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COLORADO  
ARBOR *and* BIRD DAY  
NOTES  
*April 17, 1903*

*Issued by* MRS. HELEN L. GRENFELL  
*Superintendent of Public Instruction*



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State of Colorado  
Executive Chamber  
Denver

## P R O C L A M A T I O N

## Arbor Day



ARBOR DAY is becoming one of the most appropriate holidays established by our state laws. Our people already fully appreciate and realize the benefits to be enjoyed by future generations, through its observance, and the necessity for protecting our forests, our shrubbery and our flowers, and our children are thereby being taught to admire the wonderful works of Nature, and are inspired equally with a love of the shade and benefit of the trees and forests and are also directly taught to protect the birds, which find their homes in such forests and trees, and which are of such material aid to us in the protection of our flowers, plants, trees and shrubbery, and they, equally with our forests, require and demand our attention until state legislation shall compel their protection.

In cheerful compliance with the laws of this state, and pursuant to the authority in me vested, I, James H. Peabody, Governor of the State of Colorado, do hereby designate

FRIDAY  
THE SEVENTEENTH DAY OF APRIL, A. D. 1903  
AS  
ARBOR AND BIRD DAY

and do recommend and enjoin upon all the people of the state of Colorado to observe such day by the planting of trees and shrubs upon public and private grounds and along highways, and in parks, and in such other ways and efforts as shall be in perfect harmony with the observance of this day, and that our schools and institutions of learning observe the day in such exercises as will best promote an interest in the protection of our forests and our birds.

*In Witness Whereof*, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of State to be affixed, at the State Capitol, this twentieth day of March, A. D. 1903.



JAMES H. PEABODY.

*By the Governor, Attest:*

JAMES COWIE,

*Secretary of State.*



Since in some cases it apparently is not understood that the observance of Arbor Day is compulsory, the law relating to it is given:

#### ARBOR DAY.

An Act to establish Arbor Day, Approved March 22, 1889. In force June 22, 1889. [L. '89, p. 21.

*Arbor Day—Third Friday in April—How to Be Observed.*

Section 1. The third Friday in April of each year shall be set apart and known as "Arbor Day," to be observed by the people of this State in the 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; Provided, That the actual planting of trees may be done on the day designated or at such other most convenient time as may best conform to logical climatic conditions, such other time to be designated and due notice thereof given by the several county superintendents of schools for their respective counties. [L. '89, p. 21, Sec. 1; Mills' Ann. St., Sec. 2129.

*Holiday in Schools—How Observed.*

Sec. 2. The day, as above designated, shall be a holiday in all public schools of the State, and school officers and teachers are required to have the schools under their respective charge observe the day by planting of trees or other appropriate exercises. [L. '89, p. 21, Sec. 2; Mills' Ann. St., Sec. 2130.

*Governor Issue Proclamation—Superintendent of  
Public Instruction—County Superintendents—  
Report.*

Sec. 3. Annually, at the proper season, the Governor shall issue a proclamation, calling the attention of the people to the provisions of this act and recommending and enjoining its due observance. The Superintendent of Public Instruction and the respective county superintendents of schools, shall also promote, by all proper means, the observance of the day, and the said county superintendents of schools shall make annual reports to the State Forest Commissioner of the action taken in this behalf in their respective counties. [L. '89, p. 21, Sec. 3; Mills' Ann. St., Sec. 2131.



TO THE TEACHERS OF COLORADO:

The laws of our state require that the schools shall celebrate Arbor Day, but in addition, those who have charge of our educational work have shown their full realization of the fact that text-book study is not alone the mission of our schools, and that to bring into the school life of the child every possible help towards a broader and more noble character is the great work of the teacher. Our Arbor and Bird Day is designed to help the pupils to know, to love and to cherish the Nature life of our state and to do their part in protecting and upbuilding her interests, as well as beautifying our mountains and valleys. Our lessening forests and bird life and our treeless prairies, our many desolate school premises furnish powerful reasons for earnest effort in the special work for whose promotion this little book is designed.

Will you not join in making the third Friday of April, 1903, the banner Arbor Day in our history?

Yours fraternally,

*Helen L. Greiffell.*



Denver, Colo., Arbor Day, 1903.

DEAR SCHOOL CHILDREN OF COLORADO:

*There are some days of the year that seem better and brighter than other days, because of some pleasant association, and we call them holidays. Our own birthdays are special holidays for each of us, and this year we will keep the thirty-first birthday of a beautiful holiday which we have named Arbor and Bird Day. It was made because of the kind thought of a man who lived in Nebraska, and who loved his state so much that he wanted to help make her more beautiful and prosperous, and, because Nebraska had but few trees and no forests, he planned to have a day in each year when every man, woman and child who could do so, should plant a tree, or many trees. And on that first Arbor Day in Nebraska, in 1872, there were over one million trees planted, and in the years since then there have been planted millions more, so that, instead of a treeless state, Nebraska will soon be a well-wooded one. The boys and girls who planted those first Arbor Day trees are men and women now, and some have gone to other states, and some are not living, but the beautiful trees wave their green boughs and speak through their rustling leaves of the work that the children did for their state.*

*And now Arbor Day is celebrated all over the United States, and no one can measure the great good it has done. And it has crossed the ocean, too, and is observed in some of the European countries and in Japan. The world is brighter and better for the thought of J. Sterling Morton, the founder of Arbor*



*Day. We love our state, I am sure, just as he did his own, and so on our own Arbor Day, let us show that love by planting the trees that will grow to beauty and usefulness as the years go by; let us keep the day through our songs and exercises, and let us, through all these, plant trees of goodness, kindness and unselfishness in our own hearts, so that OUR lives, too, may bless our state.*

*Sincerely your friend,*

*Helen L. Greiffell.*



# The Colorado State Forestry Association.

PRESERVE THE FORESTS  
AND PLANT TREES

March 17, 1903.

*To the Schools of Colorado:*

Appreciating the great possibilities of the Arbor Day work of the schools of Colorado, we take pleasure in offering the following prizes as an incentive for the furthering of the work of forest extension through the efforts of the children of the various school districts of the state:

A FIRST PRIZE, amounting to \$25, will be awarded to the school district which has planted the greatest number of trees and shrubs in 1903 by the closing of the school year, June 30th, which can be shown to be living on the last Friday of May, 1904.

A SECOND PRIZE, amounting to \$15, will be awarded to the district making the second best showing of similar planting.

A THIRD PRIZE, amounting to \$10, will be awarded to the district making the third best showing of similar planting.

To become eligible to any of the prizes herein offered, in addition to the usual Arbor Day report made by the teacher to the county superintendent, a report must be made by the secretary of the school district, in duplicate, on or before the 30th day of June, 1904,



stating the number of trees planted in said district, and certified to by affidavits made by the county superintendent and by a member of the board of commissioners of the county in which the school district is located. One copy of this report is to be filed in the county superintendent's office and the other forwarded to the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. The award of prizes will be made after the receipt of reports made by the secretary of the school districts on or before June 30, 1904, certifying to the number of trees living of those planted in the time specified during the year previous.

The prizes are to be presented in the form of books, pictures, or other objects for school room use or decoration, the successful districts to choose the form which the prizes shall take.

HON. A. LINCOLN FELLOWS,  
*Engr. U. S. G. S.;*

HON. HENRY MICHELSEN,  
*U. S. For. Com. Colo.;*

HON. HELEN L. GRENFELL,  
*State Supt. Pub. Inst.;*

CHARLES E. WANTLAND,  
*Land Agent U. P. R. R.;*

HON. PLATT ROGERS,  
*Attorney at Law;*  
Executive Committee.

W. N. BYERS, *President.*

W. G. M. STONE, *Vice-President.*

JABEZ NORMAN, *Secretary.*



## THE NECESSITY OF ARBOR AND BIRD DAY WORK IN COLORADO.



It is gratifying to note that the faithful labors of teachers and other educators throughout the state are bringing practical results in the increased attention that is being paid to the beautifying of school grounds and to the preservation of our forests and the bird life of the state. In the awakening that has happily taken place throughout the United States regarding the necessity for action in behalf of both forests and birds, Colorado is sharing and bids fair to excel. The Forestry Association has inaugurated a campaign of education, and the newly-formed Audubon Society proposes to further in Colorado the work which has made great progress under similar societies in other states. The importance of this work can not be too frequently and earnestly urged upon the community.

Many members of our school boards and other citizens are making especial efforts to render the school grounds attractive by the planting of trees and shrubbery and by the care of lawns. Necessarily, it requires time to see results, but within a few years we should be able to say that no school district in the state has not improved its school grounds to the utmost possible extent for its own locality. One of the excellent results of such work is the awakening of interest and pride on the part of parents and children to improve and beautify their own yards and surroundings. Neatness and taste exhibited in a few places have an inspiring effect, and from the starting-point of the school grounds the standard can be raised for the entire district.



#### TREES.

There can be but little beauty in either home or school grounds that are destitute of trees. Their welcome shade in summer, their restful colors and graceful shapes, wonderfully enhance the beauty of any landscape. All associations with out-door life and appreciation of the joy of living with nature are inseparably mingled with the silent companionship of trees.

But aside from their mission as pleasure-giving, beautiful features of the earth, their use to the dwellers upon earth is so great as to be second only to that of the sun. The health-giving qualities of trees are shown in the fact that the atmosphere is purified by their absorption of gases that are noxious to man, and the springs of water at their roots are purified by them. It is a necessity for the material welfare of Colorado that an interest in forest protection and extension through tree-planting be established.

The presence of trees prevents extremes of heat and cold in the climate, and protects crops from disastrous winds. It has been said that all the ravages of disease, pestilence, famine and even crime have not brought so great evil upon mankind as the destruction of the forests. If one-fourth part of so sweeping a statement be true, our country needs all the efforts that have been made, and all that can be made, for the re-foresting of the land. Our children should have instruction throughout the year which will render them intelligent regarding the problems now being faced by our own and other governments and peoples upon the work of restoring the forests, and will prepare them



for the part they should take in helping to meet these problems in the future.

Definite and enthusiastic exercises for Arbor Day are helpful toward inculcating the right spirit in the schools and the individuals. In addition to these, however, it is of the utmost importance that practical instruction be given the children upon how and where trees should be planted, and upon the proper after-care of whatever has been started. Many trees planted on Arbor Day with excellent intentions have perished within a few months because of unsuitability to the locality, or of neglect through ignorance.

Trees native to our state, or trees that have been proved capable of growing here, should be chosen. The planting should be done by an experienced man who understands how to prune the roots and branches and how to fill in the soil.

The setting out of groves of trees wherever practicable should be the care of every school board. Such a practice in a few years will transform our school grounds from unsightly places to the most attractive spots in their vicinity.



#### BIRDS.

Birds are the highest class of animals next to the mammals. The fine handiwork of Nature is nowhere better shown than in the wonderful mechanism of these dainty creatures, who have been given the air for their native element.

Their universal presence with man makes it possible to study and know them, while their gentle attractiveness draws all hearts. The wonderful skill of birds in the building of their homes and the intelli-



gence shown in their systematic migrations win our respect, while the knowledge of the absolute dependence of the farmer upon their good offices should enlist every citizen in the crusade for their preservation.

Education upon this subject should be steadily carried on both with children and with adults and the facts about bird life and work published often and broadcast, so that none may continue to sin through ignorance.

Carefully collected statistics have shown that the decrease of bird life during the fifteen years preceding 1898 has averaged in the United States over 40 per cent. and in our own state 28 per cent. Unless these ravages are checked, many of our native birds will be totally exterminated within another twenty years. The wild turkey and some species of grouse and waterfowl are among the valuable birds that are rapidly disappearing. The beautiful egret, the scarlet tanager, the Baltimore oriole and others of our song-birds have suffered a ruthless destruction that threatens to leave our land almost birdless in a few more generations.

It seems incredible that, after all that has been written and said to enlighten the people as to this condition, hunters will still kill game birds out of season, and women will still wear the plumage of birds as hat decorations.

The greatest hope lies in the persistent and thorough education of the children to the end that we may have in our next generation people incapable of the heartless and thoughtless cruelty which is so difficult to eradicate from this. The pupils in our schools should be taught not only to refrain from injuring birds and their nests, but to actively assist them in



finding shelter and food. The destruction of bird life has progressed so far that the negative aid of letting them alone will not be sufficient to insure their regaining their rightful place and numbers on this continent.

Children should be interested in various plans of attracting the birds about their homes and play grounds. The providing of bird houses will bring many, and even the scattering of crumbs and grains in convenient places and the placing of shallow dishes of water at heights suitable for the birds to drink and to bathe will accomplish surprising results.

The establishment of societies for the purpose of protecting and preserving our birds should be encouraged in every school and community.

We may confidently expect from faithful work throughout the year in our schools, and from making the utmost of the special opportunity afforded by Arbor Day, to arouse a sentiment amongst our pupils so deep and so earnest that ere long Colorado may be enrolled among the "banner states" where bird life is on the increase.



## SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS.



History of Arbor Day.  
Uses of Trees.  
The World's Great Forests.  
What We Owe to Bird Life.  
Birds of Colorado.  
Nature in the Rocky Mountains.  
The Outdoor Life.  
Trees I Have Known.  
Plant Fruit Trees.  
The Most Unselfish of Our Holidays.  
What We Can Do to Bring Back Our Birds.  
Historic Trees.

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*It is requested that teachers keep the annual numbers of Arbor and Bird Day Notes as a part of the school library. The material offered has been obtained from a great variety of resources, with the object of providing a permanent and valuable collection of literature for the teacher's use in connection with the work in Nature Study and Humane Teaching. The programs given are, of course, only suggestions, and should be modified as differing conditions may make advisable.*



## PROGRAM SUGGESTED.



Song—Anthem for Arbor Day (Tune, “America”).

Reading of State Superintendent’s Letter to the Children.

Recitation—The Bloodless Sportsman.

Essay—Description of Colorado Trees.

Reading—The Bluebird’s Plea.

Song—The Voice of Spring.

Recitation for Group—The State Flowers in Convention.

Essay—The Relation of Trees and Birds.

Recitation—Leonardo’s Bird Cages.

Song—Woodman, Spare That Tree.

Quotations by children, each giving a favorite of his own, appropriate to the day.

Short addresses by School Directors or other guests.

Song—Father, We Thank Thee.



# SELECTIONS



## THE BLUEBIRD'S PLEA.

(For reading or recitation.)

Please do not look at me, only listen. Once I was a beautiful bluebird. Many nesting times have come and gone since then, but I have never forgotten the happy days when, free as the air, I believed all the world to be true and good, and from a heart bursting with joy and gratitude I poured forth my little song of praise, or listened to the solos of the bobolinks, the meadow lark, the oriole, and the wonderful woodland chorus.

There is nothing beautiful about me now. In fact, there never has been since my life was gone. After that terrible moment when I knew that I must die, and that my precious nestlings would starve, I realized nothing whatever until, with returning consciousness, I found myself in a millinery store. Even then, though my feathers were fresh and my color quite perfect, it seemed to me when I caught a reflection of myself in the mirror that I indeed appeared but a sad and pitiable victim. When one of you that very day called me such a "love of a bird," I could only look at you in wonder and reproach. I knew so much better; I was a dead bird; my joyous, sparkling life was over; my babies were starved to death; we have no orphan asylums; my distracted mate was calling to me, but my tiny feet were fastened amid lace and ribbon and my wings were powerless.

Oh, woman, a millinery store is a place of death! I was not alone. Hundreds of other mothers were there whose throbbing hearts were stilled and whose nests were desolate! There were parrots—quite speechless, looking unnatural and even hideous. Delicate humming birds, lovingly called by the Indians "living sunbeams," were placed in great numbers upon your hats. They are such dear little neighbors and love their short, bright lives as much as you do yours! Do any of you think an owl is an artistic decoration for a hat? Don't you know that the farmers of our state need all the living owls they can have?

Now they tell me that you are cruel; that you know the terrible suffering you cause; that you have been told again and again the pitiful story of the egret whose plumes you wear, but I can not believe it. You seem so kind and tender hearted! Would you, is there one of you who would, *kill* a bird? I know



full well the answer; you would shrink in horror at the thought! Then why don't you stop and think of who does kill us and why we must die?

If you would simply say that you are tired of wearing birds, there would be hope for my poor friends. I have learned that you once had a queer fashion of wearing wire cages under your dresses; that they went out of style and you stopped wearing them. You could stop wearing us and there would be no more victims of a barbarous fashion.

Once I had a tiny home in the trunk of an old apple tree. My mate and I were so happy. Perhaps we were too proud of the five blue eggs we so jealously guarded. One day a boy stole our treasures—said he was making a collection! He acted sorry when we begged and besought him to leave them, but he went on. I only know that our hearts were broken, and there were five less bluebirds to make the summer glad.

Another time, when our little ones were learning to fly, a boy with a pea shooter killed three of them, and he didn't seem to care!

Can't you teach your boys and little brothers better? They will listen if you try to interest them. You know how to be winning. If I were a girl I would spend more time with my little brothers; they will be the men who will make our laws very soon. Teach them to protect us.

If I were a woman I would be ashamed to wear a dead bird!

Since I began my existence in a millinery store I have belonged to several of you, and I know that you do not realize what you are doing; but God will not hold you guiltless if you continue to encourage the destruction of innocent bird life. The pretty girl who first bought me tried to believe the story told her to the effect that I was a "made bird," but the One who made us was the same.

Aside from the fact that without our help insects and worms would devour your land, your crops would fail and your trees be leafless, what would the summer be without us?

Have you no pity for those who can not plead their own cause?

Won't you save us before it is too late?

For the sake of the little ones you love and all that is dear to you in your own homes, be merciful to us, the helpless "children of the air!"

If every one of you will do your best, the joyous day will soon come when milliners will announce, "Birds are 'out'!"

—*Frances Margaret Fox.*



## HOW BIRDS DRESS.

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(From "Feathered Friends," chapter 4, by permission of D. C. Heath & Co., publishers of the book, which was copyrighted in 1898.)

In temperate climates like this birds do not dress in such bright colors as they do in hot countries. Their coats and gowns are plainer. There are few extremes in color here, as there are few extremes in heat or cold. We can tell almost any race or class of people by their style of dress or lack of dress. We can name the trees and shrubs and vines by their foliage, which is really their dress, so we know the different kinds of birds by their plumage or dress. Many birds resemble in color the haunts or places they like best. Desert birds are pale or gray, like the sand. Many of the birds in the tropics are dressed in gay colors like the bright blossoms about them, while many birds in the cold North are white like the snow. By this we see that in all nature, and especially among the bird people, dress is of great importance.

Some of the larger and coarser birds have been accused of being very untidy about their dress. They do not seem to care how they look and do not show their clothes off proudly as others do. But people who think this have not observed very closely. Birds like the hawk and vulture are really neat and tidy. Turkey buzzards look very ugly and rough at first glance, but their plumage is suited to their needs and they take great pains to keep clean. You will notice that the buzzard has no feathers on his head or neck, and it is this lack of hat or bonnet that makes the bird look so odd and unlovely. But we must not be in a hurry to blame him for this nor call him hard names because he does not happen to wear a collar or head dress. There are some things that we do not understand unless we first ask questions or get better acquainted with people. You see the buzzard, like the scavengers who clean up our dirty streets, is always at work on dead things and scraps of garbage which we do not want. We respect him for doing this kind of work. He must dress to suit his occupation, like other sensible people, though we can not help wishing that the buzzard had a suit of Sunday clothes. He wears nothing on his head because he is obliged



to reach far in beneath bones and thick skin in search of food. If he wore a head dress like his neighbors it would get foul and ill smelling and we would think him far more untidy than he is. As it is, he can slip his naked head into marrow bones and out again without much trouble and need not be afraid of spoiling his hat, as other birds would. We would not care to be daily companions of the buzzard and the carrion crow, although they are useful and interesting birds. We would prefer to be in the company of better dressed and better bred people. Most of the birds we know think a great deal about their dress. They work much of their time to keep it tidy and in good order. They mend their clothes, too, although they do not use a needle and thread. A little girl we know laughed heartily one day when we told her that the robin mends her dress when it is torn. The little girl had only to watch and see that Mrs. and Miss Robin and other birds as well smooth out and fix up the torn and rumpled feathers till they look as good as new. Different kinds of birds have different fashions, but these fashions never change. A bird to-day dresses exactly as its grandmother did, and the birds never seem to make fun of one another for being old fashioned. Once in a long while we find a solitary bird different in color from others of its kind. We have seen a white blue-jay, and there is in our yard a brown towhee which has two white feathers in the wing. Such birds are very rare, as are people who have a white spot of hair on their heads when all the rest is dark; or albinos; that is, persons with pink eyes, although they belong to a dark race. Two suits of clothes are quite enough for most birds, while one suit is all that others can afford. Birds are very careful of their clothes, although they never try to dress more gaily than their neighbors and friends. They only try to be clean and thus set us a very good example. Sit down on the grass under a tree or in a seat in the park and see the birds dress themselves. Every separate feather is cleaned and pulled just as a woman cleans and stretches delicate lace and embroidery. See how the loose feathers are pulled out and dropped, like so many useless ravelings or worn threads. The bird watches the falling plume until it reaches the ground, canting her head to one side to see what becomes of her tatters, and then goes on with her dressing.

Madam Bird manages very well to twist about and reach all her clothes except her head dress. Have you wondered how a bird can turn its head all around in a way that would cramp your own neck if you should try it? The neck of a bird is more flexible than yours; that is, it is furnished with more joints, so



that the bird can turn its head readily and dress itself with ease. A bird never changes the whole of its dress at once. Little by little the feathers drop out or are pulled away so that they are not missed. If they should all come out in one day or one week the bird would be helpless and unable to fly. If you should attempt to smooth a bird's feathers without knowing her you would very likely make her look very ragged. Naturalists, who know how because they have practiced so much, can smooth and pull the feathers as well as the bird herself. They can pick up a hurt bird and by a few touches make her look respectable.

—*American Journal of Education.*



## A TROPICAL FRUIT TREE.

(Of Special Interest to American Children.)

Although the fruits of the tropics seldom ripen in temperate climes, the trees are often cultivated merely for the beauty of their foliage; so that it may prove of interest to become further acquainted with their general appearance and uses in their far-off native habitats.

The beautiful date palm is indigenous to Africa and Asia, though flourishing in all hot countries. There are said to be nearly a thousand species, the most vigorous specimens reaching the height of eighty feet and living for 200 years. Each tree yields from 160 to 200 pounds of fruit in a single season, some of the clusters weighing nearly forty pounds. It is propagated by suckers from the root, whence its name of "Phoenix," and bears its first crop when about eight years of age.

No less than 360 uses are claimed for this invaluable tree. The trunk furnishes timber for furniture and house-building, as well as fuel, cooking utensils, and bows and arrows; the roots are utilized for fencing and roofing, and the fiber is woven into mats, fishnets, ropes, baskets, and articles of clothing. Among the natives of the Orient the nutritious fruit is the principal food for nearly the entire year, and, pounded into solid cakes, is carried by the Arabs journeying over the scorching desert, the stones being used as fodder for the camels. Roasted and ground, the kernels make a fair substitute for coffee, and are also valued on account of their oil.

These trees are sometimes known as the "palms of victory," as the large, frondlike leaves are supposed to be identical with those that were strewn before the Saviour on His entry into Jerusalem, and that were borne with songs of rejoicing before ancient conquerors returning from their triumphs on the battlefield; while on Palm Sunday and at the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles they are highly prized as church decorations. In some varieties the flower-spathes yield a large quantity of sweet sap, which upon evaporation becomes "date sugar," this being fermented into an intoxicant called "arrack." The terminal bud or "cabbage" is considered a great delicacy, and is boiled and eaten like a vegetable.—*By Bertha F. Herrick.*



## MR. AND MRS. BROWN.

---

The Browns are my neighbors.

They came from the South some weeks ago.

There is a street of houses in one of my garden trees. The Browns took one of these houses.

After a few days I saw three pretty eggs in the house. These eggs were blue and white, with specks of brown at one end.

One day Mrs. Brown found another egg in the house. It was not a little blue and white egg like her own.

It was a great brown, speckled egg, and as large as the three blue and white eggs put together.

Mrs. Brown looked at it.

Then she chirped to Mr. Brown to come, and he came and looked at it, too.

Then they flew to the tree and talked about it. Mrs. Brown said: "I am afraid, my dear, that this big egg may be something dreadful when it is hatched.

"Perhaps it will be one of those dreadful creatures with such long tail-feathers, and such loud voices, that scream so in the morning before the sun comes up."

"My dear," said Mr. Brown, "we will move at once!"

They left their pretty home and the four eggs, and moved into the next house.

Soon there were three small blue and white eggs in the new home. The next week there was also one large brown one. This time poor little Mrs. Brown spread her soft wings over them all.

She said nothing to Mr. Brown. After a while there were in the house four baby birds. Three baby birds were small, one was large. In a few days the large bird filled half the house.

One of the baby Browns was crowded out, and fell to the ground and died. In a week more the large bird could not stay in the house. It sat in the door, and it ate almost everything the mother brought.

The little Brown babies would push their heads from under its feathers and cry "peep, peep," for a share. None of us know what kind of a bird he will prove to be.

My little girl, who watches the Browns every day, does not like him very well. She says, "He has no right to put himself into a home where he does not belong!"

Mr. and Mrs. Brown feel quite proud of him. I hope he will turn out well, but I have my doubts about that bird.

—*The Crane Third Reader.*



## JOHNNY APPLESEED.

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What is most interesting is the habit he had of planting seeds wherever he went. When he ate an apple or a peach or a pear he put the seeds carefully in a pouch he carried, and when he reached a fertile valley, where he thought a family would surely come to live some time, the seeds were carefully planted. So it happened that hundreds and hundreds of travelers looking for homes in the wide Western country have come upon fruit trees in the wilderness, and there have made homes.

Thus he traveled over many states when they were yet new, leaving the seeds behind him to sprout and grow when he was gone. Poor Johnny! He was a philanthropist, you will say, as well as a philosopher and a poet. That is true. He was not ambitious, as you and I are, yet he did a great deal of good. He made many people happy, and was contented to be without even a name. So they called him Johnny Appleseed. Here is one of the songs:

I love to plant a little seed,  
Whose fruit I never see;  
Some hungry stranger it will feed,  
When it becomes a tree.

I love to sing a little song  
Whose words attune the day,  
And round me see the children throng  
When I begin to play.

So I can never lonely be,  
Although I am alone;  
I think of future apple trees,  
Which help the men unknown.

I sing my heart into the air,  
And plant my way with seed.  
The song sends music everywhere;  
The tree will tell my deed.

—Anon. *From New York Arbor Day Annual, 1902.*



## ANTHEM FOR ARBOR DAY.

---

Joy for the sturdy trees!  
Fanned by each fragrant breeze.  
Lovely they stand!  
The song birds o'er them thrill,  
They shade each tinkling rill,  
They crown each swelling hill,  
Lowly or grand.

Plant them by stream or way,  
Plant where the children play  
And toilers rest;  
In every verdant vale,  
In every sunny swale,  
Whether to grow or fail—  
God knoweth best.

Select the strong, the fair;  
Plant them with earnest care—  
No toil is vain.  
Plant in a fitter place,  
Where, like a lovely face,  
Set in some sweeter grace,  
Change may prove gain.

God will His blessings send—  
All things on Him depend.  
His loving care  
Clings to each leaf and flower  
Like ivy to its tower.  
His presence and His power  
Are everywhere.

—Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D., Author of "America."



## THE CHILD'S WORLD.

---

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,  
With the wonderful water around you curled,  
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,—  
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,  
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,  
It walks on the water and whirls the mills,  
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth! how far do you go,  
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow,  
With cities and gardens and cliffs and isles,  
And people upon you for thousand of miles?

Ah, you are so great and I am so small,  
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;  
And yet, when I said my prayers, to-day,  
A whisper inside me seemed to say:  
"You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot;  
You can love and think, and the Earth can not!"  
—W. B. Rands.



## WHAT DO WE PLANT?

---

What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
We plant the ship which will cross the sea,  
We plant the mast to carry the sails,  
We plant the plank to withstand the gales,  
The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee.  
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
We plant the houses for you and me;  
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors;  
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,  
The beams and siding, all parts that be.  
We plant the house when we plant the tree.



What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
A thousand things that we daily see.  
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag;  
We plant the staff for our country's flag;  
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free—  
We plant all these when we plant the tree.  
—Henry Abbey.



## THE HELP OF BIRDS.

---

To know the flicker's golden flash,  
The robin's brown relief,  
Is glory in the days of joy,  
And balm in those of grief.

To follow up the merry lark,  
And hang upon his song,  
Is storing light against the dusk,  
Of days when sorrows throng.

To see the bluebird's color beam,  
And home it in the breast,  
Is making of pure ecstasy  
An everlasting guest.

To hear the wood-dove's gentle tone,  
When all the soul's in pain,  
Is to be tenderly consoled  
And pleasing patience gain.

In every bird that God has made,  
There is a blessing sure,  
For all who lean toward Nature's heart  
And seek her wisdom pure.

—Norman C. Schlichter, Cambridge, Mass.



## NESTS.

---

I know where meadow grasses rank and high  
A cradle cover,  
Because two bobolinks with telltale cry  
Above them hover.

Small mullein leaves beside my garden wall  
Grow unmolested,  
And under their pale velvet parasol  
Sparrows have nested.

An oriole toiled on from day to day—  
The cunning weaver—  
Tying her hammock to that leafy spray  
About the river.

No wingless thief can climb that elm's frail stair;  
Nor guest unbidden,  
Can reach the snug aerial chamber where  
Her eggs are hidden.

A marsh wren's cunning hermitage I see,  
As my boat passes,  
Moored to the green stems of a fleur-de-lis  
With strong sea grasses.

And stay! I know another pretty nest  
Of braided willow,  
With dainty lace and knots of ribbon drest,  
And feathered pillow.

And just one bird, with moist and downy head,  
Herein reposes;  
He has no wings—his shoulders grow instead  
Dimples and roses!

You have a nest and little wingless bird  
At your house, maybe;  
Of course you know without another word  
I mean—a baby!

— May Riley Smith, in *Kindergarten Magazine*.



## "O YE OF LITTLE FAITH."

---

A Sower sowed his seed, with doubts and fears;  
"I dare not hope," he said, "for fruitful ears;  
Poor hath the harvest been in other years;"  
Yet ere the August moon had waxen old  
Fair stood his fields, a waving sea of gold;  
He reaped a thousand-fold!

In a dark place, one dropt a kindly word;  
"So weak my voice," he sighed, "perchance none heard,  
Or if they did, no answering impulse stirred;"  
Yet in an hour his fortunes were at stake;  
One put a life in peril for his sake,  
Because that word he spake!

"Little have I to give, O Lord," one cried,  
"A wayward heart that oft hath Thee denied;  
Couldst Thou with such a gift be satisfied?"  
Yet when the soul had ceased its mournful plaint  
God took the love that seemed so poor and faint,  
And from it made a Saint!

—*Christian Burke, in Sunday Magazine.*



## THE NOBLE NATURE.

---

It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make man better be;  
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sere;  
A lily of a day  
Is fairer far in May,  
Although it fall and die that night—  
It was the plant and flower of Light.  
In small proportions we just beauty see;  
And in short measures life may perfect be.

—*Ben Johnson.*



## SPRING.

---

As little children gather round their mother,  
And beg her a familiar tale to tell;—  
One that is dearer far than any other,  
Because so often heard and known so well:—  
And as they watch her, prompting, should she falter,  
And any variation quickly see,  
And cry, "Don't tell it so; don't change and alter.  
We want it just the way it used to be."  
So do we come to thee, O Nature Mother!  
And never tire of listening to thy tales.  
Tell us thy spring-time story now, no other;  
That hath a wondrous charm which never fails.  
Tell it with all the old-time strength and glory,  
Fill it with many a happy song and shout;  
Don't miss one bird or blossom in the story,  
Don't leave one daffodil or daisy out.  
Tell us each shade in all the trees' soft greening,  
Don't skip one blade of grass, one bee, one wren;  
Each little thing has grown so full of meaning  
In the dear story we would hear again.  
O Mother Nature! thou art old and hoary,  
And wonderful and strange things thou canst tell;  
But we, thy children, love the spring-time story,  
And think it best, because we know it well.

—Bessie Chandler.



## APRIL.

---

April laughed and threw a kiss;  
Then afraid it seemed amiss,  
Quick she dropped a shining tear,  
And it straightway blossomed here;  
Seeing this, she then threw more,  
Crying harder than before—  
A tear for every kiss she threw;  
From every tear a blossom grew,  
'Till she, laughing, ran away,  
And left her flowers all to May.

—Anna Grannis.



## I CAN BUT SING.

---

"O little bird of restless wing,  
Why dost thou sing so sweet and loud?  
Why dost thou sing so strong and proud?  
Why dost thou sing?"

"Oh, I have drunk the wine of spring,  
My mate hath built a nest with me;  
My hope flames out in song," said he;  
"I can but sing."

"O little bird of broken wing,  
Why dost thou sing so low and clear?  
Why dost thou sing so fond and near?  
Why dost thou sing?"

"Oh, I have seen the end of spring;  
My nest is wrecked; my mate is dead;  
I bring them back in song," he said;  
"I can but sing."

—*Eudora Bumstead.*



## TELLTALES.

---

Pussy willow had a secret that the snowdrops whispered her,  
And she purred it to the south wind while it stroked her velvet  
fur;  
And the south wind hummed it softly to the busy honey bees,  
And they buzzed it to the blossoms on the scarlet maple trees;  
And these dropped it to the wood brooks brimming full of melted  
snow,  
And the brooks told Robin Redbreast as they chattered to and  
fro;  
Little Robin could not keep it, so he sang it loud and clear  
To the sleepy fields and meadows, "Wake up! Cheer up! Spring  
is here!"

—*Youth's Companion.*



## THE BLOODLESS SPORTSMAN.

---

I go a-gunning, but take no gun;  
I fish without a pole;  
And I bag good game, and catch such fish  
As suits a sportsman's soul;  
For the choicest game that the forest holds,  
And the best fish of the brook,  
Are never brought down with a rifle shot,  
And are never caught with a hook.

I bob for fish by the forest brook,  
I hunt for game in the trees,  
For bigger birds than wing the air,  
Or fish that swim the seas.  
A rodless Walton of the brooks,  
A bloodless sportsman, I—  
I hunt for the thoughts that throng the woods,  
The dreams that haunt the sky.

The woods were made for the hunters of dreams,  
The brooks for the fishers of song;  
To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game  
The streams and the woods belong.  
There are thoughts that moan from the soul of the pine,  
And thoughts in a flower bell curled;  
And the thoughts that are blown with the scent of the fern  
Are as new and as old as the world.

So away! for the hunt in the fern-scented wood  
Till the going down of the sun;  
There is plenty of game still left in the woods  
For the hunter who has no gun.  
So, away! for the fish by the moss-bordered brook  
That flows through the velvety sod;  
There are plenty of fish still left in the streams  
For the angler who has no rod.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*



## FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

---

I know a place where the sun is like gold,  
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,  
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,  
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,  
And one is for love, you know,  
And God put another one in for luck—  
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,  
You must love and be strong—and so—  
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place  
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

—*Ella Higginson.*



## IN CHURCH.

---

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

—*Anon. From Humane Education Leaflet.*



## WHEN THE GREEN GITS BACK IN THE TREES.

---

In the spring when the green gits back in the trees,  
And the sun comes out and stays,  
And your boots pull on with a good tight squeeze,  
And you think of your barefoot days;  
When you ort to work and you want to not,  
And yu and your wife agrees  
It's time to spade up the garden lot—  
When the green gits back on the trees.  
Well, work is the least of my idees  
When the green, you know, gits back on the trees.

When the green gits back in the trees, and bees  
Is a-buzzin' aroun' agin,  
In that kind of a "Lazy-go-as-you-please"  
Old gait they hum roun' in;  
When the ground's all bald where the hayrick stood  
And the crick's riz, and the breeze  
Coaxes the bloom in the old dogwood,  
And the green gits back in the trees—  
I like, as I say, in such scenes as these,  
The time when the green gits back in the trees.

When the whole tail feathers o' winter time  
Is all pulled out and gone,  
And the sap it thaws and begins to climb,  
And the sweat it starts out on  
A feller's forrerd, a-gittin' down  
At the old spring on his knees—  
I kind o' like, jes' a loaferin' roun'  
When the green gits back in the trees—  
Jes' a-potterin' roun' as I-durn-please,  
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees.

—James Whitcomb Riley.



## A BIRD'S NEST.

---

Over my shaded doorway,  
Two little brown-winged birds  
Have chosen to fashion their dwelling  
And utter their loving words;  
All day they are going and coming  
On errands frequent and fleet,  
And warbling over and over,  
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Their necks are changeful and shining,  
Their eyes are like living gems;  
And all day long they are busy  
Gathering straws and stems,  
Lint and feathers and grasses,  
And half forgetting to eat,  
Yet never failing to warble,  
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

I scatter crumbs on the door-step,  
And fling them some flossy threads;  
They fearlessly gather my bounty,  
And turn up their graceful heads,  
And chatter and dance and flutter,  
And scrape with their tiny feet,  
Telling me over and over,  
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

What if the sky is clouded?  
What if the rain comes down?  
They are all dressed to meet it,  
In water-proof suits of brown.  
They never mope nor languish,  
Nor murmur at storm or heat,  
But say, whatever the weather,  
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Always merry and busy,  
Dear little brown-winged birds!  
Teach me the happy magic  
Hidden in those soft words,  
Which always, in shine or shadow,  
So lovingly you repeat,  
Over and over and over,  
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

—*Florence Percy.*



## 'TIS ARBOR DAY.

---

'Tis Arbor Day, 'tis Arbor Day,  
O, who so happy as we?  
We hie away, we hie away  
To plant our Arbor tree.  
The breath of spring is on our brow,  
The morn is glad and gay;  
All nature's filled with music now,  
Upon this Arbor Day.

We speed away, we speed away,  
And our delight proclaim;  
O, let us now the call obey,  
Our country's good our aim.  
And Colorado's pride shall be  
The perfume of her flow'rs,  
The Arbor trees we plant with glee,  
The shadows of her bow'rs.

O, come away! O, come away!  
And lend a helping hand;  
We'll do our best, this Arbor Day,  
To beautify the land.  
The fruit tree will abundance yield  
When we have passed away;  
The shade tree weary trav'lers shield  
Some future Arbor Day.

—*Ida May Dennison, Columbine School, Denver, Colo.*



## THE SOWER.

---

Sow with a generous hand,  
Pause not for toil or pain,  
Weary not, through the heat of summer,  
Weary not, through the cold, spring rain,  
But wait 'till the autumn comes,  
For the sheaves of golden grain.  
Then sow, for the hours are fleeting,  
And the seed must fall to-day,  
And care not what hand shall reap it,  
Or if you shall have passed away  
Before the waving cornfields  
Shall gladden the sunny day.

—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*



## IN THE SWING.

---

Here we go to the branches high!

Here we come to the grasses low!

For the spiders and flowers and birds and I

Love to swing when the breezes blow.

Swing, little bird, on the topmost bough;

Swing, little spider, with rope so fine;

Swing, little flower, for the wind blows now;

But none of you has such a swing as mine.

Dear little bird, come sit on my toes;

I'm just as careful as I can be;

And oh, I tell you, nobody knows

What fun we'd have if you'd play with me!

Come and swing with me, birdie dear;

Bright little flower, come swing in my hair;

But you, little spider, creepy and queer,

You'd better stay and swing over there!

The sweet little bird, he sings and sings,

But he doesn't even look in my face;

The bright little blossom swings and swings,

But still it swings in the self-same place.

Let them stay where they like it best;

Let them do what they'd rather do;

My swing is nicer than all the rest,

But may be it's rather small for two.

Here we go to the branches high!

Here we come to the grasses low!

For the spiders and flowers and birds and I

Love to swing when the breezes blow.

Swing, little bird, on the topmost bough;

Swing, little spider, with rope so fine;

Swing, little flower, for the wind blows now;

But none of you has such a swing as mine.

—Eudora S. Bumstead, in *St. Nicholas*, 1888.



## CHERRIES.

April brought the blossoms out;  
May winds scattered them about,  
Till the grassy floor below  
Whitened with their fragrant snow;  
Then came June with golden sun,  
Of all months the fairest one,  
Smiling on the trees and brooks  
Like a child with picture-books.

In the green leaves overhead  
Little lights were burning red;  
Looking up, it seemed that I  
Saw the stars in fairy sky  
Glistening the leaves among  
Lanterns by the pixies hung,  
But I heard a song-bird pipe:  
"Cherry ripe!" and "Cherry ripe!"

He who sings of cherries best  
Wears their colors on his breast;  
He their poet is, and he  
Makes his dwelling in their tree.  
'Tis not strange his song is sweet;  
Think—the cherries he can eat;  
Busy with his feathered wits  
He makes bare the cherry pits.

Bring the basket, little maid;  
Let us send Sir Robin aid.  
I will climb among the boughs  
Where he has his tiny house,  
And, if I can find him there,  
I will ask him please to spare  
Of his tempting cherry feast  
One small basketful, at least.

I will tell him how in spring,  
When you first had heard him sing,  
All upon the garden ground  
You the bread-crumbs threw around;  
Then, if he's the bird I think,  
He will answer in a wink:  
"Certainly; I'd help you pick,  
If their stems were not so thick!"

—*Frank Dempster Sherman. From "Little-Folk Lyrics."*



## MOTHER EARTH.

---

Old Mother Earth woke up from sleep  
And found she was cold and bare;  
The Winter was over, the Spring was near  
And she had not a dress to wear!

"Alas!" she sighed with great dismay,  
"Oh, where shall I get my clothes;  
There's not a place to buy a suit,  
And a dressmaker no one knows."

*Grass—*

"I'll make you a dress," said the springing grass,  
Just looking above the ground,  
"A dress of green of the loveliest sheen,  
To cover you all around."

*Dandelion—*

"And we," said the dandelions gay,  
"Will dot it with yellow, bright;"

*Forget-me-not—*

"I'll make it a fringe," said forget-me-not,  
"Of blue, very soft and light."

*Violet—*

"We'll embroider the front," said the violets,  
"With a lovely purple hue;"

*Rose—*

"And we," said the roses, "will make you a crown  
Of red, jeweled over with dew."

*Golden-drop—*

"And we'll be your gems," said a voice from the shade,  
Where the ladies' eardrops live,  
Orange is a color for any queen,  
And the best we have to give."

*All—*

Old Mother Earth was thankful and glad,  
As she put on her dress so gay;  
And that is the reason, my little ones,  
She is looking so lovely to-day.

—Anon. *From New York Arbor Day Annual.*



## LEONARDO'S BIRD CAGES.

---

Once in a city, long ago,  
Milan's its name, if you'd like to know,  
(Out with your atlases, dears, and find  
Just where the place is, so you'll mind)  
Lived there a famous artist, who  
Painted and carved, and sculptured, too,  
Better than any in that old day,  
Better than any one now, they say.

If you should ever chance to take a foreign tour,  
When you're in Milan, you'll be sure  
There to be shown, its colors dim,  
One of the pictures drawn by him,  
Christ's last supper; and if your eyes  
Fill as you gaze on it, no surprise  
Ought to be either yours or mine,  
Over a face that's so divine.

Then if you go to Paris, there  
In the great Louvre gallery, where  
Pictures are hung, they'll point you out  
One that the world goes mad about.  
Oh, such a portrait! All the while  
It holds and haunts you with its smile—  
Beautiful Mona Lisa! She  
Couldn't be bought for gold, you see,  
Not if a king should come to buy  
Her as she sits there; let him try!

What is the reason? Because no face  
Ever was painted with a grace  
Equal to this. But here's the thing  
For which I've kept you listening  
Rather too long. He used to go,  
This painter of whom I'd have you know,  
Down to the market where they sold  
Cages of birds all gay with gold,  
Crimson and blue on wing and crest,  
Trapped as they just would leave the nest.  
Thither he wandered day by day,  
Buying each cage within his way,



Making the ragged beggars glad,  
Since they could sell him all they had.  
Nor did it matter what his store,  
Still he was always buying more.

Why did he want so many? Well,  
Darlings, that is just what I'm going to tell.  
Instantly, soon as he bought a bird,  
Over his upturned head was heard,  
O, such a trill! So glad, so high,  
Dropping right out of the sunny sky,  
Into his heart, as naught else could,  
Filling it full as there he stood,  
Holding the open wicker door,  
Watching with joy the bright wings soar  
Into the blue. You know now? He  
Wanted them only to set them free.  
Why do I love Leonardo so?  
Not for his rare, grand pictures, no,  
But for his sweet, great soul, so stirred  
Just by a little prisoned bird.  
—Anon. from *Washington's First Bird Day Book*, 1898.



## WE THANK THEE.

---

For flowers that bloom about our feet;  
For tender grass so fresh and 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!

For mother-love and father-care;  
For brothers strong and sisters fair;  
For love at home and school each day;  
For guidance lest we go astray—  
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

—*The Crane Third Reader.*



### THREE TREES.

---

The pine tree grew in the wood,  
Tapering, straight and high;  
Stately and proud it stood,  
Black-green against the sky,  
Crowded so close it sought the blue,  
And ever upward it reached and grew.

The oak tree stood in the field,  
Beneath it dozed the herds;  
It gave to the mower a shield,  
It gave a home to the birds.  
Sturdy and broad, it guarded the farms,  
With its brawny trunk and knotted arms.

The apple tree grew by the wall,  
Ugly and crooked and black;  
But it knew the gardener's call,  
And the children rode on its back.  
It scattered its blossoms upon the air,  
It covered the ground with fruitage fair.

"Now, hey," said the pine, "for the wood!  
Come live with the forest band,  
Our comrades will do you good,  
And tall and straight you will stand."  
And he swung his bows to a witching sound,  
And flung his cones like coins around.

"O ho!" laughed sturdy oak;  
"The life of the field for me,  
I weather the lightning-stroke;  
My branches are broad and free.  
Grow straight and slim in the wood if you will,  
Give me the sun and the wind-swept hill!"

And the apple tree murmured low,  
"I am neither straight nor strong;  
Crooked my back doth grow  
With bearing my burdens long."  
And it dropped its fruit as it dropped a tear,  
And it reddened the ground with a fragrant cheer.



And the Lord of the harvest heard,  
And He said: "I have use for all;  
For the bough that shelters a bird,  
For the beam that pillars a hall;  
And grow they tall, or grow they ill,  
They grow but to wait their Master's will."

So a ship of the oak was sent  
Far over the ocean blue,  
And the pine was the mast that bent  
As over the waves it flew;  
And the ruddy fruit of the apple tree  
Was borne to a starving isle of the sea.

Now the farmer grows like the oak,  
And the townsman is proud and tall,  
The city and field are full of folk—  
But the Lord has need of all.

—Anon, from *New York Arbor Day Annual*.



### A TREE SONG.

---

Sing a song of oak trees,  
Sing a song of pine,  
Sing of elm and hickory,  
Growing broad and fine.  
Sing about the ash tree,  
Poplar tree and beech,  
Maple, birch and apple tree,  
Pear and plum and peach.

Sing of this or that tree,  
Growing here or there;  
All around the world, dear,  
Every tree is fair.  
North or South it may be,  
Maybe East or West,  
But take them all in all, dear,  
The Christmas tree is best.

—*Truth*.



## LITTLE BIRD BLUE.

---

Little Bird Blue, come sing us your song;  
The cold winter weather has lasted so long,  
We're tired of skates, and we're tired of sleds,  
We're tired of snow banks as high as our heads;  
    Now we're watching for you,  
    Little Bird Blue.

Soon as you sing, then the springtime will come,  
The robins will call and the honey bees hum,  
And the dear little pussies so cunning and gray,  
Will sit on the willow trees over the way;  
    So hurry, please do,  
    Little Bird Blue.

We're longing to hunt in the woods, for we know,  
Just where the spring beauties and liverwort grow;  
We're sure they will peep when they hear your first song,  
But why are you keeping us waiting so long,  
    And waiting for you,  
    Little Bird Blue?

—Anon. *From New York Annual, 1902.*



## MRS. WASP AND MRS. BEE.

---

Said Mrs. Wasp to Mrs. Bee:  
    "Will you a favor do me?  
There's something I can't understand;  
    Please, ma'am, explain it to me.  
"Why do men build you a house,  
    And coax you to go in it,  
While me, your cousin, they'll not let  
    Stay near them for a minute?  
"I have a sting, I do confess,  
    And should not like to lose it;  
But so have you, and when you're vexed  
    I'm very sure you use it.  
"Well," said the Bee, "to you, no doubt,  
    It does seem rather funny;  
But people soon forget the stings  
    Of those who give them honey."

—*American Bee Journal.*



## THE STATE FLOWERS IN CONVENTION.

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(Unless otherwise indicated, two pupils recite in unison, bearing between them a garland of their own flower. Each state should wear a crown of her flower's color, with her name in bold letters, and other adornment should be of the same color. The festoon is indicated as giving more choice of arrangement and attitude than more set designs and making the final floral chain.)

IDAHO .....	<i>Syringa</i>
VERMONT .....	<i>Red Clover</i>
MINNESOTA .....	<i>Moccasin Flower</i>
ALABAMA .....	<i>Golden-Rod</i>
NEBRASKA .....	<i>Golden-Rod</i>
OREGON .....	<i>Golden-Rod</i>
UTAH .....	<i>Sego or Mariposa Lily</i>
MAINE .....	<i>Pine Cone and Tassel</i>
NEW YORK AND IOWA.....	<i>Rose</i>
MONTANA .....	<i>Bitter Root</i>
MICHIGAN .....	<i>Apple Blossom</i>
OKLAHOMA .....	<i>Mistletoe</i>
NORTH DAKOTA.....	<i>Wild Rose</i>
DELAWARE .....	<i>Peach Blossom</i>
RHODE ISLAND.....	<i>Violet</i>
COLORADO .....	<i>Columbine</i>



IDAHO.  
(Syringa.)

In gold and white, from Idaho,  
Syringa sendeth greeting;  
Large part she plays in many ways  
In our states' floral meeting.

The white for right; the gold for wealth;  
The sweet perfume for goodness;  
Syringa fair can not be scorned  
Without extremest rudeness!

No cottage door so low, so poor,  
Syringa will not grow there;  
More true, more dear year after year,  
Than all the flowers that blow there.

So wandering through our bloom-decked bower,  
To choose the fairest blossom,  
Our fairest daughter plucked this flower  
And wore it in her bosom.

VERMONT.  
(Red Clover.)

What clothes the meadows of our Vermont,  
Making her dear completeness?  
Nods in the grass and becks by the brook,  
In color and bloom and sweetness!

Through it gay crickets and grasshoppers flit,  
Over it butterflies hover.  
What is the flower we love the best  
But the beautiful sweet red clover?

Sweetest of feed for the grateful kine,  
Browsing the livelong day,—  
Storing the barns in harvest time  
With summer scented hay.

Storage of sweet to the honey bee,  
Roaming the meadows over,—  
What is the flower of old Vermont  
But the beautiful sweet red clover!



MINNESOTA.

(Moccasin Flower.)

We are from far Minnesota,  
Land of the Indian's naming;  
Village and city and lake still bear  
Sounds of the red men's framing.

Once through the lonely forests  
The Indian hunter strayed;  
Gone are his clustered wigwams;  
Fled is the fawn from the glade.

But still in the red man's footsteps  
The moccasin flower upspringeth;  
The Indian pipe by the oak tree gleams,  
The Indian bird still singeth.

Let lovers of rose and syringa  
Bedeck their odorous bower;  
The land of the Indian lovers  
Hath chosen the moccasin flower!



ALABAMA, NEBRASKA, OREGON.

(Golden-Rod.)

ALABAMA.

From Alabama's reaches  
Of meadow, plain and hill,  
From fair Mobilian beaches  
And lakelets clear and still—  
Blooming by silent waters,  
On hilltops no foot hath trod,  
Fairest of Southern daughters  
Is the sun-kissed golden-rod.

NEBRASKA.

A song from far Nebraska  
In praise of the lovely flower;  
Where none else grows it bravely blows,  
Nor craves the ungiven shower.  
On the bleak and wind-swept sand-hills,  
Its yellow sheaves gaily nod,  
Do we not well to love it—  
Our faithful golden-rod?

OREGON.

Oh, goldener glows the golden-rod  
As it nears the golden West;  
Gold of the mines and gold of the sun  
Gleam in its yellow breast.  
Treasure of heaven it gleaneth,  
Treasure of up-turned sod;  
What flower should we choose in Oregon  
But the glowing golden-rod?

UNISON.

(With Joined Hands.)

From the Southern gulf and the Western sea,  
And the far-off hills of God,  
We meet in the praise and greeting  
Of the glorious golden-rod!

UTAH.

(Sego or Mariposa Lily.)

We've gathered our garlands of wild flowers  
From the shores of the Great Salt Sea—  
From the mountains of far-off Utah,  
From the prairies broad and free.

Our wreaths are of stately lilies,  
The blossoms we love the best,  
Only for us it bloometh—  
Fair child of the golden West.

Its hues are of tinted sea-shell,  
Pale lilac and white and green;  
Wise men name it the Mariposa,  
But we, our Hillside Queen!

MAINE.

(Pine Cone and Tassel.)

The wave-beaten cliffs of the coast line,  
Stand strong in their steadfast might;  
The song of the surf ascends them,  
Singing by day and night.  
But sweeter than voice of ocean  
Borne on the Southern breeze,  
Is the song of the wind in the branches—  
The song of Maine's dear old trees.

What owe we not to our pine tree?  
Proud vessels that sail the seas,  
Toys of the tiniest toddler—  
All from the pine are these;  
Beauty and fragrance and shadow  
Share of the strength of the hills,  
Home of the wildwood folk,  
Shade for a thousand rills.

On mountain, hill and lakeside,  
In steadfast ranks arrayed,  
They stand in their fair green glory  
Of verdure that doth not fade.  
Constant through autumn's fitting,  
When faded are flower and vine,  
What emblem for us more fitting,  
Than the tassel and cone of the pine?



NEW YORK AND IOWA.

(Rose.)

(In Unison.)

We are New York and Iowa,  
And long miles lie between us;  
Though we disagree in many things,  
At war you've never seen us.

But sweet accord is ours to-day,  
Agreement in perfection;  
What flower so rare, beyond compare,  
As that of our selection?

On throne of green the rose is queen,  
The whole wide Union over;  
Who wears her crest upon his breast  
Will be her faithful lover.

While sisters all from many lands,  
Their garlands here are bringing,  
For "roses white and roses red"  
Our song of praise we're singing.

Let others kneel at other shrines,  
Their lauding chorus raising,  
But be our joyful song to-day,  
"The rose that all are praising."

MONTANA.

(Bitter Root.)

We come from Montana, "the land of the mountains,"  
With bitter root garlands, rose tinted and white;  
We plucked the fair bud from its home by the fountains,  
And made it our emblem of bloom and delight.

Not a nook in the far stretching valley or hillside,  
But bitter root hastens with bloom to adorn;  
Not a gray mossy stone by the river or rill-side  
That wears not its garland, with hues of the morn.

O, bitter root blossom, that blows by the fountain,  
How many the shrines that thy worshipers seek!  
There's Bitter Root Valley and Bitter Root Mountain,  
And Bitter Root Village and Bitter Root Creek.

Not a voice in dissension is heard when we name thee,  
Whether dwellers in cottage or palace or hall;  
Not a dastard so base that would dare to defame thee;  
Our own bitter root is the flower for us all.

MICHIGAN.  
(Apple Blossom.)

Of white and rosy apple blossoms, fed by April rain,  
Of beauty, bloom and fragrance we've twined our floral chain;  
Two daughters we from Michigan, our fragrant tribute bearing,  
To grace with hues of sunset skies the feast of flowers we're  
sharing.

Well do we love our apple tree! At early break of day  
Upon it robin redbreast sits, and pipes his cheery lay;  
The children pluck them nosegays of its bounteous store of sweet,  
And laugh to see the perfumed showers come fluttering to their  
feet.

Across the level country, and across the inland seas,  
The greeting of the apple trees is wafted on the breeze;  
The last sad look of voyagers who shall return no more  
Is on the ranks of faithful trees along the fading shore.

And all through golden summer days, in patient toil and mute,  
They work the yearly miracle of red and golden fruit—  
Solace of winter evenings, in cold and lagging hours;  
The apple tree of Michigan is dearer than the flowers.

OKLAHOMA.  
(Mistletoe.)

Our Oklahoma's big and broad,  
There's room for all new-comers,  
But widest welcome waits for him  
Who sings of other summers.

When "loth we part from all we love,  
From all the ties that bind us,"  
'Tis sweet to muse as far we rove,  
On homes we've left behind us.



New faces crowd upon our sight,  
New birds in wildwood singing,  
New blossoms blooming by the way  
And new mosquitoes stinging!

So welcome we the mistletoe—  
Its hints of Christmas holly,  
Of chiming bells, of Yule-log flame,  
Of merry Christmas folly.

We're settlers new, and somewhat rough,  
With not much time for posies;  
The mistletoe will do for us—  
You're welcome to your roses!

NORTH DAKOTA.  
(Wild Rose.)

In the "Land of the Dacotahs,"  
In the home of Minnehaha,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Nodding, blooms the lovely wild rose,  
Daughter of the singing forest.  
There the birch tree bends above it,  
And the birds sing on its branches,  
Singing to the listening floweret,  
All a song of Minnehaha,  
Minnehaha, long departed.  
And the laughing water singeth  
Till the wild rose, nodding, nodding,  
Hears the song in mournful measures  
Tell of dear old days departed,  
When canoes sailed down the waters,  
And the Indian maidens, laughing,  
Snatched the blossoms from the briers,  
Wove them in their dusky tresses,  
Floating down the dancing waters.  
Gone are Indian maids and red man,  
Gone are birch canoes and wigwams,  
To the "land of the hereafter,"  
Only wild rose noddeth gently,  
As she did in days departed;  
Still she lights the gloomy forest,  
Still her perfume fills the morning.  
So, for sake of days departed,  
Wear we on our breast the wild rose.



#### DELAWARE.

(Peach Blossom.)

Sing we a song for the merry little peach,  
For all of you are very well aware  
That if it wouldn't flourish along our sandy beach  
There'd be mourning in the state of Delaware!

The modest little violet is all very well,  
The clover and the rose very sweet;  
But the pink peach flower is striving every hour  
To be a fruit that's really fit to eat.

So we proudly wear our emblem of beauty and of worth,  
And we laud our lovely blossom to the sky,  
Not a bloom in summer bower like the pretty pink flower  
That means to be a peach by and by.

#### RHODE ISLAND.

(Violet.)

Our "Little Rhody" is fain to wear  
A modest wee flower on her bosom;  
Sunflower and dahlia, tall and fair,  
And many a stately blossom,  
Unheeded, lean from the borders high,  
As Rhody strolls down between them;  
Unheeded flaunt as she wanders by—  
I doubt if she's even seen them.  
But, bending low in a mossy nook,  
And parting the green leaves wet,  
She plucks from its modest hiding-place,  
A sweet blue violet.  
When the first robin lilts his song,  
In the apple trees swaying lightly,  
Violet's lingering will not be long,  
When the soft south wind blows blithely.  
Purpling the hillsides' sunny slopes,  
Where happy children find them—  
Smiling remote in the forest brook,  
Where the water grasses bind them—  
Sweet-scented and white in the orchard old,  
How the brave old trees enjoy them!



Cover them warm with their fallen leaves,  
Lest a vandal hand destroy them!  
And under the garlands bathed with dew,  
On the graves where the soldiers lie sleeping,  
Violets bloom with tenderest hue,  
Watch with each blue eye keeping.  
Dear little violet, child of the Spring,  
Daughter of April showers,—  
There shall Rhode Island's children sing  
Fairest of all her flowers.

#### COLORADO.

(Columbine.)

Patches of purple on mountain-side,  
Flashes of pink in the meadows,  
Scarlet array by the king's highway,  
Tangles of white in the shadows.

Our Colorado's a land of flowers,  
Well does the green earth love them;  
Clear is the sunshine that brightens the hues  
Warmly the sky bends above them.

But some bloom here, and some only there,  
And choose but their own abiding;  
But brave Columbine doth everywhere shine  
By brook-bed and rock-cranny hiding.

No dwellers so lone in untrod ways  
But the Columbine giveth greeting;  
And an elfin call on its trumpets small,  
The wood fays sound for meeting.

Through the Union great in every state  
Each flower to some heart is nearest;  
But far and wide through our country side  
Brave Columbine is the dearest.

—Mrs. M. M. Tallman.

IN UNISON.

(Each two take places as named, tallest in center, joining hands with looped festoons between.)

From North and South and East and West, join hands in friendly greeting;

All welcome all the lovely flowers that journeyed to our meeting.  
Although the links that bind us are but frail links of flowers,  
With friendship's bands cemented, strong ties are these of ours.  
Eastern and Western golden-rod, unite your glowing beauties,  
And Oklahoma's mistletoe shall pay its Christmas duties.  
Come, North Dakota's wild rose, and tasseled pine from Maine,  
And Minnesota's moccasin shall tread the earth again.

Come, Colorado's columbine, in all your queenly glory,  
And mingled with the leaf and vine, extend the floral story;  
Syringa sweet from Idaho, with blossoms gold and white;  
New York and Iowa, the rose you still in song unite.  
Come, Mariposa lily, from Salt Lake's lonely beaches,  
And stand beside the gallant twain who sang in praise of peaches.  
Make way for blooms from green Vermont, festoons of fragrant  
clover;

Next apple blooms from Michigan, borne by each faithful lover;  
Rhode Island with her violets,—she's very frail and small.  
Yet, somehow—shall we say it?—we love her with them all!  
To all flowers dear to each heart here, from tasseled pine to  
clover,

Hail and farewell to one and all! Our festival is over.



## WHICH TREE IS BEST?

---

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?  
Is it the solemn and gloomy pine,  
With its million needles so sharp and fine?  
Ah no! The tree that I love best,  
It buds and blossoms not with the rest;  
No summer sun on its fruit has smiled,  
But the ice and snow are around it piled;  
But still it will bloom and bear fruit for me—  
My winter bloomer! My Christmas tree.  
— *Youth's Companion.*



## HOW DO ROBINS BUILD THEIR NESTS?

---

How do 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 to me—  
That's what Robin told me.  
Where do robins build 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 old,  
Bright-eyed stars will peep and see  
Baby robins—one, two, three—  
That's what Robin told to me—  
That's what Robin told me.  
—*American Primary Teacher.*



## THE GOSSIP OF THE NUTS.

---

Said the Shagbark to the Chestnut,

“Is it time to leave the burr?”

“I don’t know,” replied the Chestnut;

“There’s the Hazel Nut—ask her.”

“I don’t dare pop my nose out

’Till Jack Frost unlocks the door;

Besides, I’m in no hurry

To increase the squirrels’ store.

“A telegram from Peanut says

That she is on the way;

And the Pecan nuts are ripening

In Texas, so they say.”

Just here the little Beech Nut,

In his three-cornered hat,

Remarked in tiny, piping voice,

“I’m glad to hear of that;

“For then my charming cousin,

So very much like me,

Miss Chinquapin, will come with them,

And happy I shall be.”

Then Butternut spoke up and said:

“ ’Twill not be long before

I’ll have to move my quarters

To the farmer’s garret floor.

“With Hickory and Walnut,

Good company I’ll keep,

And there until Thanksgiving

Together we shall sleep.”

Said the Shagbark: “I am tired

Of being cooped up here;

I want to go and see the world;

Pray what is there to fear?

“I’ll stay up here no longer,

I’ll just go pouncing down,

So good-by, Sister Chestnut,

We’ll meet again in town.”

—From the Western School Journal.



## TWO TRAINS TO POPPY-LAND.

---

The first train leaves at 6 p. m.  
For the land where the poppy blows,  
The mother dear is the engineer,  
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms;  
The whistle, a low, sweet strain;  
The passenger winks and nods and blinks  
And goes to sleep in the train!

At 8 p. m. the next train starts  
For the Poppy-land afar;  
The summons clear falls on the ear,  
"All aboard for the sleeping car!"

But what is the fare to Poppy-land?  
I hope it is not too dear;  
The fare is this, a hug and a kiss,  
And it's paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him who children took  
On His knee in kindness great,  
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day  
That leave at 6 and 8."

"Keep watch of the passengers," thus I pray,  
"For to me they are very dear;  
And special ward, O gracious Lord,  
O'er the gentle engineer."

—*Christian Union.*

## JOHNNY'S CHOICE.

---

We sat around the evening fire,  
Busy with books, or work, or chat,  
And each one, as the spirit moved,  
Spoke pleasantly of this or that.

When suddenly out broke our Ned,  
Up-looking from his picture-book,  
"Oh, do but see this great old oak—  
A century old, they say, its look!

"What tree can with the oak compare?  
'Tis king of all the forest realm!"  
"Ah, then, the queen, I'm sure," cried Fan,  
"Must be the stately lady elm!"


"I like the aspen," answered Ruth;  
"How gracefully its branches wave."  
"And I the willow," whispered Rose;  
"It waves above my mother's grave."

"The chestnut, I, with stores of nuts,"  
"The pine tree, I, so green and tall;"  
"The holly, I, with berries red"—  
So cried they gaily, one and all.

"Come, Master Johnny, why so still?  
Come, tell us what your choice may be."  
"Oh, as for me," cried little John,  
My favorite is the Christmas tree!"

—Anon. *From the Crane Third Reader.*





The bravest are ever the  
most humane, the most gen-  
tle, the most kind. If any-  
one would be truly brave,  
let him learn to be gentle  
and tender to everyone and  
everything about him.

—Rev. Arthur Sewell.

