COLORADO ARBOR *and* BIRD DAY NOTES

April 15, 1904

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

ARBOR DAY LAW

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.

State of Colorado
Executive Chamber
Denver

PROCLAMATION

IN the general obedience to customs and laws governing State and National holidays, it is a pleasure to call upon the people of Colorado to set aside and celebrate

FRIDAY
APRIL 15, 1904
AS
ARBOR AND BIRD DAY

on which occasion it will be desirable and fitting to plant trees, shrubbery and flowers in both public and private grounds, as well as trees upon highways. The care of bird life should be fostered since the fowl of the air are the greatest protectors to the forestry interests. Thus we may reap our own reward and our descendants may abundantly profit by our efforts to preserve the forests and those other accessories of forest and field life which tend to please the eye and serve to ameliorate the conditions of life.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of State to be affixed, at Denver, the State Capital, this seventeenth day of March, A. D. one thousand nine hundred and four.

JAMES H. PEABODY.

By the Governor, Attest:
JAMES COWIE,
Secretary of State.

To the Teachers of Colorado:

This little book is offered for your assistance, with gratitude for your hearty co-operation and interest in past years in the effort to make Arbor and Bird Day of value, not only to our school children, but to our state, in its need for intelligent consideration of the decrease of our forest and bird life.

Not the least of the results of the celebration of this especial holiday has been that it fosters love of country. With the inspiring lessons of the day reaching out into the entire year, our children's hearts will not fail to respond to the call to the noble work of benefiting their state for the future generations as well as for themselves. May we faithfully do our own part in this great work.

Yours fraternally,

Helen L. Grenfell.

Denver, Colorado, March 17, 1904.

Denver, Colo., Arbor Day, 1904.

DEAR SCHOOL CHILDREN OF COLORADO:

Our school year is now almost ended, and from your books you have learned many useful and important things, so that you are not only older but wiser than when you met to celebrate the Arbor and Bird Day of a year ago. And of the many lessons which you have learned, I hope the one you will never forget is the one given to us by the greatest Teacher who ever lived when He said "Love thy neighbor as thyself." The true lesson which Arbor Day teaches is that we should do unto others as we would be done by, not only to all our human friends but to all living creatures, great or small.

Among the stories which you read of the lives of great people, there are some that make us long to be also great and to be remembered by all. These are of the ones who, like Washington and Lincoln and Harriet Beecher Stowe and Clara Barton, used their greatness to help make the world happier; and this we can all do, no matter where we may be placed. To do each day some kindly act for those with whom you associate, to protect the weak and help the strong when in the right, and to be true in word and thought,—this will make each one great in goodness and prepare him for success and happiness in whatever work the years may bring.

Let this Arbor Day, with its kindly celebration, be the New Year's Day of such resolve.

Sincerely your friend,

Helen L Grenfell.

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.

SKETCH OF J. STERLING MORTON
THE FOUNDER OF ARBOR DAY

Julius Sterling Morton was born in Jefferson county, New York, April 22, 1832. He was of Puritan stock, his ancestors having come from England on the Little Ann, the first ship after the Mayflower. His parents removed to Michigan when the son was still a baby. He was sent to good private schools and seminaries, and later to Michigan University, but was graduated at Union College, New York, in 1854. Immediately after completing his college course, he married and removed to Nebraska, and in the following year chose Nebraska City as his permanent home, locating as a pre-emptor upon a claim half a mile square, adjacent to the town. This estate grew into the beautiful Arbor Lodge, so familiar to all lovers of the holiday founded by Mr. Morton, and the home of the remainder of his life.

He took a prominent part in the political life of his state, and held various public offices. In 1893 he was appointed Secretary of Agriculture in the cabinet of President Cleveland. His death occurred on April 27, 1902.

Arbor Day, now so widely celebrated, originated in Nebraska, in 1872, when the suggestion for establishing such a day, made by Mr. Morton, was unanimously adopted by the State Board of Agriculture and recommended by that body to the people. April 10, 1872, the first Arbor Day in the United States was made memorable in Nebraska by the planting of over one million trees.

Since that time the observance of the day has grown until it is now honored in all but four of our own states, and has crossed the sea to Great Britain and France, countries of northern and southern Africa, and across the Pacific to Japan and the Sandwich Islands.

In Colorado, the first Arbor Day was celebrated on the third Friday in April, 1884.

EXTRACTS FROM SPEECHES OF MR. MORTON

Like great wheels the cycles revolve and reappear, now in the animal and then in the vegetable world, as mere mites in the stupendous machinery of the universe. The glow of beauty on the cheek of youth to-day may to-morrow tint a rose growing upon that youth's grave.

We die, we are buried, and down into our very graves the kingdom of the forest and field sends its fibrous root-spies, its pioneers and sappers and miners. The grand oak, the majestic elm, throw out their arms and foliage to wave and shimmer in the sunlight, and deploy their roots and rootlets to invade graves, and bring them food and strength from the tired forms that sleep therein.

The almost infinite possibilities of a tree germ came to my mind one summer when traveling in a railway carriage, amid beautiful, cultivated fields to Belgium. A cottonwood seed, on its wings of down, drifted into my compartment. It came like a

materialized whisper from home. Catching it in my hand, I forgot the present and wandered into the past, to a mote like that which had, years and years before, been planted by the winds and currents on the banks of the Missouri. That mote had taken life and root, growing to splendid proportions, until in 1854 the axe of the pioneer had vanquished it, and the saw, seizing it with relentless, whirling teeth, reduced it to lumber. From its treehood evolved a human habitation, a home—my home—wherein a mother's love had blossomed and fruited with a sweetness surpassing the loveliness of the rose and the honeysuckle. Thus, from the former feathery floater in mid-air, grew a home, and all the endearing contentment and infinite satisfaction which that blessed Anglo-Saxon word conveys, that one word which means all that is worth living for, and for which alone all good men and women are living.

It seems to me that a tree and a truth are the two longest lived things of which mankind has any knowledge. Therefore, it behooves all men in rural life, besides planting truths, to plant trees; it behooves all men in public life to plant economic and political truths, and, as the tree grows from a small twig to a grand overspreading oak, so the smallest economic truth, as we have seen in the United States, even in the last year, can so grow as to revolutionize the government of the great Republic. I say, then, that we should all plant trees and plant truths, and let every man struggle, so that when we shall all have passed away we shall have earned a great epitaph, which we find in St. Paul's cathedral in London. You remember Sir Christopher Wren was the architect of that wondrous consummation of beauty in building, and there, among the heroic dead of England's greatest heroes upon land or sea, repose his remains. On other tombs are marked words of eulogy, fulsome sometimes, always intense, but upon the sarcophagus where Sir Christopher Wren's remains repose is inscribed only these simple words: "Si quaeris monumentum circumspic"—If you seek my monument look around you. So every man, woman and child who plants trees shall be able to say, on coming, as I have come, toward the evening of life, in all sincerity and truth: "If you seek my monument, look around you."

FORESTRY

Forestry is the name given in general to the subject of preserving and renewing the forests of our country,

planting trees on plain and prairie, and establishing a practical science and art covering these interests.

The movement in the United States dates from the year 1873, when a committee of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was appointed "to memorialize Congress and the several state legislatures upon the importance of promoting the cultivation of timber and the preservation of forests, and to recommend proper legislation for securing these objects."

In 1876 the first official was appointed to take charge of the Division of Forestry, which was organized by order of the Commission of Agriculture, in 1881, and formally recognized by Congress in 1886.

State Forestry Associations have been organized in many states for the promotion of forestry work.

The establishment of Arbor Day in most of the states of the Union has greatly aided the cause through its widespread influence in educating the children to an understanding of the importance of tree planting and forest preservation.

The chief objects of forestry work are to secure a continuous supply of wood for man's use, and to conserve the water supply of the country. The presence of forests influences the rainfall, causing its more regular distribution. The forest holds the water in the soil, which yields it gradually in the form of gently flowing streams. The Arbor Day Manual of Texas, 1902, clearly expresses the usefulness of our forests as follows: "The reforesting of mountains and replanting of hilltops and water courses would diminish the frequency and violence of river inundations, prevent the formation of torrents, mitigate the extremes of atmospheric temperature, humidity and precipitation, restore dried-up springs and rivulets, shelter the fields from chilling and from parching winds, prevent the spread of miasmatic effluvia, and finally furnish an inexhaustible and self-renewing supply of a most widely useful and, for many

purposes, indispensable material. To watch over the life of trees is to watch over the safety of humanity."

The wood product consumed by all the various uses to which wood is put, amounts in the United States annually to about 25,000,000,000 cubic feet, worth $1,000,000,000, a value which exceeds ten times the value of the gold and silver product, and three times the value of all our nation's mineral and coal products put together.

The work of forestry does not aim to exclude the axe of the lumberman, but to guide the axe to the trees that are ripe for cutting, and to prevent the ruthless destruction of young trees and of whole sections of woodland, whose continued life and growth mean the protection of the all-important water supply.

Our government has, from time to time, selected certain areas of country to be especially reserved as forest lands. These forest reserves are taken from the states and territories of Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Oregon, South Dakota, Washington and Wyoming, and all together comprise 70,647 square miles.

One of the most prominent and earnest workers for forest preservation in this country was Mr. Henry Michelsen, national supervisor of forest reserves, who died at his home in Denver, on February 19th of this year. He was an untiring worker in the cause of forestry, to which he rendered noble service with heart, hand and pen, and his labors in behalf of the forests of Colorado entitle him to the gratitude of its citizens, old and young.

The last work of Mr. Michelsen was directed towards establishing forest reserves in this state. The forest reserves of Colorado at the present time are, in name and extent: Battlement Mesa, 1,341 square miles; Pike's Peak, 288 square miles; Plum Creek, 280 square miles; South Platte, 1,068 square miles; and White

River Plateau, 1,872 square miles; and in regard to their founding, Mr. Michelsen wrote:

"The establishment of a forest reserve upon the territory here enumerated is really a necessity. If the people of Colorado desire a continuance of their agricultural prosperity, they must look to the maintenance of tree shelter at the head of their rivers. It is less costly to keep what is in existence than to create new things—irrigation without arboreal growth is impossible. The state, though anxious to protect the forests, can not do it. This duty must devolve upon the owner of the soil—the national government."

Further quotations from Mr. Michelsen's writings follow:

The object of forest reserves is to maintain tree growth on lands where it is needed for two principal reasons: First, to furnish timber; second, to regulate the flow of water. This the forests do, by shading the ground and snow and affording protection against the melting and drying action of the sun, by acting as windbreaks, and thus protecting the ground and snow against the drying action of the wind, by preventing the earth from washing away and thus maintaining a "storage layer," into which rain and snow water soak and are stored for the dry seasons, and by keeping the soil pervious, so that water may enter readily at the time when the snows are melting.

It requires density of foliage to accomplish all of these objects. The higher the umbrage in a thickly wooded mountain country, the more numerous will be the perennial springs, and the continuous flow of water in the rivers.

Forest reserves are therefore established at the head of rivers, usually upon lands unfit for agricultural purposes. They are under the administrative control of the secretary of the interior, and the many additions made to them during the last decade indicate their practical value.

The arable lands of Colorado are estimated at 22,400,000 acres. But little of this vast territory, however, is capable of producing any harvest if dependent upon rainfall alone. The irrigated area is given at, approximately, four millions of acres;

that of land improved and under cultivation, at nearly two millions. Of the latter, barely seventy-five per cent. have water sufficient to produce full crops. Recent investigations in forty water producing mountain counties have demonstrated beyond cavil that, owing to the denudations of watersheds, the volume of water applicable for purposes of irrigation is constantly growing less. Now the farm products in an irrigated territory depend absolutely upon the water supply. This must be sufficient, timely and certain. Unless these conditions are met it is idle to talk about increasing the products of the farms—the problem will be to maintain the existing ratio; and to effect this, either the natural reservoirs in the mountains, the coniferous forests, will have to be preserved and restored, or a substitute for them must be created in the shape of artificial reservoirs.

—Henry Michelsen.

OLD TREES

In England there are still living many trees that link the far-off past with the present. Some were witnesses of the fierce struggle between Norman and Saxon, when William the Conqueror planted his standard—"the three-bannered lions of Normandy"—upon English soil. The King's Oak at Windsor was a favorite with William when he first enclosed the forest for a royal hunting ground. He loved to sit in the shade of the lofty, spreading tree. Over 800 years have rolled away since the Normans overcame the Saxons, and for both life and its ambitions ended long ago; but the oak, whose greenness and beauty was a delight to the Conqueror, still stands in Windsor forest. Eight centuries ago its royal master saw it a "goodly tree," how old is it now?

Older even than this are the oaks near Croydon, nine miles south of London. If the botanist may judge by the usual evidences of age, these trees saw the glitter of the Roman spears when the legions of the empire first found their way through the open spaces of the woodland; saw it again four centuries later, when the legions left Britain, recalled to defend the very capital of the falling empire. Have nineteen centuries spared these oaks at Croydon?

There is a famous yew tree that must not go without notice. It stands ever green and enduring, as if the years had forgotten it? Yet it was 200 years old when, in the adjacent meadow, King John signed Magna Charta.

The Parliament Oak—so called because Edward I. once held a council under its branches—is believed to be 1,500 years old.

On the mountains of Lebanon a few individuals of the famous cedar forests have survived the general devastation. One of these relics has been estimated to be 3,500 years old.

But the baobab, or "monkey bread," of Senegal, must take the first rank among long-lived trees. An eminent French botanist lived some years in Senegal and had ample opportunity to study these African wonders. He made careful investigations to determine data for calculating the age of this tree. He saw one baobab which measured 109 feet in circumference, and which he believed to be more than 5,000 years old.

A few miles out of the City of Mexico stands a gnarled old cypress, called the tree of Triste Noche. It was under this tree that Cortez sat and wept on that "sorrowful night" when driven forth from the capital.

Another interesting tree to be seen in Mexico is found at Chapultepec, that delightful summer resort of the Mexican rulers from the time of the Montezumas. This tree is also a cypress of immense size, so large that a party of thirteen could just reach around it. It is known as the "Tree of Montezuma," and no doubt he often sat under its shade.

All strangers who visit Cambridge, Massachusetts, look with interest upon the remnants of the venerable elm tree under which Washington sat when, on the 3d of July, 1775, he assumed command of the Colonial army. It stands in the center of a great public thoroughfare, its trunk protected by an iron fence from injury by passing vehicles, which for more than a century have turned out for this tree.

A few years ago a number of scientists made a calculation as to the amount of water given to the atmosphere by this "Washington Elm." They calculated that its leaves would cover over 200,000 square feet of surface, and that they gave out every fair day during the growing season 15,500 pounds, or seven and three-fourths tons of moisture.

—*From Texas Arbor Day Manual, 1902.*

Other historic trees are the following, of which it would be interesting for pupils to learn the location and stories:

The Charter Oak,
Penn's Treaty Tree,
The Cary Sisters' Tree,
Old Liberty Elm,
The Constitutional Elm,
The Big Tree of Geneseo, New York,
The Rhode Island Sycamore.

In an article entitled "The Trees of Denver," W. G. M. Stone gives a list of trees observed in our capitol city. The list is given below. How many of them have you seen, and how many are found in your own town or school district? How many are natives of Colorado, and how many of the United States?

Soft Maple.
Sugar Maple.
Norway Maple.
Cut Leaf Maple.
Sycamore Maple.
Japan Maple.
American Elm (three varieties).
Huntington Elm.
Red Elm.
Scotch Elm.
Cork Elm.
Weeping Willow.
White Ash.
Green Ash.
Blue Ash.
European Ash.
Weeping Ash.
Mountain Ash.
Oak Leaf Mountain Ash.
Weeping Mountain Ash.
Balm of Gilead.
White Birch.
Black Birch.
Laurel Leaf Willow.
Basket Willow.
White Mulberry.
Red Mulberry.
Russian Mulberry.
Horse Chestnut.
Buckeye.
Black Walnut.
Black Locust.
Honey Locust (thorny).
Honey Locust (thornless).
Clammy Locust.
Hardy Catalpa.
Tender Catalpa.
American Linden.
European Linden.
Carolina Poplar.
Lombardy Poplar.
Silver Leaf Poplar.
Siberian Poplar.
Butternut.
Chestnut.
Hawthorn.

Pyramidal Birch.
Canoe Birch.
Weeping Birch.
White Oak.
Red Oak.
Burr Oak.
Swamp Elm.
American Weeping Willow.
European Weeping Willow.
Sycamore.
Hackberry.
Wild Cherry.
Coffeynut.
Russian Olive.
Tree of Heaven.
Red Bud.
Persimmon.
Cucumber Tree.

HUMANE EDUCATION

—The school boards * * * shall cause to be given in each school week two lessons, of not less than ten minutes' duration each, on the subject of humane treatment to animals. (Section 78, page 63, Colorado School Law, 1903.)

Many teachers are puzzled as to how to comply with the demands of the law requiring humane instruction in the schools, and in some instances feel that a difficult burden has been imposed upon them, in addition to their already manifold duties. A little consideration of the subject will enable each one to formulate methods for systematically carrying on work which has certainly always been, if unconsciously, included in the efforts of the true teacher, and upon consideration the reasons and necessities for education along humane lines become painfully apparent.

Bands of Mercy or Audubon, or other bird protection clubs, should be organized in every school, and would be found of great assistance to this branch of instruction.

A book especially helpful to teachers in connection with this work is "Songs of a Happy Life," compiled by Miss Sarah J. Eddy, of Bristol Ferry, Rhode Island.

The greatest stain on the civilization of the western hemisphere is the cruelty that has been practiced towards animals. We are told by travelers that in China there is not so much cruelty to animals in a year as

there is in one of the large cities of the United States in a day.

A wise man said thousands of years ago, "A merciful man is merciful to his beast," and we may as truly say to-day, A people that are not merciful to animals can not be a Christian nation. The only way to raise our nation to the place it should occupy as the leader in civilization is to educate our children to the realization that the Golden Rule is of universal application. They should learn to govern all their conduct by the rule, Do unto all living creatures as you would be done by.

Knowledge is power, but knowledge is not power to make the world happy, and Kindness is.

Cruelty to animals is a root from which spring many criminal acts. One who is habitually kind to animals, who has been taught from childhood to look upon them as fellow-creatures, will never be guilty of lawless and desperate acts towards his human fellow-creatures.

It is estimated that crime costs our nation two million dollars per day. It is not too much to say that if our growing children could have interwoven in their daily growth the principle of humane treatment of all living creatures, the government of the next generation could spend those two million dollars a day to enrich the lives of the whole people.

The following are the states which have passed laws requiring humane education in the public schools: Maine, California, Colorado, South Dakota, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, Texas, Oklahoma and Washington.

The legislatures of these states have done excellently in passing the law, but unless teachers actively and enthusiastically avail themselves of the opportunity given them for noble work, the law will be useless.

The great object of our schools is to train the young for good citizenship, and in such training the inculcation of kindness and humane feeling is far more effectual than that of learning.

We are told that Love is the fulfilling of the Law. Love is kindness of heart toward all God's creatures. May this truth be so instilled in our children's education that the Law shall be fulfilled throughout our beloved country.

NATURE STUDY

PRIMARY GRADES

(In the Bird Study use names of birds found in Colorado; also, in paragraphs 2 and 4, use names of flowers and trees common in Colorado.)

1. Study of Birds.—Some birds to be found this month: the junco, brown creeper, kinglets, blue jay, prairie-horned lark, meadow-lark, robin, bluebird, woodpeckers, yellow-bellied sapsucker, flicker, downy, hairy; sparrows, song, chipping, white-crowned, white-throated, fox; loggerhead shrike, winter wren, sandpiper, brown thrasher, chewink, crow blackbird, red-winged blackbird, rose-breasted grosbeak, phoebe, wood-pewee, mourning dove, cowbird, catbird, kildeer-plover, and Wilson's snipe.

It is well to acquaint the children with the birds before they appear, by the use of colored pictures. Using but a few of these pictures at first, teach the names in connection with the pictures, then gradually add to the list. Describe a bird, and have the children name it. Let a child describe a bird, the other pupils naming it from his description. As a test, set the pictures up about the room, and play hunt birds. (One child will be sent, e. g., to find quickly a bluebird or a sandpiper, the class deciding whether or not he caught the right bird.)

Every day call for observations of birds made by the children; the teacher will also have much to contribute from her observations. She will not take more than her share of the time, none at all perhaps, if the children have much to relate, but they must feel that she is working with them and is happy with them in the work. Some interesting topics of study are: (a) Where the birds are found—on the branches or trunks of trees, among bushes, upon the ground, by or in the water. (b) Are they found singly or in flocks? (c) What do they eat, and how get their food? (d) Songs of the different birds. Do they sing on the wing, on perches, or on the ground? (e) How does each bird which is found on the ground get about there? Does it run,

walk, or hop, or does it move about in more ways than one? (f) What is peculiar about the flight of each?

Make a bird chart, recording the first appearance of each bird as reported by a pupil, providing he can furnish partial proof that he knows the bird, by describing it accurately. It is very important that the pupils form habits of seeing carefully and describing accurately exactly what they see—no more.

2. Study of Flowers.—Some flowers which may be found this month: hepatica, daffodil, jonquil, tulip, spring beauty, blue violet, yellow violet, dog-tooth violet, rue anemone, wood anemone, shepherd's purse, buttercup, Jacob's ladder, toothwort, dandelion, bloodroot, Dutchman's breeches, marsh marigold and purple trillium. Pupils will bring flowers to school, and all will learn to name each specimen brought.

Make a flower chart on the same plan of the bird chart, but the pupil will bring to school, if possible, the first flower, if its date is to be recorded on the chart; e. g., a child says he saw a dandelion, the first of the season for this room. If he brings the dandelion, its date will be recorded on the chart; if he does not, no record will be made of it. (Occasionally a child will see a flower which he has no right to pick; make allowances in such cases.) Place, if possible, a pressed specimen by the name and date of each flower.

Interesting topics in study of the flowers: (a) In what locality is each found—in woods, by streams, in fields, beside the road, or in the garden? Where do we find most of the flowers this month? (b) In company with what other flowers are they found? (c) From what kind of a root or bulb do the earliest flowers spring? What reason for their getting so early a start? (d) How are the flowers protected from the time they first appear to the time when they come into full blossom? e) What insects visit each flower? What attracts the insects? (f) What part of the flower falls when it begins to fade? What part remains? Why? (g) What peculiarity (if any) in the shape of the flower? Do you know of any other flowers which have this odd shape? (h) Notice how the leaves are folded when they first appear. What reason do you see for this? (i) What colors do the flowers seem to like best to show this month? Name all the yellow flowers you have seen this month; all the white ones.

3. Planting of Seeds.—The children will plant any seeds which they gathered last year from their school gardens—in boxes in the house this month, out of doors early next month. In what kind of soil will you plant the seeds? Why? How plant? Why? What care after planting? Why? Sweet peas should be planted on the first day of school, if possible. Soak a few of the seeds.

What is inside? How does the water affect the seed? How does the seeding get out into the world? Notice how many days elapse between the time of planting and the first appearance above ground, of the plant. Watch the development of the plant. Measure one plant. How many inches did it grow in one week? See if the growth each succeeding week is the same. Why any difference?

Plant other large seeds, studying the seeds as suggested above, and watching the development of the plants.

4. Study of Trees.—The following trees will be in blossom this month: the willow, American elm, slippery elm, box elder, silver-leaf maple and sugar maple. The horse chestnut will show its beautiful pink buds.

The following are some of the trees and shrubs that will come into leaf this month: the lilac, wild gooseberry, hawthorn, willow, silver-leaf maple, box elder, and American elm.

Watch the development of the buds of these trees. Notice the two kinds of flower buds on the silver-leaf maple (they do not show so plainly on the sugar maple), the box elder and the willows. Notice the difference in shape between the flower buds and the leaf buds. How are the different leaves folded in the buds? Why is it well that the flowers come before the leaves?

5. What green things are growing besides those mentioned above? See how many of these plants you can name.

6. Notice the position of the sun with reference to some portion of a building at the beginning of the month, and once a week thereafter. What do you learn from these observations?

7. Picture in colors the landscape as it looks on the first of the month. What is the prevailing color?

8. The children would enjoy making Bird, Flower and Tree books in which they record their observations along three lines, birds, flowers and trees. These books should be carefully preserved at the end of the term, and the subjects begun this term continued in the fall. Do not try to cover too much ground in these books by writing up many specimens. They can not write all that they see.

—*Lida B. McMurry, in School and Home Education.*

SELECTIONS

BIRD HOMES

The following practical and timely suggestions are from the Department of Zoology of the Pennsylvania State College:

"It has been fully demonstrated that mankind can do much toward inducing birds to colonize on his premises. This is justifiable upon an economic basis as well as for the aesthetic, ethical and educational value of our feathered friends. There is not a bird that lives near the abode of man, excepting the English sparrow, that will not do far more good than harm, and many times each year fully repay all efforts in its behalf. Interest the boys and girls in these things, and in watching for the birds and protecting them. It is good every way.

"One of the best means of inducing the birds to nest around the premises is to provide them with suitable nesting boxes or houses. The sooner in the spring these are put up, the more likely will the feathered tenants be to accept them. Just as soon as birds come to us in the spring they commence to look for good nesting sites. There are not nearly as many old hollow trees and stumps with holes as there used to be, and even rail fences, which contained holes that were selected for bird homes, are rapidly disappearing. The chief kinds that nest in boxes, logs or holes are the following: Bluebirds, wrens, chickadees, tit-mice or 'tom-tits,' king birds, pewees and some other fly-catchers. martins and swallows, besides the omnipresent English sparrows. The latter can easily and effectually be discouraged by a few well-directed charges of fine shot. When they find the battle is against them they soon learn to avoid the region in which they are made unwelcome. We proved this last year by driving away the English sparrows, while the song-sparrows, bluebirds and wrens remained and nested.

"A few fundamental principles should guide a person in putting up nesting conveniences. Any kind of material may be used that has a cavity large enough to fully contain the nest and birds. Boxes, kegs, tin cans, skulls of animals, specially constructed houses, hollow knots and limbs, and particularly hollow logs, may be used. The logs may be sawed into proper

lengths, the ends boarded up, a hole of proper size cut, and then used as boxes or houses. The external shape of the structure is not important to the birds. The interior should be large and roomy. Small holes or cracks should be made in the eastern and southern sides to admit air and light. The light is needed for the parents to see to feed their young, and the air is necessary for the comfort of the young birds in hot weather. There should be but one hole large enough for use as a door, and that should be of a size suited to the kind of bird for which it is intended. For wrens, chickadees and titmice it should be one and one-fourth inches in diameter; for blue birds, fly-catchers, etc., two inches; and for the purple martins two and one-half inches. No platform or tin should be attached outside the hole for a perch, as this would afford a good footing for attacking birds, especially such as the English sparrow, which might attempt to drive away the desired occupants. The hole should be nearer the top than the bottom, so that it will not become filled and closed by the nesting material. Each article to contain a nest should be firmly fixed to its place so that it will not be turned down at a critical moment, as during a storm, and the eggs thus broken or the birds killed. It should be protected from cats, squirrels and small boys by bands of tin and barbed wires being fastened around the support below it. Do not place them in groups or clusters, excepting for the purple martins and swallows. Most birds prefer to have their nests some distance from others, especially of the same species. For martins and swallows the boxes should be on poles in open spaces, but for other species they may be more or less concealed, protected, or placed in trees, under roofs, etc., if desired. Do not put tin cans or metal-covered houses intended for nests where the hot sunshine will fall on them during the middle of the day. Do not permit the eggs to be handled, or the nests to be closely inspected too often. Do not feed the young birds directly. If desired, food may be placed where the parents will find it and use it as their instinct tells them."

—*Pennsylvania School Journal.*

A PELICAN PARADISE

Many years ago, perhaps even before Columbus made his voyage of discovery, a pair of brown pelicans flapped their way northward from Cuba to the southern extremity of Florida. Why they came we will never know. Probably for some reason they were not satisfied with the tropical spot where they had been hatched, and were seeking a new place to build their nest.

As they flew along the shining Florida beaches, they saw many bears digging deep into the sand for turtle's eggs; they winged their way past groups of half-naked Indians who were gathered around heaps of small oyster and clam shells, which they were devouring by hundreds. They saw many other sights, but, pelican-like, paid no attention to anything, until twilight overtook them. Then they settled down on a small island in the center of Indian river, and spent the night among the branches of the mangrove bushes. In the morning, finding that the islet was isolated and that the waters in all directions teemed with fish, they chose this spot for their home. On the topmost branches of a live-oak tree they gathered a rough pile of dead sticks and reeds, and thereon laid four large, chalky eggs, and, after patiently incubating these for many days, the pelicans were rewarded by the sight of four young pelicans in the nest. When the quartet of baby pelicans had waxed strong and were able to fly, the entire family migrated to the southland from whence the two old birds had come.

The following spring all returned north again, and, this continuing, and the numbers increasing year after year, the pelicans gradually took possession of the entire island, and have "lived happily ever afterwards."

That is to say, their descendants are living happily to this day, on Pelican island, in the beautiful Indian river, on the east coast of Florida. This city of pelicans is a most marvelous sight; and, although we may never know all the history of its origin, settlement and growth, yet we may find out many things by sailing to it in one of the flat-bottomed boats which are used in these shallow waters.

Let us imagine that a Florida breeze, laden with the scent of orange blossoms, is sending us swiftly towards this Mecca of the pelicans. High in the air ahead of us, we see a great mass of birds—brown pelicans, soaring gracefully about each other as if performing some aerial dance. As our boat approaches the island, these birds sink lower and lower, and finally alight on the water, forming a wide ring about the little island. All the other islands around us are covered with a dense growth of mangrove and live-oak, but here we see only a small spit of marsh and sand, with but one or two old weather-beaten stumps. Hundreds upon hundreds of pelicans cover the island, standing or sitting so close together in many places that no land can be seen.

We would imagine that long ago the birds would have moved to a more inviting spot, especially when their bulky nests, rebuilt year after year, have killed and leveled all the former growth of trees and bushes. But, like so many other birds, the love of home has conquered all other feelings, and here they elect to remain. Men have come with guns and murdered them by the thousand for their feathers, so that thoughtless women might have the wherewithal to decorate their hats, and yet the survivors have never wavered, never for an instant lost hope, but stuck to their post, and at last their bravery has received its reward. The United States government has taken pity upon them, and has taken possession of the island and appointed a guard to watch over the birds; so from now on their safety and peace are assured.

As we wade to the shore, we are startled by a sudden roar, and a great mass of the huge birds rises into the air before us. What strange sights now confront us. Hundreds of piles of sticks and grass, usually two or three feet apart, cover the ground in all directions. Some contain eggs, two, three or four. Some of the eggs are pipped ready to hatch, and in other nests we see queer, squirming, reddish objects. What evil parasites can these worm-like formless things be? We look closer and, strange as it appears, we recognize in the dangling head and soft protuberance, a very, very faint resemblance to a pelican's head and beak. We hardly dare touch one for fear of its tissue-paper skin breaking. Yet, if we are quiet for a time, and watch carefully, we soon see a beautiful adult pelican, resplendent in her silver, chocolate and black plumage, fly down and sigh, pelican-fashion, over the unpleasant-looking objects in her nest.

What right have we to criticise what only to our eyes is not beautiful, when the mother love of the parent pelican shows in her every anxious motion? Let us look further and see what change a few meals of fish will bring about in these nestlings. Slightly older baby pelicans have a suit of white down, and when one-third grown

we find them as immaculately white and downy as can be imagined. A roving spirit soon appears in the young birds, and as soon as they can walk, they toddle out of their nests and scrape acquaintance with the young pelicans "across the street." From now on, bands of these roam about, frolicking with each other in the shallow rain pools near the center of the island, or snuggling close to one another and taking sun baths. Birds of a certain age keep together, and there are at least three grades. When a baby of a few days' experience happens to blunder into a company of his older brothers, he is promptly hustled out, and, with complaining cries, continues on his way until he finds a crowd of his own age.

There is always excitement on the island, for, all day long, fond parents are returning with pouches filled with fish, while others are starting off on fishing excursions. A pelican may have to go a long distance for her family's dinner, but, at least, she is not troubled with carrying many parcels. When one of these birds alights near a crowd of young pelicans, they rush pell-mell toward her, falling over each other in their eagerness, but does she dole out her capture indiscriminately? Not by any means. To us, the twenty or thirty young birds look as alike as so many peas, but some way or other, we know not how, mother pelican knows her own. She rebuffs all save one or two, and these are allowed to eat their fill, while the disappointed others stand around at a respectful distance, their mouths fairly watering at the good fortune of their comrades. Their parents may be miles up or down the coast, diving among the breakers, but there are no unfaithful ones and all the pelican babies will be fed, each in its turn, except—and here we should blush for the brutes of our race—when some heartless man thoughtlessly kills a breeding pelican. Then the poor baby cries and cries in vain for food, and, unless some bird takes pity on him, he will surely starve or die of cold and neglect.

We could watch the strange happenings on this isle of birds for days without growing tired, but before we make an end to this first visit, we may speak of one more interesting thing. The young pelicans have odd, shrill voices, of which they make vigorous use, shrieking as they flee from the attacks of some old bird, or again murmuring among themselves in an apparently conversational way. But, as they grow old, their voice weakens, and at last is lost, for the adult birds can not utter a sound, their best effort being a weak hiss. It is a strange state of affairs, and if they were anything like us human beings, we might imagine that the baby birds are lucky to escape all scolding, while they can "talk back" as much as they please.

—*C. William Beebe, Curator of Ornithology, New York Zoological Society.*

SHARED

I said it in the meadow-path,
  I say it on the mountain-stairs,—
The best things any mortal hath
  Are those which every mortal shares.

The air we breathe, the sky, the breeze,
  The light without us and within,
Life with its unlocked treasuries,
  God's riches are for all to win.

The grass is softer to my tread
  For rest it yields unnumbered feet;
Sweeter to me the wild rose red
  Because she makes the whole world sweet.

Into your heavenly loneliness,
  Ye welcomed me, O solemn peaks!
And me in every guest you bless
  Who reverently your mystery seeks.

And up the radiant peopled way
  That opens into worlds unknown,
It will be life's delight to say,
  "Heaven is not heaven for me alone."

Rich by my brethren's poverty!
  Such wealth were hideous! I am blest
Only in what they share with me,
  In what I share with all the rest.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

ONE THING THAT MONEY CAN NOT COMMAND

Old trees in their living state are the only things that money can not command. Rivers leave their beds, run into cities and traverse mountains for it; obelisks and arches, palaces and temples, amphitheaters and pyramids rise up like exhalations at its bidding. Even the free spirit of man, the only thing great on earth, crouches and cowers in its presence. It passes away and vanishes before venerable trees.

There is a cypress tree in Lombardy said to have been standing since the time of Julius Cæsar, from which Napoleon, in making a road over the Simplon, deviated from a straight line that he might not be obliged to cut it down.

Yet, there have been many men on whose ground flourished old, magnificent trees of centuries' growth, lifted up into the air with vast breath, and full of twilight at midday—who cut down the mighty forms and cleared the ground bare; and then, when the desolation was completed, and the fierce summer sun gazed full into their faces, they bethought themselves of shade, and forthwith set out a generation of thin, shadowy sticks. Such folly is theirs who refuse the tree of life—the shadow of the Almighty—and sit instead under the feeble trees of their own planting, whose tops will never be broad enough to shield them, and whose boughs will never discourse to them the music of the air.

Arbor Day Manual of Texas, 1902.

WORK

Down and up, and up and down,
  Over and over and over;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown:
  Turn out the bright red clover.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
  And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
  And the grace of God through all.

With hand on the spade and heart in the sky
  Dress the ground and till it;
Turn in the little seed, brown and dry;
  Turn out the golden millet.
Work, and your house shall be duly fed;
  Work, and rest shall be won;
I hold that a man had better be dead
  Than alive, when his work is done!

Down and up, and up and down,
  On the hill-top, low in the valley,
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
  Turn out the rose and lily.
Work, with a plan, or without a plan,
  And your ends they shall be shaped true;
Work, and learn at first hand like a man—
  The best way to know is to do!

Down and up, till life shall close,
  Ceasing not your praises;
Turn in the wild white winter snows,
  Turn out the sweet spring daisies.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
  And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
  And the grace of God through all.

—*Alice Cary.*

SPRING

WAITING TO GROW

Little white snowdrop just waking up,
Violet, daisy and sweet buttercup!
Think of the flowers that are under the snow,
  Waiting to grow!

And think what hosts of queer little seeds—
Of flowers and mosses, and ferns and weeds—
Are under the leaves, and under the snow,
  Waiting to grow!

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender brown fingers about,
Under the ice, and the leaves, and the snow,
    Waiting to grow!

Only a month or a few weeks more,
Will they have to wait behind that door;
Listen and watch, for they are below—
    Waiting to grow!

Nothing so small, or hidden so well,
That God will not find it, and very soon tell
His sun where to shine, and his rain where to go
    To help them to grow!

SUMMER

THE OAK TREE

Sing for the oak tree,
  The monarch of the wood;
Sing for the oak tree,
  That groweth green and good;
That groweth broad and branching
  Within the forest shade;
That groweth now, and yet shall grow
  When we are lowly laid.

The oak tree was an acorn once,
  And fell upon the earth;
The sun and showers nourished it,
  And gave the oak tree birth!
The little sprouting oak tree!
  Two leaves it had at first,
Till sun and showers had nourished it,
  Then out the branches burst.

The little sapling oak tree!
  Its root was like a thread,
Till the kindly earth had nourished it,
  Then out it freely spread;
On this side and on that side
  It grappled with the ground;
And in the ancient, rifted rock
  Its firmest footing found.

The winds came and the rains fell;
  The gusty tempest blew;
All, all were friends to the oak tree,
  And stronger yet it grew.
The boy that saw the acorn fall,
  He feeble grew and gray;
But the oak was still a thriving tree,
  And strengthened every day.

Four centuries grows the oak tree,
  Nor does its verdure fail:
Its heart is like the iron-wood,
  Its bark like plated mail.
Now, cut we down the oak tree,
  The monarch of the wood;
And of its timbers stout and strong
  We'll build a vessel good!

The oak tree of the forest
  Both east and west shall fly;
And the blessings of a thousand lands
  Upon our ship shall hie!
For she shall not be a man-of-war,
  Nor a pirate shall she be—
But a noble, Christian merchant-ship
  To sail upon the sea.

Then sing for the oak tree,
  The monarch of the wood;
Sing for the oak tree
  That groweth green and good;
That groweth broad and branching,
  Within the forest shade;
That groweth now, and yet shall grow,
  When we are lowly laid!

—*Mary Howitt.*

AUTUMN

A VAGRANT KNIGHT AND LADY

Who are they by the roadside,
So splendid and so fair,
The lady in the purple gown,
The Knight with yellow hair?

And pray how does it happen
That you've lost your coach and pair,—
My lady of the high-born ways,
Sir Knight with yellow hair?

"'Twas long ago we lost them,"
Said they. "We do not care,
We'd rather have our comrades
Than any coach and pair."

"We love the dusty roadside
And the lowliest flowers there,
For now we're Autumn's children,"
Said the Knight with yellow hair.

Then smiled the gentle lady,
"If you see them anywhere,
Tell them we do not miss them;
I mean the coach and pair."

So beside the common thistle
And the dusky milkweed pod
Lives the lovely Lady Aster
With her Knight, Sir Goldenrod.

—*A. S. C.*

WINTER

WHAT THE WOOD FIRE SAID TO THE LITTLE BOY

What said the wood in the fire
To the little boy that night,
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little arm-chair,
When the blaze was burning bright?

The wood said: "See,
What they've done to me!
I stood in the forest a beautiful tree,
And waved my branches from east to west,
And many a sweet bird built its nest
In my leaves of green
That loved to lean
In springtime over the daisies' breast.

From the blossomy dells
Where the violet dwells
The cattle came with their clanking bells,
And rested under my shadows sweet,
And the winds that went over the clover and wheat,
Told me all that they knew
Of the flowers that grew
In the beautiful meadows that dreamed at my feet.

And the wild wind's caresses
Oft rumpled my tresses,
But, sometimes, as soft as a mother's lip presses
On the brow of the child of her bosom, it laid
Its lips on my leaves, and I was not afraid;
And I listened and heard
The small heart of each bird
As it beat in the nests that their mothers had made.

And in springtime sweet faces
Of myriad graces
Came beaming and gleaming from flowery places,
And under my grateful and joy-giving shade,
With cheeks like primroses, little ones played,
And the sunshine in showers
Through all the bright hours
Bound their flowery ringlets with silvery braid.

And the lightning
Came brightening
From storm skies, and frightening
The wandering birds that were tossed by the breeze,
And tilted like ships on black, billowy seas;
And they flew to my breast,
And I rocked them to rest,
While the trembling vines clustered and clung to my knees.

"But how soon," said the wood,
"Fades the memory of good!
For the forester came with his axe gleaming bright,
And I fell like a giant all shorn of his might.
Yet still there must be
Some sweet mission for me:
For have I not warmed you and cheered you to-night?"

So said the wood in the fire
To the little boy that night,
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little arm-chair,
When the blaze was burning bright.

—*Frank L. Stanton in the Atlanta Constitution.*

THE FOREST GREETING

Good hunting, aye, good hunting,
Wherever the forests call,
But ever a heart beats hot with fear,
And what of the birds that fall?

Good hunting, aye, good hunting,
Wherever the north winds blow,
But what of the stag that calls for his mate?
And what of the wounded doe?

Good hunting, aye, good hunting,
And, ah, we are bold and strong,
But our triumph call through the forest hall
Is a brother's funeral song.

For we are brothers ever,
Panther and bird and bear;
Man and the weakest that fear his face,
Born to the nest or lair.

Yes, brothers, and who shall judge us?
Hunters and game are we,
But who gave the right for me to smite?
Who boasts when he smiteth me?

Good hunting, aye, good hunting,
And dim is the forest track,
But the sportsman Death comes striding on;
Brothers, the way is black.

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar, in Century.*

THE OAK TREE

Long ago in changeful autumn,
When the leaves were turning brown,
From the tall oak's topmost branches
Fell a little acorn down.

And it tumbled by the pathway,
And a chance foot trod it deep
In the ground, where all the winter
In its shell it lay asleep,

With the white snow lying over,
And the frost to hold it fast,
Till there came the mild spring weather,
When it burst its shell at last.

Many years kind Nature nursed it,
Summers hot and winters long;
Down the sun looked bright upon it,
While it grew up tall and strong.

Now it stands up like a giant,
Casting shadows broad and high,
With huge trunk and leafy branches,
Spreading up into the sky.

Child, when haply you are resting
'Neath the great oak's monster shade,
Think how little was the acorn
Whence that mighty tree was made.

Think how simple things and lowly
Have a part in Nature's plan;
How the great have small beginnings,
And the child becomes a man.

Little efforts work great actions,
Lessons in our childhood taught,
Mold the spirits to the temper,
Whereby noblest deeds are wrought.

Cherish then the gifts of childhood,
Use them gently, guard them well;
For their future growth and greatness
Who can measure, who can tell?

—*Anon.*

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE YARD

(For eight children. All repeat the last verse.)

The school-house yard was so big and bare,
No pleasant shadow nor leafy trees;
There was room enough, and some to spare,
To plant as many as ever you please.

So first we set a little pine
For the wind to play its tunes upon,
And a paper birch, so white and fine,
For us children to write our secrets on.

Then two little elms to build an arch
Right over the gate, when they grow up tall,
And a maple for tiny blooms in March,
And scarlet leaves in the early fall.

A cedar tree for its pleasant smell,
  A mountain ash for its berries bright,
A beech for its shade and nuts as well,
  And a locust tree for its blossoms white.

Then last we planted an acorn small,
  To grow in time to a sturdy oak;
And somehow it seemed to us children all
  That this was the funniest little joke.

For sweet Miss Mary smiling said,
  "The other trees are your very own,
But this little oak we will plant instead
  For your grandchildren, and them alone."

Oh, how we laughed, just to think that when
  Our acorn grows to an oak tree fair,
That we shall be grandpas and grandmas then,
  With wrinkled faces and silver hair.

I wonder now if the little folk
  That come in the days that are to be,
To frolic under the future oak,
  Will be as merry and glad as we?

And if they will plant their elm and beech
  As we do, just in the selfsame way,
And sing their chorus and speak their speech,
  And have such fun upon Arbor Day?

—*Elizabeth Howland Thomas, in Youth's Companion.*

THE FLOWERS OF THE NATIONS

(This, like most exercises of like nature, can be used simply as a social exercise, or it can be made quite picturesque with costuming and the use of flowers mentioned by the speakers, in bouquets, wreaths, arches, or festoons of all the flowers intermingled. A chorus of all the speakers should sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," after the last recitation, before the curtain falls.)

First Speaker. (Representing France, carrying a loose cluster of Iris blossoms.)

When Clovis reigned in sunny France,
With Clotilda the queen,
A hermit brought an azure shield,
Bearing three lilies sheen.
The three black toads—the king's device,
Gave place to fleur-de-lis,
And France's floral emblem is
The golden lilies three.

Second Speaker. (England—the Rose.)

The war of the roses—the red and the white—
Was ended in love, what a beautiful sight!
So King Edward the Fourth made the bonny red rose
This flower of England, where blithely it grows.

Third Speaker. (Scotland—the Thistle.)

Saved from the Norsemen by its aid
The Scotch the thistle claim.
"In our defence," its motto reads,
And known to all its name.
True emblems of the Scotch it stands,
With outside seeming rough,
But soft as downy silk inside,
Like canny Scotchmen bluff.

Fourth Speaker. (Ireland—Shamrock.)

St. Patrick, good—the story runs—
The three-leaved shamrock took
To teach the holy Trinity,
And so the Irish look
On shamrock as their chosen sign
And love its modest flowers,
Though gayer ones might deck their seal
And bloom beside their bowers.

Fifth Speaker. (Spain—Carnation.)

Carnations—oh, bright, fragrant beauties—
No wonder Spain calls you her own,
For I'm sure they are only sweet duties
You claim from the Spanish alone.

Sixth Speaker. (Germany—Cornflower.)

The bluff old German nation
Loves flowers with the rest,
And with the cornflower emblem
This honest land is blessed.

Seventh Speaker. (Holland—the Tulip.)

Holland, the tulip considers its emblem,
Though first from Persia a native it came,
And though it once brought to many disaster
Still does it flourish as wide as its fame.

Eighth Speaker. (China—Cherry Blossom.)

Old China claims the cherry bloom,
Her roary realm to symbolize,
And in her spring-time festivals
Its petals fair delight her eyes.

Ninth Speaker. (Japan—Chrysanthemum.)

Afar from eastern isles I bring,
This blossom fair, whose praise I sing,
Chrysanthemum, chrysanthemum!
Your colors bright our gardens show,
Your scented breath our breezes blow,
O Japanese chrysanthemum!

Tenth Speaker. (Egypt—Lotus.)

In ancient Egypt's sun-kissed land
The lotus held its dreamy sway;
Sacred to all—no careless hand
Might bear its mystic flowers away.

Eleventh Speaker. (United States.)

What shall our nation's flower be?
The golden-rod with stately bloom,
Arbutus with its sweet perfume,
Or maize with lofty, nodding plume—
What shall our nation's flower be?

SONG—"AMERICA."

My country! 'Tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
    Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
    Let freedom ring!

My native country thee,
Land of the noble free,
    Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
    Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
    Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
    The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
    To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
    Great God our King.

—*Cora C. Day.*

A CHILD TO A ROSE

White Rose, talk to me!
I don't know what to do.
Why do you say no word to me,
Who say so much to you?
I'm bringing you a little rain,
And I shall be so proud,
If, when you feel it on your face,
You take me for a cloud.
Here I come so softly,
You can not hear me walking;
If I take you by surprise,
I may catch you talking.

Tell all your thoughts to me,
Whisper in my ear;
Talk against the winter,
He shall never hear.
I can keep a secret
Since I was five years old.
Tell if you were frightened
When first you felt the cold;
And, in the splendid summer,
While you flush and grow,
Are you ever out of heart
Thinking of the snow?

Did it feel like dying
When first your blossoms fell?
Did you know about the spring?
Did the daisies tell?
If you had no notion,
Only fear and doubt,
How I should have liked to see
When you found it out!
Such a beautiful surprise!
What must you have felt,
When your heart began to stir,
As the snow began to melt!

Do you mind the darkness
  As I used to do?
You are not as old as I;
  I can comfort you.
The little noises that you hear
  Are winds that come and go.
The world is always kind and safe,
  Whether you see or no.
And if you think that there are eyes
  About you near and far,
Perhaps the fairies are watching—
  I know the angels are.

I think you must be lonely
  When all the colors fail,
And moonlight makes the garden
  So massy and so pale;
And anything might come at last
  Out of those heaps of shade.
I would stay beside you
  If I were not afraid!
Children have no right to go
  Abroad in night and gloom;
But you are safe in the garden
  As I am in my room.

White Rose, do you love me?
  I only wish you'd say!
I would work hard to please you
  If I but knew the way.
It seems so hard to be loving,
  And not a sign to see
But the silence and the sweetness
  For all as well as me.
I think you nearly perfect,
  In spite of all your scorns;
But, White Rose, if I were you,
  I wouldn't have those thorns!

—*The Jones Third Reader, Ginn & Co.*

ARBOR DAY

'Tis said that he has done some good
On life's eternal shore,
Who makes two blades of grass to grow
Where one had grown before.
Much better, then, is he who plants
Within the arid zone,
And makes a giant tree to grow
Where none before had grown.

Behold them in Nebraska
Upon the prairie plains,
Great groves of trees—man's planting,
Their presence there explains—
A shelter from the north wind
When boreas thundered forth,
A shield against the hot blasts
That swept up from the south.

They planted them for shelter
For crops and lowing herds;
They planted them for beauty,
And homes for singing birds.
The good J. Sterling Morton,
Remembered be for aye!
His noble mind and kindly heart
Bequeathed us Arbor Day.

Great oaks upon the mountains
Destined to sail the seas,
We take from Nature's storehouse
And use them as we please;
They fight for us our battles
And breast the ocean's foam,
And planted in our dooryard
They beautify our home.

And straightway feathered songsters,
With throats that burst with glee,
Make their abode and warble there
An anthem for the free.
We feel a touch celestial
Reanimating clay,
O spare the birds! O plant a tree
On every Arbor Day!

—Will C. Myers, Gilman, Colorado.

THREE COLORADO FLOWERS

OUR WIND FLOWER

The winter snows were hardly gone,
When in her robes of fur
The wind flower came to cheer our hearts
We ran to welcome her.

We knew her in her soft gray cloak,
Her purple silken gown
And in the sunshine, too, we saw
Her dainty golden crown.

"Oh, tell us little flower," we cried,
"How dared you come so soon?
The winds are cold, the other flowers
Will scarce be here till June."

"I came because the boys and girls
Were waiting for the Spring.
I knew it would seem nearer
If I helped by blossoming.

"I wrapped me in my warm fur coat,
I donned my purple gown,
And borrowed sunshine from the skies
To wear upon my crown.

"I gathered courage then and pushed
The soft brown earth aside,
For since the warm spring sun has come,
What need to longer hide?

"I come to tell you how God's care
Had kept the tiny seed
And that He cares much more for you;
Will you my message heed?"

—*Anon.*

A BELATED VIOLET

Very dark the Autumn sky,
Dark the clouds that hurried by;
Very rough the Autumn breeze
Shouting rudely through the trees.

Listening, frightened, pale and cold,
Through the withered leaves and mold
Peered a violet, all in dread—
"Where—oh, where is Spring?" she said.

Sighed the trees, "Poor little thing!
She may call in vain for Spring."
And the grasses whispered low,
"We must never let her know."

"What's this whispering?" roared the breeze,
"Hush! a violet!" sobbed the trees,
"Thinks it's Spring—poor child—we fear
She will die if she should hear!"

Softly stole the breeze away,
Tenderly he murmured, "Stay,"
To a late thrush on the wing,
"Stay with her one day and sing!"

Sang the thrush so sweet and clear
That the sun came out to hear,
And in answer to her song,
Beamed on violet all day long.

And the last leaves here and there
Fluttered with a spring-like air;
Then the violet raised her head,
"Spring has come at last," she said.

Happy dreams had Violet
All that night, but happier yet
When the dawn came dark with snow,
Violet never waked to know.

—*Oliver Herford.*

A PIONEER

A pretty little Columbine,
In red and yellow dressed,
Forsook her home in eastern woods
And emigrated west.

And as she came across the plains,
Her bright eyes opened wide;
The wonders of the western world
Appeared on every side.

She bent her head as artists do,
To gaze upon the view
Of snowy range in golden light,
Against a sky so blue.

She said, "Those colors are so fair,
I'll wear them from this day;
It's time for me to throw aside
This scarlet gown so gay."

A humming bird who darted by
Could not believe it true,
That she had grown so tall and fair,
And decked herself in blue.

High on the mountain side in Spring,
Her nodding head one sees;
Now smiling back upon the sun,
Now dancing in the breeze.

The miner, as he trudges past,
Along the zig-zag trail;
The cowboy, as he dashes by,
Salutes the blossom frail.

And if you call the children out,
And range them all in line,
And bid them vote their favorite flower,
They'll say, "The Columbine."

—*Anon.*

ARMY OF THE CORN

Look, out of line one tall corn-captain stands
Advanced beyond the foremost of his bands,
And waves his blades upon the very edge
And hottest thicket of the battling hedge.
Thou lustrous stalk, that ne'er mayst walk nor talk,
Still shalt thou type the poet-soul sublime
That leads the vanward of his timid time
And sings up cowards with commanding rhyme—
Soul calm, like thee, yet fain, like thee, to grow
By double increment, above, below;
Soul homely, as thou art, yet rich in grace like thee,
Teaching the yeomen selfless chivalry
That moves in gentle curves of courtesy;
Soul filled like thy long veins with sweetness tense,
By every God-like sense
Transmuted from the four wild elements—
Drawn to high plans,
Thou lift'st more stature than a mortal man's.
Yet ever piercest downward in the mould
And keepest hold
Upon the reverend and steadfast earth
That gave thee birth;
Yea, standest smiling in thy future grove,
Serene and brave,
With unremitting breath
Inhaling life from death
Thine epitaph writ fair in fruitage eloquent,
Thyself thy monument.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

KING WHEAT

You may tell of your armored cruisers,
And your great ships of the line;
And swift or slow may steamers go
Across the billowy brine.
Like thunder may the cannon boom
To greet their flags unfurled,
And for an hour they may have power
To rule the frightened world.

From ocean shore to ocean shore
Lie lines of gleaming steel,
And night or day, we hear alway
The ring of rushing wheel;
Tho' buffalo have left the plain,
And Indian tents are furled,
Nor stream nor hand at wealth's command,
Can rule the busy world.

But where the hillside rises fair
In terraces of green,
And on the plain where wind and rain
Sweep fields of golden sheen,
Where sturdy yellow stalks arise
With bannered heads unfurled,
Here you may greet the great King Wheat,
The ruler of the world.

Oh, hills may shake and vales resound
Beneath the flying car,
And driven by steam and winds abeam
Our ships ride fast and far;
Cities may crumble 'neath the guns
Which guard our flag unfurled,
Yet all shall greet—at last—King Wheat,
For hunger rules the world.

—*Ninette M. Lowater, in Youth's Companion.*

THAT'S THE WAY

Just a little every day,
That's the way!
Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
Tiny blades push through the snow;
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom in a burst;
Slowly, slowly, at the first,
That's the way!
Just a little every day.

Just a little every day,
That's the way!
Children learn to read and write
Bit by bit and mite by mite;
Never any one, I say,
Leaps to knowledge and its power;
Slowly, slowly, hour by hour,
That's the way!
Just a little every day.

—*Anon.*

TO THE MAN-OF-WAR BIRD

Thou who has slept all night upon the storm,
Waking renewed on thy prodigious pinions,
(Burst the wild storm? above it thou ascended'st,
And rested on the sky, thy slave that cradled thee,)
Now a blue point, far, far in heaven floating,
As to the light emerging here on deck I watch thee,
(Myself a speck, a point on the world's floating vast).
Far, far at sea.
After the night's fierce drifts have strewn the shore with wrecks,
With re-appearing day as now so happy and serene,
The rosy and elastic dawn, the flashing sun,
The limpid spread of air cerulean,
Thou also re-appearest.

Thou born to match the gale (thou art all wings),
To cope with heaven and earth and sea and hurricane,
Thou ship of air that never furl'st thy sails,
Days, even weeks, untired and onward, through spaces, realms gyrating,
At dusk thou look'st on Senegal, at morn America,
Thou sport'st amid the lightning-flash and thundercloud,
In them, in thy experiences, had'st thou thy soul,
What joys! what joys were thine!

—*Walt Whitman.*

THE WOUNDED CURLEW

By yonder sandy cove where, every day,
The tide flows in and out,
A lonely bird in sober brown and gray
Limps patiently about;

And round the basin's edge, o'er stones and sand,
And many a fringing weed,
He steals, or on the rocky ledge doth stand,
Crying, with none to heed.

But sometimes from the distance he can hear
His comrades' swift reply;
Sometimes the air rings with their music clear,
Sounding from sea and sky.

And then, oh, then, his tender voice, so sweet,
Is shaken with his pain,
For broken are his pinions strong and fleet,
Never to soar again.

Wounded and lame and languishing he lives,
Once glad and blithe and free,
And in his prison limits frets and strives
His ancient self to be.

The little sandpipers about him play,
The shining waves they skim,
Or round his feet they seek their food, and stay
As if to comfort him.

My pity can not help him, though his plaint
Brings tears of wistfulness;
Still must he grieve and mourn, forlorn and faint,
None may his wrong redress.

O bright-eyed boy! was there no better way
A moment's joy to gain
Than to make sorrow that must mar the day
With such despairing pain?

O children! drop the gun, the cruel stone!
Oh, listen to my words,
And hear with me the wounded curlew moan—
Have mercy on the birds!

—*Celia Thaxter.*

THE GENERAL AND THE BIRD'S NEST

Not many soldiers have proved so daring in fight as was the brave General Custer.

Few leaders not having command of great armies have captured more flags, guns and prisoners than were taken by him.

Though so dashing and brave when he met an enemy in arms, General Custer was gentle and tender to helpless dumb creatures.

Once General Custer was riding over the wide western plains, and behind him came his troops. Tramp, tramp went the feet of the horses.

At a certain point the general's sharp eyes suddenly caught sight of a frightened little bird. He saw her nest and the young birds in it. It was directly in the pathway in which he was leading his men. Should those little lives be crushed by the feet of horses?

No; he would not bring sorrow to that harmless mother-bird. He would save her young from the iron tread of the horses that were following. He well knew

"The wise and strong should seek
The welfare of the weak."

Instantly reining his horse aside, he commanded a change in the line of march. The troops obeyed, of course, but wondered.

They soon understood. As they advanced they saw the nest on the ground and the helpless, pretty creatures in the nest.

Then the soldiers knew what a tender heart was beating in the breast of their brave leader.

—*The Morse Readers, The Morse Company.*

A LESSON FROM THE SPARROWS

I awakened one morning early,
The great city slept near by,
And the first faint coming of daylight
Flushed pink in the eastern sky.

The cool, sweet breeze stirred gently,
The trees had revived again,
And they lifted their green, wet branches
Refreshed with the cool night rain.

Earth lay in a calm, still waiting
Before it awoke to toil,
And the new day breathed its blessing
On the children of the soil.

As the dawn grew clear and stronger
And the rosy east grew bright,
I thought of the hearts that still wished for
The silence and peace of the night—

Hearts that were faint in life's battle,
That had lost their faith and trust,
That saw not the glory of living,
But dragged out their lives in the dust.

And lo! as the sun rose brighter,
From under the eves I heard
The first faint twitter of rapture
From the heart of a little bird!

And another and then another
Caught up the joyful lay,
And louder swelled the chorus
As they greeted the new-born day.

They were only the Father's sparrows,
  But they knew His tender care,
For they fall not to earth without Him,
  Or flit in the sunlit air!

And I thought if we would but remember
  The same Lord guides our days,
We. too, would greet each new morning
  With a pæan of joyful praise!

—*Selected.*

SIR ROBIN

Rollicking Robin is here again;
What does he care for the April rain?
Care for it? Glad of it! Doesn't he know
That the April rain carries off the snow,
And coaxes the leaves to shadow his nest,
And washes his pretty red Easter vest,
And makes the juice of the cherry sweet,
For his hungry little robins to eat?
"Ha! ha! ha!" hear the jolly bird laugh,
"That isn't the best of the story by half!"

Gentleman Robin, he walks up and down,
In orange-tawny and black and brown,
Though his eye is so proud and his step so firm,
He can always stoop to pick up a worm.
With a twist of his head, and a start and a hop
To his robin-wife in the peach-tree top,
Chirping his heart out, he calls, "My dear,
You don't earn your living! come here! come here!
Ha! ha! ha! Life is lovely and sweet;
But what would it be if we'd nothing to eat?"

Robin, Sir Robin, gay, red-vested knight,
Now you have come to us, summer's in sight.
You never dream of the wonders you bring,—
Visions that follow the flash of your wing.
How all the beautiful by-and-by
Around you and after you seems to fly!
Sing on or eat on, as pleases your mind!
Well have you earned every morsel you find.
"Aye! ha! ha! ha!" whistles Robin; "My dear,
Let us all take our own choice of good cheer."

—*Lucy Larcom.*

THE SINGING LESSON

A nightingale made a mistake;
  She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
  And she hid away from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing!
  But was far too proud to weep;
She tucked her head under her wing,
  And pretended to be asleep.

"Oh, Nightingale," cooed a dove—
  "Oh, Nightingale, what's the use?
You bird of beauty and love,
  Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight,
  Like common, contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
  Why behave like an owl?

"Only think of all you have done,
  Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
  From such a bird as you.
Lift up your proud little crest,
  Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best—
  You need only to speak."

The nightingale shyly took
  Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the dove a look,
  Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
  The night was divinely calm,
And the people stood on the grass
  To hear that wonderful psalm.

The nightingale did not care;
  She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
  And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
  She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral, I know,
  If you'll try to find it out.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

THE ROBIN AND THE FLOWER

A robin once sat in the bright winter's sun,
  A foolish red robin was he,
For he sang a sweet song that spring-time had come
  When the day was as cold as could be.

So gay was his song of the warmth of the hour,
  So merrily babbled the sound,
That it stole through the dream of a dear little flower,
  Who was slumbering under the ground.

The sleeper awakened, soft lifted the sod,
  And hearkened the robin's sweet song;
Full glad was her heart and thankful to God
  That the winter so quickly had gone.

The robin still sang, and the dear little flower
  Unfolded her petals of pink:—
"I'll hold up my chalice," she said, "for a shower,
  That from me my robin may drink."

The singer flew quickly to welcome his love,—
  His love that was faltering low:—
Oh, where was the warmth from the heaven above?
  Instead of a shower there was snow.

Then robin quick covered her o'er with his wing,
"Don't leave me, I love you," he cried;
And he kissed her so tenderly, poor little thing,
But the blossom, his loved one, had died.

Red robin still sits in the bright winter's sun,
But a sorrowing robin is he;
No longer he sings that the spring-time has come
When the day is as cold as can be.

—*Charles A. Myall.*

THE HALO

Think what a price to pay,
Faces so bright and gay,
Just for a hat!
Flowers unvisited, mornings unsung,
Sea-ranges bare of the wings that o'er swung,—
Bared just for that!

Think of the others, too,
Others and *mothers*, too,
Bright eyes in hat!
Hear you no mother-groan floating in air,
Hear you no little moan,—birdlings' despair,—
Somewhere, for that?

Caught 'mid some mother-work,
Torn by a hunter Turk,
Just for your hat!
Plenty of mother-heart yet in the world;
All the more wings to tear, carefully twirled!
Women want that?

Oh, but the shame of it,
Oh, but the blame of it,—
Price of a hat!
Just for a jauntiness brightening the street!
This is your halo, O faces so sweet,—
Death: and for that!

—*William C. Gannett.*

BIRD NESTS AT WASHINGTON

Before the White House portals
  The careless eyes behold
Three iron bombs uplifted,
  Adusk in Summer gold.

In dreamy mood I wandered
  At Sabbath sunset there,
While the wide city's murmur
  Hummed vaguely everywhere:

"Black seeds of desolation,"
  I said, "By War's red hand
Sown in the fierce sirocco
  Over a wasted land!

"Unholy with the holy,
  What do ye here to-day;
Symbols of awful battle,
  In Sabbath's peaceful ray?"

Angel of Dust and Darkness!
  I heard thy woful breath,
With noise of all earth's battles,
  Answer: "Let there be Death!"

I thought of many a midnight,
  Where sprang terrific light
Over wide woods and marshes;
  Fierce fireflies lit the night.

I saw beleaguered bastions
  Leap up in red dismay,
Wide rivers all transfigured
  Awake in dreadful day.

Asleep in peaceful sunshine
  Glimmered the war-like things,
Into their hollow horror
  Flew tenderest Summer wings.

Deep in the awful chambers
Of the gigantic Death,
The wrens their nests had builded,
And dwelt with loving breath.

Angel of Resurrection!
Over all buried strife
I heard thy bird-song whisper
Sweetly, "Let there be Life!"

—John James Piatt, in The Little Chronicle.

THE PLOW BOY

(Reprinted from Arbor and Bird Day Notes, 1901, by Request.)

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 spring-time 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.*

SOME GOOD REQUESTS TO BE MEMORIZED AND ACTED UPON BY OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Please don't kill the birds, or rob their nests.
Please don't abuse the cats, but shelter and feed them.
Please be kind to the dogs, and give them water.
Please don't jerk, kick, whip, or overwork your horse.
Please don't dog or stone the cows.
Please don't fish or hunt for sport, or use steel, or other cruel traps.

Please don't give pain to any creature.
When you see any creature in need, please give it food and water.
When you see any creature abused, don't fail to earnestly but kindly protest against such abuse.
Be above using tobacco or liquors.
Be above using profane or vulgar language.
Be clean in body and mind.
Always do good and never evil.
These are the ways to be happy and beloved.

—From the Mercy Drama.

"If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain:
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain."

—Emily Dickinson.

THE BUTTERFLY'S EASTER MORNING

The chrysalis lay in a cushioned box
Thru the dark, cold, wintry weather,
And Bennie touched it with gentle hand,
And we talked of it much together.

We longed for the day when the living thing
Should burst its bars asunder,
Till at last it came, and the butterfly
We gazed at with joy and wonder.

As it rose on its bright and beautiful wings,
Which were fit for a fay's adorning,
Sweet Bennie cried, with his eyes a-shine:
"'Tis the butterfly's Easter morning!"

—Emma C. Dowd, in Intelligence.

THE FIRST ANEMONE

In a hollow in the field, by the river,
Sleeps a dear little maid, people say,
And when birds set the air all a-quiver,
With many a merry spring-time lay,
Out comes the little fairy true as ever,
And opes her blue eyes to the May.

O come! sweet Anemone, from hiding,
Come forth, maiden fair, to the light,
The spring-time days swiftly gliding,
Will bring all your companions to sight,
In your dark, earthy bed no more biding,
Join the throng in the meadow, blossom bright.

The little leaves are all dancing with gladness,
And the grasses in the zephyrs wave and bend,
The breezes riot gayly e'en to madness,
As the messages of wakening they send,
And the life of the world shakes off sadness,
For the long winter sleep 's at an end.

—*C. O. P.*

THE THRUSH'S LESSON

A little brown bird sat on a tree
A-swinging and singing as glad as could be;
And shaking his tail and smoothing his dress,
And having such fun as you never could guess.

And when he had finished his gay little song,
He flew down the street and went hopping along,
This way and that, with both little feet,
While his sharp little eyes looked for something to eat.

A little boy said to him: "Little bird, stop!
And tell me the reason 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 if 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.

"Use you eyes, little boy, watch closely and see
What little birds hop with both feet, like me.
And what little birds walk like the duck and the hen?
And when you know that you'll know more than some men.

"The birds that scratch in the earth, little boy,
And the birds that wade in the water with joy,
Can walk one foot at a time, you see,
As you do, except when you hop like me.

"But most of the birds that can sing you a song
Are small, and their legs are not very strong;
Walking, wading, and scratching, they leave to the rest,
And hop, hop, hop, and fly with the best.

"I've many relations, each one of us sings;
We're called Warblers, and Perchers, and other sweet things.
Just keep your eyes open while out at your play,
You'll see what I've told you is true. Good day!"

—*Anonymous.*

THERE ARE SOME WRONG THINGS WE CAN NEVER UNDO

We meant to be very kind,
But if we ever find
Another soft, gray-green, moss-coated, feather-lined nest in a hedge,
We have taken a pledge—
Susan, Jimmy and I—with remorseful tears, at this very minute,
That if there are eggs or little birds in it,
Robin, or wren, thrush, chaffinch, or linnet,
We'll leave them there
To their mother's care.

There were three of us—Kate, Susan and Jim—
And three of them;
I don't know their names, for they couldn't speak
Except a little bit of a squeak
Exactly like Poll—
Susan's squeaking doll.
But squeaking dolls will lie on the shelves
For years, and never squeak of themselves;
The reason we like little birds so much better than toys,
Is because they are really alive and know how to make a noise.

There were three of us, and three of them;
Kate—that is I—Susan and Jim;
Our mother was busy making a pie,
And theirs, we think, was up in the sky;
But for all Susan, Jimmy or I can tell,
She may have been getting their dinner as well.
They were left to themselves (and so were we)
In a nest in the hedge by the willow tree,
And when we caught sight of three red little fluff-tufted, hazel-eyed, open-mouthed, pink-throated heads, we all shouted for glee.

The way we really did wrong was this:
We took them in for mother to kiss,
And she told us to put them back,
While on the weeping willow their mother was crying "Alack!"
We really heard
Both what mother told us to do and the voice of the mother-bird!

But we three—that is, Susan and I, and Jim—
Thought we knew better than either of them;
And in spite of our mother's command and the poor bird's cry,
We determined to bring up the three little nestlings ourselves on the sly.
We each took one,
It did seem such excellent fun!
Susan fed hers on milk and bread;
Jim got wriggling worms for his instead;
I gave mine meat,
For, you know, I thought, "Poor darling pet! why shouldn't it have roast beef to eat?"
But, oh, dear; oh, dear! How we cried,
When in spite of milk and bread and worms and roast beef, the little birds died!

It's a terrible thing to have heart-ache.
I thought mine would break
As I heard the mother-bird's moan,
And looked at the gray-green, moss-coated, feather-lined nest she had taken such pains to make,
And her three little children dead and cold as a stone.
Mother said, and it's sadly true:
"There are some wrong things one can never undo."
And nothing we could do or say
Would bring life back to the birds that day.
The bitterest tears that we could weep
Wouldn't wake them out of their stiff, cold sleep.
But then,
We—Susan and Jim and I—mean never to be so selfish and wilful and cruel again.
And we three have buried that other three
In a soft, green, moss-covered, flower-lined grave at the foot of the willow tree.
And all the leaves which its branches shed
We think are tears, because they are dead.

—*Juliana Horatia Ewing.*

LOST—THREE LITTLE ROBINS

Oh, where is the boy, dressed in jacket of gray,
Who climbed up a tree in the orchard to-day
And carried my three little birdies away?
They hardly were dressed,
When he took from the nest
My three little robins and left me distressed.

O wrens! have you seen, in your travels to-day,
A very small boy, dressed in jacket of gray,
Who carried my three little robins away?
He had light colored hair,
And his feet were both bare,
And he was most cruel to me, I declare.

O butterfly! stop just a moment, I pray;
Have you seen a boy dressed in jacket of gray,
Who carried my three little birdies away?
From his pretty blue eyes
One might think he was wise,
But he must be wicked for one of his size.

O boy with blue eyes, dressed in jacket of gray!
If you will bring back my three robins to-day,
With sweetest of music the gift I'll repay;
I'll sing all day long
My merriest song,
And I will forgive you this terrible wrong.

Bobolink! did you see my birdies and me,
How happy we were on the old apple tree,
Until I was robbed of my young, as you see?
Oh, how can I sing,
Unless he will bring
My three robins back, to sleep under my wing?

—*Lincoln Literary Collection.*

MOTHER EARTH'S PARTY

AN ARBOR DAY PLAY

Characters: April, Arbor Day, Mother Earth, Flowers, Trees, Children.

Costumes: April, in ordinary or light dress; she carries open parasol. Arbor Day, in dress trimmed with evergreen, or any green vine. Mother Earth, in brown cambric slip. Flowers are represented by children carrying flowers. Trees, by children carrying branches. Children, in ordinary clothes.

Stage Setting: A platform decorated lavishly with boughs, evergreen and flowers. Mother Earth discovered.

Mother Earth—

Not long ago I woke up from sleep,
And found I was cold and bare;
The winter is over, the spring is near,
And I've not a dress to wear.
Alas, alas! I am in despair!
Oh, where shall I get my clothes;
There's not a place to buy a suit,
And a dressmaker no one knows.

(Enter Children, Trees and Flowers, preceded by Arbor Day, all singing.)

Tune: "My Maryland."

Bring forth the trees! Prepare the earth
For Arbor Day! sweet Arbor Day!
With songs we celebrate the birth
Of Arbor Day! sweet Arbor Day!

And when our joyful task is done,
And we our meed of praise have won,
The glorious work 's but just begun
For Arbor Day! dear Arbor Day!

Mother Earth—Arbor Day! you don't mean to tell me that it's Arbor Day! Why, I'm not half ready.

Trees and Flowers—Oh, yes, you are, Mother Earth, only you don't know it. Close your eyes a minute.

(Mother Earth closes eyes. Trees and Flowers pin leaves and flowers on her gown, and put branches in her hand. Arbor Day places a flower crown on her head. Then Arbor Day, Trees and Flowers dance around her, singing.)

Now, Mother Earth, come open your eyes,
And see if you know yourself;
We've decked you in the loveliest gown,
It couldn't be bought for pelf.

Mother Earth (*looking at herself*)—Thank you, thank you, my children. You are always good to me. It seems as though I like my gown better than ever this year. But who is this? Why, it's Miss April!

(April appears at back center and stands there while Children, Arbor Day, Mother Earth, Trees and Flowers sing):

Tune: "Sing a Song of Sixpence."
Sing a song of April,
As she comes this way,
She's the month that brings us
Happy Arbor Day.
Sing a song of flowers,
Buttercups and bees
Sing a song of woodlands,
Arbor Day and trees.

(April comes down center, with open parasol.)

Trees and Flowers—Oh, April, close that parasol. We don't want any rain. See how nice we look; you have given us so many gentle showers.

Arbor Day—Yes, dear April. Don't let it rain to-day. It might spoil our good times. Just see how fine Mother Earth is looking. Even one of your gentle showers couldn't improve her.

April—She certainly looks very grand. I never saw her wear a more becoming gown.

Mother Earth (dropping a curtsy)—Thank you, dear April. My children certainly have been good to me.

April—Well, I take a great deal of credit to myself for your appearance. But let me keep my parasol open. I am used to it so. Give me your arm, dear Arbor Day, and we will take a little walk.

(All fall into line in couples. Arbor Day and April leading. Mother Nature with one of the Flowers as partner next, then Flowers, Trees and Children. They march up side of stage. Down center, separate, one line going left, other right, meet at back center, pass in single file down center, one child falling in behind other. First child passes to right and marches up side of stage, pausing at right back corner of stage, second child passes left, etc. Two long lines are thus formed up and down sides of stage. They face each other. During march they sing):

Tune: Chorus of "Marching Through Georgia."

Hurrah! Hurrah!
We sing of Arbor Day!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the trees that come this way;
So let us sing together,
While our hearts are light and gay,
Then all the trees we'll go a-planting.

(Two children at head of line come forward, give right hands to each other, turn half round, give right hand to child on line, turning him around, meet partner in center and turn, give hand to next child in line, turn partner in center, and so on down the line (as in a Virginia Reel). Partners meet at bottom of line and dance up to head. Children form arch with hands and they dance under, taking place at foot of lines. Next two children do the same, etc. While the dance is going on children sing):

Tune: "My Bonnie."

The breezes of spring wave the treetops,
The flowers so sweet bloom again,
Oh, joyfully birds sing of springtime,
While flying o'er mountains and glen.

CHORUS:

Sing here, sing there,
  Sing of the springtime to-day, to-day;
Sing here, sing there,
  Sing of the springtime to-day.

Oh, glorious country of freedom!
  Our lives we will make pure and sweet,
Thou givest to us this bright springtime
  With hearts full of love we now greet.

CHORUS:

Then shout for the oak in the Northland,
  And answer, O South, with the palm.
As we who inherit this Union
  Sing gaily our nation's psalm.

CHORUS:

Mother Earth (*stepping to stage center*)—Come, my children, we must be off and attend to our tree-planting. We have played, now we must work.

(Right line marches off, followed by left, all singing as before.)

Hurrah! Hurrah!
  We sing of Arbor Day!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
  For the trees that come this way;
So let us sing together,
  While our hearts are light and gay,
  Then all the trees we'll go a-planting.

THE TREE'S DREAM

Little green tree, so slim and small,
Standing under the school house wall,
Planted there upon Arbor Day,
Tell me, what are you doing, say?
So quiet you stand, and so still you keep,
I really believe you have gone to sleep.

"Oh, I'm dreaming now," said the little tree,
"Of the pleasant days that are to be,
Of the robins and bluebirds that every spring
Will come and sit in my boughs and sing.
Oh, plenty of company I shall see
In my gay green tent," said the little tree.

"I'm dreaming of all the little girls,
In gingham aprons and yellow curls,
That under the shade of my leafy boughs
Will make for themselves a wee playhouse,
With nice burr-baskets, the dear little souls!
And pepper-pod teapots and sugar bowls.

"I'm dreaming of all the barefoot boys
That will fill my branches with merry noise,
And climb my limbs like an easy stair,
And shake down my nuts till the boughs are bare.
Oh, a jolly good comrade I shall be
When I grow up!" said the little tree.

—*Elizabeth H. Thomas.*

ANTICIPATION

I am going to plant a hickory tree,
And then, when I am a man,
My boys and girls may come and eat
Just all the nuts they can!

And I shall say, "My children dear,
This tree that you enjoy
I set for you one Arbor Day,
When I was but a boy."

And they will answer, "Oh, how kind
To plant for us this tree!"
And then they'll crack the fattest nuts,
And give them all to me!

—*Youth's Companion.*

MY NEIGHBOR

I have a new neighbor just over the way,
She was moving in on the first of May.
When she took in her household goods, I saw
They were nothing but rubbish and sticks and straw;
But when I made her a call just now
I found she had furnished her house somehow
All trim and tidy and nice and neat,
The prettiest cottage in all the street.
Of thistledown silk was her carpet fine,
A thousand times better and softer than mine;
Her curtains, to shut out the heat and light,
Were woven of blossoms pink and white,
And the dainty roof of her tiny home
Was a broad green leaf like an emerald dome.
'Tis the coziest nook that you ever did see,
Mrs. Yellowbird's house in the apple tree.

—*Persis Gardiner.*

TREE-TOP TROUBLE

Do you think, little sorrowful lady,
That no one has trouble but you?
When you wish to be gay as a robin,
Remember, we robins get blue.

Aren't there blood-thirsty cats to appal us
With fearful and terrible stare?
So a mother-bird never is happy,
Nor free from solicitous care.

Why, the mischievous boys of the village,
I think, will unsettle my brain;
Where they threaten to torture and pillage,
Regardless of protest or pain.

And then, Mr. Robin is careless;
He doesn't stay at home as he should.
And if I reproach him, he whistles,
And flies to his club in the wood.

So you see, little sorrowful lady,
That even the birds of the air
Can not fly from the ills that beset them,
Nor flutter through life without care.

There is sorrow for women and robins,
In tree-top and wide dwelling, too,
But I know of a country that's better
To seek in the Autumn; do you?

—*Selected from American Primary Teacher.*

THREE LITTLE TREES

(Recitation for a tiny girl. Three other children stand near—as the trees—laughing, whispering, telling secrets, clapping hands, etc., in pretty pantomime.)

Way out in the orchard, in sunshine and breeze,
A-laughing and whispering, grew three little trees.

And one was a plum tree, and one was a pear,
And one was a rosy-cheeked apple tree rare.

A dear little secret, as sweet as could be,
The breeze told, one day, to the glad apple tree.

She rustled her little green leaves all about,
And smiled at the plum, and the secret was out.

The plum told, in whispers, the pear by the gate,
And she told it to me, so you see, it came straight.

The breeze told the apple, the apple the plum,
The plum told the pear, "Robin Redbreast has come!"

And out in the orchard they danced in the breeze,
And clapped their hands softly, these three little trees!

— *Journal of Western Canada.*

I'M SO HAPPY

"I'm so happy," the dear robin sang,
To his mate in the elm tree near,
"For now we can build our cozy home,
For springtime, sweet springtime is here."
Singing, working, glad and free,
Giving joy to you and me.

"I'm so happy," the little brook said,
In a silvery tone so queer,
"For now I can dance in the sunshine,
For springtime, sweet springtime is here."
Rippling, sparkling, on it flows,
Giving joy where'er it goes.

"I'm so happy," the little girl sang,
In a voice so sweet and clear,
"For here are the birds and blossoms,
For springtime, sweet springtime is here."
Like the birds and brooks that flow,
I'll scatter joy where'er I go."

—*Mattie M. Renwick, in Child-Garden.*

KRIS KRINGLE

Just as the moon was fading
Amid her misty rings,
And every stocking was stuffed
With childhood's precious things,
Old Kris Kringle looked round
And saw on the elm-tree bough,
High hung, an oriole's nest,
Silent and empty now.

"Quite like a stocking," he laughed,
Pinned up there on the tree!
Little I thought the birds
Expected a present from me!"
Then old Kris Kringle, who loves
A joke as well as the best,
Dropped a handful of flakes
In the oriole's empty nest.

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

SUGGESTED PROGRAM FOR HIGHER GRADES.

Song—Spring Song.

Reading of State Superintendent's Letter to Children.

Recitation—One Thing That Money Can Not Command.

Recitation by four pupils—Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter.

Essay—Our National Forest Reserves.

Song—Work, for the Night Is Coming.

Recitation—The Wounded Curlew.

Recitation for Group—The Flowers of the Nations.

Essay—Our Bird Club.

Reading—A Pelican Paradise.

Short addresses by School Directors or other guests.

Song—Arbor Day Anthem.

SUGGESTED PROGRAM FOR PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

Song—Little Deeds of Kindness.

Reading of State Superintendent's Letter to the Children.

Recitation—The Tree's Dream.

Recitation—Lost: Three Little Robins.

Recitation for Group—Mother Earth's Party.

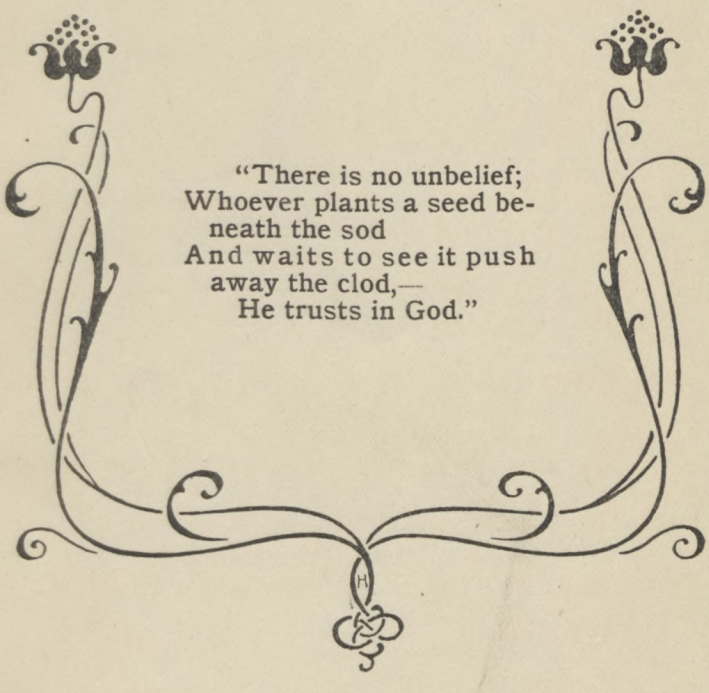
Song—Chick-a-dee.

Recitation—My Neighbor.

Recitation—Three Little Trees.

Class of fourteen give Some Good Requests to be Memorized and Acted Upon.

Song—America.



"There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,—
He trusts in God."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