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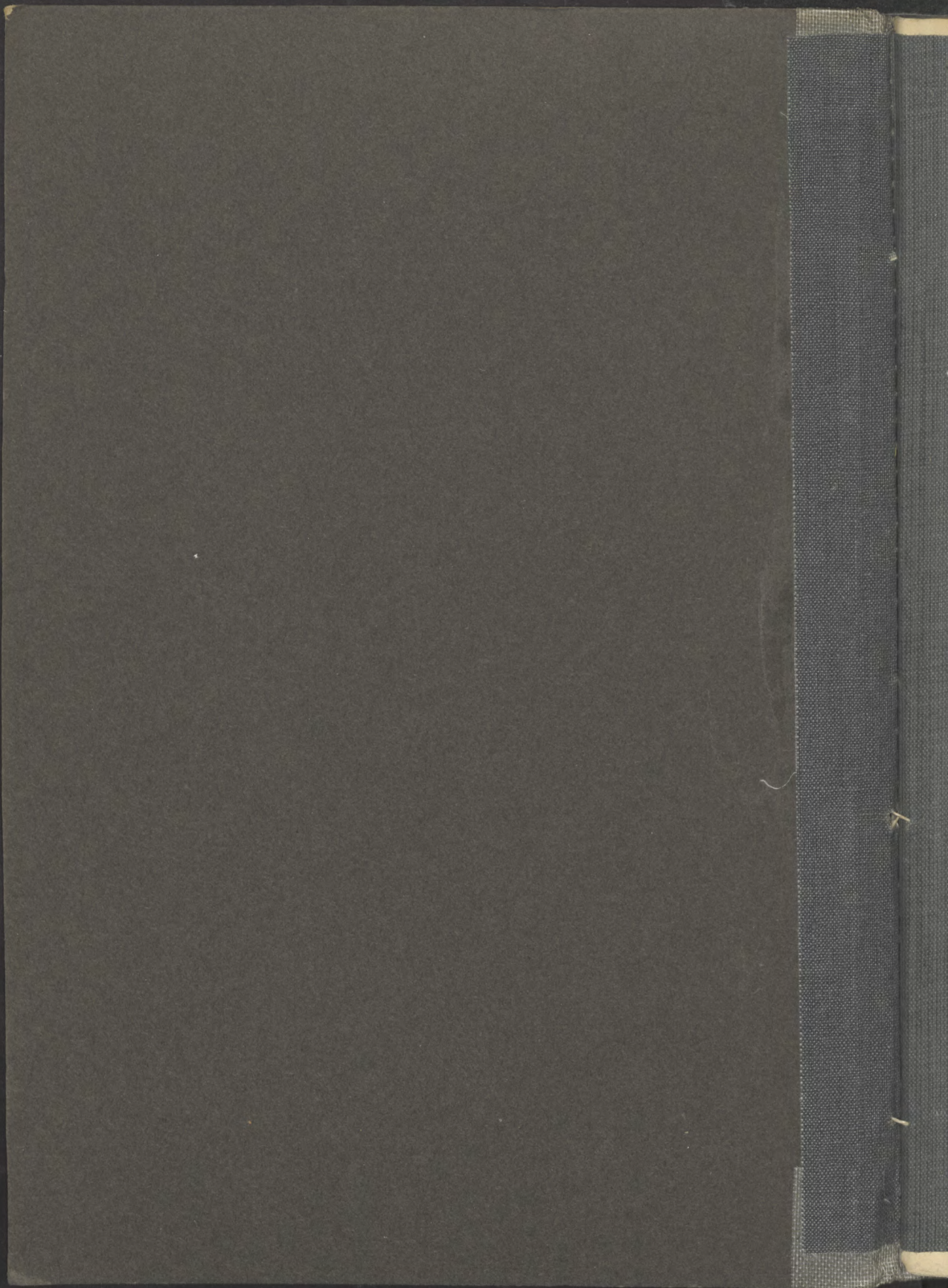
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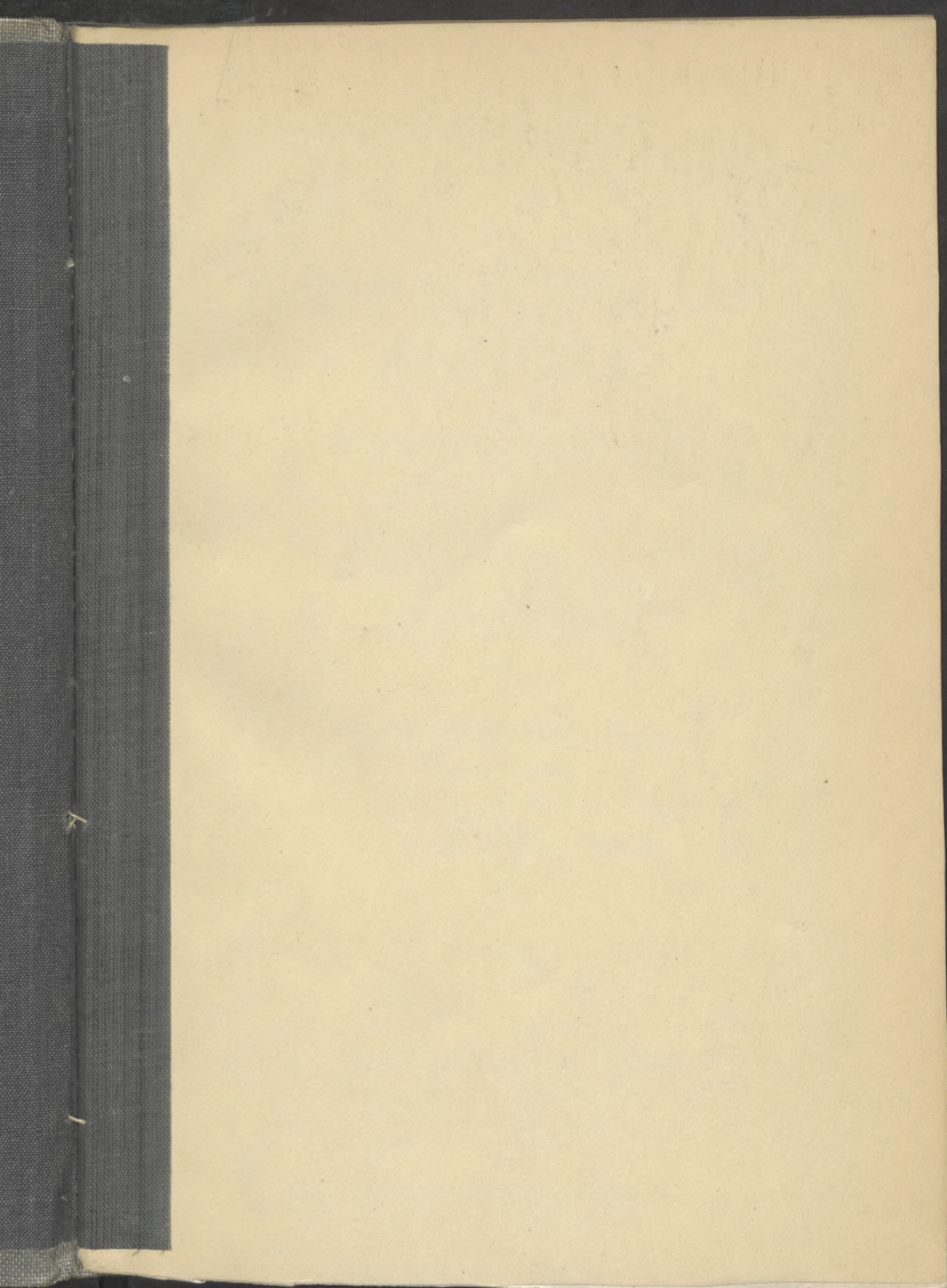
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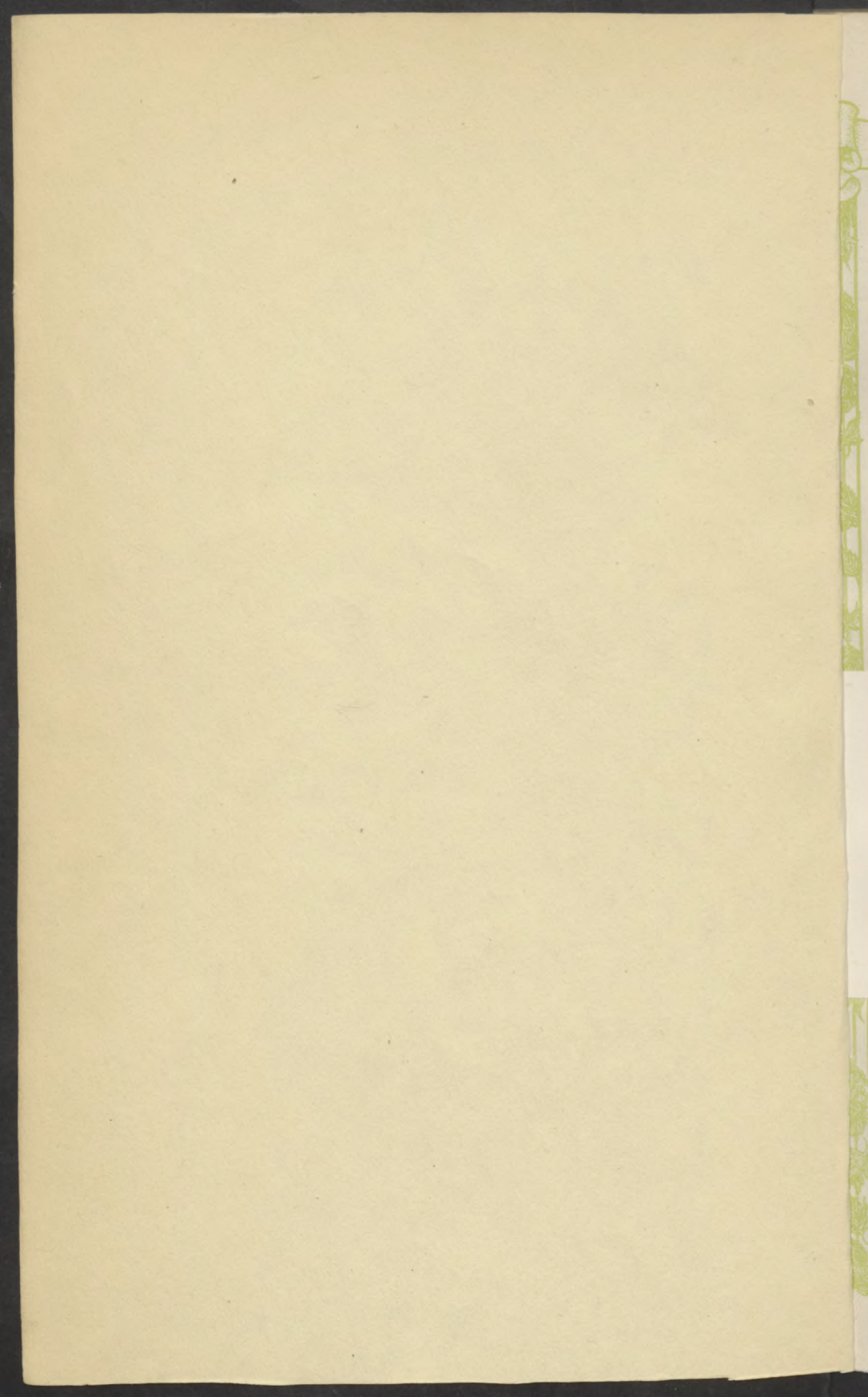
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ARBOR AND BIRD DAY ANNUAL, 1910

Arbor and Bird Day ANNUAL

COLORADO, APRIL 15, 1910



Compliments of

The Department of Public Instruction

State of Colorado

Katherine M. Cook

Superintendent.

KATHERINE M. COOK

SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

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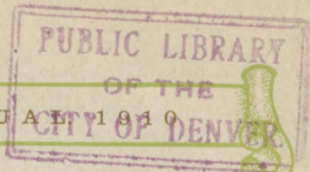
COLORADO, APRIL 15, 1910



KATHERINE M. COOK
SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

ARBOR AND BIRD DAY ANNUAL, 1910





The State of Colorado



Executive Department

Arbor Day Proclamation

WHEREAS, It is provided in the Statutes of Colorado, that, "Annually, at the proper season, the Governor shall issue a proclamation, calling the attention of the people to the provision that 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."

"The day, as above designated, shall be a holiday in all public schools of the state, and the school officers and teachers are required to have the schools under their respective charge observe the day by the planting of trees or other appropriate exercises."

It is, further, exceedingly desirable that the same day be a general clean-up day for sanitary and beautifying purposes.

I, therefore, in accordance with the law, designate Friday, the 15th day of April, A. D. 1910, as ARBOR DAY, and urge upon all citizens of this Commonwealth that it be observed.

I further recommend that all State Institutions of learning in the State of Colorado, and all public schools therein, observe this day in the manner contemplated by the law, and that the Superintendent of Public Instruction and County Superintendents of Schools, together with all teachers and school trustees, join in making this holiday of significance to the schools, the homes and the community of our Commonwealth.



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 Ten.

By the Governor:

Attest:

[Signature]
Secretary of State.

[Signature]
John F. Shafroth

With much pleasure the Department of Public Instruction issues this Arbor and Bird Day Book. It is entirely the work of Coloradoans, most of whom are connected in some way with the schools of the state. It contains some practical suggestions which will help the teachers in carrying out the spirit of Arbor Day, namely: to take the school into nature and nature into the school. If this manual helps to awaken a love of trees, birds and flowers, a love which includes their beauty on the one hand and service on the other, it has served its purpose well.

Whether or not Arbor Day shall be one of mere formal ceremony or one of deep and genuine significance will depend very largely upon the teacher, who will, indeed, miss a great opportunity if she emphasizes only the utilitarian or economic aspect of the day or limits the exercises to the planting of trees in the school yard. Not only trees, but flowers, vines and shrubs should be planted. The school yard should be a suggestion, and its ideas should be carried over to the home yards and even to the open fields, as is done in France. Arbor Day exercises should be a strong stimulus to the after work to be done upon school and home gardens.

ARBOR DAY.

An old Swiss chronicle relates that in the fifth century the people of a little Swiss village determined to secure a forest of oak trees on the common. More than a dozen sacks of acorns were sown and after the work was done each participant received a wheaten roll as a reward for his labor. For some reason unexplained, the acorns refused to sprout and the next year another effort was made, but again the acorns refused to grow. The people, however, were determined to have an oak grove, and so a day was appointed on which the whole community, men, women and children, marched to the woods, where each very carefully dug up a sapling and transplanted it to the common. The saplings were well watered and cared for by the citizens under the direction of a gardener, but every one was expected to do his share. In the course of years a fine grove was the result, which furnished a place of shade, rest and recreation for the citizens and their descendants. For years the anniversary of this tree planting was observed by the people of this town with appropriate exercises, among them being a parade of the children carrying oak leaves and branches. It is said that a similar festival still exists in this and other Swiss villages. This seems to be the first recorded effort at organized tree planting, and this custom, instituted so long ago, finds a happy revival in our modern Arbor Day exercises.

We are told that the custom of tree planting is an old one among the Germans, who, in the rural districts, practice a commendable habit of having each member of the family plant a tree at Whitsuntide, which comes forty days after Easter.

The old Mexican Indians also planted trees on certain days of the year when the moon was full, naming them after their children; and even the ancient Aztecs are said to have planted a tree every time a child was born, giving it the name of the child.

The Hon. B. G. Northrup, Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Education, in his official report of 1865, first made the suggestion regarding the annual planting of trees by children. Although the suggestion was not acted upon at that time, Mr. Northrup deserves much credit for his persistent efforts to encourage tree planting by children and to interest legislatures and governors in this plan.

To Hon. J. Sterling Morton belongs the honor of instituting our American Arbor Day. In 1872, acting upon his suggestion, the Governor of the state issued a proclamation designating Arbor Day and asking that the schools and citizens generally observe the day by appropriate exercises and tree planting. On the first Arbor Day over a million trees were planted on the "treeless plains" of Nebraska, and to-day more than 1,000,000,000 are in

good condition through the united efforts of the school children and their parents on Arbor Day.

The originator of the idea lived long enough to see Arbor Day adopted in more than forty states and territories, to record millions of trees added to the growing prosperity of the states, to note thousands of schoolhouses change cheerless surroundings for those of comfort and beauty and to feel that in stimulating the planting of trees he had been an active factor in fostering a love for the school, the home and our country.

The Statutes of Colorado, 1889, designated Arbor Day as the third Friday of April "to be observed by the people of this state 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."

The matter of the preservation of our forests has become a subject of acute concern on the part of our national government, and, as a result, a distinct forest policy is being worked out, the chief objects of which are to secure a continuous supply of wood for man's use and to conserve the water supply of the country. The work of the forestry does not aim to exclude the ax of the lumberman, but to guide the ax to the trees that are ripe for cutting and to prevent the ruthless destruction of young trees and whole sections of woodland, whose continued life and growth mean the protection of the all-important water supply.

At the request of the President of the United States and the Chairman of the National Conservation Commission, Governor Shafroth, on the 17th day of February, 1909, appointed the Colorado Conservation Commission, consisting of thirty-six members. The Commission met to organize on March 11 and 12, 1909; adjourned to complete organization May 14-15. Concluding its work, it adjourned to the first Tuesday in March, 1910, the time fixed by the Constitution for the annual meeting and election of officers. At the next meeting, which is to be held April 18, 1910, the Commission is to make the water power resources of the state and their conservation the subject of discussion.

STATE FLOWERS.

The following are "State Flowers," as adopted in most instances by the vote of the public school pupils of the respective states:

Alabama	Golden Rod
Arkansas	Apple Blossom
California	*Eschscholtzia
Colorado	Columbine
Delaware	Peach Blossom
Idaho	Syringa
Illinois	Rose
Indiana	Corn
Iowa	Wild Rose
Kansas	*Sunflower
Kentucky	Golden Rod
Louisiana	Magnolia
Maryland	Golden Rod
Michigan	Apple Blossom
Minnesota	Moccasin
Mississippi	Magnolia
Missouri	Golden Rod
Montana	Bitter Root
Nebraska	Golden Rod
New York	Rose
North Dakota	Wild Rose
Ohio	Scarlet Carnation
Oregon	Oregon Grape
Pennsylvania	Golden Rod
Rhode Island	Violet
South Dakota	Pasque
Texas	Blue Bonnet
Utah	Sego Lily
Vermont	Red Clover
Washington	Rhododendron
West Virginia	Rhododendron

*Adopted by state legislature, not by public school pupils.

In other states the pupils or state legislatures have not yet taken action.

In England the primrose is worn on the birthday of Lord Beaconsfield. On the anniversary of Parnell's death his followers wear a sprig of ivy. The Jacobites wear white roses on June 10. In France the Orleanists wear white daisies and the Bonapartists the violet.

THE OBSERVANCE OF ARBOR DAY IN THE CITY SCHOOLS.

Dear Mrs. Cook:

You ask me to say something about the best way of observing Arbor Day. Now, I do not know any new way, but just some old ways. However, new ways are not good just because they are new, and so the old ways carried out enthusiastically may be far the best ways. Plant trees, of course, if you can get them, and have a suitable place for them, but be sure to plant something. The great purpose of it all seems to me should be to get the children closely and enthusiastically in touch with nature. The day can be used to emphasize the value of the school garden. I should give the day a literary flavor by having the children recite some selections on nature from good authors.

Cordially yours,

(Signed) J. F. KEATING,
Pueblo.



THE OBSERVANCE OF ARBOR AND BIRD DAY IN THE RURAL SCHOOLS.

When, on the first Arbor Day, the Hon. J. Sterling Morton instituted in our neighboring state, Nebraska, the annual planting of trees, he probably did not realize what a great movement he was originating. We can hardly estimate the good that has come to all the states of the Union through the thought of this one man whose birthday, April 22nd, is kept as a legal holiday in Nebraska. How may we best observe Arbor Day in the rural schools of Colorado where conditions are so diversified? In one section of the state the third Friday in April finds spring well on its way, in another section winter still lingers and will linger here for days to come; in one section the schoolyard is already tree shaded or invites, with rich soil and water close at hand, the planting of trees and flowers; in another, the school house stands on a bed of rock or in an absolutely waterless spot.

The first thought in connection with Arbor Day is beauty, whose first attribute is cleanliness. Let us clean up the school house and, if conditions permit, the school yard. In this the board may be able to assist. If the school room walls and floor, desks and other furniture have been allowed to collect dust, clean up and then place a new picture on the wall, an appropriate thought on the blackboard. If the schoolyard has the appearance of a waste basket, the outside of the school house that of a chalk receiver, and fences and buildings have the appearance of neglect, see what can be done to change these conditions. Arbor Day is a little late, you say, for such changes. Yes, but

if such conditions have been allowed to exist, perhaps on Arbor Day seed may be sown in the minds of teachers and pupils that will take root and in the days and years to come find fruitage.

In all schools the value of plant and bird life may be taught. This may be done through talks, and the writing of essays and the learning of selections which bring out not only the economic value of trees and birds, but also the thought of God's provision for man's love of the beautiful. We may realize with George Eliot that

"It never rains roses; when we want to have more roses, we must plant more trees."

We may understand the feeling of our beloved president, William McKinley, when, on the last day of his life, he said: "I want to see the trees; they are so beautiful." We may desire to follow the example of the great artist, Leonardo, who bought cage after cage of birds that he might liberate them.

Plant a tree or shrub on Arbor Day, if conditions will warrant. Plant it with appropriate ceremonies and strive to inculcate in the minds of pupils and school patrons the desire to protect its growth that the close of school may not end its life. If the planting of trees and shrubs is not feasible, the making of a flower bed or window box, from which the plants can be transplanted to the homes of the neighborhood, may make the day one of pleasure and profit to the children.

Arbor Day is an especial occasion when the teacher, like Apple Seed John, who, the story says, scattered seeds along his way that he might help mankind, may scatter seeds of thrift and desire to make beautiful, seeds of love of Nature and helpfulness which will mature to her honor in future days. As teachers, let us make Arbor Day mean so much that all, from youngest to oldest, will desire to say, with Abraham Lincoln:

"Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow."—*Pearl L. Moore, Fort Collins.*



THE WILD FLOWERS OF COLORADO.

Once more the miracle of spring is being enacted about us in the growth of plants. The plains and hillsides are being clothed anew in verdure. Trees, whose naked branches and budded twigs have all winter formed a pattern in delicate tracery against the sky, are beginning to put on the garb of summer. The hardier wild flowers are gleaming upon the plains and nodding among the rocks.

One of the earliest plain flowers is the prairie or sand lily, with its tufts of grass-like leaves and fragrant tubular flowers

that shine like white stars amid the foliage. Along with this flower come several plants of the pea family, commonly known as milk vetches and loco weeds. One of the best known is the woolly loco, recognized by its densely woolly leaves and tufts of violet purple flowers borne on the tips of slender, erect stalks. This plant, also called "crazy weed," is one of the stock-poisoning plants familiar to most plainsmen. Another loco, also called rattle weed, is Lambert's loco. This plant occurs mainly in the foothills and mountain parks. Its leaves are silvery, with white hairs, and stand erect. The flowers in some forms are creamy white, in others purple, and are borne in graceful spikes on stiff, erect stems about one foot in height. It is one of the most showy locos, sometimes covering the rocky slopes with waving plumes of delicate bloom. This, too, is one of the stock-poisoning plants of the Rocky Mountain region. The early spring seeker for wild flowers is pretty sure to tread on the flower-gemmed mats of the low milk vetch. The leaves, thickly mingled with small purplish flowers, grow on short, spreading stems that hug the earth as if to avoid the chill of the early spring air. A little later in the season wide slopes of plain and foothills softly glow in all tints of creamy white, pinkish violet and purple of the tall milk vetches' delicate bloom. By this time, too, the lupines are coming into blossom. They are sometimes called wild wistaria because of the delicate shades of blue and purple which some species possess. The plants are most readily known by the leaflets, all of which spring from the end of the leaf stalk and radiate like the spokes of a wheel. Yellow is not a common color in spring flowers, but it is found most intense in the gleaming petals of the golden pea, that makes its home in the rocky ravines of the foothills.

The crowfoot, or buttercup family, is well represented in earliest spring by the anemone or pasque flower, which braves the cold as soon as the frost is out of the soil and decks the rocky slopes with its tulip-like blossoms in many shades of purplish blue. Its near relative, the leather flower, soon follows with nodding, four-parted blossoms of varying shades of blue and purple.

Probably the most intense blues are to be found in the showy spikes of the larkspurs, although one species with whitish color occurs. Like the deadly aconite, its cousin, the larkspur has a bad reputation as a stock-poisoning plant.

Undoubtedly the most beautiful and noted flower of all is the blue columbine, our state flower, whose cerulean petals and golden stamens are emblems of our azure skies and the precious metal of our mountains.

Summer brings with her the Mariposa lilies, favorites of mountain park and valley, the blazing torches of the Indian paint brush along the rock strewn slopes, and the spikes of pinkish blue, foxglove-like blooms of the beard tongues.

Out on the plains and among the foothills the prickly poppies are now flaunting their silken white petal-banners and the spiny joints of the prickly pears have hidden their ugliness behind the satiny sheen of their yellow, pinkish and salmon colored flowers. Sundown, at this season, calls forth each day new glories of bloom from the evening primroses. Scarcely has the sun retired behind the western horizon when their buds, as if containing springs touched by some unseen hand, flash open on every hillside, slope of plain and rocky ravine. White, rose colored and yellow, the short duration of their bloom is offset by their delicate beauty.

Space forbids more than the merest mention of the rare and brilliantly colored blossoms of our alpine flora. One hardly knows which to admire most, their dainty forms, fresh and glowing colors or the hardihood and bravery of their existence. The whitlow grass, rock cress, and wall flowers; the forget-me-nots, the phloxes and gillias, the beard tongues, painted cups and the aristocratic fringed gentians, and hosts of others, lure the flower lover to their airy or secluded abodes.

Late summer and autumn bring into bloom many members of the sunflower tribe, in which the prevailing color is yellow. A few, however, such as the low-growing Easter daisy and the rock daisies, come earlier. The wild sunflowers, the golden rods and wild asters, the gaillardias, cone flowers and fleabanes, all belong to this great family. They are most easily recognized by their minute flowers, which are crowded in large numbers into heads which appear like individual blossoms.

Every country child, especially, should become familiar with at least the most common wild flowers in his or her own locality. Learn to love them for their beauty, their interesting histories and the ways in which they are used by insect and animal life, by bird and man.

Do not pick every rare wild flower you meet, nor gather them in large quantities. The practice of gathering wild flowers has, in many cases, practically wiped out all those which grow from bulbs, tubers and fleshy roots and whose leaves are all taken with the blossoms. Most wild flowers are more attractive where they grow naturally than when crowded into a vase and placed in a dry room to wilt. Watch their unfolding, study the visits of bees to their blossoms, rejoice in their beauty, and leave them to live out their pure lives in their own sweet way.—*Burton O. Longyear, Fort Collins.*

COLORADO TREES.

From the standpoint of the student of nature, Colorado is a wonderful state. The different kinds of birds, insects and wild flowers are very numerous. This is because of the many kinds of climate depending on differences in altitude. With each additional thousand feet of altitude there is a depression of 3 degrees in temperature, so that when the thermometer at Denver averages for a given day 70 degrees we may expect the average for the day at Leadville to be about 55, since the difference in altitude is about five thousand feet. Naturally, this difference in temperature is not always exact, but only approximate. But it influences the growth of trees and all living things, so that these are very different at high altitudes from what are found at the lower levels.

In all, there are close to sixty different kinds of trees, large and small, in the state. Except for the pines, spruces, firs and aspens, they do not form extensive forests, but are scattered or in small fringing groves along the streams. Cottonwoods of various kinds abound, while the quaking aspen occurs in moist seepage areas. At canyon mouths the thornapples are the most conspicuous small trees, with an abundance of white flowers in spring, followed by bright red, berry-like fruits in autumn.

In its great treeless areas Colorado is very different from the eastern United States, where there is much more rain and trees can grow almost anywhere. In our mountain districts the chief trees are pines, spruces and firs, while the mountains of the Appalachian range bear forests of maple, oak, elm, hickory and ash. So it comes about that in winter our mountains are as green as ever with their evergreen trees, while in the eastern mountains the leaves are all fallen and there are only naked trunks and boughs.

Autumn colors of orange and gold and scarlet do not develop on our pine and spruce trees, for the leaves remain on through the winter, only a few ripening off from time to time all through the year. Aspen trees, however, and thornapples, choke cherries and many shrubby plants show beautiful tints at the close of summer. The leaves of sumacs ripen to a brilliant red just as the fruit of some apple trees do; while aspen leaves take on a bright yellow as a banana does when it ripens. In the forests of the eastern United States there are trees of maple and red gum and oak which assume most brilliant colorings with the dying year, and so the landscape becomes much altered with the close of summer, while with us it is much the same at all seasons.

But although our forest trees do not take on handsome colors in autumn, they are a joy to the soul at all times. What could be more symmetrical and stately than the Colorado blue spruce!

The tree is known the world over for its beautiful form. Wherever people are interested in parks and beautiful grounds, they plant these trees, and the fame of Colorado has gone far and wide because of them.

The rock pine and the silver cedar of the foothills are not to be omitted if we wish to catalogue our most interesting trees. The first named has wide-spreading branches, often curved up gracefully at the tips. The latter is a dense mass of close-set foliage of silver-gray.

The finest spruce forests occur at an altitude of about 10,000 feet. In favorable localities Engelmann spruces grow to great size—sometimes they are three or four feet thick at the ground.

It takes a long time for trees to grow in the mountains of Colorado. This is because the summer season is short and there is sometimes a lack of rain. In the higher districts only about two months of the year are warm enough for trees to do any growing. If we count the annual rings of some of the large stumps of spruce trees recently felled, we can tell how long it took the trees to grow. It is found that the largest ones are from 300 to 400 years old, or even older. Some of our trees were tiny saplings when America was discovered and were fine, large specimens when the Declaration of Independence was signed.

Cottonwoods, aspens, box elders and other native deciduous trees live only twenty to forty years. Hence they are not desirable to plant for shade. When one takes the trouble to plant a tree, it is worth while picking out one which will live a long time. So it is that those who know most of these matters advise us not to plant cottonwoods and Carolina poplars, but rather thornless honey locusts, oaks, hard maples and catalpas. In addition to these, all of our native evergreens are useful, for they do well and live a long time. In very high altitudes only evergreens will succeed, but at Denver and elsewhere at moderate elevations all ordinary trees will grow if irrigated.

The native trees of Colorado occur in the mountains in a series of zones, or belts, at different altitudes. Anyone may easily learn these zones and soon he will become interested in studying out the zonal distribution of wild flowers as well. The following plant zones determined by the writer can easily be verified by anyone acquainted with the trees of our mountain districts.

Foothill Zone—Scattered trees; rock pines, pinyons, oaks. Pinyons and oaks absent in the northern part of the state east of the continental divide.

Montane Zone—Forests of lodgepole pine chiefly make up this zone. In southern Colorado, Douglas spruce, white fir and some rock pines occur in this zone.

Sub-Alpine Zone—Chiefly forests of Engelmann spruce. In drier places there are limber pines.

Alpine Zone—Above the limit of tree growth. Here there are dwarfed and stunted bush-like Engelmann spruces, often only a foot or two high but 100 years old.

Anyone who wishes to learn about the trees of Colorado will do best to go out into the forests and not stay at home to read books. The forest has much to tell us, even though we have no knowledge of botany. Whoever wanders at will through sub-alpine groves a few times each year will be a better man or woman for this contact with Nature in her wildest moods.—*Francis Rameley, Boulder, Colo.*



BIRD HOMES.

The bird home is always of interest, as it shows so much skill in construction, and in many cases a shrewd scheme for protection by selecting materials that harmonize with the surroundings. The nest is different in every case, although there is a similarity in the homes of birds of the same family.

The nest shows something of the habits also, as they use materials that they are familiar with; i. e., the woodpecker works in wood, and what would be more natural than for him to use a hole in a tree for a nesting site; those that live in a marsh use the reeds; those that live on the ground use grass.

The position of the nest is always characteristic, as the bird will place the nest in about the place where he finds his food. The creeper will build a home under the bark of the tree on the trunk; the ground birds will always make a nest on the ground. If they live high in the trees, the nest will be in about the same position. Thus we see that there are some rules that will apply to most bird homes, and this helps us to identify the nest when the bird is not seen.

Always label the nest with the position in the tree, locality, and the name if possible. The best time to get them is in the fall and, as very few occupy a nest for the second season, we are working no hardship on them. After the leaves are off the trees they can be seen best, and they should be collected before the winter storms.

Robin.—The nest of the robin is always placed in a strong crotch of a tree; sometimes in a gable of a house or on a rafter. It is built of grass, a mud cup and a lining of grass, and sometimes rags and paper. John Burroughs calls the robin a plebeian because he uses such common building materials. The mud cup will always have a hole in the bottom, because rain might fill the nest and drown the young. Sometimes the bird is careless and a heavy shower will fill the nest with water. One can always be certain in identifying the robin's nest. Study one until you are sure that you will know one the next time you see it.

Oriole.—The oriole nest is of a different type, a hanging nest, and he must use stronger materials for construction. They use plant down, horsehair, string and tree fiber. It is a beautiful purse-shaped house and is so well made that it hangs in the trees for several years and may be occupied the second year by a house finch or an English sparrow.

Red-Winged Blackbird.—The red-wing is a cousin of the oriole and we see in his nest a true idea of weaving. The oriole nest is not regular, but the nest of the red-wing is beautifully woven in and out around grass or reeds or rushes. Damp reeds or grass are used, as they are more pliable and stay in position better when they are dry. They are always found along the edge of a marsh.

These nests are best prepared by oiling a pan, setting in the supporting reeds, and filling in between the reeds with thin plaster of paris. After the plaster has set, the block is lifted out and the nest can be handled.

Yellow Warbler.—One of the most common nests is that of the yellow warbler. It is a dainty little structure built of grass, hair and plant down, so well made that they stay in the trees for several years.

They are always well hidden and it requires sharp eyes to find them, when the leaves are on the trees, but in the fall they are often seen. They build in a small crotch, and it is interesting to get a number of nests and see how they solve the difficult problems.

Woodpecker.—Here the house is hewed out of wood, a dead stump or a tree with a decayed heart furnishing a suitable nesting place. The woodpecker does not like to work in hard wood and the nest is always in a decayed tree. They seem able to know the condition of the tree, as in many cases they cannot see the condition. The entrance is usually under a limb, as their greatest danger is from a heavy rain.

A nest on the Platte showed a tragedy. The entrance was under a limb, but the bird had overlooked another branch with a hollow end, and the water came down this and into the nest.

Sometimes the flicker will make a hole in the gable of a church or house, and if he makes one he will always make a second at the other end, using one for the entrance and the other for the exit.

A flicker once made up his mind to have a house in a small slate-covered turret. He spent seven years in pecking out the hole and had a very safe nest when it was completed. Possibly several birds united to help, but never was more than one seen at the turret.

Barn-Swallow.—The barn-swallow nest is found under bridges, under the eaves of barns, houses and sheds. Sometimes

he goes inside and builds the nest on the rafters. The nest is built of mud mixed with grass and nicely lined with feathers. It is always protected from the rains, as the water would destroy it. The barn-swallow is civilized and the nests are never seen in natural positions. They have adapted themselves to modern times and find man's structures very convenient nesting sites.

The cliff-swallow builds a gourd-shaped nest, and it is found on barns, under the eaves. They are common in the mountains on the rocky ledges. They work the mud up and mix it in the saliva to make it stick. Many of them are made of sand from the red sandstone, and it could not possibly hold were it not aided by the saliva. These nests are very fragile and, to preserve them, paint them with thin glue or gum arabic, being careful not to get them too wet, but painting a little at a time.

Wood-Pewee.—This bird is found in the mountains and the nest is very attractive because of the color protection. The nest is placed in a dead tree and covered with shreds of the inner bark of a dead limb, and it sometimes takes hours to locate one, so closely do they resemble the surroundings. Many nests are covered with lichens and resemble a knob on the tree. Some of the pewees use this scheme for hiding the nest.

English Sparrow.—The English sparrow is not a very artistic nest builder, but his nest is always substantial. He has ideas entirely his own about house decorations, and chicken feathers are his favorites. The nests are always bulky and resemble a hay stack with feathers stuck in at various places. The sparrow prefers a building for a nesting site; a nook behind a drain pipe or even a ledge on a stone or brick building. When sites are scarce, he will build in a thatched roof or a hay stack. Sometimes a robin's or oriole's nest is made over and decorated with the ever-present chicken feathers.

A pair of sparrows made a nest in an awning and the young became quite tame. When the lights were turned on in the evening the old ones would leave, but the young, six in number, would line up on the edge of the nest and watch everything that went on in the room. They seemed to enjoy the company.

One pair of industrious birds was seen building a nest in an arc light at a street corner at 9 o'clock at night. It was one of the old-fashioned lights, and they built over the arc.

A little study of bird houses will well repay one, as they show so much, if we only know how to interpret them. Never disturb the nest when the birds are using them, because many will leave the nest if it is touched. Wait until fall and then bring them to the school room. Always bring plenty of the limb—a foot on each side of the nest. Never tear the nest from its limb and bring it in without a part of the tree or shrub to show the position.—L. A. Adams, Greeley.

BIRD DAY.

Bird Day should be set aside as a day to be spent out in the fields, where the birds are, rather than in the school room with dialogues and recitations, as is so often the custom. The birds have returned by this time from their annual pilgrimage to the South, and as their homecoming is always a happy time for them, they are seen at their best. They grow silent in the fall and on some still night will steal away, without a goodbye, as though they did not want to go, but instinct calls them, and where it leads they must follow. They have had some wonderful experiences. Some have made short trips to the South and have traveled but a few hundred miles; others have spent a few months in South America, where they have seen many strange sights—the lazy crocodiles on the muddy banks of the Amazon, monkeys playing in the trees, birds of odd shapes and brilliant plumage; one restless bird, the golden plover, has seen the rough waters of the Straits of Magellan and he must hurry to his home in the north to rear his young and be ready for the return trip in the fall. Many who have started on the trip have failed to return, as this migration serves as Nature's weeding out process and many of the weak have fallen by the wayside.

Colorado has a wealth of birds, as it is the meeting place of the east and west. Many have endeared themselves to us, of which we will consider a few of the more common ones.

The house finch, with his cheery song, is with us almost every month in the year, singing all the time, in winter and summer alike. Should the weather get too cold, he may make a little tour to the south, but he will return at the first break in the storm. Many from the north come down to spend the winter with us while ours have been sojourning farther south. They seem to like man and are found alike in the cities, towns and farms. They have made a truce with the English sparrow, as we find them together most of the time, with an occasional quarrel to enliven the monotony.

The winter months are often a severe test of their strength, as food is scarce and everything that can be eaten is hunted out—seeds of weeds, winter buds and scraps from the table. At this time we can be a great help to them if we will scatter a few crumbs around in convenient places where they can be easily found. They soon learn to expect it and will come every day for food and drink, as water is often as difficult to find as food in cold weather. We should see that they have food when the snow is deep, as then their supply of seeds on the ground is cut off and it will be more appreciated than at any time. They have a cunning habit of hunting out the leaks in the maples in the spring, and every leak is watched with care, competition is keen,

and woe to the bird that forgets his manners and stays too long at the drinking place. He is driven away by force to make room for another thirsty member of the flock and must wait his turn for a second chance at the sweet sap.

The nest is a neat little structure, nicely woven of string, grass and horsehair. It is placed in any convenient crotch which will offer a foundation for a home. Often a last year's oriole's nest will be utilized, and with a few changes on the inside be the home of a family of finches. While the female is caring for the eggs the male will sing at his best, his color all the more red, showing off to perfection as he flits through the trees around the nest. If his back is turned on us, we will see a small red patch on the rump—the same red as on the head and throat. The female is a demure little dame—gray, with streaks from head to tail. After a couple of weeks, if the nest is watched, the old birds will be seen to carry food to the nest and a small head with a halo of straggling feathers will, perhaps, look out over the edge on the world that is so new and strange to them. They nest several times a year, if the weather is favorable.

Lark Bunting.—The lark bunting is a bird of the West, being rarely seen east of Colorado. He is the bobolink of the West and is just as full of song and just as attractive as Robert-O'-Lincoln of the East at his best, having many traits in common with the eastern bird, although he is not a near relative. They come in flocks in the spring and are to be seen in every field, the males jet black with white wing bars, the females grayish brown with whitish wing bars.

The lark bunting is a bird of the prairie and the field and will not be seen in the towns. A short trip to the country will give an opportunity to see them in the fields. The males will be perched on a fence post, from which, every few minutes, he will spring up into the air to about forty feet, set his wings and sail gracefully down, singing all the way. This is very beautiful in April, when they are in large flocks. They will feed for a few minutes, and then as though by a prearranged signal, will spring up into the air with a burst of song. After this performance they will feed for a while and then repeat it. Several other birds do something of this kind, but the lark bunting has a way all his own.

In May we miss the females and the flocks are broken up, telling us that nesting time has come, and if we will look around under some weed or sheltering sage the nest will be found. It is always on the ground in a small depression, the top on a level with the surface, and is made of grass and horsehair. Four white eggs, marked with black dots and lines, are the treasures which the little brown mother is guarding so carefully, and well may she have a care, for her nest is unprotected, so she must watch

for the wandering weasel and the hungry bullsnake, who, with his cavernous mouth, may engulf both her and the young. She has learned wisdom from her many frights, and should we approach the nest she will dart away, without being seen, if possible, and then come back and voice her disapproval of the intrusion.

These are beneficial little birds and we should always encourage them to stay with us and help us free the fields of weeds and noxious insects.

Yellow Warbler.—The yellow warbler is a little sprite in yellow, streaked on the under parts with rusty brown. Restlessness characterizes him, as he is never still for a minute. You must have sharp eyes, if you see him as he darts through the trees. His prey is small insects, flies, beetles, and even the eggs of insects. They are very careful in their work, and when they have looked a tree over you may be sure that there are not many live things on the leaves or bark. No part of the tree escapes. He looks under the leaves and twigs, peering into every nook and cranny of the bark, nothing escaping his prying eyes. They eat the hairy caterpillar, and this is something that few birds do. They do not eat them whole, but tear them to pieces, eating the soft inside.

The nest is a little bird palace. Some are so well made that they will stay in the trees for several years, suffering little damage. They are made of plant down, grass and horsehair, always in a secure crotch, where no wind can harm them.

Few birds but the yellow warbler resent the intrusion of the cowbird, and he objects strenuously, so we often find a small nest with three or even four stories, and here we can see the efforts to get rid of the parasitic egg. The cowbird hunts for the nest of a small bird, and when the occupants are gone, will slip in and deposit an egg, which the small bird will have to incubate and rear. This is not so bad in itself, but as the young cowbird is soon several times as large as the young warblers, the birds' own young are crowded out to starve.

There are several warblers that are very common in the state, but the yellow warbler is the most common of all. Another is Audubon's warbler, a small, blue-gray bird with little patches of yellow scattered over the body; one on the top of the head, one on the throat, one on each side of the breast, and one on the rump. They have the nervous actions common to all warblers, but they are found higher up in the trees, usually near the top.

There are many attractive birds in the state, and with a little work we should be sure of at least fifty of them. There is no golden rule for learning to know them, but three or four points might be mentioned that will possibly help.

First.—Note the colors. They are often distinctive, as in the vesper sparrow, with its brown shoulders; the lark sparrow, with

the brown and white streaks on the head; the lark bunting, with the white wing bars. There is, in most cases, a color scheme that will tell us the name of the bird. The sparrows are the most difficult to determine, and some cannot be named without a close examination.

Second.—Note the actions of the bird. Every bird will have some little trait peculiar to him, which will give us his name, even if we cannot see the coloring, as the singing flight of the lark bunting, the peculiar undulating flight of the goldfinch, the nervous, jerky actions of the wren with its upturned tail, the way the mocking bird leaps into the air at times. This list might be continued indefinitely, but this will give an idea of some of the things to look for.

Third.—Learn to know the song, as in many cases it will be impossible to see the bird, and it will be a great help if we can know the call-notes and the songs. A western yellow throat rarely be seen, but he will be heard along the irrigation ditches. The yellow-headed blackbird has a peculiar call, and one would never suspect that a blackbird could be the author of the uncanny noises sometimes heard in marshes. The songs of the vesper sparrow and the lark sparrow, once heard will never be forgotten if the bird and the song are once associated together.

Fourth.—The locality will tell us much, and if we will learn to know the habitat of some of the birds we will have made a good start in the right direction. One would not expect to see a sage thrasher in the deep woods or an oriole on the prairies. If we study the habitat we will find that each has his chosen place and the same species will always be found in the same sort of an environment.

These few points will give an idea of what to look for, but the greatest thing of all is to get out into the country where they live. Do not try to study them by the "absent treatment."—*L. A. Adams, Greeley.*



SPRING.

Sunshine a-dancing to the patter of the rain,
 Primrose and hare-bell nodding on the plain,
 Riotous ring of bird-song trilling from each nest—
 In each heart the love-song it knows best.
 Never mind the tear, now, Sorrow's on the wing;
 Get your best smile ready;

"Hello, there, Spring!"

—*Florence E. Blunt, District No. 1, Pueblo.*

PRAYER.

I heard the voice of God speaking from out the hills.
 The bird songs and the sighing winds, the cataracts
 Roaring and pouring over rocks, and the little rills,
 All blended were into one harmonious voice
 Which said to me in accents plain, "Be glad, rejoice,
 Clothe not thyself in sackcloth, nor upon thy head
 Put ashes, but fulfill thy greater destiny.
 Thy God intended thee to be a King;" thus said
 The voice. "Serve me in gladness, in thy worship gay,
 And thou hast learned my will—
 Thou knowest how to pray."

—*John Girdler, School District No. 1, Director Social Center,
 Pueblo, Colo.*



A TRIBUTE TO THE FOREST.

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
 Are emblems of deeds that were done in their time?"

—*Byron.*

We praise thee for thy great work of the present, and for long ages past, in protecting mankind from excess of heat in summer, from rigor of storm in winter; for offering to him home and its furnishings, food and fuel, light and beauty and fragrance; for purifying the air which he breathes, and conserving the waters which quench the thirst of all life; for yielding to him sanctuaries, with their outer spires and their inner altars; for aiding him to climb the heights and delve into the depths, and even to brave the perils of the mighty deep.

We praise thee for furnishing homes for our friends and helpers, the birds, which protect us against the scourge of insects and vermin, and delight us with their beauty and song.

We thank thee also for the lessons which thou hast taught us—of growth, of service, and of inspiration; of transforming humble surroundings into bowers of beauty; of having faces turned in grateful acknowledgment to the Source of power.

On behalf of ourselves and our posterity we pray for thy protection against the enemy of both thee and of mankind—the careless and ignorant woodman—that he may speedily see the error of his way and learn to aid thee in thy service.

May the day set apart for thee bring to each person its appropriate lesson. Tell us anew thy story, give us ears to hear, and minds and hearts to understand, to appreciate and to treasure its deep significance and beauty.—*M. F. Miller, Ft. Collins.*

THE RETURN OF APRIL.

Old Time, with slender, magic wand of gold,
Has swept the leaden winter clouds away,
And summoned forth his fairy band to fold
The shivering earth in mantles warm and gay.
And every sprite, some dewy garland bringing,
Hies from a shadowy nook or leafy glen;
The grass is springing,
The birds are singing,
And April's come again!

The flowers awaken from their winter sleep;
White clouds sail slowly o'er the smiling sky;
And there's a whisper in the woodland deep,
Of Nature's far-off sounds of melody;
Faint echoes from the distant hills recalling;
As fairies ring their blue-bells in the glen;
The raindrop falling
And the robin calling
Say "April's come again!"

Nor long ago the snow lay cold and white;
The merry brook was locked in stilly rest,
The frozen earth was wrapt in gloomy night,
And Nature calmly slept on Winter's breast.
But beaming Hope, the darksome curtain lifting,
Revealed the sunshine smiling o'er the plain;
And through the drifting
Of the snow-wreaths sifting,
Sweet April came again.

So, in this cheerless, toiling life of ours,
Where clouds are ever hovering, dark and dreary,
Where there are sunbeams few, nor many flowers,
Oh, there are times when waiting souls grow weary;
When Sorrow seems within our homes a member,
And all our pleasures turn to bitter pain.
But oh, remember,
In bleak December,
That April comes again!

—Hattie Horner-Louthan.

SONNET TO THE BLUE SPRUCE.

The morning mist slow rising from the stream
 Hath decked thy garments fair with pearls of dew.
 White clouds ascend the mountain side, and through
 Their rifts in softened glow the sun's first beam
 Illumes thy stately form with beauteous gleam.
 Clad in thy robes of pale and darkest blue,
 A lovelier sight than artist ever drew,
 Thou seem'st the subtle image of a dream.
 Alike in calm or storm thou raisest high
 Thy sapphire crown. Thy beauty adds a grace
 To all the landscape. At the evening hour
 Thy outline dark against the sunset sky
 Stands guard; and now with reverent upturned face
 Thou sing'st a vesper low to Heavenly Power.

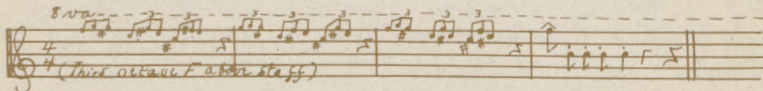
—J. Henry Allen, Grand Junction.



THE ROBIN'S SECRET.

(For a boy of third or fourth grade.)

On the topmost twig of that tall poplar tree,
 Where the sun shines bright, and the wind blows free,
 Sits a blithe little warbler, singing with glee;
 Swinging and singing,
 His merry voice ringing—
 O, listen to his joyous roundelay! (Warble whistled.)



O, Robin, Robin Red-breast—O, Robin of the red vest—
 O, Robin with the coat of Quaker-gray—
 Pray tell to me the motive of your song;
 Why this singing—
 Why this swinging—
 Why your happy voice is ringing loud and strong?
 Why this— (Warble.)

From the earliest peep of dawn till the sun's last beam is gone
 I can hear the liquid music of your voice,
 Thrilling and filling
 The vibrant air with trilling,
 Till, I declare, it seems to me that every leaf upon the tree
 Is bending down and dripping drops of rainbow melody!
 Do you do *any* thing
 But *sing*—and rejoice? (Warble.)

Dear little girl and boy, I just sing because of joy
 That is bubbling from a heart that overflows!
 I've a secret that I'll tell you—see that nest in yonder tree?
 Mrs. Robin has just told me—*Don't you tell*, for she might scold
 me—
 In that nest are *five wee babies*, AND SHE'S NAMED THEM
 AFTER ME!
 So I just SING!
 I MUST sing. See? (Warble.)

NOTE.—The music is an attempt to portray the robin's song.
 The boy attempting this warble should listen carefully to the
 robin's song and practice until he can imitate it well. Give the
 warble after each stanza and prolong it after the last one.—*Wm.*
V. Casey, Boulder.



THE HOME-CALL.

Sunlight on the Rockies here,
 Shadow over there;
 Bye-and-bye the clouds will veer—
 Sunshine everywhere.
 So the changes come and go,
 Daisies just beneath the snow.

Far away I drift and dream,
 See the shifting light;
 Hear the wild hawk's hungry scream
 In his lonely flight.
 Loud the little trail calls, "Come,
 Follow me; I'll lead you home!"

On across the bare, brown plain,
 Where the peaks pile high;
 Just to sniff the dust again,
 Sere with alkali
 And to hear the coyote's bark
 From the stillness of the dark.

Sunshine on the Rockies there,
 Shadow in the heart.
 O to break these galling chains
 Of the seething mart;
 There to kneel on sun-kissed plain,
 While my heart sings, "Home again!"
 —*Florence E. Blunt, District No. 1, Pueblo.*

UNDER THE TREES.

Under the trees, when the sky is clear,
With storms afar and the sunshine near,
By winding paths that nowhere lead,
O'er aimless streams that nothing feed;
Over the fields, by the farthest brook,
Under the trees, in a cozy nook,
Under the trees with a book!

Under the trees when the mind is clear,
With cares afar and smiles anear,
With winding thoughts that nowhere lead,
With aimless words that nothing feed,
Away from the world, where hearts are true,
In a nook just large enough for two,
Under the trees with—YOU! —*Hattie Horner-Louthan.*



TO OUR MEADOW LARK.

Thy English brother sings
Beyond the din of common day
And ne'er to earth the music brings
Of his ecstatic lay.

But thou on earthly plains,
Close at our feet, the long day through,
Dost pour unstintingly such strains
As never skylark knew.

From heaven thou bringest word;
And e'en when mixed with human cries
Thy sweet, persistent note is heard,
Thy song is of the skies.

Ah, none has learned like thee
Our dull highways with joy to fill
And pour divinest melody
Over the fields we till!

Perchance, in distant air,
Some ear, unvest with earth, may mark
The song of bird with note more rare
Than thine, plain meadow lark.

But till I can divine
The meaning of this melody
With which thou flood'st this life of mine,
Thy song's enough for me!

—*Mary G. Slocum, Colorado Springs.*

LET'S PLANT A TREE.

Let's plant a tree this Arbor Day,
If April's face be sad or gay;
A little time from play forego,
Within good ground our tree to stow,
Our work, our care, it will repay.

For trees are friends that ne'er betray,
So beautiful and stanch are they;
And since we all some tree debts owe,
Let's plant a tree!

On its green boughs the birds will sway,
Beneath it, happy children play,
When high o'erhead its branches go;
And O, the shade it will bestow!
Let's cheer the weary on their way,
Let's plant a tree!

—*Elizabeth McA. Tully, Denver.*



WHEN THE FLOWERS LEND THEIR COLORS.

Beautiful violets 'neath azure sky,
When thy color glows in dreamy eye,
Disloyalty nor treachery bold
Can pass through the window of the soul.

Forget-me-nots with thy blossoms of blue,
Thy color glows in eyes so true,
Telling a story of constance and love,
Lit by the fires of Heaven above.

Dear brown-eyed daisy of stately grace,
Wisdom and bravery shines from the face
That reflects thy color so rich and rare,
In eyes that show courage to do and to dare.

The raven's wing lends its color bright
To eyes that glow like the lamps at night,
The merry twinkle and glancing dart
Bid every dull care and sorrow depart.

—*W. Evleen Welpton, Denver.*

SPRING'S AROUND THE CORNER.

Bob White's a-calling 'cross the field to Katy-did,
Bumble-bees are humming where the sweetest clover's hid,
Buttercups and daisies are peeking through the grass—
That's not the only reason Spring's about to pass.

Little leaves are whispering to their mother trees,
Butterflies are circling in the fragrant breeze,
Listen, hear that robin crooning to her mate—
But there's another reason why Spring won't be late.

Birds and bees and blossoms, ready, everyone,
Just to sing and wade at Spring when they see her come;
And here's the best of reasons, Sh! don't tell a soul:
Johnny Jones is making for the old swimming hole!

—*Florence E. Blunt, District No. 1, Pueblo.*



SPRING.

With the rain a-falling softly
On the trees and grass so fair,
And the wind a blowing lightly
Through her curly golden hair.

And the brook's a-flowing swiftly
Through the meadow here and there.
Oh, it is a pleasure surely
That sweet springtime now is here.

Hear the robins singing sweetly,
See the flowers budding near,
And I hear a voice so gently
Whispering, "Spring, O Spring is here."
—*Grace Sullivan, 13 Years Old.*

THE CALL OF THE WIND.

When the wind from Southland stealing
Bears the Spring upon his wing,
Then away with walls and ceiling,
"Out of doors!" is the song we sing.
You and I, no matter whether
It be fair or stormy weather,
We must measure miles together
To the clarion call of Spring;
We're but twenty, you and I,
And they're ours—all earth and sky,
When the wind from out the Southland bears the Spring
upon his wing.

Oh, the spell is sweet, entralling;
Hark! the voices from the hills!
Hark, the river calling, calling!
How its tone our senses thrills.
And for answer, like the swallow,
Over fence and field and hollow,
You to lead and I to follow
The resistless lure of Spring;
Nay, we will not take her dare—
Lead! I follow—anywhere!
When the wind from out the Southland bears a chal-
lenge on his wing.

Stoop the trees in fond caressing,
On our heads the ardent sun;
It was Nature first in blessing,
Joined our hearts and made us one.
Cold convention slips her tether,
We are birds of one glad feather,
Two "good fellows" out together
For one happy day of Spring;
Day that sets our cares adrift,
Day that flies how swift, how swift!
When the wind is here from the Southland with sweet
freedom on his wing!

—Hattie Horner-Louthan.

MY CATALPA.

It shuts me in as might a leafy nook,
The straight and comely tree that shades my room;
It teaches me—if flowers its boughs illumine,
Or when the long pods on its branches hook.
With each new morn I read it like a book;
Does rain its great leaves sway—a day of gloom;
The world is bright! each leaf a shining plume,
That waves and seems to beckon as I look.

I love it well, this swift-grown, oft-scorned tree;
A friend it is that hovers ever near;
It dons its green robe late, but wears it long;
When I am low of heart it comforts me;
For every mood it has a word of cheer—
The memories of years around it throng.

—Elizabeth McA. Tully, Denver.



WHEN IT'S SPRING.

In the Spring, do you know what?
I wish the whole town was an empty lot!
Then I wish I could dig,
And plant trees and things,
Or try grafting a twig,
Just to see what it brings.

Many ways there are of knowing
When it's Spring—one's the blowing;
Then there's the rainy weather,
Which makes hair grow if you wear no hat;
For wind and rain work together
For flowers, freckles, and things like that.

In the Spring, I suppose you know,
You smell green things before they grow,
Then your feet rebel at shoes,
And just to be living is joy, but mark!
A surer sign you can not choose—

It's Spring when you see the meadow lark.

—Rose L. Curry, Denver.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

I built a ladder to the sky,
And meddled with the stars;
I smeared green paint on Venus' face,
Daubed red all over Mars.

I bit a chunk out of the moon,
And placed the north star south;
The dippers both I overturned
To save the heavens from drouth.

But all at once my ladder broke,
I thought I'd break my head;
I fell as far as Vulcan did,
But landed safe in bed.

—*John Girdler, School District No. 1, Director Social Center,
Pueblo, Colo.*



PANSIES.

"Pansies are for thoughts," so says the bard of Avon.
Others call them "Heartsease" and "Winged Birds of Heaven."
Little "Monkey faces"—"Bits of Heaven's own blue"—
"Golden hearts" and "King's flower" from their royal hue.
But I say that all of these, pansies sweet, are you.
So little "birds" sing sweetest songs of Springtide love and cheer
And "ease the heart" with noble "thoughts" through all the blithe-
some year.

Make sweet faces, not grimaces, little monkeys true,
Till all shall try their best to vie sweet "golden hearts" with you.
—*Lenore Watkins, Grand Junction.*



The big, round moon,
A little, round pool;
Tall, green grass,
Deep, damp and cool.

A brown, mossy log,
The deep, ripple pool;
A noisy green frog,
Dame Nature's singing school.

Daisies in the meadow
Twinkling, 'stead o' stars;
Green frog in the shadow,
Naught the beauty mars.

Green frog singin' softly,
Croonin' sort o' low;
He is noisy mostly,
But to-night, not so.

Everything is stilly,
Night and breeze and flower,
Telling, oh, so truly,
Of some wondrous power.

—*Buelah Hood, Denver.*



A PRAYER TO PAN.

The staunchness of the oak
When trouble-tost;
The willow's pitying touch
When Hope is lost;
The courage of the pine
That knows no fear—
To guard the given trust,
Tho danger's near.
The symbol of the olive victory,
And, too, the hemlock's faith and loyalty.
These gifts, O, Pan, Wild Shepherd
That I love,
Spare me, from out thy forest's
Treasure trove—
And blend, that in my heart of hearts may dwell
The Charity that shades the way-side well.
—*Florence E. Blunt, District No. 1, Pueblo.*



PRICKLY POPPY (*Argemone intermedia.*)

TO A FELLED EVERGREEN.

Grieve not, fair Tree, as prone thou liest here,
Nor question Fate, nor for thy future fear;
Mourn not thy comrades lost, thy 'customed heights,
Nor birds, nor breezes—all thy past delights.

Ah, not alone for shade, thy bows so green,
Nor yet for woodman's greed, thou Mountain Queen.
Thy hue of evergreen, Time may remove;
Thy fruit henceforth shall more enduring prove—
The gifts of kindly hearts, of changeless love.

No more the *sun*—but *smiles* thy light shall be;
No tuneful winds—but shouts of childish glee.
Oh, bear thy fortune humbly, gratefully;
We hail thee, crown thee—happy Christmas Tree!
—Hattie Horner-Louthan.



THE EVERGREEN TREE.

When Winter's snowy mantle is spread,
When dark cloud-ships are sailing o'erhead,
When the wind brownies fill their little cheeks
And blow merry blasts o'er the mountain peaks,
When there's ne'er a bright hue above—below,
Just frozen ponds and drifts of snow,
Then how bright, how cheery a thing,
Seems the graceful tree of evergreen.

When Jack Frost curtains the windows with laces
And the cloud-ships hide "Old Sol" from our faces;
When the mischievous elves their shrill blast blow
And fling abroad soft flakes of snow,
Then the Fir lifts its slender spire of green
And the Spruce trees wave their arms between,
The Pinon shakes its graceful head
And with fairy needles the snow is o'erspread.

Needles which Mother Nature will use
When she makes the tiny little shoes
Called Lady Slippers, and the garments bright,
Worn by the Crocus and Snowdrop white.
She will wax her thread with Pinon gum
And, while threading her needle, will merrily hum.
The flower children are too well-bred
To chew even Pinon gum, 'tis said.

Now we'll hie to the woods as merry as grigs
 And fill our arms with evergreen sprigs;
 Put some o'er the window and some on the wall,
 While we sing of the evergreen straight and tall,
 But the gum we will leave in the Pinon tree's cupboard
 So when Dame Nature, like "Old Mother Hubbard,"
 Wishes to wax her thread to sew
 The dresses bright for the blossoms below,

She will find it all as snug as you please
 Tucked away in the Pinon trees.
 Then of us, you see, it will be said
 That we, like the flowers, are very well-bred.
 So we sing our song of the evergreen tree,
 The tree that shelters you and me;
 The tree in which the snowbirds nest,
 The tree mountain girls and boys love best.

—Lenore Watkins, Grand Junction.



**SUGGESTIVE ARBOR DAY PROGRAM FOR FIRST, SECOND
 AND THIRD GRADES.**

1. Recitation—When the Birds Come . . . Klingensmith-Larcom
2. Song—*The Woodpecker Nevin
3. Recitation—The Robin's Nest
4. Recitation—The Secret
5. Dramatization of The Song of the Lark—Baldwin Second Reader.
6. Song—*Spring Rain
7. Recitation—April Rain (It Isn't Raining Rain to Me) Robert Loveman
8. Song—†Pussy Willow
9. Guessing Game—One child describes a flower, others guess; the one guessing correctly describes another.
10. Song—†A Story (Down in the Garden Olden)
11. Recitation—Seven Times One Jean Ingelow
12. Recitation—The Four-Leaf Clover
13. Story told by the teacher—The Sleeping Beauty or some other Spring story.
14. Plant and water seeds for a window box, or in small pots to take home.—Eleanor Davidson, Denver.

*To be found in Modern Music Series.

†To be found in New Educational Music Course—First Reader.

TOMMY'S TREE.

Tommy wanted many things, but most of all he wanted trees. While he was yet in kilts his widowed mother had helped for three days preparing for a wedding in a beautiful home. Tommy had gone with her and had rolled in the velvety grass and talked to the wonderful trees, reveling in the songs of the birds.

After that he had picked up twigs and broken branches of trees and planted them, digging holes in the soft earth with sticks and baby fingers, then patting the loose soil carefully around their "roots."

He never knew they did not grow, for poverty had compelled the mother to move into a basement where there was no front yard and only a tiny square of unlovely back yard, which was mostly kept filled with his mother's flapping "wash."

Here Tommy grew thin and listless, pining for the trees, the sunshine and the brown earth. His mother, thinking to cure him, dosed him with castor oil and all sorts of bitter stuffs.

When Tommy started to kindergarten his dear teacher talked of birds and flowers and trees. In balmy April, the awakening of Spring, she talked of "Arbor Day" and the planting of trees, and said that on a certain day trees would be given away.

Tommy listened eagerly. He learned that on that day, at a place only about four blocks from his home, he could have a tree for the asking.

When he repeated this to his mother she laughed at him and told him he had no place to plant it, and it wouldn't grow; but Tommy knew better.

The night before Arbor Day Tommy dreamed of being among groves of trees and flocks of birds, and while he wandered among them and enjoyed their beauty or rested in the shade he was cheered by the song of birds.

Arbor Day was cold and rainy, but, though he was drenched and shivering, Tommy stood manfully in line. When at last it came his turn he received three trees. Three! His heart bounded. He had expected only one.

But they were heavy. He struggled with them a while; then an older boy laid them across his arm, as if he were carrying wood. Soon one end dragged down, so that he was compelled to rest. Then his puny strength was not equal to picking them up again.

After much fruitless effort he took them by their tops and dragged them, thus loosening the clinging earth and bruising their tender roots.

Home at last, and forgetting that he was tired, cold and wet, he began preparing to plant his trees. To do so he had to

clear away ashes, tin cans and old shoes. To dig the holes he used the fire shovel, until a neighbor boy came to his aid with a hatchet. Together they accomplished the task. Tommy, although with blistered hands, retired happy, but not until he had breathed a prayer to God to make his little trees grow.

Every day the boy examined the maples critically, and was disappointed that the leaves did not start immediately.

When the tiny red points did show on one tree he was overjoyed and carried water up out of the basement in a lard pail every day to his thirsty charges during all the hot summer months. But only one tree put out its beautiful leaves. At first he carried the water to the first step and had to rest, then set it on the next step and rest. Soon he could carry it up three steps without resting; then all the way.

His mother scolded because he slopped the water, but when she saw the roses coming into his cheeks and that his listlessness was gone she said no more and cheerfully mopped up the water.

The first time Tommy saw a little bird light and begin to sing in the branches of his darling tree his happiness was too deep for words. He crept softly and lay down, pressing his face against the earth at the root of the tree, and put both arms around it.

And there his mother found him. The bird, unafraid, was still singing fit to burst its little throat; the boy sound asleep and rosy as a cherub.

As she gathered him gently into her arms she murmured fervently: "God bless the little tree!"—*Elizabeth Moody Gill, Denver.*



THE MOCKING BIRD.

It was a bright, sunny morning, when the air was pure and the birds were singing in the trees. Mother Nature had spread her soft, green carpet of grass and pinned it down with pretty blue violets and white daisies. Little May started early to school, for she especially wished to hear the birds sing. Her teacher had asked her to listen to them, then make on the next day, for the other children, all the sounds she heard.

As May walked on she heard quite near her: "Bob-White, Bob-White!" May listened. Again she heard: "Bob-White, Bob-White!" This time May ran. She said to herself: "Surely, Bob White, who is so cruel to birds, must be near." Pretty soon she heard: "Kill-Deer, Kill-Deer!" Now May was sure it must have been Bob White she had heard, for he often killed things.

As May ran on she saw her little friend Agnes coming across the field. When they met, May told Agnes all about what

she had heard. While they were talking out flew a mocking bird from a tall tree near by. As he flew far, far away toward the deep blue sky the little girls noticed that he carried in his bill some small sticks with which to build a home. May had met the mocking bird before, and she now suspected it was he that she had heard.

Near by the children was a tall hedge fence. After they had walked a little way along this hedge they heard the leaves rustling and a sound like this: "Chee-chee-chee!" then "Ss, ss, ss." May thought it must be young birds. Agnes said, "No, it is little chickens." They crept on tiptoe to the hedge to see which was right—and what do you think? The same mocking bird flew out and soared far away. This time he had coarse grass in his bill, for he was very busy making a nest for his mate.

The children walked on and, as they were talking about how the mocker had fooled them they came to a very large farm house. In the barnyard were many fowls of all kinds. Now May began to wonder if the mocking bird could imitate all the fowls as well as other birds. She had no sooner asked Agnes what she thought when, just above them in a tall tree, the mocking bird, all the time busily building his nest, cried: "Quack, quack!" then "pter-ack, pter-ack!" "Took, took, took, took, took, too!" This made the children laugh. He flew off for more sticks, and as he went he sang, "Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!" This time May said: "It sounds like, 'Be late you will, be late you will!'" Then the children remembered how mother had always said, "Don't be late, dear." So they took off their hats and ran as fast as they could.

They were not late, and both May and Agnes could make all the sounds of the mocking bird when the teacher asked what bird notes they had heard.—*Minnie M. Hoy, District No. 1, Pueblo.*



THE "NIGGER-SHOOTER'S" WORK.

A person who had lived many years in Colorado returned to the East to visit his old home. The hills, the fields and the distant lake all looked beautiful and familiar—just as they appeared in childhood's days. But something was lacking. He listened in vain for the notes of the birds which used to fill the air with music. Where were the sweet songsters? The bobolinks, the song sparrows, the meadow larks? He rarely saw or heard even the robin redbreast. He questioned many people and received the same answer from all. A few years before the boys all through that section of country had been seized with the "nigger-shooter" craze. Sometimes singly, sometimes in groups, the boys had scoured the fields and woods killing every bird they

could. They had succeeded in nearly exterminating the feathered tribe.

As the birds were destroyed, insect pests had rapidly increased in orchards and gardens, thus making the people appreciate more than ever before the value of their little friends who year after year had built their nests and reared their young in the pastures, orchards and woodlands. Audubon societies had been formed and the people were hoping that the birds which had escaped the boys' thoughtless, cruel massacre would return and bring others with them to frequent again their accustomed haunts.—*J. Henry Allen, Grand Junction.*



ETHEL AND THE PINE TREE.

Ethel had finished the eighth grade. Her record was good. She had worked hard and was looking forward with pleasure to the high school life of the next year. She was delighted when her parents proposed a few weeks' outing in the mountains. With a camping outfit they were soon on their journey. They camped on the side of a stream at the mouth of a picturesque canon.

Each day was filled with pleasant surprises. Hunting, fishing and tramps for wild flowers and mineral specimens occupied much of their time. The change of scene was restful. Away from the city's heat they were enjoying the cool breezes, the sparkling streams and the murmuring pines.

One morning Ethel had gathered together some pretty pine cones and dry pine needles which made a brown carpet under the trees. She seemed a little child again. A fancy seized her to play with dolls once more. No one could see her. Of the pine needles she made little beds and played, as she had years ago, that the pine cones were dollies. She put the dolls to sleep in their beds, singing them a sweet lullaby.

Presently she lay down at the foot of the pine tree. She saw a bird hopping along on the bank of the stream near her. The water made music as it hurried on down the mountain side and the wind, high above her head, sighed softly through the pine tree. Her eyes closed and she was soon in dreamland.

It seemed as if the pine tree as a faithful sentinel was standing guard over her. She said, "Beautiful pine tree, tell me why you sigh so sadly."

The pine tree answered: "I sigh for my friends who are gone. I am the tallest and the oldest tree left on the mountain side. Hundreds of years ago in pleasant, sweet tones my friends, the pines and spruce trees, used often to speak to me. Their voices now are silent. The white man has cut them down and

carried them away. In those days the wind sang sweet cadence through our branches and when a storm was coming our voices united to swell a chorus of grand symphony. As the storm raged a cruel flash of lightning would now and then strike one of my companions with instant death, while a deafening peal of thunder shook the earth and reverberated far away among the distant mountains. When the storm had passed the music in the trees again became low and almost silent, like the crooning of a mother over her little child.

"I loved the Red men. They never killed us, but they made their wigwams in our welcome shade. They hunted the deer with bow and arrow. Under the spruce tree's shadow on the bank of yonder stream they fished for the speckled trout. They loved the trees and their children loved us and tried to imitate the sighing of the wind through our branches. Day after day they played beneath our sheltering boughs, the little girls with their rude dolls, just as you were playing now, and the little boys with bows and arrows shooting at the rabbits and telling how some day they would become mighty hunters. But the Indians and their children have gone. I never see them more.

"Since the white men cut down the trees the snows melt early in the spring and the sun scorches the ground. The birds, too, have nearly all of them flown away because my friends, the trees, are gone and the shady, cool retreats where the songsters made their homes have been destroyed. These little trees you see will not grow tall before I shall have passed away. My heart is full of longing for the old days. I am lonesome and that is why I sigh so mournfully."

Ethel began to tell the pine tree how sorry she was, but just then a dry cone fell and hit her forehead, waking her suddenly and interrupting her conversation with the dear old pine. She heard her mother singing a familiar song. She smelled the rich odor of fresh trout frying for dinner. Running joyfully to her papa and mamma she told them her dream.—*Contributed by a Coloradoan.*



THE POOL OF RIGHE NA PHOOKA.

In Ireland, you must know, in times long passed, close to a thicket of furze, a lively little spring one day began gurgling and gushing right out of the ground. Not a splashy, noisy spring, such as trickles out of a crack in a rock and runs away from home in a shiny, silver brooklet, but a home-loving little thing that pushed its tiny ripples out of a small crevice in the ground, chasing the grains of sand in front of them, then rushed headlong toward their home in Mother Earth as though afraid to venture far.

At length the sand babies learned to keep safely out of reach of the jostling, crowding wavelets, but a number of them gathered in a ring at a secure distance where they might enjoy the cooing and crooning of their pretty pursuers.

Now *Righe na Phooka, at the head of his fairy sprites, chanced upon the pretty pool one morn at the close of a moonlight revel. Being charmed with the clear, sparkling drops, and at the head of a thirsty band withal, he cast one anxious look at the lightening eastern sky, ordered a quick break in the ranks of his followers and, after a hasty drink and a merry scamper around the pool, they fled at the approach of day.

That is, all fled but one little elf, who, being delighted with the taste of the clear water, stooped to quaff another swallow, but, being touched by the sun's first ray, immediately was changed to a yellow cowslip. At first she mourned her altered fate, but knowing that the fairy king would return with the moon's first light, and being a mischief loving elf as well as a happy one, she decided to enjoy herself while waiting for Righe na Phooka.

Soon a cheery, frolicking robin came hopping along for his morning drink. Casting only one bold look at the demure little flower, who laughed softly to herself as she watched him, gay Mr. Robin dipped his shining bill into the bubbling pool.

Ah, poor, poor Robbie! Gone are his warbling notes, faded his bright eye and a laggard in his step is he, as, with head thrust back in his feathers and drooping wings, he slowly creeps under a blackthorn hedge, and not once does he attempt to quit his hiding place the long day through.

And the little yellow cowslip nods gayly to the breeze and laughs softly as she looks at pouting robin.

"Caw! Caw! Caw!" calls the big black crow in a solemn voice as with placid manner and haughty step he, too, slowly approaches the spouting spring. He might have seen the yellow flower smiling naughtily, but he was too dignified to notice flowers.

"Caw-ca-ca-caw-caw-ca-a-aw!" A big blackbird frolicking and fluttering about the pool caroling in a gay staccato, hopping nimbly from stem to pebble and back again, was surely an amazing sight to one accustomed to the manners of a staid and steady Blackie.

All day long does he continue to shout his shrill, rapid notes to the accompaniment of his dancing step, much to his own surprise and astonishment, as well as the disgust of his family and friends, who regard his unseemly conduct with much disapproval.

*Righe na Phooka (Re na Pooka) is Celtic for "Fairy King."

And the tittering little cowslip watches with pleasure Mr. Crow's amazing antics, the while she keeps an eye on Mr. Robin pouting under the blackthorn canes.

But as the shadows grow long, by and by, and the shining sun face glances over the earth's rim for his good-night look, naughty Cowslip becomes remorseful and, pitying poor Robin, she calls to him, saying: "Robin, why do you pout all day under the bush?"

"I wish I knew," answers he, gruffly.

"I'll tell you, then," says Cowslip. "You must know that Righe na Phooka, with his elfin band, has tasted the waters of the pool, so that hereafter who drinks from that same pool must change his nature to the very opposite of his own."

"And am I never to be myself again?" cries the poor bird.

"Would you care to? Then hear me. Beyond, under the gold and orange and blue of the sun's night curtain, are the pearly dewdrops forming. Hasten to drink of them before the light fades, and if you are a good bird I know no reason why you should not be a happy one again."

Red Robin flew away without a word of thanks even to the fairy flower, and sure he must have reached the dewdrops in time, for never a pouting robin do we see in these days.

Now the crow, hearing the talk of the robin and the flower, made haste to claim his case.

"Can you not advise me, too?" says he. "Am I always to continue these disgusting capers and make myself the laughing stock of the wood?"

"Well," mused the cowslip, "since the light and airy creatures of the world must be balanced by the serious-minded, and 'tis surely unbecoming in crows to frolic, I think if you hurry with all speed to the cave in the rocks, where the sullen sea is booming, and at this melancholy hour of twilight drink of the waters therein, you will have no cause to complain of high spirits in the future."

Certainly all crows of to-day are as sober and sour as one could wish, so 'tis not doubted that he reached the sea in time, but 'twould be well for crows and robins to use care when they drink.—*Mary Harrington, Denver.*

AWAKENING SPRING.

(From Greek Myth.)

CHARACTERS.

Ceres	Goddess of the Earth
Persephone	Her Daughter
Jupiter	Supreme Ruler of the Universe
Pluto	God of the Underworld
Mercury	Messenger to Jupiter
Lotis.....	} Companions of Persephone.
Lyde.....	
Hyacintha.....	
Echo.....	
Earth People, Nymphs, Dryads.....	Attendants of Jupiter

Scene: Vale of Enna.

The Vale of Enna, a bower in the woodland, plants, flowers and boughs scattered about. Enter Persephone and companions, singing. Persephone in corn-colored robe, crowned with poppies; companions in delicately tinted draperies.)

All: With blossom and garland,
With song and dance,
This vale in the woodland
We enter by chance.

(They join in woodland dance, then scatter, seeking flowers.)

Persephone: Nay, pluck me not so many of this purple hue. I would have lilies. See! their yellow hearts are like the sheaves of corn my mother loves to bind upon my brow, or like the day; night I love not, and purple blooms are ever like the night to me.

Echo: Night to me.

Persephone: Rest we here. Now into garlands let us twine our flowers, and then away.

Echo: Away.

Companions: Say thou, Persephone. Thy will be ours.

Echo: Ours.

Lotis: These poppies do I choose to weave into my crown. By each, one name is whispered, and that, Persephone.

Echo: 'Sephone.

Hyacintha: Sweet daisies will I pluck and into wreaths will twine; and do thou, Lyde, from this graceful vine, take purple iris, queenly flower, to deck in royal tones our bower.

Lyde: That will I do—but stay! What cloud comes near us in our play?

Persephones: Its blackness is as though from Stygian waters risen.

Lyde: Look to the earth—it parts—oh, fearsome sight!
Forth rides dark Pluto in his might.

Persephone: Be near us, Ceres, in our need! Goddess
Mother, aid me! Hyacintha, save!

(Enter Pluto wearing flowing black robe and black cap of
invisibility. He snatches Persephone and carries her away under
his robe.)

Companions (bewildered): Persephone! Persephone! Gone,
gone, Persephone!

(Exeunt all in frightened disarray.)

(Enter Ceres, mourning): Persephone! Persephone! Where
is Persephone? Ye bloom, ye flowers that she loved so well, and
yet I see your grief in drooping head and eyes that do not meet
mine own. The dryads, too, I hear them weeping as I pass each
tree and pause to ask for my Persephone, but only quivering
leaves do make reply to all my grief. Apollo rides on high; he
looks upon me, wandering, and in sorrow, too, he lowers his head,
but says not where Persephone is fled. Cyane to me this girdle
does return to tell to underworld Persephone is gone. The Earth
conceals her; therefore, Earth, suffer thou, or yield to me Perse-
phone. (Utters curse.) Trees, put off your leaves; fields, grow
brown and sere; let all blooming things that rendered Earth so
dear, be withered, die, nor dare to live again, until for us once
more Persephone does reign.

(Exit Ceres.)

(Scene changes. Verdure is removed.)

(Enter Ceres, followed by Earth People, pleading): Goddess,
Mother of the Earth, those fields that thou wert wont to smile
upon are cold and bare. They answer not with golden fruit and
waving grain to all our care. Thou seest, Ceres, how in grief we
lie. Forget thy sorrow, lest in sorrow, too, thy children die.

Ceres: To Father Jupiter let us go to ask that from that
world below he call Persephone. With her coming, drought shall
cease, the fields grow green, the waving grain once more be seen.

(During this speech Jupiter, accompanied by attendants, has
entered the glade. Jupiter wears golden robe and breastplate,
is crowned with a chaplet of olive leaves and carries a long
scepter.)

(Ceres approaches and speaks): God of the world above,
the world beneath, thy children come to ask relief from drought
and famine, plague and woe. Persephone, snatched from our
midst, is queen in Pluto's dark abode. Oh, Mighty Ruler, thine
the power to call from hence Earth's fairest flower.

Jupiter: Your grief, which moves me, shall be shown to our
great brother, who sits enthroned in regions dark, unseen, un-

known. (Calls to him Mercury, dressed in close fitting silver-gray suit, silver wings attached to ankles and cap.) Come, Messenger, make swift thy flight to Pluto's kingdom. To him our prayer for comfort make. Lead thou Persephone here above, if she has not made violate that sacred law pronounced by Fate. If she of food the slightest taste has known no power can tear her from our brother's throne. (Exit Mercury while Earth Children execute a dance of supplication about Jupiter.)

(Re-enter Mercury): To that dark world whence no human thing e'er gone returns, to do thy bidding hastened I, thy messenger, and there did find Persephone, Queen to Pluto. She has tasted of one seed, one only seed, which Pluto cunningly did give, so by the sacred Fates decreed, Persephone may not be freed. That king, howe'er, touched with pity by the tale I did relate, has granted this to save the people from their fate. One half the time allotted shall she spend with Ceres and with those who mourn her loss.

Ceres (rejoicing): Whispering voices, hinting at the things that thou wouldst be, burst now in richest music on our ear. All sweetest tones from melodies of birds, all rarest fragrance of the flowers, stirring buds, and sap within the tree, make glad the earth, prepare the bower that shall receive Persephone. (Enter nymphs and dryads bearing boughs and blossoms. All join in spring dance.)

Curtain.

—Elizabeth McMechen, Denver.



Junetime *Ar. Doris.*

Homes Tupper

1. Junetime with its beau- teous tinting Riv- als sun- set glow- - -

All the world is up- ward reach- ing, By one im- pulse—Grow!..

Birds a nest- ing in the trees; Fra- grance borne on ev'ry breeze

Stir our hearts with ec- sta- cies, Which on- ly June- times know...

Chorus: June time, June time, Beau- te- ous June time! Gold- en Sum- mer time.

Could we, tune our hearts to the mus- ic life would be sub- lime.

June time, June time, Beau- teous June time! Keeps our hearts a- glow;..

For O, we sing- ing; all Na- ture sing- ing for we love you so.....

JUNETIME.

Junetime with its beautiful tinting
Rivals sunset glow.
All the world is upward reaching
By one impulse—Grow!
Birds a-nesting in the trees;
Fragrance borne on every breeze
Stir our hearts with ecstasies
Which only Junetimes know.

Chorus:

Junetime, Junetime, Beautiful Junetime!
Golden Summertime.
Could we tune our hearts to thy music
Life would be sublime.
Junetime, Junetime, Beautiful Junetime!
Keep our hearts aglow;
Forest ringing; all Nature singing,
For O, we love you so!

When the Junetime floods with glory
All the landscape round;
When her voices fill the earth
With harmony profound,
Then we'll listen for the strain;
Then we will with might and main
Try to join the glad refrain
And swell the glad some song.

—Doris.

Rejoice In The Spring-time

When the breath of the Spring-time pervades the air, setting grasses and leaves a- stir... it's the

Cho: There's no voice in the Spring-time of sun and rain At a time may our pulses be... May the

impulse of growing is ev'rywhere in the wonder-sublime or air... all

earth as it murmurs it glad re-joice be a Bethel for you - and me.....

mature with the dearest music seems With an themely forest and brooks.... The

birds are a-wa'king from South-land streams howe'er turn to their nest, my nooks.....

P.C. Chorus

(Words on following page.)

REJOICE IN THE SPRINGTIME.

When the breath of the Springtime pervades the air
Setting grasses and leaves astir,
When the impulse of growing is everywhere
Then the wonders sublime occur;
All Nature with tenderest music teems
With anthems by forests and brook;
The birds, reawakened from Southland dreams,
Now return to their nesting nook.

Chorus:

Then rejoice in the Springtime of sun and rain,
Attune may our pulses be;
May the earth as it murmurs its glad refrain
Be a Bethel for you and me.

When the earth slowly hides in its carpet green,
All dotted with blossoms rare;
When the trees fling about them their verdant sheen
And melody fills the air,
May the sorrows that grieve us, the cares that bend,
All vanish like Winter's snow,
And our blossoms of joyousness then ascend,
Keeping all of our hearts aglow.

EASTER.

No. 7 - Easter - *Camilla Foster*

As you lie a-dreaming, a-napping, a-thinking,
 Merry sings the bird as he swing upon the bough;
 Just without your window nigh
 Chirps a gentle twain so shy,
 While he breathes her many a sigh
 And a vow;
 Merry sings the bird as he swings upon the bough;

As you lie a-dreaming, a-napping, a-thinking,
 Merry sings the bird as he swings upon the spray;
 Early in the morning when crocus eyes, a-scorning,
 Human sleep and earth adorning,
 Praise and Pray;
 Merry sings your soul as you waken blithe and gay.

The Legend of the Bluebird.

E. W. Church

© A. T. Collinshead

Piano

A little bird from the Southland flew away from the clasp of tender
blue. Sail... sing for days over river and mead a land where
sun was pale and downy white woods were old and the skies were grey
and that once was a gay. At last she shined and sighed in dismay the

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system includes the lyrics: "wind blew a corner of cloud away when the little bird saw the sky that he knew that". The second system includes: "beautiful glorious dazzling blue while after mile he winged it on high". The third system includes: "Till his coat took the hues of that sapphire sky." The score features various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and dynamic markings like 'p' and 'pp'. There are also performance instructions like 'rit.' and 'tr'.

THE LEGEND OF THE BLUEBIRD.

A little bird from the Southland flew,
 Away from his skies of tender blue.
 Sailing for days over river and mere
 To a land where the sun was pale and drear,
 Where the winds were cold and the skies were gray,
 And his heart grew sad that once was so gay.
 At last, as he shivered and sighed in dismay,
 The wind blew a corner of cloud away.
 When the little bird saw the sky that he knew,
 That beautiful, glorious, dazzling blue,
 Mile after mile he winged it on high,
 Till his coat took the hues of that sapphire sky.

—Elizabeth McMechen.

MY HEART'S OUT IN THE COUNTRY.

(Tune: My Wife's Gone to the Country.)

I love the frost of autumn,
I love the winter's snow,
The bracing air, the branches bare,
The fireside's cheerful glow;
But when the buds are bursting
And warm south winds obtain,
When I discern the birds' return,
I sing this glad refrain:

Chorus:

My heart's out in the country,
All day! All day!
'Mong birds and bees and spreading trees,
Where life's a joyous lay;
I love the stirring city,
Hooray! Hooray!
But let me find some quiet field
On a sunny summer day.

I love the city's bustle,
I love its people, too,
I love the strife of city life,
I think it's fine. Don't you?
But when all Nature's smiling,
In garments new and bright,
Just take your town. I'll turn it down.
To the fields I'll take my flight.

—Homes Tupper, Denver.

PETER PAN.

(Adapted from J. M. Barrie's Play for Use in Primary Grades.)

Peter Pan was a little boy who ran away when he was one day old because he did not want to grow up. He heard his father and mother talking about him. They were awfully proud of him. His mother asked, "Isn't he a darling?" and his father answered, "He is a nice little chap." Then the mother asked, "Do you think he will be smart enough, when he grows up, to be president of the United States?" and the father answered, "Yes, smart enough to be anything."

Now, Peter Pan didn't want to grow up, and he didn't want to be president; so, when no one was looking, he climbed out of his crib and went to the Land of Never-Never. There he became captain of the lost boys, who had fallen out of their perambulators when no one was looking and had been wafted to the Land of Never-Never.

Oh! that was a glorious land for little boys. The fairies lived there in the tree tops, and a band of friendly Indians lived in wigwams, ferocious wild beasts lived in the woods, and a band of pirates lived in a pirate ship. The boys were afraid of the wild beasts at first, but Peter wasn't afraid. He just looked at a lion or a tiger or anything through his legs, and the animal would run back into the woods before you could say "Jack Robinson." Peter said to always try this trick first on a tame animal. The boys were a little afraid of the pirates, too, for pirates made their victims walk the plank! But Peter said that he knew a trick that would scare even a pirate. Peter was a wonderful boy.

In Never-Never Land the boys got up in the morning whenever they wanted, and stayed up at night as long as ever they wanted, and played as much as ever they wanted, for there was no way of telling time, except to blow the seeds off dandelion balls; and they never had to take cough syrup nor wear flannels. But as they had no mothers, they were lonely at times, and to make matters worse none of them knew any stories. They had never even heard of The Three Bears or The Three Pigs, or The Little Red Hen, or Cinderella; so Peter tried to hear some. He flew away at dusk to nursery windows and listened with the swallows under the eaves of the houses to the bed-time stories that mothers tell to their children the world over.

One evening he came to the Darling house. Mother Darling sat in her low rocker with Baby Michael in her arms, and Wendy and John, all listening to the good-night story. She was telling of Cinderella, and Peter became so greatly interested in the prince who couldn't find the lady who wore the glass slipper that he stole into the room through an open window. When Mother Darling looked up and saw the strange little boy she ran quickly and

closed the window. Peter flew away and escaped, but his shadow hadn't time to get out; down came the window and cut it clean off.

Mother Darling rolled the shadow up carefully and put it away in a drawer in the nursery, but the disconsolate Peter went sadly back to Never-Never Land. For days he tried to get used to it and to pretend that he didn't care, but he could find no joy in life while separated from the merry dancing shadow that had always stuck so closely to his heels.

At last one night, bringing with him his own personal fairy, Tinker Bell—Tinker, who looked like a bit of light which you might flash from a mirror in the sunshine; Tinker, whose voice sounded like the tinkling of a silver bell in the morning when the birds are waking—bringing Tinker, I say, and finding the Darling children fast asleep, he once more stole into the nursery, and together they hunted for the beloved shadow, under the bed, on top of the dresser, behind the pictures. Tinker found it. She slipped through the keyhole of the top dresser drawer and with her little light spied it at once, where it had been neatly folded away. She called to Peter, and the children dreamed that all the bluebells in the garden were ringing a merry chime.

Peter tried to stick the shadow on with soap, but it wouldn't stay, and finally his struggles and sobs aroused Wendy. She comforted poor Peter in his dire distress and sewed his shadow fast to his heels. It hurt, too, but he just shut his teeth hard and held onto the chair hard, and in a minute it was all finished and they were friends.

Now, Wendy saw that this was no common little boy. He wore a suit made of green leather, painted all over with autumn leaves; a dagger was thrust into his belt; on his feet were sandals laced with green leather straps that were wound about his legs and buckled under his knees; on his head was a cunning green cap with a red feather stuck through it; one of the friendly Indians had given him the feather. Altogether he was the most different boy Wendy had ever seen, and she asked him, "Who are you, and where did you come from?"

"I am Peter Pan and I live in the Land of Never-Never."

"Where is the Land of Never-Never, and how do you get there?"

"You fly, and it is second to the right and straight ahead until morning."

Then he told Wendy all about the Land of Never-Never, and the fairies in the tree tops and the lost boys and about how they didn't know any stories, and he asked her, "Do you know where the prince found the lady who lost the glass slipper?" and Wendy said, proudly, "Of course I know, and I know lots of other stories."

A happy thought struck Peter. "Oh, Wendy," he said, "come to the Land of Never-Never with me, and be mother to the lost boys and tell us stories." Wendy thought a minute. "I couldn't go without John and Baby Michael, they would be lonely; and will you be father?" This did not suit Peter, but he made the best of it.

"Well, I suppose we can take the boys, but we have enough boys; and I don't want to be father, but will if I must; it's a mother we need most." Wendy said he must and gave him a kiss and a thimble and he got them mixed up and never knew just which was which.

"Now," said Peter, "you must learn to fly." They wakened the two little boys and the three Darlings stood on the bed. Peter blew fairy dust on their shoulders; they flapped their arms, jumped into the air and came down chug on the floor. But Peter said, "Try again, and think that you can fly and then you can." So he blew on more fairy dust and they started all over and flapped their arms and thought hard. This time Wendy flew a little and soon they were all flying about the room, from bed to window sill, to the mantel and back to the bed. Peter said, "Anybody can learn to fly if he puts fairy dust on his shoulders, starts from something low, like a bed or chair or fence and thinks he can fly." It was great fun, and when they could turn whichever way they wanted Baby Michael put on his father's high silk hat, they all stood in the window, Peter counted, "One, two, three, go!" and they started, Tinker leading the way—"second to the right and straight ahead until morning," just as Peter had said.

When they reached the Land of Never-Never, just at sunrise, the lost boys were glad to know that now they had a mother. They all fell to and built Wendy a house, for a mother is a precious possession and must be carefully cherished. By evening they had finished a beautiful little house, with fender and rugs and everything complete. They used Baby Michael's high hat (it was really his father's, you know), with the top knocked out for the chimney.

Wendy commenced being mother to the boys by putting them all to bed and giving them cough syrup. Then she told them about Cinderella, and afterwards Peter kept guard outside all night long. A lion came that way, but Peter cut off his tail and then looked at the beast from between his legs, and I tell you it ran back to its den.

And now there were indeed merry times—play all day long—real play with the fairies, and play fights with the friendly Indians, and at nightfall stories and yet more stories, until at last even the dreaded pirates were forgotten.

But Captain Hook of the pirate ship did not forget. He was Peter Pan's worst enemy because once in a fight Peter had cut

off Hook's hand and had flung it to a crocodile that happened to be passing. The crocodile liked the hand so much that he followed the wicked captain ever after from sea to sea and from land to land, licking his lips for the rest of him, which was, of course, really a compliment, but one which Hook did not relish. Luckily for Hook, the crocodile had once swallowed a clock and its loud ticking always warned Hook of its approach, but he lived in constant dread that some day the clock would run down and then the fearsome brute would get him at last.

One day while Peter was away with the Indians the crafty Hook saw his chance, came with his lawless band, captured all the children and carried them away to his ship. To make his triumph complete he had poured a draught of deadly poison into Peter's medicine glass, laughing fearfully to himself as he pictured his enemy writhing under the horrible tortures of the fatal drug.

When Peter and Tinker got home they knew at once what had happened. Tinker drank the poison to save Peter's life. Her light faded and her voice became so faint that even Peter could hardly hear it as he bent over and said, "Oh, Tinker, don't die; you must not die; fairies can't die." "Yes," said Tinker, "I am dying. It doesn't matter. I saved your life, and children no longer believe in fairies. There is no use in our living when the children do not believe in us."

Peter said, "Oh, yes, they do. They only pretend not to. They all believe in fairies, every one of them." (Appeal to the children.) "There, Tinker! I told you so. Now you must get well!"

She did live. The light flashed back and the silver voice again rang out, and then she and Peter set out at once to rescue the children from the pirates.

On board the pirate ship Hook was gloating over his triumph. He thought he had disposed of Peter Pan and his crew and now he had but one fear in the world—that of the terrible man-eating crocodile that had pursued him so relentlessly. He had the captured children brought up on deck. The plank was ready. All, save Wendy, must walk it. Wendy was to live to be mother to the pirates; for even pirates want a mother, and think longingly of the time when they had one.

My, but the children were in a fright. Where was Peter? Would he never come? They were sure he would save them if only he got there in time.

The pirates were dancing an awful pirate dance, and singing an awful pirate song. It went away down low and sent the cold shivers chasing up and down your back in a most uncomfortable way. This is the song they sang:

Yo ho, yo ho, the pirate life!
 The flag o' skull and bones,
 A merry hour—a hempen rope!
 And hey for Davy Jones.

Chorus:

Avast, belay, yo ho, heave to,
 A pirating we go,
 And if we're parted by a shot,
 We're sure to meet below!

Just as the pirates finished the song and were about to make the children walk the plank, and as the children had almost given up hope of Peter, a loud ticking was heard. Hook, dreading the approach of the fearsome reptile, became pale with terror, but the children, looking up into the rigging, saw Peter doing the ticking and swinging down on a rope. He rushed across the deck and he and Hook fought long and hard. Hook was bigger and stronger, but Peter was quicker. After slashing about with his long sword and never hurting Peter, Hook said, "Who are you, Pan?" Peter's voice rang out unafraid, "I am youth, eternal youth. I'm the sun rising, I'm poets singing, I'm the new world, I'm a little bird that has broken out of the egg—I'm joy, joy, joy!" Then Hook knew that he never could harm Pan, and, afraid of him, jumped overboard, and the long expectant crocodile snapped him up.

The victorious Peter flew away with the children to the home of the Darlings, where the open window still awaited their return. He would miss them sadly, but he knew that the one thing cherished by children after prodigious adventures is a mother's love and sympathy, and so he unselfishly returned them to their mother's arms. Mother Darling invited him to live with them, and he said, "Thank you, but I don't want to grow up."

He and Tinker Bell went back to live in a dear little house in the tree tops, where they can always be young, and where the fairies come flying in thousands at night to light up their tiny houses in the tops of the great firs, where the moonbeams kindly look down upon them from the vast star-sprinkled sky and the nightingales sing them to sleep, and where Peter plays so beautifully on his pipe of reeds that he can "play the sigh of the wind and the ripple of the water, and catching handfuls of the shine of the moon, he puts them all in his pipe and plays them so charmingly that even the birds are deceived."—*Eleanor M. Davidson.*

PROGRAM FOR FOURTH OR FOR FIFTH GRADE.

(This program would be suitable for a rural school, including several grades. The older children could represent the men and the younger ones the birds.)

A dramatization of "The Birds of Killingworth" (Longfellow).

Prologue: The birds.

Let the smaller children represent various birds. A little very simple paraphernalia will help to sustain the illusion. This should be, as far as possible, planned by the children themselves, in accord with the observations of the birds. Heads can be easily suggested by the aid of cardboard and crayon. Colored breasts and throats can be simulated with crepe paper, or with muslin. Realism is by no means essential to the reality of the play for the children. The birds may flutter about the scene of action, expressing by action and tones, life and cheer. Each may have his individual note, gleaned from verse, or from nature. For instance: the bobolink may repeat, at intervals, some of the expressions attributed to him by Bryant, in "Robert of Lincoln:"

"Bob o'link, bob o'link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers—
Chee, chee, chee!"

"Bob o'link, bob o'link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there never was bird so fine—
Chee, chee, chee!"

"Bob o'link, bob o'link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can—
Chee, chee, chee!"

The song sparrow may speak in the refrain of Henry Van Dyke's "Song Sparrow":

"Sweet, sweet, sweet, very merry cheer."

Or the following refrains could be borrowed from Van Dyke's "Angler's Reveille":

The robin:

"Tirra-lirra,
Down the river,
Laughing water

All a-quiver.
Day is near,
Clear, clear,
Fish are breaking,
Time for waking,
Tup, tup, tup!
Do you hear?
All clear—
Wake up!"

The bluebird:

"Surely, surely, surely,
Life is dear,
Even here.
Blue above,
You to love,
Purely, purely, purely."

The brown thrush:

"Luck, luck,
What luck?
Good enough for me!
I'm alive, you see.
Sun shining,
No repining;
Never borrow
Idle sorrow;
Drop it!
Cover it up!
Hold your cup!
Joy will fill it,
Don't spill it;
Steady, be ready,
Good luck!"

Tennyson's "Throstle" offers some fine expressions of life and joy:

"Summer is coming, summer is coming!
I know it, I know it, I know it!
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again!"

"New, new, new, new!"

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again!"

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"

A robin might sing the little song, "Comrade Robin," by Clayton Johns, in the "New Educational Music Course" (Second Reader)—Ginn and Company.

The birds may sing together some bird chorus, as the refrain beginning, "Tweet-tweet; Sweet-sweet!" in "Best," by Philip Goep, in New Educational Course (Second Reader).

Scene I:

A few farmers meet and speak angrily of the harm done to their crops by the birds. This may be a very brief, simple dialogue, ending with the setting up of a scare-crow.

Interlude:

The town crier appears, blows a trumpet, then announces loudly and officially a town meeting to be held in the town hall on a certain day and hour, for the purpose of considering the menace to the crops. Let the announcement begin formally: "Oyez! Oyez; Oyez! Whereas, our fields of grain are daily injured, our orchards pillaged," etc. Let the announcement end with "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!" (a corruption of "Oh, yes") and the blowing of a trumpet.

Scene II:

The Town Meeting—Let the various citizens be represented as described in the poem. Let each have something to say against the birds, based upon some definite harm which he has observed. This scene should be planned by the children, after a close study of the poem and of the feeding habits of various birds. Strive for a direct, vigorous, animated discussion. Let each pupil know the content and import of his contribution to the scene, rather than the verbal form of it. The memorized, set speeches do not have so large a cultural value for the child as the informal, flexible discussion. Of course the speech of the preceptor, of central interest in the scene, may be memorized, as a whole or in part, or the content of it may be given, simplified, by a resourceful pupil. The fervid speech is received with ridicule by the listeners, after which a law is passed aimed at the extermination of the birds. Of course the council is conducted formally, presided over by the squire.

Interlude:

The Slaughter of the Birds.—Farmers with bows and arrows or fire-arms in pursuit of the birds, who are driven in wild disorder and fright.

(If many children are to take part in this little bird festival, and it is desirable to emphasize the pageant aspect, a group of little ones swathed in brown or green could wriggle across the scene here, representing the caterpillars.)

Scene III:

Farmers meet and speak in dismay of the plight of the trees and the crops due to the pest of the caterpillars.

Scene IV:

In a second town meeting the doleful situation is discussed, the law is repealed and measures are taken to protect the birds.

Epilogue:

The return of the birds, with their cries of joy. A bird chorus: "All the Birds Have Come Again," by Eleanor Smith, in "Songs for Little Children" (Milton-Bradley Company).

The trees planted, after the preceding exercise, may be dedicated to the birds for their shelter and nesting. Bird houses, made by the children earlier, as a part of their constructive work, may be hung in the trees.

If parents and friends are invited to attend the festival, invitations made by the children in the art and English classes may be sent to each guest. Simple bird designs may appear on them and on the programs, also made by the children. Let each child have a share in this work.

Of course this program ought to be given in the open air if possible. The guests may be seated in a large semi-circle, leaving a clear space for the action of the festival.

If it is desired to make this outline the basis of a festival in which the entire eight grades of the school may participate it can easily be expanded and elaborated to give exercises to many groups of children. A group of flowers might precede the birds. "A Laughing Chorus," given below, might be dramatized before the birds appear:

Oh, such a commotion under the ground,
 When March calls "Ho, there! Ho!"
 Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
 Such whisperings to and fro.
 And "Are you ready?" the snowdrop asked,
 " 'Tis time to start, you know."
 "Almost, my dear," the scilla replied,
 "I'll follow as soon as you go."
 Then "Ha, ha, ha!" a chorus came,
 Of laughter soft and low,
 From the millions of flowers under the ground—
 Yes, millions! beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the crocus said,
 "When I hear the first bluebird sing."
 "And straight thereafter," another cried,
 "My silver and gold I'll bring."
 "And e'er they are dulled," another spoke,
 "The hyacinth bells shall ring."
 The violet only murmured, "I'm here,"
 And sweet grew the air of spring.

Then "Ha, ha, ha!" a chorus came,
 Of laughter soft and low,
 From the millions of flowers under the ground—
 Yes, millions! beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty brave things! Through the coldest days,
 Imprisoned in walls of brown;
 They never lost heart, though the blast shrieked hard
 And the hail and the sleet came down.
 But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress
 Or fashioned her beautiful crown;
 And now they are coming to brighten the world,
 Still shadowed by winter's frown.
 And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha, ha!"
 In a chorus soft and low,
 The millions of flowers hid under the ground—
 Yes millions! beginning to grow.

Of course other flowers could be made to speak in this pretty, eager, dainty fluttering. The flowers may be grouped under some light covering of dead leaves, through which they spring up later in full flowering (simple paper petals and sepals about the child's face). Then they may sing some flower chorus.

A group of trees could also be made to waken at the call of March, and talk together softly, with a suggestion of winds blowing through branches. The trees and flowers could afford a background for the action of the birds.

The entire exercise should be kept unified and as informal as possible. Do not introduce formal recitations or any exercise that should break the unity or mar the action of the little drama. Lead the children to live in the reality of the situations, losing all sense of performance.

The educational value of the festival—a folk celebration of a significant idea—is inestimable. The child loses self in the realization of a social ideal; he is one of many who are all telling the same story. In his endeavor to do his share in making that story luminous, he loses self-consciousness and, giving himself up to the play spirit which is an essential element of the festival, he responds in spontaneous, vigorous, definite expression.—
Francis Tobey, Greeley.

PROGRAM FOR FIFTH OR FOR SIXTH GRADE.*Japanese Flower Festival:*

In Japan these blossom festivals celebrate spring life and joy. The plum blossoms are omens of long life to the household. The festival is to be held, if practicable, when the plum blossoms are in bloom. Of course apple or cherry or other fruit blossoms could be substituted. The festival would be especially practicable and suitable in one of the fruit sections of the state. Of course it should properly grow out of some department of the child's regular class work, as geography or nature study.

If the festival is held where there are no fruit blossoms, plum blossoms are very easily made out of white tissue paper and stuck on thorny branches, to be carried by the children.

Possible Decorations: Boughs of plum blossoms, Japanese lanterns, umbrellas, rugs, screens, straw mats.

Costumes: Little kimonas can very easily be made with little expense, from silkolene, in the sewing class. Or borrowed kimonas might be modified for the occasion. This is by no means necessary if not practicable. Instead the children may wear sashes tied behind in huge bows made of silkolene or other available material. Hair combed high on head with tiny fans stuck in it. Paper chrysanthemums worn behind ears. In schools in which it is not possible or not wise to have any attendant expense very simple things can be utilized. For instance, pretty fans can be made for the hair, or larger ones, for the children to carry, out of scraps of gay wall paper.

Features of the Program:

Games: Battledore. Two girls play at a time (there might be several groups at once). Flat bats are used and rubber balls decorated with feathers. The object of the game is to keep the ball in the air.

Kite Flying: Kites are made in many colors and in many shapes—birds or animals. Some have funny and grotesque pictures painted on them. The children will find pleasure in designing and making these kites, as art and constructive exercises. They are described in "Little Folks of Many Lands," by Chance. To introduce the kite flying with the flower festival is really to combine two Japanese spring festivals—a flower and a kite celebration.

There may be a pretty processional, the girls carrying blossoms, the boys kites. Then there may be a kite flying exercise. A Japanese game is played with the kites, in which there is a contest to cut the strings of rival kites, as the kites are flying, by means of bits of broken glass tied in the string of the kite.

During the flower festivals in Japan the participants write poems in praise of trees and fasten them to their favorite boughs, leaving them on the trees as an offering. The preparation of simple little rhymes paying tribute to favorite trees would be a delightful exercise for the English class. On the day of the festival the children may go in procession and tie the verses to the trees, reading them aloud as they do so. It might be an interesting variation to invite the guests, if guests there be, to write such verses extempore, providing them with with paper and pencils. If this is done let the children themselves make the request and direct the exercise.

In Japan rice cakes are given with wishes of good luck for a thousand years. Each child may present a guest with one of these cakes, proffering the same good wishes. The teacher may serve tea to the guests and the children (aided by some of the latter) while they sit on the grass or on rugs or mats in Japanese fashion.

Invitations and programs for this festival, made by the children, might present designs of fans, parasols, cherry blossoms or little Japanese figures.

References:

Little Folks of Many Lands—Chance.

Little People of Japan.—Muller.

Our Japanese Cousins.—Wade.

Japanese Plays and Play-Fellows.—Edwards.

Japanese Holidays (Overland Monthly, Volume 41).

This festival was planned as a class exercise in the Colorado State Normal School by Mrs. Paul, Miss Ott, Miss Clara Smith and Miss Louise Smith.

PROGRAM FOR SIXTH OR FOR SEVENTH GRADE.*The Festivals of the Dryads:*

Let each child represent a dryad, the spirit of some tree.

Make the program a study of the Greek myths of the "Animated Trees"—Daphne, Philemon and Baucis, etc. (see Bulfinch's or Gayley's mythology), and of later stories of the same type. Hawthorne has a version of the Philemon and Baucis story. Have these stories told by the characters themselves, in the first person. Daphne might tell her story and Philemon and Baucis might tell their story in the way of reminiscence, talking it over together, or with a third tree. Let the tree which Virgil makes his hero start to tell the story of Polydorus, as it is told to Aeneas (Book III of the *Aeneid*). Have a little despairing group represent the trees that Dante saw in the Seventh Circle (Canto XIII. of the *Inferno*) condemned to such a fate because they took their own life or wantonly destroyed their property. (This story of the suicides should be much simplified, if used, each pupil telling very simply the reason for his present state of existence.)

Holmes' "Meeting of the Dryads" affords a pleasing exercise for this program. Let a group of pupils represent the spirits of the Harvard Elms, meeting to express their grief and indignation and dismay at the ruthless pruning they have received at the hands of men. The speech made in the poem may be cut somewhat, if that seems desirable. (This poem ought to be of peculiar interest now, when the health of the fine old Harvard trees is in question.)

Frank R. Stockton's charming story of "Old Pipes, the Pipes and the Dryad" ("Fanciful Tales"—Scribner's), may be told. It might be arranged as a little play, if preferred.

Let some pupil tell the story of "Rhoecus," as told by Bryant.

Let all the story telling be informal, with no verbal memorizing.

A pretty dance of the dryads might close the program. This should be planned of simple steps, gliding, smooth, graceful, rather than vigorous. It should include much bodily movement, free light swaying of body and arms, to suggest the swaying of trees in the wind. It might close with the sudden return of each dryad to her place as a tree, where she remains stiff and impassive.

The program might open with some ceremonial about the newly planted tree, or trees. The dryads dancing about the tree in a ring might dedicate it to the happiness of the children, to the welfare of man (not always thoughtful of the welfare of the trees) or to the nesting of the birds. Let the children develop resource and initiative by planning the definite significance and form of the dedication themselves, with some direction by the teacher.—*Francis Tobey, Greeley.*

PROGRAM FOR SEVENTH OR FOR EIGHTH GRADE.

Make the center of this program a study of forestry conditions in this country. Each teacher can easily procure literature from the forestry department by sending to Washington for it.

Numbers suggested for a program:

1. A brief report upon the history and the work of the forestry department up to date.
2. A talk on the value of forests—their service to man.
3. A story—"The Thousand Year Pine."

(This fascinating story is told by our Colorado Naturalist, Enos A. Mills, in his recent book, "Wild Life in the Rockies." The children should know of the author's work as chief forestry lecturer for the government.)

4. The Story of Johnny Apple-Seed.

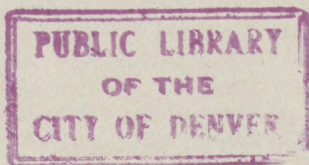
(This picturesque pioneer philanthropist ought to be better known by the children of our land. A good account of his life and work can be found in the National Encyclopaedia of American Biography under the name of John Chapman.)

5. A story—"Along the Way"—Laura E. Richards.

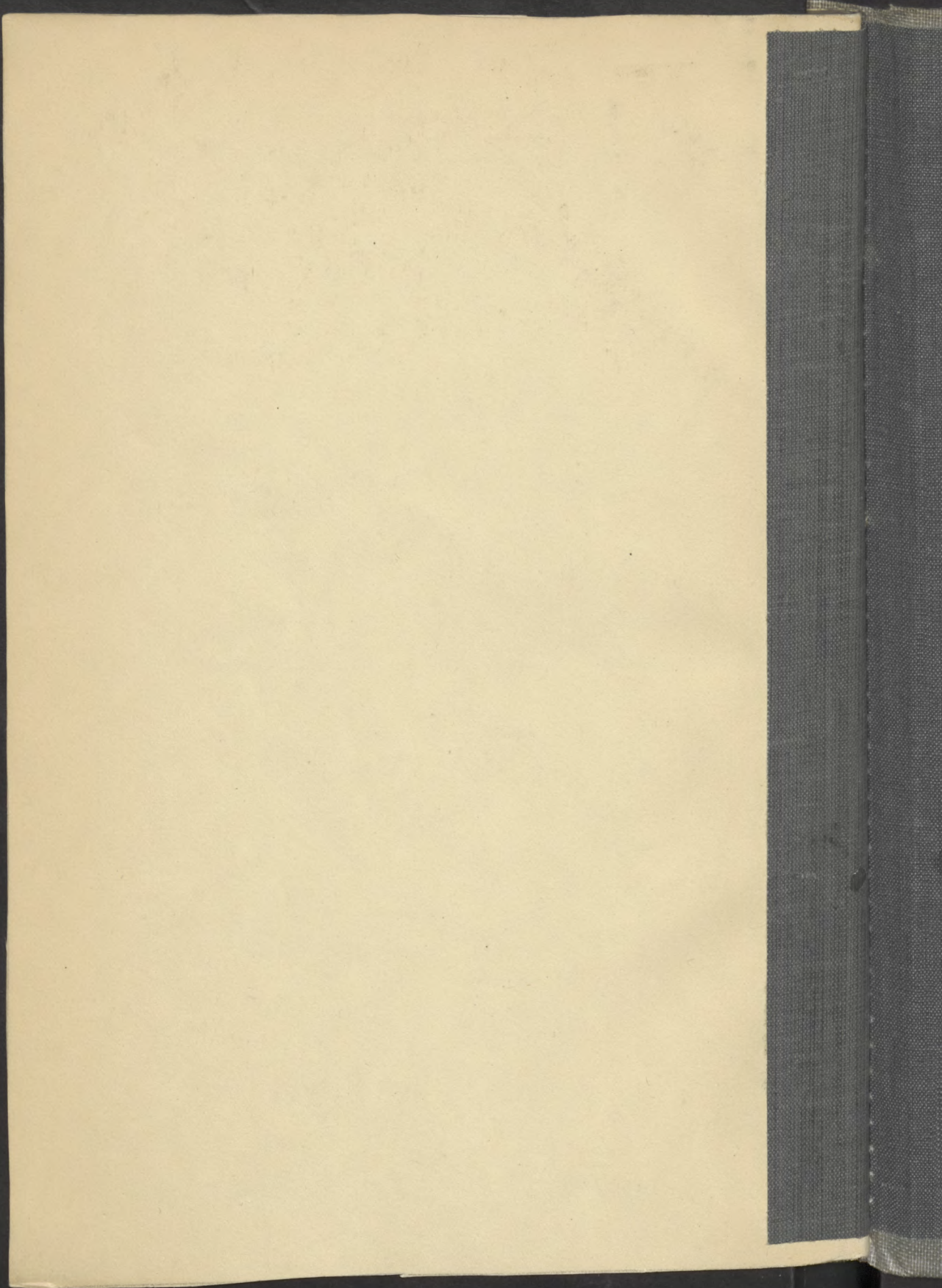
(From "The Silver Crown," Little, Brown and Company.)

6. Poem—"Tree Burial."—William Cullen Bryant.

(Selections from a number of Bryant's poems would be suitable for an Arbor Day program: "Among the Trees," "Our Fellow Worshipers," "A Forest Hymn," "The Planting of the Apple Tree.")—*Frances Tobey, Greeley.*







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