,
May love their babies exceedingly;
But I love my kittens there,
Under the rocking chair.

I love my kittens with all my might,
I love them at morning, noon and night.
Now I'll take up my kitties, the kitties I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm stove."
Let the kittens sleep under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten;
She clucked and she scratched and she bustled away,
And what do you think I heard the hen say?
I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine!
You may hunt the full moon and the stars if you please,
But you never will find ten such chickens as these;
My dear downy darlings, my sweet little things,
Come, nestle now cosily under my wings."

So the hen said,
And the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice feather bed.
And there let them sleep in their feathers so warm,
While my little chick lies here on my arm.

—Mrs. Carter.



OVER IN THE MEADOW.



Over in the meadow, in the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother toad, and her little toadie one.
"Wink!" said the mother; "I wink," said the one:
So she winked and she blinked in the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow, where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother fish and her little fishes two.
"Swim!" said the mother; "We swim," said the two:
So they swam and they leaped where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow, in a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother bluebird and her little birdies three.
"Sing!" said the mother; "We sing," said the three:
So they sang and were glad in the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow, in the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother musk-rat and her little ratties four.
"Dive!" said the mother; "We dive," said the four:
So they dived and they burrowed in the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow, in a snug beehive,
Lived a mother honeybee and her little honeys five.
"Buzz!" said the mother; "We buzz," said the five:
So they buzzed and they hummed in the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow, in a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother crow, and her little crows six.
"Caw!" said the mother; "We caw," said the six:
So they cawed and they called in their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow, where the grass is so even,
Lived a gay mother cricket and her little crickets seven.
"Chirp!" said the mother; "We chirp," said the seven:
So the chirped cheery notes in the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow, by the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother lizard, and her little lizards eight.
"Bask!" said the mother; "We bask," said the eight:
So they basked in the sun on the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow, where the clear pools shine,
Lived a green mother frog and her little froggies nine.
"Croak!" said the mother; "We croak," said the nine:
So they croaked and they splashed, where the clear pools shine.

Over in the meadow, in a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother spider, and her little spiders ten.
"Spin!" said the mother; "We spin," said the ten:
So they spun lace webs in their sly little den.

Over in the meadow, in the soft summer even,
Lived a mother firefly and her little flies eleven.
"Shine!" said the mother; "We shine," said the eleven:
So they shone like the stars in the soft summer even.

Over in the meadow, where the men dig and delve,
Lived a wise mother ant and her little anties twelve.
"Toil!" said the mother; "We toil," said the twelve:
So they toiled and were wise, where the men dig and delve.

—Katharine Floyd Dana.



"THE LITTLE BIRD TELLS."



It's strange how little boys' mothers
Can find it all out, as they do,
If a fellow does anything naughty,
Or says anything that's not true,
They'll look at you just for a moment,
Till your heart in your bosom swells,
And then they know all about it,
For a little bird tells.

Now where the little bird comes from,
Or where the little bird goes;
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,
Or black as the king of the crows;
If his voice is as hoarse as the raven's,
Or clear as the ringing of bells,
I know not, but this I am sure of—
A little bird tells.

And the only contrivance to stop him
Is just to be sure what you say—
Sure of your facts and your fancies,
Sure of your work and your play;
Be honest, be brave and be kindly;
Be gentle and loving as well;
And then you can laugh at the stories
The little birds tell!

—Anon.



THE FRIGHTENED BIRDS.



"Hush! hush!" said the little brown thrush,
To her mate on the nest in the alder-bush;
"Keep still! don't open your bill,
There's a boy coming bird-nesting over the hill.
Let go your wings out, so
That not an egg or the nest shall show.
Chee! chee! it seems to me
I'm as frightened as ever a bird can be."

Then still, with a quivering bill,
They watched the boy out of sight o'er the hill.
Ah, then, in the branches again
Their glad song rang over vale and glen.
Oh! oh! if that boy could know
How glad they were they saw him go,
Say, how do you think next day
He could possibly steal those eggs away?

—Anon.



DAME NATURE'S RECIPE.



Take a dozen little clouds
And a patch of blue;
Take a million raindrops,
As many sunbeams, too.
Take a host of violets,
A wandering little breeze,
And myriads of little leaves
Dancing on the trees.
Then mix them well together,
In the very quickest way,
Sunshine and showers, birds and flowers,
And you'll have an April day.

—Rachel G. Smith.

WHO LIKES THE RAIN?



"I," said the duck. "Why, I call it fun!
For I have my little red rubbers on;
They make a cunning three-toed track
In the sandy mud as I pass. Quack! Quack!"

"I," cried the violet, "so do I!
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry."
And she lifted a pretty purple head
Out of her dainty green grass-bed.

"I hope 'twill pour! I hope 'twill pour!"
Muttered the toad at his gray bark door;
"For a broad leaf serves me for a roof,
And my house is perfectly waterproof."

Said the brook, "I laugh at every drop,
And I wish that the rain would never stop
Till I shall a big, big river be,
Seeking my way to the rolling sea."

"I," shouted Teddy, "then I can run,
With my high top-boots and my rain-coat on,
Through every gutter, and puddle, and pool,
That I find in my way as I go to school."

—Clara Doty Bates.



A PRETTY GOWN.



All the shop windows in town are full
Of silk and cotton and gingham and wool,
But none of them shows a gown so gay
As the one Mrs. Hummingbird wears to-day.
'Tis the very same fashion her grandmother wore
And hasn't a seam or pucker or gore;
The sun doesn't fade it, the rain doesn't spot,
And it's just the thing whether chilly or hot.
'Tis a perfect fit and it won't wear out,
But will last her as long as she lives, no doubt.

—Anna M. Pratt in Youth's Companion.



THE NATIONAL FLOWER.



Said Towser to Kitty, with puzzled blink,
"The grown people round us are trying to think
Which flower is best for a national one;
Now, don't you think dogwood would be the most fun?"
"No, Towser," said Kitty, "it seems to me
Pussy willows or catnip much better would be!"

—Eleanor W. F. Bates in *Little Men and Women*.



ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.



All things bright and beautiful
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful—
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings—
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The morning and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky;

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden—
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.

—C. F. Alexander.

THE sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers only, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine on the mountain-top waves its dark boughs and cries: "Thou art my sun!" The grain in the fields calls out: "Thou art my sun!"

God sits glorious in heaven, not for a favored few, but for all; and there is no creature so poor or so low that he may not look up with childlike trust, and say: "My Father, Thou art mine!"

—*H. W. Beecher.*

