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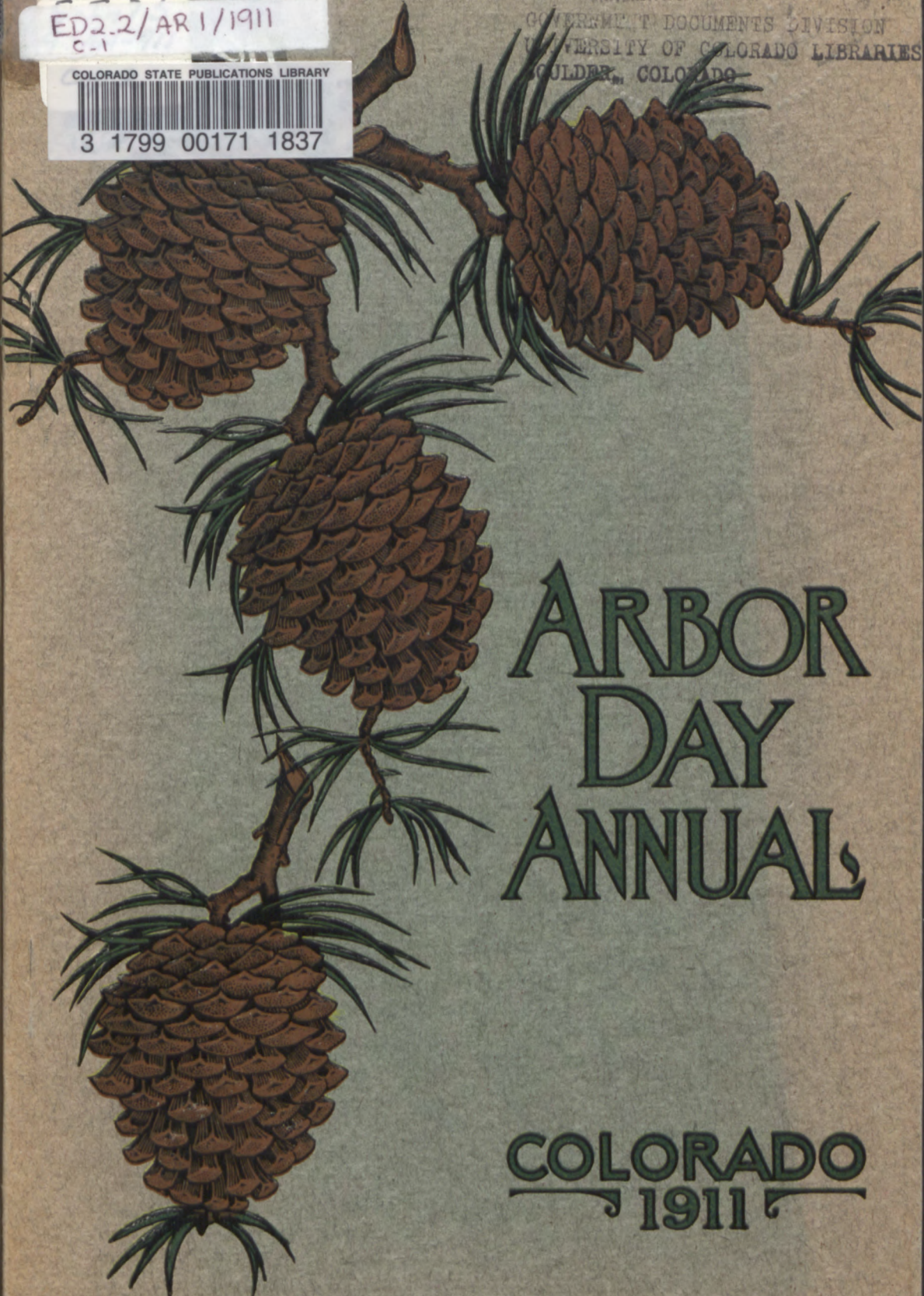
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# ARBOR DAY ANNUAL

COLORADO  
1911



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# Colorado Arbor and Bird Day Annual

1911

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PREPARED FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS BY  
HELEN MARSH WIXSON  
SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION  
April 21, 1911.

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This Arbor Day manual is not the private property of any one—either teacher, member of Board of Education, or patron—and must be kept as a part of the school library always. One of these is sent to every school building in the State.

### **PINE NEEDLES.**

By William H. Hayne.

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

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





J. STERLING MORTON  
Founder of Arbor Day.



STATE OF COLORADO,  
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,  
DENVER.

EXECUTIVE ORDER.

ARBOR DAY PROCLAMATION.

In conformity with law and a custom which, in a few years, has commended itself to the people of the State, I, John F. Shafroth, Governor of the State of Colorado, do hereby designate and set apart

FRIDAY, APRIL 21 NEXT, AS ARBOR DAY,  
and request the public schools and other educational institutions of the State to observe the same in an appropriate manner.

A broader and more accurate knowledge of nature as shown in tree, flower and bird is worth much more than the time given each year. As a part simply of a wonderful natural world they appeal to the highest side of human life, to a love of the useful as well as of the beautiful.

Only in late years have we come to appreciate the value of forestry as a part of the richness of the earth, but the day has now come when the people of our country realize the necessity of restoring the forests, and there has arisen a patriotic interest in the planting and preservation of the trees.

It is recommended that all citizens join with the county, municipal and other authorities, as well as with the public schools and State institutions, in adorning public and private grounds, in planting trees, shrubs and vines which may contribute to the lasting beauty of the State, and also that it may be made a general clean-up day, and so take part in some measure in the observance of the day to the end that it may be both pleasant and profitable.



IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused the Great Seal of the State to be affixed at Denver, Colorado, this 22d day of March, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Eleven.

By the Governor:

Attest:

A handwritten signature in cursive script, likely of the Secretary of State.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John F. Shafroth".



To the Teachers of Colorado:

Any movement that has as its object the bettering of the condition of our State and nation should be fostered, encouraged and upheld.

Arbor Day is now recognized throughout our nation as a day set apart for the planting of trees. It imparts to the children, through our schools, a deeper interest and a greater love for trees, and so for Nature herself.

The significance of the day is apparent, and it remains for us to give a new impetus to tree planting, tree protection, the planting of flowers, the protection of our birds, and to work for a wider observance of Arbor Day in the schools of our State.

Trained by Arbor Day our children will feel the spiritual and refining influence, the symbolical beauty of the trees, and Arbor Day will make the country more beautiful year by year. Every community, every school district, should contribute to the good work. The school houses should become an ornament, and the children should be on friendly and intelligent terms with Nature. The spirit of Arbor Day should be that of a deep love of Nature—a love that includes love and service.

Faithfully yours,

*Allen Marsh Wilson*

Superintendent of Public Instruction.



## FOREWORD.

This is a beautiful world, and for its charms we are largely indebted to the birds, the flowers and the trees, but the birds are disappearing, the wild flowers are giving way to civilization, and the great forests that have stood for countless ages, although they plead with outstretched arms against ruthless destruction, are falling before man's greed.

The resources of our country were so boundless that our forefathers thought them inexhaustible. The forests were cut down that land might be tilled and homes built, and in their home building our forefathers used only the largest and finest trees. They could not foresee a time when Nature's bounty would be exhausted. The future was a closed book to them, but we have followed too long in their footsteps. The time has now come when our known resources can be accurately computed by statisticians, and we realize that Nature's bounty must be conserved if we are not to become a wandering, homeless tribe upon a desert devoid of trees, for

"The love of the leaves seems  
Lost in the lust for gold."

How desolate our world would be without trees, but what unkind treatment they have received at our hands. Yet the tree is the most useful plant that grows. It is said that its service to us begins with the cradle and ends only with the coffin. From it we gain shelter and shade. Our homes, our furniture and our fuel are all dependent upon the trees, for though we may sit before a fire of coal, it is the mineralized wood of past ages. The trees temper the wind and control the flow of water. If it were not for our trees the dry winds would descend upon us and drive the settler from his clearing at the edge of the desert. Arbor Day should recall to our minds the services of the trees and remind us of their ministry. Let Arbor Day teach that our forests must be conserved, that trees must be planted with intelligence and care,



and some day we shall have the scientific forestry that Germany has and our splendid trees be spared. By keeping Arbor Day we may help future generations to realize this dream.

"The woods were made for hunters of dreams,  
The streams for fishers of song;  
To those who hunt thus, go gunless for game,  
The woods and the streams belong."

### **THE ELOQUENT PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL— "PLANT TREES."**

The setting apart of an annual day to be known as Arbor Day, Nature's festival, originated with Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture, who, in 1872, induced the Governor of Nebraska, the State of his adoption, to issue a proclamation appointing a day for the planting of trees throughout the State. The same year the day was declared a legal holiday and "set apart and consecrated for tree planting." He recognized the moral influence that the study and care of a growing thing like a tree would have on the nature of a child, and the philanthropic trend it would give a youthful character to observe a day in which trees should be planted that they might add to the comfort and happiness of coming generations. While he will be remembered as a powerful and masterly political leader, and a great Cabinet officer, J. Sterling Morton will be known in history as the author of Arbor Day and the eloquent preacher of the simple gospel, "Plant trees."

### **A SPRING SONG.**

"Old Mother Earth woke up from her sleep,  
And found she was cold and bare;  
The winter was over, the spring was near,  
And she had not a dress to wear.  
"Alas!" she sighed, with great dismay,  
"Oh, where shall I get my clothes?  
There's not a place to buy a suit,  
And a dressmaker no one knows."



"I'll make you a dress," said the springing grass,  
Just looking above the ground,  
"A dress of green of the loveliest sheen,  
To cover you all around."  
"And we," said the dandelions gay,  
"Will dot it with yellow bright."  
"I'll make it a fringe," said forget-me-not,  
"Of blue, very soft and light."

"We'll embroider the front," said the violets,  
"With a lovely purple hue,"  
"And we," said the roses, "will make you a crown  
Of red, jeweled over with dew."  
"And we'll be your gems," said a voice from the shade,  
Where the ladies' ear-drops live—  
"Orange is the color for any queen  
And the best we have to give."  
Old Mother Earth was thankful and glad,  
As she put on her dress so gay;  
And that is the reason, my little ones,  
She is looking so lovely to-day."

### PIPPA'S SONG.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

The year's at the spring  
And Day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hillside's dew pearly;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in His heaven—  
All's right with the world!

### THE SPRING.

Have you ever gone into the woods on an early day, a day when the wind was still cold, but in the south? One of these days when the smile of the sun and the soft noise of the wind make you know in some vague way that spring is coming? If you have not, try it. Go sit at the base of some old man of the woods, whose sides are gray and green with clinging lichens and mosses, and whose head shows the fight with winter storms and heavy sleets. Put your head against his side, there is no sound; drop your head to the ground, and



yet no sound; but you know that he, too, has heard the summons to awake—that spring is coming. Somehow, you feel, as you see the tender green veiling the lightest twigs, that the trees are vitally alive.

As the birds have their songs to tell of their love, so the trees and the plants put forth their joy at the marriage time by their odors, which float everywhere and make the spring air a thing to be remembered. Have you ever been through the woods when the wild grape vines were a mass of bloom? Was not their odor as suggestive, in a subtle way, as the song of the birds? So think of the trees as people who live in a little different world, but are still part of the throbbing life which is manifest everywhere.

"In the heart of a seed, buried deep, so deep,  
A dear little plant lay, fast asleep.

"Wake," said the sunshine, "and creep to the light;"

"Wake," said the voice of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard, and it rose, to see  
What the wonderful outside world might be."

Arbor Day, in its broadest sense, stands not only for the adornment of our homes by the planting of trees, but in practicing modern forestry. It stands for and points toward a permanent forest policy.

## WHAT DO WE PLANT?

BY HENRY ABBEY.

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

What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
We plant the houses for you and me,  
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floor,  
We plant the studding, the laths, the door,  
The beams and sidings, all parts that be,  
We plant the house when we plant the tree.



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

"This is the time when bit by bit  
The days begin to lengthen sweet,  
And every minute gained is joy—  
And love stirs in the heart of a boy."

"Grass begins to grow,  
Dandelions come;  
Snow-drops haste to go  
After last year's snow;  
Rough winds beat and blow,  
Blossom on the plum."

"Centuries do I stand here  
Thinking thoughts profound and drear,  
Dreaming solemn dreams sublime  
Of the mysteries of time."

### THE FIRST ADVOCATE OF ARBOR DAY.

Dr. Birdsey Grant Northrop, the first advocate of Arbor Day, and the founder of the organized movement of Village Improvement Societies, was born in Kent, Connecticut, and like many another New England boy lived on a farm, and in his country surroundings drank in the stimulus which animated him through life. Even in the busy years of later life his interest did not flag, and he found time to devote to the subject of tree planting and village improvement. In 1876, Dr. Northrop began his real organization work, towards establishing Arbor Day, when he started the movement of centennial tree planting. The object and motto of the centennial tree planting was, "Honor the heroes of 1776 by some good deed, whose fruits may survive 1976."

In 1883 he gave up all active educational work and devoted his remaining years to the interests of Arbor Day and Village Improvement, and he is fitly called "The



great apostle of Arbor Day." In the same year, 1883, the American Forestry Association made him chairman of the committee to push the movement for Arbor Day, and this position he held as long as he lived. His was a mission inspired by benevolence and philanthropy. Through his efforts Arbor Day is now recognized in nearly every state in the Union, and there are hundreds of towns and cities, all over the United States, that can point to the "Father of Village Improvement Societies" as a benefactor. His love of nature was intense; he felt a real affection for growing things, and he most truly appreciated the effect which beautiful and noble trees have on mankind.

The groves were God's first temples; ere man learned  
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,  
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed  
The lofty vault to gather and roll back  
The sound of anthems—in the darkling wood,  
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,  
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks and supplications.  
—Bryant.

### THE KITTEN AND THE LEAVES.

BY MINNIE J. REYNOLDS.

Being a piece for some little Colorado girl to speak in school.

The leaves sprang up one autumn day,  
And said, "Hurrah for one good play.  
We've been tied all summer to that old tree  
And now we'll go off and have a spree."

So the merry brown leaves, they ran and ran,  
And chased and raced as brown leaves can.  
They leaped and danced in a wild quadrille,  
Around and around, as brown leaves will.

The staid old cottonwood smiled to see  
His little brown leaves on such a spree.  
And I saw them, too, as I went to work,  
For they flew in my face with the sauciest jerk.

And over the fence in a little back yard,  
Where the merry brown leaves were playing so hard,  
A Maltese kitten I saw as I stood,  
Was chasing the leaves as hard as she could.



A dear little kitten, all silvery gray;  
Oh, how she and the leaves did play.  
And a lame little boy, with a pale little face,  
He laughed and laughed to see them race.

He laughed and he laughed and he laughed so hard,  
Sitting all alone in the little back yard,  
That I stopped my wheel and watched the fun  
That the leaves and the kitten had just begun.

That night his mother, so kind and good,  
Beside the lame boy's cradle stood,  
And smiled, tho' a tear stood in her eye,  
To see the kitten beside him lie.

She patted the kitten's silvery head,  
And smoothed the clothes as she softly said:  
"God bless the kitten, that brings such joy  
To my poor little, dear little, lame little boy."

And the saucy leaves at the cottonwood's feet  
Called out to the wind ere they went to sleep,  
"You wake us up early, at five or at four,  
For we want to play with the kitten some more."

### **DRAPER'S "TEN COMMANDMENTS" ON TREE PLANTING.**

1. Do not allow roots to be exposed to the sun, drying winds, or frost.
2. Prune, with a sharp clean cut, any broken or injured roots.
3. Have the holes large enough to admit all the roots without cramping.
4. Plant in fine loam, enriched with thoroughly decomposed manure.
5. Do not allow any green unfermented manure to come in contact with the roots.
6. Spread out the roots in their natural position and work fine loam among them, making it firm and compact.

7. Do not plant too deep. Let upper roots be set an inch lower than before.

8. Remove all broken branches, and cut back at least one-half of the previous year's growth of wood.

9. If the season lacks the usual rainfall, water thoroughly twice a week.

10. After-culture. Keep soil in a good degree of fertility. Mulching the trees in autumn with manure is beneficial.

### **KIND OF TREES TO PLANT.**

Adapted from Edmund Spenser.

The sailing Pine; the Cedar, proud and tall;  
The vine-prop Elm; the Poplar, never dry;  
The builder Oak, sole king of forests all;  
The Aspen, good for staves; the Cypress, funeral;  
The Laurel, meed for mighty conquerors  
And poets sage; the Fir, that weepeth still;  
The Willow, worn of hopeless paramours;  
The Yew, obedient to the bender's will;  
The Birch, for shafts; the Sallow, for the mill;  
The warlike Beech; the Ash, for nothing ill;  
The fruitful Apple, and the Plantane round;  
The carver Holm; the Maple seldom inward sound.

### **A WORD FROM ENOS A. MILLS, LONG'S PEAK.**

Colorado excels most States in the possession of natural objects of interest, and scenery is one of the State's most valuable resources. The mountains are ever delightful to look upon, and are marvelously rich in ungathered and uncoined information concerning their formation and the countless forms of wild life which enliven them.

Plants and animals are scattered all over the mountains, from the lowest foothills to the summits of the highest peaks. Where each kind of life is distributed, its relations to the surroundings, its influence upon its neighbors, and the direct and scenic value of all these to



ourselves, form a big important question upon which there is very little popular information in print.

Scores of books could be written concerning Nature in Colorado that would be helpful, with their classified information, to all. Such books would confer honor and income upon the writers.

Might not the splendid possibilities of this great field be more definitely placed before the school children of Colorado? It seems impossible to exaggerate the value of the Rocky Mountains and their plant and animal life as an asset to the people of Colorado. Books which would help us to appreciate the treasures which Nature has stored in our State, and which will lead us out of doors to enjoy these treasures, are books which I hope that some of the school children of Colorado are thinking about and preparing to write.

The bears, the birds, the trees, the beaver and the wild flowers are subjects of economic value and of delightful interest concerning which most every one would be glad to read.

### THE PLANTING OF THE TREES .

“Oh, have you seen on a wayside slope  
The elms and maples, with branches high,  
That some one planted, in faith and hope,  
Far back in the silent years gone by?

Oh, not in vain there were left in trust  
To a later age the trees he set;  
When he who planted is turned to dust,  
The good that he wrought survives him yet.

So, now, as the bounteous hours of spring,  
With bud and blossom, come up the way,  
A joyful duty to all they bring—  
There is work for all on Arbor Day.

A lifetime treasure of shade or fruit  
May children gain for their transient toil,  
When a tree shall rise from the slender root  
They are burying deep in the mellow soil.

It will catch the sun's first gleam at morn,  
Among its branches the birds will nest,  
And other children, as yet unborn,  
May seek in summer this haunt of rest.

Thus, year by year, as the day comes round,  
Be this the work of our loyal care,  
Till the land shall be with beauty crowned,  
And waste-fields change to a garden fair."

I hope that you will tell your boys that most of our wild forests have been planted and protected by the birds and squirrels, and that these should not be shot. Hawks and owls try day and night to prevent the rats and rabbits from killing the baby trees. Won't you say a word in favor of these? Above all, won't you remind not only your boys, but everyone, to be sure and put out their campfire, lest all the birds, the squirrels and the woods be burned?

ENOS A. MILLS.

#### **BURR OAK.**

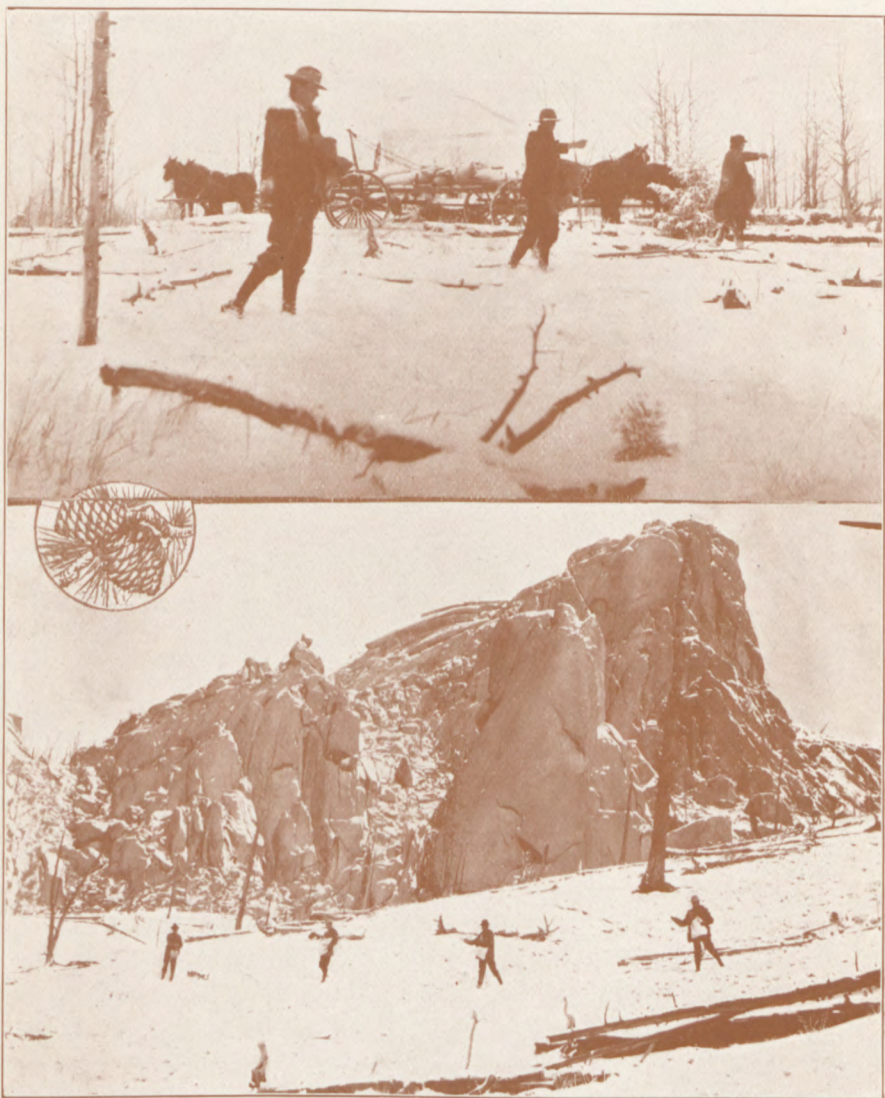
"Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,  
Who stands in his pride alone!  
And still flourish he, a hale green tree  
When a hundred years are gone."

#### **SOWING PINE SEED ON THE SNOW IN THE TARRYALL MOUNTAINS.**

Our State is just beginning to realize the great work that is being done by the force of government workers connected with the Pike National Forest in the matter of reforestation. During the snow storms of February a total of 1,150 acres of burned over and cut over land in the Pike forest, practically devoid of seed trees of the more important coniferous species, were sown to yellow pine seed.

More than 900 acres of the above total lies within the watersheds of the north and south forks of the South





1,150 ACRES IN PIKE NATIONAL FOREST SOWN TO YELLOW PINE.

By Courtesy of U. S. Acting District Forester.

Platte river, from which the city of Denver gets its water supply. The remainder of the area is located on the watershed of Fountain creek, from which a part of the domestic and municipal supply of Colorado Springs is obtained.

In all a total of 3,600 pounds of yellow pine seed were broadcasted on these areas, all of which was collected by the forest service in the mountains of Colorado and Wyoming and the Black Hills of South Dakota.

Seed sowing on the steep and rocky slopes of the mountains is not easy work at the best, but when one is forced to sow during a snow storm, or when it is 10 to 20 below zero, the difficulties of the work are increased a hundredfold. Practically all the work had to be done on foot on account of the rough character of the work and the heavy undergrowth, but where the hillsides were more or less barren of trees it was possible in some cases to sow by horseback.

The seed sown by hand was in the same manner as wheat is broadcasted, about three pounds of seed per acre being used. When sown in a storm it is soon covered by snow, and if the snow is light it rapidly sinks out of sight so that anyone passing over the slope an hour afterwards would fail to see any sign of the seed. The sown seed lies dormant in the snow, gradually sinking until the snow melts in the spring, when conditions are suitable for germination, when it finally reaches the ground.

The work is to get around the wasteful habits of Nature, which distributes untold millions of pounds of pine, spruce and fir, worth from \$1 to \$1.50 a pound, thrown to the wind to be eaten by chipmunks, mice and birds, or dried out and destroyed by the sun and wind. The percentage of loss of seeds on the Continental divide each year is enormous—too great even to be estimated.

The Pike National Forest, within which lie the watersheds of Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Boulder and



other cities, contains large areas of land which were cut over and fire swept years ago and which to-day are covered with aspen and shrubs. Seeds of pine and spruce are entirely lacking on many of these areas, and the only way these important forest species can be induced to grow is by artificial reforestation. The forest service had to wait until February 18, when suitable snow conditions came, to plant the seeds.

The settlers and ranchers dropped their own work and co-operated with the foresters in their work of planting seeds. If the experiments now on are successful it means the extensive reforestation of large areas of denuded land within the national forests of the West by the winter sowing of pine, spruce and fir seed on the snow.—From the Denver Post.

### THE TREE.

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

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

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

## WHEN THE GREEN GITS BACK IN THE TREES.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

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

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

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



### TREE ALPHABET.

**"A** is for apple tree, sweet with bloom,  
Or laden with golden fruit.

**B** is for beech, with thick, cool shade,  
And the birches of ill repute.

**C** is for chestnut and cedar fair,  
And cypress, where sorrows abide.

**D** is for dogwood, whose fair white tents  
Are pitched by the river side.

**E** is for elm, New England's pride;  
True patriot's love they stir.

**F** is for fig tree of the South,  
And the cone-shaped Northern fir.

**G** is for gum tree, so well known  
To the Southern boys and girls.

**H** is for hemlock, steadfast tree,  
And for holly with Christmas joys.

**I** is for ironwood, firm and strong,  
And the ivy that twines around.

**J** is for juniper, low and green,  
Where purple berries are found.

**K** is for kings of the forest grand,  
The oak must wear the crown.

**L** is for thorny locust, the larch,  
And the linden of fair renown.

**M** is for maple, favorite one,  
The queen of all the trees.

**N** is for Norway pine, which still  
Is whispering to the breeze.

**O** is for orange, blooming for brides,  
And the olive yielding rich oil.

**P** is for poplar, reaching high,  
And the palm of the Southern soil.

**Q** is for quince, in our gardens low,  
With its fruits so sour and green.

**R** is for redwood, giant trees,  
The largest that can be seen.

**S** is for spruce, bright evergreen,  
And the silvery sycamore.

**T** is for tulip tree, broad and high,  
With its beautiful tulip-like flowers.

**U** is for upas, tropical tree,  
With its fabled poisoned air.

**V** is for vines, that cling to the tree,  
For friendship, strength and care.

**W** is for walnut, dark and firm,  
And for willow, faithful and true.

**X** is for Xanthoxylum, bitter bane,  
Whose virtue is strengthening power.

**Y** is for yew tree, dwelling alone,  
Friendless and sad, we know.

**Z** is for zenith, the point above,  
Toward which the trees all grow."



## SPRING.

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

In all climates spring is beautiful. The birds begin to sing; they utter a few joyful notes, and then wait for an answer in the silent woods. Those green-coated musicians, the frogs, make holiday in the neighboring marshes. They, too, belong to the orchestra of nature, whose vast theatre is again opened, though the doors have been so long bolted with icicles, and the scenery hung with snow and frost like cob-webs. This is the prelude which announces the opening of the scene. Already the grass shoots forth, the waters leap with thrilling force through the veins of the earth, the sap through the veins of the plants and trees, and the blood through the veins of man. What a thrill of delight is springtime! What a joy in being and moving! Men are at work in gardens, and in the air there is an odor of fresh earth. The leaf-buds begin to swell and blush. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snowflakes; and ere long our next door neighbor will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage. The Mayflowers open their soft blue eyes. Children are let loose in the fields and gardens. They hold buttercups under each other's chins to see if they love butter. And the little girls adorn themselves with chains and curls of dandelions; pull out the yellow leaves to see if the school-boy loves them, and blow the down from the headless stalk to find out if their mothers want them at home. And at night, so cloudless and so still! Not a voice of living thing—not a whisper of leaf or waving bough—not a breath of wind—not a sound upon the earth or in the air! And overhead bends the blue sky, dewy and soft and radiant with innumerable stars like the inverted bell of some blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust, and breathing fragrance. Or, if the heavens are overcast, it is no wild storm of wind and rain, but clouds that melt and fall in showers. One does

not wish to sleep, but lies awake to hear the pleasant  
sound of the dropping rain.

### APRIL'S TRICK.

The first poem written by Rebecca P. Utter.

The sun rose up in the morn,  
And looked from east to west;  
And April lay still and white—  
Then he called the wind from his rest.  
Sigh and lament! he said,  
Sweet April, the child is dead.

The sun touched his lips to her cheeks,  
And the colour returned in a glow;  
The wind laid his hand on her hair  
And it glistened under the snow  
As laughing aloud in glee—  
Sweet April shook herself free.

### A FEW OLD PROVERBS.

"If the Oak is out before the Ash,  
'Twill be a summer of wet and splash;  
If the Ash is out before the Oak,  
'Twill be a summer of fire and smoke."

"When the Hawthorn bloom too early shows,  
We shall have still many snows."

"When the Oak puts on his goslings gray  
'Tis time to sow barley night or day."

"When Elm leaves are as big as a shilling,  
Plant kidney beans if you are willing;  
When Elm leaves are as big as a penny,  
You **must** plant beans if you wish to have any."

"A haze on the far horizon  
The infinite, tender sky;  
The ripe, rich tint of the corn-fields,  
And the wild geese sailing high;  
And all over upland and lowland  
The charm of the goldenrod,—  
Some of us call it Autumn,  
And others call it God."



## FABLE.

"The mountain and the squirrel  
Had a quarrel,  
And the former called the latter "Little Prig";  
Bun replied,  
You are doubtless very big;  
But all sorts of things and weather  
Must be taken in together,  
To make up a year  
And a sphere.  
And I think it no disgrace  
To occupy my place.  
If I'm not so large as you,  
You are not so small as I,  
And not half so spry.  
I'll not deny you make  
A very pretty squirrel track;  
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;  
If I cannot carry forests on my back,  
Neither can you crack a nut."

Just above the road to Haverhill, Massachusetts, stands the great elm beneath which Whittier dreamed and wrote. Rising far above the Longfellow home, a regal elm shades the window from which the poet looked into its leafy majesty. Under the green vault of a group of trees, called by Emerson "the temple," he bowed at the altar of truth, and drew close to the heart of Nature as the breeze rustled the leaves in benediction.

Among the trees at Brook Farm, Hawthorne studied the lights and shades with the eyes of a seer.

Much may have been revealed to Lowell in the long hours he spent listening to the murmurs under the lonely pine at Elmwood.

To Oliver Wendell Holmes it was a delight to be among the oaks at Waverly. He would measure their trunks with proud pleasure, and found strength and refreshment in working beneath their boughs.

Lean close and set thine ear against the bark;  
Then tell me what faint, murmurous sounds are heard;  
Hath not the oak stored up the song of bird,  
Whisper of wind and rain lisp?

\* \* \* \* \*

And thou—When thy Familiar setteth ear  
Unto thy bosom, doth he note the same  
Sweet concord of harmonious sounds within?  
Or is all hushed in hollow silence drear?

—Charles Henry Luders.

### THE FOLK LORE OF TREES.

Ghostly forms of antique cowboys are said to be seen dangling on moonlight nights from the branches of the great white oak known since Revolutionary times as the "Cowboy Tree." It stands behind Tibbett's Hill, in Spuyten Duyvil, and many a reckless cowboy was hanged during the Revolution on its branches. These are all dead now, as if to prove the old saying that limbs upon which criminals are executed always die. The old tree is storm beaten and weatherworn, with twisted branches and thick bark, and, not at all ashamed, looks its three hundred years.

A willow tree stood lifeless and unsightly opposite West Point for many, many years. It was the tree on which Benedict Arnold is said to have bent a last look when fleeing down the river path that led to the Vulcan, which bore him to England. And a "withering glance" it proved. A sure sign to the superstitious that the glance of a traitor will kill.

A tree at Babylon, Long Island, is said to have died of grief because Tom Paine, the infidel, once sat beneath its shade.

The historic Villeres pecan, near New Orleans, never bore fruit after General Packenham was wounded and afterwards buried beneath its shade.

A young British officer who came to America to help crush the rebellion of the colonies brought a twig from



the celebrated weeping willow at Twickenham villa, the home of Alexander Pope, intending to plant it on land taken from the subdued and conquered Americans, but he grew tired of waiting, and at last gave it to John Parke Custis, who planted it on the Virginia estate at Abingdon, where it became the progenitor of all our willow trees.

The apple tree has the most glorious history. It is symbolic of man's temptation and of Venus' love. It is the fruit of Solomon, Hercules and Ulysses, and is the fruit that ever evaded the unhappy Tantalus. The angel Azrael held it under the nostrils of the dying. The Pigmyes were nourished by the fragrance of the apple, and the goddess Idun, of the Scandinavian myths, was guardian of the apples which the gods ate as a precaution against death.

In some parts of England it used to be a custom of the farmers, attended by their workmen, to go to the orchard with pitchers of cider, and there march round the best bearing apple trees while drinking the toast:

"Here's to thee, old apple tree,  
Whence thou mayst bud,  
And whence thou mayst blow,  
And whence thou may'st bear apples enow!  
Hats full! caps full!  
Bushel, bushel sacks full!  
And my pockets full, too! Huzzah!"

A guide to protection from lightning is an old rhyme:

"Beware of the oak, it draws the stroke;  
Avoid an ash, it courts a flash;  
Creep under a thorn, it will save you from harm."

The ash tree is next in importance to the oak with the people of the North. To them it represents the great Earth Tree Yggdrasill, whose roots touched the nether world, while the dew from its leaves gives life to all

animate nature. It has many superstitions connected with it. The even leaf invoked good luck.

"Even ash, I do thee pluck,  
Hoping thus to meet good luck;  
If no luck I get from thee,  
I shall wish thee on a tree."

The Icelanders will not use ash as firewood, believing that those who sit about the fire will become enemies.

"Thunder nor fierce lightning harms the bay," and the withering of bay leaves is considered an omen of impending evil. The bay tree is said to revive frequently, when apparently dead, and has been regarded as an emblem of the resurrection.

In the Grecian Archipelago there are groves of cypress trees known as "Daughters' Dowry." These groves were planted when a daughter was born into a family as her future dowry.

"To dream of a mango tree in bloom," say the Brahmins, "portends good news; in fruit, rich presents."

The luckiest tree or plant for all the year is the myrtle. On St. Catherine's Day love charms may be worked with sprigs of myrtle.

The laurel, or sweet bay tree, of Egypt and Rome was sacred to Apollo. It was adopted by him in memory of the nymph Daphne. During the middle ages poets were crowned with laurel and its berries, and so came the expression "poet laureate" and the word "bachelor" from the Latin "Baccalaureus," meaning "laurel berry."

It was a fig tree, with leaves like those of our sycamore, under which Joseph, Mary and the Holy Child rested on their way to Egypt.

The oak, "Jove's own tree," signifies the Supreme Being to the Druids, and in parts of Germany it is still customary, where death has entered a home, for the survivors to say to the nearest oak, "The master is dead! The master is dead!"



There is an old superstition that a hollow or opening in an oak trunk is the pathway of elves. The tree is sacred to Jupiter. It has been venerated in many lands, and the Druids hold it a crime to destroy an oak.

Far up in the mountains and gulches of Colorado are groups of slender, waving, quivering trees. They bow to every wind that blows from the opening of spring until autumn has touched them to a golden glow and the snow falls softly, leaving mountains and gulches a dazzling white. These slender, quivering trees are the quaking aspens. The cross on which the Savior was crucified is said to have been made from an aspen tree and, during all the ages since, they have quivered in remorse and anguish.

When the beautiful mission of San Jose was dedicated in California, the land of the myrtle, the orange and the vine, long years ago, the good fathers were accompanied to the enchanted Santa Clara valley by two young sisters. As they rode to the spot where the mission was to stand one of them, too weary to longer sit her saddle, slipped to the ground, and as she did so dropped a little switch that she had carried throughout the long ride. From that switch is said to have sprung the famous mission grapes that drip their honey throughout California.

"I dare not say how true it may be,  
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

### FOREIGN LANDS.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Up into the cherry-tree  
Who should climb but little me?  
I held the trunk with both my hands,  
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next-door garden lie,  
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,  
And many pleasant places more  
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass  
 And be the sky's blue looking-glass;  
 And dusty roads go up and down,  
 And people tramping into town.

If I could find a higher tree,  
 Farther and farther I could see,  
 To where the grown-up river slips  
 Into the sea among the ships.

To where the roads on either hand  
 Lead onward into fairyland,  
 Where all the children dine at five,  
 And all the playthings are alive.

## THE NATIONAL FORESTS OF COLORADO.

By U. S. Acting District Forester F. W. Morrell.

The National Forests in Colorado comprise an area of 14,214,240 acres, and are situated chiefly along the main mountain ranges of the State.

The land within the National Forests is classified as follows (June 30, 1910):

	Acres.
Timber .....	5,385,344
Woodland .....	3,765,414
Grassland .....	2,097,813
Barren, or above timberline.....	1,286,290

The balance is made up of brush-land, burned-over land, or unproductive areas. The total stand of merchantable timber of all species is roughly estimated as follows:

	M feet B. M.
Green and dead timber.....	25,101,000

It is estimated that the total value of the standing timber within the National Forests of Colorado is about \$50,000,000. Of the different species of trees found in the State, the western yellow pine, the Douglas fir, Englemann spruce and lodgepole pine are by far the most abundant and the most valuable, while the balsam fir, pinon, cedar, white pine (limber pine) and bristlecone pine are ranked as of secondary importance, both as to abundance and value.



Yellow pine is found chiefly in the southern and eastern portions of the State, where the climate is warmer and drier. It rarely grows above an elevation of 8,000 feet. This is probably the most valuable tree of the State.

Douglas fir prefers the cooler situations and is frequently found on the north slopes of ridges where pine occupies the south slopes. While not attaining the size and quality in Colorado that it does in the Pacific northwest, Douglas fir nevertheless ranks as an important species in Colorado.

On the cool, well-watered, protected north slopes, usually at elevations of from 9,000 to 11,000 feet, Engelmann spruce finds its most favorable location, and it is in such situations that the finest bodies of spruce are to be found. It grows in thick close stands, and produces as much as 30,000 feet B. M. per acre in Routt county and Grand county.

Lodgepole pine is found at high altitudes on poor, or mineral soils, and is almost universally the species to occupy the ground after a severe forest fire. It never grows to a great size, but is a prolific seeder, and reproduces well after a cutting or burn. It is useful for poles, mining timber and railroad ties.

The other species find a limited local use for posts, ties, fuel and general rough construction work.

By far the most destructive agent which operates to reduce the supply of timber is fire. While insects have in restricted localities caused some loss, this is not to be compared with the great loss by fires. During the last few years increased vigilance and greater precautions have almost entirely overcome the loss from this cause, and methods of fire control and the best way to prevent fires will form one of the chief objects of the Forest Service during the coming year. Hand in hand with the effort to prevent loss by fire goes the equally important work of reforesting those denuded areas where natural regeneration has failed, and especial attention will be devoted to re-establishing a forest growth on



lands which need help of this kind. Of the first importance are the watersheds of the streams which supply the water for domestic purposes for such cities as Denver and Colorado Springs, and during the past year many acres of barren land have been sowed with seed, or planted with small trees, to start this much desired forest growth.

Mature timber within the National Forests is for sale wherever it can be cut without injury to the Forest as a protective cover, and many regions of the State are almost entirely dependent on this timber for building and mining purposes. All green trees must be marked by a trained forester before cutting, and the whole aim of the administration of the Forests is to patrol the watersheds and provide a permanent supply of timber.

“Conservation” means that we should set our house in order and begin to live within our means. Conservation is real patriotism of the highest kind.

### **ARBOR DAY SCRIPTURE LESSON.**

“For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.”

“The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come; and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.”

“The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell.”

“I will plant in the wilderness the cedar tree, and the myrtle, and the oil tree; I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine, and the box tree together.”

“He heweth him down cedars and taketh the cypress and the oak, which he strengthened for himself among the trees of the forest; he planteth an ash and the rain doth nourish it.”



"All the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

"Mountains and all hills; fruitful trees and all cedars."

"Let them praise the name of the Lord."

"Then shall the trees of the wood sing out at the presence of the Lord."

"The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree and the box together."

"That they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord that He might be glorified."

"He turneth the wilderness into a standing water, the dry ground into water springs."

"And there he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation."

"And sow the fields, and plant vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase."

"And the tree of the field shall yield her fruit, and the earth shall yield her increase, and they shall be safe in their land, and shall know that I am the Lord."

### THE DESERTED TRAIL.

By Minnie J. Reynolds.

Upon a mountain side, all dim and still,  
It lies, a lonely thing.

Athwart its silence never bird does sing,  
So high upon the hill.

The camp died long ago to which it led;  
There's but a little group  
Of vacant cabins left there, and a troop  
Of memories dim and dead.

The pack trains that once followed to and fro,  
Are scattered far and wide.  
The burros went, when dreams of fortune died,  
The way that most things go.

And so the old trail lies deserted there,  
Like other things you know,  
The world has used and done with; but the glow  
Of sunset floods it fair.

And all around the soaring peaks stand guard,  
Still, and so stately all;  
In such white majesty, serene and tall  
They keep their watch and ward.

And half way up there stands, all slim and white,  
A grove of quaking aspens;  
And often, there, when morn the mountain clasps,  
I've stood in mute delight.

Each white stem gleams, a delicate fine column,  
So straight and slender;  
The quivering leaves are murmuring secrets tender,  
And sweet and solemn.

Betwixt the silvery stems you catch a glance  
At ranges, far and blue,  
And one great peak that leaps so straight and true,  
A mighty, ice-tipped lance.

Within that grove in August late I've found  
Ten thousand columbines;  
Flaunting their purple heads so fair and fine,  
Carpeting all the ground.

Amid the city's rush and smothered wail,  
I see that mountain shrine;  
The quaking aspens and the columbine,  
The old deserted trail.

### **DISTRIBUTION OF TREES.**

Young shade trees to the number of 17,174 were given by the city of Denver to her citizens on April 16, 1910, and at last accounts practically all had been planted and were doing well.



The distribution of trees is an annual custom in Denver. The idea originated during Mayor Robert W. Speer's first term six years ago, and has been such a success that many other cities have copied the plan and pronounce it a municipal undertaking worth while.



HOUSEHOLDERS LOADED WITH THE CITY'S TREE GIFTS.

That it is each year growing more popular is proven by the increasing demand for these trees and the prompt manner which the recipients put them into the ground and cultivate them.

This season the requests for trees exceeded the supply by several thousand. But as the appropriation made in January by the Council for the purchase of trees



was not to exceed \$5,000, only the number of trees that this amount would buy could be obtained.

The clerks in the Mayor's office were kept busy all of "Distribution Week" signing the orders and placing thereon the name of the individual and the address at



EARLY MORNING SCENE AT ONE OF THE DENVER TREE DISTRIBUTING STATIONS.

which he agreed to plant the trees. Altogether, orders for 15,000 were issued, the bulk of them being from the Mayor's office.

On the day Mayor Speer had general supervision of the arrangements for giving out the trees. He rode from station to station in an auto and saw to it that persons holding orders had the right of way in line, and that any complaints of favoritism were promptly rectified. He was assisted by City Forester S. J. Palmer.



The trees were of three kinds, maple, elm and North Carolina poplar, half being elm, 750 poplar and the balance maple.

When the bearer of a card presented it in line at the station, he was given his choice of trees, whether one of each kind, or all of one kind; this system being followed as long as the different species lasted. After that, it was take what was left.

Though last year the maples were in the greatest demand, this time more people wanted elms, which experience has proved do better in this climate than almost any other shade tree. They are hardy, and appear to stand the heavy snows and sleet without breaks or injury to the limbs.

The Forestry Department of Denver has kept careful check on the progress of the free trees planted since the inception of Tree Day in 1906. Of the first year's crop 60 per cent. flourished and are now furnishing shade. Lack of knowledge as to the matter of tree planting, and carelessness in looking after the young trees, caused a 40 per cent. loss, but as the people became educated on the subject, and began to follow the instruction of the Forestry Department, the losses decreased steadily each year. The second year 70 per cent. of the number planted grew, the following year the amount was 75 per cent., and last year it was 82 per cent. This year fifteen thousand trees have been purchased by the city for free distribution on Arbor Day. Seven thousand five hundred of these young saplings, which will do much toward beautifying the yards and parking of Denver citizens, are elm and the remainder maples.

"Jock, when we hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree, it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping."

Do not rob or mar a tree, unless you really need what it has to give you. Let it stand and grow in virgin majesty, ungirdled and unscarred, while the trunk becomes a firm pillar of the forest temple, and the branches spread abroad a refuge of bright green leaves for the birds of the air.

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE.

The noblest trees in existence today are the oak, the plane, the chestnut, the hickory, the beech, the pines, and the trees of the northern forests. None of these trees are remarkable for the beauty of their flowers, although in many of them the ament constitutes a flowing drapery more beautiful than the blossoms of flowering trees.

The aments of the chestnut resemble tassels, glistening like golden fringe in the dark masses of leaves; those of the oak carry a greater variety of color, and their drooping character is in beautiful contrast to the sturdy ruggedness of the tree itself, while the brown and purple tints are in perfect harmony with the half open foliage. The willows and the poplars derive a large share of their charm from this same silken drapery. The oak, which is the most attractive of our native trees, is in one sense almost ugly, being full of irregularities and contortions and lacking symmetry and grace. It is allied to our ideal of strength and fortitude. It is associated with a hundred images of rural life in all our minds, and it calls up a host of haunting memories. It is emblematic of fortitude; the plane of grandeur; the willow of sorrow; the yew and the cypress of melancholy.

### DO YOU KNOW?

That the tree is like a **mill** that runs itself?

The **raw materials** it uses are the minerals from the soil and the gases from the air.

The leaves are the **machinery** that take charge of the raw material and make it into the finished product, sap, that goes to feed every part of the tree.



The sunlight is the **power** that runs the machinery.

The **waste products** of this mill that the leaves send off into the air are the very things that we human beings need most—oxygen to breathe, and moisture.

Do you know of any other manufactory that runs itself, furnishes its own material and gives away its products to bless and brighten the world?

That trees are the oldest living inhabitants on the face of the globe?

That there are trees **living now** in California that were already one thousand years old when Columbus discovered America?

That the trunk of a tree one foot in diameter and twenty feet high can bear a weight of over thirty tons?

That a full-grown tree sends out 187 gallons of water a day through its leaves into the air? Think what a difference that makes in hot, dry weather.—Shade Tree Commission, Newark, N. J.

The common black locust is one of the most distinct and pleasing of American trees. Fragrant and elegant, it sets forth its drooping splendor of blossoms in June, and we should prize it for its graceful beauty. The French have found it out, and show with pride their small importations. It is a tree that cannot be easily exterminated, but let us realize its beauty and its sweetness as well as durability.

The German farmers of Pennsylvania wait for the locust to blossom before discarding their winter underwear. To them it is a never-failing weather prophet.

### **HISTORY FOR ARBOR DAY.**

From Ohio Arbor Day Annual.

1. Where is there a yew tree that was 2,880 years old in 1660?
2. What famous linden tree became 800 years old?
3. Where is there a walnut tree 1,200 years old?
4. What is the famous banyan tree?

5. Where are the famous cedars?
6. Why was the walnut originally called the ganli-nut in England?
7. When, in history, did walnuts play an important part?
8. The leaves of what tree are sacred as a crown for Saturn?
9. What tree was dedicated to Minerva because of its slow growth?

### ANSWERS.

1. In the churchyard at Babnen, Kent, England.
2. The great linden tree in Wurtemberg. The city of Wenstadt was for many years known as the city near the linden. In 1408 a poem was written about it. It was propped by sixty-seven stone pillars; in 1664 these were increased to eighty-two; in 1832 to 106. Its trunk then measured thirty-seven feet. It was wrecked in a gale that year.
3. In the Baider Valley, near Balaclava; it belongs to five Tartan families. It still yields nearly 100,000 nuts, which are divided among the five owners.
4. It is in Ceylon, on Mount Lavinia, seven miles from Colombo. There are two roads through its stems. It throws a shadow at noon of four acres.
5. On Mount Lebanon. There were sixteen that measured more than thirty feet in 1696.
6. Because it came from France.
7. At the siege of Amiens, near the end of the sixteenth century, a party of Spanish soldiers, dressed as French peasants, brought a cartload of nuts to sell, and the gates were opened for them to enter; the nuts were spilled upon the ground, and the sentinels stooped to pick them up, when the Spanish soldiers pounced upon them, killed them, and guarded the gates while the Spanish army entered.
8. Of the fig tree.
9. The black mulberry.



Each day in the United States we destroy, consume in factories, railroads, in fences, farms and buildings, thirty thousand acres of timber. The sun sees at each eventide thirty thousand acres less than at the preceding dawn.

J. STERLING MORTON.

### MY FAVORITE TREE.

(If possible, let each pupil carry a branch of the trees he describes.)

First Pupil—

“I speak for the elm. It is a noble tree. It has the shape of a Greek vase and such rich foliage running down the trunk to the very roots, as if a vine were wreathed around it.”

Second Pupil—

“My favorite is the maple. What a splendid cupola of leaves it builds up into the sky. And in autumn, its crimson is so rich one might call it the blush of the woods!”

Third Pupil—

“The birch is a tree for me. How like a shaft of ivory it gleams in the daylight woods! How the moonlight turns it into pearl!”

Fourth Pupil—

“What a tree is the oak! First a tiny needle, rising toward the sun, a wreath of green to endure for ages. The child gathers the violet at its foot; as a boy he pockets the acorns; as a man he looks at its towering heights and makes it the emblem of his ambition.”

Fifth Pupil—

“The oak may be the king of the lowlands, but the pine is king of the hills. There he lifts his haughty head like a warrior, and when he is roused to meet the storm, the battlecry he sends down the wind is heard above all the voices of the green-wood.”

All—

“Hail to the trees!

Patient and generous, mothers of mankind;  
Arching the hills, the minstrels of the wind,  
Spring's glorious flowers and summer's balmy tents.  
A sharer in man's free and happier sense.  
The trees bless all, and then, brown-mantled, stand,  
The sturdy prophets of a golden land.”

Any fool can destroy trees. They cannot run away; and if they could, they would still be destroyed—chased and hunted down as long as fun or a dollar could be got out of their bark hides, branching horns, or magnificent bole backbones. Few that fell trees plant them; nor would planting avail much towards getting back anything like the noble primeval forests. During a man's life only saplings can be grown in the place of the old trees—tens of centuries old—that have been destroyed. It took more than three thousand years to make some of the trees in these Western woods—trees that are still standing in perfect strength and beauty, waving and singing in the mighty forests of the Sierra. Through all the wonderful, eventful centuries since Christ's time—and long before that—God has cared for these trees, saved them from drought, disease, avalanches, and a thousand straining, leveling tempests and floods; but he cannot save them from fools—only Uncle Sam can do that.

JOHN MUIR.

### THE PLANTING OF THE TREE.

Tune—“Auld Lang Syne.”

“In soil the dearest and the best  
On which the sun can shine,  
We plant thee, tree, in hope today,  
O, let our cause be thine!  
Strike deep thy roots, wax wide and tall,  
That all this truth may know,  
Thou art our type of future power,  
Like thee, we too shall grow.



Chorus—

Like thee, we too shall grow,  
Like thee, we too shall grow,  
Thou art our type of future power,  
Like thee, we too shall grow.

In coming years thy kindly shade  
The sons of toil shall bless;  
Thy beauty and thy grace shall all  
With grateful voice confess;  
And so our youth in wisdom trained  
Shall render service great,  
Our schools send sons and daughters forth,  
The glory of the state!"

### WELCOME TO THE BIRDS.

Air—"Work, for the Night is Coming."

Hark, hear the merry chorus,  
List to the song so sweet,  
From every tree-top o'er us,  
Mountain and valley round us,  
Echo the glad refrain,  
Comes a carol meet;  
Bidding us all be joyous,—  
Join in the gladsome strain,  
Cherish with kindly feeling,  
Each little bird so dear,  
Ever about us flitting,  
Bringing us heartfelt cheer;  
Throats that are never weary;  
Gaily they chant their lay,  
Birdies are ever cheery,  
Make us like them, we pray.

### WINTER LIFE OF COLORADO FOREST RANGERS.

The forest ranger in Colorado works mostly in a country with an altitude of 8,000 feet or more. In summer his traveling is done on horseback, and if he has occasion to stay out in the country where there is no residences he takes a pack horse to carry his bed, tent and provisions.

Early in the winter the "high country" snows up and it becomes impossible to travel with a horse except

along beaten roads and trails. There is no need for a great deal of travel in the higher country during the winter months, because there is not very much that the ranger can do. There is no danger from forest fires because of the snow. For the same reasons there is no



WINTER LIFE OF COLORADO FOREST RANGERS.

stock on the range, and in some places sawmill men stop operations because snow is too deep to cut and skid the logs.

Frequent trips in the "snow country" are necessary for such purposes as reading "snow boards," to determine depth of snow, in co-operation with the Weather



Bureau; gauging streams to determine the flow and power capacity of streams, in co-operation with the Geological Survey; for scaling logs or cruising timber in order to make sales, to take stock of what there is to be sold.

After the snow is too deep for travel with a horse, the ranger uses snowshoes to make such trips as are necessary in the performance of his duties. The accompanying photographs show the saddle and pack horses working on a survey in the late spring before the snow season was over. Some of the comforts of home are likely to be missing in a camp under such conditions.

The other picture illustrates forest officers on a winter trip in the snowy country, with beds and provisions sufficient for a three nights' camp. The ranger's life is spent out of doors, and he has occasionally to contend with the inconvenience of the bad weather, as well as to enjoy the pleasures of the good.—From Denver Republican.

### SONGS FOR ARBOR DAY.

"Wood Bird's Song." By S. G. Smith.

"America."

"The Brook." By Tennyson.

"Song in Sunshine." By Miss M. E. Morton.

"Never Say Fail."

"Old Oaken Bucket."

"Forest Glee." By C. E. Leslie.

"'Neath the Elms." From the German.

"God Speed the Right."

"Red, White and Blue," and all other patriotic songs.

"Home, Sweet Home."

Little people here are we,  
Yet we now can plant a tree:  
And tho' it be very small,  
It will grow to be so tall.

### ARBOR DAY MARCH.

Air—"Marching Through Georgia."  
Celebrate the Arbor Day  
With march and song and cheer,  
For the season comes to us  
But once in every year;  
Should we not remember it,  
And make the memory dear,  
Memories sweet for this May day.

Chorus—

Hurrah! Hurrah! The Arbor Day is here;  
Hurrah! Hurrah! It gladdens every year,  
So we plant a young tree on blithesome Arbor Day,  
While we are singing for gladness.

### NATURE LOVER'S CREED.

By Mrs. P. S. Peterson.

I believe in nature, and in God's out-of-doors.  
I believe in pure air, fresh water and abundant sunlight.

I believe in the mountains, and as I lift up mine eyes to behold them, I receive help and strength.

I believe that below their snowy crowns their mantles should be ever green.

I believe in the forests where the sick may be healed and the weary strengthened; where the aged may renew their youth, and the young gather stores of wisdom which shall abide with them forever.

I believe that the groves were God's first temples, and that here all hearts should be glad, and no evil thought come to mar the peace.

I believe that all who seek shelter within these aisles should guard the noble heritage from harm, and the fire fiend never be allowed to roam unwatched.

I believe in the highland springs, and lakes, and would have noble trees stand guard around them; upon the mountain sides I would spread a thick carpet of leaves and moss through which the water might find its way into the valleys and onward to the ocean.



I believe in the giant trees which have stood for thousands of years, and pray that no harm shall come nigh them.

I believe in the axe of the trained woodsman, and would have it hew down the mature trees of today that we may secure lumber for our needs, and the trees of smaller growth have more light and air and space.

I believe in the seeds of the trees, and would gather and plant them, and I would care for the seedlings until they are ready to stand with their brothers in the forests and plains; then the wilderness and the dry land shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice.

I believe in protecting the birds and the animals that live amidst the trees, and the ferns and mosses and blossoming plants.

I believe in all the beautiful things of nature, and would preserve, protect and cherish them.

"Come let's to the fields, the meads, and the mountain,  
The forests invite us, the streams and the fountain."

### A SPRING LESSON.

By Mrs. Antoinette A. Hawley.

Did you see the Robin-redbreast  
As you came to school,  
Weaving threads and twigs and mosses  
By the same old rule?  
Blithe and busy,  
Blithe and busy,  
What a cheery bird is he!  
Building such a cozy nest  
For the one he loves the best.

Did you hear the Robin-redbreast  
Singing at his work,  
Laughing at the very notion  
That a bird could shirk?  
Blithe and busy,  
Blithe and busy,  
What a happy fellow he!  
While the nest grows round and strong  
As the notes of Robin's song.

Little folks know more than robins,  
Try the robin's plan;  
Every day in storm or sunshine,  
Do the best you can.  
Blithe and busy,  
Blithe and busy,  
What bright children we should see,  
If we all began today  
Working Robin-redbreast's way!

America is fortunate in possessing the largest, and also the oldest living things on the face of the earth. Scattered along the extent of the Sierra Nevadas from north to south are several groups, or groves, of *Sequvia gigantea*, and *Sequvia senoperviscus*. Some of the former variety are believed to be 7,000 years old, and are more than 400 feet high. These gigantic trees are only exceeded in height by the eucalypti of Australia. They were named after Sequoia, the Cherokee chief who invented the alphabet of 85 letters still used by his tribe in the Indian Territory. At the close of the Civil War, two of these trees were planted in Central Park. These attained a height of 40 feet, but died a few years ago.

"There was never mystery  
But 'tis figured in the flowers;  
Was never secret history  
But birds tell it in the bowers."

Before February is on the wane there are evidences of spring, and birds are flitting in and out in search of summer quarters.

It is the meadowlark that is most conspicuous in his announcement that spring has come and he is full of glee. His breast is not so bright a yellow, the sunny warmth of summer days will bring the golden glow, and his liquid notes may lack a little in strength and clearness, due perhaps to winter cold, but he sings of summer, as he flits among the bare trees, and no note of music is sweeter than his "spring song." And he sits on a branch



and sings it over and over, and time him ever so carefully we never find him tripping, his rhyme is accurately kept.

The song of the sparrow is not far behind in contagious happiness, and all the world seems glad when Robin Redbreast fills the air with melody, for he says:

"Gayly I'll carol and loudly shout,  
Till I coax the leaves and the blossoms out."

Bluebirds, like gorgeous blossoms, join the "spring song" and warble to people tired of snow, and all sing:

"Come out, boys and girls, and we'll sing you a song."

"Summer days for me  
When every leaf is on the tree;  
  
When Robin's not a beggar,  
And Jenny Wren's a bride;  
  
And larks hang singing, singing, singing,  
Over the wheat fields wide."

"O, such a commotion under ground,  
When March called 'Ho, there, ho!'  
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,  
Such whispering to and fro."

#### **"OLD ABE."**

Our national emblem is the American Eagle, the "Lord of the air." Through ages this mighty bird has been the favorite emblem. Even the Romans of old placed him upon their standard, and carried the living bird into battle. Perhaps this was what suggested it to Company C, Eighth Wisconsin Volunteers, for when they left home for the front in 1861, they bore with them a young eagle, on a standard carried with their colors. He had been bought of an Indian for a bushel of corn, and was young and shabby, but he enlisted for the entire time of the Civil War, and when, at the close, he was

mustered out, he was a magnificent war eagle with snowy head and glistening plumage. He had taken part in thirty-six battles and skirmishes, and came out with but a slight wound on one of his wings.

His regiment was known as the "Eagle Regiment," and "Old Abe," for so he was christened, was dear to every Badger. He was a bird of courage and intelligence, always going into battle uttering derisive and defiant screams. Many times, in the heat of battle, he rose above the smoke, the shot and shells, and circled about, still uttering his defiance, until the battle was lost or won, then returning to his regiment to share in their joy or sorrow. When mustered out, "Old Abe" became the honored pensioner of his state, and he graced all state occasions. When his stout heart ceased to beat, the beautiful outward bird was still shown with loving pride at the State House, but one day the building was ruined by fire, and among the treasures of state lost, "Old Abe" was numbered, but there is still a bunch of feathers kept in loving memory. Many people are inclined to look upon the story of "Old Abe" as a bit of imagination, but the writer, when a little girl, thought it a keen pleasure as well as an honor to feed the noble bird, and did so hundreds of times.

The American Eagle is our chosen emblem, and when, at the National Convention that nominated President Roosevelt, the Alaskans were admitted as delegates for the first time, and marched in, each man carrying a totem pole on which perched a bald-headed eagle, the audience went wild with enthusiasm.

### THE FIRST DANDELION.

By Walt Whitman.

Simple and fresh and fair from winter's close emerging,  
As if no artifice of fashion, business, politics, had ever been,  
Forth from its sunny nook of shelter'd grass—innocent, golden,  
    calm as the dawn,  
The spring's first dandelion shows its trustful face.



### BIRD PUZZLE.

- “1. There’s a bird whose name tells if he flies fast or slow,
2. And one which boys use when with long strides they go,
3. There is one that tells tales, although he can’t sing,
4. And one who flies high, but is held by a string.
5. By one a high rank in the army is held,
6. There’s another whose name with one letter is spelled.
7. There is one that a farmer in harvest would use,
8. And one you can easily fool if you choose.
9. What bird at dessert is it useful to hold.
10. And which in the chimney place oft hung of old?
11. Which bird wears a bit of the sky in its dress?
12. Which one always stands in the corner at chess?
13. There is one built a church of London with pride,
14. We have one when we talk with a friend at our side.
15. What bird would its bill find useful at tea,
16. And which would its tail use to steer with at sea?
17. Which proudly a musical instrument wears?
18. And which the same name as a small island bears?
19. Which bird is called foolish and stupid and silly,
20. And which always wanting to punish poor Billy?
21. Which bird is an artisan, works at its trade,
22. And which is the stuff of which flags are made?
23. One, we’re told by the poet, at Heaven’s gate sings,
24. And there’s one which in Holland, the new baby brings.
25. What bird have we with us in eating and drinking?
26. One, used for a fence, you can say without thinking.
27. What bird is a scoffer, a scorner, a jest?
28. What one is too lazy to build her own nest?
29. From a high wind at evening one name is inferred,
30. Guess all these, you’re as wise as Minerva’s own bird.”

- |                 |                     |                   |
|-----------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Swift.       | 11. Blue Bird.      | 21. Weaver.       |
| 2. Stilt.       | 12. Rook.           | 22. Bunting.      |
| 3. Tattler.     | 13. Wren.           | 23. Lark.         |
| 4. Kite.        | 14. Chat.           | 24. Stork.        |
| 5. Adjutant.    | 15. Spoon-bill.     | 25. Swallow.      |
| 6. Jay.         | 16. Rudder-duck.    | 26. Rail.         |
| 7. Thrasher.    | 17. Lyre Bird.      | 27. Mocking Bird. |
| 8. Gull.        | 18. Canary.         | 28. Cuckoo.       |
| 9. Nut-cracker. | 19. Loon.           | 29. Nightingale.  |
| 10. Crane.      | 20. Whip-Poor-Will. | 30. Owl.          |

### BIRD BIOGRAPHY.

From "Lady of Green Scarf."

1. Lady—What bird is our emblem?  
 Ans.—I, said the eagle,  
 In strength I am regal;  
 I'm America's emblem.
  
2. Lady—Who sings on the wing?  
 Ans.—I, said the skylark,  
 From dawn until dark,  
 I sing on the wing.
  
3. Lady—Whose feathers are downy?  
 Ans.—Mine, said the goose,  
 They're put to good use.  
 My feathers are downy.
  
4. Lady—Who builds a hang-nest?  
 Ans.—I, said the oriole,  
 In shape like a bowl.  
 I build my hang-nest.
  
5. Lady—Who's pet of the household?  
 Ans.—I, said canary,  
 A right yellow fairy.  
 I'm pet of the household.
  
6. Lady—Who's poetry's bird?  
 Ans.—I, said the dove,  
 For I coo of love.  
 I'm poetry's bird.



7. Lady—Who loves to chatter?  
Ans.—I, said the blackbird,  
My harsh voice is heard.  
I love to chatter.
8. Lady—Whose legs are long?  
Ans.—Mine, said the crane,  
I've more legs than brain.  
My legs are long.
9. Lady—Who whistles "Bob White"?  
Ans.—I, said the quail;  
Across wood and dale.  
I whistle "Bob White."
10. Lady—What bird is handsome?  
Ans.—I, said the jay,  
With plumes blue and gray.  
I'm very handsome.

### THE JAYS.

"I know an old man,  
His name is Jay.  
He wears a blue coat,  
And a hat of gray.

He has a nice nest  
High up in a tree,  
Where sits his dear mate  
Content as can be.

There are four blue eggs  
In the little brown nest,  
Which will soon be baby birds  
Blue, like the rest."

### CHICKADEE.

"When the blizzard from the north-land  
Holds the world in fierce embrace,  
And ten million swirling crystals  
Sting you, blind you, smite your face,  
And your world is not your world,  
Grotesque, unknown each bush and tree,  
Above the raging, howling tempest  
Comes a joyous chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee.

In the soul there's something hidden,  
That such a message comes to greet,  
Above the rage of human passion  
Comes a whisper strangely sweet,  
A little song from out the tempest,  
Born of hope for you and me,  
To the heart Love seems speaking,  
When this bird sings chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee."

### WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

"Not I," said the Plumer,  
"It's nothing but rumor."  
"Not I," said the Bird-man,  
"I'm half-brother to Pan."  
"Not I," said the Seller,  
"It's some brutal feller."  
"Not I," said the Dame,  
" 'Twas dead when it came."  
"Not I," said the Hatter,  
"See Paris in matter."  
"Not I," said the Cat,  
"Would I ever do that?"  
"Not I,"—the Collector,  
"I'm partly Protector."

### PUT FLOWERS IN YOUR WINDOW.

"Put flowers in your window, friend,  
And summer in your heart;  
The greenness of their mimic boughs  
Is of the woods a part;  
The color of their tender bloom  
Is love's own pleasing hue,  
As surely as you smile on them,  
They'll smile again on you.  
  
Put flowers in your window, when  
You sit in idle mood,  
For wholesome, mental aliment  
There is no cheaper food.  
For love and hope and charity  
Are in their censer shrined,  
And shapes of loveliest thought grow out  
The flower-loving mind."



### FLOWERS AS NATIONAL EMBLEMS.

The violet of Athens, the pomegranate of Spain, the mignonette of Saxony, the leek of Wales, each has its origin in the legendary past, and time has surrounded the early incident with a halo of poetry and miracle. Each became representative through romantic or supernatural suggestion, and even some of the better known floral emblems of nations are assigned to a similarly poetic source.

For instance, the rose of England, we are told, was accepted as her popular and political symbol because a rose once appeared miraculously on King Arthur's round table where he sat feasting with his knights.

An angel appeared, it is said, to an aged hermit in Gaul, bearing an azure shield with three emblazoned golden lilies upon it. The hermit presented the shield to Queen Clothilde; her husband, King Clovis, bore it to battle and victory, and made the fleur de lis the national emblem of France.

Scotland's thistle is accounted for by a tradition probably more historic. The story is that at one time during the old northern wars the invading Danes stole a march upon the Scots and would have surprised and massacred them, but a Danish soldier set his bare foot on a thistle, his shriek of pain alarmed the threatened camp, and after a short but fierce battle, the enemy were driven away.

#### From "Thanatopsis."

"To him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile,  
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides  
Into his darker musings with a mild  
And gentle sympathy that steals away

Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,  
Go forth into the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings."

### KINDNESS.

"Kindness to insects like ants, flies, and bees,  
Kindness to feathered friends, up in the trees,  
Kindness to all of our dear door-yard pets,—  
This is the lesson no good child forgets."

### SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

1. Song by School—"America."
2. Arbor Day Scripture Reading.
3. Roll Call, responded to with Arbor Day Quotation.
4. Reading—The Governor's Proclamation.
5. Essay—Arbor Day.
6. Song—"The Planting of the Tree."
7. Five Minute Talks—The Trees of Colorado.
8. Essay—Our Native Birds.
9. Reading—A Spring Lesson.
10. Recitation—"The Kitten and the Leaves."
11. Song—"A Welcome to the Birds."
12. Reading—"When the Green Gets Back to the  
Trees."



## ADDRESS OF THE BIRDS.

An exercise for five pupils.

The Robin—

"I am a robin, very brown  
And big and plump and smooth and round.  
My breast is pretty, bright and red.  
And see this top-knot on my head!  
I heard the boys awhile ago  
Shooting robins o'er the snow,  
And flew away in trembling fear  
And thought I'd hide from them in here.

The Blue Bird—

I'm a blue bird. Don't you see  
Me sitting on this apple-tree?  
I left my nest an hour ago  
To look for bugs and worms, you know;  
And now I know the very thing—  
That while I'm waiting I will sing,  
Oh! beautiful and balmy spring.

The Woodpecker—

I'm a woodpecker—a bird  
Whose sound through wood and dale is heard.  
I tap, tap, tap, with noisy glee,  
To test the bark of every tree.  
I saw a rainbow stretching gay,  
Across the sky, the other day;  
And some one said, "Good-bye to rain,  
The woodpecker has come again."

The Lark—

I'm the lark and early rise  
To greet the sun-god of the skies,  
And upright cleave the freshening air,  
To sail in regions still more fair.  
Who could not soar on lusty wing,  
His Maker's praises thus to sing?

The Nightingale—

In music I excel the lark,  
She comes at dawn, I come at dark,  
And when the stars are shining bright,  
I sing the praises of the night.

In Concert—

Oh! in a chorus sweet we'll sing,  
And wake the echoes of the spring."

### JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

In our study of birds, we must not forget the bird's great friend, John James Audubon, whose birthday comes in May.

He was born in Louisiana, received his early education in France, but returned to the United States when about eighteen, and always referred to America as his own beloved country.

He was a pupil of the great French painter, Davis, and made many beautiful paintings of birds, painting them life-size, and in their natural surroundings. He spent months studying the habits of the bird before he attempted to paint it.

In 1838, his great work, which contained 1,065 portraits of birds, was completed. To obtain material for this work he traveled thousands of miles, spent months in all kinds of weather, perils and difficulties. Audubon loved birds, because he knew so much about them. All boys and girls will become interested in the home life and habits of birds if they study them, and by studying and making friends of them they will grow to love them and watch eagerly for their return when the winter is over.

### BLACKBOARD MOTTO.

"The little people that live in the air  
Are not for any human hands to wrong."

### GOOD NEWS.

By Celia Thaxter.

The little birds fly over,  
And O how sweet they sing!  
To tell the happy children  
That once again 'tis spring.  
Here blooms the warm red clover,  
There peeps the violet blue,  
O happy little children,  
God made them all for you.



### THE BUMBLE-BEE.

By James Whitcomb Riley.

You better not fool with a Bumble-bee!—  
Ef you don't think they can sting—you'll see!  
They're lazy to look at, an' kind o' go  
Buzzin' an' hummin' aroun' so slow,  
An' a'e so slouchy an' all fagged out,  
Danglin' their legs as they drone about  
The hollyhawks 'at they can't climb in  
'Ithout ist a tumble-un out agin!  
Wunst I watched one climb clean 'way  
In a jim'son blossom, I did, one day—  
An' I ist grabbed it—an' nen let go—  
An' "Ooh-Ooh! ooh-ooh! Honey! I told ye so!"  
Says the Raggedy Man, an' he ist ran  
An' pulled out the stinger, an' don't laugh none,  
An' says, "They **has** been folks, I guess,  
'At thought I was prejudiced, more or less—  
Yit I still maintain 'at a Bumble-bee  
Wears out his welcome too quick for me."

### THE UNTILLED FIELD.

By Edward Wilbut Mason.

It was a field beside the way  
Where only brambles grew,  
Untilled forevermore it lay,  
Beneath the sun and dew.

But every soul that passed it by  
Came under its sweet spell,  
And stopped to dream with softened eye,  
Of star and asphodel.

For there were wonders in its round  
And glories heaven-blessed,  
Heartsease and joy did there abound  
And herbs of sleep and rest.

The birds came daily there to feed,  
And there upon the sod  
Foremore midst grass and weed  
There bloomed the peace of God.





A BOUNTIFUL REPAST.

From "Useful Birds and Their Protection."



### THE BIRD'S LUNCH COUNTER.

How happy it makes us feel during the winter to look out and see the birds hopping about. Even if we have been shut up in the house for days we seem to feel again the gladness of the summer time. If the birds bring us this pleasure, then let us help to care for them in winter, when it is hard work for the little fellows to find a living. It is no uncommon sight now to see boys and girls and business men scattering crumbs of bread on the ground for their little feathered friends on days when old winter has covered up all the bird food with a heavy blanket of snow. If you have not tried feeding the birds, try it some winter day, and you will be more than repaid when you hear the many "thank yous," cheeped from grateful little throats.

### SOME COMMON ARBOR DAY BIRDS TO BE FOUND IN COLORADO.

*Mountain bluebird.	†*Long-crested jay.
*Western robin.	†House finch.
Phoebe bird.	*Junco (several species).
Mourning dove.	*English sparrow.
Mountain song-sparrow.	Desert horned lark.
*Red-shafted flicker.	Western vesper sparrow.
Western meadow-lark.	*Pine siskin.
Red-winged blackbird.	†*Mountain chickadee.
†*American magpie.	*Long-tailed chickadee.
†*Mountain hairy woodpecker.	

(1) All may be found in the vicinity of Denver.

(2) Also in any of the "plains" counties, except in extreme eastern Colorado in the case of those species marked with a †.

(3) Species marked \* may be found in the "mountain" counties on that date, and most of the others follow a little later.

From the State Historical and Natural History Society of Colorado.

### **BIRD TRADES.**

The swallow is a mason,  
And underneath the eaves  
He builds a nest and plasters it  
With mud and hay and leaves.

Of all the weavers that I know,  
The oriole is the best;  
High on the branches of the tree  
She hangs her cozy nest.

The woodpecker is hard at work—  
A carpenter is he—  
And you may hear him hammering,  
His nest high up a tree.

Some little birds are miners;  
Some build upon the ground;  
And busy little tailors, too,  
Among the birds are found.

### **HOW DO BIRDIES LEARN TO SING?**

How do birdies learn to sing?  
From the whistling wind so fleet,  
From the waving of the wheat,  
From the rustling of the leaves,  
From the raindrops on the eaves,  
From the tread of welcome feet,  
From the children's laughter sweet,  
Little birdies learn their trill,  
As they gladly float at will  
In the gladness of the sky,  
When the clouds are white and high,  
In the beauty of the day,  
Speeding on their sunny way,  
Light of heart and fleet of wing—  
That's how birdies learn to sing.

—From "Baby Days." The Century Co.

### **BIRDS SLAIN BY THE TON TO SUPPLY FEATHERS FOR WOMEN'S HATS.**

Amazing figures showing the appalling havoc among beautiful birds which are shot in thousands, and in some places by the ton, to figure as women's adornments, were given recently in a paper read by James Buckland.



Some idea of the extent of the slaughter, he said, might be obtained by examining the catalogues of the London feather sales, but the huge figures in these catalogues by no means sum up the total loss of life, for the fancy feathers, to be profitable to the trade, have to be taken from the body of the bird during the breeding season, and the young birds are left in the nests to starve to death.

Among ornamental feathers assumed for show during the courting season, the tail of the lyre bird of Australia, he said, was unequaled, but the bird was now so hunted that it would soon become extinct.

The plumed egret in Australia was being similarly slaughtered. When the attention of parliament was called in 1898 to the fact that all egrets which are killed for their plumes are shot down at the breeding places, and that if the young have been hatched they die of hunger, so strong a repulsion arose at such barbarity that the following year the British government substituted a new plume, not made of the feathers of the egret, for that previously used for certain regiments of our army.

So overwhelming has been the destruction of the humming birds in the West Indies, proceeded Mr. Buckland, that certain species with a restricted habitat have been swept out of existence and other species are at the point of extermination.

To show that the same slaughter is being carried out all over the world, Mr. Buckland gave extracts from an official report from the United States inspector of birds and animals on the bird reservations established by the United States government in the Mid-North Pacific.

"During the past few years I have visited all of the low coral islands in the North Pacific and have been appalled by the destruction of birds on these islands by plume hunters. Everywhere on Eastern Island great heaps, waist high, of dead albatrosses were found. Thou-



sands upon thousands of both species had been killed with clubs, the wing and breast feathers stripped off to be sold as hat trimmings, and the carcasses thrown in heaps to rot."

The same official reported the capture of bird pirates on one island with the skins of 300,000 birds, and on another with 259,000 birds.

Mr. Buckland pressed home what a crime this is to mankind, for "desolate and lonely indeed will Britons find the ocean when there are no more albatrosses."

In conclusion he appealed for an act to prevent the sale or exchange of plumes of officially "protected" birds. That seemed the only way to stop the plumage pirate's nefarious traffic.

### THE WREN'S NEST.

By Eugene Field.

"Come, come, Mrs. Brownie," says young Mr. Wren,

"'Tis time to be building our nest:

For the winter has gone, the spring blossoms have come,

And the trees in green beauty are dressed,

Dressed, dressed,

And the trees in green beauty are dressed."

"O, where shall we build it, my dear little wife,

O, where shall we build it?" says he

"In the sweet woodbine bower, in the rose by the door,

Or way up in the old apple tree,

Tree, tree—

Or way up in the old apple tree?"

"From woodbine," says Brownie, "My dear Mr. Wren,

The Sparrows would drive us away,

In the rose by the door cats would eat us I'm sure,

Let us build in the apple tree, pray,

Pray, pray—

Let us build in the apple tree, pray."

So away up in the old apple tree,

Mr. Wren built Brownie's nest,

And 'tis there she sits now, in the white blossomed bough,

With the baby birds under her breast,

Breast, breast—

With the baby birds under her breast.



"Go, little book, and wish to all,  
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall;  
A living river by the door,  
A nightingale in the sycamore."

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